

# THE MOYIE LEADER

OUR GLASSES DO IT  
W. H. WILSON, Optician  
CRANBROOK.

O, 33

MOYIE, B. C., NOVEMBER 21, 1908.

\$2 A YEAR

WE ARE SOLE AGENTS FOR  
**House of Hobberlin**  
means much to those who are in need of a neat and stylish up-to-date SUIT before No better clothing is put on the market. The newest and best can be had for the price as what you pay for sweat shop products. Don't fail to see our samples and get your overcoat just as you want it.

**MPBELL'S**  
FOR QUALITY  
**G. GWYNNE,**  
Tobaccos, Confectionery  
FRUIT, ETC.  
**Moyle & Elwell.**  
Life and Accident Insurance.  
MOYIE, B. C.

Have you tried an assortment of these  
**Biscuits**  
you see in our window. All are nice and fresh and very low. A good supply of FALL AND WINTER goods are now in stock and are priced very low.  
**FITCH'S** COME AND SEE US REGARDING PRICES

**Our Own Store.**  
What about that pair of rubbers? Come and get a good pair at the  
**Co-Operative Association, Ltd**  
Have your next order for groceries with us, and it will receive prompt attention.  
**UNION GOODS**

**Hotel Kootenay**  
The best of accommodations for the Traveling Public.  
Commodious Sample Rooms. Billiard Rooms.  
**McTAVISH & CAMERON Proprietors.**

**IES...**  
We have what you need in WOOL GOODS for the advancing season, including fascinators, wool undershirts, shawl, toques, underwear and gloves. These goods are direct from the mills and are the best fads, and of excellent quality. Call and inspect.  
**E. A. HILL**  
THE FURNISHER.

**Imperial Bank of Canada.**  
Capital Authorized.....\$10,000,000.  
Capital paid up.....1,925,000.  
Savings bank department.  
Allowed on deposits from date of deposits and quarterly.  
**BROOK BRANCH.**  
J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager.

**GENERAL FLOAT**  
At Rossland ore that assays \$370 the ton has been found by the diamond drill.  
P. R. McDonald, of Rossland, has received his appointment as a justice of the peace.  
Next year's convention of the American Federation of Labor will be held at Toronto.  
Spokane will not have a hockey team this winter. The Canadian game does not seem to flourish on the American side.

It is said that the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. are after the big Ivanhoe property at Sandon, says the Kootenay Enquirer.  
A rumor is current in Victoria that the C. P. R. is negotiating for the purchase of the big Hill liner Minnesota for use under the C. P. R. flag in the trans-Pacific trade.  
There is every prospect of a gas plant being installed in Fernie in the near future, and should it become an established fact, it will be a valuable acquisition to the utilities of the town.

Having increased its capital from \$100,000 to \$500,000, the Hudson Bay Insurance Company, in operation in Saskatchewan for three years, with headquarters at Moosejaw, has removed its head office to Vancouver.  
The announcement is made at the C. P. R. offices at Vancouver of the promotion of Dalton G. Coleman, superintendent of the Kootenay division of the post and telegraph, to the position of assistant superintendent of the car service department with headquarters at Winnipeg.

A radical ordinance is under consideration at Bellingham. This ordinance demands that all doors and windows be so arranged that on Sundays and other days on which the saloons are required to close, anyone may be able to see the entire floor of the bar room.  
Nelson is to have a \$15,000 skating rink. It is to be built on the Hall mines road back of the car barns and the ice surface is to be 180 feet long by 80 feet wide, which will be the largest in the province. The building, which can, of course, be utilized for other purposes than hockey, will have a board floor and there will be galleries around the sides and a large grand stand at the end so as to accommodate the crowds.

**The Society Women.**  
When God gives a man a wife and six children He has done a great deal for a fellow. But when He gives him a society woman and a poodle dog He has done him up. These society women look upon children as a nuisance. I have had some of these society women shake hands with me and I must say I would as leave shake hands with a dead fish tail. I wouldn't give one sock-darning woman for all the society women in the country. Between cutting off the top of their dresses for the ball room, and the bottom for the boyette, these society women will soon have no clothes left. A man said to a society woman: "I hope to see more of you." She then said: "Come to the ball tonight." Some people say that I shouldn't talk this way before a mixed audience. You older sisters wear high collars around your necks—they are modest and comely, but deliver me from the society women who button their callars around their waists.—Sam Jones.  
During the visit of Dr. W. J. Harvey you can secure the services of one of Canada's leading Eye Sight Specialists without the inconvenience or expense of visiting one of the eastern cities. Consult him at Moyie, one day only, Monday, Nov. 23rd, Hotel Kootenay.

**Plenty Ore in Sight.**  
There is said to be more ore in sight in the upper workings of the St. Eugene than at any time in the history of the mine, and the lower levels are also looking better than ever. Improvements around the mill and the mine are being constantly made.

**Rink Is Ready.**  
The big skating rink on the tailing dump near the St. Eugene mine will be ready for use as soon as freezing weather sets in. The rink will be lighted with electricity, and good dressing room accommodation will be provided.

**Electric Lights.**  
Nearly all the polls for the new electric lighting system are up and ready for the wires to be strung. The lights will be ready to use on or shortly after December 1st.

**At the Aurora.**  
Good progress is being made on the Aurora on the west side of the lake. The work of installing the boiler and compressor is going right ahead. The affairs of the company are in excellent shape.

**Peck Heard From.**  
J. Peck MacSwain arrived in the city last Friday, too late to vote, as he had been delayed in transmission. Peck was on crutches the result of a fall in Fernie, and resembled a defeated candidate when he greeted his many friends upon Copper street.—Greenwood Ledger.

**New Sidewalks.**  
Moyie's streets are being greatly improved in appearance by the laying of new sidewalks, and the tearing out of the old rotten walks, which were such an eyesore to the town.

**Official Result Dec. 1st.**  
Daily News: The ballot boxes in connection with the recent Dominion election in Kootenay are coming in rather slowly. John Keen, returning officer, says that not half of them have been received so far. It will be some time yet before they are all to hand. The ones from the big bend of the Columbia river, will doubtless be the latest to come in. Mr. Keen will declare the result on Tuesday, December 1st.

**Catholic Church.**  
Tonight service at 7.30. Rosary, Benediction. Reverend Father W. F. McCullough will be at the disposition of the people all day and evening.  
Sunday 22nd. Low mass at 8 o'clock. High mass at 10 o'clock. Blessing and general communion. Blessing and erection of a beautiful "Mission Crucifix." Papal Blessing. Closing of the "Retreat." Everybody is welcome. The Reverend Father will leave for Cranbrook on the afternoon train, and will open an eight day retreat there.

When you think of Building, think of  
**CALDER BROS.**  
The Moyie contractors and builders.  
CALL AND GET ESTIMATES

**LOCAL ASSAYS**  
Monday, November 30th, will be St. Andrew's Day.  
Mrs. McTavish and sister, Clara Whitehead, were in Cranbrook the first of the week.

W. J. Feltham, manager of the Aurora property returned from Rossland Tuesday.  
J. H. Thomas, tuner for the Mason & Risch piano company, was in town yesterday.  
Bruce Attwood and wife, of Creston, were visitors in Moyie the first of the week.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. D. Calder last Sunday morning, Nov. 15th.  
Simon Peter and his Christ, will be the subject at the Methodist church Sunday evening. Strangers welcomed.

J. H. Hawke has again signed contract with Hazlewood Co. of Spokane to handle their icecream for the season of 1909.

M. A. Beale was up from Cranbrook Wednesday attending to some insurance matters.

The real estate business is looking up in Moyie.  
Dr. Hall, the dentist, announces that he will again be in Moyie on Thursday November 26th.

Christmas goods will be opened up in the beginning of the week at Campbell's.

The regular weekly dance was held in Morley hall last night.

Albert Gumble returned to Moyie yesterday.

Christmas goods are arriving at the Moyie Drug & Stationary store.

"Jimmy" Rossa, for several years head of the Italian coal shovellers brigade at the concentrator, left last week on a trip to Italy.

Edward and George Desaulnier left for Montreal this week after spending the summer in Moyie. Both made a host of friends while in Moyie.

Did you see that new sign, "Moyie Bakery?" Well it's a sure sign that you can get something fresh there in the bakery line every day.

Dr. Coffin is taking a 10 days' vacation, which he is spending duck shooting on Coeur d'Alene lake in Idaho. Dr. Mercer of Cranbrook is looking after his practice.

Special winter tweed hats with fur bands for men, at Campbell's.

LOST—An umbrella at the Methodist social Monday night. Finder will please leave same at this office.

The members of the Presbyterian church will hold an anniversary celebration about December 15th.

Presbyterian church. Service on Sunday evening at 7.30. Subject, "The Mission of Christ." Mrs. McDougall will sing. All are cordially invited to attend.

Thirty thousand persons in the Dominion of Canada alone will testify to the benefits derived from wearing spectacles prescribed by Dr. Harvey. Consult him next Monday while in Moyie. At Hotel Kootenay.

Wm. E. Schwanz, of Vancouver is now employed in E. A. Hill's store, and will remain in Moyie during the winter. A. S. Roberts, who formerly held the position, is taking a vacation, and is at present in Nelson.

## STOVES

Call in and see our stock of Stoves and Ranges. We have a fine line for wood or coal, ranging in price from \$3.00 up.

**MacEachern & Macdonald**

**Methodist Social.**  
The multitude were fed at Morley hall last Monday afternoon and evening, and then came a concert which was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. It was the regular anniversary celebration of the Methodist church, and it surpassed in every way those of former years. The affair was well patronized, and financially the treasury of the church was considerably enriched. Following is the program of the concert:

1. Chairman's address—Rev. W. L. Hall, B. A., B. D.
2. Song—Mr. Thos. Sowerbutts.
3. Recitation—Harold Walters.
4. Mandolin Solo—Mr. Lawson.
5. Recitation—Mr. D. MacDonaid.
6. Solo—Mrs. Geo. Wright.
7. Address—Rev. Thos. Faten.
8. Solo—Mrs. Patrequin.
9. Recitation—Rev. R. E. Collis.
10. Mandolin Solo—Mr. Lawson.
11. Solo—Mr. Sowerbutts.

The committee in charge wish to thank most heartily all those who very kindly assisted with both the supper and entertainment to make the festival a success.

**Lord Sholto.**  
Lord Sholto Douglas, the youngest son of the Marquis of Queensberry, is confined in jail at Nelson, awaiting trial on the charge of shooting a man who refused to leave his house when requested to do so. Eleven years since Lord Sholto gained considerable notoriety in Bakersfield, Cal., by marrying a vaudeville actress. A year or two since he settled down near Creston for the purpose of leading the quiet life of a farmer, but he is once again in the limelight, and he much dislikes notoriety.—Rossland Minor.

**Miners' Union Ball.**  
The Moyie Miners' Union are making preparation for the giving of their ninth annual ball. This year it will be held on the evening of Friday, December 11th. It is in the hands of the following committee: Mike Torpy, J. A. B. MacDonald, Joe McLaren, Herb Jackson, Thos. E. Kelly and Albert Gill. Arrangements have been made to have the supper served at both the International and the Cosmopolitan hotels. The price of the tickets will be the same as former years, \$2.00.

**NOTICE.**  
Notice is hereby given that the expiration of 30 days I intend to apply to the Moyie Water Co., Ltd., for a duplicate certificate of No. 4 for 10 shares; No. 15 for 201 shares; No. 100 for 225 shares.  
W. L. R219.  
Dated Nov. 16th, 1908.

**METAL MARKET.**  
New York—Bar silver, 52 cts.  
Lead \$4.75. Copper, 13 cts.  
London—Lead, £18. 8s. 9d.

**Atlas Assurance Co.**  
Shortly after the Fernie fire, a rumor circulated throughout the country to the effect that the above company would repudiate its losses, as there appeared a condition in their policies which stated that the contract excluded liability from bush or forest fires. As experience has proved this above company waived the condition in this case. All agents of the company have now been instructed to entirely cancel this clause, and their policies are now, therefore, free from this restriction as to bush or forest fires.

**Good Church Work.**  
The decoration of the Catholic church, which the ladies of the parish undertook in preparation for the mission, reflects much credit on their artistic sense. The procuring of a beautiful sanctuary carpet from the proceeds of the recent concert and social added much to the interior appointments of the church. The altar and sanctuary were tastefully adorned with potted plants and evergreen wreaths. The attendance at the various exercises of the "retreat" have been quite gratifying to the pastor, the Rev. Father Choinet, who is pleased that the parishioners have loyally corresponded to the earnest appeals of the missionary to renewal of Catholic life.

**Town Christmas Tree.**  
There will be a town Christmas tree and entertainment in Moyie this year, closely following after the plan adopted last year. While the members of the different churches are the promoters of the affair it will be strictly non-sectarian.

**NOTICE**  
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.  
TAKE NOTICE that the partnership heretofore carried on by Beecher E. Taylor, William Kydd, Patrick Head and William Sullivan, as hotel keepers at Moyie, B. C. has dissolved be the said William Sullivan retiring from said partnership, the same being continued by the remaining parties above named.  
AND TAKE NOTICE that the said Beecher E. Taylor, William Kydd and Patrick Head, the continuing partners, will not be liable for any debts or obligations incurred by the said William Sullivan on behalf of said partnership after the date hereinafter mentioned.  
DATED at Moyie this 2nd day November, A. D. 1908.



## The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACHE.

Copyright, 1920, by Rex E. Beach.

(Continued)

"Don't talk that way," she interrupted coldly. "I don't care to hear it."

"See here, what makes you shut me out and wrap yourself up in your haughtiness? I'm sorry for what I did that night. I've told you so repeatedly. I've wrung my soul for that act. All there's nothing left but repentance."

"It is not that," she said slowly. "I have been thinking it over during the past month, and now that I have gained an insight into this life I see that it wasn't an unnatural thing for you to do. It's terrible to think of, but it's true. I don't mean that it was pardonable," she continued quickly, "for it wasn't, and I hate you when I think about it, but I suppose I put myself into a position to invite such actions. No, I'm sufficiently broadminded not to blame you unreasonably, and I think I could like you in spite of it, just for what you have done for me. But that isn't all. There is something deeper. You saved my life, and I'm grateful, but you frighten me always. It is the cruelty in your strength. It is something away back in you—lustful and ferocious and wild and crouching."

"It's spilled wryly."

"It is my local color maybe, absorbed from this country. I'm not to change though, it's your fault. I'll let them rope and throw and brand me, I'll take on the graces of civilization and put away revenge and ambition and all the rest of it if it will make you like me any better. Why I'll even promise not to violate the person of our claim jumper if I catch him, and heaven knows that means that Samson has parted with his locks."

"I think I could like you if you did, she said, "but you can't do it. You are a savage."

There are no clubs nor maris where men foregather for business in the north—nothing but the saloon, and this is all and more than a club. Here men congregate to drink, to gamble and to trade.

It was late in the evening when Glenister entered the Northern and passed idly down the row of games, pausing at the crap table, where he rolled the dice when his turn came. Moving to the roulette wheel, he lost a stack of whitties, but at the far "out" his luck was better, and he won a gold coin on the high card, whereupon he promptly ordered a round of drinks for the men grouped about him, a formal, always precedent to overtures of general friendship.

As he paused, glass in hand, his eyes were drawn to a man who stood close by, talking earnestly. The aspect of the stranger challenged notice, for he stood back as if he were a stranger, with a peculiar grace of attitude in place of the awkwardness common in men of great stature. Among those who were listening intently to the man's carefully modulated tones Glenister recognized Mexico Mullins, the ex-gambler who had given Dextery the warning at Unalaska. As he further studied the listening group a drunken man staggered uncertainly through the wide doors of the saloon, his gaze fixed on the tall stranger, blinked, then approached him, speaking with a loud voice:

"Well, it ain't ole Alec McNamara, how do ye ole pirate?"

McNamara nodded and turned his back coolly upon the newcomer.

"Don't turn your dorsal fin to me. I want to talk to ye."

McNamara continued his calm discourse till he received a vicious whack on the shoulder. Then he turned for a moment to interrupt his assailant's garrulous profanity:

"Don't bother me. I am engaged."

"Ye won't talk to me, eh? Well, I'm going to talk to you, see. I guess you'd listen if I told these people all I know about you. Turn around here."

His voice was menacing and attracted general notice. Observing this, McNamara addressed him, his words dropping clear, concise and cold:

"Don't talk to me. You are a drunk and nuisance. Go away before something happens to you."

Again he turned away, but the drunken man seized and whirled him about, repeating his abuse, encouraged by this apparent patience.

"Your pardon, for an instant, gentlemen," McNamara laid a large white and manicured hand upon the flannel sleeve of the miner and gently escorted him through the entrance to the sidewalk, while the crowd smiled.

As they cleared the threshold, however, he clinched his fist without a word and, raising it, struck the soft fully and cruelly upon the jaw. His victim fell silently, the back of his head striking the boards with a hollow thump, then, without even observing how he lay, McNamara re-entered the saloon and took up his conversation where he had been interrupted. His voice was as evenly regulated as his movements, betraying not a sign of anger, excitement or bravado. He lit a cigarette, extracted a notebook and jotted down certain memoranda supplied him by Mexico Mullins.

All this time the body lay across the threshold without a sign of life. The buzz of the roulette wheel was resumed, and the crap dealer began his monotonous routine. Every eye was fixed on the nonchalant man at the bar, but the unconscious creature outside the threshold lay unheeded, for in these men's code it behooves the most humane to practice a certain aloofness in the matter of private affairs.

Having completed his notes, McNamara shook hands gravely with his companions and strode out through the door, past the bulk that sprawled across his path and without pause or glance disappeared.

A dozen willing, though unsympathetic, hands held the drunkard on the roulette table, where the bartender poured pitcher upon pitcher of water over him.

"He ain't hurt none to speak of," said a bystander, then added, with emphasis:

"He ain't hurt none to speak of."

"He ain't hurt none to speak of."

"He ain't hurt none to speak of."

"He ain't hurt none to speak of."

"He ain't hurt none to speak of."

"But, say, there's a man in this here camp."

CHAPTER VI.

"HO'S your new shift boss?" Glenister inquired of his partner a few days later, indicating a man in the cut below, busied in setting a line of sluices.

"That's old Slapjack Slums, friend of mine from Dawson was."

Glenister laughed immediately, for the object was unusually tall and loose jointed and wore a soiled suit of yellow mackinaw. He had laid off his coat, and now the baggy, billous trousers hung precariously from his angular shoulders by suspenders of alarming frailty. His legs were lost in gun boots, also loose and cavernous, and his entire costume looked shabby and dapper, as that he were the impression of being able to shake himself out of his raiment and to rise like a burlesque Apollo. His face was overgrown with a grizzled fringe that looked as though it had been trimmed with buttonhole scissors, while above the bushy hair a shaven pate shined, domelike head.

"Has he always been bald?"

"Naw! He ain't bald at all. He shaves his nob. In the early days he wore a long flowing mane which was cut by a barber, and he was a bobby with him finally, so that he grew superstitious about going uncut and would back into a corner with both guns drawn if a barber came near him. But once Hank—that's his real name—undertook to fry some slapjacks and in giving the skillet a heave, the dough lit among his forest primeval, and back of his ears, so side down. Hank polished the gulch with his fingers, which no man in the camp would touch without it was sanctified. Disrespectfulness, oozed out through him like sweat through an ice pitcher, and since then he's been known as Slapjack Slums, and has kept his head shingled smooth as a gun barrel. He's a good miner, though. Ain't none better—square as a die."

Sluicing had begun on the Midas. Long sluices lengths of canvas hose wound down the creek bottom from the dam, like giant's fingers, while the roll of gravel through the sluices mingled musically with the rush of waters, the tinkle of tools and the song of steel on rock. There were four "strings" of boxes abreast, and the heaving line of shovellers ate rapidly into the creek bed, while teams with scrapers splashed through the tail races.

In the big white tents which sat back from the sluicing, men of the night shift were asleep, for there is no rest here—no night, no Sunday, no halt, the round the clock days in which the northland lends herself to pillage.

The mine lay cradled between wonderful, mossy, willow-mottled mountains, while above and below the gulch was dotted with tents and huts, and everywhere, from basin to bill crest, men dug and blasted, panned, panned, while their tracks grew daily plainer over the face of this inscrutable wilderness.

A great contentment filled the two partners as they looked on this scene. To wrest from reluctant earth her richest treasures, to add to the wealth of the world, to create—here was satisfaction.

"We ain't robbin' no widlers an' orphans, 'd'ye see?" Dextery suddenly remarked, expressing his partner's feelings eloquently. They looked at each other and smiled, with the rare understanding that exceeds words.

Descending into the cut, the old man filled a gold pan with dirt taken from under the feet of the workers and washed it in a puddle, while the other watched his dexterous whirling motions. When he had finished he poked the stream of yellow grains into a pile, then, with hands together, guessed its weight, tugging again delightedly. In perfect harmony and contentment:

"I've been waitin' a terrible time for this day," said the elder. "I've suffered the plagues of prospectors from the Mexico to the Circle, an' yet I don't begrudge it none now that I've struck pay."

While they spoke two miners struggled with a boulder they had unearthed and, having scraped and washed it carefully, staggered back to place it on the cleaned bedrock behind. One of them slipped, and it crashed against a brace which held the sluices in place. These boxes stand more than a man's height above the bedrock, resting on supporting posts and running full of water. Should a sluice fall the rushing stream carries out the gold which has lodged in the riffles and floods the bedrock, raising havoc. To save the miners saw the string of boxes sway and bend at the joint; then, before they could reach the threatened spot to support it, Slapjack Slums, with a shriek, plunged flapping down into the cut and seized the sluice. His great heeled stood him in good stead now, for were the joint had opened water poured forth in a cataract. He dived under the sluice unhesitatingly and, stooping, lifted the line as near to its former level as possible, holding the entire burden upon his naked pate.

He gasped wildly for help, while over him poured the deluge of icy, muddy water. He entered his gapping waistband, bulging out his yellow trousers till they were fat and full and the seams were bursting, while his yawning boot tops became as boiling springs. Meanwhile he chattered forth profanity in such volume that the ear

ached under it as must have ached the heroic Slapjack under the chill of the melting snow. He was relieved quickly, however, and emerged triumphant, though blue and puffed, his wildness of whiskers streaming like timber skeletons, his boots loosely "gush-ing," while oaths still poured from him in such profusion that Dextery whimpered:

"Ain't he a ring tailed wonder? It's plumb solemn an' recent the way he makes them damned cuss words slip up at his tongue. It's a privilege to be present. That's a gift, that is."

"You'd better get some dry clothes," they suggested, and Slapjack proceeded a few paces toward the tents, hobbling as, though, treading on pounded glass.

"Ow-w!" he yelled. "These blasted boots is full of gravel."

He seated himself and tugged at his foot till the boot came away with a sucking sound, then, instead of emptying the accumulation at random, he poured the contents into Dextery's empty gold pan, rinsing it out carefully. The other boot he emptied likewise. They held a surprising amount of sediment, because the stream that had emerged from the crack in the sluices had carried with it pebbles, sand and all the concentration of the riffles at this point. Standing directly beneath the cataract, most of it had dived fairly into his waiting sluice, and he had moved outside the house, and could scarcely walk about the house I was so weak. I had no appetite, my color was a greenish yellow. I had severe headaches and would be almost breathless at the least exertion. I looked outside the house, and then my mother got me three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I had used them I was much better, and by the time I had taken another three boxes I was again enjoying the best of health, with a hearty appetite, good color and renewed energy."

If you want new health and new strength try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A fair use of this medicine will not disappear, you can get it by mail, a box of six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It will be a stroke at the very vital of monopoly, if there are to be fewer kerosene parades this campaign. Providence Journal.

They Soothe Excited Nerves—Nervousness is usually attributed to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centers. A course of Parnelle's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal, will remove the cause of nervous irritation. There is no sedative like them, and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

Mrs. Stubbs—Now, women are not impulsive, like you men. They always measure their words.

Mrs. Stubbs (with a sigh)—Oh, if some of the men would give short measure. Chicago News.

You can make richer, more fragrant, more delicious tea if you use Salada. One teaspoonful boiling water. Dissolve in a cup of water. When boiling common starch sprinkled in a little fine salt, which will prevent it sticking. Some people use sugar in the same way, but it is not so effective as salt.

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

The undertaker paused in his measurements.

There is only one one-word epitaph in this case, he said, hanging his tape across his shoulders. "It is in the town of Worcester. I believe it is quite a drawing card. Holiday makers come to see it, from miles around."

epitaph consists of the word "Gone." A Worcester auctioneer lay dying. He whispered to his wife with a quiet smile:

"I've been 'Going, going, all my life. Now I'll soon be 'Gone.' But that one word 'Gone' only."

"The wife complied," concluded the undertaker. Philadelphia Bulletin.

A druggist can obtain an imitation of MINARD'S LINIMENT from a Toronto house at a very low price, and have it labeled his own product.

This greasy imitation is the poorest one we have yet seen of the many that every Tom, Dick and Harry has tried to introduce.

Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

The Black Hawk War.

The Black Hawk war was fought on the Mississippi river frontier, in 1827, between 600 whites and 500 Indians. Chief Black Hawk was captured, and 203 warriors were killed. The Indians were driven west of the Mississippi. White loss, twenty-two.

The Vatican.

The Vatican is the largest palace in the world, and within its inclosure is a park of thirteen acres.

First Thought in Danger.

"Talking of the foolish things one thinks about even when in the midst of danger," remarked one of a group the other night, "I had promised my wife never to travel at night, and it is some thing I have always avoided, but necessity compelled it a few weeks ago, and as luck would have it there was an accident and the cars were derailed. As the one in which I sat my north was rolling down an embankment and I was in the midst of blankets, pillows, grips, etc., the terrible thought flashed across my mind: 'What shall I tell Mother? Here I am traveling at night!'"

CONSUMPTION'S STARTING POINT

Lies in Weak, Watery Blood—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make the Blood Rich and Red.

Bloodlessness is the starting point of consumption. When your blood is thin and watery your whole health declines. Your face grows pale, your appetite fails and your heart jumps and flutters at the least exertion or excitement. You are always weak and nervous and lose interest in everything. This is the point from which you may easily step into that hopeless decline that leads to consumption and the grave. What actually needed to bring back health and strength and energy is the new rich blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. In all the world there is no other tonic medicine like them, and all who feel weak and nervous should take these pills at once, and regain new health.

Miss Ada Burke, The Range, N. B., says: "I feel that I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In March, 1907, I was attacked with whooping cough which cleared me for several weeks. I was left weak and run down. All summer I was ailing, but when the autumn came I seemed to be completely worn out. For a whole month I could not do any work, and I could scarcely walk about the house I was so weak. I had no appetite, my color was a greenish yellow. I had severe headaches and would be almost breathless at the least exertion. I looked outside the house, and then my mother got me three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I had used them I was much better, and by the time I had taken another three boxes I was again enjoying the best of health, with a hearty appetite, good color and renewed energy."

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Bloodlessness is the starting point of consumption. When your blood is thin and watery your whole health declines. Your face grows pale, your appetite fails and your heart jumps and flutters at the least exertion or excitement. You are always weak and nervous and lose interest in everything. This is the point from which you may easily step into that hopeless decline that leads to consumption and the grave. What actually needed to bring back health and strength and energy is the new rich blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. In all the world there is no other tonic medicine like them, and all who feel weak and nervous should take these pills at once, and regain new health.

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Mrs. Stubbs—Now, women are not impulsive, like you men. They always measure their words.

Mrs. Stubbs (with a sigh)—Oh, if some of the men would give short measure. Chicago News.

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

The undertaker paused in his measurements.

There is only one one-word epitaph in this case, he said, hanging his tape across his shoulders. "It is in the town of Worcester. I believe it is quite a drawing card. Holiday makers come to see it, from miles around."

epitaph consists of the word "Gone." A Worcester auctioneer lay dying. He whispered to his wife with a quiet smile:

"I've been 'Going, going, all my life. Now I'll soon be 'Gone.' But that one word 'Gone' only."

"The wife complied," concluded the undertaker. Philadelphia Bulletin.

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Ask for MINARD'S and you will get it.

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