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THE MOYIE LEADER

VOL. 9, NO 15. MOYIE, B. C., JULY 21. 1906. $2 A YEAR

NEW ARRIVALS

Fresh Green VEGETABLES, including

LETTUCE,
RADISHES,
BEETS,
TURNIPS,
BEANS,
PEAS,
ONIONS.

These goods arrived yesterday and others will arrive to-day.

NEW SHOES

Come and see them—The Amhurst Shoe is a trade winner for a miner's shoe.

R. CAMPBELL & CO

FIRE INSURANCE.

The hot summer months are near at hand. Ask yourself whether you are properly insured against fire, and write

Beale & Elwell

Head Office KRANBROOK MOYIE, B. C.

Canned Meats

NOT MADE IN THE "JUNGLE."

Good Canadian Manufacture.

AT

FITCH'S

MOYIE'S LEADING HOTEL.

Hotel Kootenay

The best of accommodations for the Traveling Public.

Large and Commodious Sample Rooms. Billiard Rooms.

McMAHON BROS. Proprietors.

"C. B. C." CORSETS

We have secured these corsets for Moyie, and would like to have the ladies' opinion of them. We have them in styles and sizes to fit all figures at prices ranging from 75cts to $2.50.

Let us show them to you.

E. A. HILL,

THE LEADING LADIES' AND MEN'S FURNISHER.

Imperial Bank of Canada.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1.00 or upwards received.

There is no better investment than a Savings Bank deposit.

Once opened it grows whether added to or not. Interest allowed at current rates and compounded twice a year.

CRANBROOK BRANCH.

J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager.

BIG STRIKE IN LOWER LEVEL

St. Eugene Getting Better.

IMPROVEMENTS PLANNED

It is Said Mill will Be Enlarged and Capacity Increased.

And now comes the good news that a big body of ore has been struck in the 2,000 foot level of the St. Eugene. This new strike is in about 500 feet from the 200 foot shaft level. In drifting from this level a full face of ore was encountered. This is another proof that the St. Eugene is becoming better with depth.

So well is the company pleased with the property that several important improvements, it is said, are being planned. One is the enlarging of the concentrator and the adding of a lot of new machinery, and another is the sinking of the shaft to a considerably greater depth. This will mean the employment of 100 or more additional men. Moyie seems destined to yet outrival Rossland or Phoenix as a mining camp.

Goes to Coeur d'Alenes.

John Daly, for nearly two years accountant at the St. Eugene mine, has resigned and will sever his connection with the company next month. Mr. Daly will go to Mullen, Idaho, where he will have charge of the company store for the Federal Mining Company. E. O. Kamm is receiving a well merited promotion and will succeed Mr. Daly as accountant. It is with sincere regret that Moyie will lose Mr. Daly and his family. They have endeared themselves to the people here and will be greatly missed.

Fell Down a Chute.

John Chesnutt, brother of Ed Chesnutt, the blacksmith, fell down a chute at the St. Eugene Wednesday morning and was pretty badly shaken up. His injuries are not serious, however, and he will soon be out of the hospital.

Eminent Divine Coming.

The Rev. Dr. John Neil of Westminster church, Toronto, is expected to preach in McGregor hall Sunday evening, the 29th inst. Dr. Neil, who is one of the best known and most successful of Toronto clergymen, having held the same charge there for over 20 years, is spending three months' vacation in the west, and intends to put in several days' rest in Moyie.

C. A. Foote Is Home.

C. A. Foote's many friends are pleased to see him out and around again after his detention of over two weeks in the Cranbrook hospital, where he was operated on for appendicitis. He has almost fully recovered, and will soon be able to resume work in his tailor shop.

Diamonds

No one who admires diamonds need have any hesitation about buying as many as they can afford, for they're almost as safe to buy as gold dollars. We have a fine selection of diamonds this summer, and we are showing the very latest styles in pins, rings, brooches etc. When you want a diamond don't forget.

W. H. WILSON,

Jeweler. CRANBROOK, B. C

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Rossland had a $30,000 fire last Saturday.

Two big fairs are to be held in Ireland next year.

In Australia the workmen have had the eight hour day since 1851.

The Cranbrook cerfew ordinance will go into effect on August first.

Thomas A. Edison is interested largely in mines in the Cobalt district.

Chas. Biesel was married in Spokane recently to Mrs. Maud Adams of Rossland.

The Fernie hose team is practicing for the contest at Cranbrook on Labor Day.

A Portland cement works is to be established between the towns of Blairmore and Frank.

S. S. Fowler has been appointed resident manager of the Canadian Metal company.

James Bates, of Cranbrook, is deputy game warden for the Cranbrook electoral district.

Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," is at work on another book which will make its appearance shortly.

Fernie's streets are said to be in excellent condition, and are kept that way by the city's prisoners in the chain gang.

The Hawthornthwaite-Macdonald debate in Rossland Wednesday night lasted from 8:30 till 11:30. Honors are said to be about even.

Sheriff Moseley of Boise, Idaho, says that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone are model prisoners. The men spend most of their time reading and writing.

The Nelson Dominion Day celebration was a financial success, and the committee had a surplus of between $125 and $150 which they turned over to the Boat Club.

The force at the Whitewater in the Slocan has been increased and the concentrator has also started up. The Ruth concentrator is expected to be running next month.

This is payday for the Crow's Nest Coal company, and they will pay out $150,226. It is the largest sum ever paid out by that company on any one payday in its history.

At the Payne mine the shaft from No. 8 tunnel is being sunk, and the mill is being run two shifts. Occasional shipments both of galena and concentrate, are being made.

Joseph Jefferson and Grover Cleveland went on many a fishing trip together and the dead actor when he had his will drawn up bequeathed his favorite fishing rod and reel to the ex-president.

The custom of jumping board bills on payday is becoming prevalent in Phoenix. One individual was chased to Greenwood this week by Chief of Police Flood, and agreed to disgorge rather than be run in on a vagrancy charge.

Bloodhounds pursuing an imaginary murderer will be one of the most interesting features of the Interstate fair at Spokane, this fall. Harry Draper, the owner of the two hounds which have become famous in the Pacific northwest for their skill in running down fugitives, has consented to give exhibitions on the grounds at the fair.

Firemen Get 8 Hour Shift.

The firemen at the St. Eugene compressor started in yesterday working eight hour shifts. The change came voluntarily from the company. Last spring the firemen struck for an eight hour day, but their request was refused.

Saved His Comrade's Life.

"While returning from the Grand Army Encampment at Washington City, a comrade from Elgin, Ill., was taken with cholera morbus and was in a critical condition," says Mr. J. E. Houghland, of Eldon, Iowa. "I gave him Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and believe saved his life. I have been engaged for ten years in immigration work and conducted many parties to the south and west. I always carry this remedy and have used it successfully on mady occasions. For sale by the Moyie Drug & Stationary Store.

MET DEATH IN MILL

R. W. Stringham's Terrible Fate.

WHIRLED ROUND A SHAFT

Body was Shipped to Rockford, Wash., for Burial.

R. W. Stringham, brother of George Stringham, was killed instantly at about 3:30 o'clock last Saturday afternoon while working in the slime mill at the St. Eugene concentrator. He was assisting Wm. Lucas, J. H. Hawke and Chester Cobb in putting up an elevator. Some slack rope gathered round Stringham's feet, and this got caught in a belt and around a shaft. In an instant he was drawn in and whirled to death. The head of the body was badly smashed and one leg was completely severed. It all happened so quickly that the men working with him were almost dumbfounded.

Coroner Moffatt and G. R. Clark undertaker for the Cranbrook Co-operative stores came on Sunday morning's train. The coroner decided an inquest was unnecessary, and Mr. Clark prepared the body for shipment to Rockford, Wash., where his parents reside. Monday afternoon the remains were escorted to the station by the men at the mill who were working on the same shift with the deceased when he was killed. Geo. Stringham, brother of the deceased, with his wife and son left for Rockford on the same train. The funeral was held in Rockford on Wednesday.

R. W. Stringham was about 18 years of age. He came to Moyie to spend his vacation and earn a little money. He intended returning home next month to resume his studies. He was a good, faithful worker and was well liked by all who knew him. It was certainly a hard blow to his brother and his parents.

The following resolution of condolence was passed by Moyie Miners' Union No. 71.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

While engaged in his daily labor on Saturday, July 14th, 1906, Mr. Robert Stringham met instant death by one of those accidents so deplorable, so frequent.

While his residence among us had extended over but a few weeks, he had in that time proven himself worthy of our respect and confidence. He was to us a fellow worker; one of us.

Resolved, that to his brother, George Stringham, who is an asteemed member of our organization and to the other remaining members of the bereaved family, we, the members of Moyie Miners' Union No 71, W. F. of M., extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be presented to Brother George Stringham, and a copy be forwarded to his stricken parents at Rockford, Wash., and also a copy be sent to the Moyie Leader for publication.

Signed T. E. Kelly
Hugh McMillan,
Jas. L. Gibbon,
Committee

School Election.

Little interest was taken in the school election last Saturday. J. P. Farrell, whose term just expired, was re-elected as trustee for the three year term, and E. A Hill was re-elected auditor. Another meeting will be held in December, when the teachers' salaries and other business for the ensuing year will be arranged.

A Surprise for Cranbrook.

The lacrosse match at Lethbridge on Monday, between Cranbrook and Lethbridge, resulted in a victory for Lethbridge, by a score of 5 to 1. It is altogether probable that a final contest between these two crack league teams will be played at Fernie between the 1st and 10th of August.

Hot Weather Talk!

During the hot days of July and August, when you have no appetite for fresh meat, we can supply you with something nice and tasty from our stock of Canadian canned meats, or with a tin of Logie's Brand lobsters, Blue Point oysters or Gold Label clams. We handle only the best brands, packed under the closest inspection.

Our stock of Christie's biscuits is new and fresh, we have cheese and salted wafers, pretzels, Social Teas, etc., etc., which with our Ontario cheese always helps out for a meal. If you prefer Limburger, we are Johnny-on-the-spot with it.

When hot and tired have a bottle of our Lime Juice or Fruit Cordial on hand to make a cool, refreshing drink.

Fresh fruit received by express every day.

MacEachern

—AND—

Macdonald.

LOCAL NEWS.

Ed Barr was in Cranbrook Thursday.

Tim Farrell is home from the hospital.

J. S. MacEachern was in Cranbrook Sunday.

The football craze has struck Moyie.

Patronize home industry by having your job printing done at the Leader Office.

Ed Hill and family spent a part of the week camping on the upper Moyie lake.

Father Choinel is in town and will hold services in the church tomorrow at the regular hours.

C. A. Foote is again in his tailor shop and is now in position to give his business close attention.

Andy Johnston was in Cranbrook Thursday.

D. J. Johnson, the contractor, was up from Cranbrook Wednesday.

Miss Olivia Dahl, the celebrated Norwegian soprano, will appear in Eagle hall on the evening of Wednesday, August 8th.

A. J. Dandurand, who went over to Rossland from Moyie to attend the big union celebration, won the 100 yard foot race for miners.

Miss Mamie Farrell was in Cranbrook Monday.

Chas. Armstrong, who is now a heavy land owner near Olds, Alberta, was in Moyie this week before leaving for his old home near Toronto. Mr. Armstrong predicts great things for Alberta, and considers himself very fortunate in getting in on the ground floor.

Mrs. Nuttle's condition is reported to be a little improved, and there seems to be some hope for her recovery.

Goldie Stewart left Thursday for Winnipeg to take in the fair. W. J. Atchison is up from Cranbrook looking after the drug store during his absence.

Chas. Farrell is up from Pincher Station looking after his mining property. Mr. Farrell and Thos. Rader, both Moyie men, are running a hotel at Pincher Station and are well pleased with the business they are doing since opening.

It is said that the Clothier boys lost heavily in the Rossland fire, most of their personal effects going up in smoke.

FOR SALE—House and lot and housekeeping outfit complete. Will be sold cheap. Apply to H. A. Pettus or at MacEachern & Macdonald's store.

M. Macklenburg, M. A., D. O. S., the celebrated eyesight specialist, will again be in Moyie Saturday, July 28th at the Moyie Drug & Stationary store. Any defect of the eye and sight, satisfactorily treated. Cross eyes, short sight, far sight, old sight irregular sight, etc., properly attended to. Fees moderate.

Lost or Estray—My gray mare, Maude, weight about 1,000 pounds, and gray horse, Toney, weight about 1,200. Five dollars reward will be paid for return of either or information leading to same. H. CAMERON,

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 65¼ cents Lead, $5.15. Zinc (spelter) $5.90.
LONDON—Lead, £16 0s. 3d.

Porto Rico Lumber Co.

A lot of good systematic work is being done this summer by the Porto Rico Lumber Co. at Moyie. Work on the dam on Lamb creek is going steadily ahead, and over a million feet of logs have been cut. It is doubtful if the mill will be started up this summer, as some alterations will have to be made, and besides there would be great difficulty in getting logs out of the mountains at this season of the year. But the mill will do a tremendous business next season.

Jim Hill's Plans.

James J. Hill stated in Spokane this week that the Great Northern would build a line from Vancouver to Winnipeg, passing through Grand Forks and Fernie. The Victoria, Vancouver & Eastern, now being constructed is a part of this line. Hill would not give the proposed route from Grand Forks to Fernie, only saying that the road might make detours into the states. The line may pass through Moyie.

E. K. Lumber Co. Fire.

The sawmill of the East Kootenay Lumber Co. near Cranbrook was destroyed by fire early Tuesday morning. The boiler and engine of the power plant of the Cranbrook Electric Light Company were saved after a hard fight to save the stock of lumber in the yards. The loss is $15,000: insurance, $10,000.

Sunday Observance Law.

The Lord's Day Observance bill has finally passed and is now a law, but the act shall not come into force until the first day of March, 1907. There are so many amendments that the bill little resembles the original measure.

Coming Events.

Labor Day, Cranbrook, Monday, September 3rd.

Nelson Fair, September 19, 20 and 21.

Spokane Interstate fair September 24 to October 6.

We have just received a choice assortment of

Jewelery Novelties

many useful and all ornamental. Come and see them.

Mr. E. A. Hill of Moyie is our agent.

W. F. TATE & SON.

Jewelers and Graduate Opticians.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

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

Linked by Fate

BY CHARLES GARVICE

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

(Continued from last week.)

Then she spoke the word, reluctantly enough, for love's voice was clamouring to her, "Be satisfied! He loves you."

"Judith!"

He started slightly, and stared down into her eyes with amazement and a dawning recollection.

"Judith?" he echoed.

"Yes," she breathed. "I—I found her portrait in your coat pocket. A beautiful, a lovely woman. I saw her in a box at the theatre in London. Yes; Judith!"

He gazed questioningly, anxiously into her eyes, half dazed for a moment; then he laughed. And the laugh was almost sweeter in her ears than his words of passionate love and longing.

"Judith! Judith Ormel You found her portrait! I had forgotten it, forgotten her!"

The warm blood flooded Nina's face and she drew a long sigh of relief.

"Judith? I thought I was in love with her! In love! I did not know what it meant till I met you, Nina, my dearest, my—wife!" His arms closed round her again. "I had forgotten her! Judith!" he laughed again. "She is going to be married—is married by this time to—to another man! Judith! And you thought—"

Nina's eyes overflowed with the glad tears. Oh, it is well for women that they can weep even in their joy!

"What else could I think? And—and—you don't care for her now?" she faltered, like any girl in her teens, woman as she was.

He threw back his head and laughed again, the laugh that was such sweet music to her.

"You only dearest," he said. "And you never guessed it! Ah, well, if you could have seen me when I found you had gone on that infernal raft; if you could have seen me, when its remains floated ashore with your cap! The dear little cap! Oh, Nina! I was mad with grief; I have been more than half mad since. All the world could not console me for the loss of you! And all the time you were thinking I was in love with—Judith!"

"Forgive me!" she murmured. "But what else could I think?—her portrait, there in your coat, over your heart!—and knowing that you had been forced into the marriage—"

"I loved you then, before then!" he said earnestly. "It was on your account that I hesitated, pleaded with Fleming, made the raft. I thought you disliked me, and I loved you too well to get you against your will."

"How blind we were!" she murmured, regretfully, for how much their blindness had cost them!

"Blind as young puppies! But our eyes are opened now, dearest! It is all right!"

"Your shoulder, your wound— Do you remember the fight with the Lascar?" she whispered, with a shudder.

"Yes, and how gently you dressed the wound; you little guessed how the touch of your dear fingers thrilled through me!" he responded. "My beautiful!" He gazed into her eyes, raised shyly but lovingly to his. "To think of your being a literary swell! A dramatic author! And to think of my looking on at the play, and not knowing that my dear, clever wife had written it! My wife! Nina, you haven't kissed me yet! Kiss me now! Just that I may realize that you are actual flesh and blood, and not one of the visions of you that have come to me so often in my dreams."

She raised her head and kissed him, and did not tell him that she had already done so!

"And now, dearest, touching the future—"

He started at his own words. Future! Why, he had destroyed the future that belonged to her, had given away his birthright, the title, the wealth that should belong to her as his wife! It had been the act of a madman; but—the act had been accomplished, and could not be undone.

She nestled against him and laughed.

"I am too happy in the present to think of the future," she said in a low voice.

"You—you don't mind being the wife of—of a poor man, a man of no account?" he faltered.

She looked at him with surprise. "You forget the gold—Vane!" she said.

The tone of her "Vane" thrilled him.

"Ah, yes, of course!" he responded, with relief. "Yes; yes! I'd forgotten the gold. No wonder, with such a treasure in my arms! We'll go to England, form a company—" He stopped and frowned. How could he go to England, he who had exiled himself from civilization, who was dead to the world, his world. "You—you wouldn't like to stay here?" he suggested, scarcely knowing what to say.

"Anywhere—with you!" she murmured.

Suddenly athwart this dream of happiness came a voice calling, "Decima—Miss Wood!"

Nina started. "Lord Sutcombe!" she whispered almost guiltily.

"Ah, poor Lord Sutcombe!" murmured Vane, gravely. "Yes, I can pity him, Nina! To love you—and lose you! Don't I know what that means!"

Sutcombe came upon them hurriedly and stopped short, looking from one to the other, the color coming and going in his face. Vane made a dash at the revelation.

"Lord Sutcombe—Nina—Miss Wood—we have met—she is my wife!"

Sutcombe started; then he remembered the paper and the ring he had seen Nina weeping over, and realized the truth—and his own absolute, irrevocable loss. He stood for a moment or two quite silent, then he came forward and held out his hand.

"I—I congratulate you," he said, simply, and not even Vane could appreciate the effort, the words, the tone, cost him; but perhaps Nina could.

She laid her hand on his arm and looked up at him through a mist of tears.

"We—we owe—our happiness to you," she whispered. "But for you I should not have come back to the island—"

Sutcombe patted her hand in silence for a moment, then he said:

"We must go back to my sister; she is anxious."

"Yes, let us go," said Vane.

Sutcombe would have preceded them, but Nina walked resolutely by his side; and so, all together, they came to Vivienne in the saloon. Nina flew to her and hid her face on her bosom, and Vivienne stared over her at the tall, rough-looking man, whose grave face had already the glow of his new found happiness in it.

"Vivienne—oh, Vane, I can't tell her! You!" she broke down.

Vane came forward.

"It is soon told," he said, gently. "This lady to whom you and your brother have been so good—God bless you for it!—and I are husband and wife. We were married on this island a long time ago. My name, her name, is Mannering. I am Vane Mannering—"

He stopped, aghast, at the slip of the tongue, and was more aghast still when he saw the brother and sister exchange glances. He was glad that Nina had—like a good housewife—turned to the fire to see after the supper.

"Vane Mannering!" exclaimed Sutcombe. "Are you related to the Lesborough family? There was a Vane Mannering—the last earl, who perished in a fire at Lesborough Court—"

Vane signed to him warningly, and Sutcombe, embarrassed and speechless, stopped and stared at him. Vivienne made a show of helping Nina, and presently Nina shyly invited them to supper. They sat down, and Vane told the Sutcombes of the wreck, and the story of the marriage, Nina sitting near him with bent head and face that grew hot and pale by turns; and the Sutcombes listened with an amazement which grew still more intense when Vane abruptly said, as if he had suddenly arrived at a decision:

"And now for something else. Just now you asked me if I were connected with the Lesboroughs. I am. I am the man who was supposed to have been killed by the fire at the Court!"

"Supposed! Then—then you are Lord Lesborough!" exclaimed Sutcombe.

Vane stretched out his hand and got Nina's and held it tightly, and looked tenderly and reassuringly into her startled eyes.

"Yes," he admitted gravely. "It is a strange business. Listen!"

Amidst their breathless silence he told them the story of the accident, the sacrifice he had made for Julian.

"What was the use of the title, the estate, to me?" he said, simply. "I had lost Nina forever, as I thought, for even if she were alive, I thought she had risked death rather than remain alive with me. Life was over for me; such a life as that which I should have had to lead was impossible. And Julian would make a ten thousand times better Lord of Lesborough—it was only pushing the clock on a little, I thought! I should never marry—even if I had been free to do so, for, you see, I loved my wife here, wife or no wife. And so I disappeared that Julian Shore might reign in my stead! It wasn't much of a sacrifice; and it was lessened by the fact that the poor soul, the poor deaf and dumb woman, who was so devoted to him, had given her life to save mine. It was some kind of a return, acknowledgment of her heroism. I could make the master she loved rich and happy. You see? You think I was mad; but—I hadn't found my wife again," and he colored and looked round. "She is my wife, Lord Sutcombe. Tell her so!"

Sutcombe nodded gravely.

"Yes," he said, "I am a barrister, though I've never practiced; and, strangely enough, while I was reading for the bar, I studied the marriage laws. The marriage was legal!"

"Thank you!" said Vane, with his eyes on Nina's face. She rose, and without a word Vivienne and she left the saloon. At the door she paused for an instant and looked at Vane. He had started to his feet, but, before the look in her eyes, he sank down again.

"She is not satisfied," he said, almost inaudibly, as the door closed on them.

Sutcombe shook his head. "It is only natural. You must be married in due form. Though, mind, this one is legal and absolutely valid!"

"But—but—there is another matter," continued Sutcombe. "Do you mind telling me again about the accident, the fire? It is a painful subject—but I have a reason for asking."

Vane repeated the account of that awful scene in the Wizard's or Witch's Room, and Sutcombe stopped him now and again to ask for some detail; then he said, very gravely:

"And you call it an accident?"

"Certainly!" responded Vane, with surprise. "The poor woman upset the stove, furnace, whatever you call it, and the burning spirit ran over the floor and caught."— He shuddered.

"The fire? Yes, that was an accident," said Sutcombe, still more gravely, his face pale, his eyes fixed earnestly on Vane. "But the fumes which nearly suffocated you? The door was locked—"

"It locked with a spring."

"The ropes of the ventilator gave way in your hands. Your cousin, Mr. Julian Shore, did not return—"

"Good God! What is it you are suggesting?" cried Vane, white to the lips, not only at the suggestion, but at his own vague sense that it might be true.

"Murder," replied Sutcombe.

Vane fell back and regarded him with horror-stricken eyes.

"Murder! Julian—Julian plot, plan my death! Oh, you don't know him! He is incapable of—" The sweat stood thickly on his brow.

Sutcombe looked at him steadily.

"You had never met your cousin before that day at the lawyer's; knew nothing about him," he said. "I know more than you!"

"You!" said Vane.

"Yes; because I have not come under the spell of his presence, that peculiar charm of which you tell us. I unbiased, unframmelled by the influence of his personality, can view his actions with a clear judgment. Wait! Think how much he had to gain by your death! A peerage, the estate, the woman he loved!"

"But—but," stammered Vane, sagely, "I was not in their way! She did not care—I did not care for her. She knew it!"

Sutcombe smiled grimly. "She had cared for you, I am not so sure from all you tell me that she did not still care. At any rate, he thought so. You were terribly in his way, Lesborough, and he—tried to remove you! Why did that poor woman come back to that infernal room, and by the other door? She suspected her master, as I suspect, and she came to save you from death and him from—murder!"

Vane sprang to his feet.

"My God!" he cried, "I can't. I won't believe it! I dare not! Julian, my own flesh and blood!"

"More kith than kind!" murmured Sutcombe. "Heaven grant that you may be right and I wrong. But your duty is clear. You must go to England and discover the truth for yourself. Go secretly, concealing your identity—"

"I will!" said Vane, resolutely. "And I'll prove you're wrong! Yes, I'll prove it to your satisfaction. Julian try to—to murder me!" He laughed, but the laugh had a note of dread and doubt in it.

They sat and talked for some time; then Vane said he must go.

"I can't leave the boat; I'm not certain of the tide," he said. "I'll come around to-morrow, and we'll talk it over. Of course, not a word to the ladies!"

They shook hands and parted, but neither slept. Vane lay awake looking up at the stars and thinking of Nina, and Sutcombe paced the saloon, and carried on the fight with his disappointment and loss.

Going to the spring quite early the next morning, he was surprised to find Vivienne seated on the beach a little way from the ladies' hut. She beckoned to him; and when he came within hearing held up her finger warningly.

"Hush!" she whispered. "She is asleep. She has been awake all the night, but has just fallen off. We have been talking; she has been telling me everything, and I have been thinking. Sutcombe"—she paused and bit her lip—"you are sure the—the marriage was quite legal?"

"Quite," he said, gravely, and looking away from her.

"Then bend down, I—I want to whisper, Sutcombe."

With her face against his, she whispered something in his ear. He started and drew a long breath, then nodded assentingly.

"Yes!" he said, in a low voice. "We will do it. It—it is a clever idea of yours, Vivienne. How did you come to think of it?"

"I am a woman, dear!" she said. "But you will have to be quick—there is no time to lose."

"I will manage my part, if you will do yours," he said, and he laid his hand on her shoulder. "To see her happy—it is all I ask!"

The tears came to her eyes and she put up her hand and caressed his, with the familiar gesture. It was not necessary for her to say anything.

It was late when Nina awoke—awoke to find that her dream that Vane was restored to her was true!—and Vivienne was standing beside the bed with a cup of tea in her hand.

"You lazy bones!" she said. "We've all had breakfast, and Sutcombe has gone off to his work—how pretty you look when you blush, Decima, for it must be 'Decima' for me still! At any rate, until I can get used to the 'Nina.' I like the way he says it—Nina, Nina!"

Nina hung her head and blushed all the rosier.

"Mr. Mannering, or, rather, Lord Lesborough, has gone back to the boat to mend a sail, or something of the kind. And Sutcombe says, do you mind making some bags for him this morning? He particularly wants them at once!"

"Why, of course!" said Nina, eagerly. "Give me the stuff! I'll begin them this very moment. Are you sure everything is right in the saloon?" she asked, like a careful housekeeper. "What are you doing?"

"Quite sure!" replied Vivienne. "What am I doing? Oh, only tidying up a little. Shall we take the bags down to the clump of trees in the hollow? Or, perhaps you'd rather stay here, in case he should come!"

Nina jumped up with suspicious promptness.

"Come along; it will be shady there," she said.

They went to the spot of which Vivienne had spoken. It was a little dip in the valley, from which the coast line could not be seen; and as they worked Vivienne enticed Nina into again telling her the strange story of the wreck, and all that had followed it; and they were so absorbed in the recital that, though Nina glanced round occasionally rather wistfully, the morning slipped away. Presently there sounded a step; but Nina's eyes did not brighten; for it was not the one for which she was waiting—and longing. It was Sutcombe.

(To be continued.)

A BALLAD OF BALLOONACY

We have had our cycle mania
And our golfers clad in plaid;
The baseball crank's still with us
And the man who's auto mad.
But now there comes a new one,
Who turns the strangest trick,
The man who scorns to ride or walk—
The bold balloonatic.

He laughs at horse and buggy
And will take no auto ride;
He talks like Santos-Dumont,
And a gas bag is his pride.
He hits the blue empyrean
Till he makes the lark look sick;
He sets us all a-rubbering—
This gay balloonatic.

He chats of clouds and currents
And machines that can be steered
And of how he'd had the record
If the blamed wind hadn't veered.
He throws down sand upon us,
And he laughs whene'er we kick,
For the upper hand he carries,
This proud balloonatic.

But some day, ah, yes, some day,
Like the man who loops the loop,
He will make a miscalculation,
And there'll be a downward swoop.
And we'll have to hunt with well drill
When he hits earth like a brick,
And the clouds no more he'll jostle—
Our late balloonatic.

JAPANESE DANCES.

They Are Not Highly Amusing and Are Not Indelicate.

The form of amusement of a dramatic nature that most interests the traveler in Japan is the geisha dance, also the kagura, or common religious dance, and the adzuma-mai, a religious dance performed in the ancient Shimo-Gamo Shinto temple near Kyoto. These dances are not particularly amusing to witness, though all sights of the kind are more or less amusing when witnessed for the first time. The best geisha dancing takes place in Kioto, the next best in Tokyo, but so called geisha dances may be seen in several of the large towns.

Almost more interesting to see, however, are the religious dances. In the kagura, for instance, the dancer usually wears a loose white chemise garment, a pair of flapping trousers, generally of a bright red color, and a long, transparent covering formed like a cloak and ornamented with designs resembling crests. Her hair hangs down her back in a single tress, flowers adorn her forehead, and her face is besmeared with a white compound, said to consist chiefly of white lead. In her hand she holds a bunch of small bells that is not unlike a child's toy. This she shakes at intervals during the dance. Sometimes several girls dance at one time, but in every case their movements are accompanied by a mournful, sacred chant and by a tune played upon a drum and flute by priests. It is wrong to suppose, however, as many Europeans who have visited Japan do suppose, that the mikakoodori dance is indecent. About the genuine geisha dance there is nothing even indelicate or suggestive.—St. James' Gazette.

HE SET THE EXAMPLE.

How a Montenegro Prince Got His Subjects to Work.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro was obliged to follow Peter the Great's example in order to make his subjects work at all. The haughty Montenegrins have from time immemorial been accustomed to look down upon the mechanic arts of industry as vile and degrading. Prince Nicholas besought them with all his eloquence to learn the necessary arts of life, but all in vain. He used every method, including the "argumentum baculinum," or "paternal" method, with a stick, to which the great Peter was so addicted. Even this argument fell flat. Then the prince tucked up his sleeves, betook himself to a smithy and hammered iron for a day. This method proved effectual. The Montenegrins came to the conclusion that the work of the smithy was not incompatible with their dignity. Shoemaking, however, they could not be induced to look upon as other than degrading. Persuasion failing, the monarch turned cobbler. This was too much for the Montenegrins. When they saw him put his hand to the waxed thread and the shoe leather his faithful liege gathered round upon their knees and besought him not to sully his royal fingers by touching the accursed thing. "Beat us all," they cried, "only do not do yourself such dishonor." The prince paid no attention and worked till nightfall. Next day the cobblers' shops were full of Montenegrins eager to enroll themselves as apprentices to the trade which Nicholas had ennobled by his own example.—London Mail.

Shakespeare's Indifference to Fame.

Shakespeare never took any trouble to hand himself down to fame and posterity. Superbly indifferent to renown, writing only as the sun shines and as the winds blow—because it was the work he was created for—he dashed off those marvelous productions, and when they had accomplished their object of paying his current expenses and pleasing the public of his time he retired to Stratford-on-Avon, utterly careless, as it seems, whether his splendid plays lived in the memories of men or died out of recollection. It was part of his royal and lofty nature, this large indifference, so grandly contrasted with the modern yearning to be advertised, the latter day ache to be lauded and remembered.—London Chronicle.

Not Their Fault.

General Schofield was once describing in Washington a certain retreat of cavalry. "I call it a retreat," he said, "but I should really call it a rout." He smiled. "In this retreat," he went on, "the commanding general, as his charger tore like the wind along, turned to an aid who galloped beside him and said, 'Who are our rear guard?' The aid, without ceasing for an instant to belabor his panting steed, replied, 'Those who have the worst horses, sir.'"

On the Lookout.

Towne—Whenever you hear a politician declare that "every man has his price" you may rest assured that he's one of them. Browne—Not necessarily. He may simply be calling attention to the fact that he hasn't got his yet.

Suited Him.

His Wife—Yes, the girl is going to leave. She is lazy and good for nothing anyhow. The Professor—Why, I thought she was a model servant. She never attempted to arrange my papers.

Bad Break.

Joe—Jack's new wife won't speak to me. Tom—Why not? Joe—I got confused at the wedding and tendered him my sympathy instead of congratulations.

Friends should not be chosen to flatter. The quality we prize is that rectitude which will shrink from no truth. Intimacies which increase vanities destroy friendship.—Channing.

Postage on British Magazines.

It is understood that Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General, has begun negotiations with the British postal authorities looking to a reduction of postal rates on magazines from Britain to Canada. If successful the movement would have the effect of causing the circulation of British literature in Canada in greater degree than at present, and tend still further to develop British sentiment in the Dominion. The opinion is entertained that Hon. Sydney Buxton, Postmaster-General in London, will be favorably impressed by the representations made to him, and that there is a prospect of successful outcome of the negotiations.

AGENCY OF PAIN.

The Cause and Not the Effect of Physical Inflammation.

Inflammation and pain are so closely connected that a person who feels pain in the throat often complains of having a sore throat without examining the throat to see if it is really inflamed. Hitherto inflammation has been taken as a cause and pain as its inevitable effect, but according to a remarkable investigation by Professor Spiess, reported in the Munich Medizinische Wochenschrift, or Medical Weekly, the pain is the cause and the inflammation is the effect.

If the pain is calmed by anaesthetics the inflammation also subsides. For example, inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose and throat can be cured by anaesthetics, and if an anaesthetic is injected into an incipient boil there is little subsequent inflammation. In the treatment of inflammatory diseases, therefore, painlessness is an object well worth striving for. Spiess regards the cessation of the nasal secretion of influenza during sleep as a proof that the inflammation of the mucous membrane is arrested by the insensibility of sleep, and he explains in a similar manner the often observed healing of wounds without inflammation in insane persons.

As an anaesthetic Spiess first employed orthoform, afterward novocain, a substitute for cocaine, the poisonous character of which makes it unsuitable for use.

The inflammation following operations on the tonsils, which is ordinarily very severe, was almost wholly prevented by applications of orthoform before and after the operation. The inflammation as well as the pain of wasp stings, mosquito bites and slight wounds was prevented by rubbing them with an aqueous solution of the anaesthetic.

It is too soon to attempt an explanation of these remarkable results. The inflammation appears to be a result of a reflex action transmitted by the sensory nerves. The anaesthetics used should therefore be such as affect those nerves alone and have no influence on the vasomotor nerves, which regulate the supply of blood.—Scientific American.

Terrapin Found Alive In Ashes.

One of the strangest incidents following the great fire was the finding of a live terrapin in the ruins of a building at the corner of Powell and Washington streets. Miss Charlotte Estes of 1734 Laguna street and Miss Lilly Blowman of Sydney, Australia, went to the ruins of the Normal school, where Miss Estes was a student, and while investigating conditions noticed something move in the ashes in a basement. Miss Estes climbed down and removed the ashes and debris and found the terrapin. It was so active that when placed on the ground near water it ran into the bay and swam away. This animal had undoubtedly passed through the fire and lived for ten days in the ashes of the basement in which it was found.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Water In Rubber.

Experiments with a hermetically sealed rubber bottle containing water have shown that the rubber is not absolutely water tight. The filled bottle weighed seventeen ounces four drams. At the end of one year the weight was seventeen ounces two drams; nine years, ten ounces; eighteen years, fourteen ounces two drams; twenty-three years, thirteen ounces four drams; twenty-five years, seven ounces eight drams; twenty-eight years, three ounces fourteen drams; thirty years, three ounces twelve drams, the water being entirely gone.

The Handsomest Man In Europe.

Goethe was pronounced the handsomest man of Europe. He was a little over six feet in height, but so well proportioned that he did not seem tall. His features were of the Roman type, his hair rather light than dark and his whole appearance commanding.

The Flounder.

The flounder is an industrious fish and lays 7,000,000 eggs in a year.

A Bright Idea.

Theater Manager—I can't use your play, sir. It's too long for the stage. Amateur Playwright—But, I say—aw—look here—aw! Can't you lengthen the stage, you know?

Perhaps.

He—Why is it that unmarried women are usually "girls?" She—Possibly for the same reason that married men are mostly "boys."

THE TIDY TADPOLE.

How This Cheerful Little Cannibal Eats and Develops.

A wonderful spirit of tidiness seems to pervade the tadpole world. They always eat whatever has become useless—their own eggs, their superfluous companions. Even those who are only weakly are cleared out of the way and the victims take it all as a matter of course. I have disturbed a strong member of the community just as he had begun to dine off the tail of a weaker brother, but the sufferer has not troubled to escape—he simply waited till the fratricide returned to complete his deadly work.

For some time there is no grave change in the tadpoles. They simply grow and become so far transparent that their internal mechanism, which consists of one coil of intestines, is plainly visible. When, however, they are about three months old a careful observer can distinguish a tiny foot on either side of the base of the tail. These grow slowly, but seem unable to move independently until shortly before the border land is passed which leads to perfect froghood. The hind legs have reached their full size before the front ones appear and, while the feet grow slowly, the hands are ready made and can be used at once. For a day or two they can be seen under the skin before they venture forth, and their possessor is very restless and excited. He rushes madly about, jostling his comrades, and no doubt being voted a bore; then a more vigorous effort breaks the skin and the tiny hand and arm appear.

There seems some rule about the order of precedence here, as there is when the whiskers go, for last year my tadpoles, almost without exception, had their right hands some hours before the left, while on previous occasions I have had an entirely left handed crew.—Chambers' Journal.

MUSIC AT SEA.

Conditions Under Which Ships' Sails Sometimes Sing.

Some curious facts have been noted with regard to the sound conducting qualities of ships' sails. When rendered concave by a gentle breeze, the widespread sails of a ship are said to be excellent conductors of sound.

A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land. Suddenly several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that, when passing and repassing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells chiming sweet music, as though being rung but a short distance away.

Dumfounded by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their shipmates, but none of them was able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds which came to them across the water.

Months afterward, upon returning to Brazil, the crew determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly they mentioned the circumstance to their friends and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard the bells in the cathedral of San Salvador, on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in honor of one of the saints.

Their sound, wonderful to relate, favored by a gentle, steady breeze, traveled a distance of upward of miles over the smooth water and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard.

This is but one of several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that this same music is often heard under somewhat the same circumstances and especially in a moisture laden atmosphere.—London Tit-Bits.

Time Has Tested It.—Time tests all things, that which is worthy lives, that which is inimical to man's welfare perishes. Time has proved Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. From a few thousand bottles in the early days of its manufacture the demand has risen so that now the production is running into hundreds of thousands of bottles. What is so eagerly sought for must be good.

Flowers In Sweden.

A special characteristic of the Swedish women of all classes is their love of flowers. In proportion to its size and the number of its inhabitants Stockholm has more flower shops than any other town in Europe.

Caesar's Calendar.

Julius Caesar's calendar prevailed in Europe until 1582, when it was supplanted by that of Gregory XIII., now in use, which omits three leap years every 400 years.

MRS. HUNTER'S STORY

Says Results are "Truly Wonderful"

Mrs. I. Hunter

Mrs. I. Hunter, of 111 Raglan Road, Kingston, Ont., says:—"I have suffered with kidney and liver trouble and chronic constipation for some time. I was subject to dizziness, biliousness, headache, nervousness, drowsiness, pains in the back and side, and a tired, weary feeling nearly all the time.

"I tried almost every medicine, was treated by doctors and druggists with little or no benefit.

"I tried Dr. Loonhardts Anti-Pill, and the results have been truly wonderful. I am so much better. Anti-Pill is a most wonderful remedy."

All dealers, or the Wilson-Fyle Co. Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. 601

His Presence of Mind.

Lord Curzon, when a young man, and long before he succeeded to the title, was traveling in Corea, says The London Chronicle. He had been warned not to admit that he was under forty, for previous to that age a man commands small respect in Corea. "On his age and Mr. Curzon replied "forty." "Dear me," replied the Corean official, "you look very young for that. How do you account for it?" "By the fact," was the reply, "that I have been traveling for a month in the superb climate of his Majesty's dominions." Finally the president said: "I presume you are a near relative of the Queen of England?" "No," replied the traveler, "am not." But observing the look of disgust that passed over the countenance Mr. Curzon added quietly: "I am, however, as yet an unmarried man."

Lost Interest.

Reed—Does she take an interest in sports?

Greene—Not as much as she used to.

Reed—How came she to lose interest?

Greene—She married one.—Yonkers Statesman.

Country Considerations.

"Do you prefer city life?" asked the dandelion politely.

"Well, I am down on the farm," replied the thistle.—Baltimore American.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to well children. The prudent mother will not wait till trouble comes—she will keep her children well through an occasional dose of this medicine. Mrs. Edward Clarke, McGregor, Ont., says: "My little girl suffered from colic and bowel troubles but Baby's Own Tablets speedily cured her." And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that these Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

"Soldiers must be fearfully disorderly," says Mrs. Countryside, "as it seems to be a nightly occurrence for a sentry to be relieved of his watch."—Stray Stories.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

If dyspeptics would observe caution in regard to taking rest before eating it would materially aid their digestive powers. It is a good plan for the dyspeptic to take a daily nap. Sleep is food for the nerves, therefore not only is the daily nap excellent, but early hours should be observed, so that there be sufficient sleep to restore and invigorate the system.

Green Tea.

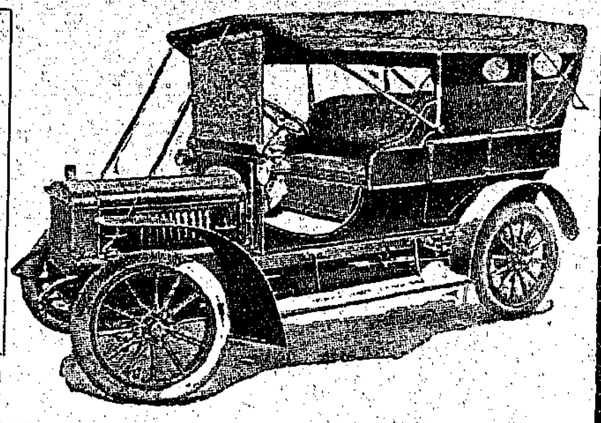
Don't drink green tea. Use it instead to restore rusty black lace to its original freshness. The result will be admirable for both lace and nerves.

Picture-Postcard's Birth.

A stationer in a French provincial town was struck by a great idea when a regiment visited his town in 1870. He produced a picture-postcard and from this small beginning has sprung a great industry in England.

Not until 1894 were picture-postcards printed in England, and yet in 1903 at least 450,000,000 pictorial cards were produced in Great Britain. In Germany 1,161,000,000 postcards were posted the same year, about four-fifths of which were pictorial.

"Argyll"
"Panhard"
"Swift"



Buy a High Grade Machine and Save Expense for Repairs

The Argyll car is built by the Argyll Motors, Ltd., Glasgow, Scotland, the world's greatest engineering centre, and is acknowledged to be the most popular machine in the British Isles. It is equipped with the Astor engine.

The Panhard is manufactured in Paris, France, and with its world-wide reputation needs no introduction.

The Swift is made by Swift Motors, Ltd., Coventry, England. The firm who are known the world over as manufacturers of the best bicycle ever put on the market. They have put the same enterprise and stability into their automobiles which are as near perfect as skill and machinery can make them.

Our automobile expert, Mr. G. F. Kerr, of Glasgow, Scotland, will be pleased to explain all details of our cars.

No trouble to take intending purchasers for a demonstration spin.

On view in new garage up to nine o'clock every evening.

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SYMPATHY.

lives more lives than one who
shares
e weight of human woe;
se willing shoulder bravely bears
e yoke of friend and foe.
lives more lives than one who seeks
ambition's lofty goal;
s every effort but bespeaks
grand, responsive soul.

lives more lives than one whose love
eathes incense, warm and rare;
, loyal as the stars above,
elds homage ever fair.
lives more lives than one and dies
thousand deaths who gives
ympathy wide as the skies
o everything that lives.
—Lurana W. Sheldon

A CURIOUS INDIAN TALE.

, Kuroki, a Reincarnation of Late Sir Hector Macdonald.

curious tale is going the rounds of bazaars in India. It is believed by ry native that Gen. Kuroki, the mar- us Japanese commander, is no oth- than Sir Hector Macdonald. Many ple have never believed that the liant English general is dead, and long ago there appeared in The don Times an offer of a reward of 000 to anyone who had seen his dead y.

t is also a fact that Sir Hector was s invited to go to Japan to train the anese army, and he actually men- ed it to Lord Roberts. No honor ever been publicly bestowed on roki, who appears to have vanished suddenly and mysteriously as he ap- red.

even the Japanese, with all their re- ence, confessed to a correspondent t Kuroki had much foreign blood in , and one American journalist de- red he was a Dutchman.

udyard Kipling first lifted the veil wing a little of the mysterious kings of the Indian bazaars. The

events taking place at great dis- ces is familiar to all Anglo-Indian dents, but invariably coming m. The mutiny of the Sepoys was wn throughout India almost as n as it occurred, and it has been unexplained mystery up to to-day , the information was so rapidly eminated.

Both the life and death of Sir Hector Macdonald were full of romance and stery. His exact age is not known; circumstances of his death and rial are obscure. What is known is at Macdonald was a Scotch crofter , that he enlisted in 1871, and that he rved in the ranks ten years. His rise a major-general and K. C. B. was result of pure soldering.

In the Afghan campaign, at Kabul, Majuba Hill and at Omdurman he n fights and fame. After the Boer mpaign he was given a high com- and in India, and then in 1903, came e report that he had suddenly left Hindustan "on private business."

On this business he reached Paris d there read in a newspaper that he s to stand a courtmartial on "grave harges." Then came the report that mediately on reading this paragraph went to his room and shot himself.

At first it was decided that the gen- al was to be buried in Paris, but a w surprise appeared in the person of e widow, of whose existence the War fice did not know. By the express sh of Lady Macdonald the body—or, rumor says now, the coffin — was nt to London and unceremoniously uddled away to Scotland in a baggage n. The body, or the coffin, was quiet- , almost secretly, buried in a public emetery at half-past 6 in the morning he coffin was not opened from the me it left the Paris hotel.

The Weather Prophet.

"How are you coming on with your ew system of weather prediction?"

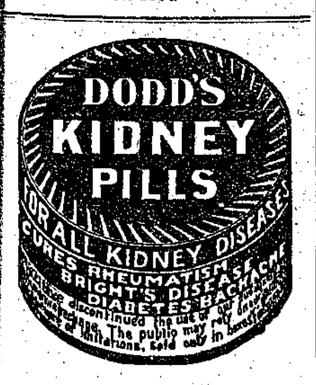
"Well," answered the prophet cheer- y, "I can always get the kind of eather all right, but I haven't quite uceeded in hitting the dates exactly."

A Human Ostrich.

A man who earned his living by swal- owing coins and other articles had to e operated on at the London hospital the other day, and the surgeons found n him twenty-five pieces of cork, twen- y pieces of tinfoil, a leaden bullet, a piece of string eighteen inches long, 18 ents in small change, a piece of leather nine inches long with a hook at each nd, several pieces of clay pipe stem nd portions of a newspaper.

Germany's Drink Bill.

The money spent in Germany on drink is three times the cost of the ar- my and navy together and more than seven times the cost of their primary education. Its amount is almost equal to that of the German national debt, and so the German people, by leaving off drink for a year and a month, could pay off the whole debt.



Don't Be Touchy.

There are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot receive a friend, they cannot carry on the intercourse of the family, without suspecting some offense is designed. They are terribly touchy. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see imperti- nences in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons who never dreamed of giving offense are astonished to find some unfortunate word or some momentary taciturnity mistaken for insult. Of course, such a mental condition is due to too much thinking about self and to an exaggerated self esteem, even though unconscious. The best remedy is to persistently put thoughts of self out of mind. Find something more absorbing and more elevating to think about if you are one of the touchy ones, and you'll soon lose the habit.

A Storm Above the Clouds.

Professor John Wise, the eminent aeronaut, who lost his life in making a balloon ascension on Sept. 28, 1879, gave the following description of a thunderstorm which he once viewed from the "top side:" "The view of a stormcloud from above is one of the most interesting sights ever beheld by mortal man. A storm viewed from above the clouds has the appearance of ebullition. The upper surface of the cloud is bulged upward and outward and has the resemblance of a vast sea of boiling, upheaving snow. Immediately above the stormcloud the air is not so cold as it is in the clearer atmosphere above or in the cloud itself. The falling of the rain can be distinctly heard, making a noise like a waterfall over a precipice. The thunder heard above a stormcloud is not loud, and the flashes of lightning appear like streaks of intensely white light on the surface of the gray colored vapor."

A Life of Freedom.

People sometimes think how delightful it would be to be quite free. But a fish, as Ruskin says, is freer than a man, and, as for a fly, it is "a black incarnation of freedom." A life of so called pleasure and self indulgence is not a life of real happiness or true freedom. Far from it. If we once begin to give way to ourselves we fall under a most intolerable tyranny. Other temptations are in some respects like that of drink. At first, perhaps, it seems delightful, but there is bitterness at the bottom of the cup. Men drink to satisfy the desire created by previous indulgence. So it is in other things. Repetition soon becomes a craving, not a pleasure. Resistance grows more and more painful. Yielding, which at first, perhaps, afforded some slight and temporary gratification, soon ceases to give pleasure and, even if for a time it procures relief, ere long becomes odious itself.

Died Standing.

The incident of Ratisbon—a French officer, though mortally wounded, rides back to Napoleon, reports the capture of the city and then falls from his saddle dead—is paralleled by a story of Gettysburg. An officer of the Sixth Wisconsin regiment walked up to Colonel Dawes, who was in command—Colonel Bragg was in Washington, on crutches. The officer was very erect and very pale. Dawes and Doubleday both thought he was coming with a report or to receive orders. But he was not. He had a favor to ask. "Colonel," he said to Dawes, "will you tell the folks at home I died as a man and a soldier should?" Then he unbuttoned his coat. His whole side was shot away. It was his last effort. He died standing.

A Nose Tax.

A "nose tax" was in the ninth century exacted by the Danes from the householders in Ireland. It was so called not because it was levied on noses, but from the fact that a failure to pay was punished by slitting the nose from tip to eyebrow. It was continued during thirteen years, when the householders, objecting to this treatment of their nasal ornaments, rose in rebellion, massacred all the Danes in Ireland and put an end to the nose slitting.

Quite a Difference.

Employer—Young man, I hear that you bet on horse races. You are discharged. Youth—But my brother-in-law is a bookie. I have netted $600 on his tips this week. Employer—Ahem—er—close the door, please. Young man, your salary is doubled. Consider yourself my confidential adviser.—London Tit-Bits.

His System.

"I allus predict good weather," said the suburban sage.

"Why?"

"Well, if it is good I get credit fer it, an' if it ain't good the folks all allow that I done my best."

Hitting Him With the Truth.

Mr. Boastful—I wonder how it would seem if I could have all the money I have given to charity piled on a plate before me. Mrs. Boastful—I think you could still distinguish the plate.

Etiquette Among Forest Rangers.

While in the forest reserve in which we hunted, I met several of the forest rangers, all of them intelligent men, some with college education, men who seemed peculiarly adapted to their calling, who knew the mountains thoroughly, handy with an ax and gun and full of resources. A degree of ethics obtained among the sportsmen, guides, trappers and forest rangers that was interesting. When any one goes to a deserted cabin, in most of which would be found food, bedding, a stove, etc., it is proper form for him to stay all night, eat all he can put away under his belt, if in dire need divide any supply of tobacco and matches he may find, but he must take away nothing else, since to carry off an article of little value, such as hammer, hatchet, pinchers, snow glasses, screw driver, fish hook, pipe or other similar article might inconvenience the owner greatly when he happened along and wanted them and was forty miles or more from a source of supply. If a belated wanderer fails to wash the dishes and leave a supply of dry wood sufficient to build a fire and cook a meal he is at once tabooed and his companionship is not sought after.

The Size of the Sun.

The sun, provided we measure only the disk seen with the smoked glass, is 800,000 miles in diameter—i. e., 108 earths could be comfortably ranged side by side across the disk. To cover the surface would require many thousands. To fill the interior we should need 1,300,000. On a smaller scale we might represent the sun by a ball two feet in diameter and the earth by a good sized grain of shot. Let the sun be hollowed out, then place the earth at its center and let the moon revolve about it at its real distance of 240,000 miles. There would yet remain nearly 200,000 miles of space between the moon's orbit and the inclosing shell of the sun. Indeed to journey from one side of the sun to the other, through the center, would take one of our swift express trains nearly two and a half years. So vast a globe must be heavy. Since its density is only one-quarter that of the earth it only weighs as much as 332,000 earths, or two octillions of tons. The attraction of gravity on its surface would cause a man whose weight was 150 pounds to weigh two tons.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed inflammation can be taken out and this hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Wheat As Sheep Food.

Some of the experiment stations find that a pound of wheat in feeding has more nutriment than a pound of any other grain. In corn there is 8 per cent. of digestible protein, barley 8.69 per cent., oats 9.25 per cent, rye 9.12, while wheat has 10.23 per cent. The Indiana station realized 77 cents a bushel for wheat fed to sheep.

Useful at all Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

A Battle in the Sea.

Did you ever see bluefish charge a school of menhaden at sea? That is something worth seeing. The bluefish throw their lines forward until they almost surround the menhaden, and they attack them flank and rear. The menhaden fairly make the water boil in their efforts to escape, while all around the enemy is at them tearing relentlessly. Into all this commotion comes a great shark. It's a picnic for the shark, a school of menhaden all herded up for its benefit. It swims leisurely into the midst of them, opens its mouth and takes in half a dozen menhaden at a gulp. It swims around and bites out half a dozen more from the school. It gorges itself without effort. But the menhaden are not nearly as much disturbed by the presence of the monster swimming about among them as they are by the charging bluefish. The shark takes half a dozen fish or more at a bite, while the bluefish only bites a piece out of a single fish, but there is only one shark, while there may be thousands of bluefish plunging and tearing incessantly and killing and maiming at every stroke. The shark's a brute, but under such circumstances the menhaden have less of fear than they have of contempt for him.

Keeping the Bull.

In foreign countries they keep their sires much longer than we do here, remarks an exchange, and this is probably one secret of their success. A bull comes into his most useful period after his third year. He is more completely developed and gets a better offspring.

CUSTOMER WORTH HAVING.

United States Finds In Canada Large Demands For Her Products.

The United States sold Canada in 1904 exports to the value of $166,000,000. This amount constituted more than 62 per cent. of the whole Canadian imports, but was only 11 per cent. of the foreign exports of the United States, says Charles M. Pepper, special agent of the United States Department of Commerce and Labor, in a report on his study of Dominion trade conditions.

Besides selling goods to Canada, Mr. Pepper says that 25,000 settlers went from the United States to its northern neighbor from January to October, 1905, and that the value of their effects was $10,000,000. This number of emigrants from the United States is less than for the two preceding years.

The new wheat fields of the Dominion's great Northwest are the attraction to those seeking new homes in Canada, and it is to that section the United States should look for the development of existing and the creation of new markets of trade. The food, clothing, and farm implements to which these settlers have been accustomed in the United States constitute the products which may be sold them the easiest in Canada.

The wheat yield in Canada last season was upwards of 90,000,000 bushels, or approximately equal to that of the State of Kansas. A production of 150,000,000 bushels by 1910 is foreshadowed, provided crop conditions continue favorable and harvest hands can be obtained.

Railroad construction in the Northwest is given as another source of new population and consequently of widened markets. After describing the new transcontinental project known as the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the plans for railways to the Hudson Bay, the statement is made that probably before an outlet is afforded for wheat by either of these routes traffic will be diverted south and east over railroads in the United States, one agency being the United States settlers.

Mr. Pepper fixes the total consumption of iron and steel and their products for the current year at 1,000,000 tons. He says that, for the last three years the importations have been $42,000,000 annually and that the United States has supplied 81 per cent. of these. It is stated that the steel rail mills at Sydney, Nova Scotia, and at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, are now turning out several hundred tons daily. Though there are several successful mills for making rods and wire nails, there still is much dependence in wire products on the United States.

In textiles the report says that the Dominion is making advances, yet the time is distant when the importation of foreign goods will cease. Though many factories have been established in Canada for manufacturing boots and shoes and though the machinery is from the United States, the report states that this is still one of the best markets for American manufacturers to cultivate.

Not a factory of any kind is built in the Dominion but that the installation of the plant is made largely from the United States.

Still Alert.

It was in the jungle restaurant. The leopard had been drinking and the waiter was trying to take advantage of that circumstance.

"None of that, Mr. Walter!" yelled the monk, vigorously. "The leopard may not be able to change his spots, but let me tell you that he is fully competent to spot his change."

A Bluenose on New Ontario.

Matthew Lodge, Jr., who was with the Temiskaming survey party last year, on returning home to Moncton, N. B., said of the district west of Lake Abitibi: "The country is extensively timbered, except here and there in burnt stretches and muskeg, but it is more of the pulpwood class than other lumber. The pulpwood forests are practically inexhaustible, and pulpwood, you know, means money. The forest which was despised 50 years ago by lumbermen, is now worth more than the forest of 50 years ago. It is practically a country of extensive waterfalls, and these waterfalls will become invaluable in the development of the pulp-making industries. On the Black River within a stretch of fourteen miles there are no less than ten falls of industrial value and utility. The Black River is not a very wide river, but it is a very deep river, with a considerable flow of water."

Saving Sense of Humor.

In his recent lecture in Toronto on Victor Hugo, Prof. E. Howard Griggs said: Hugo was singularly without a sense of humor, the deeper, graver humor of character which Shakespeare possessed. It is impossible, said Mr. Grigg, to live a moral life without a sense of humor. One cannot appreciate moral incongruity without it, nor consequently congruity. Everything is taken on the same plane. The personal whim is mistaken for a matter of conscience.

"Blessed is the man who can laugh at himself. Cursed is the man who laughs at himself all the time. He who does not take himself seriously at all, and he who takes himself abjectly seriously, are in the same class." Such people, continued Mr. Griggs, waste all their ammunition, and nobody pays any attention to their blank shots.

Language in France.

There are several districts in France where the very ancient tongues still survive. Basque is spoken by about 100,000 persons, who are naturally proud of a language that is their exclusive possession, for it is unlike every other spoken tongue, and the assertion is commonly made that to understand it one must have learned it in the cradle. This peculiar property gives in the mind of the Basque people support to their belief that it was the language of Adam and Eve. The same claim is advanced, though, for Breton. The Romans when they conquered Gaul compared Breton to croaking of ravens. About a million people speak Breton. Then there are Flemish, still spoken by a comparatively small number in northeastern France, Catalan in the Pyrenees-Orientales and Languedoc and Provencal, whose gradual extinction has been delayed mainly by the efforts of a few literary enthusiasts.

Ancient Roses.

Flinders Petrie, the archaeologist, while excavating among some ancient Egyptian tombs, found a wreath of roses which had been bound into a garland and buried with the dead thousands of years ago. M. Crepin, the botanist and microscopist, made a careful examination of this queer find and prepared a paper on it which he read before the Royal society of Belgium. From this paper it appears that in places where the flowers were matted together they still retained their color as well as a very faint odor. The species to which they belong is now extinct, but a rose resembling them in several particulars is still grown in Egypt and Abyssinia.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are, get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

True to Life.

Laughter is even near to tears, as this advertisement in the Excelsior Springs (Mo.) Call shows:—"You will find me at the amusement parlor with a fine line of funeral designs furnished on short notice."

"Now look here, sir," exclaimed the gamekeeper imperatively, "didn't you see the notice at the end of this road, 'Pedestrians not allowed?'"

"I did observe a notice stating that pedestrians were not allowed here," replied the mild-mannered gentleman, readily, "but you see, I'm a Congregationalist."

"Oh, indeed," returned the gamekeeper, slightly puzzled; "then I suppose it's all right, sir. You can walk on."—London Tid-Bits.

Biliousness Burdens Life.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

A Restaurant Acquaintance.

"When you go to New Zealand, I wish that you would inquire after my great-grandfather, Jeremiah Thompson." "Certainly said the traveler, and wherever he went he asked for news of the ancestor, but without avail according to the Dundee Advertiser. One day he was introduced to a fine old Maori of advanced age. "Did you ever meet with an Englishman named Jeremiah Thompson?" he asked. A smile passed over the Maori's face. "Meet him?" he repeated, "Why, I ate him!"

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

New Parts wanted.

"My brother bought a motor here last week," said an angry man to the salesman who stepped up to greet him "and he said if anything broke you would supply him with new parts."

"Certainly," said the salesman. "What does he want?"

"He wants two deltoid muscles, a couple of kneecaps, one elbow, and about ma a yard of cuticle," said the man, "and he wants them at once."—Tid-Bits.

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

Scribbles—I wonder why it takes pay day so long to come around?

Riter—It only seems long when you're short, and the shorter you are the longer it seems.—Rehoboth Herald.

To Cleanse and Purify the Blood

And Invigorate the Action of Liver, Kidney and Bowels, You Must Use

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

In calling your attention to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills it is only necessary to point to their success in the past, for they are known in nearly every home.

By means of their direct and specific action on the liver—causing a healthful flow of bile—they regulate and enliven the action of the bowels and insure good digestion in the intestines. At the same time they stimulate the kidneys in their work of filtering poisons from the blood.

This cleansing process set in action by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills means a thorough cure of biliousness, intestinal indigestion, torpid liver, kidney derangements and constipation.

It means a restoration of health, strength and comfort where there have been pain, weakness and suffering. It means a removal of the conditions which lead to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's disease, appendicitis and diabetes.

Mr. E. G. Moyer, Local Preacher, Trout Lake, B.C., writes:—"I can speak in the highest terms of Dr. Chase's Medicines and Dr. Chase's Receipt Book which I have used for forty years. Remedies taken from this famous book have cured when all others failed.

"For some time I was very bad with kidney disease and nothing seemed to do me any good until I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. This treatment overcame the symptoms of kidney disease and built up my health. Though past middle age I feel young and hearty again since taking Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I put great confidence in all of Dr. Chase's medicines."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

IT IS PURE!

This is the paramount feature of

"SALADA"

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Free from dust, dirt, and all foreign substances.

Lead Packets Only. 40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. At all grocers. Highest Award St. Louis 1904.

THE PINY WOODS.

Tis there the pale buds sleep
Beneath dead leaves and grasses deep,
Awaiting spring's bright sun and shower
To woo them worth to deck the bower.

E'en now winds whisper in my ear
That fair wild flowers will soon appear,
Hepaticas, of turquoise blue,
With leaves of hazy, pinkish hue.

Gently those flowers will pierce the moss,
And soon their tiny heads will toss
O'er cones and mosses at their feet,
Awaiting lily buds to greet.

What joy! to roam those woods in June
And listen to the linnet's tune,
And see the blooming rose pink vine,
That sweetly doth embrace the pine.

Oft in those woods have I pursued
My path and sought sweet solitude,
And whiled away the fleeting hours
By watching springing, fragile flowers.

—Minnie L. Thomas.

USE OF THE LEECH.

Said to Be Growing In Toronto—What Druggists Say.

The use of leeches is said to be growing in Toronto. Leeches are mostly bought by people who have had a blow or fall, causing a blue spot to appear where the blood has congested. They apply leeches to take out the blood from these spots.

The best leeches are known as the Mediterranean leech and come from San Gulguela, Spain. They are about three inches long, with a soft smooth body tapering to each extremity, and are marked with from ninety to one hundred fine annulations; their backs are olive green with six rusty red longitudinal stripes. The ends are terminated by suckers.

A peculiar medical law provides that a druggist must not apply a leech. He may sell them to persons, but only a doctor is allowed to apply it. One well-known druggist says that he once applied a leech to an abrasion on a man's forehead, because a doctor could not be got as the hour was late. "After the leech had gorged itself and rolled off the mark left by the leech bled so profusely that it took me over four hours to stop it, and then the man's face was ten times worse with the acids I had to use."

Some druggists state that the application of leeches is not to be recommended; the cure is almost as bad as the disease. The leech has three small, sharp, semi-circular teeth that radiate from a centre. They cut deep and always leave a scar of the same shape as themselves. On the common leech the mouth where the cutting teeth are found is at the anterior sucking disc. Just back of this, and on the upper side, are ten small black spots that serve as eyes. The usual quantity of blood drawn by an average leech averages from one drachm to half an ounce. It is digested very slowly, and after being gorged in this manner, the leech lies for several days before it regains its normal size and appearance.

Lord Mount-Stephen's Career.

Seventy-seven years ago, on June 5, there was born to a humble Banffshire villager a son who was destined to do great things. The villager's name was Stephen, and his boy was christened George, and when George Stephen was old enough he became a herd boy. His great crony in those days was his cousin Donald Smith, and for a good many years, as years are counted by youth they were inseparable. The herd boy in course of time went to Aberdeen, where he became a draper's apprentice, and a few years later tried his fortune in London, where he found an opening at Pawson & Leaf's, in St. Paul's Churchyard. His ambition still unsatisfied, he went out to Canada in 1850, and entered a woollen business in Montreal, in which he presently became a partner. A little later on he met the friend of his boyhood days, Donald Smith, and they, along with others, built the Canadian Pacific Railway. George Stephen, who celebrated his birthday lately, is now known as Lord Mount-Stephen, and his friend, Donald Smith, as Lord Strathcona. Both are millionaires, and between them have given away over a million pounds on behalf of various philanthropic objects, not the least of which is King Edward's Hospital Fund, which benefits to the tune of £11,000 a year by Lord Mount-Stephen's generosity.

Suspicious.

Yeast—And you are the only breadwinner in your family?

Crimsonbeak—Sure thing! I'd rather wear my fingers o : altogether than have my wife become a breadmaker.

When Remitting by Post, use

Dominion Express Money Orders and Foreign Cheques

The Best and Cheapest System of Sending Money to any Place in the World.

Absolutely Safe

Purchaser is given a receipt, and if order or cheque is LOST or DESTROYED, the amount will be promptly REFUNDED. No red tape. For full information and rates call on Local agents.

Wilson's FLY PADS

ONE PACKET HAS ACTUALLY KILLED

A BUSHEL OF FLIES

Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.

TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM

ARCHDALE WILSON,

HAMILTON, ONT.

My Hair is Extra Long

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only hair-food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

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

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

"A Bare Bodkin."

"Bare" means "mere" as well as "naked," and I cannot doubt that by "bare bodkin" Shakespeare meant "mere bodkin," the point of the passage being with how contemptibly small an instrument we could, if we chose, put an end to life and all its bother. "Bare" probably was used instead of "mere" for the sake of effective alliteration. (Cf. with Hamlet's "bare bodkin:" Richard II.'s "little pin," III, 2, 169.) For "bare" in the sense of "mere" I need cite only "bare imagination of a feast."—London Notes and Queries.

Four Days In the Year.

There are but four days in the year when the sun and clock exactly correspond. In other words, there are but four days of the 365 in which the sun is directly south at noon.

The 15th of April and the 17th of June remember,
August 31 and 24th of December.
On these four days (and none else in the year)
The sun and clock both the same time declare.

The Miracle.

Woodland—What is the difference between a wonder and a miracle? Lorain—Well, if you'd touch me for $5 and I'd lend it to you it would be a wonder. Woodland—That's so. Lorain—And if you returned it that would be a miracle.

Had Her Guessing.

Margie—I wonder if Mr. Smartly meant to give me a left handed compliment? Rita—Why? Margie—He said these artificial flowers I am wearing just match my hair.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

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

UNION LABEL

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....$2.00

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1906.

They now say that macaroni is adulterated. Well, but they should be able to stand that.

The Nelson Daily Canadian is "making good." There is not a more ably edited newspaper in British Columbia.

The proposed improvements at the St. Eugene mine is the best kind of evidence that the property will be worked on a larger scale than ever.

The Appeal to Reason contends that the government today simply does police duty for the capitalists, the president acting as a sort of chief of police.

A wise man once said, "If some folks would take the same trouble to get busy that they do to appear to be busy, they would be a good deal busier than they are."

Lowery says that nothing will Frisco a man quicker than working all day, and then sitting up all night trying to outplay a tinhorn who keeps his cards in the jaws of a hold out.

The time has arrived when only the enthusiast will attend lodge. The lukewarm member cannot stand the sweltering humid atmosphere of the lodge-room. God bless the enthusiasts. What would the Order be without them?—Independent Odd Fellow.

Rossland and Arrowhead in B. C. and Hope, Montana, have suffered from disastrous fires within the past week. This is the dangerous season of the year for fires, and the question naturally comes home that in case of a fire in Moyie is everything in the best possible condition for fighting it? The Leader fears not. A meeting of the brigade should be held and arrangements made to have the apparatus put in the best possible shape.

"Emotional insanity" is to be Thaw's defence for killing White, which means that although he was insane when he pressed the trigger, he became sane immediately after the ball had entered White's body. A burglar might plead emotional insanity when he entered and robbed a house and sanity when he disposed fo the goods. In the whole gamut of cime a similar plea might be entered with as much propriety. A woman who cold-bloodedly shot to death a lawyer at San Francisco, thirty years ago, was acquitted on the same plea that Thaw advances. But pshaw! What is the use of any plea? The slayer will go free because he is wealthy and can afford to hire lawyers who are already defaming the character of the dead man who was no worse, if as bad, as the man who slew him—Vancouver World.

Bowel Complaint in Children.

During the summer months children are subject to disorders of the bowels which should receive careful attention as soon as the first unnatural looseness of the bowels appears. The best medicine in use for bowel complaint is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as it promptly controls any unnatural looseness of the bowels. For sale by Moyie Drug & Stationary Store.

MINERAL ACT.

(FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Aurora, Horseshoe, Durango, Etna, and Portland Mineral Claims, situate in the Fort Steele Mining Division of East Kootenay District.

Where located:—On west side of lower Moyie Lake.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Thos. T. McVittie, F. M. C. No. B 1003, agent for O. J. Johnson F. M. C. No. B 914, Thos. Rader F. M. C. No. B 918 I. B. Sanburn F. M. C. No. B 906, L. E. Sanburn F. M. C. No. B 907, intend sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 6th day of July, 1906.

Modest Claims Often Carry the Conviction.

When Maxim, the famous gun inventor, placed his gun before a committee of judges, he stated its carrying power to be much below what he felt the gun would accomplish. The result of the trial was therefore a surprise, instead of disappointment. It is the same with the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. They do not publicly boast of all this remedy will accomplish, but prefer to let the users make the statements. What they do claim, is that it will positively cure diarrhoea, dysentery, pains in the stomach and bowels and has never been known to fail. For sale by the Moyie Drug & Stationary Co.

NOTICE.

A special extraordinary meeting of the shareholders of the St. Eugene Mountain Mines, Limited Liability, will be held on July 26, at 7 p. m. at the office of the the Moyie Leader at Moyie in B. C., for the purpose of electing a board of directors and arranging for the disposal of a block of treasury shares of stock with the object of operating the mining property of the company.

O. J. Johnson,
F. J. Smyth,
O. A. Sutherland,
Desaulnier Bros,
McMahon Bros.

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. 92 for 299 shares of stock. The original certificate is lost.

JOHANNA NELSON,
Administratrix of the estate of Jacob Nelson deceased.

Dated, Sacramento, California, July 11th 1906.

BUY YOUR

Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruit and Candy

FROM

A. B. Stewart & Co.

Agent for Crows Nest Steam Laundry.

—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.

Wm. Jewell

Express and General Delivery Business. Livery and Feed Stable.

Leave Orders at Gwynne's Store.

MOYIE British Columbia.

LET'S TAKE THE MEASURE of your boy for that new suit. He'll be better satisfied with it, if we make it, than if you purchase a ready-made one.

You are well aware of the superiority of made-to-order clothing. Why not be as careful about the fit of your boy's suit as your own?

WE'LL GUARANTEE a perfect fit for him if intrusted with your order. The cloth will be the best of selected material, and cut in the latest of style.

High grade tailoring for the boy is part of our business. We charge fair prices for such work, too.

C. A. FOOTE

MOYIE, B. C

PREST PHOTO CO.

CRANBROOK AND MOYIE.

O. F. DESAULNIER

DEALER IN

WOOD, COAL & FEED

PROMPT DELIVERY.

Queens' Ave. MOYIE

I. O. O. F.

Whitey Lodge No. 44.

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

R. T. HOWARD, Noble Grand. F. J. SMYTH, Secr'y.

St. Eugene Lodge No. 37.

K. of P.

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

G. H. FINDLAY, Chancellor Com. G. W. ORCHARD, K. R. and S.

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

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

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

MOYIE AERIE NO. 855

F. O. E.

Meets every Wednesday at 8 P. M.

DR. HARVIE, Worthy Pres. J. H. HAWKE, Worthy Secr'y.

Harvey & McCarter,

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.

Cranbrook, - - B. C.

W. F. GURD,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

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Cranbrook, B. C.

DR. F. B. MILES,

DENTIST.

Cranbrook, B. C.

George H. Thompson,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.

CRANBROOK, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

W. R. BEATTY

Embalmer and Undertaker.

Phone 39. CRANBROOK.

STEVENS

WHEN YOU SHOOT

You want to HIT what you are aiming at—be it bird, beast or target. Make your shots count by shooting the STEVENS. For 41 years STEVENS ARMS have carried off PREMIER HONORS for ACCURACY. Our line:

Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols

Ask your Dealer—insist on the STEVENS. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, express prepaid, upon receipt of catalog price.

Send 4 cts. in stamps for 160-page Catalog of complete output. A valuable book of reference for present and prospective shooters.

Beautiful three-color Aluminum Hanger will be forwarded for 10 cents in stamps.

J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.,
P. O. Box 4096
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

The Caldwell

SEWING MACHINE.
ROLLER BEARING.
HIGH GRADE.

Save Money by buying this reliable, honest, high grade sewing machine.

STRONGEST GUARANTEE.

National Sewing Machine Co.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FACTORY AT BELVIDERE, ILL.

HOTEL MANHATTAN.

Comfortable Rooms and Best of Table Board.

J. A. GOUPILL, Propr.

IT'S LIKE HANDING YOU MONEY to sell you one of our fountain pens. They save lots of time, and time, you know, is money. The pens we handle are the kind that

WRITE RIGHT

all the time. Once filled, they are always ready for service. They won't leak or refuse to feed the ink or fail in any particular. Try one of the moderately-priced kind, and see what you have been missing.

The Moyie Drug and Stationery Co.

P. FOSSOM

BREAD,
CAKE,
PASTRY,
ICE CREAM,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Meals at all Hours.

International Hotel.

A. L. McKILLOP

ASSAYER.

NELSON, B. C

HOUSE CLEANING!

Then you'll want some papering and painting done to freshen up a bit. Let me give you an estimate

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