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THE MOYIE LEADER.

Library, Legislative Assembly JUN 30 1905 VICTORIA, B.C.

VOL. 8, NO 11. MOYIE, B. C., JUNE 24, 1905. $2 A YEAR

THE LEADING STORE.

See our goods and ask our prices before you let your money go.

New Potatoes will arrive this week.

CAMPBELL'S

Everyone wants the best butter, and when they do they come to

R. CAMPBELL & CO

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Paid Up Capital $8,700,000
Reserve, - 3,500,000
Total Resources - 91,000,000 (Nov. 30, '04)

Deposits Received. Present Rate of Interest 3 per cent.

CRANBROOK BRANCH. F. C. MALPAS, MGR

Beale & Elwell

Notaries Public. Conveyancers.

Any work sent to us will receive faithful and prompt attention.

Head Office CRANBROOK MOYIE, B. C.

Try A Few Cans of

"Old Homestead Brand"

Vegetables and Fruits at

FITCH'S

Fire INSURANCE

Why pay more for your Insurance than it is worth?
We can give you lowest rates with adequate protection.

ARNOLD & ROBERTS.

CRANBROOK. MOYIE.

HATS. STETSON HATS.

We carry the best range of hats in town. See our union made "PRIDE OF THE WEST." They're beauties.

HILL & CO.

THE MEN'S FURNISHERS

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.

PREPARE FOR CELEBRATION

Big Day Will soon Be Here.

GOOD CROWD EXPECTED

Programe will be interesting and there will be not Be a Dull Moment.

Moyie will hold her big annual celebratton one week from today, and bad weather is the only thing that can spoil its success. The committee has been doing excellent work this week. The large posters have been sent to surrounding towns for advertising purposes, and from all indications there will be a larger crowd here this year than at any previous celebration. Cranbrook in particular will be here in full force on that day, and Fernie, Marysville, Ryan, Yahk and Creston will be represented.

For the benefit of those who may wish to contest for the different prizes we republish the list;

PROGRAM.

		1st	2nd
1—Children's Sports	$20	$	$
2—100 yard foot race		7	3
3—Broad jump		5	2
4—Sack race		5	3
5—Fat man's race	100	V. B. cigars	
6—Putting stone		5	2
7—Potato race		5	0
8—Hose reel race		Harvie cup	
9—Logrolling contest		15	5
10—Tie making contest		15	10
11—Chopping contest		7	3
12—Shooting contest		Silver Cup	
13—Driling contest		75	25
14—Boat race		10	5
15—Tug of war		50	
16—High jump		7	2
17—Tub race		5	3

There were two voluntary contributions to the prize list. J. F. M. Pinkham, manager of the Imperial Bank of Canada, Cranbrook, has given $10 to be added to the prize for the drilling contest, and M. A. Beale, of Cranbrook has given $5 to be added to the 100 yard foot race.

Much interest will center on the drilling contest, and the boys are already getting in shape for it. Then the hose reel race between the Moyie and Cranbrook teams will prove a good attraction, as will also the tug of war and shooting contest.

The committee in charge of the day's sports will be about as follows;

Caledonian sports—E. A. Hill,
Children's sports—J. H. Hawke,
Lumbering—A. P. Stephenson and H. Cameron.
Hose Reel race—Henry Stewart,
Drilling contest—H. H. Dimock,
Shooting contests—R. Campbell.

A grand ball will be given in the evening by the band boys. As dancing will cease promptly at 12 o'clock, no lunch will be served. Tickets for the dance will be $1 and everybody is invited.

Sprained Ankle, Stiff Neck, Lame Shoulder.

These are three common ailments for which Chamberlain's Pain Balm is especially valuable. If promptly applied it will save you time, money and suffering when troubled with any one of these ailments. For sale by S. K. Harvie.

OUR REPUTATION

is at stake if we do not repair your watch satisfactory. We have given others entire satisfactory, and we have now doubt we can do the same by you. Just one trial will convince you that we're onto our job when it comes to repairing o watch.

W. H. WILSON,

Jeweler. CRANBROOK, B. C

STOP AT THE

COSMOPOLITAN

HOTEL.

WHEN IN

CRANBROOK

E. H. SMALL, Manager.

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

BIG PROFITS.

The St. Eugene for the month of May beat the March record for profits, netting a little over $80,000. This puts the St. Eugene at the head of the list of dividend paying mines in Canada, and there is only one silver lead mine in the Coeur d'Alenes that is earning larger profits, the Bunker Hill & Sullivan.

Big Sale of Stock.

A telegram from Toronto in yesterday's Nelson Daily News would lead to believe that the C. P. R. had purchased the War Eagle, Center Star and St. Eugene mines. Mr. Cronin, however, explains that the sale was for merely the Gooderham and Blackstock holdings in these properties. The late Mr. Gooderham's heirs wish to withdraw from the mining field and make other investments with the money, and Mr. Blackstock has been in poor health for some time and no longer feels able to take an active interest in mining. The purchasers of this stock are three C. P. R. directors, E. B. Osler and W. D. Mathews, Toronto, and C. S. Hosmer, Montreal. The price paid was $825,000.

However, the Gooderham and Blackstock people still hold an indirect interest in the St. Eugene, as they are large shareholders in the Canadian Goldfields Syndicate, which was merged with the St. Eugene company to a certain extent several years ago.

Land in Demand.

Ed. Mallandine of Creston has been putting through some big land deals lately, and is receiving enquiries for land every day. Only last week he sold 30 acres of fruit land one mile east of Creston to Dr. Cartwright dentist of Cowley, and 14 acres to E. W. Moore of Medicine Hat. These tracts were sold at $15 per acre. He has also sold 40 acres to F. W. Hunt of Wichita, Kansas, for $700, and a small tract north of that town to Robt. Laurie of Cranbrook. Most of this is fruit and garden land. Mr. Mallandaine is district land agent for the C. P. R. and has recently been making some big sales for that company. The two principle sales were 900 acre tracts near Goat river canyon, six miles east of Creston, and a 160 acre tract in the same vicinity. Mr. Mallandaine also has charge of the Yahk townsite and has laid out 20 lots in a block. These lots are not for sale, and are only leased to parties wishing to build on them. Messrs. Teetzel & Bogle of Winnipeg have bought an 8,000 acre tract of land between Creston and the International boundary line, which they intend to cut up into 10 acre lots and sell.

Cranbrook parties are figuring on putting in a sawmill at Creston.

Slow-Coming Death.

A Vancouver Chinaman has just been taken to D'Arcy Island, in the Gulf of Georgia, from which place he can never escape alive. Sing is a leper. He is the third suffering from that disease to be taken from that city to Lazaretto, where no steamers save the supply boat call: where nobody lives but a few other afflicted Chinamen: where the unhappy Celestial must simply wait and wait for slow-coming death. Sing is but 21, and the disease is at present on him in mild form, so he may linger for years, living life in death. The Chinaman outwardly bears no marks that would arrest special attention.

NOTICE.

Our barber shops will close at 12 o'clock noon on Saturday, July 1st, Dominion Day.

E. J. Baker,
A. L. Franklin.

Cuban Diarrhoea.

U. S. soldiers who served in Cuba during the Spanish war know what this disease is, and that ordinary remedies have little more effect than so much water. Cuban diarrhoea is almost as severe and dangerous as a mild attack of Cholera. There is only one remedy, however, that can always be depended upon as will be seen by the following certificate from Mrs. Minnie Jacobs of Houston, Texas: "I hereby certify that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured my husband of a severe attack of Cuban diarrhoea, which he brought home from Cuba. We had several doctors but they did not do him no good. One bottle of this remedy cured him, as our neighbors will testify. I thank God for so valuable a medicine." For sale by S. K. Harvie.

DEAL IS MADE ON AURORA

Portland People Get Option.

EXTENDS 18 MONTHS

Work Is to Begin Within 30 Days, and Everyone Is Pleased.

That a deal been made for the sale of the Aurora and that development work will be started within 30 days comes as most agreeable news not only to the people of Moyie but to those of the entire district as well.

The papers of the deal were signed in Portland Wednesday and are now in effect. Walter Mackay and Richard Wilson, two of that city's wealthiest men, have taken an 18 months' option on the property. The deal is in the nature of a working bond, and it is understood that no money is to be paid until the 18 months are up. The owners are reluctant about stating the price which they will receive, but the Leader will take a chance on putting the figure at $60,000. John Sullivan of Portland will be manager of the property.

The Aurora group lies immediately across the lake from the town of Moyie, and is the property of Thos. Rader, O. J. Johnson and Capt. I. B. Sanburn. It was located in 1894 and considerable development work, perhaps $7,000 or $8,000, has been done on the various claims. There are several other promising properties adjoining the Aurora, which no doubt will be opened up and developed now that there is more encouragement for their owners.

We Saw the Fair.

The editor of the Leader returned today from Portland and was perhaps the first person from Moyie to visit the Lewis & Clark Centennial. The fair is very good and all who can should make it a point to see it. Portland is a very pretty city and visitors attending the fair are well cared for. Good rooms are procured, and one is impressed with the reasonable rates on every hand. We also visited Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane.

Mill Is Running.

The Sawmill of the Moyie Lumber Company was started last Monday and is now running smoothly and is making a good average cut each day. The St. Eugene company has placed an order with Mr. Stephenson for 500,000 feet of planking and other lumber to be used in the mine.

The Two Cups.

Two handsome silver cups will be contested for on Dominion Day. One presented by Dr. Harvie for the winners of the hose reel race. The other was sent here to the committee by R. P. Rithet & company of Victoria and will be put up for the Moyie and Cranbrook gun clubs to shoot for.

THE HOBO.

He came from where he started,
And was going where he went.
He hadn't had a smell of food,
Not even had a scent.

He never even muttered once
Till he began to talk,
And when he left the kitchen door
He took the garden walk.

He said: "There's no one with me
Because I am alone;
I might have scintillated once;
My clothes have always shone.

"I got here 'fore the other ones
Because I started first;
The reason I look shabby is
Because I'm dressed the worst."

Then I asked him where he came from—
This was just before we parted—
And he muttered indistinctly:
"Oh, I came from where I started!"

—SENECA G. KETCHUM.

Strawberries.

The local Strawberries are now on the market, and we have made arrangements for daily shipments from Creston and Kootenay Lake points,

We are now taking orders for preserving, so let us know as soon as possible how many crates you will require and we will procure the choicest berries for you.

We have just received a large supply of fruit jars, in pints, quarts and half gallons,

MacEachern

—AND—

Macdonald.

I. O. O. F. Grand Lodge.

R. A. Smith returned Monday from the coast, where he was attending the grand lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. The lodge was in session two days and considerable business was transacted in that space of time. The following were the grand officers elected: D. E. Mackenzie, grand master; F. E. Simpson, deputy grand master; Thos. Embleton, grand warden; Fred Davey, grand secretary; H. Fulton, grand treasurer. Fred Davey was elected grand representative. The grand lodge will meet in Victoria next year.

Dog's Sad Ending.

Joe Baker, the barber, lost his valuable cocker spaniel Thursday. The dog had a habit of going to the station at the arrival of each passenger train. He would run and meet the train and then go tearing along the track with the cowcatcher close at his heels. But he played the game just once too often and Thursday's afternoon train ran over him. The pup was very bright and intelligant and Mr. Baker had become greatly attached to him.

Compressor Is Here.

The new 30-drill air compressor for the St. Eugene has arrived and is being installed as fast as possible. The mine is behind on development work and the management is very anxious to get the new plant in operation. The working force at the mine will be increased in a very short time.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The C. P. R. is building a watertank near the Creston station.

A Farmers' Institute has been organized at Creston.

Dr. Green of Cranbrook was united in marriage to Miss Staples at Stillwater, Minn., on June 8th.

W. P. Sloan and G. A. M. Young, who own the Ibis mine near Creston are preparing to make a shipment of 20 tons of ore to the smelter.

The Moyie public school closed Friday.

There is no Canadian exhibit of any sort at the Lewis & Clark fair.

A MORAL.

I once knew a dear little mother
With a beautiful blue-eyed boy.
She constantly bathed and brushed him,
And when he had tired of toy
She would take it and scald it and scrape it
And lay it away in the sun;
And that is the way she took care of
His play things, every one.

Pent up in his own little playhouse
The baby grew peaked and pale,
And there were the neighbors children
All dirty and happy and hale.
If the baby went out for an airing
The nurse was to understand
That none of the neighbors' children
Was ever to touch his hand.

But they did, and the injured mother
Brought the dear babe inside
And shut him up in his playhouse,
Where the little one fretted and died.
Then the torn heart turned to the Virgin
And this was the weight of her prayer:
"Oh, Mother dear, don't let him play with
The other angels up there."

—CY WARMAN

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 58⅝ cents
Lead, $4.50. Zinc (spelter) $6.00.
LONDON—Lead, £13.

LOCAL NEWS.

O. J. Johnson is home from Morrissey Mines.

The Central hotel is receiving a new coat of paint.

John Daly's family arrived from Butte Wednesday.

M. A. Beale and J. F. M. Pinkham were in town yesterday.

The Moyie hose team is doing some good practicing for the Dominion Day races.

At the school election held today F. J. Smyth was re-elected to fill the three year term.

Chas. Smith is now master mechanic for the Union Iron Works in Spokane.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. G. T. McGregor in Fergus, Ont., on June 3rd.

Mrs. Rykert, wife of the custome oficer near Port Hill, has been near to death's door for several days.

FOR RENT—Furnished house in Lake Shore addition—Apply to Farrell & Smyth.

Mrs. Howard and family of Spokane arrived in Moyie last Tuesday on a visit with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Walsh.

Ed. Highwarden is in Movaria, five miles west of Banners Ferry on the new Corbin line.

FOR RENT—Two store rooms on Victoria street. Apply to Farrell & Smyth.

J. B. Rudd and family have given up the boarding house at Coal Creek and have returned to their farm south of town.

Jack Cronin, Norbert Niederstadt and James Harper are home from Gonzaga college to spend their vacation.

James Lemon has returned from Salt Lake City, where he went as a delegate to the convention of the Western Federation of Miners

C. R. Botham, who has had the contract of sacking the concentrates at the St. Eugene for export, has returned to Spokane.

Storks' famous glass blowers have been in town for several days entertaining both the young and old.

Webster Burton has severed his connection with R. Campbell & Co. and is now working in Breckenridge & Lund's store at Yahk.

Dr. Price's CREAM Baking Powder

MAKES HOME BAKING EASY

Young housekeepers find in its use the beginning of success in cookery.

Price Baking Powder Co.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening In the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

Rewritten and Rendered Into Modern English From Sir Edwin Caskoden's Memoir

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

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"I trust the king will see fit to favor him, and I hope that you will speak a word in his behalf should the opportunity occur."

"What, in the name of heaven, have we to give him?" cried Mary impatiently, for she kept an eye on things political, even if she were only a girl. "The king has given away everything that can be given already, and now that the war is over and men are coming home there are hundreds waiting for more. My father's great treasure is squandered, to say nothing of the money collected from Empson, Dudley and the other commissioners. There is nothing to give unless it be the titles and estate of the late Duke of Suffolk. Perhaps the king will give these to your paragon if you will paint him in as fair a light as you have drawn him for me." Then, throwing back her head with a laugh, "Ask him."

"It would be none too much for his deserts," I replied, falling in with her humor.

"We will so arrange it, then," went on Mary banteringly. "Captain Brandon no longer, but Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. How sounds it, Master Caskoden?"

"Sweet in my ears," I replied.

"I really believe you would have the king's crown for him, you absurd man, if you could get it. We must have so interesting a person at court. I shall at least see that he is presented to the queen at once. I wonder if he dances. I suppose not. He has probably been too busy cutting and thrusting." And she laughed again at her own pleasantry.

When the mirth began to gather in her face and the dimples came responsive to her smiles, when she threw back her perfectly poised head, stretching her soft, white throat so full and round and beautiful, half closing her big brown eyes till they shone again from beneath the shade of those long, black, sweeping lashes; when her red lips parted, showing her teeth of pearl, and she gave the little clap of her hands, a sort of climax to the soft, low, rippling laugh, she made a picture of such exquisite loveliness that it is no wonder men were fools about her and caught love as one catches a contagion. I had it once, as you already know, and had recovered. All that prevented a daily relapse was my fair, sweet antidote, Jane, whose image rested in my heart, a lasting safeguard.

"I wonder if your prodigy plays cards—that is, such as we ladies play?" asked Mary. "You say he has lived much in France, where the game was invented, but I have no doubt he would scorn to waste his time at so frivolous a pursuit when he might be slaughtering armies single handed and alone."

"I do not know as to his dancing and card playing, but I dare venture a wager he does both." I replied, not liking her tone of sarcasm. She had yet to learn who Brandon was.

"I will hazard ten crowns," said Mary quickly, for she loved a wager and was a born gambler.

"Taken," said I.

"We will try him on both tomorrow night in my drawing room," she continued. "You bring him up, but tell no one. I will have Jane there with her lute, which will not frighten you away I know, and we will try his step. I will have cards, too, and we shall see what he can do at triumph. Just we four, no one else at all. You and Jane, the new Duke of Suffolk and I. Oh, I can hardly wait!" And she fairly danced with joyous anticipation.

The thing had enough irregularity to give it zest, for while Mary often had a few young people in her drawing room, the companies were never so small as two couples only, and the king and queen, to make up for greater faults, were wonderful sticklers in the matter of little proprieties.

The ten crown wager, too, gave spice to it, but to do her justice she cared very little for that. The princess loved gambling purely for gambling sake, and with her the next best thing to winning was losing.

When I went to my room that night, I awakened Brandon and told him of the distinguished honor that awaited him.

"Well, I'll be"— But he did not say what he would "be." He always halted before an oath, unless angry, which was seldom, but then beware. He had learned to swear in Flanders. "How she did fly at me the other morning! I never was more surprised in all my life. For once I was almost caught with my guard down and did not know how to parry the thrust. I mumbled over some sort of a lame retaliation and beat a retreat. It was so unjust and uncalled for that it made me angry. But she was so gracious in her amends that I was almost glad it happened. I like a woman who can be as savage as the very devil when it pleases her. She usually has in store an assortment of possibilities for the other extreme."

"She told me of your encounter," I returned, "but said she had come off second best, and seemed to think her overthrow a huge joke."

"The man who learns to know what a woman thinks and feels will have a great deal of valuable information," he replied, and then turned over for sleep, greatly pleased that one woman thought as she did.

I was not sure he would be so highly flattered if he knew that he had been invited to settle a wager and to help Mary to a little sport.

As to the former, I had an interest there myself, although I dared not settle the question by asking Brandon if he played cards and danced, and, as to the matter of Mary's sport, I felt there was but little if any danger of her having too much of it at his expense, Brandon being well able to care for himself in that respect.

The next evening at the appointed time we wended our way by an unfrequented route and presented ourselves as secretly as possible at the drawing room of the princess.

The door was opened by Lady Jane, and we met the two girls almost at the threshold. I had told Brandon of the bantering conversation about the title and estates of the late Duke of Suffolk, and he had laughed over it in the best of humor. If quick to retaliate for an intentional offense, he was not thin skinned at a piece of pleasantry, and had none of that stiff, sensitive dignity so troublesome to oneself and friends.

Now, Jane and Mary were always bantering me because I was short and inclined to be, in fact, round, but I did not care. It made them laugh, and their laughing was so contagious it made me laugh, too, and we all enjoyed it. I would give a pound sterling any time for a good laugh, and that, I think, is why I have always been—round.

So, upon entering, I said:

"His grace the Duke of Suffolk, ladies."

They each made a sweeping courtesy, with hand on breast, and gravely saluted him:

"Your grace, good even."

Brandon's bow was as deep and graceful, if that were possible, as theirs, and when he moved on into the room it was with a little halt in his step and a big, blowing out of the cheeks in ludicrous imitation of his late lamented predecessor that sent the girls into peals of soft laughter and put us all at our ease immediately.

Ah, what a thing it is to look back upon—that time of life when one finds his heaven in a ready laugh!

"Be seated, all," said the princess. "This is to be without ceremony and only we four. No one knows a word of it. Did you tell any one, Sir Edwin?"

"Perish the thought!" I exclaimed.

She turned her face toward Brandon. "But I know you did not. I've heard how discreet you were about another matter. Well, no one knows it, then, and we can have a famous evening. You did not expect this, Master Brandon, after my reception of you the other morning? Were you not surprised when Sir Edwin told you?"

"I think I can safely say that I was prepared not to be surprised at anything your highness might graciously conclude to do—after my first experience," he answered, smiling.

"Indeed?" returned Mary, with elevated eyebrows and a rising inflection on the last syllable of the word. It was now her turn for a little surprise. "Well, we'll try to find some way to surprise you one of these days." And the time came when she was full of surprises for him. Mary continued: "But let us not talk about the other day. Of what use are other days, anyway? Before the evening is over, Master Brandon, we want you to give us another sermon." And she laughed setting off three other laughs as hearty and sincere as if she had uttered the rarest witticism on earth.

The princess had told Jane and Jane had told me of the "Sermon in the Park," as Mary called it.

"Jane needs it as much as I," said the princess.

"I can't believe that," responded Brandon, looking at Jane with a softening glance quite too admiring and commendatory to suit me, for I was a jealous little devil.

The eyebrows went up again.

"Oh, you think she doesn't? Well, in truth, Master Brandon, there is one failing that cannot be laid at your door—you are no flatterer." For answer Brandon laughed, and that gave us the cue, and away we went in a rippling chorus, all about nothing. Some persons may call our laughter foolish, but there are others who consider it the height of all wisdom. St. George! I'd give my Garter for just one other laugh like that, for just one other hour of youth's dancing blood and glowing soul warmth, of sweet, unconscious, happy heart beat and paradise creating joy in everything!

After a few minutes of gay conversation, in which we all joined, Mary asked: "What shall we do? Will one of you suggest something?"

Jane sat there looking so demure you would have thought mischief could not live within a league of her, but those very demure girls are nearly always dangerous. She said, oh, so innocently:

"Would you like to dance? If so, I will play." And she reached for her lute, which was by her side.

"Yes, that will be delightful. Master Brandon, will you dance with me?" asked the princess, with a saucy little laugh, her invitation meaning so much more to three of us than to Brandon. Jane and I joined in the laugh, and when Mary clapped her hands that set Brandon off, too, for he thought it the quaintest, prettiest little gesture in the world and was all unconscious that our laugh was at his expense.

Brandon did not answer Mary's invitation—the fit of laughter had probably put it out of his mind—so she, evidently anxious to win or lose her wager at once, again asked him if he danced.

"Oh, pardon me! Of course! Thank you!" And he was on his feet beside her chair in an instant ready for the dance. This time the girl's laugh, though equally merry, had another tone, for she knew she had lost.

Out they stepped upon the polished floor, he holding her hand in his, awaiting the pause in the music to take the step. I shall never forget the sight of those two standing there together—Mary, dark eyed and glowing; Brandon, almost rosy, with eyes that held the color of a dark spring sky and a wealth of flowing curls crowning his six feet of perfect manhood, strong and vigorous as a young lion. Mary, full of beauty curves and graces, a veritable Venus in her teens, and Brandon, an Apollo, with a touch of Hercules, were a complement each to the other that would surely make a perfect one.

When the music started, off they went, heel and toe, bow and courtesy, a step forward and a step back, in perfect time and rhythm—a poem of human motion. Could Brandon dance? The princess had her answer in the first ten steps. Nothing could be more graceful than Brandon's dancing unless it were Mary's. Her slightest movement was grace itself. When she would throw herself backward in thrusting out her toe and then swing forward with her head a little to one side, her uplifted arm undulating like the white neck of a swan—for her sleeve, which was slit to the shoulder, fell back and left it bare—she was a sight worth a long journey to see. And when she looked up to Brandon with a laugh in her brown eyes and a curving smile just parting her full, red lips that a man would give his very luck to—but I had better stop.

"Was there ever a goodlier couple?" I asked Jane, by whose side I sat.

"Never," she responded as she played, and, strange to say, I was jealous because she agreed with me. I was jealous because I feared it was Brandon's beauty to which she referred. That I thought would naturally appeal to her. Had he been less handsome I should perhaps have thought nothing of it, but I knew what my feelings were toward Mary, and I judged, or rather misjudged, Jane by myself. I supposed she would think of Brandon as I could not help thinking of Mary. Was anything in heaven or earth ever so beautiful as that royal creature dancing there, daintily holding up her skirts with thumb and first finger, just far enough to show a distracting little foot and ankle and make one wish he had been born a sheep rather than a sentient man who had to live without Mary Tudor? Yet, strange as it may seem, I was really and wholly in love with Jane. In fact, I loved no one but Jane, and my feeling of intense admiration for Mary was but a part of man's composite inconstancy.

A woman—God bless her!—if she really loves a man, has no thought of any other—one at a time is all sufficient—but a man may love one woman with the warmth of a simoom and at the same time feel like a good, healthy south wind toward a dozen others. That is the difference between a man and a woman—the difference between the good and the bad. One average woman has enough goodness in her to supply an army of men.

Mary and Brandon went on dancing long after Jane was tired of playing. It was plain to see that the girl was thoroughly enjoying it. They kept up a running fire of small talk and laughed and smiled and bowed and courtesied, all in perfect time and grace.

It is more difficult than you may think, if you have never tried, to keep up a conversation and dance La Gallard at the same time—one is apt to balk the other. But Brandon's dancing was as easy to him as walking, and, although so small a matter, I could see it raised him vastly in the estimation of both girls.

"Do you play triumph?" I heard Mary ask in the midst of the dancing.

"Oh, yes," replied Brandon, much to my delight, as the princess threw a mischievous, knowing glance over her shoulder to see if I had heard. She at once saw I had, and this, of course, settled the wager.

"And," continued Brandon, "I also play the new game, honor and ruff, which is more interesting than triumph."

"Oh, do you?" cried Mary. "That will more than compensate for the loss of my 10 crowns. Let us sit down at once. I have been wishing to learn, but no one here seems to know it. In France, they say, it is the only game. I suppose there is where you learned it. Perhaps you know their new dances too. I have heard they are delightful."

"Yes, I know them," replied Brandon.

"Why, you are a perfect treasure! Teach me at once! How, now, master of the dance? Here is your friend outdoing you in your own line."

"I am glad to hear it," I returned.

"If Lady Jane will kindly play some lively air written in the time of 'The Sailor Lass,' I will teach the Lady Mary the new dance," said Brandon.

Jane threw one plump little knee over the other and struck up "The Sailor Lass." After she had adjusted the playing to Brandon's suggestion he stepped deliberately in front of Mary and, taking her right hand in his left, encircled her waist with his right arm. The girl was startled at first and drew away. This nettled Brandon a little, and he showed it plainly.

"I thought you wished me to teach you the new dance," he said.

"I do, but—but I did not know it was danced that way," she replied, with a fluttering little laugh, looking up into his face with a half shy, half apologetic manner and then dropping her lashes before his gaze.

"Oh, well!" said Brandon, with a Frenchman's shrug of the shoulders, and then moved off as if about to leave the floor.

"But is that really the way you—they dance it—with your—their arm around my—a lady's waist?"

"I should not have dared venture upon such a familiarity otherwise," an-

"I thought you wished me to teach you the new dance."

swered Brandon, with a glimmer of a smile playing around his lips and hiding in his eyes.

Mary saw this shadowy smile and said: "Oh, I fear your modesty will cause you hurt. I am beginning to believe you would dare do anything you wish. I more than half suspect you are a very bold man, notwithstanding your smooth, modest manner."

CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

How a Trader's Ingenuity Saved Himself and Comrade.

The fur trader sat on the steamer wharf at Quebec, leaning back on a packing box. For a moment he looked down at the first sheet of ice that had skimmed the broad St. Lawrence; then he said: "That ice there is about as thick as it was the time I got caught on my first trip north into the barrens.

"Another fellow by the name of Andrew Damson and myself had been trading with Indians in British Columbia. We broke camp at the end of the season, and started to the nearest settlement, which was ten miles south of us, with a big lake lying between. We found the ice had all gone out, and we couldn't cross on sledges, as we did when we came up. To go round the lake meant a mean journey on account of the marshes. As our provisions were used up and we had already sent our pelts out, there didn't seem to be any reason why we shouldn't paddle the six miles across. Our outfit was light, and we figured we could reach the other side before dark.

"Three or four Indians, who were coming in with skins, saw us we were setting out, and yelled something to us about the ice. Later on, I wished I'd listened to them.

"We got along well till about the middle of the afternoon, when the wind whirled around into the north, and it got cold within ten minutes. It began to snow, too, first in little spits and then thicker and thicker, until we couldn't see a canoe's length ahead of us.

"There was only one thing to do, and that was to spread out the blankets into a kind of awning, and curl up to sleep and wait for the morning, when we could see our way.

"Damson woke me at daylight, and I looked out. The fall of snow had been light. We were about a hundred yards from the shore, and I could see that the storm had blown over quickly. But on every side the lake was covered with ice, not thick enough to hold a man and not thin enough for a boat to push through.

"'Damson,' said I, looking sober, 'we'd be in a bad way if this ice shouldn't get strong enough to walk on, or else melt enough so we could paddle. There isn't anything left but a half can of beans, and this canoe is leaking.'

"The hours went by. We ate nearly all our provisions, and slept over the next night pretty anxious, and cold and hungry, and trying to keep out of the water that was gradually rising in the canoe. The next morning the ice was still too strong to break through, and yet it was too weak to hold us.

"Then Andy hit upon a plan. He first tore out two of the braces that ran from side to side of the canoe.

"'What are you going to do?' says I.

"'I'm going to build an ice raft,' says he, and he lashed the braces across the end of the paddles. Then he tore pieces of the birch bark out of the sides of the canoe, fastened them across between the paddles, and finally had a patchwork raft nearly six feet long and four feet broad. 'There,' said he, 'that will spread your weight over a bigger area of ice, and you can lie down on it and push with your toes. You go first. It will hold you all right, but it won't hold both of us.'

"'How shall I send the raft back to you?' said I.

"'I've already thought of that,' said he. 'Take this ball of cord we used for tying up the skins. I'll tie this on to the raft here. If anything happens to you I may be able to pull you out, and if you get there all right I can haul the raft back.'

"The raft would just barely hold me up, and it was ticklish work pushing my way to shore, spread out on my stomach on the raft; but I accomplished it at last.

"Then he pulled the raft back to the canoe, and for a moment I couldn't see what he was doing with the cord. But all of a sudden he stood up and threw something toward me. It fell about half-way between us, but glanced and slid along the ice almost to my feet. It was his heavy hunting knife with the cord tied on to it.

"'Haul away!' said he, when he had spread himself out on the raft. 'Easy! etsy!' and at last I managed to pull him to shore. I never felt anything better than the solid ground under my feet. If it hadn't been for Andy's ingenuity, it would have been starvation, drowning or freezing for both of us."

Niagara's Beauty Not to Be Marred.

"Niagara Past, Present and Prospective" was the subject of an address to the Empire Club in Toronto recently by Frederick Nicholls. The past of Niagara was illustrated by stories of the North American Indian, the Jesuit Fathers and its conquest by France and England. The rate of recession has been from one to five feet a year. The cliff between the upper and lower rivers is not a solid rock, but is composed of strata which is first limestone, then shale, afterwards hard rock with softer rock intervening. The soft rocks wear away by percolation of the water from shore, causing the hard rock to fall. On account of the hard rock being at the surface, the general appearance will not vary much as there will always be a rock projection for the water to flow over. A resume of the legislative acts and the efforts of the late Lord Dufferin to establish a national park were recited, together with the privileges given to electrical companies. It was thought that the amount of water to be used by these respective water privileges would mar the scenic beauty of the falls, but he was of the opinion that whether the depth of the flow was 12 or 14 feet it would be as awe-inspiring as ever.

Newspapers for Indians.

A weekly newspaper that is, without doubt, unique in journalism has made its first appearance in the vicinity of Montreal. It is called The Caughnawaga Gazette, and its object is to supply news and matters of interest to the residents of the Six Nations reserves. It consists of four pages. The first is printed in English, the second, which conveys the same information, is in French; the third in Indian, while the fourth is devoted to advertisers. The announcement of policy is made in a modest manner, and the chief note is the expression of a desire to increase the feeling of harmony and goodwill in the reserve.

The charity that hastens to proclaim its good deeds ceases to be charity and is only pride and ostentation.—Hutton.

How to Fill Space.

The editor of a newspaper published at Treves has devised a new method of filling his columns during the present quiet time, when local news is scarce. He simply prints a list of the names of places for which tickets are issued at the railway station, and, as the list is a very long one, it will serve to fill up gaps in several issues.

AT FRIENDSHIP'S CALL

By ETHEL BARRINGTON

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Dusk was clouding the landscape as Noah Sterling, powerfully built, with blue eyes in contrast to his gray hairs, stepped on the porch. He leaned against the framework of the door and smoked his pipe, apparently oblivious to the voices floating out from the kitchen. Yet he heard, for his brows lowered and met above his eyes, and his teeth shut sharply on the brier's stem.

"I'll enter no family unwelcomed. Your father has his pride, I mine"—The girlish voice was pitched high and broke suddenly. Then followed indistinct pleadings from her companion, whom she answered: "It's true, all true. But I'm in the mill, a mill hand, while you—some day you will be boss; you'll own all; you"—

"Don't say it, Bess. I am the unhappiest creature in the world, the son of a self made man. Father forgets he was once a laborer, choosing his wife

SHE SAT BY THE TABLE, HER HEAD BURIED IN HER ARMS.

for himself. I'll do the same. Let him do what he will with the property. I've brains and hands. His blood fills my veins, and I'll win out, as he did."

"You are all he has in the world. I'll not come between you"—

Noah Sterling glanced into the dim room. He could see Bess fighting against her love and the stalwart son of the mill owner as he held her hands. Noiselessly he stepped from the porch to the coolness of the little garden. It was quite dark when he returned, but no light greeted him from the open door, but a low sob broke the stillness and guided him to the girl's side. She sat by the table, her head buried in her arms, her slight frame trembling with emotion. Noah watched her silently.

"Oh, Daddy Noah, my heart is broken"— The words were scarcely audible. Sterling sat down heavily, resting his work worn hand on her arm.

"You sent him away bravely. Now you cry for him."

Bess cleared her voice. There was a little laugh of self pity in her tone as she spoke.

"That's the woman of it. Yet it's you who spoiled me. When did I ask for aught—and you not give it to me? Oh, dad, if you could only help me now!"

"You've set your heart on this. You truly love young Thadd?"

"He's all the world"— Sterling withdrew his hand abruptly. Impetuously Bess flung her arms about his neck. "Not that I love you less, dear, or ever could, but you loved my mother—you understand—you must—you are all that is left to me now."

"Understand! Sure I understand." Soothing her, he drew her to his knee and held her in his arms, as he had so often done as a child. Comforted, she prepared to retire.

"Are you not going to bed?" she questioned, her candle illuminating her heavy eyes.

"Presently, child."

Yet he had scarcely stirred when the gray dawn showed in the east; then he rose stiffly, determination in his face. "I've just got to do it. I swore I never would, but I will."

At noon next day Noah Sterling entered the office. Thaddeus Giles, the boss, was writing when the foreman appeared, but he nodded kindly.

"Sit down, Noah. I'll be through in a minute." Sterling took the indicated chair near the desk, absently twirling his cap in his hand.

"Glad to see you, old man. Anything special that you dropped in for?" asked Giles, pushing his papers from him and swinging around in his chair.

"I wanted particular to see you," began Sterling uncertainly. "It's about the young folks—your boy Thadd and Bess Hardy"—

"Stop, Noah," broke in the mill owner sharply. "Some things I allow no interference in. It's none of your business anyhow."

"Hold hard. I'm one of your hands—have been for years—yet we were kids together, you, Tim, and me. Was there ever a scrape that we didn't share?"

"We were sure enough pals." The boss' eyes twinkled at sundry remembrances.

"When Tim died—you don't recollect—you were planning your own big deal. But I knew. There was a baby, Thadd. I ain't never told you. But the night Tim went I sat with him. He worried awful about that baby. Seemed as if he just couldn't die till I set his mind at rest. I swore the child should be first with me, at any sacrifice I'd make her happy, and I will—I will." Sterling leaned forward. Giles returned his look questioningly.

"I don't understand what you are after," he said at last.

"Bess is Tim's daughter—Tim and Bessie's baby."

"Bessie Fields that was?"

"The same. You begin to see now."

"Come, Noah, this is ridiculous! Because Tim was our playmate it does not follow I should allow my son to throw himself away upon his daughter, a mill hand. However, for the sake of old times and what I owe to you besides I'll make my position clear." As Giles paused he showed in every line the inflexibility that had gained for him success, but he was reckoned a just man. "I worked and planned night and day, year by year. Now I am rich. My son will be richer still. He is the center of my ambition. He must marry in the world for which I educated him. He must be the gentleman his father had no chance to be."

"What your boy is to you Bess is to me," said Sterling, with an effort. "I loved her mother." The words sort of strangle me, Thadd. I call you that just once, for we are back in the old days. Yes, the words choke me, but for Bess' sake I'll speak them. She said I had always given her what she cried for, though I'm none too sure of myself this time. I am going to try. You want a lady for your boy. You want more—a pure, good woman. Bess is that. She has book learning too. But, Thadd, it cost money, all I'd saved, and when I took the spell of rheumatism cash ran low, and she—bless her grateful heart—she went into the mill till we could pull things straight. It's the factory stamp you have against her—that's how she got it. Thadd, you mind the year of the strike; it's all of twenty years now. You had just opened your first shop, with everything tied up. It was sink or swim, and there was no insurance. You remember the powder the strikers smuggled in and the slow match burning when you and your watchman came suddenly upon it. You were white, and I don't know as I blame you. Death brushed shoulders with us that night. Your watchman stood to his duty. I cut that match"—

"I would have given you a share in the concern," protested the boss, living again the suspense of that awful moment.

"I'm a workman—never could be different. But you were grateful. You gave me a promise—a sort of oath"—Giles sat motionless, the dawn of comprehension in his strong, self willed face. Noah held him, eye to eye. "Seems like taking a mean advantage. It's powerful hard to ask. But I loved her mother. Don't decide now. See the girl. Learn to know her. I'll stand aside. I'll not be in your road."

"It's a pretty stiff test," said Giles slowly as he rose, memories, pride, ambition, gratitude, all warring within him. Then he stretched out his hand, and the two locked palms. "You have been a long time calling, but now you have spoken I honor your claim, old friend."

Unappreciated Services.

Chatting across the table in an uptown restaurant, two young men exchanged confidences concerning their activities in a nearby department store. "I can work to the limit of my strength if it is appreciated," said one of them, "but the more one does for the head of my department the more he exacts, and he appreciates nothing." The other young man subscribed to the sentiment and added: "I put the new boy who came a few days ago wise to the situation and advised him not to hustle quite so lively, for if he ever lets up a little it will be concluded that he has lost interest in his job." An employer who overheard the conversation remarked to a friend who was lunching with him: "That is the secret of shirking service. The man who never has an appreciative word for those in his employ when they manifest an interest in his business stunts available usefulness and discounts the diligence of which he would otherwise get the benefit."—New York Tribune.

Pooling Sister's Beau.

He was a naughty little brother, but little brothers always are naughty on such occasions. Sister's young gentleman was waiting patiently in the drawing room, and Tommy opened fire with:

"Are you going to propose to my sister tonight?"

"Why, I—er—er—er—what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing! Only if you are you ain't a-going to surprise her. At dinner jus' now she bribed me an' my little brother to go to bed at half past 7. She's hung four Cupid pictures on the parlor wall, moved the sofa over in the darkest corner, got ma an' pa to go callin' next door, shut the dog in the cellar an's been practicing 'Because I Love You' on the planner all the afternoon. You'll get her all right, only if she tells you 'bout its being sudden tell her it's all bunkum!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

DON'TS FOR STOUT WOMEN.

High authority on dress matters offers these suggestions to the stout woman:

Don't wear wide belts.

Don't trim a skirt except at the bottom.

Don't wear a tight fitting coat if you are fat.

Don't wear a sleeve that is full below the elbow.

Don't use frills of any kind on a gown. Use flat trimmings.

Don't wear fluffy things around the neck. Let the neck finishing be as flat as possible.

Don't wear bow ties. Wear something small and narrow if you wear any tie at all.

Don't wear an Eton coat. Always have your coat line extend as far below the waist line as possible.

Don't wear a high cut decolletage. Have the low bodice cut to an extremity of decollete, and build up the top with patchy effects to the required height.

A False Note.

"Don't you hate anything like that?" asked a woman of her neighbor in the car, looking where she had indicated by a nod. There was apparently nothing that would incite such a remark but a stylishly dressed girl who had just taken her seat. But as the eye traveled down her costume in search of what offended it rested on the bottom of her skirt, beneath the folds of which was visible the dusty, bedraggled edge of her underskirt. All the daintiness seemed to vanish, and suggestions of untold carelessness arose in the mind.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

RAINY RIVER MAN HAD TROUBLES

TILL DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIS KIDNEYS

Then his Rheumatism and Other Pains Vanished Once and for all—His Case Only one of Many.

Barwick, Ont., June 5.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism, or any other disease resulting from disordered kidneys is the experience of many of the settlers of this Rainy River country. The case of William John Dixon of this place, is a fair sample of the work this great Canadian Kidney Remedy is doing.

"I had Rheumatism so bad I had to use a stick to walk, I had pains in my back and right hip, and I had no comfort in sleeping.

"I could no more than dress and undress myself for nearly two months, and for nearly three weeks I could not lace my right shoe.

"My brother advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I did so. After taking three boxes I could walk around and face up my shoes and do my work. Six boxes cured me completely."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure cure for sick Kidneys. Sick Kidneys are the cause of nine-tenths of the ills the human family suffers from.

The First Astor and the Poet.

John Jacob Astor and his son rigidly attended to business in the same office, a little one story building in Prince street, just east of Broadway. Their constant companion there was Fitz Greene Halleck—Marco Bozzaris Halleck. Halleck became a clerk for Astor in 1832 and worked seventeen years. The employment, he himself said, was not "profitable, but permanent." Astor warned him when he began not to talk to any one of his wealth. The two men became great friends. Halleck spent months with his patron at his country seat and became one of the trustees of the Astor library. The poet frequently rallied the old man on his wealth. "Why, Mr. Astor," he would say, "if I had $200 a year and was sure of it I would be content." The great landowner took him at his word, and in his will, much to the amusement of bohemian New York, left Halleck an annuity of $200.—Burton J. Hendrick in McClure's.

The Chilly House of Commons.

A speaker in the house of commons has to address "the most chilling, nerve destroying audience in the world." Even such a cool headed, seasoned orator as John Bright once said, toward the end of his career, too, "I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself, but the fact is that I never rise in the house without a trembling at the knees and a secret wish that somebody else would catch the speaker's eye and enable me to sit down again." And Disraeli, who boasted that he had no nerves, declared: "The blare of trumpets, a thousand lookers on, have induced men to lead a forlorn hope. Ambition and one's constituents have induced men to do a far more desperate thing—speak in the house of commons."—London Mail.

Going to Bed in India.

Going to bed in India is a very different process from going to bed at home. To begin with, it is a far less formal process. There is in the hot season no shutting of the door, no cutting yourself off from the outer world, no going upstairs, and, finally, no getting into bed. You merely lie down on your bed, which, with its bedding, is so simple as to be worth describing. The bed is a wooden frame with a webbing laced across it, and each bed has a thin cotton mattress. Over this one sheet is spread, and two pillows go to each bed, bolsters not being used. That's all. Some people do not even have the mattress, preferring the coolness of a piece of fine matting.

Crimes Against Animals.

"The cooks of today," wrote Yuan Mei, a Chinese author of the nineteenth century, "think nothing of mixing in one soup the meat of chicken, duck, pig and goose. But these chickens, ducks, pigs and geese have doubtless souls, and these souls will most certainly file plaints in the next world of the way they have been treated in this. A good cook will use plenty of different dishes. Each article of food will be made to exhibit its own characteristics, while each made dish will be characterized by one dominant flavor. Then the palate of the gormand will respond without freak and the flowers of the soul blossom forth."

Crossing the Legs.

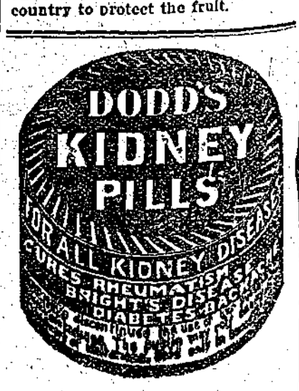
Continually crossing the legs and thus making the joints brittle was stated at an inquest in England to have caused the death of a Bristol asylum inmate. While pulling on her stockings her thigh bone cracked.

The Snake's Skin.

When the snake sheds his skin, which occurs frequently—as often as every four or five weeks—the skin of the eyes comes off with the rest. Translucent in most parts, the skin over the snake's eye is perfectly transparent.

Ants and Fruit Trees.

For at least four centuries ants have been used in China to protect fruit trees from insect ravagers. Orange trees in Canton are much injured by worms, which infest them, and ants, red and yellow, which make their nests on trees, are imported from the hill country to protect the fruit.



THE MOYIE LEADER

MOYIE, B. C.

WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS

A Series of Articles Describing their Lives, their Aims and Their Influence.

No. 35.

W. F. KERR.

W. F. KERR.

Managing Editor of the Regina Leader

These sketches of Western Canadian editors have demonstrated, if nothing else, that this is a country in which, as Shakespeare said, "Youth must be served." It is essentially a country of young men. Indeed, in perhaps no other country in the world can the same be said with an equal degree of truth. Of all the editors hitherto dealt with in this series of articles, the proportion who have attained middle age is insignificant, and the great majority of them have been men whose extreme youth, when considered in conjunction with the responsible positions they occupy, and the respect they deservedly receive from those who know them, gives one accustomed to always associate responsibility with age a severe shock.

Mr. W. F. Kerr, secretary-treasurer of the Leader Times Co. and managing editor of the Regina Leader, is a typical instance of how western conditions encourage industry and ability. Two years ago he was appointed editor of the most influential weekly paper in the Northwest Territories, and at that time he was only twenty-six years of age. Eight years before that he had been a C. P. R. telegraph messenger boy. The wide arch between the two positions Mr. Kerr had spanned by his own efforts and talents, favored of course, by the opportunities offered him in the wider field the west afforded. The bare facts as stated, constitute the highest authentication, both of Mr. Kerr's capacities and abilities, and of the possibilities of self help and self advancement possible in western Canada.

There must be something in hereditary bias towards certain life callings, for Mr. Kerr,—William Franklin Kerr is the full name—comes from a family of whom several members were newspaper men. His grandfather, Dawson Kerr, founded one of the first papers in Bytown, Canada West, now the city of Ottawa. It was known as the Ottawa Valley Advocate. Mr. Kerr's father, Dawson Kerr, worked on the Advocate for some years as a compositor, it being his special duty during the Crimean war to set the matter pertaining to that struggle. This was before the days of the Atlantic cable, and there was fierce rivalry after the arrival of a mail packet from England to see which local paper could first get out the news, the fastest compositors being always put at that work. Another of Mr. Kerr's family, an uncle, after whom he was named, was also a newspaper man, being editor of the Jackson City (Michigan) Citizen during the American Civil war.

It was thus no doubt inevitable that the Mr. Kerr should drift into the world of journalism. From his earliest boyhood the smell of printers' ink and the rush and hustle of a newspaper office had attractions for him. While still at school his amusement used to be, not so much in sports, though in out of door life few men take a keener, or more healthy interest, but in setting type and running a small hand press.

Mr. Kerr is a Huron boy, having been born in Goderich in October, 1876. He was educated at St. Thomas public schools, having in the interval been at Grand Rapids (Mich.) and Ottawa, with his parents. After completing school, he entered the C. P. R. telegraph service at Ottawa, and for two seasons was detailed in the House of Commons branch office, where he naturally became acquainted with the most prominent men in Canadian journalism and politics. In 1898 on the contest of the Free Press passing from Mr. W. F. Luxton, Mr. A. J. Magum was selected by the management as its editor. Mr. Magum was the doyen of the Ottawa Press gallery, and when he began the selection of the staff for the new regime, among others he selected was Mr. Kerr, in whom he had detected the promise of higher possibilities in the faithful discharge of his duties as a telegraph messenger. It was in October, 1898, that Mr. Kerr joined the Free Press staff, as the assistant and secretary to the editor in chief. Towards the end of his period of service with Western Canada's great daily, he was given several important special assignments, one of which was to accompany the Prince of Wales across the continent in his Canadian tour. Mr. Kerr was the youngest of the correspondents accompanying the royal party.

In February of 1902 the increasing political duties of Mr. Walter Scott, M. P. for Assiniboia West, and the editor of the Regina Leader, and his long absence from Regina, made it necessary for him to depute his work of managing the paper, and, in looking for a man to act in his stead, his choice fell on Mr. Kerr. In addition to his duties as managing editor of the Leader, Mr. Kerr is now the secretary-treasurer of the Leader-Times Company, the concern which owns both the Regina Leader and the Moose Jaw Times.

As is well known, the Leader is, with three exceptions, the oldest of the Territorial papers, its seniors being the Saskatchewan Herald, published at Battleford, the Edmonton Bulletin, the paper of which Hon. Frank Oliver is proprietor, and the MacLeod Gazette. The Leader was started by Nicholas Flood Davin and the C. P. R. in reality for the purpose boosting the Regina town site and was subsequently purchased by Mr. Walter Scott. Under his management and that of his deputy, Mr. Kerr, it has attained a still stronger hold on the confidence of the people of the Territories. It is now engaged in the erection of a new home that will be the most up-to-date newspaper building in the new province of Saskatchewan, and outrival that of any office in Canada in a town of no greater population than Regina. It will consist of three stories and a basement, and without equipment, will cost $25,000.

As a newspaper man Mr. Kerr is admitted by all to be one of the most able in the west. Neither in his writing nor in his personal characteristics does he display any of that flashy brilliancy which, especially among journalists, often passes for talent. His qualifications are of the solid and enduring variety, strong, common sense, a levelheadness that no excitement can sweep off its feet, a steady devotion to high personal and professional ideals, moderation of utterance combined with fearlessness of thought, considerable talent in organization and a high degree of executive ability. He is as yet young, and the possibilities of his future may best be measured by the accomplishment of his past. His friends—of whom he has hosts, without as far as is known, a single enemy—confidently predict for him that he will be a figure to be reckoned with in both the thought and the action of the new province of Saskatchewan.

As might be gathered from his newspaper affiliations, Mr. Kerr is a staunch Liberal, one of the founders of the Young Men's Liberal Clubs of the west. He is an attractive and forcible public speaker, and in request on that account in all campaigns.

PALE, FEEBLE GIRLS

A GREAT RESPONSIBILITY RESTS ON MOTHERS OF GROWING GIRLS.

A great and serious responsibility rests upon every mother whose daughter is passing the threshold of girlhood into womanhood. She is at a crisis, and if she is to be a healthy, happy woman, she must develop rightly now. She must not be pale, sunken-eyed, sallow, languid and bloodless at this time. She must have additional strength and rich, pure blood to help her to strong, healthy womanhood. There is only one absolutely certain way to get new, rich, health-giving blood, and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every pill helps to make rich, life-giving blood, that brings strength to every organ in the body and the glow of health to pale, sallow cheeks. Thousands of pale, anaemic girls in all parts of Canada have been made well and strong through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Rachel Johnson, Hemford, N. S., says:—"As a result of overstudy in school, the health of my daughter, Ellen, became greatly impaired. She grew extremely nervous, was pale and thin, and suffered from most severe headaches. She had no appetite, and notwithstanding all we did for her in the way of medical treatment, her suffering continued, and I began to feel that her condition was hopeless. Indeed I began to feel that her mental powers were failing. One of my friends strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to do anything that might help her I sent for a supply. After using the pills for less than a month, we saw that her vigor was returning, and in less than three months her health was fully restored. Considering the fact that she had been ill for two years, and that doctor's treatment did her not one particle of good, I think her cure speaks volumes for the wonderful merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The new blood which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make, is the whole secret of their power to cure diseases. That is the reason these pills cure anaemia, heart palpitation, headaches, and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney troubles, and a host of other ailments due to bad blood and weak nerves. But be sure you have the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. If in doubt, write direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Willie — Pa, where is Dresden? Teacher said we'd have to find it, an' I can't. Pa—Why, it's in China, of course. Didn't you ever hear tell o' Dresden China?

Husband—Everything I tell you goes in one ear and out the other. Wife—A pair of diamond earrings wouldn't.

Irate father—You certainly don't resemble me in any respect. Son—I know it, sir; there's no fool like an old fool.

Ayer's

Why is it that Ayer's Hair Vigor does so many remarkable things? Because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair, puts new life into it. The hair

Hair Vigor

cannot keep from growing. And gradually all the dark, rich color of early life comes back to gray hair.

"When I first used Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was about all gray. But now it is a nice rich black, and as thick as I could wish." —MRS. SUSAN KLOPENSTEIN, Tuscumbia, Ala.

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

for Gray Hair

A Good Meal

IS ALWAYS MORE ENJOYABLE WHERE THE DELICIOUS

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA IS SERVED. IT'S THE PUREST TEA THE WORLD PRODUCES.

Sold only in Sealed Lead Packets. 40c, 50c, 60c. per lb. By all Grocers.

HIGHEST AWARD AND GOLD MEDAL, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

William Pinkerton, the detective, was praising the various cash registering devices that have come of late years into world-wide use. "These machines," he said, "have undoubtedly diminished crime. I heard of a clerk in a grocery store the other day who was getting $8 a week. He had to be on duty at 7 o'clock in the morning, and he was not through till 7 and sometimes 8 at night. He found time, though, to get married, and the week after the ceremony he asked his employer for a raise. "'Why, Horace,' the employer said, 'you are getting $8 a week. What ails you? When I was your age I kept a wife and two children on $8 a week and saved money besides.' "'They didn't have cash registers in those days,' said Horace, bitterly."

Dea'ness 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 you have a rumbling sound, or imperfect 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.

A well known judge fell down a flight of stairs, recording his passage by a bump on every step until he reached the bottom. A servant ran to his assistance, and, raising him up, said: "I hope your honor is not hurt." "No," said the Judge, sternly, "my honor is not hurt, but my head is."

Minard's Liniment Used by Physicians

He—It's impossible to please everybody in this world, isn't it? She—I don't know, I've never tried it.

COLOR OF CIGARS.

The Black Weeds Are Not Always the Strongest Ones.

Probably there is not one smoker in a thousand who would not be surprised and, in fact, incredulous if he were told that the color of a cigar is absolutely no guide to its strength. Yet such is the case and a fact well known to cigar manufacturers and importers. The belief of smokers that cigars of dark color are strong and those of a lighter shade are milder is, in point of fact, as fallacious as it is general. This is but one of many delusions, harbored by consumers of tobacco, which practical cigar men have smiled at and indulged from time immemorial.

A maker of Havana cigars uses but one grade or blend of tobacco in the body or filler of his cigars. Exactly the same stock is used in his conchas, as in his perfectos, in his claros as in his maduros. After the cigars are made, however, his "selector" takes them in hand and classifies them according to the relative shades of the wrappers. This is done to effect a uniformity in the appearance of each box of cigars and to enable the dealer to readily indulge the whims of the self deluded smoker.

Inasmuch as the wrapper constitutes not more than one-tenth of the cigar, it will readily be seen that the degree of its strength or mildness is very inconsiderable in effect. In this connection, however, it is interesting to note that tobacco tradesmen versed in the intricacies of the industry rigidly bar the light colored wrapper from their own smoking tables, knowing that it generally indicates that the leaf was prematurely cut and improperly cured and that it impairs the flavor and burn of the cigar. Cubans, who, by the way, are notably partial to mild tobacco, avoid smoking light colored cigars just as they avoid eating a green orange or an unripe banana.

The prejudice of these natives and of tobacco tradesmen is a logical one and serves to throw into bold relief a peculiar misconception of facts which is both amusing and embarrassing to venders of the fragrant weed.

Whether cigar smokers will ever awaken to the fact that a dark cigar is if anything milder and invariably sweeter and more aromatic than a light cigar remains to be seen.

Remarkable Hotel.

A remarkable hotel is in the Sahara desert. From the windows on two sides nothing but pathless sand is to be seen. On a third side stand 280,000 palm trees.

FOR

FARM HANDS and all kinds of MALE HELP

Apply

North Western Employment Co'y

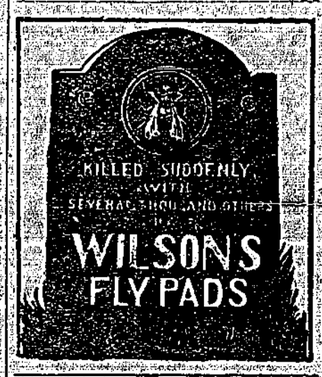
676½ Main St., Winnipeg.

A Pill in Time

will save a serious sickness, especially to people subject to Bilious attacks, Sick Headaches or who suffer from Stomach disorders. A pill in need is a friend indeed, and you should never be without a box of

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.



When Bishop Codman was appointed to the Episcopal diocese of Maine he made a tour of his diocese and happened to stroll into a woodman's cottage. Asking the woman of the house if there were any Episcopollans around there, she replied: "Well, I don't know. They caught some wild thing out here in the woods a couple of weeks ago, if that's what you mean, but I think my husband said it was a woodchuck."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. 34

Oil Magnate—Ah, my boy, a millionaire's position is a hard one. Sceptical Friend—As to how? Oil Magnate—If I hoard my wealth they say I'm a skinflint, and if I give my money away they say I'm trying to ease my guilty conscience.

Happy Days for Baby

The healthy child is a happy child. All its little troubles vanish when it is digesting its food well and is free from childish ailments. The greater part of these ailments arise from stomach and bowell troubles, fever, sickness, teething and worms. Baby's Own Tablets act like magic in these cases, and when children are restless at night they always give sound refreshing sleep. Mrs. A. LePage, St. Lawrence, Que., says: "Baby's Own Tablets had marvellous results in the case of my two months old baby. He was nervous, troubled with colic and badly constipated, but after giving the Tablets he began to improve at once and is now in good health. I also gave the Tablets to my three year old boy who was troubled with worms and they cured him as well. Both children are now the picture of health, and I am always praising the Tablets to my friends." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It happened at a "rummage sale" at Ottawa the other day. An elderly woman, whose appearance showed the effects of battles with many realities of the world, was examining a bit of crepe which had been sent from the mourning robes of some respectable family. The price was five cents. "I think I'll take it," said the woman. "My husband is not very well, and may not last long. A few years ago," she added, confidingly, "I bought a widow's bonnet here. I have never had any need to use it, but I have lent it around to all my neighbors." Thus does the spirit of bargain-hunting spread.

Sunlight Soap

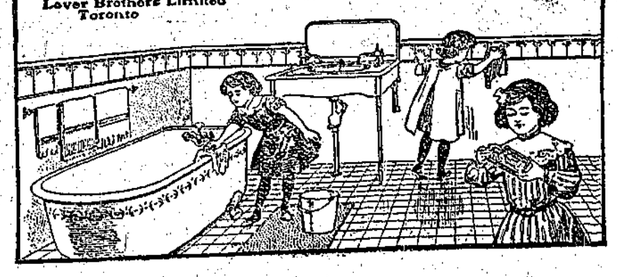
saves wear and tear on you and your clothes. Next wash day try the Sunlight way and see how much more leisure it gives you and how much better it will be for your clothes. Use hard or soft water, the result will be good. No scrubbing, no boiling.

Try Sunlight.

Your purchase money refunded if you are not satisfied.

1112

Lever Brothers Limited Toronto



Methuselah, being only a little over 400, and still in the vigor of young manhood, bethought himself of the duty of providing for his descendants and made application for a policy of life insurance. The medical director of the company coldly turned him down. What's the matter? demanded Methuselah. "Don't you consider me a safe risk." "No sir, replied the medical director. The records show that your father lived only 365 years, and the probability is that you have some hereditary taint. We can't afford to take chances on you. Methuselah said nothing. He merely went ahead and outlived the insurance company.

The World is Full of Pains.—The aches and pains that afflict humanity are many and constant, arising from a multitude of indistinguishable causes, but in the main owing to man's negligence in taking care of his health. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was the outcome of a universal cry for some specific which would speedily relieve pain, and it has filled its mission to a remarkable degree.

A city girl was visiting her country cousin. While walking out several butterflies passed her. "Oh! dear me! what charming little birds! They are a perfect treat!" They are not birds, my dear," replied her cousin, "they are butterflies." "Oh! you don't say so! Then those are the dear little creatures that fly from flower to flower and gather the sweet butter that we use. They are too sweet for anything."

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE CURES RHEUMATISM.—It is sure, harmless and acts quick; gives almost instant relief and an absolute cure in from one to three days; works wonders in most acute forms of rheumatism. One man's testimony: "I spent 6 weeks in bed before commencing its use—1 bottle cured me."—66

Judge—What were you doing in the henhouse, Sambo? Sambo—Well—er—Jedge, mah missus wah feelin' pohly and heh doctah declared she must have poached eggs. I wah jes' poachin' a few, Jedge, accordin' to odahs.

Ask for Minard's and Take no Other

"You cannot keep me down," shouted the great orator at a public meeting; "though I may be pressed below the waves I rise again; you will find that I come to the surface, gentlemen." "Yes," said an old whaler in the aldience, "you come to the surface to blow."

A CRY FOR HELP.—A pain in the back is a cry of the kidneys for help. South American Kidney Cure is the only cure that hasn't a failure, written against it in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the bladder, gravel and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant signs. This powerful liquid specific prevents and cures.—30

Do you find that it costs as much to keep your automobile in repair as it would to feed a horse? "I never had a horse, so I can't say. But there's one advantage. I can let my automobile stand unrepaired a week or two every month while I save up the money I need to get it fixed. Now, you know, you couldn't do that with a horse. It would have to go on eating just the same."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

Twins—Oldad—By George, old man, you must be feeling tip top! Your chest is puffed out and——Nudad—Ha! ha! That's what I'll name 'em—Tip and Top!

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

According to a story told by Henry Berlinger, Secretary of the Municipal Civil Service Board, a candidate for appointment to the police force was recently asked to tell the distance from the moon to the earth. He wrote the following answer: "I don't know the distance, but I am sure it will never get on my beat, even when it is full."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT.

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

A young lady teacher, who was a great favorite with the poet Whittier, had recently married. Meeting the young husband one day, Mr. Whittier remarked: "John, thee ought to be on the schoolboard." The young man, somewhat surprised, said: "Why, Mr. Whittier, what makes you think so?" "Because," was the reply, "thee is such a good judge of schoolma'ams."

INDIGESTION, THAT MENACE TO HUMAN HAPPINESS, pitiless in its assaults, and no respector of persons, has met its conqueror in South American Nervine. This great stomach and nerve remedy stimulates digestion, tones the nerves, aids circulation, drives out impurities, dispels emaciation, and brings back the glow of perfect health. Cures hundreds of "chronics" that have baffled physicians.—68

A flashily-dressed negro walked into the West Sixty-eighth street police station the other night and asked Sergean Thomson if he could have a detective. "What do you want a detective for?" asked the sergeant. "Well, boss, mah wife done run away with another man and Ah thinks she wants me." "You'll have to go to a private detective for that, we can't help you." "How much will one of them cost me?" "About $5 a day, and he'll take at least two days." "H'm; two days at $5 a day! Ah guess I'll let her go, boss."

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

The western man who had raised fifteen bouncin boys received a cordial welcome when he called at the White House. "Ah," said the President, shaking hands, "I must congratulate you. What a blessing it must be to raise such a family of boys!" "Well," replied the westerner, slowly, "it's what I call an expensive blessing. Wasn't for these boys thar'd be a roof on our house today." "But, my dear sir, I do not understand. What has become of the roof?" "Why, by gum, I used up all the shingles spanking the boys."

W N U No 536

WHEN NERVES PLAY OUT

Mind as Well as Body is in Danger—Help Found in

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Suicide, insanity, failing sickness, paralysis. These are some of the results of worn-out nerves.

The vitality of the body cannot stand the strain, and, overcome by worry, failing health, anaemia, menstrual derangements, overwork or exhausting disease, mind and body have been wrecked.

No one would neglect a disease so dreadful in its results as nervous exhaustion if the danger were only realized with the first symptoms.

The time to begin the restoration of the nerves is by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is when you find yourself unable to sleep at nights, suffering from headaches or neuralgic pains, indigestion or weak heart action.

Loss of flesh and weight, growing weakness and debility, a tendency to neglect the duties of the day, gloomy forebodings for the future, and other implications of depleted nerves.

You cannot liken Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to any medicine you ever used. It's a mere vitalizer and tissue-builder of exceptional power.

Naturally and gradually it rekindles life in the nerve cells and forms new red corpuscles in the blood—the only way to thoroughly cure nervous disorders.

Mrs. W. R. Sutherland, St. Andrews, Man., writes:—"In February, 1903, I was stricken with paralysis, fell helplessly on the floor and had to be carried to bed. The doctor pronounced it a bad case as I had no power in my tongue or left leg. I remained in that position for six months without obtaining benefit from the doctor's prescriptions or other medicines.

"My husband advised me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and by the use of this treatment all symptoms of the disease disappeared. I can now talk plainly, my leg is all right and I can do my housework. How grateful I am to be cured by so wonderful a remedy."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Minard's Liniment Used by Physicians

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy. "I should whip whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son. "Well then you'd better get up your muscle," said Tommy, "cuz pop's broke it."

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

Father, in the hall, has been standing for half an hour while Millicent and Harold bid each other good-night in the doorway. "'Parting,' quotes Harold, 'is such sweet sorrow that I could say good-night till'"——At this speech father gets a Shakespearian inspiration of his own and tramps down the stairs. "Seems to me," he asserts, that there is too much adieu about nothing here."

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

Mrs. Nuwed—My husband is fond of boiled potatoes with the jackets on, so you may send me up a dozen. The Grocer—A dozen potatoes. Yes ma'am. Mrs. Nuwed—And the same number of jackets. And be sure the jackets are fashionable, please.

A Parisian scientist, while testifying to the greater purity of the air in the vicinity of forests, does not attribute the cause to a greater richness in oxygen—the quantity of the latter being the same in the atmosphere of woods as in plains—but to the absence of those agents which vitiate the atmosphere of towns. When forests are not surrounded by marshes a well treed region is next to exempt from epidemics. Versailles is a case in point. It is surrounded by a screen of forests. Epidemics are unknown, yet the city has the most wretched water.

Holystone.

The holystone is a soft stone used by sailors for scrubbing decks and is said to have got its name because it was originally used solely for Sunday cleaning. Others assert that the first stones used for this purpose were taken from churchyards, while it is also said to get the name from the fact that a sailor has to go on his knees to use it.

FITS Liebig's Fit cure for Epilepsy and kindred affections is the only successful remedy, and is now used by the best physicians and hospitals in Europe and America. It is confidentially recommended to the afflicted. If you suffer from

Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance,

or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is afflicted, THEN SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and try it. It will be sent by mail, prepaid. It has cured where everything else has failed.

When writing mention this paper, and give full address. For sale by all druggists.

CURED

The Liebig Co., 179 King St. W., Toronto.

Send your name and address for copy

16 Pages Beautifully Illustrated, showing many New Premiums.

And Pages of Choice Recipes for Cakes and Cookies, Cold Desserts, Home-Made Candies, etc. Simple and Economical.

Free for Stamp. Send TO-DAY.

Blue Ribbon, Dept. R, Winnipeg.

Western Canada's Great Industrial Exhibition

WINNIPEG

JULY 20--28, 1905

$50,00 in Prizes and Attractions

Reduced Fares on all Railways.

Prize Lists and Attractions Programs Mailed on Application.

F. W. DREWRY, President

R. J. HUGHES, Sec.-Treas.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

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

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....$2.00

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1905.

The late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone once said: "Nothing except the mint can make money without advertising." This is why Gladstone is remembered as the Grand Old Man

IS MOYIE QUIET?

The remark is often heard, "With Moyie's big payroll, why is the town so quiet?" To the stranger the town no doubt does look quiet at times. That is during the day especially when most of the men are at work. But the business men as a rule are busy and are well satisfied. True, there are not the number of "booze fighters" in Moyie now that there were four years ago, but it is also true that the percentage of legitimate bills beaten is noticeably less. The fact of the matter is the working men all over the country have taken a tumble to themselves and are saving their money where at one time they squandered it. Then in Moyie there is only the one working mine, and married men for this reason are reluctant about bringing families here. This means that a large amount of money is sent out of town each month that would otherwise be spent right at home. But Moyie has no idle men, no paupers, no Chinamen, no millionaires, no automobiles to dodge, and her jail seldom has an occupant. Moyie is a clean town, a pretty town and a prosperous town.

Lead is again hovering around the £13 mark, which causes the mine-owner to broaden his smile.

From present indications there will be plenty of keen competion on Dominion Day for the two silver cups.

One week from today Moyie will hold her big annual celebration, and no pains should be spared to make it the best ever held here.

A question has arisen in the east as to whether clergymen may speculate. If so the next question to be settled in many communities is will he as to what the clergymen are to speculate with.

The drunkard's path leads to the grave," says Dr. Parkhurst. Come again, Doc. and do better, else you will never get the ear and attention of the masses of our drunkards who know very well that any old path leads to the grave.—White Horse (Y. T) Star.

The committee in charge of next Saturday's celebration should see to it that where all the principal events take place a space be roped off that the crowd may be kept back and all may have an equal opportunity of seeing what goes on.

An Ingersoll woman had a hat-pin in her arm and didn't know it. We have always feared, on seeing a woman jab a hat-pin through her hat into where her head ought to be that she would neglect to pull it sometime when she took her hat off. This one probably worked down to the arm.

Some of the Russian newspapers are inclined to say mean things about our own "Teddy." The epithet, "Sroker," hurled at him by an important St. Petersburg paper that is close to the reactionary government leaders, will not disturb the president if he can serve the interests of the world by inducing the belligerents to buy a first class article of peace.—Spokesmen Review.

Just What Every one Should Do.

Mr. J. T. Barber of Irwinville, Ga., always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand ready for instant use. Attacks of colic, cholera morbus and diarrhoea come on so suddenly that there is no time to hunt a doctor or go to the store for medicine. Mr. Barber says: "I have tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which is one of the best Remedies I ever saw. I keep a bottle of it in my room as I have had several attacks of colic and it has proved to be the best medicine I ever used." Sold by S. K. Harvie.

Church Services.

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

C. McDIARMID, Pastor

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

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

NOTICE.

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR LAND GRANT ACT.

GRANTS of land made to Volunteers, their heirs or assigns, under authority of this Act, are subject to the condition that such lands shall have been selected by the grantees on or before the first day of July, 1905. Notice is, therefore, hereby given that applications for such lands must be filed at a Government Office by that date.

R. F. GREEN,
Chief Commissioner of Land & Works.
Land and Works Department,
Victoria, B. C. 26th May 1905.

MINERAL ACT.
(FORM F.)

CEIRTFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Mollie Eaton Mineral Claim, situate in the Fort Steele Mining Division of East Kootenay District.

Where located—On east side of Lower Moyie lake.

Take notice that I, Thos. T. McVittie, F. M. C. No. 87310, Agent for F. J. McMahon, Free Miners' Certificate No. B60591, 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 claim.

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

Dated this 24th day of May, A. D. 1905.

THOS. T. McVITTIE.

St. Joseph's Convent.

NELSON, B. C.

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

W. R. BEATTY

Embalmer and Undertaker,

Phone 89. CRANBROOK.

Our Factory Knows No Substitute For LEATHER

Nothing but good, honest leather can find a place in a Leckie Boot.

What's the use anything else for a Western Miner, Logger or Prospector? When far away from the busy haunts of man he needs footwear that will not go back on him.

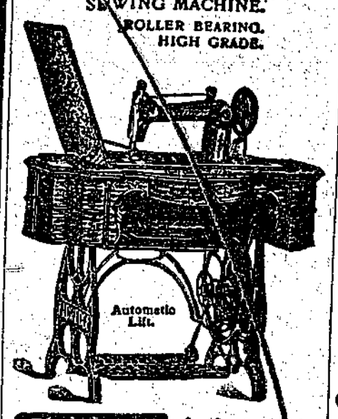
Leckie Boots are just such Boots. They are a western product for western people.

For sale by all dealers.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. LECKIE CO.
(LIMITED)
VANCOUVER, — — B. C.

"The Eldredge"
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.

Fishing Tackle

The best part of the season for fishing is yet to come, and we are well prepared to meet your wants in this line. We have the largest stock in town to choose from, and can fit you out at prices to suit you.

RODS AT	40 Cts.	TO $11.00.
Reels	25	2.50.
Lines	10	1.50.

Also a good assortment of new flies, fly books, leaders, fish bait, trolls, hooks, sinkers, baskets and nets.

S. K. HARVIE,
THE POSTOFFICE DRUG STATIONERY STORE, MOYIE, B. C.

INVESTIGATION

shows that many a good watches are spoiled by tampering. No matter how little you suppose is the matter with yours better

HAVE US FIX IT

A whole lot of damage can be done by those who are not acquainted with the delicate mechanism. We know watches and can repair them as they should be. Bring us yours if it doesn't go just right.

W. F. TATE & SON.
Graduate Optician, CRANBROOK

P. BURNS & CO

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

MEAT MERCHANTS

Fresh and Cured Meats, Fresh Fish, Game and Poultry. We supply only the best. Your trade solicited.

MARKETS

In all the Principal Cities and Towns in British Columbia

CRANBROOK, B C.

HEADQUARTERS FOR EAST KOOTENAY

A. L. McKILLOP

ASSAYER.

NELSON, - - B. C

MOYIE BREWERY

Keg Beer, Bottled Beer and Porter always on Hand.

JOSEPH NIEDERSTADT, Propr.

CHRIS. NIELSEN,
(MOYIE.)

General agent in British Columbia for:

LIQUID ELECTRICITY,
MAGNETIC COMBS,
ASBESTOS LAMP WICKS.

For further particulars regarding these goods call on or write,

PREST PHOTO CO.
CRANBROOK AND MOYIE.

O. F. DESAULNIER
DEALER IN
WOOD, COAL & FEED

PROMPT DELIVERY.

Queens' Ave. MOYIE

A. GRENIER,

Awnings Made to Order, and Upholstering Done in First Class Style.

Cranbrook, B. C.

CROW'S NEST STEAM Laundry

CRANBROOK, B. C

FIRST CLASS WORK.

We Neither Patronize or Employ Chinese.

Leave Work with

A. B. STEWART & CO.

A. C. BOWNESS

Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchant.

Agent for Calgary Brewing Co.'s

Beer, Ale and Porter.

T. Label & Co.'s

Hay and Grain.

Schlitz and Calgary BEER.

Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

CRANBROOK.

E.G. GWYNNE.

Cigars, Tobaccos, Confectionery, Fruits, Etc.

FARRELL BLOCK, Victoria St.

Barber Shop

And Bath Rooms.
In STONE Building.
First Class Work.
Baths open every day.

A. L. FRANKLIN

IF YOU HAVE A

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

Or if you wish to invest in any of these consult

FARRELL & SMYTH.

Save Time

ALL THE TIME.

BY USING

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

TO

Seattle, Tacoma

AND ALL

Pacific Coast Points

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