Legislative Library

THE MOYIE LEADER.

VOL. 6 NO. 32. MOYIE, B. C., JANUARY 30, 1904. $2 A YEAR

Stock Taking Sale.

Some people claim that all goods are too high priced out here in the west. That this statement is in error will be proven by us during the next two weeks.

We are anxious to have our stock cleared up before stocktaking. Sale will start Saturday 9th, and will consist of all kinds of Dry Goods, Clothing and Gents Furnishings, Boots and Shoes.

Great bargains in Men's underwear Sweaters and Shirts.

R. CAMPBELL & CO.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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

Deposits Received. Present Rate of Interest 3 per cent.

F. C. MALPAS, MGR

CRANBROOK BRANCH

INSURANCE
REAL ESTATE
MINING STOCKS.

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

Beale & Elwell.
MOYIE, B. C.

Head Office CRANBROOK

Imperial Bank of Canada.

CAPITAL, (Authorized) $7,000,000
CAPITAL, (Paid Up) $2,983,896
REST $2,636,312

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

CRANBROOK BRANCH A general banking business transacted.

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

F. H. MARSH, Manager.

A FEW WORDS TO THOSE WHO INSURE AGAINST

FIRE

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

ARNOLD & ROBERTS.
CRANBROOK, B. C.

If you want anything, stylish and neat go to

HILL & CO.

The leading Ladies and Gents furnishers.

The Central Hotel.

DESAULNIER BROS. Props.

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

Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, MOYIE, B. C.

READY TO PAY LEAD BOUNTY

May Apply for Money Any Time.

BUCHANAN HAS BLANKS

Regulations Provide that the Books of Mining Companies Must Be Open to Inspection.

G. O. Buchanan of Kaslo, resident agent of the government, has received all the necessary blank forms and full instructions for the distribution of the lead bonus. Claims are to be made under the regulations from July 1, 1903, and may include all amounts produced up to the end of any month.

The regulations provide, among other things, that all producers of lead bearing ores who desire to avail themselves of the bounty must notify the minister of their intention to make a claim under the act declaring the name of the mine producing the ore, its situation, and the names of the president, secretary, and manager, as well as the name of the official authorized to make the claim.

The smelting of all lead bearing ores on which a claim for bounty is to be made shall be at all times under the supervision of an officer of the department of trade and commerce, and this officer may at any time demand a floor sample of any ore delivered at the smelters for smelting purposes.

The books of any mining company coming under the act are to be open at all times to the inspection of a supervising officer. The cost of such supervision is to be paid by the claimants and will be deducted pro rata from the bounty according to the quantity smelted during the fiscal year.

Canadians Anxious to Fight.

There will be over 300 Canadians who will be sorry if Russia does not give Japan a chance to fight her. "Over 300 applications have reached me from Canadians all over the Dominion, from Halifax to Vancouver, to join the Japanese army as volunteers in the event of hostilities with Russia," said Hon. T. Nosse, Consul-General of Japan, to a reporter of the Vancouver World a few days ago. The majority of these men saw service in South Africa and non-commissioned officers, engineers, etc. "I am sorry to say," went on the Consul-General, "that there will be no chance of the Japanese government accepting any volunteers from Canada. Our army is a conscription army and no foreigners can serve. I need hardly say, however, how gratifying my government is at the friendly feeling evinced in these applications for service.

Church Services.

METHODIST—In the old post office. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Evening service at 7:30.—Text—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Everyone welcome.

R. E. S. TAYLOR, Pastor

STOP AT THE

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL

WHEN IN CRANBROOK.

J. R. DOWNES, Prop.

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

LOCAL NEWS.

P. T. Smyth was in Cranbrook Sunday.

Gomer Jones was up from Wardner Sunday.

Joseph Shea returned from Cranbrook yesterday.

A. T. Clark was in Cranbrook this week.

D. J. Leahy went to Cranbrook today.

H. Cameron attended the meeting of the lumbermen in Cranbrook Monday.

G. E. Muir, of the East Kootenay Lumber company, has been in town for several days.

Miss Celia Holt, of Blairmore, Alta., was in town this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Smyth.

A rink has been cleared on the ice and the lovers of skating have been spending an enjoyable week.

Frank Desaulnier was up from Cranbrook Sunday. He is now in the employ of the C. P. R. doing repair work.

Mr. and Mrs. McQueen, parents of Mrs. Howard, returned to Medicine Hat Thursday after a month's visit here.

Messrs. Rollins & Dickeson have sold the Wentworth hotel, Cranbrook to Authur Shelton and Lester Clapp.

The body of Mrs. Bolton, who lost her life in the Challam disaster, was shipped to Cranbrook this week for interment. Every business house in Cranbrook closed during the funeral ceremony.

The Odd Fellows of Moyie have decided to give a ball on Monday evening, February 15, and a committee has the affair in hand. The ball will be first class in every way.

The Alpine Entertainers will give a show in the I. O. O. F. hall tonight. The entertainment will be followed by a dance. The admission to both is only 50 cents, and the affair will be well worth attending.

The litigation between A. T. Clark and the East Kootenay Lumer company seems on a fair way to settlement. Mr. Clark is suing for an amount to cover the damage done his ranch by the rise of water in Moyie lake caused by the building of a dam at its outlet.

James Cronin is spending a few days in West Kootenay towns. Before he left he informed the Leader that there were no new developments at the mine. That they were still in hopes securing a contract and opening in the spring.

W. R. Stone sprained his ankle quite badly Saturday while coming down the St. Eugene hill on skis. He was only hitting the high places, and in doing one of his famous high jumps he ran amuck a stump and his pranks were brought to a sudden termination.

C. Fernau of Newcastle, England, Oscar Lefebver of Brussels, Belgium, were in Moyie for a day or two this week and were registered at the Central. They are mining men and were here merely on a tour of inspection.

Patti Did Not Warble.

Patti did not sing in Spokane, as she was advertised to do. She had been guaranteed 50 concerts at $5,000 per concert by Maurice Grau of New York. When the advance representatives were in Spokane some months ago they figured that by charging a scale of prices from $8 to $2 they could get $9,600 out of the Spokane theater. Besides the lump sum given to Patti, the expenses of each concert are said to mount up to $1,500. There was only $5,300 in the house at Seattle and up to the time of cancelling the concert the advance sale of seats in Spokane only amounted to $2,500.

Dislocated Her Shoulder.

Mrs. Johanna Soderholm, of Fergus Falls, Minn., fell and dislocated her shoulder. She had a surgeon get it back in place as soon as possible, but was quite sore and pained her very much. Her son mentioned that he had seen Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised for sprains and soreness, and she asked him to buy her a bottle of it, which he did. It quickly relived her and enable her to sleep which she had not done for several days. For sale by all druggists.

A Word About Flour

And why we can always supply you with the best at the very lowest possible price.

Because — We buy direct from the Lake of the Woods Milling Co. their celebrated brand of Manitoba hard wheat flour FIVE ROSES.

Because — We buy only in car lots and thereby get advantage of the lowest possible freight rates.

Because — We buy for cash, and can therefore get the very lowest prices.

BECAUSE — We study the flour market and buy to advantage.

MacEachern & Macdonald.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The livery drivers of Chicago have won their demand for union recognition.

China has ordered from Japan 14,000 rifles, 48 field and 16 mountain guns.

Ernest Cashel, who was recaptured last Sunday near Calgary, will be hanged on February 2nd.

The present population of Spokane is 65,118, according to the current issue of the dirictory now in press.

In the year 1903 the Granby smelter produced 16,932,356 pounds of copper, 356,000 ounces of silver and 47,500 ounces of gold.

Manager Parrish, of the Le Roi, confirms the report of $12 to $20 ore in quantity in the deep workings of that property.

Kaslo will grant a bonus of $50,000 and ten years exemption from taxation to the Canadian Smelting company, if they will erect a smelter in that town.

Among the horrors developed since the Iroquois theater disaster, the most devilish is the robbing of the dead of money and jewelry.

The trial of Whitaker Wright in London ended in a tragedy. He took poison and died within an hour after receiving a seven year sentence.

The pay for the three collieries of the Crow's Nest Coal Co. given out last Saturday amounted to $138,000, an increase of $7,000 over the preceding month.

There seems to be little chance of a fuel famine for Boundary smelters for the present. It is stated that in one day this week there were 161 cars of coal and coke enroute from the East Kootenay coal mines to the Boundary.

A strong effort is now being made to secure the attendance at the grand lodge of Odd Fellows convening in Rossland next June of John B. Goodwin, of Atlanta, Georgia, grand sire of the supreme grand lodge of Odd Fellowship. He will be in the state of Washington at the time of the convention, and it is to be hoped he can be induced to run up for one day at least.

WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

W. F. TATE,

JEWELER, CRANBROOK, B. C.

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

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 55¼ cents. Lead, $4.65. Copper, $13.75. Zinc (spelter) $5.05.

LONDON—Lead, £11 11s. 3d.

A Successful Concert.

A most successful concert was given in the hall Wednesday evening for the benefit of the Methodist minister Mr. R. E. S. Taylor. Upwards of $70 was left after paying all expenses, and this was turned over to Mr. Taylor. The success of the affair was due in a great measure to the efforts of Mrs. Whitehead, who had charge of it.

There were several amusing dialogues, some splendid recitations, and some good singing. Those who assisted were: R. E. S. Taylor, J. W. Fitch, Wm. Laird, R. A. Smith, James Whitehead, Miss Crossman, Miss Lulu Crowe, Miss Erna Niederstadt, Miss Ida Whitehead, Bell Whitehead, Louise Niederstadt, Jack and Archie Crossman, Dolly Crossman Norbert Niederstadt, Ethel Brenton, Lou Elmer Nina Atwood.

Rev. S. J. Thompson of Cranbrook officiated as chairman, and handled the position to perfection.

NOTICE.

WANTED—By the East Kootenay Lumber Company, Limited, Cranbrook, separate cash offers for the following property:

All the 4 foot slabs, degings and loose culled lumber now lying at our old Moyie mill site.

Also for the buildings on the Lake side of the Railroad track; these to be removed within three months.

Fifty Years the Standard

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

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

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO

WHITE ROSES

By ELSIE CARMICHAEL

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Dick walked down the avenue slowly, so deeply absorbed that he looked straight at Mrs. De Peyster Jones and cut her, to that young woman's surprise.

"Why, what can the matter be with Dickie?" she said to herself, with an almost irresistible impulse to turn around and look after the melancholy figure sauntering down the street.

Mildred Jones had been a friend of Dick Eton's ever since they had played in the park and gone to dancing school together. Two years before she had married De Peyster Jones, and now one of her greatest pleasures was chaperoning Dick and his various ladyloves.

"I believe Dick's in love again," she exclaimed, half aloud, "or perhaps this is the real thing at last. I wish it were and Dickie would settle down."

At the same moment Dick was passing a florist's. A happy thought struck him.

"I'll settle it tonight," he said to himself. "I'll make Doris say whether she cares for me or not. If she won't have me I'll, I'll"— His eyes wandered up and down the crowded avenue, brilliant in the spring sunshine. "I'll do something desperate," he threatened.

He went into the shop, heavy with the fragrance of roses and violets, and tried to decide what he would send her. He was going to take her to a musicale at Mrs. Schuyler's that evening, and as he had forgotten to ask her the color of her gown he chose white roses. Going to the desk, he took out a visiting card and stood hesitating, pen in hand. Should he leave it to the flowers or ask her tonight at the musicale? He remembered a particularly cozy and retired corner behind the palms in Mrs. Schuyler's conservatory.

"No, I cannot wait until then," he thought. "I'll let the flowers speak."

"SO YOU COULDN'T CARRY THEM, DORIS!" HE CRIED HOARSELY.

Hastily he wrote on the card, "If you care for me a little bit, Doris, carry this tonight."

Then he sealed it up and gave it to the man. "Send the flowers at once to 37 West —th street," he said as he paid for them. "On no account let there be any delay."

"Arrah, thin, I want some flowers, a rale illigant design, for me cousin, Mrs. O'Flannagan, who's dade," exclaimed a voice. A large, showily dressed, red faced Irish woman pushed past him to the counter.

Dick went out of the shop filled with mingled feelings of doubt, uncertainty and a great love for Doris. As he strolled over to the club he marveled at his own presumption in asking such a peerless creature to come down to earth for his sake.

That evening while he was waiting for Doris he roamed restlessly about the great drawing room. When a little rustle of silken draperies announced her coming he stood like a soldier at attention, awaiting his sentence. The portieres were pushed aside, and Doris, in a trailing white gown, stood outlined against the heavy curtain—Doris with her blue eyes flashing ominously—and with empty hands.

Everything seemed to spin around.

"So you couldn't carry them, Doris!" he cried hoarsely, while his hand clasped the back of the chair.

"I don't see how you could have asked such a thing," she said icily. She was still standing and did not make any movement to come nearer him.

"I know it was presumptuous," he admitted mournfully.

She laughed mirthlessly. "I thought at first that you meant it as a joke," she said. She walked over to the fireplace, her long, fluffy skirt trailing behind her on the polished floor. The firelight played on her hair, on her white, sculptured shoulders and her exquisite arms. Dick thought that she had never looked so beautiful, and his hands tightened on the carved oak chair back.

"I knew you were always playing jokes on people," she went on, "but I never supposed you could joke about such a thing as this."

She looked up at him as he towered above her. He was a very good looking man, she admitted, with his splendid athletic build and his well bred clear cut features. Then she dropped her eyes to the fire again.

"So you really had the impudence to send it?" she said cruelly.

Dick became a little angry. "I may be presumptuous," he cried, "but I fail to see why you should look on it as impudent. Because a man sends a girl flowers and shows her that he cares for her with all the depths of his being you think he is impudent."

"Well, I don't care for your taste," she exclaimed. "I consider the whole thing an insult, Mr. Eaton, and I do not care to be one of the girls on whom you play such jokes. I have a headache and am not going to Mrs. Schuyler's tonight. Shall I ring?"

Dick gathered himself together. "Good night," he said coldly and met the footman at the door.

After luncheon the next day he found himself in Mildred Jones' cozy little drawing room pouring out the whole story into her sympathetic ears.

"And you sent her white roses?" she inquired when he had finished the tale. "Yes, Doris was here at luncheon, and she told me all about it. I think, my dear boy, that there has been some great mistake. But don't be discouraged. I will try to manage some way to help you out. Doris was very angry, but I am sure she will forgive you."

There was an amused twinkle in her eyes that Dick could not understand, but he felt her sympathy and went back to the club with a lighter heart.

Perhaps an hour later he was called to the telephone and at once recognized Doris' voice.

"Hello! Is that you, Dick?" she said, and there was a joyous ring about it that set Dick's heart to beating. "Did you send me white roses yesterday?"

"Yes," he cried exultantly, "white roses and maidenhair."

Doris laughed. "Well, Dick, can—you—come up this evening?" She hesitated. "If you will come I will—er—carry your flowers." She shut off the telephone instantly, and Dick was left with the receiver at his ear and a beatific expression on his face.

It was with different feelings from those of the night before that he stood by the fire in Doris' drawing room that evening listening for her footstep. But so quietly she came that she stood between the portieres before he knew it. Doris, beautiful as ever, in softest rose color and holding in her hands—Dick, who had started forward with a glad cry, stopped, and his hands dropped to his side.

"Good heavens, Doris! Where did you get that awful thing?" he exclaimed.

Doris, with a merry laugh, held up a hideous form of red and white immortelles with stiff, red roses wired on toothpicks, spelling out the word "Hope." "Your flowers," she explained.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "Doris, you didn't think I sent you that monstrosity, did you? Where are my roses?" Then his face cleared. "It was that miserable Irish woman!" he cried. "She came in as I went out to order some flowers for a funeral, and that stupid florist got the cards and addresses mixed."

"Never mind, Dick," she said, looking at him coquettishly. "You don't seem to realize that I am carrying your flowers." But the last word was almost lost as Dick crushed her in his arms, the "illigant design" and all.

Compounding a Prescription.

"I noticed," said the druggist to his assistant, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"

"It was only a little carbolic acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drams of acid into the bottle and fill it up with water."

"Never mind if you had only to do that," the druggist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to dispense, or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money?

"When a prescription for salt and water or peppermint and cough strup is handed to you you must look at it doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me, and we will both read it and shake our heads. After that you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it today. When he says he does you answer that you'll make a special effort.

"Now, a patient appreciates a prescription that there has been so much trouble over, and when he takes it he derives some benefit from it. But don't you do any more of that three minute prescription business, my boy, if you want to become a first class druggist."—Boston Herald.

Not an Ostrich.

"Baby was playing with my thimble this morning, and I can't find it anywhere. Do you know what he did with it, Aunt Ella?"

"No; I have not seen it, Marjorie. Look on the floor."

"I cannot find it," said Marjorie. "I am sure he swallowed it."

"Don't be absurd! How could a baby swallow a thimble?" replied her aunt.

"Ella! I say, Ella! Have you seen my pearl necktie pin? Baby had it yesterday, and now I cannot find it. Do you think he could have swallowed it?"

"No, he couldn't," answered his sister curtly.

"Oh, please, mum, I can't find the egg beater anywhere. Baby had it yesterday, and now it's lost."

"Good heavens! Do you people think my baby is an ostrich?" cried the indignant mother.—New York Press.

LET ME FORGET.

Love, who hath granted many prayers and set
My wayward feet into thy happy ways,
Behold, I send thee supplication yet;
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

I wrought so many follies in thy name,
So many frail, false altars did I raise,
Too weak to hold thee—nay, for very shame,
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

See, I blot out my sinning with my tears
And ever cry my prayer with this my praise:
For sake of all the coming, happier years
Let me forget my wasted yesterdays.

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in Cosmopolitan.

HER SOUVENIR OF SPAIN

It Made Her Happy For Life.

Muy infeliz soy yo;
Para limosnas canto.
(Very unhappy I be;
I sing for charity.)

A burst of laughter followed these words, for the singer, a boy about 8 years old, was a grotesque specimen of humanity. His narrow black eyes, which were almost closed while he was singing, were rather wide apart, his mouth was expanded into a smile which revealed his large teeth, he wore a hat which came down over his ears and a large pair of shoes which in the dance that followed every verse he managed to swing about with incredible dexterity, considering their size.

"What is that he keeps repeating over and over, Evelyn?" asked Mr. Livingstone.

"He says, papa, that he is singing for alms and that he is unhappy."

"Well, he doesn't look it. He has the most comical face I ever saw. In fact, his whole make up is as funny as it can be. If he would come out like that and sing in one of our theaters at home, he'd bring down the house. Here, young man, is a peseta for giving me the only amusement that can be found in this confounded town."

The scene occurred in the old Moorish town of Ronda, in southern Spain. The party of three—Mr. Livingstone, his daughter and Lawrence Morton—arrived that afternoon. Their landlord had but recently come into possession of the hotel, and their dinner had been the supreme effort of his life. He had discarded the oil used by his countrymen in their cooking and had used mutton tallow in its place. Every course was steeped in this odorous grease, and Evelyn remarked that "Let us return to our mutton" would have been at that meal a most appropriate phrase.

Mr. Livingstone, who, like many other tourists, liked to eat his cake and have it, to travel abroad and have all the comforts of his home, arose from the table with a frown on his brow, which was chased away by the antics of the quaint little "mendigo," who stretched his mouth wider than ever when he received the silver piece, muttering "Muchas gracias, senor," in a voice of smothered ecstasy.

"He looks just like a brownie!" cried Evelyn, kneeling down beside him. "What is your name, child?" she asked in his own tongue, taking his little brown hand in her white one.

"Benito Pardo, senorita."

"Are your parents living?"

"No, senorita."

"Have you brothers and sisters?"

"No, senorita; there is no one, just old Catalina."

"Is she kind to you?"

"She beats me when I bring her no money, but she will not do so for a week now. She will be overjoyed with the great amount the worshipful caballero has just given me."

"Would you mind if you went away from her?"

He grinned. "There would be no one to bring her pennies then."

"Oh, papa," cried the impulsive young woman after she had translated the foregoing dialogue, "how delightful it would be to take this boy home with us! May I not take him?"

"May you take him? Of course not. You are out of your mind to think of such a thing."

"But you promised me before we left home that if I would do everything the doctor ordered you would get me anything I wanted. I did follow out his directions to the letter. I am perfectly well now and will hold you to your word."

"Listen to that, will you, Morton? When I made that promise, I meant anything in the way of finery, pictures or statuary. I didn't suppose she would want to bring a dirty little beggar away as a souvenir."

"He won't be dirty when I take him away. I'll have him all fixed up in fine style. Would you like to go with me to my home in Chicago?" she asked the boy.

Benito had not the faintest idea where Chicago was. For aught he knew to the contrary it might be somewhere in the neighborhood of heaven. It must be near there, in fact, for the pretty young woman whose soft eyes were smiling into his own in such a kindly manner certainly was akin to the angels. So he said, "Si, senorita," with a catch in his breath lest she should change her mind.

"Well, I will think about it and come to see Catalina tomorrow. Where does she live?" She wrote the address in a little silver book which hung to her girdle and allowed the boy to go.

The landlord informed Evelyn that Benito was a little waif whose parents died in his babyhood and that the child had fallen into the clutches of a terrible old woman who compelled him to beg for her, and who had beaten him over and over again because he would not steal for her. Benito had been told by the padre that it was wrong to take what did not belong to him, and no ill treatment could force him to do so.

Mr. Livingstone was a wealthy man, and Evelyn was his only child. He had never said "no" to her, or at least his "no" never had required more than 24 hours to change itself to "yes." But this last whim was beyond the bounds of reason, and Mr. Livingstone looked firm when his daughter broached the subject over their coffee and rolls the next morning.

"Evelyn, I never objected when you wanted to work in the slums at home, though it cost me considerable money, as you know, but now you are trying to persuade me to adopt a boy, and a foreigner at that, and it is time for me to draw the line."

"Oh, no, I don't want you to adopt him, papa. We will keep him about the house, and he will be so cunning to open the door and run errands, and I will teach him English until he can go to school."

"Well, just drop this notion, won't you? If you are determined to have something that is alive and ugly at the same time, I'll buy you the ugliest little dog that can be found in Spain, though I hate dogs like poison."

"I don't want a dog, papa. I want this boy. Something seemed to say to me last night I ought to take the little fellow away from a place where he never will have an opportunity to be anything but a beggar and to a land where we can make of him what he could never be here in any circumstances, and to be which is one of the most fortunate lots that can fall to man."

"And what is that, pray?"

"An honest, respectable American citizen."

This was a clincher, and she knew it. Her father was almost "spread eagle" in his patriotism.

"Think what a nuisance he will be on the remainder of our trip."

"Not at all," she responded serenely. "At the hotels we can always pay a servant to look after him, and on shipboard we can put him in charge of the steward."

The result of this conversation was a visit to old Catalina, who readily agreed to part with the boy for three goldpieces with the little king's head on them. She did not kiss Benito, but she did kiss the goldpieces with tears in her eyes, for she never had seen so much wealth in one heap. Lawrence Morton had requested the honor of buying for Benito his first suit of new clothes and disappeared with the youngster, bringing him back clean and well dressed. He had also bought him some sweets, a delicacy hitherto only to be gazed at and longed for. From that moment Benito was ready to die for his new friend.

The senorita was in the parlor alone when they returned to the hotel. When she saw Benito's changed appearance, she was so pleased she held up her face and allowed Mr. Morton to kiss her on the lips, after which she blushed and glanced apprehensively at Benito, who was glad to have been the means of procuring for his friend a reward so sweet.

The boy soon learned to make himself useful. He could carry packages and run errands, and could be trusted to make small purchases. For Mr. Livingstone he entertained a reverance mixed with awe, but Evelyn and Lawrence he worshiped, following them about like a faithful dog, delighted if they asked him to do them a favor.

One afternoon at Gibraltar the young couple went up the winding road for a walk, taking the boy with them. He soon noticed that something was wrong. They did not smile and look into each other's eyes as they were wont to do, they spoke little, and their voices were cold. Near the top of the rock they stopped, and the senorita slipped a beautiful sparkling ring from her finger and laid it in the hand of Mr. Morton. Benito wondered why she should give him a present when she seemed angry with him. Mr. Morton held the jewel in his hand for a moment and then sent it spinning, a flash of light through the air, down toward the sea. Then the young man walked away without a word, and the girl, after holding her head high until he was out of sight, sank to the ground, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Late that afternoon a big black ship came along, and Mr. Morton went away in her, and Benito wept sorely, for Mr. Morton lived in a city with a long name, and he never expected to see him again. Evelyn found him crying and cried with him.

"You love him, too, do you not, senorita?" asked the boy.

"Yes." Then she gave two little dabs at her eyes with her handkerchief, and said he must not speak of Mr. Morton to her again.

His life in his new home in Chicago was a dream of delight to the little Spaniard, but he lived with one object in view, and that was to be able some time to write a letter to Lawrence Morton. In the course of time he learned to read and speak English after a fashion, but his fingers were clumsy when he tried to write. Being sent to the office one day, he observed a typewriting machine, which was an object of wonder and admiration to him. Here was something which would write for you and which you could use without being puzzled about the tails of those vexatious q's and g's. He would make it write to Mr. Morton. The stenographer good naturedly explained its mysteries, and after many trials Benito succeeded in writing the following letter:

dear friendmrMorton I AM aboSing of you
Amabilidad to write but you Will beglad wen you
KNow the Senorita Loves youU. She HaVe told me
THIS. slle have cried Wen you haveE go. SHE
isnow more White. your servant

BENITO PARDO.

He took the letter to Mr. Livingstone, who, without any idea of its contents, addressed and stamped it for him. Then Benito, with the pride of one who has accomplished a great feat, dropped it down the shoot.

A few nights after this he was sent for to come to the parlor to see Mr. Morton. Benito beamed with delight at the sight of his friend, who told him his letter was one of the most delightful he had ever received. Evelyn hugged the boy and said: "Benito, we are each of us going to buy you something lovely tomorrow. I don't know what it will be, but it will be gorgeous—anything you want, in fact." Then, turning to Lawrence, she said, "Something told me to bring this boy home with me, and, see, he has made me happy for life."—Chicago Evening Post.

Bedroom Ventilation.

One of the dozen rules given recently by an authority for a long life is to sleep with one's bedroom door open. It is almost a crime that in these days of knowledge of the value of ventilation buildings still go up with bedrooms unprovided with any means to secure circulation of air. Transoms in the average private house are unknown. Windows in the city home can be at only one side of the room, and with no open fireplace the possibilities of changing the air during the night are poor. The caution of the open door is an evident attempt to assist in providing pure air.

As the cold season sets in the closing up of our houses must follow, and the gain of the open air life during the summer will be counteracted by the shut in existence to be faced for the next four or five months. Where a register is in the room it should be left open at night, provided it is known that the cold air box leading to the furnace communicates directly with the outer air.

Too strong emphasis can scarcely be laid upon this matter. Jarndice of Bleak House sleeping in a bed pulled to the middle of a square chamber, whose windows opened on every side and were left raised throughout the night, may have been a little radical in his habit, but he erred on the right side.

What Tesla Selected.

Thomas Edison used to have Nikola Tesla working for him in his studio near Paris. Tesla came to him one day asking for work, and Edison, who needed help, referred him to the foreman, named Fulton. The latter took the young foreigner on condition that he would work. This Tesla did. For three days and nights he never closed his eyes. At the end of the first fortnight he had not had 48 hours' sleep all together, and Fulton, the foreman, made him take a rest. He also said to the young man that on account of the strain they had both been under they had better have a good meal.

Accordingly the foreman and the student went to a well known cafe on one of the boulevards and got one of the biggest and thickest steaks possible. It was a whopper and seemed to be overwhelming for two. Besides, the garnishings were liberal, and there was enough good wine. Between them, however, they managed to make everything disappear, and then Fulton, turning to Tesla, asked him if there was anything else he would like. "You're out with me, you know, and whatever you want just order it."

Tesla looked vaguely around for a minute, as if making up his mind, and then hesitatingly said, "Mr. Fulton, if you don't mind I would like another steak."—San Francisco Argonaut.

His Mistake as to American Girls.

A Louisville girl who was recently in Germany met a young English officer who was in the same city, and, in fact, in the same house with her for two months, studying German for his promotion. Like most Europeans, he had the usual absurd ideas about the girls of this country, who, in the minds of the untraveled foreigner, are rather hoyden creatures, who smoke and have other masculine traits.

After dinner one day in the early acquaintanceship of the couple the officer offered the Louisville girl a cigarette, and upon her refusing it he said: "Why, I thought all the girls in the United States smoked."

"So we do," replied the girl, "but never cigarettes, only pipes. If you will get that pipe off the mantelpiece in the next room I shall be charmed to smoke with you."

Not suspecting the joke she was playing on him, the officer brought the pipe and filled it, and it was not until he saw the wry faces his friend made in attempting to carry out the joke that he appreciated the situation. He was continually telling the American in a tone of surprise that she was just like the girls at home in England, and her rejoinder was:

"Lieutenant, don't you think a lad is a lady the world over?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Consumption.

Pulmonary tuberculosis is not a contagious but only a communicable disease. The contact per se of the consumptive individual does not convey the disease. It is now well known that it is mainly the tuberculosis expectoration, which, when dried and pulverized to dust, constitutes the main danger of infection. The means to prevent infection from tuberculosis expectoration or saliva—expectorating only in proper vessels, spittoons and pocket flasks, proper use of handkerchiefs during coughing, etc.—are now also universally taught.

It is absolutely demonstrated that a tuberculosis patient, if he takes proper care of his expectoration, does not constitute any danger to his fellow men. In sanatoria and hospitals exclusively devoted to the care of consumptives it is of the rarest occurrence for an attendant to contract the disease, the hygienic precautions being so thorough. It may indeed be said that in these houses for consumptives one is less liable to contract consumption than outside of them.—Dr. S. A. Knopf in Forum.

Miss Proctor's Mistake.

Miss Mary Proctor, the astronomer and lecturer, frequently gives her personal services toward entertaining poor children and adults. Generally her lectures are well received. Now and then there are exceptions. On one occasion a bright eyed little boy, who sat in the front row with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, was asked how he liked it. "I guess," he said, "it was pretty good, but she ought to talk about lions and tigers. That's better for everybody."

At another lecture a youngster criticised her as follows: "It's all very well to talk of weighing and measuring stars. There are some people, of course, who believe that sort of thing, but if she thinks she can fool us boys with such fairy tales she's very much mistaken."

Boomerangs Not New.

The Australian aborigines are not the only users of the boomerang, nor were they the first to use that missile. The Egyptians knew all about it, just as they seem to have known all about everything else. At the present day the boomerang is used by some American Indian tribes and by the Dravidian races of the Indian peninsula. The missile used by the last named differs in that it is thicker than the usual form and does not return to the thrower. The return of the boomerang is due to the action of the wind, the shape of the weapon and the manner in which it is thrown.

His Request.

Husband—My dear, I want to ask you one favor before you go off on that long visit.

Wife—A thousand, my love. What is it?

Husband—Don't try to put the house in order before you leave.

Wife—It isn't hard work.

Husband—Perhaps not, but think of the expense of telegraphing to you every time I want to find anything.—Collier's Weekly.

ANIMAL SURGERY.

Wild Beasts Are Wise in Medicine and Easily Heal Themselves.

Most people have seen a sick cat eat grass or an uneasy dog seek out some weed and devour it greedily to make his complaining stomach feel better. Some few may have read John Wesley's directions on the art of keeping well, which have not, however, found their way into his book of discipline for the soul—and have noticed with surprised interest his claim that many medicines in use among the common people and the physicians of his time were discovered by watching the animals that sought out these things to heal their diseases. "If they heal animals, they will also heal men," is his invincible argument. Others may have dipped deep into Indian history and folklore and learned that many of the herbs used by the American tribes, and especially the cures for rheumatism, dysentery, fever and snake bites, were learned direct from the animals by noting the rheumatic old bear grub for fern roots or bathe in the hot mud of a sulphur spring and by watching with eager eyes what plants the wild creatures ate when bitten by rattlers or wasted by the fever.

The most elemental kind of surgery is that which amputates a leg when it is broken—not always or often, but only when the wound festers from decay or fly bite and so endangers the whole body. Probably the best illustration of this is found in the coon, who has a score of traits that place him very high among intelligent animals. When a coon's foot is shattered by a bullet he will cut it off promptly and wash the stump in running water, partly to reduce the inflammation and partly, no doubt, to make it perfectly clean. As it heals he uses his tongue on the wound freely, as a dog does, to cleanse it perhaps and by the soft massage of his tongue to reduce the swelling and allay the pain.

THE END OF NIAGARA.

In Twenty-five Centuries the Great Falls Will Have Disappeared.

In 2,500 years hence the discharge of the Niagara will have become intermittent, ceasing at low stages of the lake, and finally the Niagara river, on the rising edge of the basin, will have its waters turned back and southward, and no water will flow over the Niagara escarpment of that day. Through this agency alone Niagara falls will cease to exist long before the escarpment has been worn away to the river level at Grand Island, but as it is even now lessening the volume of water poured over the falls the erosive power of the stream is diminishing, and we must therefore increase the period necessary for the retreat of the Canadian falls to the south end of Goat Island and the stealing of the waters of the American falls.

Assuming the continuity of the forces named, we might outline the probable future life and death of the falls thus:

With progressive loss in water volume the Canadian falls will reach the south end of Goat Island in from 1,000 to 1,500 years, the death of the American falls.

The flow of the waters will now have become intermittent, and at first only at periods of mean and high water in Lake Erie, eventually at high water alone, will there be any discharge over the escarpment. This will continue for a period of from 1,500 to 2,000 years.

The entire flow to the north will cease, and the river will flow back into Lake Erie, leaving the escarpment dry at a point not very far south of Goat island and with a height of about 100 feet. This will be 3,500 years hence the death of Niagara falls.—John M. Clarke, Ph. D., LL. D., in Harper's Weekly.

An Effective Touch.

A western senator tells a story of a judge who had occasion to fine a lawyer in that state $100 for contempt of court.

After court had adjourned the lawyer approached the judge and said, "Your honor, I want to ask a great favor of you."

"What is it?" inquired the judge.

"I have a pressing obligation to meet. That hundred you took for that fine was the money I had to meet it with. I wish you would lend me $100 for a few days."

"Hi, Mr. Crier," shouted the judge, "convene court again!" Court was reconvened, and then the judge remitted the fine.

Incompatibility.

A man and his wife called at a lawyer's office to talk about a divorce.

"Judge," the wife said, "I had only 75 cents to live on last month."

Whereupon the husband replied angrily: "That's a falsehood; she had $90."

Then the wife said, "Judge, that's as near as we ever agree." And the judge said they might as well get a divorce if that was the best they could do.

Experienced.

"How is the new girl going to do?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"She hasn't had much experience," said his wife, "but I think she will be all right when she gets broken in."

Then came a loud sound of falling crockery from the kitchen.

"She seems to be making a good start, anyhow," observed Mr. Ferguson encouragingly.

Encouragement.

Pupil (after repeated attempts)—Oh, I'm sure I never shall be able to!

Professor—Oh, yes, you will. I was just as big a donkey myself at first.—Punch.

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.—Goethe.

THE MOYIE LEADER

MOYIE, B. C.

Afternoon Tea.

"High tea" is said to be of American origin. The earliest mention of it, according to Dr. Murray, goes no further back than 1856. In fact, tea as an afternoon meal is not much older. It is thought to have originated in 1837 in the house of Mme. de Circourt, a Russian lady, whose salon in Paris was at that time much frequented by the most intellectual society of the day. The fashionable dinner hours were then getting late, and she introduced a 4 o'clock light meal, at which tea was served. Fanny Kemble in "Records of a Girlhood" attributes the introduction of the afternoon meal into this country to the then Duchess of Bedford. Fanny Kemble paid a visit to Belvoir castle in March, 1842, and she relates how a mysterious invitation was received to the duchess' private rooms, where she found a small group of friends partaking of tea in a private and rather shamefaced way, and dates the 5 o'clock meal from this time. But it was several years later that the practice became general.—London Chronicle.

Hard Words.

Mrs. Tucker—Tommy, what makes you so late?

Tommy—Had some words with the teacher, and she kept me in after school.

Mrs. Tucker—You had words with the teacher?

Tommy—Yes'm. I couldn't spell 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

The man who is blind to his own interests usually has four eyes for his neighbor's affairs.

"My Heart Was Thumping my Life out," is the way Mrs. R. H. Wright, of Brockville, Ont., describes her sufferings from smothering, fluttering and palpitation. After trying many remedies without benefit, six bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart restored her to perfect health. The first dose gave almost instant relief, and in a day suffering ceased altogether.—51

Germany in twenty years has increased her imports of manufactures by £21,000,000.

"Regular Practitioner — No Result."—Mrs. Annie C. Chestnut of Whitby, was for months a rheumatic victim, but South American Rheumatic Cure changed the song from "despair" to "joy." She says: "I suffered untold misery from rheumatism—doctors' medicine did me no good—two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure cured me—relief two hours after the first dose."—50

There are in Greater New York 350,000 inhabited rooms with no windows opening to the outer air, or even to another room with windows opening to the fresh air and sunlight. These dark rooms are to be found in over 40,000 tenements scattered over the metropolis.

The Stomach's "Weal or Woe!"—The stomach is the centre from which, from the standpoint of health, flows "weal or woe." A healthy stomach means perfect digestion—perfect digestion means strong and steady nerve centres—strong nerve centres mean good circulation, rich blood and good health. South American Nervine makes and keeps the stomach right.—52

Some people are afraid of starting in a race for fear of making a poor finish.

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 their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINAN & 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. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In leaving his residuary estate to his sons only, Mr. A. Holmes, a Bingley (England) brewer, said he did so not because his sons were dearer to him than his daughters, but because he considered that men have a harder struggle in life.

THE AVERAGE BABY.

The average baby is a good baby—cheerful, smiling and bright. When he is cross and fretful it is because he is unwell and he is taking the only means he has to let everybody know he does not feel right. When baby is cross, restless and sleepless don't dose him with "soothing" stuffs which always contain poisons. Baby's Own Tablets are what is needed to put the little one right. Give a cross baby an occasional Tablet and see how quickly he will be transformed into a bright, smiling, cooing, happy child. He will sleep at night, and the mother will get her rest, too. You have a guarantee that Baby's Own Tablets contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. In all the minor ailments from birth up to ten or twelve years there is nothing to equal the Tablets. Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Goulais River, Ont., says:—"My little boy was very cross and fretful and we got no rest with him until we began using Baby's Own Tablets. Since then baby rests well and he is now a fat, healthy boy."

You can get the Tablets from any druggist or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Be sure of your fatted calf before essaying the prodigal role.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Figures are always of sum account.

The contortionist may be a single man, but he doubles up.

An ounce of practice is better than a ton of theory.

Of the many human buds but few ever bloom successfully.

Beware of the individual who is lost to all sense of shame.

When people can't obtain something for which they wish very much they call it an act of renunciation.

If you wish to keep your friends you may confide your faults to them, but don't attempt to point out their shortcomings.

DREADED RESULTS OF KIDNEY DISEASE

Ailments of the Most Painful and Fatal Nature Prevented and Cured by

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

When you think of the pain and suffering which accompany backache, rheumatism, lumbago, stone in the kidneys and bladder; when you think of the dreadful fatality of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes and apoplexy, you may well wonder why people neglect to keep the kidneys in perfect order, for all these ailments are the direct result of deranged kidneys.

Once the kidneys fail to filter from the blood the impure and poisonous waste matter there is trouble of a painful and dangerous nature. Among the first symptoms are backache, weak, lame back, pains in the legs and sides, deposits in the urine, impaired digestion, loss of flesh, energy and ambition, stiffness and soreness in the joints and feelings of weariness and lassitude.

Prevention is always better than cure, and hence the advisability of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on the very first indication of such derangement. Whether to prevent or cure, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the most effective treatment you can obtain, for besides their direct and specific action on the kidneys, they keep the bowels regular, and the liver active, and hence purify the system and remove the cause of disease.

This medicine has long since proven its right to first place as a cure for the complicated and serious derangements of the filtering and excretory organs. It has the largest sale and is endorsed by more people than any similar treatment. You can depend on it absolutely to bring prompt relief and lasting cure. In view of these facts it is a waste of time and money and a risk to life itself to trifle with new and untried remedies when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are at hand. One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

The Desert of Gobi occupies a considerable portion of Central Mongolia, but it is not a true desert, supporting as it does all kinds of animal and vegetable life and forming no small part of the pasturage of that greatest grazing country of the Old World.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders as it is both soap and disinfectant.

To escape from the extortions of the paper trust, the newspapers of Germany have formed a syndicate and bought or created pulp factories and paper mills of their own.

Some people are like parrots—they talk too much and say too little.

TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of an uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household remedies.

They call it cold cash, but we are all hot after it.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It costs only 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

A man seldom poses as a confirmed bachelor until after some woman has confirmed him.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

Somebody is always getting in the way of the man who is in pursuit of happiness.

EXTERNALLY OR INTERNALLY, IT IS GOOD.—When applied externally, by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

The toothless dog does not exactly have a soft snap.

Even in a short piece the trombone is a long-winded instrument.

A piece of music isn't restful just because it is full of rests.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Imported foxes have increased to such an extent in Gippsland, Victoria, Australia, that organized "drives" to extirpate them are frequent.

Die and Save Money.

At the Metropolitan club of Washington one evening Justice Harlan of the supreme court had introduced to him a well known New York business man who was given to boasting of the large income he enjoyed.

With the apparent purpose of impressing those about him, the New Yorker remarked that as near as he could tell he supposed his income exceeded $100,000. "And I simply have to make that amount," he added. "Why, with my expenses it costs me $80,000 a year to live!"

"Dear me!" said Justice Harlan blandly. "Really, that's too much. I wouldn't pay it. It isn't worth it."

The Burglar Woman.

"Silence or you're a dead man!" the burglar hissed, with revolver leveled at the man's head.

"Madam," whispered the man, divining the burglar's sex, "your mask is not on straight."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, and as she tried to adjust it he, thus taking her off her guard, sprang upon her and disarmed her.—Philadelphia Press.

According to Sir James Crichton-Browne the modern Englishman is physically a degenerate, and chiefly because of dyspeptic troubles. The growing frequency of appendicitis is, he thinks, due to the weakened digestive apparatus and insufficient mastication of food.

Ayer's

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral quiets tickling throats, hacking coughs, pain in the lungs. It relieves congestion, subdues inflammation. It heals, strengthens. Your doctor will explain this to you. He knows all about this cough medicine.

Cherry Pectoral

"We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in our family for 25 years for throat and lung troubles, and we think no medicine equals it."
MRS. A. POMEROY, Appleton, Minn.

25c., 50c., $1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for

Weak Throats

Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery. Purely vegetable, gently laxative.

STAMMERERS

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN ONTARIO. For the treatment of all forms of SPEECH DEFECTS. We treat the cause, not simply the habit, and therefore produce natural speech. Write for particulars.

The latest cure for internal cancer reported in England is a tablespoonful of molasses four or five times a day.

Blood is Worthless

UNLESS CIRCULATED.

Health is assured by the new process of ouring disease.

RELIEF IN 30 MINUTES.

Sick headache, indigestion, loss of vigor, failing memory, nervousness are all infallible signs of weakening nerves and indicate that your nerves lack rich blood with which to build up their broken tissues. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure heals and strengthens the heart and gives it the power to send rich blood coursing through the veins, when most diseases disappear as if by magic. It relieves heart disease in 30 minutes and is a wonderful cure. Sold by all druggists.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cures piles in one to three days. 35c. 17

The children in 17 workhouses in Ireland are now sent out to receive their education in the ordinary national schools, and the sysyem is being extended.

A gift of £10,000 has been made to the British and foreign Bible society by a London lady who will not disclose her name.

Most people think too lightly of a cough. It is a serious matter and needs prompt attention. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

when the first sign of a cough or cold appears.
It will cure you easily and quickly then—later it will be harder to cure.

Prices 25c., 50c. and $1.00

S. C. WELLS & CO.
Toronto, Can. LeRoy, N.Y. 10

AN ABODE OF THE DEAD

Not a Cemetery, but the Great British Museum.

To say that the British museum is a dead museum may sound like flat blasphemy to those old habitues of the institution to whom its atmosphere is almost the breath of their life and to whom its treasures of antiquity and art are certainly the nourishment of their minds and souls. But apart from this little band of devout worshipers at the shrine of learning the British museum seems to me quite dead—as dead as a door nail. I have been there many a time, and I went there again and walked through long and silent galleries peopled only by the gods of Egypt, India, China, of ancient Greece and Rome and thronged only by those wonderful works of sculpture wrought by cunning hands long crumbled into the dust of past ages, but whose spirit of beauty and reverence still lingers in these heroes and heroines of old renown.

In some of the rooms one may see a few nursemaids relieving the tedium of their daily walk through Bloomsbury by bringing their little charges to the museum, where they may amuse themselves and get material for bad dreams while the nurses themselves have a quiet gossip.

In the holiday season also one may see troops of Americans passing swiftly through the galleries "doing" the museum with wonderful dispatch and commenting with western levity upon the relics of ancient civilization and the bones of prehistoric men.

But the Londoner does not come. The time that he can spare from lunch hour he devotes to a walk up Cheapside, the Strand or Holborn "to look at the shops." The day's work done, he takes the first train home. On a Saturday afternoon he prefers a matinee, a game of tennis or cricket or a few hours on the river. I do not blame him altogether, but the fact remains that the British museum is to him an abode of the dead, which he regards with the same repugnance as a tomb.

FARMER IN WINTER TIME.

Steady Jobs Are Feeding the Stock and Keeping Warm.

The great steady winter jobs on an American farm in the north nowadays are feeding the stock and keeping warm. And keeping warm nowadays means hauling coal. When I lived in the country, it meant cutting wood. It meant for our large family constant teaming day after day from the woods to the wood yard and a wood pile that must have covered a quarter of an acre. It meant toward spring the coming of men with a horse power and buzz saw to cut firewood, and that was almost as interesting an operation as thrashing.

There were other stirring days when the lake had frozen hard and the ice-house was filled, involving ice cutting and more teaming and more precarious hitching on behind loads and going back in empties. And early in the winter there was the momentous and gory killing of pigs. Oh, that was indeed a stirring time! They kill a pig every second, no doubt, in Chicago nowadays, but that is mere mechanical routine, with no quality of sport in it.

There was nothing so very slow about the country winter in days as late as the civil war. I suppose soap-making as a domestic industry is as dead as household spinning. In those times of wood fires and wood ashes all self respecting families made soap. Our family had an outstanding kitchen expressly for that use, with a big cistern-like hogshead behind it in which ashes were leached and convenient nibs for holding the soft soap. A very handsome substance is soft soap of the proper consistency and complexion, and a pleasing exercise it used to be for the young to stir it with a stick, and watch its undulations. All the superfluous fat of meat from our kitchen was turned into soft soap in those nearby old times.

The Badger's Digging Ability.

The sportsman naturalist, St. John, one day found a badger in a trap not much injured. Tying a rope to its hind leg, he drove the animal home—strange to say, the captive beast jogging steadily along in front of him and giving little more trouble than a pig going to market. On reaching home the animal was put for the night into a paved court, where it seemed perfectly secure. "Next morning," said St. John, "he was gone, having displaced a stone that I thought him quite incapable of moving, and then, digging under the wall, he got away."

An Invaluable Aid.

Boney—Unable to increase Hawley's salary and not desiring to lose his services, the Sharpes have taken him into the firm.

Skinnie—That's great!

Boney—But then the firm is losing money daily.—Philadelphia North American.

A Close Call.

The Fox Hunter—Were you in at the death?

The Novice—No. Cussed near it, though, when that brute pitched me into the creek.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woolens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

CHAMBERLAIN

IS THE PREFERENTIAL 10¢ CIGAR
You'll Enjoy Every Bit Of It.

MADE BY J. M. FORTIER LTD., MONTREAL

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Used it ten years. Washington, D.C., Nov. 20, 1904. Please send me your "Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." Have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for ten years and gladly testify to its merits. Yours truly, Julius C. Nelson.

Five Cases of Spavin Absolutely Cured. Buffalo, N. Dakota, Jan. 26, 1905. I have cured five horses absolutely of Spavin in the last four years with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. Very truly yours, Harry D. Koettel.

THE OLD RELIABLE

And Most Successful Remedy Ever Discovered for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints and all Lameness.

This is the unqualified experience of thousands of horsemen and others in this and other countries and there is no reason why you should not share in these benefits. Just read what the above people say about "Kendall's." Write to them for your own satisfaction.

In addition to being the best stable remedy known, it is unequaled as a liniment for household and family use. Sold generally by all druggists. Price $1; six bottles for $5. We send valuable book, "A Treatise on the Horse," profusely illustrated, free upon request.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

25¢ **That Cough** which ordinary remedies have not reached, will quickly yield to

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

It cures those heavy, deep-seated coughs—takes away the soreness—heals the throat—strengthens the lungs. None the less effective because it is pleasant to take. Just try one bottle and see how quickly you get rid of that cough. At your druggists. 25c. bottle. 25¢

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

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

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

S. SPINK

Fashionable dogs in Paris, which for some time have worn overcoats with pockets for their little handkerchiefs, are now provided with goggles for their eyes when taken motoring.

SAT NIGHT AND DAY IN A CHAIR

Till Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured his Rheumatism.

William Doeg, of Strong Township, Hale and Hearty after Four Years of Torture—The Story of his Sickness and his Cure.

Sunbridge, Jan. 4.—(Special)—After four years of torture, during which he was scarcely an hour free from pain, Wm. Doeg, a farmer, living on Con. 3, Strong Township, and well known here, is a hale and hearty man. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him. Speaking of his cure Dr. Doeg says:

"The trouble started in my back and the pain got so bad I could not lie down to take rest, but had to sit night and day in a chair.

"The pain would sometimes move to other parts of my body, and when in my knees I was unable to walk.

"I was treated for Rheumatism by several doctors, and also tried different medicines without receiving any benefit. I feared I would never again be free from pain.

"My attention was called to cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I started to use them. Before I had finished the second box I was a new man, entirely free from pain. It has not come back since."

Uric acid in the blood is the cause of Rheumatism. If the Kidneys are working right they take all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys work right.

Turn About.

Mrs. Weeds—Oh, you remind me so much of my first husband!

Mr. Weeds—I'm glad to hear it. You've been reminding me of him so often.—Philadelphia Press.

The American consuls at all foreign ports have the lawful right to examine intending emigrants for the United States for the purpose of ascertaining that they are fit for admission to this country.

In the Black sea no animal life of any kind is found at a depth below 1,200 feet owing to the large amount of hydrosulphuric acid.

The man who admits he doesn't know everything is the man who usually knows the most.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

It is easy to distinguish cut glass from the other kind; the other kind is found on bargain counters.

IN NATURE'S STOREHOUSE THERE ARE CURES.—Medical experiments have shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us, which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which neglect, and ignorance have visited upon man. However this may be, it is well known that Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

There are nearly 6,000,000 farms in the United States, the average size being 140 acres.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eye, especially a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon destroy the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight.

A CURE FOR COSTIVENESS.—Costiveness comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes usually disordered digestion. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

Lincolnshire has the biggest British farm. Over two thousand acres are under plough. The second largest is near Coldstream.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Marseilles had more than twice as much shipping last year as any other French harbor.

Simply Useful, That's All.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wordsworth, "the family is most interesting. John dances divinely. Tom sings like an angel, David is a famous footballer, Susanna paints with great taste."

"And Henry?"

"Oh, Henry! Well, he's a rather dull sort of a fellow, you know. He only works and supports the others."

W. N. U. No. 462.

[illegible]

[illegible] in the interests of the people of Cranbrook and District.

[illegible]

[illegible] subscription.

[illegible]

THURSDAY, JAN. 19, 1905.

A man who can work and will work should be [illegible]

Tom Whittaker Wright had great ability along certain lines, can not be denied, but his methods were not above board, and were therefore like the house that was built on the sand.

The present parliament at Ottawa was elected on November 16th, 1900, and will not expire until about Christmas, 1905. The liberals are free to hold on until that time and have two more sessions.

While the thermometer has ranged from 40 to 20 degrees below zero in the eastern and middle states, the people of North East Kootenay are enjoying typical banana belt weather.

A few days ago the superintendent of the Moyie teachers received the following note from the mother of one of our pupils: "You write me up Johnny Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beat him every time it is necessary to learn him sense. He is just like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Hand knowledge into him. I want him to get it, and don't pay no attention to what his father says. I handle him."

The death of Ruth Cleveland closes early a life begun under bright auspices but shadowed for years by ill health. Born during the height of her father's popularity as Chief Magistrate of the Nation, and her mother's phenomenal popularity with the land, the child's name was for a time synonymous with home, happiness and the sweetest graces that ever crowned, dignified and adorned womanhood. The early promises of her life were not, however, fulfilled and her death is mourned with tender sorrow by those who loved her most. She was 12 years of age, the oldest of the ex-president's family of five children.—Oregonian.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

This preparation is based on [illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible] large part of the curative [illegible] most [illegible] received [illegible] saving the life of [illegible] child. The extensive use of it for whooping cough has shown that it relieves the severity of all dangerous coughs. It is especially prized for its [illegible] it contains nothing injurious [illegible] Sold by all druggists.

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON to call on farmers [illegible] manufacturing [illegible] established business. [illegible] straight salary $60 [illegible] expenses [illegible] 505 Monon Bldg., Chicago.

[illegible] 1901 is now ready. It will be mailed [illegible] Write for it. It gives prices [illegible] Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Ill.

[illegible] EXPERIENCE [illegible]

Scientific American [illegible]

MUNN & Co. [illegible]

[illegible] Wash. Wash the stomach [illegible] the liver and kidneys [illegible] numerous diseases, the most fatal of which are painless and therefore the more to be dreaded. The [illegible] thing is to regulate the stomach, give liver tone, a healthy action, and to this purpose no better preparation can be used than Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by all druggists.

Barber Shop

and Bath Rooms.

In STONE Building.

Open Wednesday and Saturday

[illegible] Stone, Prop.

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The BATHS Cure all Nervous and Muscular Diseases.

Dr. WATERS' Heal all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Ailments.

They are a Wonderful Remedy for all Rheumatic Troubles.

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Toys, Toilet sets, pocket books, hair brushes, perfumes, Cologne, Etc.

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[illegible] in the I. O. O. F. hall every [illegible] Brothers [illegible] Visiting brothers are [illegible] to attend these meetings.

[illegible] Secy.

I. O. O. F.

Wildey Lodge No. 14

Meets every Monday evening in their hall on Victoria street. Sojourning Odd Fellows cordially invited.

R. CAMPBELL, Noble Grand. F. J. SMYTH, Secy.

Moyie Board of Trade

Meets on the first Wednesday evening of each month at 8 o'clock sharp, in the court house.

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A. P. MACDONALD, Pres.
P. F. JOHNSTON, Vice-Pres. R. CAMPBELL, Sec'y.

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Cranbrook, B. C.

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Solicitor for the Imperial Bank of Canada.

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Fine Suitings, Overcoatings, Trousers, Imported Goods.

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MOYIE BREWERY.

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Lager Beer, Porter and Bottled Beer Always on Hand

Quality not excelled in the country. Try it and be convinced.

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P. F. JOHNSTON

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

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. [illegible]

[illegible]