YOUR WATCH will
give careful attention if
with us for repairs.
W. H. WILSON,
WELLER CRANBROOK

THE MOYIE LEADER

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

VOL. II NO. 49. MOYIE, B. C., MARCH 13, 1909. $2 A YEAR

DRY GOODS ARRIVED FOR SPRING.

Our shelves are again crammed with spring goods.

We have bought twice the quantity this year than on any previous occasion, and having cleaned up on our recent sale we are now prepared to show the people of Moyie a New Stock of Spring Goods. Market prices on most lines of dry goods have gone down; cut in price but not in quality. Bring your friend and see the new goods.

CAMPBELL'S
FOR QUALITY.

E. G. GWYNNE,
Cigars, Tobacos, Confectionery
FRUIT, ETC.
CARRELL BLOCK MOYIE

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

Expect next week another car of
CALGARY MILLING CO'S
FAMOUS HUNGARIAN PATENT
FLOUR
with Bran, Chops, Shorts etc.
Also a car of Potatoes.
J. W. FITCH'S COME AND SEE US REGARDING PRICES

"Your Own Store."
Just one year in business.
What is the result?
That every buyer of groceries has been paid a large dividend by the reduction in prices.
Moyie Co-Operative Association, Ltd
handles only the best grade of goods.
A fresh shipment of groceries and fruits to arrive in a day or two.
UNION MEN. UNION GOODS.

MOYIE'S LEADING HOTEL
Hotel Kootenay
The best of accommodations for the Traveling Public.
Large and Commodious Sample Rooms. Billiard Rooms.
McTAVISH & CAMERON Proprietors.

JUST ARRIVED.
Some nobby styles in Derby shoes, just the kind you have been looking for in Oxfords and Bals. Also our new spring samples of 20th Century Clothing. Call and leave your measure for the latest style for spring at the up to date Furnishing House.
E. A. HILL,
THE FURNISHER.

Imperial Bank of Canada.
Capital Authorized ---------- $10,000,000.
Capital Paid Up ---------- 5,000,000
Rest ---------- 5,000,000
BRANCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA,
Arrowhead, Golden, Kamloops, Michel, Nelson, Revelstoke, Victoria and Vancouver
Savings Bank Department.
Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.
CRANBROOK BRANCH.
J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager.

GENERAL FLOAT

The C. P. R. time now prevails in Nelson.

Nelson is to have a new hospital. Also an ambulance.

The annual fee to the Rossland board of trade is $2.50.

Public schools of Vancouver are to be provided with telephones.

The Panhandle smelter at Sandpoint is in the hands of a receiver.

The LeRoi mine at Rossland has been closed down for an indefinite period.

The ice on the arm of Kootenay lake is broken up and the steamers now run into Nelson.

John Huston is advertising his paper, the Prince Rupert Empire, for sale.

The East Kootenay district, closed five years, will be open for big game this year, one animal per man.

It is reported in Spokane that the Spokesman-Review has passed into the hands of the Standard Oil people.

A vein 40 feet wide and 400 feet long has been struck in the ninth level of the War Eagle mine at Rossland.

D. R. McDonald has opened the Nova Scotia hotel in Hosmer. He probably serves fish every day.—Greenwood Ledge.

A man who knows says he would choose Lester Patrick of Nelson as one of an "all star" hockey team for Canada.

The capping on the Frisco group on the west side of Moyie lake is said to be equal to that found in the early development of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan in the Coeur d'Alenes.

C. H. Aylard and John A. Finch are working 30 men on the Standard group near Silverton. An average of five carloads of silver lead ore is being shipped per month which figures at from $700 to $800 per car, or $35 to $40 per ton.

Presbyterian Church.

Service on Sunday evening at 7.30. Rev. Thos. Paton will sing a solo entitled "Somebody."

On Friday at 7 p. m. an entertainment by the Sunday School children will be given. Refreshments will be served, and a collection to defray expenses. Everybody invited.

Relief Funds Short.

The audit of the Fernie district relief fund has disclosed the fact that there is an apparent shortage in the books amounting to a sum in the neighborhood of nine hundred dollars. As the secretary, H. G. Lockhart, was in office when the irregularity is supposed to have occurred is out of town, it has been impossible to learn whether he will be able to satisfactorily explain the discrepancy, but his many friends in Fernie feel convinced that he will be able to do so.

TWO SNAPS

$600—Buys Furnished House and Lot. Clear title. House rents for $15 a month.

$1500—Buys boat business and house on Moyie Lake complete. Terms given.

ROOMS—Several rooms suitable for housekeeping. $10 per month.

F. J. SMYTH.
BOX 4 ---- MOYIE

St. Patrick's Day

Next Wednesday will be St. Patrick's Day, the day which is so dear to the heart of every son and daughter of the Emerald Isle that is over the sea. A noble saint was St. Patrick, and he is of a worthy people whose influence is felt in every quarter of the globe, and whose intelligence and industry are adding daily to the world wherever there is an equal chance extended to them. All creeds and conditions seem to welcome the day, and on the 17th of March there will be many jolly gatherings in honor of the beneficent old saint.

The day will be fittingly observed in Moyie. A good live committee is getting up an interesting program for the concert in the evening, and after the concert refreshments will be served. At the concert there will be vocal and instrumental selections, recitations, etc. The concert will be held in Morley hall, and judging from the advance sale of tickets there will be a crowded house. Tickets for concert and supper will be 75 cents.

Monte Cristo Tonight.

FREDRICK CLARKE who will appear tonight at Morley hall in the role of the "Count of Monte Cristo."

A Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Ray Clothier, sister of Roy Clothier of Moyie, took place at Indian Head, Man., on March 2nd, when she was wedded to Mr. Ned Boyle of Winnipeg. Mr. and Mrs. Boyle are now at the coast, and they will return home via. Moyie and the Crows Nest.

Another Residence.

Robt. K. Wallace has purchased lot 6 in block 10 on north Tavistock street, and will commence at once the erection of an 18x24 cottage, which will be used for rental purposes.

K. of P. Ball.

The committee which has in hand the getting up of the K. of P. ball on April 14th consists of Chas. J. White, W. J. Feltham, E. A. Hill, A. Gill, C. H. Livesley and Cecil McMillan. Supper will be served at one of the hotels. Tickets will be $2.

A Fraternal Visit.

The members of Key City Lodge I. O. O. F., Cranbrook, intend paying the Moyie lodge a fraternal visit on the evening of March 23rd, when their degree team will confer the first degree.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Moyie Telephone & Electric Light Co., will be held in the Central Hotel sample room on March 19th at 8 p. m.

At Bankhead five hundred tons of briquetts are made each day from hard coal dust, which formerly went to waste.

LOCAL ASSAYS

"Monte Cristo" at Morley hall tonight.

Tim Carlson has gone to Montana.

Judge Wilson was up from Cranbrook yesterday.

A. J. Drewry came over from Rossland yesterday.

There will be mass at the Catholic church on St. Patrick's Day.

There will be services at the Catholic church tomorrow.

Barney Wilson came home from the hospital Wednesday.

Harry Dimock returned yesterday from a trip to the coast.

W. H. Wilson, the Cranbrook jeweler, was in Moyie for payday.

Wm. Smith has gone to his ranch in Trochu Valley, Alberta.

A. S. Roberts was in Cranbrook the early part of the week.

Alonzo Benning left Monday for Morrissey and Fernie.

Sewing done by Mrs. Woods at her residence on Queens avenue.

FOR SALE—Letter press, almost new. Apply at Leader office.

Mrs. Martin Morrell came over from Rossland Thursday to join her husband.

"Red" Charlie Farrell is again in the Moyie camp after an absence of several years.

Wm. Carlin, Fort Steele's heavyweight merchant, was in town Wednesday.

Miss C. A. McKinnon is working in the postoffice during the payday rush.

J. Wilford Jones, secretary of the B. C. auxiliary of the Canadian Bible society was in town yesterday.

Dr. Dall, the dentist, left yesterday for Hosmer, where he will probably remain for a month or more.

The Ten Cent Tea at the Presbyterian church Thursday afternoon and evening was well patronized.

M. A. Beale, of the firm of Beale & Elwell, Cranbrook, was in Moyie Thursday looking after his different interests here.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wier at their residence on the St. Eugene hill, on Tuesday, March 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. McGrath were up from McGillivary last Sunday. They were former residents of Moyie.

"A Man that Made Good." will be the subject at the Methodist church Sunday night. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Strangers welcome.

Graham Cruickshank, the new foreman at the St. Eugene concentrator, came over from Rossland last Saturday.

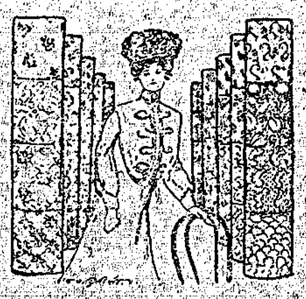
There was a very pleasant little party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. K. Wallace Thursday evening. There were 14 guests.

Messrs. Roberts & Messinger expect the arrival of their goods about March 20th, and they will open their store to the public about the 25th.

The election of officers for the Miners' Union is not complete, as another ballot will have to be taken for the office of financial secretary. The complete list will be published next week.

There was a moving picture show at Morley hall Thursday and Friday nights. The same show will be here next week for a night or two. Reduced prices 25 and 15 cts.

"Rorie" McDonald, the blind violinist, has been in town for several days. Some 20 years ago he lost his sight, and he took up the violin as a means of making a living. He met many old friends in Moyie whom he had known back in Ontario.



Carpet Squares, Floor Rugs and Linoleums.
Higher grades shown. Patterns the new est.

This season we are showing a larger range in Carpet Squares and Floor rugs. With the improved coloring methods softer colors are introduced and more delicate tints used.

LINOLEUMS

We bought for this year "Import" and can show you a range of 25 patterns to choose from in 3 qualities. We also had the manufacturers make up a book specially of our own patterns which we will be glad to let any one have for a short time who care to make a selection in this way. It also shows the quality of the linoleum

Values to stand behind our reputation.

MacEachern & Macdonald

Carried Through.

A resident of Moyie had a novel experience the other day. He was at the concentrator just as a freight train was pulling out for the east. He climbed up the side of a boxcar expecting to jump off when the train reached the station, not thinking for a moment but it would stop. But there is where he erred in his judgement for the engineer "gave her speed" and the train did not stop until it got to the tunnel, and the man had the pleasure of counting the ties the six miles back to town.

Trail Smelter.

At the smelter of the Consolidated Company at Trail the company is now treating 40,000 tons of ore per month and the gross value of the monthly output is over $400,000, or $4,8000,00 worth per annum, of which 10 per cent is gold, 22 per cent of silver and lead each, and 16 per cent copper. The ores are being supplied largely from the company's properties. The company also occasionally purchases copper ores from Idaho

Accomplishments.

From a business point of view there is nothing so fatal for a woman to possess as "accomplishments." The market is flooded with ladies of limited incomes, limited brains and a tremendous quantity of "taste."—Lady's Realm.

New Railway.

We have news from a reliable source that one of the objects of the C. P. R. in stopping work on the Kootenay Central is to rush the construction of the Arrowhead and Kootenay railway, connecting Revelstoke with the Crow's Nest road, and making Revelstoke the most important railway junction in the province of British Columbia, says the Revelstoke Observer. It is stated the C. P. R. now recognizes this road must be built without delay if the road is to be in position to handle the big grain business which is now being developed between the western prairies and the Pacific coast.

This railway will open up the Lardeau country, which is one of the richest mineral sections of the province and only wants transportation to come to the front. It will also bring the Crow's Nest country a day nearer Vancouver, thus heading off the advantage the Great Northern had against the C. P. R. in saving Crow's Nest passengers a day's journey in their trip to the coast. The opening of this railway will mean the doubling of the staff in Revelstoke.

Ordained Minister.

An ordained minister has been engaged for the Presbyterian church in Moyie, and he will be here about May 1st.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

A pure grape cream of tartar powder. Its fame is world-wide. No alum, no phosphatic acid.

There is never a question as to the absolute purity and healthfulness of the food it raises.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1906, by Rex E. Beach.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVII.

EVEN after Helen had been out for some time she could barely see sufficiently to avoid collisions. The air, weighted by a low hung roof of clouds, was surcharged with the electric suspense of an impending storm, and seemed to sigh and tremble at the hint of power in leash. It was that pause before the conflict wherein the night laid finger upon its lips.

As the girl neared Glenister's cabin she was disappointed at seeing no light there. She stumbled toward the door, only to utter a half strangled cry as two men stepped out of the gloom and seized her roughly. Something cold and hard was thrust violently against her cheek, forcing her head back and bruising her. She struggled and cried out.

"Hold on, it's a woman!" ejaculated the man who had pinioned her arms, loosing his hold till only a hand remained on her shoulder. The other lowered the weapon he had jammed to her face and peered closely.

"Why, Miss Chester!" he said. "What are you doing here? You came near getting hurt."

"I am bound for the Wilsons', but I must have lost my way in the darkness. I think you have cut my face." She controlled her fright firmly.

"That's too bad," one said. "We mistook you for— And the other broke in sharply. "You'd better run along. We're waiting for some one."

Helen hastened back by the route she had come, knowing that there was still time, and that as yet her uncle's emissaries had not laid hands upon Glenister. She had overheard the judge and McNamara plotting to drag the town with a force of deputies, seizing not only her two friends, but every man suspected of being a vigilante. The victims were to be jailed without bond, without reason, without justice, while the mechanism of the court was to be juggled in order to hold them until fall, if necessary. They had said that the officers were already busy, so haste was a crying thing. She sped down the dark streets toward the house of Cherry Malotte, but found no light nor answer to her knock. She was distracted now, and knew not where to seek next, among the thousand spots which might hide the man she wanted. What chance had she against the posse sweeping the town from end to end? There was only one; he might be at the Northern theater. Even so, she could not reach him, for she dared not go there herself. She thought of Fred, her Jap boy, but there was no time. Wasted moments meant failure.

Roy had once told her that he never gave up what he undertook. Very well, she would show that even a girl may possess determination. This was no time for modesty or shrinking indecision, so she pulled the veil more closely about her face and took her good name into her hands. She made rapidly toward the lighted streets which cast a skyward glare and from which through the breathless calm arose the sound of carousal. Swiftly she threaded the narrow alleys in search of the theater's rear entrance, for she dared not approach from the front. In this way she came into a part of the camp which had lain hidden from her until now and of the existence of which she had never dreamed.

The vices of a city, however horrible, are at least draped scantily by the mantle of convention, but in a great mining camp they stand naked and without concealment. Here there were rows upon rows of cribbie houses clustered over tortuous, ill lighted lanes, like blow flies swarming to an unclean feast. From within came the noise of ribaldry and debauch. Shrill laughter mingled with coarse, maudlin songs, till the clinging night reeked with abominable revelry. The girl saw painted creatures of every nationality leaning from windows or beckoning from doorways, while drunken men collided with her, barred her course, challenged her, had again and again she was forced to slip from their embraces. At last the high bulk of the theater building loomed a short distance ahead. Panting and frightened, she tried the door with weak hands, to find it locked. From behind it rose the blare of brass and the sound of singing. She accosted a man who approached her through the narrow alley, but he had cruised from the charted course in search of adventure and was not minded to go in quest of doormen; rather, he chose to sing a chantey, to the bibulous measures of which he invited her to dance with him, so she slipped away till he had leered past. He was some longshoreman in that particular epoch of his inebriety where life had no burden save the dissipation of wages.

Returning, she pounded on the door, possessed of the sense that the man she sought was here, till at last it was flung open, framing the silhouette of a shirt-sleeved, thick-set youth, who shouted:

"What 'n 'ell do you want to butt in while the show's on? Go round—" She caught a glimpse of disordered scenery, and before he could slam the door in her face thrust a silver dollar into his hand, at the same time wedging herself into the opening. He pocketed the coin and the door clicked to behind her.

"Well, speak up. The act's closin'." Evidently he was the directing genius of the performance, for at that moment the chorus broke into full cry, and he said, hurriedly:

"Wait a minute. There goes the finally," and dashed away to tend his drops and switches. When the curtain was down and the principals had sought their dressing rooms he returned.

"Do you know Mr. Glenister?" she asked.

"Sure. I seen him tonight. Come here." He led her toward the footlights and, pulling back the edge of the curtain, allowed her to peep past him out into the dance hall. She had never pictured a place like this, and in spite of her agitation was astonished at its gaudy elegance. The gallery was formed of a continuous row of compartments with curtained fronts, in which men and women were talking, drinking, singing. The seats on the lower floor were disappearing, and the canvas cover was rolling back, showing the polished hardwood underneath, while out through the wide folding doors that led to the main gambling room she heard a brass lunged man calling the commencement of the dance. Couples glided into motion while she watched.

"I don't see him," said her guide. "You better walk out front and help yourself." He indicated the stairs which led up to the galleried boxes and the steps leading down on to the main floor, but she handed him another coin, begging him to find Glenister and bring him to her. "Hurry, hurry!" she implored.

The stage manager gazed at her curiously, remarking: "My! You spend your money like it had been left to you. You're a regular pie chock for me. Come around any time."

She withdrew to a dark corner and waited interminably, till her messenger appeared at the head of the gallery stairs and beckoned to her. As she drew near he said: "I told him there was a $1,000 filly daggin' him from the stage door, but he's got a grouch an' won't stir. He's in number seven." She hesitated, at which he said: "Go on—you're in right," then continued reassuringly: "Say, pal, if he's your white haired lad, you needn't start no rough house, 'cause he don't flirt wit' these dames none whatever. Naw! Take it from me."

She entered the door her counselor indicated to find Roy lounging back watching the dancers. He turned inquiringly—then, as she raised her veil, leaped to his feet and jerked the curtains to.

"Helen! What are you doing here?"

"You must go away quickly," she gasped. "They're trying to arrest you."

"They? Who? Arrest me for what?"

"Voorhees and his men—for riot or something about last night."

"Nonsense," he said. "I had no part in it. You know that."

"Yes, yes—but you're a vigilante, and they're after you and all your friends. Your house is guarded and the town is alive with deputies. They've planned to jail you on some pretext or other

He towered himself down over the dancers.

and hold you indefinitely. Please go before it's too late."

"How do you know this?" he asked gravely.

"I overheard them plotting."

"Who?"

"Uncle Arthur and Mr. McNamara." She faced him squarely as she said it and therefore saw the light flame up in his eyes as he cried:

"And you came here to save me—came here at the risk of your good name?"

"Of course. I would have done the same for Dextry." The gladness died away, leaving him listless.

"Well, let them come. I'm done, I guess. I heard from Wheaton tonight. He's down and out, too—some trouble with the 'Frisco courts about jurisdiction over these cases. I don't know that it's worth while to fight any longer."

"Listen," she said. "You must go. I am sure there is a terrible wrong being done, and you and I must stop it. I have seen the truth at last, and you are in the right. Please hide for a time at least."

"Very well. If you have taken sides with us there's some hope left. Thank you for the risk you ran in warning me."

She had moved to the front of the compartment and was peering forth between the draperies when she stifled a cry.

"Too late! Too late! There they are: Don't part the curtains. They'll see you."

Pushing through the gambling hall were Voorhees and four others, seemingly in quest of some one.

"Run down the back stairs," she breathed and pushed him through the door. He caught and held her hand with a last word of gratitude. Then he was gone. She drew down her veil and was about to follow when the door opened and he reappeared.

"No use," he remarked quietly. "There are three more waiting at the foot." He looked out to find that the officers had searched the crowd and were turning toward the front stairs, thus cutting off his retreat. There were but two ways down from the gallery and no outside windows from which to leap. As they had made no armed display, the presence of the officers had not interrupted the dance.

Glenister drew his revolver, while into his eyes came the dancing glitter that Helen had seen before, cold as the glint of winter sunlight.

"No, not that, for God's sake!" she shuddered, clasping his arm.

"I must for your sake or they'll find you here, and that's worse than ruin. I'll fight it out in the corridors so that you can escape in the confusion. Wait till the firing stops and the crowd gathers." His hand was on the knob when she tore it loose, whispering hoarsely:

"They'll kill you. Wait! There's a better way. Jump." She dragged him to the front of the box and pulled aside the curtains. "It isn't high, and they won't see you till it's too late. Then you can run through the crowd."

He grasped her idea, and, slipping his weapon back into its holster, laid hold of the ledge before him and lowered himself down over the dancers. He swung out unhesitatingly, and almost before he had been observed had dropped into their midst. The gallery was but twice the height of a man's head from the floor, so he landed on his feet and had drawn his revolvers even while the men at the stairs were shouting at him to halt.

At sight of the naked weapons there was confusion, wherein the commands of the deputies mingled with the shrieks of the women, the crash of overturned chairs and the sound of trampling feet, as the crowd divided before Glenister and swept back against the wall in the same ominous way that a crowd in the street had once divided on the morning of Helen's arrival. The trombone player, who had sunk low in his chair with closed eyes, looked out suddenly at the disturbance, and his alarm was blown through the horn in a startled squawk. A large woman whimpered, "Don't shoot," and thrust her palms to her ears, closing her eyes tightly.

Glenister covered the deputies, from whose vicinity the bystanders surged as though from the presence of lepers.

"Hands up!" he cried sharply, and they froze into motionless attitudes, one poised on the lowest step of the stairs, the other a pace forward. Voorhees appeared at the head of the flight and rushed down a few steps only to come abruptly into range and to assume a like rigidity, for the young man's aim shifted to him.

"I have a warrant for you," the officer cried, his voice loud in the hush.

"Keep it," said Glenister, showing his teeth in a smile in which there was no mirth. He backed diagonally across the hall, his boot heels clicking in the silence, his eyes shifting rapidly up and down the stairs where the danger lay.

From her station Helen could see the whole tableau, all but the men on the stairs, where her vision was cut off. She saw the dance girls crouched behind their partners or leaning far out from the wall with parted lips, the men eager, yet fearful, the bartender with a half polished glass poised high. Then a quick movement across the hall suddenly diverted her absorbed attention. She saw a man rip aside the drapery of the box opposite and lean so far out that he seemed in peril of falling. He undertook to sight a weapon at Glenister, who was just passing from his view. At her first glance Helen gasped, her heart gave one fierce lunge, and she cried out.

The distance across the pit was so short that she saw his every line and lineament clearly; it was the brother she had sought these years and years. Before she knew or could check it the blood call leaped forth.

"Drury!" she cried aloud, at which he whipped his head about, while amazement and some other emotion she could not gauge spread slowly over his features. For a long moment he stared at her without movement or sign while the drama beneath went on, then he drew back into his retreat with the dazed look of one doubting his senses, yet fearful of putting them to the test. For her part, she saw nothing except her brother vanishing slowly into the shadows, as though stricken at her glance, the curtains closing before his livid face, and then pandemonium broke loose at her feet.

Glenister, holding his enemies at bay, had retreated to the double doors leading to the theater. His coup had been executed so quickly and with such lack of turmoil that the throng outside knew nothing of it till they saw a man walk backward through the door. As he did so he reached forth and slammed the wide wings shut before his face, then turned and dashed into the press. Inside the dance hall loud sounds arose as the officers clattered down the stairs and made after their quarry. They tore the barrier apart in time to see, far down the saloon, an eddying swirl as though some great fish were lashing through the lily pads of a pond, and then the swinging doors closed behind Glenister.

Helen made her way from the theater as she had come, unobserved and unobserving, but she walked in a dream. Emotions had chased each other too closely tonight to be distinguishable, so she went mechanically through the narrow alley to Front street and thence to her home.

Glenister meanwhile had been swallowed up by the darkness, the night enfolding him without sign or trace. As he ran he considered what course to follow—whether to carry the call to his comrades in town or to make for the creek and Dextry. The vigilantes might still distrust him, and yet he owed them warning. McNamara's men were moving so swiftly that action must be speedy to forestall them. Another hour and the net would be closed, while it seemed that whichever course he chose they would snare one or the other—either the friends who remained in town or Dex and Slapjack out in the hills. With daylight those two would return and walk unheeding into the trap, while if he bore the word to them first then the vigilantes would be jailed before dawn. As he drew near Cherry Malotte's house he saw a light through the drawn curtains. A heavy raindrop plashed upon his face, another followed, and then he heard the patter of falling water increasing swiftly. Before he could gain the door the storm had broken. It swept up the street with tropical violence, while a breath sighed out of the night, lifting the litter from underfoot and pelting him with flying particles. Over the roofs the wind rushed with the rising moan of a hurricane, while the night grew suddenly noisy ahead of the tempest.

(To be Continued.)

Mother (in a very low voice)—"Tommy, your grandfather is very sick. Can't you say something nice to cheer him up a bit?" Tommy (in an earnest voice) — "Grandfather, wouldn't you like to have soldiers at your funeral?"

I Can't Praise Them Too Much

SO SAYS CHARLES BELL OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He had Rheumatism for Ten Years and the old Reliable Kidney Remedy Cured Him Completely.

North Range, Digby Co., N. S. (Special.)—"I am so filled with gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills that I cannot praise them too highly." These are the words of Mr. Charles Bell, well known here, and they are echoed by many another who has been freed from the tortures of rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered terribly from rheumatism for ten years," Mr. Bell continues. "I was so bad I could scarcely get in and out of bed. After trying various medicines without getting relief a friend advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes cleaned the Rheumatism right out of me."

That's what Dodd's Kidney Pills do to Rheumatism—clean it right out of you. They do this simply and naturally. Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. When the kidneys are healthy they strain this uric acid out of the blood. With no uric acid in the blood there can be no Rheumatism. Consequently to cure Rheumatism cure your kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure the kidneys.

The Venus of Milo explained.

"Pulled 'em off hanging on car straps," she said briefly.

Thus we learn beauty does not always obtain a seat.—New York Sun.

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

See here," said the irate roomer to the chambermaid, "don't you ever sweep under the bed?"

"I always do," answered the girl innocently. "It's so much handier than using a dustpan."—Chicago Daily News.

TOO LITTLE BLOOD

Responsible for Nearly all of the Misery Women Endure.

Anæmia is written on the features of ninety women out of a hundred. Unmistakeable are the signs of "too little blood." The weaker sex is assailed at all stages by the evils resulting from bloodlessness, from the girl who is weak and languid, with dull eyes, pale lips, fitful appetite and palpitating heart, to the woman who feels "never well," with pains in the back and across the shoulders, fainting fits and aching limbs. And later at life's turning point, nervous disorders and heart troubles make great calls on a woman's strength.

At all ages Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to the female sex, for they alone possess the power of making in abundance the rich, red blood of health. They fill the starved veins with new blood, so that enfeebled bodies are strengthened, weak nerves are fortified, and robust health is restored.

Mrs. E. Smith, Windsor, N.S., says: "A few years ago my health began to fail. I suffered greatly from inward troubles, and in about a year's time my whole system was almost a wreck. My blood had turned to water, and my heart had become so badly effected that I could scarcely go about. In fact life had almost become a burden, and there seemed little hope for me. One day a friend asked me if I had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and told me that she had been in almost the same condition I was and that the Pills had restored her to her present splendid health. I took courage from what my friend told me and began to take the Pills. I took them regularly for several months, constantly growing stronger, and the internal troubles from which I had been afflicted were disappearing, and my whole system seemed to have gained new strength. I wanted to make certain that there would be no return of the trouble and I continued to take the Pills for a time after I had really fully recovered. Since I have proved for myself what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can do, I have recommended them to a number of suffering people, and those who have given them a fair trial have proved with me that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just what they are recommended to be."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Teacher—Is there suposed to be any vegetation on the moon?

Shaggy-haired Pupil — Yes'm. There's lots of things planted in the dark of it.

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

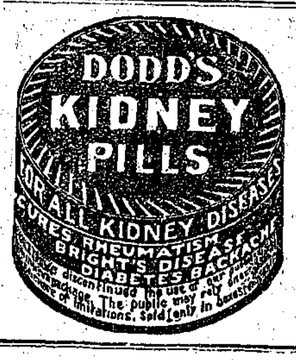
"I notice a man who had a cold in his head has committed suicide."

"Poor fellow! Now what fool friend could have advised him to try that remedy?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Happy Bride (on wedding tour)—You say we are coming to a tunnel, Harry? Is it a long one?

Bridegroom (momentarily depressed)—Yes; entirely too long. The conductor tells me they light up the cars before entering it.—Chicago Tribune.



EPIGRAMS OF A QUEEN.

Witticisms of Marie Leczinska, the Wife of Louis XV.

The wife of Louis the Well Beloved had more need than most of the consolations of wisdom and philosophy. That she possessed them both in a marked degree is quite evident. "To great goodness Marie Leczinska joined solid information," says Imbert de Saint-Amand in "The Court of Louis XV." "She knew six languages—Polish, French, Italian, German, Swedish, Latin. Men of letters were struck by the shrewdness of her judgment on things of the mind. Several of her maxims have been preserved, which attest a lofty soul and a profound knowledge of the human heart. Here are some of them: 'We ought not to reflect more on the faults of others than will suffice to preserve ourselves from them.' 'Human wisdom teaches us to conceal our pride; religion alone destroys it.' 'To live peaceably in society we must open our eyes to the qualities which please us and shut them on the follies and caprices which shock us.' 'The women who pique themselves most on knowing what it is allowable for them to be ignorant of are those who care least about instructing themselves concerning what it is shameful not to know.' 'Many princes have regretted when dying that they had made war; we never see any who repented of having loved peace.' 'Good kings are slaves, and their people are free.' 'The only thing which can make amends for the slavery of the throne is the pleasure of doing some good.' 'In politics, as in morals, the shortest way to make men happy is to endeavor to make them virtuous.'"

CRANBERRY LORE.

Several Delicious Ways of Preparing This Much Used Berry.

There are all kinds of ways of preparing cranberries. Some cooks serve them as a very acid, thin sauce and take the trouble to strain it. This is a mistake. Cranberries should be heavily sweetened and cooked with little water, so that they can be molded in pretty individual molds.

A quart of cranberries require only a cupful of boiling water. Boil steadily rather rapidly for twenty minutes, add two cupfuls of sugar and cook for ten minutes longer. An exact time must be given in cooking cranberries if one wishes to have them jelly properly. Almost any cranberries will jelly perfectly if cooked exactly according to these directions. Do not strain them. Pour into small china molds. This gives a dark, rich looking mold that is not too acid, yet preserves all the individuality of the fruit.

Spiced cranberries are something like spiced currants. Put two even tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one of ground cloves and half a tablespoonful of ground allspice into a muslin bag and tie it up. Simmer it in a cupful of cold water for half an hour. Then add the spiced water, to seven pounds of cranberries, three and a half pounds of sugar, and two cupfuls of cider vinegar. Cook slowly until thick and then seal up in jars. Some housewives serve this in place of the ordinary cranberry sauce as a novelty.

Cranberry sherbet is a refreshing dessert. When not frozen very stiff it is sometimes used as a unique sorbet to serve at an elaborate turkey dinner. This ice melts easily, so that it should be served immediately. To make it, boil a quart of cranberries with two cupfuls of water until soft. Add two cupfuls of sugar and stir until dissolved. Let it cool, add the juice of one or two lemons and freeze. Some housewives may prefer the ice sweeter.

For a novel cranberry pie have at hand a cupful of cranberries, half a cupful of seeded raisins, a cupful of sugar, a cupful of boiling water, a tablespoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of vanilla if you like the flavor. The pie will be just as good, if not better, without it. Cut the berries in half and cover them with cold water. Let them stand while you chop the raisins and mix them with the flour, sugar, boiling water and flavoring. Lift the berries from the water and stir them into the mixture. Bake it between two crusts.

King Outside Politics.

A correspondent who called the attention of the King's private secretary to a New Year's letter from H. C. Brodie, Liberal M.P. for the Reigate Division of Surrey, to his constituents, in which he stated that "the King and the nation have found in Mr. Asquith a new Prime Minister of the highest talents," has received a reply from Lord Knollys, in which he says:

"The King strongly disapproves of his name being used in political circulars. I need hardly say, therefore, that His Majesty's name did not appear in the communications which you forwarded to me with his permission."

Waffles in Style.

"Isn't it good news that waffles are really in style? Every one has always known that waffles with sirup were extremely good, but until recently they have been half forgotten. Now they are actually fashionable, and it is quite the thing to serve them with brown sugar or maple sirup as a separate course at a luncheon.

This being the case, it is well to know just how to make them. Made with rice, they are delicious. A good recipe calls for a cup of boiled rice, three eggs, one ounce of butter, two cups of sour milk and one teaspoonful each of salt and soda.

Stir into the rice the creamed butter and the eggs, which have been beaten to a froth. Add the salt and soda, stir in the milk and add flour enough to make a thick batter.

Be sure that the waffle irons are very hot and buttered. Fill them three-quarters full with the batter and bake carefully.

The Crater's Mouth.

"Now, Pearl Bean," asked the Wyoming schoolma'am during the geography lesson, "what is it that volcanoes throw up?"

"Wait a minute! I know—don't tell me!" cried Miss Bean excitedly. "It's saliva! Redhot saliva!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

MAGISTRATE'S ECZEMA CURED AFTER 20 YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Zam-Buk's Healing Power Proved by School Commissioner and Baptist Deacon.

ONE of the most recent converts to the Zam-Buk method of treating and curing disease is Mr. C. E. Sanford, of Weston, King's Co., N.S.

Mr. Sanford is a Justice of the Peace for the County, and a member of the Board of School Commissioners. He is also Deacon of the Baptist Church in Berwick. Indeed, throughout the County it would be difficult to find a man more widely known and more highly respected.

Some time back he had occasion to try Zam-Buk, and here is his opinion of this great balm. He says:—

"I never used anything that gave me such satisfaction as Zam-Buk. I had a patch of eczema on my ankle, which had been there for over twenty years. Sometimes, also, the disease would break out on my shoulders. I had taken solution of arsenic, had applied various ointments, and tried all sorts of things to obtain a cure, but all in vain. I was advised to give Zam-Buk a trial, and as I am a firm believer in Nature's remedies, I did so. From first applying it I saw it was altogether different to the ordinary ointments and embrocations, and it soon began to show signs of clearing away the eczema on my ankle. This was so gratifying, that I persevered for some time with it, and I am glad to say it had the desired result. I am now cured of the disease which defied every other treatment for twenty years.

"This is not the only direction in which I have proved the merits of Zam-Buk. I suffered for a long time from piles, and I found a perfect cure for this painful ailment in Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk soothes the pain, relieves the congested veins, and so restores the elasticity to the tissues that the piles gradually but surely disappear."

Zam-Buk is a positive and certain cure for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, piles, festering sores, ulcers, scalds, blood-poisoning, eczema, scabs, chapped hands, cold cracks, chilblains, ringworm, scalp sores, bad legs, diseased ankles, and all other skin diseases and injuries. Rubbed well into the parts affected, it cures neuralgia, rheumatism, and sciatica. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box; three for $1.25, and, post free, from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse the harmful imitations sometimes represented to be just as good.

Zam-Buk

RAW FURS

Write for Weekly Price Lists. Shipments Solicited.

JOHN HALLAM TORONTO, ONT.

A Definition

Lawyer—After all, what is an insane man?

Alienist—One who has committed a crime and can't prove an alibi.—Cleveland Leader.

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

She—Is it true that Miss Blank is going to marry the Prince?

He—Er—well, they have issued a denial of the story which contradicted the report as to the falsity of the rumor that the account was untrue.—Brooklyn Life.

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

"You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at that athletic match yesterday, and you have called me 'the well known lightweight champion.'" "Well, aren't you?" said the editor. "No. I'm nothing of the kind, and it's confoundedly awkward because, you see, I'm a coal merchant!"—Scottish American.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Went Him One Better.

One of the occupants of a railway carriage was a gentleman who beguiled the time by telling some rather "tall yarns" of his experiences abroad. A solemn looking individual with a camera and tripod sat in a corner seat and listened without a shadow of a smile. The traveler, having concluded an impressive story, says London Punch, began again: "I never see a camera but it reminds me of a sad occurrence that befell a friend of mine while we were traveling in Italy. He was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and when we climbed Vesuvius nothing would satisfy him but a near view of the crater. He wanted to go to the very edge. The guides told him of the danger. It was the last seen of my poor friend! Sad, wasn't it, sir?" he added, turning to the solemn man. The latter shook his head. "Do you doubt my word?" said the traveler. "No," returned the solemn man, "I don't doubt your word, but I fancy your memory is failing." "Eh? How so?" "Because," said the solemn man slowly and gravely—"because I am the man! And yet you don't remember me! I came out again on the other side of the globe, but I got my view!" There was dead silence for a few minutes afterward, and the traveler got off at the next station.

Gun With a History.

The modern sportsman who objects to a gun weighing more than seven pounds would find burdensome a gun purchased by Arthur Seran of Wewoka, Okla., from a negro farmer, eighty years old, who lives near that place. The gun was given to the old negro when he was a small boy by his master in Texas. It is a double barreled eight gauge shotgun, handmade, weighing sixteen pounds, twist barrels, muzzle loader. This gun has a remarkable history, and the old negro's master, William Kimbrew, who was one of the pioneers of Texas, in Lennon county, made many a hard fight with the gun against the Indian and Mexican marauders in the old Texas republic.—Kansas City Times.

Old Time Sports.

Hard riding was an achievement in which our great grandfathers excelled, says London Tit-Bits. Squire Osbaldeston rode 200 miles in under nine hours on relay horses, and wanged to back himself to ride the distance in eight hours. A quaintier test, according to our standards, was the match arranged between Horace Ross, riding his horse Cinnet, against Lord Kennedy's Radical, ridden by Captain Douglas. Ross knocked Douglas head over heels over a rale as the riders had agreed that jostling, charging, and crossing were to be allowed at the jumps and anywhere else. Those conditions of racing do not belong to our day, but the hardihood has not left modern polo grounds. Everybody knows the story of the polo player with a broken collar-bone who rode off his man again and again as if nothing had happened.

Then there is the extraordinary record in marksmanship of Horatio Ross, who in a pigeon match with Lord Macdonald gave five yards and then won the match with a total of fifty-two pigeons out of fifty-three shots at thirty-five yards. Another extraordinary feat not frequently performed was that he would go out and kill as many as twenty swallows before breakfast. It was Ross who offered to walk anybody to London for $2,500, and nobody would accept the challenge.

A Nervous Wreck Now in Robust Health.

Mrs. M. E. Harron, of Newton, Ont., writes: "I must say our son would have been in a consumptive's grave long ago had it not been for PSYCHINE. He was taken down with La Grippe and a severe cold. His whole system was weak, including his lungs, which were seriously affected, as is always the case after La Grippe.

"After taking several remedies and treatments we procured PSYCHINE, and tongue cannot tell the marvellous results brought about in two months. He gained over twenty pounds in weight, and strength and appetite returned."

Mr. Harron himself is most emphatic as to the beneficial result of using PSYCHINE. He declares, "To-day I am in splendid health and have never been sick a day since I took PSYCHINE."

PSYCHINE is the greatest tonic known to medical science. It builds up the system and tones up every organ of the body, enabling it to resist and throw off disease. Weak nerves cannot exist where PSYCHINE is used consistently. Send for a trial bottle and prove the truth of these statements.

PSYCHINE is sold by all druggists and dealers, 50 cents and $1.00 a bottle.

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SIKE-EEN) THE GREATEST OF TONICS FOR HEALTH AND ENERGY

WAS TAKEN SICK FROM CATCHING COLD PE-RU-NA RELIEVED.

MISS ERNESTINE BOUVARD, Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, Canada, writes:

"At the close of 1903 I took sick as the result of catching cold. I became very weak and could not do anything. I consulted a doctor who had me take various kinds of medicine, but I did not find any relief from my suffering. At the advice of a friend, I wrote to you and you advised me.

"After I had taken two bottles of Peruna there was noticeable improvement. I combined the use of Peruna, Manalin and Lacupin and after taking several bottles of each I find myself entirely cured.

"I can certify that it was through your medicines that I recovered my health. I advise every one who is similarly afflicted to obtain Dr. Hartman's advice and be benefited."

Mrs. Wilda Mooers, R.F.D. No. 1, Lents, Oregon, writes:

"For the past four years I was a wretched woman, suffering with severe headaches and other pains, leaving me so weak and weary that it was only with difficulty that I was able to attend to my household duties.

"I used different remedies, but found no relief until I had tried Peruna.

"Within two weeks there was a change for the better, and in less than three months I was a well and happy woman.

"All the praise is due to Peruna.

"Peruna is not a local remedy, but an internal systemic remedy. It will relieve catarrh in its most obstinate form.

Badly Put.

The minister of a certain Yorkshire church recently asked for a prolonged holiday on account of his wife's health. The church was very sympathetic, and at a special meeting the senior deacon endeavored to express the sentiment. "We are all sorry he has to go away," he declared, "especially for such a reason. But let us hope the cause will soon be removed."

On Sale Everywhere.—There may be country merchants who do not keep Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, though they are few and far between, and these may suggest that some other oil is just as good. There is nothing so good as a liniment or as an internal medicine in certain cases. Take no other. The demand for it shows that it is the only popular oil.

The visitors in the historical museum gazed curiously at a small leather pillow, which nestled in a glass case.

"I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked one of the visitors, turning to the guide.

"It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters."—Lippincott's.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
(Seal.) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The lawyer told Mike Dolan, his client, that he had a good fighting case. Mike mused a minute and then said do any good to send his Honor a couple o' ducks?" "No, no!" replied the lawyer; "I know him too well. If you did that he would decide the case against you, sure as fate." Two days afterwards the case was heard, and Mike won it out and out. So he called on his lawyer, and in the course of settling up affairs remarked, "Well, you see, sir, it was just as well I sent his Honor those ducks." "What!" exclaimed the astonished counsel; "you sent the ducks after what I said?" "Yes, I did," replied Mike; "only, after that you told me, I thought it just as well to send them from the man in the other side."—Dundee Advertiser.

Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one, then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick. Ask his **opinion** of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.

Ayer's — We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

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

LORD DUDLEY BOYCOTTED.

Australia's Governor-General Has Fallen Foul of the Consuls.

Lord Dudley, the new Governor-General of Australia, is at loggerheads with the foreign consuls-general in that great dependency. In fact, the foreign consuls have inaugurated a social boycott of the earl, which is likely to injure no one but themselves. For inasmuch as Lord and Lady Dudley are by virtue of their official rank, their wealth, and their great personal popularity, the hub of all social life in Australia, the refusal of the consuls to meet the Governor-General merely has the effect of their cutting themselves off from intercourse with all those people who constitute the best and most agreeable classes of the community.

Through the good nature, ignorance of official etiquette, and indifference of former governors of the various antipodean colonies, before Australia was transformed into a huge commonwealth, subject to the sway of a Governor-General, the consuls and consuls-general were permitted to gradually usurp diplomatic prerogatives and status, until they have grown to look upon themselves as not mere consular officials to whom exequaturs had been granted to enable them to fulfill certain clerical duties in connection with the promotion of the trade and the clearing of the shipping of their respective countries, but as full-fledged envoys accredited as diplomatic representatives of their Government to the chief executive of the Commonwealth. They put forward, and by degrees secured, prerogatives that a minister plenipotentiary, or even an ambassador, would hesitate to demand, and were constantly squabbling both among themselves and with the federal and state officials about silly questions of precedence.

Lord Dudley, having heard about this before sailing for Australia, took counsel with the Colonial Department and the Foreign Office in London, and as a result thereof intimated quietly on his arrival in Australia as Governor-General that he did not propose to continue to accord to the consuls any exceptional privileges or to recognize in them envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary of their respective countries.

International law and treaties unite in declaring foreign consuls have no special privileges beyond other foreigners, and are thus subject to the laws, civil and criminal, of the country in which they reside.

The Snake Eradicator.

When a native in India thinks there are snakes in his house, he sends for the "charmer" to remove them. He arrives with an assistant, a crowd of natives from the neighborhood is collected, and the show begins. The audience are ranged in a semi-circle round the entrance to the dwelling, and within this ring the two performers move slowly about, playing their primitive pipes, with the object of luring the snake from his concealment.

Then one of the two men will enter the house, cautiously peer this way and that, while the onlookers watch carefully for the capture. Darting into a dark corner, he will make a grab, and, amid the cries of the delighted audience, emerge with a fine cobra held tightly by the neck.

A close examination of the snake's mouth, however, would reveal the fact that it was quite harmless. The snake is, in fact, a pet animal, carefully concealed in the first instance in the loose folds of the clothing of the "charmer," and is smartly produced at the psychological moment. The house-owner is, however, thoroughly satisfied that his house is rid of the scourge, pays the snake-charmer his fee, and the latter then makes off in search of fresh fields and pastures new, where he is sure of finding other dupes.

Sir Robert Romer as a Poet.

Although noted more for his legal erudition than his wit, Sir Robert Romer, the late Lord Justice of Appeal, who recently celebrated his 68th birthday, possesses the knack of happy retort. Some few years ago there appeared in one of the legal journals some lines addressed to "Miss Equity," in which the writer, while admiring her beauty, described her principles as weak. "The Reply of Miss Equity," written by Sir Robert Romer, was as follows:

My beauteous features you extol,
Because I plainly show them;
My principles appear but weak,
Because you do not know them.

Like the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Robert Romer has always believed in working his muscles as well as his brains. "The harder I worked at sports the better I could work at mathematics," he once said. Rowing and cricket were the pastimes in which he excelled at Cambridge, and in later years he has always made a special point of walking at least eight miles every day.

The Stage Censor.

"He has exercised his important powers unobtrusively and with considerable tact." That is the opinion generally of the theatrical profession concerning Mr. G. A. Redford, whose official position as Examiner of Plays is threatened by Mr. Robert Harcourt's bill, recently presented in the House of Commons. It is with the office, and not the man, that the stage is so wroth—so wroth, indeed, that Mr. Redford has been called the "devil's disciple." Mr. Redford was formerly a bank manager, and does not court popularity. His pet aversion is the photographer, and he also dislikes four-wheelers, since one overturned and nearly killed his wife. Her escape was little short of a miracle, for the vehicle was laden with heavy luggage, which might have fallen through and crushed her as she lay helpless and imprisoned at the bottom of the cab.

One Pipe Lasted 2 Hours, 50 Minutes.

In a smoking contest held at the Walthamstow Baths, England, recently Mr. G. Smith smoked an eighth of an ounce of shag for two hours and fifty minutes without letting his pipe go out. Four hundred men competed, and twenty-five prizes were presented by Messrs. R. and J. Hill, Limited.

Hindus Sue Officials.

Bahari Singh and ten other Hindus of Vancouver are seeking to recover $20,000 damages from Dr. Munro, immigration inspector, for alleged wrongful detention at the C.P.R. wharf last March. Coming from Fiji Islands, the Hindus were detained for deportation under the order in council, as not coming direct from land of origin. Subsequently the order-in-council was disallowed by the courts, it being declared that the Governor-General-in-council had no power to delegate this authority to a minister, and the Hindus were liberated.

TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH

Mix two ounces of Glycerine with a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and a half pint of straight Whisky. Shake well, and take in doses of a teaspoonful every four hours. This mixture possesses the healing, healthful properties of the Pines, and will break a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable. In having this formula put up, be sure that your druggist uses the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared and guaranteed only by the Leach Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.

The Matrimonial Spur.

Long—To what do you attribute your great business success?

Strong—To my wife. She made it necessary for me to earn more money.—Boston Transcript.

Faultless in Preparation.— Unlike any other stomach regulator, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of long study of vegetable compounds calculated to stimulate the stomachic functions and maintain them at the normal condition. Years of use have proved their faultless character and established their excellent reputation. And this reputation they have maintained for years and will continue to maintain, for these pills must always stand at the head of the list of standard preparations.

"Do you find poultry keeping pays?"

"Well, no; I can't say that it pays me, but I think that it pays my boy Jim."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, I bought him the fowls. I have to pay for their keep and buy the eggs from him, and he eats them."—Illustrated Bits.

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

Editor—Have you ever done any work on a newspaper?

Applicant for Position—Yes, sir, for nearly six months I contributed to a column in our home parep under the head of "For the Uplift of Mankind."

Editor—Go to the office of the building on the top floor and see if they want an elevator man.—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,
J. B. LIVESQUE.

St. Joseph, P.Q., 18th Aug., 1900.

"Doctor," growled the patient, "it seems to me that $500 is a big charge for that operation of mine. It didn't take you over half a minute."

"My dear sir," replied the famous specialist, "in learning to perform that operation in half a minute I have spoiled over eleven pecks of such eyes as yours."—Success Magazine.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Logical Deduction.

"Say, paw," queried small Tommy Toddles, "is a man who loves books a bookworm?"

"He is frequently so called, Tommy," replied Toddles senior.

"Then," continued Tommy, "I suppose a woman who loves silks is a silk-worm, isn't she?"—Chicago News.

Men Wouldn't Bother Her.

"I did mean to go to the ball," said Miss Hoamley, "but I can't secure a chaperon."

"Why, it isn't a masked ball," replied Miss Cutting. "So of course if you don't wear a mask you won't need a chaperon."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Bronchitis More Than a Cold

Sometimes it becomes chronic and returns again and again, wearing out its victim.

At other times it develops rapidly into pneumonia—cure is found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Any cold is serious enough when its dreadful possibilities are considered, but when there is soreness or tightness in the chest and a dry hard cough you can look for bronchitis, which is often confused with an ordinary cold.

It is usually known by aching limbs and body pains, chilly feelings, weariness and weakness, pain in the chest and a tight, tearing cough. Fever, dry skin, thirst, coated tongue and constipation are other symptoms.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine seems almost like a specific for bronchitis because it is so successful in loosening up the cough, aiding expectoration and preventing the inflammation from reaching the lungs.

Bronchitis is particularly dreaded because of its tendency to develop into pneumonia and even when this does not result bronchitis is likely to return again and again whenever a slight cold is taken until it wears out even the most vigorous system.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is so prompt in affording relief and so thorough and far-reaching in action that it succeeds when ordinary cough medicines have no influence.

Mr. James F. Thompson, Yonge Mills, Leeds, Co., Ont., writes: "Last winter my boys were so bad with colds on the chest or bronchitis that they coughed all night and could get no rest or sleep. Several cough remedies were tried to no avail until I was told about Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and this treatment soon cured them." 25 cts. a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A NEW MOTHER GOOSE

CANADA NOW HAS HER OWN NURSERY RHYMES.

David Boyle of the Ontario Education Department Has Written a Volume of Jingles For Children Which Are Intended to Replace the Ancient Rhymes With New, Home-Grown Ones to Educate Young Idea.

"Hoppity, jiggity, jig,
"A squirrel upon a twig,
"Isn't it fun
"To see him run?
"Hoppity, jiggity, jig."

Sounds very much like "Jack and Jill went up the hill," doesn't it? That's just what it is intended to be.

It is the first of a series of nursery rhymes lately published by the Musson Book Co., and they fill a long-felt want. With characteristic modesty the author has not put his name upon the publication, signing the nom-de-plume "Uncle Jim."

"Uncle Jim" has been found out, however, and he is Mr. David Boyle, curator of the Ontario Education Department. He has taken the name of his brother James, and supplied the "Uncle" part of it, as Mr. James Boyle is fond of children.

The nursery rhymes are purely Canadian in matter and treatment, and as such are destined to take the place of the doggerel verse which the children of to-day are taught in the nursery.

"As long back as I can remember I have felt the need of Canadian rhymes," said Mr. Boyle. "As it is the children learn a lot of silly stuff that does them no good. What was needed was simple verses with some sense in them which, when the children learned them, would do them some good.

"I composed most of them lying in bed at night. I am not troubled with insomnia once I get asleep, but oftentimes I have trouble in starting off, as it were. Then it was I would hit upon some idea or verse, and doze off thinking it out."

The work is the product of years of labor on Mr. Boyle's part, just how many he cannot say. He composed many more than are published, and in making a selection followed an ingenious plan.

"There is no critic so good, no criticism so exact, as that formed by a child, provided the matter does not go beyond the youngster's mental powers," stated Mr. Boyle.

Acting on that principle he gathered a number of children around him and to them he read the verses. Every one they thought poor went by the board, while only those they selected were published. The result is that many here will appeal to the youthful mind.

The book is profusely illustrated, the work being done by C. W. Jefferys. Mr. Jefferys, whose newspaper illustrations are known throughout the whole of Canada, has certainly excelled himself in this regard. All the drawings are illustrated in colors and many of them are undoubted works of art.

"When the Governor General came to town,
"His lady wore a purple gown,
"But when his Lordship went away,
"Her ladyship wore a gown of gray."

The verse is surmounted by a drawing of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, with the King's crown beneath.

"How the rain pours,
"And the lightnings flash!
"How the wind roars,
"And the thunders crash!
"But my little baby is safe as can be,
"Cuddling here on mother's knee."

That is a verse which appeals to every mother's heart.

"Tommy Temper had a fall,
"He bumped his brow and gave a bawl,
"As soon's his head had struck the floor,
"Niagara never gave such a roar."

On the page is a drawing of the historic Falls of Niagara.

"Up the hill we haul the sleigh,
"Down the hill we go with a dash;
"If we don't steer straight the whole of the way,
"I guess you'll see a bit of a smash."

Many of the kiddies' bigger brothers and sisters can give testimony to the truth of the verse from their experience on High Park and other hills.

A little bit of nature study is contained in the following:

"A mouse and a wood chuck went out to walk,
"And they met a porcupine,
"The woodchuck said 'Good Day,'
"The little mouse said 'Go away,'
"You're so rough that I don't like your talk,
"Although you may think you are fine."

Another verse will appeal to every lover of Canada's national game.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!
"When you play lacrosse
"Hi! Hi! Hi!
"Always give the toss
"To one who is your friend,
"Or soon the game will end,
"Hi! Hi! Hi!
"To your loss."

Another has to deal with the Wicked Crow, who pulled up the corn, of his trial, and of how all the other birds gave evidence against him by reason of his predatory habits.

Another is to the rhyme of "London Bridge is falling down."

"I'm going to see Toronto Fair,
"Toronto Fair, Toronto Fair,
"I'm going to see Toronto Fair,
"Said little Johnnie Jumper."

The other verses tell of the marvels he saw there.

At the end are half a dozen pretty Indian stories in prose.

"It isn't poetry," said Mr. Boyle, "and it isn't supposed to be." But it is an excellent book of verse, neatly gotten up, that will bring joy to more than children.

Pharoah Had Hard Heart.

The Pharoah whose heart was hardened against the children of Israel so that he would not let them go was otherwise known as Menephtah. Some time ago was described the discovery of his mummy in the tomb of Amenhoten II.

Canadian Beggar Abroad.

"Frederick Archdale de Smith," the man who, posing as a paralytic in London, Eng., earned enough money to maintain a villa at Norwood, has an imitator in Justin Alexander, a Canadian, aged 24, who was sentenced to 21 days' hard labor for begging a few days ago. Taking his stand in the gutter in New Bridge street, Alexander begged from the passers-by under the pretence of selling matches. His right coat sleeve was hanging empty. He had lost his right hand but had a wooden one, which was covered with a glove. He preferred, he said, to have the sleeve of the coat empty to excite pity.

THE LONG HALL.

The First Consideration Is to Break the Length.

The long, narrow hall which almost invariably has a part in the arrangement of modern apartments seems to offer very limited scope for effective furnishing, and yet, being the index of the home, from which the visitor gains his first impression, it should receive at least as much care and thought as the rest of the house. A person who has had success in this respect gives the following suggestions:

"The first consideration is to break the interminable length, at the same time increasing its apparent width. To accomplish this plain paper should be used for the walls and of excellent quality even if at the expense of some of the other rooms. Then, in place of the long runner, shorter rugs should be substituted—three or four that range from five to seven or eight feet in length and of the hall width, placed not too close together. Now divide the hall into sections, according to the length, by hanging Japanese portieres across.

"These portieres come at very moderate prices in rush, but the bead ones are much handsomer. In either case the portieres may be separated in the center, drawn aside and fastened with a band of some oriental stuff or a heavy cord. Not only is the effect more attractive, but the apparent width of the hall is increased if the portieres harmonize with or even match the wall paper. The height, too, is further accentuated by the suspension of a lamp or lantern from the ceiling at the center of the sections. The lanterns preferably should be rather small. There are some handsome little ones of wrought iron with colored glass that cost only $1.50, singularly suited for the purpose, the only disadvantage being that they must have candles, which come especially for them.

"Framed pictures, adding ever so slightly to the effect of narrowness, should be avoided, and if decoration is desired it may be accomplished by means of tapestries or handsome antique wall rugs. Armor plate, too, may be used with good effect, and where there is a sharp turn a tall picture screen with three leaves may be spread across the corner, giving a curve instead of the rather unsightly angle, or in this corner there may be room for a taboret for cards or for the telephone, or both."

Opera Box Cushions.

One of the curious things about the renting of a box at the Metropolitan Opera House is that if you do so you have to supply your own cushions for the chairs in it. All of the boxes, except a few in the parterre row, are furnished with one style of chair which has a closely woven cane seat and back and which, like the frame and legs, is heavily gilded. Long ago women occupying the boxes made the discovery that after sitting on one of those chairs through a performance the pattern of the cane weaving was imprinted on the stuff of their frocks, and so some one conceived the idea of having cushions made to use on the night that the box was theirs. This custom has grown to be almost universal, and the cushions are cared for by the attendants and are put in place before the doors are opened, just as the name plates are slid into the frames on the doors of the boxes.—New York Press.

Fallen Shattered Idol.

There is something pathetic in the decadence of the red Indian. The heroes of our boyhood's days—the scalp hunting, panther-like, pathfinding, relentless "braves" of Fenimore Cooper—are now very tame dwellers in compounds. They have even descended to the use of soap.

That is the last straw. The American Indian office has received a request from some of the reserves for 200 tons of soap and 60,000 yards of toweling for the red Indians. Bang goes the red paint in one fell swoop!

Only one more rung on the ladder can follow. That is a demand for hairbrushes. The last of the Mohicans "died on the hill." Happily for his peace of mind, he never lived to see his race using soap.—London M. A. P.

"The physician attending me prescribed, on my rallying from an attack of rheumatism, your *Scott's Emulsion*, which I have been taking every winter since. I find it most valuable in strengthening and building up one after a severe illness. I have not had rheumatism since the time mentioned above and I owe it to your most valuable *Emulsion*. It is my life now, and makes me strong and healthy."—R. PICARD, Grand Ligne, Quebec.

For two hundred years before SCOTT'S EMULSION came Cod Liver Oil was used for rheumatism.

Scott's Emulsion

is modernized Cod Liver Oil; the purest and best oil partly predigested, made palatable and suitable for the most delicate child or invalid. It enriches the blood, tones up the entire system, and drives out rheumatism.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Picard's letter and other literature on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

"GROWING PAINS."

There's No Such Thing—The Cause and the Remedy.

"When I was a child no one knows what I suffered with what used to be called growing pains. They were usually most intense late in the afternoon or at night. Sometimes mother would say, 'Oh, never mind, dear; you will soon be better,' or, 'You will be all right tomorrow; don't cry.' And so I went on until one day the pain really made me ill. The family physician was called in, and he said nine times out of ten these so called growing pains are muscular rheumatism. For the benefit of other little sufferers I would like to tell you about the simple though efficacious remedy he prescribed," writes a contributor in a current magazine.

"When a child complains of aching legs day or night remove at once the shoes and stockings, put two tablespoonfuls of plain bicarbonate of soda in a small foot tub or wash basin (or a wooden bucket will answer), pour on the soda about two quarts of very hot water to dissolve it, put the little feet into this solution as hot as can be borne, add more hot water as that in the vessel cools and let the feet soak until the water does not feel hot.

"Then dry the feet and legs on a soft Turkish towel to get up a fresh circulation. Now moisten the finger tips and palms of your hands slightly with olive oil and rub the soles of the feet and the calves of the legs, not down, in the old fashioned way, but up toward the knees. The heat relaxes the tightened muscles, and the oil softens and feeds them. This affords blessed relief to young or old. It is a great mistake to allow any one to put his or her feet on a hot water bag. It makes them tender. But if the room is cold put the hot bag in the bed to warm it before a person gets in. It should be removed when ready to settle down for the night."

BABY'S OWN TABLETS WILL CURE YOUR BABY

If your little ones are subject to colic, indigestion, constipation, worms, simple fevers, or the other minor ailments of childhood, give them Baby's Own Tablets and see how quickly the trouble will disappear. But better still, an occasional dose of Tablets given to well children will keep these troubles away. Mrs. Allan A. MacDonald, Island River, N. B., says, "My baby suffered greatly from constipation and stomach trouble and Baby's Own Tablets cured him. I always keep the Tablets in the home now." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Belle—Dick says I grow prettier every time he sees me.

Estelle—You should get him to call more often.—Illustrated Bits.

Many patent medicines have come and gone, but Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup continues to occupy a foremost place among remedies for coughs and colds, and as a preventive of decay of the lungs. It is a standard medicine that widens its sphere of usefulness year by year. If you are in need of something to rid yourself of a cough or cold, you cannot do better than try Bickle's Syrup.

THE KING'S SWANS.

All on the Thames Above Staines Are Owned by Edward VII.

For firing a gun at one of King Edward's swans on the river Thames recently Ralph Dickinson, an undiscriminating sportsman, was fined $110 by the Feltham magistrates. It can be seen that trifling with the king's cygnets is still a serious offense in England, though it is not, as in the reign of Charles II., a crime punishable by death.

American visitors to England who have gone into ecstasies over the thousands of swans that are such a feature of the Thames may not know that every bird on the river belongs either to King Edward or the Vintners company, one of those extraordinary institutions in the city of London which exist for the purposes of banqueting.

George I. gave the Vintners the privilege of keeping swans on the river, and they own all the birds below Staines, while the king owns those at Windsor and the upper reaches of the river.

There is constant friction between the king's servants and the Vintners because the birds of both parties will persist in intermarrying.

The Vintners have a great annual function known as the "nicking of the swans," when, to the accompaniment of the consumption of much fine port and sherry, the members of the company go on the Thames and watch their officials catch each swan and mark its wing so as to distinguish it from King Edward's birds.

King Edward has a gorgeous functionary known as "the keeper of the king's swans," who has a distinctive uniform attached to his office, which is described in "How to Dress at Court," the volume recently published by the command of King Edward.

One of the principal duties of the royal swankeeper is to slay two young cygnets Nov. 1 and take them in state to wherever the king is staying. When the birds are cooked the swankeeper accompanies the dish to the royal table.—New York World.

When the Earth Quakes.

Some idea of the stupendous power of the subterranean forces exerted by earthquakes is shown by the changes effected by them in geography. Mountains have been obliterated or new ones formed, islands have been made or destroyed, and whole stretches of coast line wiped out. For instance, in September, 1759, on the lofty tableland about 150 miles southwest of the City of Mexico, a piece of land four square miles in area was suddenly raised 550 feet, and numerous cones appeared, one of them, the volcano of Jorullo, being nearly 1,700 feet high. Java in 1772 suffered in the opposite way, for a tract of country fifteen miles long by six miles broad was swallowed up entirely, a mountain of 9,000 feet being reduced to 5,060 feet only in the process.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

No trouble with Sunlight Soap. Just follow the directions on the wrapper and Sunlight does the rest. Costs little—goes far—never injures hands or clothes.

Cause for Gratitude.

Punch has a piquant cartoon representing a distinguished looking man greeting his wife on returning from a journey with these remarks:—

"Oh, and I say, Laura, before I left town, Mrs. Hugh Wilson gave me three enormous pears for you. I ate one in the train, sat on another, and gave the third away. Don't forget to write and thank her."

Impurities of the Blood Counteracted.—Impurities in the blood come from defects in the action of the liver. They are revealed by pimples and unsightly blotches on the skin. They must be treated inwardly, and for this purpose there is no more effective compound to be used than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They act directly on the liver and by setting up healthy processes have a beneficial effect upon the blood, so that impurities are eliminated.

"How's your new kid?"

"Fine.

"Don't you find that a baby brightens up a household wonderfully?"

"Yes, indeed. We have to have the gas going most of the night now."—Cleveland Leader.

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

A six-year-old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"

"Oh, just like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."—Scottish American.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

"That pretty girl wants a place in the office. Can't we give her a job?"

"What can she do?"

"Well, she earned a prize in botany, and she can make fine welsh rabbit and Battenberg lace."—Cleveland Leader.

An old plasterer is called upon to give evidence for the plaintiff. Counsel for the defendant tries to bully him.

"Have you ever been in prison?"

"Yes, twice."

"Ah! how long the first time?"

"One whole afternoon."

"What! And the second time?"

"Only one hour."

"And, pray, what offence had you committed to deserve so small a punishment?"

"I was sent to prison to whitewash a cell to accommodate a lawyer who had cheated one of his clients."—London Opinion.

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BEST for the most Critical Buyer. BEST for the Economist. The quality of your seed contributes everything to your success. Insist on McKenzie's Seeds, grown for the West. Address

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ATURDAY, MARCH, 13 1909.

A TOAST.

Patrick was a gentleman,
Who, through strategy and stealth,
ove all the snakes from Ireland;
Here's a bumper to his health,
th not too many bumpers,
Lest we lose ourselves, and then—
rget the good S. Patrick
And see the snakes again.

There is another building boom sight for Moyie.

When is a house like an eagle? hen it has wings.

Theodore Roosevelt starts for rica on March 23. It's skidoo r Teddy.

Surely the proposition for a spital for Moyie has not been lowed to drop.

After a man has acquired a illion he can afford to call his aistcoat a vest.

The head office of the East ootenay Lumber Company has een moved from Cranbrook to affray.

About this season of the year e old hen sleeps on her perch d dreams of what she will do to e flower beds in the spring.

The Phoenix camp is pestered ith miners and others jumping ut of town and leaving large ccounts behind. Moyie had the ame trouble some years ago.

Convicted bankers in the ennsylvania penitentiary were alled in to do expert work on e books of the institution and iscovered a discrepancy of more an $26,000.

Rev. Robt Hughes is giving the iners of Cranbrook some "Billy unday" sermons. The last one as entitled "Cranbrook's Twin ockers—The Red Light and the ed Liquor."

Visitors to Revelstoke remark n the quantity and variety of ogs that are seen running at arge. But Revelstoke is not the nly town in which these remarks re heard. The dog nuisance has lmost reached the limit in Moyie.

Revelstoke Herald: Vancouver en are distilling turpentine rom pitch wood with large rofits. Rumor states that a ood alcohol distillery is being lanned for Revelstoke. Just hink of it! A man will soon be able to get drunk with his fence post or a broken chair leg!

Appeal to Reason: President-elect Taft was banqueted at New Orleans on his visit there a few ays ago on his return from Panama. The dinner was given as a ular tribute to the distinguished guest. One thousand gentlemen paid twenty-five dollars each for places and plates at the sumptuous board. This was all very fine for Mr. Taft and for the people who could afford to pay twenty-five dollars for a dinner. But while this epicurean banquet was going on there were millions in the country who could not pay twenty-five cents for a meal's victuals.

Afraid of Ghosts

Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost is a fancy and the germ is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink.

The germ can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish itself and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, restlessness, a sallow cheek, a hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so that the germ finds no weak or tainted spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum but a medicine of known composition and with a record of *40 years of cures*. Accept no substitute—there is nothing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.

J. Peck MacSwain.

Greenwood Ledge:—Spring is upon us. J. Peck MacSwain came on the overland last Tuesday. He is on his way to inspect the Similkameen. Peck won't work if he can get anything else to do. He refused to empty one spitoon for two drinks unless he got one of the drinks in advance. He declined 50c per thousand on a twilight lay in the Ledge. He positively refused a position in Doc Goodeve's menagerie, unless the chair was upholstered and refreshments were served every 20 minutes. Peck has become a non-producer even in wit. The Old Peck is dead. Pray for the soul of Peck MacSwain. There is nothing left but the shell.

The Seattle Fair.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition opens on June 1st, and closes October 16th. All roads are making exceptionally low round trip rates, and granting stop over privileges heretofore unheard of. Under the privileges offered it will be possible for the Exposition-bound tourist to see every scenic wonder that lies between the Mississippi and Seattle. On March 1st the Exposition was ninty-five per cent complete, so that no question remains, if ever there was one that the big fair will be opened on the first day announced, June 1, with everything in place.

Money in Mining.

The big skyscraper building at the corner of Riverside and Stevens st., Spokane, now almost completed, is perhaps the most conspicuous example of easy money made in mining in the Northwest. The owner, August Paulson, who only a few years ago was a working man, made his money in the Hercules mine, in northern Idaho, in which Ed. Boyce, the labor leader was also a partner. The contract price for the building was $800,000 and it is stated that Mr. Paulson was recently offered $1,000,000 for the property as it stands. It will be remembered that Harry Orchard the famous prevaricator, sold his interest in the Hercules for $500, and it was alleged that in revenge for being forced to sell and leave the state that he murdered Governor Stunenberg.—Kaslo Kootenaian.

Fly High!

¶ It pays. Correct dress is the magic key that unlocks every door.

¶ You can fly as high here in quality as you want.

¶ Our thirty-five dollar suits are better than the most custom-finical taste is used to.

¶ You can fly as low as it's safe. Our twelve dollar suits are worth a full eighteen.

¶ High or low, we pledge distinctiveness of style and perfection of fit.

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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 the thoroughness of the Sisters' methods of teaching. Terms commence January, April and Sept. Pupils are admitted during term.

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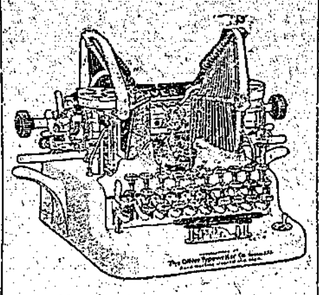

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$125. EASY PAYMENTS.

F. J. Smyth,

Agent - - Moyie

NOTICE

CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN DIVISION, EAST KOOTENAY.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank or the Little Moyie River, and the west boundary of the C. P. R. right of way:- thence west 10 chains, thence north 60 chains, thence east 50 chains, more or less, to Moyie River, hence southward on west bank of river to C. P. R. right of way, then west boundary of said right of way to point of commencement, containing 160 acres, more or less.

HENRY J. COOPER.

Dated Jan. 20th, 1909.

I. O. O. F.

Wildey Lodge No. 44.

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

CHAS. J. WISITE, Noble Grand. F. J. SMYTH, Secr'y.

St. Eugene Lodge No. 37.

K. of P.

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

B. E. TAYLOR, Chancellor Com. E. A. HILL, K. R. and S.

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

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

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Leave work with the local agent

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INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

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Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruit and Candy

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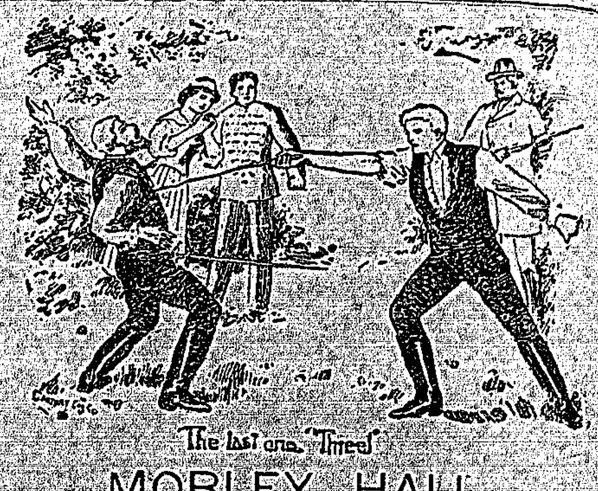
Deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed at current rates. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons and withdrawals made by any one of them or by the survivor.

CRANBROOK BRANCH. R. T. BRYMNER, MGR.



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Saturday, March 13th

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Elegant scenery. Gorgeous costumes.
Great mechanical and electrical effects.

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