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THE MOYIE LEADER.

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MOYIE CITY,

AN IDEAL TOWNSITE For Business and Pleasure; as a Residential Locality Unequalled.

Situated on Moyie Lake. Excellent Fishing, Boating, Bathing and Shooting.

BACKED BY PAY ROLLS

St. Eugene, Lake Shore, Moyie

Mines all within an hour's walk. Good water supply. Exceptional drainage facilities. Has the best prospects.

The Busiest and Most Talked of Town in EAST KOOTENAY.

G. CAMPBELL, Moyie City, B. C.

THE COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

The only house in East Kootenay heated throughout with hot air.

First class in every respect. Special rates to boarders. Good sample room for commercial men.

European plan. Open day and night.

SMALL & MUSGRAVE, Props.

CRANBROOK, - - B. C.

The Central Hotel.

V. DESAULNIER & CO., Props.

The House is Equipped in First Class Style Throughout. Large and Commodious Dining Room. Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars can be had at the Bar.

Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, — — — MOYIE CITY, B. C.

LAKE SHORE HOTEL

S. A. SCOTT, Prop.

This hotel is now open to the public, and is well furnished throughout. None but the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars kept in stock.

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS. MOYIE CITY, B. C

MOYIE HOTEL.

G. CAMPBELL, A. T. CLARK.

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

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MINING MEN.

MOYIE CITY, — — — — — BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SEVEN DAYS, SEVEN CARS

Week's Shipment Was a Carload a Day.

THE TOTAL AMOUNT, 142 TONS

The Sleighing Is Beginning to Give Out Which Makes Ore Hauling Very Difficult.

Seven carloads, or 142 tons, constituted the ore shipments from Moyie for the week ending March 11th. The St. Eugene led with six carloads, 121 tons, and the Lake Shore added another carload, 21 tons, to their list. The sleighing is beginning to give out which is rendering it very difficult for getting out ore for shipment. But this will only have the effect of hurrying up the building of the St. Eugene tramway, so that ore can be brought down from the mine regardless of the condition of the road or weather.

THE LAKE SHORE.

Work on the Lake Shore mine is progressing quite favorably. The tunnel is now in about 160 feet and there is a splendid body of ore in sight. Another tunnel about 100 feet below the present workings will soon be started and drove in on the ledge. This will create a considerable increase in the working force.

Moyie's First Born.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Elmer can now lay claim to being the parents of the first child born in Moyie. A fat and plump nine pound, black haired girl baby arrived at their home in the Lake Shore addition last Monday morning about four o'clock. Mother and child are doing nicely.

Metal Quotations.

New York, March 8.—Bar silver 59½ cents. Lead, $4.30 @ $4.35. The firm that fixes the selling price for miners and smelters quotes lead at $4.10 at the close.

St. Patrick's Day.

On Friday, March 17, there will be a chicken shoot from the front of the Moyie Hotel. Twenty-five cents a shot, six shots to a pool. The nearest the bull's eye gets the bird. An informal hop will be given from 8 to 12 at the Moyie Hotel in the evening to which all are invited. The more the merrier. Come one, come all. Don't wait for further invitation, for "Nothing's too good for the Irish."

CAMPBELL & CLARK.

CRANBROOK ITEMS.

(Cranbrook Herald, March 2nd.)

M. McInnes has moved his family from Fort Steele to Cranbrook.

James Ryan, of the Cranbrook hotel, has been on the sick list but is feeling better.

R. E. Beattie says that he has on the road the largest stock of drugs ever brought into East Kootenay.

W. T. Reid returned Monday evening from Portage La Prairie where he has been for the past three months with his family.

C. A. Miner, of Buffalo, N. Y., arrived Monday night and will take a position in his brother's hardware store as bookkeeper and clerk.

Mr. Williams, partner of W. T. Kaake of the Commercial hotel, arrived from Trail the first of the week for a few days visit in Cranbrook.

George Taylor, while unloading baled hay at Sherlock & Bremner's one day this week, slipped and fell onto the ground, injuring his hand so that he was laid up for several days.

Arrangements have been made by the Messrs. Leitch to enlarge the building occupied by R. E. Beattie and W. T. Reid. The building will be extended in the rear fourteen feet and a second story built. Mr. Beattie will move the postoffice back which will give him more room for his store, and Mr. Reid will be able to greatly enlarge his sales rooms.

McMAHON BROS.

MAMMOTH RETAIL EMPORIUM.

HARDWARE, GROCERIES, PRODUCE.

ALL KINDS OF **Tin Work** — DONE — TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

CLOTHING, Gents' Furnishings, BOOTS and SHOES.

—PROPRIETORS OF—

THE EAST KOOTENAY HOTEL,

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Cor. Victoria St. and Moyie Ave., MOYIE CITY.

LOCAL NEWS.

Chas. Kauffman was in Cranbrook the first of the week.

Dr. King of Cranbrook was in Moyie for a few hours last Monday morning.

J. P. Farrell has had a handsome new desk and wardrobe added to his office on Main street.

Dan McDougald departed for Greenwood, in the Boundary creek country, last Tuesday morning.

Mrs. L. M. Mansfield has joined her husband, who is the C. P. R. operator at the foot of Moyie lake.

Scott Morrell, of the Fort Steele Mercantile Co., Cranbrook, spent several days in Moyie this week.

W. P. White, of the St. Eugene mine, took a short layoff this week and took in the sights of Cranbrook.

Wm. Whyte, manager of the western division of the C. P. R., stationed at Winnipeg, was on the west bound train this morning.

Mr. Neiderstadt is making some alterations in his brewery and intends to be better prepared than ever for turning out beer.

Drop into the LEADER office some time between now and next Tuesday evening and have your name placed on the membership roll of the Moyie board of trade.

Editor Simpson of the Cranbrook Herald, accompanied by Mrs. Simpson, passed through Moyie on Thursday morning's train enroute to Nelson. They will return about Monday.

A gravel train is now at work between Moyie and the foot of the lake distributing gravel along the line for ballast. A large gang of men is following up in the rear putting the ballast in place.

A teamster named Hendricks while driving up the grade between the lake and the railroad track Thursday morning accidently let his foot drop between the timbers of the sleigh. It struck a stump giving is a painful twist, and will deprive Mr. Hendricks of the use of the injured member for several days.

JOHN LEASK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

CRANBROOK.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed. Special Attention Given to Mail Orders.

Suits Made to Order.

Brigham Young's Private Car.

Robert Kerr, C. P. R. traffic manager recently informed a Winnipeg Free Press reporter that the company is in possession of an interesting relic in the shape of what was once the private car of Brigham Young, the patron saint of every devout Mormon. Those who remember the history of the celebrated founder of Mormonism will remember that, in addition to his zeal in propogating the tenets of his religion, Brigham was actively engaged in promoting industaial enterprises of every description, and among these was the Utah Northern railroad, which was built almost entirely by members of the faithful. On this road Brigham Young was accustomed to travel in state in his private car. After Young's death this car was used for a while, and then retired from active service, until the Columbia & Western railroad, also narrow guage, was being built between Trail and Rossland. The contractors for this road needed a private car, and obtained one from the Utah Northern Co., which, when it arrived, was found to be the identical one in which Young and a few of his wives were wont to take pleaseure jaunts.

Moyie's Board of Trade.

The organizing of the Moyie board of Trade has been deferred until next Tuesday evening. At the meeting held last Tuesday evening the matter was thoroughly discussed, and it was decided to have the new organization governed by the same rules, as near as possible, as those which govern the Cranbrook and Fort Steele boards. It was decided to elect the officers and the executive committee for a term of three months only to begin with, and the membership fee for that time was placed at 50 cents. F. J. Smyth was appointed to receive subscriptions and take the names of the members to be presented at the meeting next Tuesday evening. The next meeting will be an important one, and every person who has an interest in the town should be present and cast a vote for the person or persons whom he considers most capable of handling the affairs of the town for the next three months.

Left for Her Old Home.

Mrs. J. M. McMahon, with her two children, Ernest and Delphine, departed last Tuesday morning for her old home in Grand Forks, North Dakota. She was accompanied on her journey as far as Bonners Ferry by her brother, C. J. Rose. Mrs. McMahon was a resident of Moyie for about a year and in that time made a host of friends who regret her leaving, and trust that she will again return and make her home in the city by the lake.

THE LAKE SHORE Barber Shop.

Next door to the MOYIE LEADER office

W. A. HAMILTON, Prop.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The C. P. R. is now a part owner in the Creston townsite.

The Dominion Parliament will meet for the dispatch of business on Thursday, March 16th.

Work has been resumed on the Omineca mineral claim, two and a half miles from Kimberley.

A Chinaman tried to post a letter in a fire alarm box in Vancouver one morning last week, and as a result of his efforts turned out the fire department.

An investigation, ordered by the Provincial authorities, is being made of the Ainsworth disaster, which occurred on the night of the 29th of last November.

A prominent railroad man has informed the Prospector that construction will commence on the railway to Fort Steele inside of 60 days.

Over 100 men who were employed on the construction of the Kootenay Valley railway went out on a strike last week. The men were working for $1.75 a day and the struck for $2.25.

Ledge: There is a great demand in New Denver for last summer's straw hats. If enough can be collected a charity feed will be given to the half starved pack animals that are permitted to run loose over the townsite, contrary to law and decency.

An Italian in Creston resorted to original methods in committing suicide last week. He forced a large pair of shears into his stomach by pushing the handles against a tree, the points being placed to his bare skin. After inflicting about a score of wounds in this manner he attained his ends.

Pope Leo has entered the nietieth year of his age. Of the trinity of Europe's grand old men who were alive this time last year two of the three, Gladstone and Prince Bismarck, have passed away, leaving the venerable pontiff the sole survivor, and the oldest living man in the world in official life.

The editor of the Nelson Tribune says that he has been the sole spectator at a prize fight, an umpire at a baseball game, a starter at a horse race, a lookout at a faro game, a judge at a hose reel race, has presided at a meeting of a city council, and is now called on to referee over a hospital dispute where evidence must be taken under the rules that govern law courts.

Kaslo Kootenaian: The Nelson & Bedlington terminals have been located at Kuskonook, and Contractor Carlson has a large force of men at work on them. This will be increased to 500 men as soon as they can be obtained, and it is hoped to have the road completed to the Crow's Nest Pass crossing, a distance of about three miles, within the next two months.

M. FAURE DEAD.

APOPLEXY THE CAUSE—ONLY ILL THREE HOURS.

Official News Despatched by the Premier—The Nation in Mourning. A Touching Tribute.

Paris, Feb. 17.—M. Felix Faure, president of the republic of France, died at 10 o'clock last night after an illness of three hours. Death was from apoplexy. The president was 58 years of age last January. It had been known for some time that his heart was weak; but the first intimation that he was sick was given at half-past six this afternoon when a message was dispatched to Premier M. Dupuy, announcing that the president was ill. M. Dupuy immediately repaired to the Elysee. All medical efforts proved futile, and the president died on the stroke of 10. The flag over the Elysee was immediately lowered to half-mast and the news was dispatched to all the officials and the members of the cabinet. General Zurlinden, military governor of Paris, the grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor, the prefect of the Seine, the prefect of the police of Paris, and the presidents of the senate and chamber of deputies promptly arrived at the Elysee.

The report spread rapidly through the city, and large crowds soon assembled in the vicinity of the palace. About 6 o'clock, M. Faure, who was then in his study, went to the door of the room of M. LeGall, his private secretary, which is contiguous to the study, and said: "I do not feel well. Come to me." M. LeGall immediately went to the president's aid, led him to a sofa, and called General Bailloud, general secretary of the president's household; M. Blondel, under private secretary, and Dr. Humbert, who happened to be at the Elysee attending a relative. The president's condition did not appear dangerous; but Dr. Humbert, on perceiving that he was rapidly getting worse, telephoned for Dr. Lanne-Longue, and Dr. Chourlet, who arrived with M. Dupuy, and were joined later by Mr. Bergeroy. Though M. Faure still retained consciousness, the doctors soon recognized that the case was hopeless; but it was not until nearly 8 o'clock that the members of the family were informed of the real state of affairs. They then came to the sofa where the president lay upon a hastily improvised bed. Soon after he began to loose consciousness, and despite all efforts, expired at 10 o'clock in the presence of the family and M. Dupuy. M. Dupuy communicated the sad intelligence to M. Loubet, president of the senate; M. Paul Deschanel, president of the chamber of deputies, the members of the cabinet, and to other high functionaries, after which he addressed the following dispatch to all prefects and sub-prefects in France: "I have the sad task to announce to you, in the death of the president, which occurred at 10 o'clock last evening, as the result of an apoplectic stroke. Kindly take the necessary measures to inform the population immediately of the mourning that has fallen upon the republic. The government counts upon your active vigilance at this painful juncture." It was not until 11 o'clock that the news began to become known to the general public in Paris. From that time began a continuous arrival of public men. Street orders, however, were issued, and only members of the cabinet were admitted to the Elysee.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

The president was apparently aware of the seriousness of the attack, for he said: "I feel myself failing; I am gone, all gone," and he expressed a desire to see his wife and children. When Madame Faure and Mademoiselle Lucie Faure entered the room the president exclaimed: "Je suis bien souffrant. Je suis perdu." ("I am suffering greatly; I am lost.") M. Faure remained on a sofa, repeating that he had no illusions as to the issue of his case. His wife came to him and he bade her an affectionate farewell. It was a touching scene. He thanked her for the affection and devotion she had constantly shown him, and then he bade farewell to his daughters, the doctors and his personal attendants, thanking all for their care and devotion, and asking them to pardon any hasty words he might have uttered.

M. Cambion, French ambassador, had already retired for the night, when the news was broken to him. He expressed the greatest surprise and sorrow.

Very painful it was to witness the distress of Madame Faure and the children. Only when with the greatest difficulty could she be induced to leave the death chamber, and even then she insisted on remaining in M. LeGalle's room, apart from the children, in order to give free vent to her grief.

Mademoiselle Lucie Faure, Madame Berge, the other daughter, and M. Berge are in the secretary-general's bureau.

Fifty Doukhobor children are being taught English in All Peoples Mission, Winnipeg.

The Cators Laid to Rest.

Bowmanville, Feb. 17.—The funeral of the late W. Cator, his wife and two children, who perished in the snowslide disaster at Roger's Pass on the Canadian Pacific, took place yesterday. The funeral was very large. Rev. W. H. Turnbull, Presbyterian pastor, officiated.

The Property Owners' association, of Winnipeg, favor a reduction of interest on overdue taxes and the abolition of harassing in municipal contests.

A New Class of Assessment.

Toronto, Feb. 17.—A large deputation waited on the cabinet this afternoon, representing several cities, including Toronto, asking that the law be changed so that substruction poles, wires, rails, tracks, and other property of the street railway, telegraph, electric light, and power, water, gas, telegraph, and other such companies, be classed as real estate, and the basis of value thereof should be the same as any real estate owned by a private owner. They urged that all the classes of companies mentioned should be subjected to an assessment, the same as the personal property of private individuals. The deputation asked for an assessment of the street railway cars as personality. Premier Hardy, in reply, said there was a diversity of opinion, and that there were always two sides to a case. He thought there might be legislation introduced at this session of the legislature which would change the old assessment laws somewhat.

A Promising Season.

Toronto, Feb. 17.—A special cable says: "The Canadian government having intimated its willingness to receive more of the Doukhobors and settle them in the west, the committee is preparing to dispatch another contingent of about a thousand. These are now settled in Cyprus, but the climate has proved unsuitable and in any event they desired to avoid dispersion into various quarters of the world.

The Hamburg-American line intends to put on seven ships to ply between Hamburg and Halifax between April and June, carrying immigrants, mainly Galicians and Hungarians.

The ship commissioner for Canada is now receiving from 100 to 150 letters daily enquiring as to the conditions obtaining in Canada and its suitability as a field for emigration.

Montreal Stock Exchange.

Montreal, Feb. 17.—It is no wonder that a seat in the Montreal stock exchange is worth $10,000. During the last month the number of shares sold amounted to the large total of 444,018 (composed of 395,496 miscellaneous, 47,496 of street railways and 1,086 of banks) and $40,000 worth of bonds. The most active stock was the War Eagle, of which 315,950 shares changed hands and variations in price were also notable from $305 to $349.50. The next most active stock was Toronto Street Railway, with 33,794 shares, and here again the advance was a substantial 8¾ points. The other stock most active were gas, Canadian Pacific, Dominion cotton, Richelieu Electric and Montreal Street railway. Bank stocks were comparatively quiet.

Ontario A. O. U. W.

Toronto, Feb. 17.—The A. O. U. W. Grand lodge of Ontario this afternoon decided that agents of the old line insurance companies may still hold positions in the grand lodge. Certificates for $3,000 are not to be issued. Members attaining the age of seventy years are not to be exempt from the payments of assessments. The officers of local lodges are requested to file bonds with the grand recorder. The sum of $10,000 was voted to be set apart for keeping up the organizing staff and $2,000 for meeting the expenses of district deputies. No grand organizer is to be appointed this year, but the grand master workman is to issue full control of the organization department. The bonds of grand recorder, M. D. Carder, were fixed at $20,000.

Free From Smallpox.

Montreal, Feb. 17.—Montreal people congratulate themselves on the fact that though there are seventeen cases of smallpox in Ontario not one has developed in Montreal. There was one case reported on St. Patrick street, which the provincial board of health pronounced to be smallpox, but which Dr. Laberge, the city health officer, positively declared was not. At any rate the patient is better, the house has been fumigated and no new cases have appeared. In the province of Quebec there are only four cases and all located at St. Telesphore county.

Injured by an Explosion.

Halifax, Feb. 17.—A dynamite explosion occurred on Young avenue yesterday and frightfully injured three workmen, W. Swan, Michael Muldoney and Wm. Gilfoy. The cap had been left on a charge of dynamite by Swan on Monday, who neglected to remove it when the men quit work owing to bad weather. While scraping the snow off the rock Swan's shovel struck the cap causing an explosion. The three men were blown some distance and terribly injured. Swan's eyesight is destroyed and the other two men are probably fatally injured.

Nicaragua Bill Defeated.

Washington, Feb. 17.—The house today settled the fate of the Nicaragua canal bill in this congress by refusing to override the decision of the chair in committee of the whole when the chair held that the canal bill offered as an amendment was out of order. The friends of the Nicaragua Canal bill were very confident yesterday and today that they would triumph, but after four hours of debate the chair was sustained 127 to 103.

Government Appointments.

Ottawa, Feb. 17.—George Pratt, of Montreal, is appointed trade instructor for the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary.

Major Gordeau has been appointed to look after the fishery exhibit for the Paris exhibition; Dr. Dawson, for the mineral exhibit; Prof. Robertson, for foods and products; Prof. Saunders, for field and orchards; and Mr. Dupius, the secretary of the board, will have to look after the selection of the woods of the Dominion.

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES.

By Beatrice Marean.

"Come ye disconsolate where'er ye languish,
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

"Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

"Go ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts he can reveal,
Sweet as that heavenly promise Hope sings us—
Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

To her intense satisfaction he does not interrupt her, even by a dissenting frown or gesture, but lies looking at her with wide open, interested eyes, that have grown moist from emotion as the song nears completion.

"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal," he repeats the words softly to himself as though their meaning is a new revelation to his mind. Then in a louder voice addressing the nurse, "Do you believe this, Mrs. Evans?—'Earth has no sorrow that God cannot cure.'"

"Most certainly, I believe it," she answers firmly. "Aye better than belief, I know it to be true." She bends her face nearer to his, as she speaks in her intensity of feeling.

"Does He always do this?" and something like a sneer curls his thin lips. "Does He always bind up broken hearts, and shed light for the straying, and bring joy to the desolate? Ah!" bitterly, "let the host of hopeless and sorrow-laden ones, in this merciless world of ours bear me witness that He does not."

"But won't you try this source of comfort," she pleads, her soft brown eyes filling with tears as she speaks. "You have tried everything upon earth and have not found peace; will you not, as a last resort, try this? You can be no worse off if this too fails."

"You think that I am dying; your lips have not told me so, but your actions and pitying eyes have," he says, apparently ignoring her question.

She drops her gaze into her lap, and answers evasively:—

"I think that we should all endeavor to be prepared to meet death at all times, for we know not the hour when we shall hear the rustle of the descending death-angel's wings."

Then silence reigns in the room, broken only by the labored breathing of the dying man who lies with his eyes fixed upon his thin, almost transparent hand, which rests on the silken counterpane of his bed.

The rays of the setting sun fade out of the sick room, and the twilight shadows gather. The sick man's eyes have closed in sleep, the room grows darker, and she hears him murmur in his uneasy sleep.

"Oh, my wife! would to God that you had been a lowly child of poverty; then this great wrong, this weak yielding to the voice of the tempter would have been averted." Something like a dry sob escapes him, and by and by the watchful nurse hears him repeat, brokenly, "Earth has no sorrow—that God cannot—heal."

The housekeeper creeps noiselessly into the room to take the nurse's place while she goes down to dinner. Mrs. Evans goes to the table and lights the lamp. The sick man awakes and his eyes follow her figure, with its grace of outline which cannot be hid by the coarse serge gown, as she leaves the room.

"Who can she be?" he says softly to himself. Then in a louder voice, addressing the housekeeper, who, good soul, is regarding him, with pitying eyes: "Hicks, have you thought whom the nurse is like?"

"She is just like han hangel, sir," she replies, enthusiastically.

He smiled a sad, little smile, and closes his eyes wearily and says no more.

This night Mrs. Evans stays by the sick man's bed until long after her usual hour of retiring. He rests so much better when she is with him, that she cannot find it in her heart to leave him.

No reference is made to the conversation they had before dinner, but just as the hour of midnight rings clear and distinct through the silent house, the heart of the nurse gives a joyful bound, as these low words, murmured to himself, by the lips of the dying man, fall upon her ear.

"Oh, stubborn, stubborn heart, cease your strife. Can you not realize that this is your only hope for peace?"

The gray dawn is breaking before she leaves his bedside, and creeps away wearily to her own little room, to catch a few hours of much needed rest.

Before the forenoon is half spent she stands by his side again, her own face pale and anxious, and tries to smile cheerfully, as she inquires how he has rested.

There is a gentle, subdued look in the depths of the hollow eyes that look up at her, which she has never seen there before, as he answers:—

"Better, far better. I have just awoke from the most refreshing, the sweetest sleep that I have had since my illness," then suddenly, and with kindling animation, "Mrs. Evans, are the doors to my room locked?"

"No," she answers, wonderingly, with a vague fear at her heart that he was growing delirious.

"Then lock them quickly," he commands, in a stronger voice than she has heard him use since his illness:—

"Lock them! do you hear? Lock them!" he repeats, impatiently, as she looks at him in astonishment. "I have something which I wish you to do for me before Dr. Hamilton comes, and I want you to lock the doors so that you may not be interrupted."

Mechanically, she obeys him, and when she stands again beside his bed, he says:—

"Thank you. Now put your hand beneath my pillow, and take out the leather wallet that you will find there." Silently she does as she is bid. "Unclasp it," he says. The clasp files back. He reaches and takes the wallet in his thin, white hand, takes two keys from it, and hands her the large one.

"Take this key," he says, "and unlock my escritoire," pointing towards it as he speaks. "You will see there a long, slender inlaid box; bring it to me."

In a moment she has placed the box beside him on the bed. He hands her the tiny key, and says, briefly, "Unlock it." With a hand trembling with excitement, the nurse turns the key in the lock and the lid springs open.

The dying man almost sits up in bed at this, and draws from the box a long folded paper.

"Take this," he says, handing it to her, "put it into the grate, and burn it here before my eyes." Had he been less excited, he must have noted how white the nurse has grown.

Silently she walks to the chimney place, puts the paper within the bars of the high polished grate and stooping applies a lighted match.

The tiny flame catches the folded parchment, and increases, in volume as it writhes and laps about it. In the bright light she sees in large letters, upon the paper's unscorched side "The Last Will and Testament of Horace Lennard."

She stands with clasped hands, and silently watches the parchment, until it falls into the ash pan below, a mass of quivering, feathery cinders.

"Thank God!" The words come floating to her ears from the direction of the sick man's bed. She goes back to his side.

"Lock and replace the box, and bring paper and pencil," is all he says.

She has brought the desired articles. "Write a message as I shall dictate," he says briefly:—

"To Raphael St. Clair, M.D., San Francisco: Come to Deepdale by first train. Bring Lawyer Gilbert and General Dale with you.

(Signed) "Horace Lennard."

How the heart of the nurse swells and throbs with gratitude to God, as she writes that dictated message!

"Call the footman, and send this immediately to the telegraph office," he says, and lays back panting and exhausted upon his pillows.

When she comes back from her errand, she gives him wine, and stands chafing his pale cold hands. Over the face of the dying man has come a look of glorious heavenly peace, purifying it, and clearing it of all harassing cares and doubts, like one who has finished the battle of life, and hears the welcoming songs of angels as he nears the "beautiful gates ajar."

CHAPTER XXIII.—A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

A low tap on the door of the sick room. It is only Doctor Hamilton who has come to make his daily visit to the master of Deepdale.

The doctor places his fingers upon the patient's wrist, and nods his head approvingly, and says:—

"That last remedy was the right one; your nerves have not been so quiet since your illness."

The patient does not reply; but looks into the nurse's placid face, and a smile, full of meaning, hovers an instant around his thin lips.

"Continue the last medicine, Mrs. Evans," says the doctor, rising to take his leave. "Give it as you gave it yesterday, and he will rest well to-night." He picks up his hat and medicine case, and bows himself out.

"Let him think that the sedative drops wrought the change," the sick man says feebly to his patient nurse when the door closes after the physician, "but you and I know differently. What drug or nostrum can relieve a mind diseased or a spirit tortured by the upbraidings of a remorseful conscience? None; but thank God, 'Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.'"

"Thank God," fervently responds the trembling lips of the nurse, as she stoops to arrange his pillows.

The early gloaming brings the three gentlemen from the city: General Dale, Mr Gilbert, and Doctor St. Clair, and the latter is shown at once into the sick man's room.

"You may retire now until I send for you Mrs. Evans," says the suffering man, kindly.

As the nurse rises to obey, her eyes meet Doctor St. Clair's, with a loving light in their brown depth; and the look is answered by his own in the mute telegraphy of love. She retires to the dressing room adjoining the sick one. In a few moments the door again opens, and Doctor St. Clair comes in under the pretext of some trivial errand, and had the old housekeeper, good Mrs. Hicks, have seen the meeting between the nurse she so much admired and the doctor whom she still called her "young master," her very cap-border, false front and spectacles, would have fallen off in surprise and indigation.

"My own precious darling," whispers the doctor, pressing her close to his bosom, and then holds her at arm's length and looks into her face. He notes the face that has grown pale and thin, with deep shadows lying beneath the lovely eyes, and says, in deep self reproach:—

"You have worn yourself out, my love, and will be ill. I am ashamed of myself for ever having given my consent to your coming here under the circumstances."

"Hush, Raphael, hush-sh, sh—sh," she replies, placing her hand across his lips, as she speaks. "I am not ill," she whispers, "only a little tired. Go back before they miss you, darling," and she hurries him back into Captain Lennard's room.

"I have something that I must say to you before I die, Raphael St. Clair," says the sick man, reaching out an emaciated hand toward Raphael, who stands by his bed.

The young physician takes the pale cold hand within his own broad warm palm that is bounding with the pulses of youth and health; and his tender heart goes out in pity to this wreck of the noble looking man his mother had loved with such worshiping adoration, as he answers:—

"I am sorry to find you so ill, Captain."

"Yes, my time is short,"—then suddenly—"did Dale and Gilbert come with you?" he asks.

"They are in the library," Raphael answers; "but let me advise you as a physician to see no one else to-night. Your strength is not equal to it."

He lays silent a few moments, as though he is communing with himself, and then says:—

"I almost fear delay, but it may be better to do as you advise. You may make the appointment for me, and meet them by my bedside at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Very well, it shall be as you wish," and Doctor St. Clair presses the hand of the sick man warmly, and leaves him alone with his valet.

The silvery tones of the elegant clock in the sick man's room, as it strikes ten the next morning, is still vibrating upon the air, when the door gently opens and General Dale, Mr. Gilbert and Raphael St. Clair enter the room, and group themselves around Captain Lennard's sick bed.

Old General Dale is much moved, and after greeting his old favorite with a voice which chokes with huskiness, turns and walks to the window, where he stands with his back to the others a few moments, vigorously polishing his eye-glasses upon his silk pocket handkerchief.

"I have sent for you, gentlemen," says the invalid, in a stronger voice than he had used on the evening previous, "to undo as far as lies in my power a terrible wrong I have done. To do this I must go back to my first meeting with my late wife, who was then Isabel St. Clair." He pauses for breath, and lies panting upon the pillows. The gentlemen have seated themselves around his bed, and Doctor St. Clair rises and pours out a small portion of wine from a cut-glass decanter that is upon the table, and comes back to the bed, puts his arm under the sick man's head, raises him tenderly, and places the wine-glass to his lips.

"Thank you," he says, gracefully, "that will strengthen me, but it will only be a momentary flash, and I must make my narrative brief.

"When I first came to San Francisco and as the guest of General Dale, I was a professional gambler, and not a very successful one either. I was at that time enjoying an unusual streak of good luck which enabled me to pass in the eyes of respectable people for a wealthy gentleman living upon his income. I had come from England to the United States in search of adventure of some sort by which I might realize more money by the time I had spent what I then possessed.

"At the residence of General Dale, where I was received as an honorable gentleman, I heard the rich St. Clair family freely discussed, and as Mrs. St. Clair, about that time, gave her first public reception after the death of her husband, I was invited to attend with the General's family.

"As soon as I learned that Mrs. St. Clair was rich and possessed her fortune in her own undoubted right, I determined to make her acquaintance, and if possible marry her and secure her fortune to myself.

"The moment that my eyes met those of Isabel St. Clair, on the night of the first reception, I knew that I should ultimately accomplish my designs, inasmuch as I recognized in her a person of that very negative and gentle cast of character upon whom it would be an easy matter for me to exercise my will power and the strong mesmeric forces which I knew that I possessed.

"Besides, being naturally possessed of this power, I had made mesmeric science a study for years, and knew that, had I the right kind of a subject upon which to operate, the one operated upon would soon know no will but my own. Long had I watched and hoped for an opportunity like this. Accordingly I commenced my work at our first moment of meeting, and followed it up with such success, that in a few months Mrs. St. Clair became my wife.

"Let me say here, however, that the marriage was not without love on my part, mercenary as my intentions had been in the outset. What man's heart could have been so dead in his bosom, or such a mad worshiper at Mammon's shrine, as not to have its nobler impulses stirred, by the noble traits of character and loving, affectionate heart of Isabel St. Clair?"—Raphael pressed his pocket handkerchief to his eyes, and something like a sob falls upon the ears of the other listeners. The sick man pauses for breath, and General Dale goes to the table and brings more wine and gives it to him.

"Thank you, my dear old friend," he murmurs, after he has swallowed the wine. "When you hear how I have suffered, as well as sinned, you will forgive me for the deception I willingly practiced upon you."

The General presses his hand for reply and resumes his chair, and the sick man continues:—

"The fact that my wife had made a will previous to our marriage giving nearly her entire fortune to her children was known to me, but did not alarm me in the least, for well I knew that if she survived a few months after our marriage the will would be changed in my favor.

"To illustrate how completely I had her under my mesmeric will I will relate a little intance.

"Shortly after my marriage, my funds grew alarmingly low. I had not been able to win much at the gambling table of late, and wished to give the nefarious business up, as it was always distasteful to my better nature, and now I feared exposure.

"I knew that my wife thought me a wealthy man, although I had never told her so, in as many words. Now my funds were exhausted, and I must have more. To get possession of some of her money in bank, I came into her presence wearing a dejected look, which I pretended to try to hide from her eyes. Not more sensitive is the aspen leaf to the gentle summer zephyr than was my wife's spirit to my unspoken will. Without my having said one word in regard to my wish, she questioned me closely, and I told her a miserable lie of my having just lost all of my ready cash by the failure of a bank in Liverpool.

"I pretended to make light of the affair and said that it would only cause me temporary annoyance. Without one moment's hesitation, she yielded to my unspoken will, and drew a check for fifty thousand dollars in my favor and pressed it upon me

"In alarm I began to see that my wife's health was rapidly failing, and still the will in my favor was not made. I also remembered that if a subject was kept longer than a few months under this mesmeric control they would go into a decline and die, all the physical vitality of the weaker being absorbed by the stronger physical power of the operator.

"I loved her dearly when I had married her, and each day saw that love increase and grow stronger until it was becoming the great ruling passion of my being, and the thought of losing her almost drove me to desperation.

"My plans now were to take her from home and her children, and get her to make a new will giving her fortune to myself, and then I intended to relax the magnetic influence by which I had held her subject to my will, and trust to the love we bore each other, to prevent my plans from being frustrated.

(To Be Continued.)

FIGHTING AGAIN.

UNITED STATES FORCES ATTACK AND CARRY CALOOCAN.

Advance of the American Troops up the Slope Was a Brilliant Piece of Work.

Manila, Feb. 11, 7.30 p. m.—United States forces attacked and carried Caloocan this afternoon. The action was short and decisive, the enemy being driven out with great loss.

7.40 p. m.—The American forces at 4.50 this afternoon made a combined attack upon Caloocan and reduced it in short order. At a signal from the tower of Delalome church the United States double turreted monitor Monadnock opened fire from the bay with the big guns in her forward turret on the earthworks with great effect. Soon afterward the Utah battery bombarded the place from the land side. The rebels reserved their fire until the bombardment ceased, when they fired volleys of musketry at the Montana regiment advanced on the jungle. The Kansas regiment, on the extreme left, with the Third artillery deploying to the right, charged across the open and carried the earthworks, charging under a heavy fire. Supported by the artillery at the church, the troops further advanced, driving the enemy, fighting every foot, right into the town line. They penetrated into Presidencia and lowered the Filipino flag at 5.30 p. m.

Sharpshooters, in the jungle on the right, fired at long range on the Pennsylvania regiment, but the rebels were soon silenced by shrapnel shots and the Pennsylvania soon regained the trenches. As the Americans advanced they burned the native huts. The rebels were mowed down like grass, but the American loss was slight.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 11.—A special cablegram to the Times from Manila says: Brigadier-General H. G. Otis holds the extreme left of the American line from the bay near Caloocan.

The regiments of the line and support are the Twentieth Kansas, Colonel Funston, eleven companies; the First Montana, Colonel Kerster, nine companies; the Third Artillery, Major Kobbe, four batteries of infantry and the Tenth Pennsylvania, Colonel Hawkins, four companies. Two companies of the Tenth Pennsylvanias are behind the walls in the De La Loma churchyard. Across the ravine from the Montana regiment is Captain Jensen's company holding the stone forts supporting Grant's battery of four Utah guns, the fifth gun is to the left and on the railroad, supporting the Kansas troops. To reach the present position the brigade has advanced four times since Saturday in a series of brilliant combats in different parts of the line of action, especially so on the fourth, fifth and seventh. The last advance was most sanguinary, the American loss being one killed and six wounded, while the Filipinos suffered a loss of forty-four killed and were utterly routed.

The brigade has lost to date six killed and 55 wounded. The Filipinos have lost 130. All the dead are buried. Several bayonet charges were made on the 7th during the advance of the right and centre. The taking of the Chinese cemetery on the fifth by the Montana and Pennsylvania regiments was a superb piece of work. The brilliantly executed advance up the open slope made the battle a picture that would delight any veteran.

Grand Trunk Engines.

Montreal, Feb. 11.—In order to meet the demands of its increasing traffic, the Grand Trunk railway has placed an extensive order with the mechanical department for the construction of twelve new locomotives. These locomotives will be built in the Grand Trunk shops and will consist of six ten-wheel passenger engines and six moguls for freight service. The mogul locomotives are being constructed with all modern improvements and the latest devices known to the mechanical skill, and these will be some of the most desirable engines that have yet been placed on any modern railway. They will be used exclusively for freight service and will be distributed over the different divisions of the system.

General Eagan Retires.

New York, Feb. 11.—A dispatch to the Tribune from Washington says: General Eagan is to be placed on the retired list of the army in a few days on his own application, after thirty years' service, and Colonel John F. Weston, the senior officer of the subsistence department, is to be nominated to the senate as commissary-general of subsistence. The arrangement for General Eagan's retirement was made before the president commuted the sentence of dismissal imposed upon him by the court-martial. By his retirement, General Eagan will forfeit $1,375 for the annual pay to which he would have been entitled for the next six years under the sentence of suspension.

Approves of the Project.

Ottawa, Feb. 11.—In the militia general orders issued today General Hutton announced his approval of the formation of a military institute at Winnipeg in connection with No. 10 military district.

The major-general regrets that there has been no dismounted service practiced by cavalry regiments and that musketry practice has in many cases been neglected. He intimates that there will be a concentration of the cavalry regiments into brigades during next summer's drill season.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

MOYIE, B. C.

FARRAGUT'S BOBTAILED NAG.

Bullseye Hit by a Connecticut Bandmaster in a Review in 1864.

In the spring of 1864, when General Banks was in command at New Orleans, three brigades were encamped at Baton Rouge, and the raw recruits were getting into trim for the following campaign, and incidentally becoming familiar with army tactics. Finally a review was ordered, and Admiral Farragut was to be the guest of the occasion. With so distinguished a visitor, the bandmaster of each regiment strove to have a better programme than any other. Besides the regular stock music, "Star Spangled Banner," "Red, White and Blue," "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," the band of the Twenty-fourth Connecticut had a dozen of the catchy airs of the day, and the leader took pride in calling for anything he wanted without notice and was sure that it would be well played.

For the occasion General Banks and his staff were handsomely dressed and superbly mounted. General Grover and the other general officers, each with his staff, were also equipped in style. The uniforms of Admiral Farragut and his staff were resplendent, but their mounts were such as could be secured on short notice and were not only poor in flesh, but also lacked drill. A large white horse was furnished to the naval chief. It was bony and minus a large part of its tail, the remainder of which was nervously kept in constant motion.

The bugle sounded and the column passed, marching in splendid form to the music of the various bands, each doing its best. Of course the marching men could not see what kind of horses had been provided for the guests, and as the Twenty-fourth Connecticut approached the bandmaster gave a peculiar sign and the band struck merrily into "I bet my money on the bob tailed nag, duda, duda day." Generals Banks and Grover were chagrined and were about to order a change of music when they observed that the admiral was laughing heartily, and with hat in hand was bowing low to the men from the Nutmeg State. He appeared to take it as a compliment from the regiment to him on his recent passage of New Orleans and probably as a prophecy of his future achievements, and was enjoying it thoroughly.

The generals were relieved and what at first seemed an awkward predicament proved to be one of the funniest incidents of the day. A Yankee's whim to play something different from his rivals at an inopportune moment and a badly used up coach horse made a combination that Farragut often referred to as a good joke on himself.

African Logic.

It would surely require an African mind to discover the justice of a claim made by a native some years ago. The story is told by Dr. Good, and printed in The Watchman.

A leopard was the cause of the trouble. The savage beast killed a fine calf belonging to the Rev. William Walker of the American mission in Gaboon. Luckily for the missionary, he succeeded in driving away the thief before it had time to devour or to carry off its prey. It was in doing this that he acted "unjustly," as the sequel showed.

On that same night the chief man of one of the little towns that make up Gaboon had a pig taken by a leopard. It was natural to suppose that the thief was the same animal which the missionary had sent away hungry. Had the missionary allowed his calf to be eaten, the chief man's pig would have been saved. To the African mind the obligation was plain. The man came the next morning to Mr. Walker asking for payment for his pig and declaring that the missionary was directly responsible for its death.

His Reason.

"Why do you always ride in the smoking car? You don't smoke."

"I ride in the smoking car," replied the man to whom the question was addressed, "to escape from the effusive gratitude of the young women to whom I always have to give up my seat when I ride in any of the other cars."

But there was a hard, metallic, ironical sort of ring in his voice.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mystery Explained.

He (reading)—"Of love that never found his earthly close"—

She (interrupting)—Isn't Tennyson just great? You can always learn something from him. Now I understand why Cupid is always represented without any. But please go on!

A statistician affirms that the majority of people who attain old age have kept late hours. Eight out of ten who reach the age of 80 have never gone to bed till after 12 at night.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

APHORISMS.

Novelty is the great parent of pleasure.—South.

It is the motive alone that gives character to the actions of men.—Bruyere.

Obstinacy and vehemency in opinion are the surest proofs of stupidity.—Barton.

No man doth safely rule but he that hath learned gladly to obey.—Thomas a Kempis.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit makes it a pleasure.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought, it is a mother's love.—Marchioness de Spadara.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man.—C. Sumner.

To know how to grow old is the masterwork of wisdom and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living.—Amiel.

Vim Vigor Vitality

O'WARD'S BLOOD & NERVE PILLS

VIM—to work and to win—to keep a sane mind in a sound body—to laugh at worry.

VIGOR—to ward off disease—to conquer obstacles—to transmit health and strength to your posterity.

VITALITY—to resist the fearful strain and tension of modern life—to make up for the constant drains of overwork. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills confer all these essential qualities on the user.

THIS EVIDENCE IS AMPLE PROOF.

Before using Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills I felt weak, nervous and run down. I had lost weight steadily for some time; my circulation was poor; hands, feet and limbs were cold. I always felt weak and my muscles trembled. Now, after the use of one box of Dr. Ward's Pills, I feel like my old self. I have gained five pounds in weight and 100 per cent. in cheerfulness. I now walk firmly, my muscular system is strong and my blood circulates vigorously. I have more comfort than I have experienced in years. Dr. Ward's Pills have done more for me than any medicine I ever took.

PETER CARMICHAEL,
13 Bright St., Toronto, Ont.

All good druggists can supply you. If they won't, we will by mail. Price 50c. per box, or 5 boxes for $2.00. THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WAITING.

With rosy, flushing ear and cheeks that wear
The soft, auroral hues that garment her,
She waits, nor doth one slender gold beam stir
Of all the floating sunshine of her hair.
One sigh's waft vex the tense and listening air,
One bosom's heave the tender hope aver
That parts the lips where late her arch smiles were—
Where they will break anon. Hark! On the stair
She hears—e'en now she hears—thrice tranced thereby.
The whisper of light feet that come anear
And nearer, and the spirit of a sigh
Hovers, the while her hope becomes a fear,
And yet fulfillment lingers—nigh, so nigh—
Nor may she breathe till all her bliss is here!

—E. Whitmore in Atlantic.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

A Minister With the Queen.

At the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign it was the rule that either Lord Melbourne or one of the Secretaries of State should be in attendance upon Her Majesty, except when the Court was at Buckingham Palace, or at Claremont. This custom prevailed during the first 16 years of the reign. Then it was conceded that Windsor Castle was within such close touch of London that the personal attendance of a Minister might be dispensed with. As railways advanced in speed and the telegraph wire spread cobweb-like over the land, Osborne was placed in the same category. But the Queen has always had a Minister in attendance at Balmoral.

SIGNALS OF DANGER.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances a wise man would procure a box of Parmalee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

The Boy Gatling.

Mr. Richard Gatling, the inventor of the famous gun which bears his name, was a dabbler in science at the age of 12. At that time his father was puzzling over a machine for sowing cotton seeds; but, try as much as he would, he could not perfect it, and at last, in a fit of despair, he called in young Richard to his aid. The lad listened attentively to the details of the proposed invention, fully grasped the difficulties, shut himself up in a room to think, and in a little while suggested a way out of them. This was eagerly adopted by the elder Gatling, with the result that the machine was perfected and became a great success.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

No heritage can a father bequeath to his children like a good name. Nor is there in a family any richer heirloom than the memory of a noble ancestor.—J. Hamilton.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Turks have no war songs except those they have translated from other tongues.

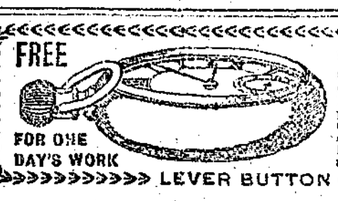
Single eyeglasses worn by women is the form taken by the latest London fashionable insanity.

Manx is the best tongue for courting, as it has 97 ways in which to say "My dear." This is the opinion of the London Manx society.

A remarkable feature of India is the number of deserted capitals. There are no less than three old Delhis, all close to each other, and south of the present city.

Two crocodiles in a circus at Bayeux, France, got into a fight in which a hind leg of one of the beasts was badly lacerated. A veterinary surgeon was called in, who amputated the leg successfully, the crocodile being as lively as ever.

FREE



FOR ONE DAY'S WORK

WE GIVE this fine WATCH, with a chain and charm, for selling 2 dozen gold-topped, enamelled-backed Lever Collar Buttons at 10c. each, or a lady's watch and guard for selling 3 doz. *No Money Required. You can't fail.* Write and we send the Buttons, postpaid, with our big Premium List. Sell the Buttons, return money, and we send watch, *free of all charge.* Unsold buttons returnable. Liberal commission if preferred. Be the first in your field. Send your name and address to-day. *In writing, mention this paper.*

LEVER BUTTON CO., TORONTO, ONT.

A SUCCESSFUL FINANCIAL INSTITUTION.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE.

The annual meeting of this Company was held in the Company's building, Toronto, on Thursday, Feb. 2, 1899, when Mr. John L. Blaikie was appointed Chairman, and Mr. William McCabe, Secretary.

The Directors' report, presented at the meeting showed continued and marked proofs of the great progress and solid prosperity of the Company in every branch of its business.

Summary of the financial statement and balance sheet for the year ended Dec. 31, 1898:

Cash Income	$785,130 81
Expenditure, including death claims, endowments, matured investment policies, profits and all other payments to policyholders	442,019 07
Assets	3,137,928 61
Reserve Fund	2,586,947 00
Net surplus for policyholders	474,029 08

Audited and found correct.

JAMES CARLYLE, M. D.
Auditor.

WM. McCABE,
Managing Director.

Some of the leading features of the year's business, as mentioned by the President, were the following:

(1) Looking at the Company from every standpoint, the report submitted shows financial strength, productive assets, solid growth and large relative surplus, which is the supreme point to policy-holders, as it is from this source alone that satisfactory returns can be made to them.

(2) The new business for the year exceeded that of any previous year.

(3) Another marked feature of this Company is the relative large amount of its net surplus to liabilities, when contrasted with that of its leading competitors. The President showed that this ratio was one of the best tests by which to judge of the relative merits of the different Companies.

(4) The following marked increases were made during the year:

	Per cent.
In Premium Income	11.56
In Interest Income	13.11
In Insurance in force	13.15
In Assets	10.01
In Net Surplus	10.73
In Insurance Reserve	15.18

The President stated that gentlemen representing the United States Insurance Departments had been in the city during part of last month, and had made a thorough and most searching investigation into the affairs of the Company, with a view to its admission to do business in their respective States, and that these experts were extremely well satisfied with the soundness of the Company, and expressed themselves as gratified with every aspect of affairs.

The Hon. Mr. Allan, in seconding the adoption of the report, called especial attention to the excellent character of the investments of the Company; of these over 37 per cent. are in first mortgage securities, nearly 20 per cent. in debentures, nearly 14 per cent. in stocks and bonds, loans on policies about 6 1-2 per cent., the balance consisting of cash in banks, interest accrued, etc.

He also called special attention to the fact that although the assets had increased very largely, the outstanding and accrued interest had been very materially decreased, which is a proof of the excellent character of the investments of the Company, and the promptness with which the interest thereon has been paid.

James Thorburn, M. D., Medical Director, presented a full and interesting report of the mortality experience of the Company from its organization, which showed that great care had been exercised in the selection of the Company's business.

The Consulting Actuary reported that he had made an independent examination of the affairs of the Company as at Dec. 31st, 1898, having examined the books, accounts and balance sheet, also a detailed copy of the annual report to the Insurance Department, and stated that he was very much gratified with the result of such examination, also with the thorough system of the work of every department throughout the office. He commended the Company for closing its books promptly at the end of the year, as had been its custom from organization, and stated that, notwithstanding the large amount paid to policy-holders during the year, another substantial gain had been made in the net surplus, now amounting to $474,029.08, or if made up on the same basis as that generally used, viz., by adding the difference between the cost and market value of debentures, etc., owned by the Company, such surplus would be $522,664.83. He referred to the great difficulty which had been experienced of late years in securing satisfactory investments, and pointed out the great decline in the rate of interest which gilt-edge securities yielded. In view of this he stated that the settlement of the Company's Investment Policies should be highly satisfactory to the holders thereof, as they compare favorably with those of the leading and best managed companies on this continent.

A special vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to the Company's Provincial Managers, Inspectors and Agency Staff for their splendid work of the past year, during which the largest business ever done by the Company had been secured, largely exceeding that of any other home company at the same age in its history.

After the usual vote of thanks had been passed, the election of Directors took place, whereupon the newly-elected Board met, and Mr. John L. Blaikie was unanimously re-elected President, and the Honorable G. W. Allan and Sir Frank Smith, Vice-Presidents.

Dangers of Laughter.

It is surprising to learn from the highest medical authority in England that laughter may be injurious.

Laughter in itself, says the British Medical Journal, cannot very well kill, but it may do harm. Hysterical girls and boys with kindred nervous affections are often given to immoderate laughter, which tends to increase nervous exhaustion.

Dr. Feilchenfeld relates an instructive case in which a little girl suffered from very definite cardiac symptoms after immoderate laughter. The patient was 13 years old and had previously been free from any sign of heart disease. After laughing on and off for nearly an hour with some companions she suddenly felt stabbing pains in the chest and was seized with fits of coughing, followed by cardiac dyspnœa, very well marked. Feilchenfeld believes that the cardiac disease directly resulted from immoderate laughing.

LA GRIPPE'S VICTIMS.

THE AFTER EFFECTS MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE DISEASE.

A Well Known Quebec Farmer Suffered Untold Misery for Three Years Before He Found Relief.

The epidemic of la grippe which has swept over Canada like a scourge this winter, has left thousands of weak and despairing sufferers in all parts of the land. Grippe is a treacherous disease. You think you are cured, yet the slightest cold brings on a relapse. Its victims are left in a weakened condition and fall an easy prey to its manifold complications. The blood is left impure and impoverished; the nerves shattered, and heart trouble and nervous prostration are too often the result.

The following statement made by Mr. Daniel Clossey, a well-known farmer near West Brome, Que., indicates the ravages made by the after effects of this scourge. Mr. Clossey says:—"Some five years ago I had an attack of la grippe. The earlier symptoms passed away yet I continued to fail in health, and suffered intense pain in my head. I was subject to attacks of dizziness, and unless I would grasp something would fall. I gradually grew so weak as to be unable to do my work. My legs and feet were as cold as ice even in the summer months. If I attempted the least exertion my heart would beat violently. For three years I was in this helpless condition, and although during that time I was attended by three different doctors, their treatment produced not the slightest benefit. At this time I read the statement of one who had suffered from similar trouble, who was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. The result was simply marvelous. A dozen boxes did what three years of expensive medical treatment failed to accomplish—restored me to full health and vigor, and I am again able to do my work about the farm. I honestly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I am glad to make this statement for the benefit it may bring to others."

After an attack of la grippe Dr Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can promptly restore you to health. They drive every trace of the poisonous germs from the system, build up and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Always refuse imitations or substitutes.

Hats Were Once a Luxury.

In the reign of Elizabeth the wearing of hats was considered a sign of luxury. By an act of parliament every person above the age of 7 years and under a certain degree was obliged on Sundays and holidays to wear a woolen cap made in England and finished by some of the fraternity of cappers.

Feminine Compliments.

Anna—They say I have my mother's mouth and nose.

Hannah—Well, your mother was lucky to get rid of 'em.

I was cured of lame back, after suffering 15 years, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Two Rivers, N. S. Robert Ross.

I was cured of diphtheria, after doctors failed, by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Antigonish. John A. Forey.

I was cured of contraction of muscles by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Dalhousie. Mrs. Rachael Saunders.

Cheating a Hog.

A Denver man has discovered a plan to get a hog back into a pen through the aperture through which it passed out. His recipe in substance is: Get the nose at the hole in the pen; then pass around behind the hog carefully, get hold of its tail and pull back as hard as you can. The animal will think you want to prevent it from going in and will make a leap to its old place.

HEART PAINS

The Heart and Nerves are Often Affected and Cause Prostration of the Entire System.

A Kingston Lady Testifies to Her Experience in the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

People who suffer from any disease or disorder of the heart nervous system, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Smothering or Sinking Sensations, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Pain in the Head, etc., cannot afford to waste time trying various remedies, which have nothing more to back up their claims than the bold assertions of their proprietors.

These diseases are too serious to permit of your experimenting with untried remedies. When you buy Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, you know you have behind them the testimony of thousands of Canadians who have been cured by their use. One of these is Mrs. A. W. Irish, 92 Queen Street, Kingston, Ont., who writes as follows:

"I have suffered for some years with a smothering sensation caused by heart disease. The severity of the pains in my heart caused me much suffering. I was also very nervous, and my whole system was run down and debilitated.

"Hearing of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills being a specific for these troubles, I thought I would try them, and therefore got a box at McLeod's Drug Store.

"They afforded me great relief, having toned up my system and removed the distressing symptoms from which I suffered. I can heartily recommend these wonderful pills to all sufferers from heart trouble."

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Biliousness, Dyspepsia and Constipation. Every pill perfect.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Sores Healed.

Nothing like B.B.B. for healing sores and ulcers, no matter how large or how chronic they may be. B. B. B. applied externally and taken internally according to directions will soon effect a cure. It sends rich, pure blood to the part, so that healthy flesh soon takes the place of the decaying tissue.

"I had been troubled with sore fingers and sore toes around the nails. The salve I was using did not help me and I was getting worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using nearly two bottles my sores were all healed up. I consider B.B.B. a wonderful blood purifier." ENOCH G. HORST, Bloomingdale, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Smoothing a Wrinkled Front.

"I suppose," mused Miss Wellalong, gazing at herself in the mirror as she applied the first coat of putty to the creases in her cheeks, "this is what might be called prime my face—eh—evidence of an intent to deceive."—Detroit Tribune.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

Reasons.

First Lawyer—I thought you were retained to defend Gory Dick, the wife murderer.

Second Lawyer—I was asked to, but my conscience wouldn't let me. It was such a brutal crime. And, besides that, he has no money.—Harlem Life.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

One of Many.

She—Were you wounded at Santiago?

He—No, I was wounded at Washington.

She—Why, how could that be?

He—I was wounded in my vanity. You see, I failed to get the promotion I expected.—Chicago News.

THE MOST POPULAR PILL.—The pill is the most populne of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmalee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, and they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

Good For Nothing.

"What did you do with your puzzle editor?" asked the friend of the editor of the new magazine.

"Discharged him," replied the editor. "He couldn't guess where his salary was to come from."—Philadelphia North American.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes, "A customer of mine, having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

A Difference.

Dauber—I confess that I have no ulterior interests. I live for my art.

Friend—You'd find it much less agreeable to live by it.—Town Topics.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills in this paper. The firm have also placed on the market Dr. Ward's Liver Pills, which have already proved to be a most excellent family medicine as a cure for constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, etc. They are sold at 25c per vial, or 5 for $1, or mailed on receipt of price by the Dr. Ward Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In Operation.

"That motor you are interested in never worked, did it?"

"Of course it worked," was the indignant reply. "It never pulled any cars or moved any machinery, but it made money for its owners, and that's more than most inventions do."—Washington Star.

The winners of the sewing machines in the Royal Crown Soap Competition for the week ending Feb. 4th., are as follows: Winnipeg, Mrs. Mahoney, 22 Hargrave Street; Manitoba, Robbie McIntosh, Manitou; North West Territories, Mrs. F. Kennedy, Whitewood. The Royal Soap Company will continue this competition, giving away three machines each Monday until further notice.

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The Odorless

Crematory Closet.

No home should be without one

Hundreds Are Now in Use

giving entire satisfaction.

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Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

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Why Do so Many People Use White Star Baking Powder?

1. Because of its Leavening Power.
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3. Because it is pure.
4. Because it gives a fine flavor.
5. Because it is low in price and high in quality.

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Just the thing for a Christmas present. Both useful and ornamental.

Merchants' Safes, all sizes and prices; on easy terms or cash. Come and see them or write for quotations. Special prices during November and December.

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FREE

We give this fine WATCH with chain and charm, for selling two doz. Whitelight Wicks at ten cents each. *No Money Required.* Write, and we will send the Wicks, postpaid, and our big Premium List. When you have sold the Wicks, return the money, and we will at once send your watch free of all charge. Hundreds have earned fine watches working for us; why not you? *In writing, mention this paper.*

WHITELIGHT WICK CO., TORONTO, CAN.

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THE MOYIE LEADER.

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One Year.....$2.00

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SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899.

ANTIQUATED MINING REPORTS.

Editor Grace, of the Fort Steele Prospector, should endeavor to guard against allowing antiquated statements appearing in his paper regarding the mines of this district. The last issue of the Prospector contains a description of the St. Eugene and other Moyie properties by a "well known expert," who is apparently ashamed to father his own assertions, for he gives his name as simply Mr. ———. From some of the statements made by this "expert" it would appear that most of the data was obtained over three years ago instead of "during the past year." If he had visited the St. Eugene during the time mentioned he would have found nearer to 3,000 feet of tunnels and shafts than 1,200 feet, and closer to 7,000 than 1,500 tons of ore taken out. The statement that "this group of claims was bonded to a large English syndicate about the first of February last" is a gross error and was surely known so to Grace before Mr. ———'s "copy" was given to the compositor. Mr. Grace should exercise a more liberal use of the "blue pencil" on copy turned in by fogy contributors, and thereby avoid making his paper appear ridiculous in the eyes of the intelligent public.

Colonel Brayton strayed over to Fort Steele last week and fairly showered boquets on the town and the people. He also turned his bellows on Grace of the Prospector and gave him a breeze. The Prospector in return "ribs up" the Colonel and has many nice things to say of him. Grace winds up his eulogistic remarks by saying that "It is evident that Colonel Brayton is of the opinion that mines make towns, and that a town with vast mineral resources in close proximity, is sure to be a large and prosperous town." The gallant Colonel is not only of the opinion of the foregoing statement, but is absolutely certain of it. He has just passed through the arduous experience of attempting to build a rival town a distance from some rich mines, and not only made a booby of himself, but of his company as well.

United States senators and representatives who led in fiery demands last summer for immediate war with Spain, and who then denounced the president because his prophetic foresight warned him that war would bring in its train consequences and grave responsibilities which no one could foresee, are now protesting against the acceptance of the grave responsibilities which have been forced upon the United States in the Philippines. It is also shameful that American senators and representatives should bubble and blubber over the savage losses of the Filipinos, and have never a teardrop and never a word of tender grief for the American homes which have given their sons to the defense of the starry banner.

Libby News: The metal market is experiencing an almost unprecedented boom. Copper is being quoted from day to day at eighteen cents and upwards, while lead is hovering about the $4.50 mark. The price is an open market price for both metals, and is caused simply by the increased demand. These conditions seem to presage an unexampled boom in the mining industry and really mirituous propositions will be able to command attention from the investing public during the coming season, and the undeveloped camps, which have survived the hard times on their merits, will get the benefit of it.

The Western Mining World pertinently says that the biggest mistake a mining company can make is to suppose that because a man is "sharp" or a "good fellow," or has made a success at something else, that he can run a mine.

THE TABLE SET FOR TWO.

The sunshine falls on the windowsill,
And the day looks in at the open door,
The kettle sings, and the dear, old wife
Goes back and forth o'er the kitchen floor
With plate and platter, and fork and spoon,
As every day she is wont to do,
And she lays them with a quiet grace,
On the homely table set for two.

O, the bread is like the sea's white spray,
And the cloth is clean as mountain snows;
From the pantry shelf to the kitchen stove,
The dear, old wife on her errands goes.
The morning glories over the porch,
All in a riotous tangle run,
The cat lies curled asleep on a chair,
The old dog blinks at the noonday sun.

But the dear, old wife is sad to-day,
And the morning hours have seemed so long,
For her thoughts are of the long ago,
When the old house rang with mirth and song;
When the red-cheeked boys and merry girls
Came trooping in through the open door;
Some wander now 'neath an alien sky,
And some will come back no more—no more.

There are empty chairs against the wall,
And the wide, old rooms are strangely still,
The day is sad, though the sunshine falls
Like sifted gold on the windowsill.
And the dear, old wife in her quiet way
Does the homely tasks she is wont to do,
But the tears fall fast as she sadly thinks
Of the lonesome table set for two.

—Jeanette La Flamboy, in Good Housekeeping.

CHASED BY A COUGAR.

The only indigenous, long-tailed cat in America, north of the thirtieth parallel of latitude, is the cougar. The wildcats, so-called, are lynxes with short tails, and of these there are three distinct species. But there is only one true representative of the genus Felis; and that is the animal first above mentioned. It has received many trivial appellations. Among the early American trappers and hunters east of the Mississippi river, it is called the panther, or, in their patois, "painter;" in the Rocky mountains and California, the "California lion."

There are few wild animals, says the St. Louis Republic, so regular in their color as the cougar; very little variety has been observed among many specimens. The cougar of mature age is of a tawny red color, almost uniform over the whole body, although somewhat paler about the face and the parts underneath. Though considered the representative of the lion in America, his resemblance to the royal beast is but slight. His color alone entitles him to such an honor.

He is a tree climber. He can mount a tree with the agility of a cat, and, although so large an animal, he climbs by means of his claws—not by hugging, after the manner of bears and opposums.

While climbing a tree his claws can be heard cracking along the bark as he mounts upward. He sometimes lies squat along a horizontal branch—a lower one—for the purpose of springing upon a deer, or such other animal as he wishes to feed upon. The ledge of a cliff is also a favorite haunt, and such are known among old hunters as "panther ledges."

The Cascade range, and every tributary chain of mountains on the vast Pacific slope, was the habitat of the cougar, or mountain lion, as everybody out there called the ferocious beast. The cougar rarely ventured out of the great forests, however, the deer and mountain sheep furnishing them their general food.

In 1867 I was stationed at Fort Sincoe, in the valley of the same name, in Washington territory, as it was then called. One afternoon in June of the year mentioned, I started for Fort Dallas, 65 miles from Fort Sincoe, on the Columbia river.

There were no wagon roads in those early days. Everything had to be carried on pack mules, because of the rough, rocky and precipitous character of the country. The majority of the mule trails were what are called "zigzags;" that is, angling from right to left up the steep sides of the mountains, it being impossible to make the ascent by going straight up their scarped faces.

I mounted my beautiful coal-black mare, Petaluma, one of those strong Indian ponies famous for their endurance and ability to climb the fearful, narrow pathways, only by which communication between points was made possible.

I left the post without carrying any arms—not even a revolver—a careless habit of mine, for which I was reprimanded more than once by my commanding officer; but one becomes indifferent to constant danger in a wild country, and I was never cured of the fault. I reached the foot of the first "zig-zag," at the west side of the valley, where it juts against the range of mountains about sundown, and, before essaying the ascent, dismounted and cinched my saddle.

In a little more than three hours I reached the summit, making frequent halts to wind my animal, for she had labored heavily in struggling up the grade.

When I started on again, after resting 20 or 30 minutes, the moon, which was at its full, now appeared at the verge of the horizon, way below me at the lower end of the valley, and began to light up the trail on the summit of the range, so that in the clear, cloudless sky objects were as distinctly visible as at noonday, though the atmosphere and all nature seemed tinged with a silver sheen.

The trail on the summit of the range ran over a narrow tableland for several miles, and then entered the deep pine and cedar forest at the other extremity of the chain of great hills over which I was going. A ride of 12 miles further and I arrived at a lonely spot, entirely denuded of timber excepting a group of blasted cedars about an acre in extent.

I reached the place just as my watch indicated midnight. Seating myself on one of the granite bowlders scattered over the ground, I lighted my pipe and was about to enjoy the delicious fragrance of some tobacco which had been given me the day before by an officer lately arrived from the states, when my mare, which I was holding by the rein, gave a convulsive shudder and nearly broke away from me. I could not for a moment divine what had caused her trepidation, for when with me, although a most highly-mettled animal, she was usually as docile as a kitten.

The moon was nearly over my head, and I gazed around in wonder for some minutes to learn the cause of my pet animal's strange action. Presently, on looking at the very center of the cluster of blasted cedars, I saw two great green eyes staring at me with a steadiness that was appalling. For a moment I was seemingly fascinated by the uncanny vision, but in another instant all sense of possible superstition vanished, as I saw the bushes move and heard dead twigs lying on the ground crack as if under the foot of some heavy animal treading on them. With bated breath, I saw a monstrous cougar stealthily crawl out of the tangled mass of brushwood in a crouching attitude, its tail slowly oscillating, as does that of the domestic cat when watching a mousehole.

The beast evidently then saw me for the first time, and, as is natural with the species, instinctively drew back, as if to fly from the presence of man. It was my handsome mare the cougar coveted, but, seeing me, it deferred the fatal spring it had contemplated at the moment its eyes first met mine.

I soothed Petaluma as best I could, but her trembling was not in the least abated, though she rubbed her nose against my coat sleeve, as was her wont when I caressed her. She seemed a little more passive—that is, she did not attempt those frantic jumps in her efforts to get away that at first characterized her terrible fright when she smelled the cougar, or by some instinct became aware of its proximity.

What I had to do, and do quickly, was to get away from there as soon as possible, for I did not know how soon the ferocious brute, nearly famished with hunger, maybe, might make an effort to fasten its horrid claws into the flanks of my mare, ignoring my presence entirely. So I hurriedly knocked the tobacco from my pipe, and, stroking Petaluma on the shoulder, mounted her as rapidly as I ever had before in my life, and was no sooner seated firmly in my saddle than, without a word or other impulse from me, she made a bolt down the trail that nearly threw me over her head, at the same instant seeming to shrink convulsively in a frantic effort to look behind her.

I sympathetically turned my head around and gazed at the bare hilltop this side of the blasted cedars, and, to my horror, saw those great green eyes but a few rods behind me, following my trail with a sort of crouching, crawling motion, all ready, evidently, to spring the moment it had covered the right distance.

When I noticed that the cougar was crawling in its crouching attitude behind me I had presence of mind enough to think that if I reined my horse and made her walk, it would impress the cougar with the fact that I was there as well as the animal it wanted to devour for its late supper. I could thwart its designs, as I felt confident that where I had first seen the cougar, in a narrow valley, surrounded by lofty mountains, heavily timbered, the government had erected a blockhouse and a corral, in which were herded a number of horses and mules, to be used as relays between the military posts.

I hoped that I should be able to make that point in about two hours from the cluster of cedars, but now that the cougar had entered as a factor in my calculations, I did not know whether I should reach the blockhouse at all, or maybe only on foot, with my beautiful mare's bones left on the trail, picked clean by the vicious beast that was following me.

True to its instincts, it was really afraid of me. I succeeded with great difficulty, however, in coaxing my mare into a slow walk, the effect of which resulted as I surmised it would. The cougar ceased at once its fearful bounds, and settled down into a shambling sort of gait, dropping further behind me at the moment.

Desirous of knowing for a certainty whether my tactics were the sudden cause of the creature's abrupt change of movement, I allowed Petaluma to break into a quick lope, and the instant the huge cat noticed the mare's renewed effort to get away, it commenced its former action. I then slackened my gait, and to my intense satisfaction the cougar once more lagged behind, renewing its slow movements, and seemed to be now watching the rider closer than it did the mare.

I did not again dare to let Petaluma go any faster than a walk, and during the whole 12 miles to the blockhouse, as long as I maintained that slow gait, the cougar did not try to spring toward us.

After continuing in that tiresome manner for about four hours, I at last entered the little valley, and just as I rode out of the heavy timber into the bright moonlight, the terrible beast gave one awful roar and turned back into the forest, a sad and disappointed cougar.

I changed animals at the blockhouse and rode on to the river without further adventure, happy in having saved my beautiful Petaluma, and possibly myself, from the jaws of the hungry beast, which had been my unwelcome companion for so many weary miles.

—Weary Watkins—"The doctors say we ought to eat more cereal food." Hungry Higgins—"They is too much of the serial business about our style of eatin' already."—Indianapolis Journal.

Assessment Work Contracts Taken.

Parties wishing to have assessment work done on claims in the vicinity of Moyie, will do well to consult or write the undersigned for terms. Work left in my care will be promptly attended to, and satisfaction will be guaranteed. S. A. SCOTT.

HOTEL FOR SALE.

The Lake Shore Hotel in Moyie is for sale. The building is 26x52 in size; has 10 bedrooms, bar room, office, dining room and kitchen; furnished throughout and in a good location. For further particulars apply to CLAYTON, MANUEL & Co., or to NELSON; J. M. LINDSAY, MOYIE.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Government Agent at Fort Steele for a transfer of the liquor license for the Central Hotel, Moyie, from myself to Victor Desaulnier.

MARTIN FOLEY.

Dated at Moyie, this, 1st day of March, 1899.

"R 77"

Is the Only Cure Specially Prepared FOR KOOTENAY Coughs and Colds. . . . Try a Bottle

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R. E. BEATTIE,
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