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THE MOYIE LEADER

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

VOL. II, NO 26. MOYIE, B. C., OCTOBER 3 1908. $2 A YEAR

Yuor Own Bare Feet

carefully studied will probably tell some story of mis-shaping—a story which brings you back when you were a child. Most feet if spoilt at all are spoilt in Childhood, when they are developing. We buy the Shoes that are so made and fashioned that they allow the little feet to develop in a natural way, without any pinching or cramping.

CAMPBELL'S

Specialties in boots and shoes for children.

E. G. GWYNNE,

Cigars, Tobaccos, Confectionery

FRUIT, ETC.

FARRELL BLOCK MOYIE

Beale & Elwell.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.

Head Office CRANBROOK MOYIE, B. C.

Leave Me Your Orders

FOR

PRESERVING FRUITS, ETC

Also for FRESH VEGETABLES. Everything seasonable in stock.

J. W. FITCH'S.

WATCH

Yuor Own Store Grow

Good fresh goods can always be had at the

Moyie Co-Operative Association, Ltd

A fresh shipment to arrive in a day or two
Come in and see our stock and get prices
and you will sure deal with us. We do
the largest grocery business in the town.
Full measure and weight always given.
Best attention will be given your orders.

UNION MEN. UNION GOODS.

MOYIE'S LEADING HOTEL.

Hotel Kootenay

The best of accommodations for the Traveling Public.

Large and Commodious Sample Rooms. Billiard Rooms.

McTAVISH & CAMERON Proprietors.

WALKOVER SHOES.

Just in from Mass. U. S. A. See our window display, and satisfy yourself that for STYLE and QUALITY they are all that can be desired.

E. A. HILL

THE FURNISHER.

Imperial Bank of Canada.

Capital Authorized.....$10,000,000.
Capital paid up.....4,925,000.
Rest.....1,925,000.

Savings bank department.

Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposits and credited quarterly.

CRANBROOK BRANCH.

J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager.

Goodeve Makes Good

The contention of the Moyie Liberals to the effect that Goodeve was afraid to meet Smith Curtis on the platform before a Moyie audience has been dispelled. Goodeve was fully master of the situation at every stage of the game at his meetiug Tuesday night. He swayed his audience at will, and he was given the closest attention. The only interruption came from Curtis, who winced under the fire when Goodeve accused him of working hand in hand with the Liberal machine at Ottawa in the postponement of the election in Kootenay. He jumped to his feet and flailed the air with outstreched arms and loudly disclaimed any connection with the scheme. He finally sat down and allowed Mr. Goodeve to go on.

It was just eight o'clock on the dot when the chairman, A. P. Macdonald, rapped for order, and the crowd which packed Morley hall settled down to listen to some of the best political argument ever heard in Moyie. There was a good sprinkling of ladies.

The meeting was opened by P. R. McDonald, mayor of Rossland who explainad why he was doing campaign work in behalf of Mr. Goodeve. He had known Mr. Goodeve for a long time, and had always known him as an honest and open fighter. As a miner and property holder and an officer in the miners' union he had gone through the labor troubles in Rossland a few years ago, and believed Mr. Goodeve had done at that time only as any other good Canadian citizen would have done. He beleived Mr. Goodeve capable of holding any position in the federal house, and made a special plea to his fellow working men to help top lace him at the head of the poll on November 3rd.

Mr. Curtis made the most of the time allowed him, and even overrun some, with permission of the chairman and Mr. Goodeve. He kept up a rapid fire and bored in with all of his available energy. He made a special plea to the laboring men, and was not at all backward in telling what he had done for them, and what he would do for them if elected. He talked fast and furious, and it must be addmitted that there were no dull moments while he was on his feet. He roasted Davidson, the Socialist candidate, and took a biff or two at Goodeve, the Conservative candidate.

Mr. Goodeve spoke for over an hour, interestingly and entertainingly. His address showed that he is a thinker, a candid and convincing speoker, a magnetic orator, a feorless truth teller, self controlled, searching, sincere, and neither spectacular nor vituperative. He dealt with facts, and frequently referred to the blue book as his authority. He proved conclusively that the Laurier government had upon every occasion discouraged legislation tending towards the restriction of oriental immigration. He called attention to the way the Hindus and the Japs were fast taking the places of the white man. In one sawmill alone that he had visited he found 18 white men and 100 Hindus working, and the pay of these men went mostly back to India to bring out more of the undesirables to this country. The scandals and curruption in the Liberal ranks was shown up by Mr. Goodeve, and it was not difficult to infer that the day for a needed change of government was at hand.

Mr. Davidson was not present, but Mr. Kelly took the platform for a few minutes in his behalf. Kelly said that after listening to Curtis' exposure of the Conservative party he could not vote the Conservative ticket, and after listening to Goodeve's exposure of the Liberal party he could not consrientiously vote the Liberal ticket. Therefore, there was no alternative for him but to support the Socialist candidate. He read the Socialist platform, and made an appeal for votes for Mr. Davidson.

Conservatives Meet.

Following are the officers who were elected at a recent meeting of the Moyie Conservative Association:

A. P. Macdonald, president; P. F. Johnston, vice-president, E. A. Hill, secretary-treasurer. The following comprises the executive committee; J. A. B. Macdonald, V. Desaulnier, F. J. Smyth, Jas. Grant, J. R. McDonald and J. E. Crowe.

The association have opened committee rooms in the Laing building opposite the Hotel Kootenay, and the place is open on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Plans are being made for a big rally next Wednesday evening.

K. of P. Grand C. C.

H. A. Brown, grand chancellor of the Knights of Pythias for B. C., will be in Moyie next Monday to pay an official visit to St. Eugene Lodge No. 37. In the evening lunch will be served in the hall, and there will be an address by the grand chancellor. All members of the order are urgently requested to attend.

$3,000 Improvements.

It is learned upon good authority that the sum of $3,000 will at once be expended on improvements in Moyie and in the immediate vicinity. Some time ago A. P. Macdonald and E. A. Hill went to Victoria and made a request of this amount from the government, and it would now seem that their mission was asuccessful one.

Enlarging Brewery.

The Moyie brewery is to have its manufacturing capacity trebbled. The improvments are now being made as fast as possible. Beer from this brewery has made a reputation for itself all along the Crows' Nest Pass, and the enlarging of the plant has become absolutely necessary in order to supply the demand.

SMITH CURTIS

Liberal Candidate for Kootenay.

Will Address a Public Meeting in MOYIE on

Monday Eve. OCTOBER 5TH

MORLEY HALL 8 O'CLOCK

Opposition Candidates Invited to Attend

Seats Reserved for Ladies.

LOCAL ASSAYS

Jas. Thom is home from Scotland.

Next Saturday will be payday at the St. Eugene.

Mrs. Burdett is visiting with freinds at Trail.

John Fries is home from Nelson, where he was attending the fair.

A nice selection of furs and jackets have just arrived at E. A. Hill's.

Mrs. Patrequin returned home from Spokane Tuesday.

Mrs. Herrett is home from Vancouver, where she was visiting.

Mrs. W. H. Laird and baby came home from Cranbrook yesterday.

Master Cecil Larson is attending college at Edmonton.

Young woman wants work daily. Apply at Moyie Leader office.

A. T. Clark is now in Vancouver, having returned a short time ago from Mexico.

The C. P. R. has refused to stop the Flyer for parties wishing to attend the Spokane fair.

Mrs. Laura Woods has taken charge of the rooms in the new Conrad building.

John T. Tipper was up to Moyie the first of the week from his farm near Curzon.

Walter Sorrell and family, who were formerly residents of Moyie, are now in England.

Rev. Mr. Hobbins of Waldo, B. C. was a guest at the Methodist parsonage Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Maud Polen is again employed in the Moyie post office.

Mrs. Wappes will leave next Monday for Spokane to take in the fair, and will afterwards go to the coast on a visit.

Mrs. Hattie Larson has returned from her farm in Alberta and is now employed at the Central hotel.

Fifty miners wanted to buy Long's special $5.00 boot, warranted all solid leather. All kinds of boots at all prices.

Mrs. (Rev.) Lashley Hall of Fernie will preach in the Methodist church Sunday evening. All are most cordially invited.

J. A. Johnson, until recently manager of the Porto Rico Lumber company, has moved with his family to Winnipeg for the winter.

Mrs. T. Sandwith arrived this week from England to join her husband, who is employed as teamster for MacEachern & Macdonald.

Julius Mueller, the brewer of Regina, was in Moyie the first of the week looking after his interests.

G. T. McGregor arrived here Tuesday from his home at Fergus, Ontario, where he was with his family for a month or two.

Jomes A. McDougall will soon leave for the east on a visit, taking in Boston first and then going to his old home on P. E. I.

The Moyie Liberal Association have opened committee rooms in the sample rooms of the Central hotel.

Sam Benzie has moved his family back to Kaslo. Mr. Benzie, however, will remain here in the employ of the Porto Rico Lumber company.

R. E. Taylor was down to Creston the first of the week looking over some land with a view to making a purchase when the auction sale takes place on the 14th.

Management Changes.

J. R. Wood has severed his connection with P. Burns & Co.'s meat market in Moyie, and he and his family will soon move to Cranbrook, where Mr. Woods will take the management of the Calgary Cattle Co.'s shop. Bert Lane of Greenwood has succeeded Mr. Wood in the Moyie shop.

AT DEPOT TODAY.

Half car Stoves and Tinware.

TO ARRIVE NEXT WEEK

Fifty boxes Snow and Winter St. Lawrence apples.

Car Five Roses flour and feed.

Car Crown gasoline, Ecsine and Pearl oil in barrels and cans.

Car Potatoes and Vegetables.

Place your order for potatoes and vegetables for delivery off the car.

We assure you good dry potatoes free from frost and at a very low price.

MacEachern & Macdonald

Will Make a Mine.

The fame of the Aurora mine is spreading far and wide. The property has taken its place among the substantial mines of the province, and it promises to soon share with the St. Eugene as a Moyie dividend payer. The following clipping is from a recent issue of the Rossland Miner, and is only one of the many that are appearing in the Kootenay and coast papers.

William J. Feltham, of Moyie, president and managing director of the Aurora Mining and Milling Co., of Moyie, is in the city. This company is now engaged in operating the Aurora group of five crown granted claims, situated on the west side of Moyie lake. The claims are located 2,000 feet distant from the St. Eugene on the opposite side of the lake and are on the same leads as the St. Eugene. The property is being developed by a series of tunnels. One tunnel has been driven for 325 feet on the main ledge. The last 220 feet driven the ledge is from four to six feet wide of concentrating ore which is identically of the character as that found in the St. Eugene. On the footwall within the last week or so two feet of good shipping ore has been encountered. This ore runs from 15 to 62 per cent lead and from 21 to 27 ounces in silver.

The intention is to install a five drill air compressor, boiler and power drills and develop on a larger scale than hitherto. The formation is Cambrian quartzite, and handwork is slow.

The machinery has been purchased and will soon be installed, and as soon as this is done another tunnel will be started, 150 feet down the hill from the present tunnel. The owners are nearly all practical miners of Moyie, and they have the utmost faith in the Aurora and are certain that it will make a mine. Mr. Feltham recently placed a sample of the Aurora ore in the show window of McDonnell & Costello's store, where it has attracted much admiring attention.

The New Minister.

Arrangements have been made to have a permanent man in charge of the Moyie Presbyterian church. Mr. Thos. Paton, a missionary student, is now on his way out from Scotland to Moyie, and he may be along at any time. Mr. Sowerbutts has been very kindly conducting the services in the church each Sunday since Mr. McCree left some time ago.

No Such Luck.

Actor—Are you alone? Voice from the audience—You would be—if we could get our money back at the box office.—Footlights.

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 52 cts.
Lead $4.75. Copper, 13 cts.
LONDON—Lead. £13, 8s 9d

GENERAL FLOAT

The Spokane fair opens next Monday.

The business portion of Michel has been wiped out by fire.

The Odd Fellows' sovereign grand lodge will meet in Seattle next year.

Harvey, McCarter & Pinkham will open an office at Golden in the near future.

The open season for willow grouse came in on the first of the month.

The Moyie football team has issued a challenge to the Nelson team.

The Mason & Risch pianos took the diploma and first premium at the Nelson fair.

The Porto Rico Lumber Company is erecting a new sawmill near Nelson.

W. F. Tate, the Cranbrook jeweler, has sold his business to Raworth Bros.

The Hotel Reco at Sandon, which has been closed for some time past, is again open.

W. W. B. McInnes and Hon. Wm. Tempeman will make a whirlwind campaign through the Kootenays.

W. L. Mackenzie King has resigned the office of Deputy Minister of Labor, having accepted the party nomination to contest the riding of North Waterloo, Ontario, in the Liberal interest.

Won't Let Go.

Once when Rudyard Kipling was a boy he ran out on the yard arm of a ship. "Mr. Kipling," yelled a scared sailor, "your boy is on the yard arm, and if he lets go he'll drown." "Ah" responded Mr. Kipling, with a yawn, "but he won't let go." This incident also happened to Jim Fiske, Horace Walpole, Napoleon Bonaparte, Dick Turpin, Julius Caesar and the poet Byron, says the Washington Herald. And it might just as well have been an incident in the life of Smith Curtis had the Cranbrook Herald thought of it in time.—Greenwood Ledge.

Election Nov. 12th.

The election in Kootenay has been deferred and will take place on Thursday November 12 instead of on October 26, as in the other ridings of Canada.

The REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,
Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers

(Continued)

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT had occurred is easily explained. The watchers in the windows at the front found that it was more than flesh and blood could endure to remain waiting at their posts while the fates of their wives and children were being decided at the back. All was quiet at the stockade and the Indians appeared to be as absorbed as the Canadians in what was passing upon the river. One by one, therefore, the men on guard had crept away and had assembled at the back to cheer the shot and to groan as the remaining canoe sped like a bloodhound down the river in the wake of the fugitives. But the savages had one at their head who was as full of wiles and resource as Du Lhut himself. The Flemish Bastard had watched the house from behind the stockade as a dog watches a rat hole, and he had instantly discovered that the defenders had left their post. With a score of other warriors he raised a great log from the edge of the forest, and, crossing the open space unchallenged, he and his men rushed it against the door with such violence as to crack the bar across and tear the wood from the hinges. The first intimation which the survivors had of the attack was the crash of the door and the screams of two of the negligent watchmen who had been seized and scalped in the hall. The whole basement floor was in the hands of the Indians, and De Catinat and his enemy the friar were cut off from the foot of the stairs.

Fortunately, however, the manor houses of Canada were built with the one idea of defense against Indians, and even now there were hopes for the defenders. A wooden ladder which could be drawn up in case of need hung down from the upper windows to the ground upon the river side. De Catinat rushed round to this, followed by the friar. He felt for the ladder in the darkness. It was gone.

Then, indeed, his heart sank in despair. Where could he fly to? The boat was destroyed. The stockades lay between him and the forest, and they were in the hands of the Iroquois. Suddenly he heard a voice from somewhere in the darkness above him.

"Give me your gun, lad," it said. "I see the loom of some of the heathen down by the wall."

"It is I! It is I, Amos!" cried De Catinat. "Down with the ladder or I am a dead man!"

"Have a care. It may be a ruse," said the voice of Du Lhut.

"No, no; I'll answer for it!" cried Amos, and an instant later down came the ladder. De Catinat and the friar rushed up it, and they hardly had their feet upon the rungs when a swarm of warriors burst out from the door and poured along the river bank.

It was a very small band who now held the last point to which they could retreat. Only nine of them remained—the seigneur, Du Lhut, the two Americans, the friar, De Catinat, Theuriet the major domo and two of the censitaires. The stone staircase ran straight up from the kitchen to the main hall, and the door which had been barricaded across the lower part by two mattresses commanded the whole flight.

The cards were still laid out at one end of the table, with the tricks overlapping each other, as they had left them. But there was something else there of more interest to them, for the breakfast had not been cleared away, and they had been fighting all day with hardly bite or sup. Even when face to face with death Nature still cried out for her dues, and the hungry men turned savagely upon the loaf, the ham and the cold wild duck. A little cluster of wine bottles stood upon the buffet, and these had their necks knocked off and were emptied down parched throats.

For four hours sounds of riot, of dancing and of reveling rose up from the storehouse, and the smell of the open brandy casks filled the whole air. More than once the savages quarreled and fought among themselves, and it seemed as if they had forgotten their enemies above; but the besieged soon found that if they attempted to presume upon this they were as closely watched as ever. The major domo, Theuriet, passing between a loophole and a light, was killed instantly by a bullet from the stockade, and both Amos and the old seigneur had narrow escapes.

Slowly the light crept up the eastern sky, a little line of pearl, then a band of pink, broadening, stretching, spreading, until it shot its warm color across the heavens, tingeing the edges of the drifting clouds. De Catinat stood at the window looking out when suddenly his eyes fell on a dark spot upon the river to the north of them.

"There is a canoe coming up!" he cried.

In an instant they had all rushed to the opening, but Du Lhut sprang after them and pulled them angrily toward the door. "Do you wish to die before your time?" he cried.

"Aye, aye!" said Captain Ephraim, who understood the gesture if not the words. "We must leave a watch on deck. Amos, lad, lie here with me and be ready if they show."

The two Americans and the old pioneer held the barricade, while the eyes of all the others were turned upon the approaching boat. A groan broke suddenly from the only surviving censitaire.

"It is an Iroquois canoe!" he cried.

"Impossible!"

"Alas, your excellency, it is so, and it is the same one which passed us last night."

"Ah, then the women have escaped them."

"I trust so. But, alas, seigneur, I fear that there are more in the canoe now than when they passed us."

The little group of survivors waited in breathless anxiety while the canoe sped swiftly up the river, with a line of foam on either side of her and a long forked swirl in the waters behind. They could see that she appeared to be very crowded, but they remembered that the wounded of the other boat were aboard of her. On she came, and on, until as she came abreast of the fort she swung round, and the rowers raised their paddles and burst into a shrill yell of derision. The stern of the canoe was turned toward them now, and they saw that two women were seated in it. The one was Onega and the other Adele.

Charles de la Noue, seigneur de Ste. Marie, was a hard and self contained man, but a groan and a bitter curse burst from him when he saw his Indian wife in the hands of her kinsmen, from whom she could hope for little mercy. Yet even now his old fashioned courtesy to his guest had made him turn to De Catinat with some words of sympathy, when there was a clatter of wood, something darkened the light of the window, and the young soldier was gone. Without a word he had lowered the ladder and was clambering down it with frantic haste. Then, as his feet touched the ground, he signaled to his comrades to draw it up again, and, dashing into the river, he swam toward the canoe. Without arms and without a plan, he had but the one thought, that his place was by the side of his wife in this the hour of her danger.

But there was another whose view of duty led him from safety into the face of danger. All night the Franciscan had watched De Catinat as a miser watches his treasure, filled with the thought that this heretic was the one little seed which might spread and spread until it choked the chosen vineyard of the church. He, too, clambered down at the very heels of his prisoner and rushed into the stream not ten paces behind him.

And so the watchers at the window saw the strangest of sights. There in midstream lay the canoe, with its burden of dark warriors, and the two women crouching in the midst of them. Swimming madly toward them was De Catinat, rising to the shoulders with the strength of every stroke, and behind him again was the tonsured head of the friar, with his dark capot and long trailing gown floating upon the surface of the water. But in his zeal he had thought too little of his own powers. He was a good swimmer, but he was weighed and hampered by his unwieldy clothes. Slower and slower grew his stroke and lower and lower his head until at last, with a great shriek of "In manus tuas, Domine!" he threw up his hands and vanished in the swirl of the river. A minute later the watchers, hoarse with screaming to him to return, saw De Catinat pulled aboard the Iroquois canoe, which was instantly turned and continued its course up the river.

"My God!" cried Amos hoarsely. "They have taken him! He is lost!"

"I have seen some strange things in these forty years, but never the like of that!" said Du Lhut.

The seigneur took a little pinch of snuff from his gold box and flicked the wandering grains from his shirt front with his dainty lace handkerchief.

"M. de Catinat has acted like a gentleman of France," said he.

Du Lhut glanced round him and shook his head. "We are only six now," said he. "I fear that they are up to some devilry because they are so very still."

"They are leaving the house!" cried the censitaire, who was peeping through one of the side windows. "What can it mean? Holy Virgin, is it possible that we are saved? See how they throng through the trees! They are making for the canoe."

On the river the single Iroquois canoe, which held the captives, was speeding south as swiftly as twenty paddles could drive it; but, save this one dark streak upon the blue stream, not a sign was to be seen of their enemies.

"By my faith, I believe that they have gone!" cried the seigneur.

"Take care that it is not a ruse," said Du Lhut. "Why should they fly before six men when they have conquered sixty?"

But the censitaire had looked out of the other window, and in an instant he was down upon his knees, with his hands in the air and his powder blackened face turned upward pattering out prayers and thanksgivings. His five comrades rushed across the room and burst into a shriek of joy. The lower reach of the river was covered with a flotilla of canoes, from which the sun struck quick flashes as it shone upon the musket barrels and trappings of the crews. Already they could see the white coats of the regulars, the brown tunics of the coureurs de bois and the gaudy colors of the Hurons and Algonquins. On they swept, dotting the whole breadth of the river and growing larger every instant, while far away on the southern bend the Iroquois canoe was a mere moving dot, which had shot away to the farther side and had lost itself presently under the shadow of the trees. Another minute and the survivors were out upon the bank waving their caps in the air, while the prows of the first of their

Swimming madly toward them was De Catinat.

rescuers were already grating upon the pebbles. In the stern of the very foremost canoe sat a wizened little man with a large brown wig and a gilt headed rapier laid across his knees. He sprang out as the keel touched bottom and, rushing up to the seigneur, flung himself into his arms.

"My dear Charles," he cried, "you have held your house like a hero!"

"I knew that you would not desert a comrade, Chambly. We have saved the house, but our losses have been terrible. My son is dead. My wife is in that Iroquois canoe."

The commander of Fort St. Louis pressed his friend's hand in silent sympathy.

"The others arrived all safe," he said at last. "Only that one was taken on account of the breaking of a paddle. Three were drowned and two taken. There was a French lady in it, I understand, as well as madame."

"Yes, and they have taken her husband also."

"Ah, poor souls! Well, if you are strong enough to join us, you and your friends, we shall follow after them without the loss of an instant. Ten of my men will remain to guard the house and you can have their canoe."

(To be Continued.)

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T.

And Now He Probably Regrets His Little Plan.

"Please, sir," said the office boy, "may I get away this afternoon?"

"What's wrong?" asked the great financier. "Is your grandmother dead?"

Little Willie had been taught that honesty was always the best policy. He was a good boy. He never sneaked stamps from his employer and he never threw the pretty typewriter into fits by whispering to her that he had just seen a mouse scoot under her desk. Being a truthful boy, little Willie replied:

"No, sir, I ain't got no grandmother. But the club that's in first place is going to play here today, and I'd like to see the game."

The old gentleman stared at him helplessly for a moment and then drew from his pocket $2, which he handed to the boy.

Ah, reader, you have already guessed that the great man felt in duty bound to encourage such frankness—but wait.

"Here," said Henry Hardrocks, "here's your week's wages. Don't come back any more. A boy that can't get up even a poor excuse on such an occasion as the present one would never amount to anything in this business."

Thus do we learn that in being its own reward virtue continues to have few competitors.—Chicago Record-Herald.

ALICE STEEL, PRINCESS.

Story of Little English Orphan Reads Like a Fairy Tale.

Strange as it may seem, it is all really true. Little Alice Steel, the orphan daughter of a bricklayer, has become the adopted daughter of the Princess of Wales, the future Queen of England. Her story sounds like a fairy tale.

Her father was killed at his work nine years ago, when Alice was a tot of five. Two years later the terrible fight against overmastering poverty killed the mother. The children were sent to charitable institutions and Alice brought up at the Princess Mary Village Home, at Addlestone, a little town on the Thames, 20 miles from London.

There is a system at the Princess Mary Home by which some very grand lady who patronizes the institution agrees to take a special interest in each one of the inmates. The Duchess of Sutherland, for example, has a little girl to whom she writes, and her future will be cared for. But most of the exalted ladies take but perfunctory interest in their little charges beyond sending a small gift once in so often.

Not so with the Princess of Wales. She visited the home at Addlestone so often that she was asked if she would like a child as a protege.

"Why, certainly," said the princess.

A child was recommended to her by the matron, but the princess said she preferred to choose for herself. So she looked them all over, and singled out Alice Steel, then ten years old, whose chief recommendation was that she was eternally getting into mischief.

Her choice was signalized by the princess calling the child to come with her for a motor ride in the royal car. All this was contrary to the rules, but what are rules to a princess and future Queen? Alice went. She wasn't told who her new found friend was, and she chatted along as gayly as you please, though perhaps had she known her hostess was to be Queen some day she would have been tongue-tied with fright.

"I want to be an actress," she confided to the princess, "like the one who sang to us the other day."

But Alice couldn't be kept in ignorance all the time. One day there arrived at the home a footman in the royal livery. He bore a parcel and it was addressed "Miss Alice Steel." Its coming was a great event, for few remember the little orphans. When it was opened it was found to contain a book of fairy tales with the inscription on the fly-leaf, "To Alice Steel, from Victoria Mary, Princess of Wales." Then Alice knew who her friend was.

When the princess was in India she remembered Alice and brought her many curious eastern toys. On her return she took her own little daughter, the Princess Mary, to visit Alice Steel. In a fairy book they would have become friends at once, but they hardly spoke a word to each other and Alice afterward informed her fellow orphans that she didn't fancy the little princess very much.

Summer Barnstormers.

"What's them thar actor folks doing prowling around in the hot sun?" asked the postmaster of Bacon Ridge.

"They say they want to get the lay of the town," said the village cutup.

"Waal, they needn't to be in any hurry about that. They'll get the lay of the town and the country both tonight. The boys are out buying up every egg within four miles."—Detroit Tribune.

Gloomy Outlook.

"What are you worried about, Rastus?"

"I's worried 'bout rain, dat's what I's worried 'bout, an' I reckons I's gwinter keep worried all summer."

"But it is almost sure to rain before long."

"Yessuh. But when it do it's almos' sure to be too much or not enough."—Washington Star.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore a Despondent Sufferer to Health.

"Although it is now some years since I found it necessary to take medicine of any kind, I attribute my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Thus writes Mr. Wm. M. Ferguson, St. John West, N.B. Mr. Ferguson continues:—"For years I was a sufferer from chronic bronchitis and general debility. I had always been delicate but as I grew older I seemed to grow weaker, and at the approach of autumn I commenced to cough and had to remain in the house all winter. With the coming of summer I always got a little better, only to be laid low again when the fine weather was over. During my last and most severe attack my cough became more distressing and I raised considerable phlegm, while at night I would be bathed in a cold, clammy sweat. The doctor's medicine relieved my cough a little during the day time, but there was no other improvement as I had no appetite, the night sweats continued and I was growing weaker. I changed doctors three different times but with no improvement. Then I began to take cod liver oil, but my stomach had grown so weak that it refused to retain it. It was at this time when I was trying to reconcile myself to my fate that a pamphlet relating cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was left at my door. Although my friends thought me in a decline, and although I was feeling hopeless myself, I decided to try the Pills. After using several boxes, though I still continued to cough, I felt better in other respects, and my appetite was gradually returning. I was not only surprised, but pleased to find this improvement, and I gladly continued their use. By the time I had taken ten boxes the night sweats and the cough had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling quite vigorous. I took two more boxes and felt that there was no necessity to continue the treatment as I was in better health than I had ever been before. When I completed the twelfth box I weighed myself and found that I had gained 32 pounds. As I said before it is some years since my cure was effected, and I have not had a cough in any season since, and have always enjoyed the best of health. I believe, therefore, that it is entirely due to the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am alive and well today, and I trust that others will benefit by my personal experience."

You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"When you feel any temptations comin' along," said the friend and adviser, "you mus' say 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

"Da's what I done said," answered Mr. Erastus Pinckley, "an' den I 'magines I hyuhs Satan answer me back: 'Dat's all right. We's both gwine de same way, an' it don't make no diffunce to me nohow which leads de puhcession.'"—Washington Star.

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When energy flags and the cares of business become irksome; when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver, and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

Ostend—Pa, what kind of ships are courtships?

Pa—Soft ships, my son.

Ostend—And what kind of ships sail the sea of matrimony?

Pa—Hardships, my son.—Chicago News.

Ten cents' worth of Wilson Fly Pads will kill more house flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimps?"

"Yes, I'm a cornetist."

"And your sister?"

"She's a pianist."

"Does your mother play?"

"She's a zitherist."

"And your father?"

"He's a pessimist."—Detroit Tribune.

It is in Demand.—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.

First Shining Light in the Colored Church—Ah don't believe in callin' dis heah society de Ladies' Auxiliary. Dat's imitatin' de white folks.

Second Shining Light—Den wot will we call it?

First Shining Light—Well, wot's de mattah wid callin' it de 'Colored Supplement'?—Judge.

Wilson's Fly Pads kill them all.

"It 'pears tew me," remarked the rural philosopher, "that law air a heap sight like a colt."

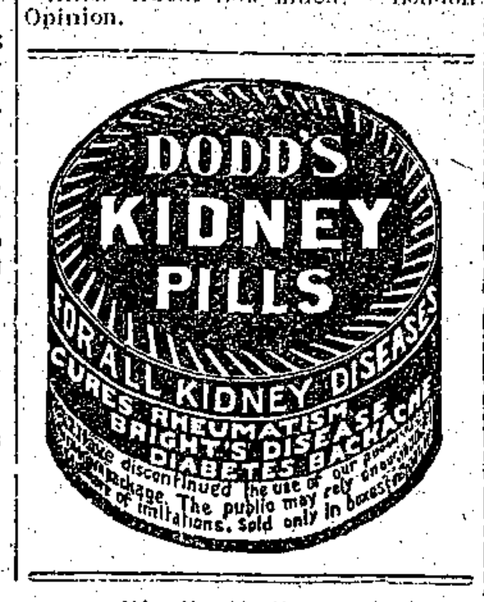
"How's that?" queried the hired man.

"Somebody has tew break it before yew kin tell whether it's enny good or not," explained the old granger.—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

George—Gertie has decided to marry young Multimill. She thinks she can make something out of him.

Ethel—About how much?—London Opinion.



W. N. U. No. 708.

OCEAN AN ENORMOUS POOL.

Winds and Currents Keep It Moving Round and Round.

The discoveries of modern science have revealed monsters of the deep as terrific as any that ancient fancy created and have shown that oceans are not mere wastes of water, but the homes of an astounding variety of living things. More than this, it has been discovered that the seas themselves have each a sort of law of existence which they obey. The hydrographic office at Washington has for years been trying to learn something of the characteristics of the Atlantic ocean as a great moving body of water by means of bottles containing papers, which have been dropped overboard from vessels in many places to drift at the mercy of the winds and waves.

Many of these bottles have been found and picked up again either in the open sea or on shores where they had stranded.

Knowing from its records where the bottles had been thrown overboard, the bureau has been able to trace in a general way the path they must have followed in order to reach the places where they were found.

Being partially filled with air and then securely corked, the bottles float on the surface of the water and go wherever the winds and the currents of the sea carry them. Each bottle contains a record of the place and date of its starting. Some of those found have floated for many months on the bosom of the Atlantic and traveled thousands of miles.

It has been ascertained that bottles dropped overboard between the shores of the United States and England or France generally travel toward the northeast, following the course of that great river in the ocean called the gulf stream. Bottles started off the coasts of Spain or Africa travel westward until they arrive among the West India islands. Along the European side of the ocean the bottles take a southerly course and along the American side a northerly course.

Thus as a result of winds and currents the whole Atlantic is shown to be slowly circulating around and around, like an enormous pool. This accounts for the stories that were current in Europe hundreds of years ago of strange objects of human manufacture having floated from the new to the old world, thus giving a clew to the existence of undiscovered lands across the sea.

A Rare Nobleman.

The American father of the heiress greeted the count who was a suitor for her hand with dignified frigidity.

"Sare," said the count, "your daughter has done me ze honnaire of consenting to be my wife. I am called to complete ze negotiations."

"All right," wearily said the father. "How much of a cash settlement do you expect?"

"Nossing, sare."

"What! How much will I have to pay for your racecourse debts?"

"Nossing, sare; I do not gamble."

"How much will I have to put up to settle breach of promise cases brought by chorus-girls?"

"Nossing, sare; I do not flirt."

"How much will I have to pay to rebuild your castle?"

"Nossing, sare; it is in fine repair."

"But there must be some expense for me. Out with it."

"No, sare, nossing. I simply love your daughter and she loves me, and we wish to be married. Is not zat enough? Is it not enough to ask you to give me your daughter wizzout your expecting to——"

"Come to my arms!" exclaimed the American father, and tried to fall upon the neck of the delightful count.

But he awoke on the floor, having tumbled from the bed as a finish to his amazing dream.

Vocal Vases.

The ancient Peruvians must have understood something of the laws of atmospheric pressure, else how could they have constructed some of the very curious jars and vases they left behind them? One of these pieces of pottery was ornamented with the figures of two monkeys, and when water was poured into or out of the vessel sounds like the screeching of monkeys were heard. Another similar vessel had the figure of a bird, which uttered appropriate notes; another was ornamented with a cat which mewed, and another with snakes which hissed. A most ingenious water jar bore the form of an aged woman, upon whose cheeks tears were seen to trickle, while sobs were heard, when water was poured from the jar.

Satisfied With Her Work.

It was noticed that the woman devoted many more hours to mirror gazing than formerly. "I can't tell," she said, with dreamy satisfaction, "how many times I have caught people, especially women, snapshotting me recently."

"I shouldn't be so puffed up about it if I were you," said the brute of a man. "It wasn't your good looks that attracted them. They were taking pictures of your dresses, so they could copy the best points in their own clothes."

"In that case," said the woman after a moment's visible disappointment, "I feel more highly complimented than if they had photographed me. Nature is responsible for me, but I designed my clothes myself."

Ancient High Buildings.

In the Rome of the Caesars trouble was experienced with high buildings. A law was passed restricting the height of fronts to sixty feet. In order to evade it builders adopted the practice of carrying up the rear portion several stories more. Other laws bearing on the heights of buildings were passed in olden times. There was a tendency to diminish the height of stories as the buildings increased in size, and a height of 130 feet was probably attained. It is believed that the ceilings were so low that a man could not stand upright in the rooms.

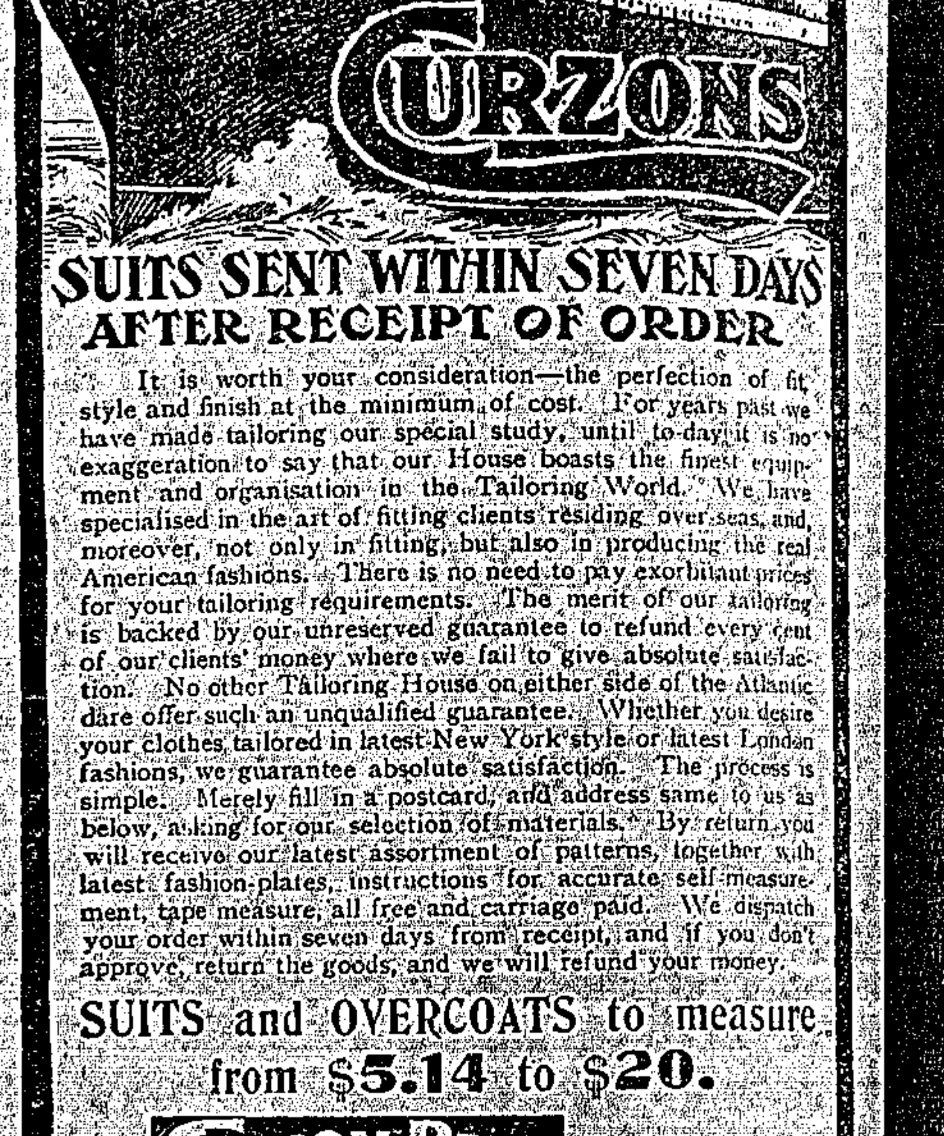
"How often you see artists of real merit struggling for a livelihood."

"It's mostly their own fault," answered Mr. Cumrox. "I'd be willin' to give some of 'em a chance, but the trouble with a real artist is that he insists on painting pictures that don't advertise anybody except himself."—Washington Star.

Send for Surgeon.

Stockton, Man.—Geo. Rule was taken suddenly ill and a consultation of physicians in attendance decided an immediate operation was necessary. Dr. Burnham, of Winnipeg, was sent for.

OUR AGENT IS NOW TOURING THE WESTERN PROVINCES



SUITS SENT WITHIN SEVEN DAYS AFTER RECEIPT OF ORDER

It is worth your consideration—the perfection of fit, style and finish at the minimum of cost. For years past we have made tailoring our special study, until to-day it is no exaggeration to say that our House boasts the finest equipment and organisation in the Tailoring World. We have specialised in the art of fitting clients residing over seas, and, moreover, not only in fitting, but also in producing the real American fashions. There is no need to pay exorbitant prices for your tailoring requirements. The merit of our tailoring is backed by our unreserved guarantee to refund every cent of our clients' money where we fail to give absolute satisfaction. No other Tailoring House on either side of the Atlantic dare offer such an unqualified guarantee. Whether you desire your clothes tailored in latest New York style or latest London fashions, we guarantee absolute satisfaction. The process is simple. Merely fill in a postcard, and address same to us as below, asking for our selection of materials. By return you will receive our latest assortment of patterns, together with latest fashion-plates, instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days from receipt, and if you don't approve, return the goods, and we will refund your money.

SUITS and OVERCOATS to measure from $5.14 to $20.

CURZON BROS "Go to Curzon" The World's Measure Tailors,

(Dept. G 81), 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Addresses for Patterns:
For Toronto and East Canada:
CURZON BROS., c/o MIGHT DIRECTORIES, LTD., (Dept. G81)
74-76 Church Street, TORONTO, ONTARIO.
For Winnipeg and the West:
CURZON BROS., c/o HENDERSON BROS., (Dept. G 81)
279 Garry Street, WINNIPEG.

Below we tabulate the various towns that Mr. Greene will visit on his tour, together with approximate dates of his arrival in each town:

Edmonton, The Alberta	Sept. 28th
Battleford, Windsor Hotel	Oct. 5th
Prince Albert, Queen's Hotel	Oct. 8th
Saskatoon, Iroquois Hotel	Oct. 12th
Brandon, "The Empire"	Oct. 15th
Regina, "The Clayton,"	Oct. 22nd
Portage la Prairie, The Leland	Oct. 29th
Winnipeg	Nov. 2nd

LOOK OUT FOR DEFINITE DATES

Please mention this paper.

No! Thank You!

The fair bather was in the greatest danger when the heroic rescuer seized her by the hair. It came off. Puffs and coils and waves it strewed the shuddering sea.

For a moment the rescuer was dazed.

Then he grasped the tiny knob of real hair that remained on the lady's head and drew her into shallow water.

Did she thank him for saving her life?

She didn't.

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief.

Willie—Papa, what is a close call?

Father—A close call, my son, is the kind of call your sister's sweetheart makes when they sit in the parlor with the light out.—Boston Transcript.

Financial Advice by Parable.

A friend of long standing, who had heard rumors of coming financial disaster, went to a leading New York financier early last summer, and asked about the situation.

"What is it that you want to know?" queried the banker.

"Why, I hear stories on every side of depression that is sure to come, and I have some investments in mind. I want to know what you think about putting out money for investment."

"Do you read the Bible?" enquired the financier.

"Sometimes."

"Well, do you remember about the man who went out and buried his treasure in the ground?"

"I do."

"Let me tell you, then, that he wasn't such a fool as he has been taken to be."—Philadelphia Saturday Post.

ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE IN CANADA, ASK FOR

EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

Sold and used everywhere in Canada.

TRISCUIT

If you want to thoroughly enjoy your vacation don't forget to take along a supply of TRISCUIT—The Dainty Shredded Wheat Wafer. Nutritious and appetizing. Try it with butter, cheese or fruits. 1055

ALWAYS READY TO SERVE—Sold by All Grocers.

SECRET
...IN TROUBLES

...you on some part of your body a sore, ...tion, or eczemous patch, which, hidden ...e gaze of others, yet causes you hours ...rs of pain and inconvenience? ...don't overlook this comforting fact—that ...k is daily curing just such chronic ...yours! It heals skin diseases, ulcers, ...sores, ringworm and sores due to ...oison. Write Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, ...trial box, sending 1c. stamp. All stores ...ggists sell at 50 cents a box.

Zam-Buk

...hould Brush Their Hair More.

...y few men brush their hair ..." said a downtown barber. ...Most ills of the scalp can be ...to that fault. You see it's this. ...A man is generally in a hurry ...he dresses and he never takes ...to brush his hair, simply ...es it down, generally only with ..., and, as a result, dandruff is ...to accumulate and trouble be... ...Now, with a woman it's differ... ...woman has to carefully brush ...at least once a day. If she ...it would be a pretty mess; its ...ngth saves her, for in brush... ...each day she gets out all sorts ...urities, dandruff and the like, ...which is for her own good. ...hat is the reason why fewer ...suffer from dandruff than the ...nate members of the opposite ...nd it is also the reason why ...r is a woman's crowning glory, ...she is fair, fat and forty. So ...your hair every morning the... ...if you want to keep in the ..." You're right." "Next, sir."— ...lphia Record.

...for the Chronic Dyspeptic.— ...h lack of consideration of the ...needs many persons allow dis... ...of the digestive apparatus to ...until they become chronic, ...days and nights with suffering. ...e a course of Parmelee's Vege... ...ills is recommended as a sure ...eedy way to regain health. ...pills are specially compounded ...hat dyspepsia and the many ...t follow in its train, and they ...cessful always.

...t are you sealing up in that ...e so carefully, Crawshay?" ...ortant instructions that I for... ...ive my wife before I came to ...his morning. I am going to ...up home." ...your wife open it at once?" ...er. I have made sure of that. ...lady typist will address it to ...d put a big 'Private' on the ...of the envelope."—Tit-Bits.

...no substitutes for Wilson's ...ds. No other fly killer com... ...th them.

...hat do you attribute your ...aking people at their word ...d the Polonius with the chin ..."Take a man at his word ...s and it surprises him, so ...never fails to live up to it."— ...City Journal.

...Liniment for sale everywhere

...ke your damage case," said ...er, helping to his feet the ...hit by an automobile. ...k you," replied the victim ...much hurt, but I recogniz... ...mcasley chauffeur. He may ...ase for you later."—Philadel... ...dger.

HOW'S THIS?

...er One Hundred Dollars re... ...any case of Catarrh that can ...ured by Hall's Catarrh Cure ...heney & Co., Toledo, O. ...he undersigned, have known ...eney for the last 15 years, and ...him perfectly honorable in all ...transactions, and financially ...arry out any obligations made ...rm. ...alding, Kinnan & Marvin, ...holesale Druggists, Toledo, O. ...Catarrh Cure is taken intern... ...ing directly upon the blood ...cous surfaces of the system. ...ials sent free. Price, 75c. per ...Sold by all Druggists. ...Hall's Family Pills for con...

...ot the finest gardens in this ...e country," boasted the new... ...millionaire. "Right in the ...them is the most expensive ...in the world." ...dial is all right during the ...marked a listener. "It is ...t night." ...isn't," retorted the million... ...dly, "I've got mine surround... ...electric lights."—Bohemian.

...'s Liniment Cures Dandruff

...of hearing my 'sugary ...re you, Pulsatilla Corkins!' ...he indignant Orlando, "Per... ...will be kind enough to tell ...Corkins, what a sugary ...What is it made of?" ...made, Mr. Spoonamore," ...the fair Pulsatilla, "of ver... ...another word of any des... ...Orlando Spoonamore grabbed ...nd groped his way out into ...some night. The blow had ...him.—Chicago Tribune.

...Strengthen
...the Nerves

...orces like electricity is hard ...ng is certain. Nerve force ...be created from rich, red ...he blood right and you cure ...f the nerves such as head... ...igestion, sleeplessness, irri... ...weakness of the bodily or... ...stration and partial para... ...the only way actual cure ...ly be brought about and be... ...A. W. Chase's Nerve Food ...blood builder it accom... ...nderful results in the cure ...s of the nerves: ...Robert Darrah, Chipman, ...Co., N. B., writes:—"My ...suffered from nervousness ...al debility, brought on by ...When the doctors failed to ...Dr. Chase's Nerve Food built ...nderfully and cured her." ...and signature of Dr. A. W. ...D., the famous Receipt Book ...every box. 50 cts. at all ...Edmanson, Bates & Co.,

Dr. A.W. Chase's
...erve Food

A CURE FOR FRECKLES.

Formula For a Lotion and Cream to Remove Them.

The woman who freckles easily and dreads the summer time is to be pitied.

Tan and sunburn are unsightly and painful, but after awhile they disappear. But not so with freckles. They will remain through the winter months unless something is done to remove them. This, as all know from experience, is much easier said than done. They are as stubborn to remove as a willful child when it is necessary to make him obey.

The following formula is said to be one of the best to remove them: Lactic acid, four ounces; glycerin, two ounces; rosewater, one ounce.

Apply this lotion to the face several times during the day. Put a small portion in a dish and dip a soft linen rag into it and apply.

All skins will not stand the same treatment, and while some may use this lotion or other face lotions with no ill effect, others may suffer from a burning sensation of the skin.

To prevent this burning it will be better to massage the face after using the lotion with this elder flower cream. Almond oil, three ounces; white wax, five drams; spermaceti, five drams; lanolin, one ounce; witch hazel, one ounce; elder flower water, three ounces; oil of bitter almonds, one dram.

Massage the skin with this every night and one will be well repaid for the little trouble. The skin will become soft and supple and a dainty white. If the skin is inclined to be rough and dry, it will be beneficial.

This cream is not only good to use after the freckle lotion, but on any dry, ugly skin. It will take away the roughness and give the skin a delicate appearance.

FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

The outside of a trunk is not the only part that gets battered and unsightly, although there are no "interior" baggage smashers. When the hinges and lining become torn and soiled they may be replaced at home. Strong tape, securely fastened with tacks, makes excellent inside hinges. Body and lid may be lined with moire wall paper, the edges neatly finished with passe partout binding. The paper should be put on with good wall paper paste and allowed to dry before the trunk is used.

The one kind of polish is not always satisfactory with different kinds of woods, and for dark woods, especially rosewood and mahogany, a special preparation should be tried. Melt together gradually in a double saucepan two ounces of yellow wax, one ounce of alkanet root and half a pint of boiled linseed oil. Strain and when cool mix with it a gill of turpentine and one of vinegar.

Tansy is an effective old fashioned whitener for clothes. Place the green leaves in a thin bag and steep for a time in boiling water to which chopped soap has been added. Remove the tansy from the boiler before adding the clothes. Place the clothes in the boiling water, cover and leave to steam, but not boil, for a full half hour. Wash in a second suds, rinse thoroughly and hang while rather wet.

The lingerie blouses when they have served their original purpose can be cut down to form corset covers, their embroidery or lace trimmings making them more than usually decorative.

IN THE KITCHEN.

Sunshine Cake.—For sunshine cake sift the flour and sugar the same as for angel cake, only lessening the flour to three-fourths of a cup. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of seven eggs and beat until stiff and dry. Beat the yolks of five eggs until lemon colored and thick, add the sugar and flour to the yolks, stir in lightly the white of the eggs and half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, flavor with orange extract and bake the same as angel cake. Frost with yellow icing, flavored with orange, and decorate with bits of candied orange peel and leaves cut from angelica.

Lemon Ginger Beer.—This beverage should be made a couple of days before using. Pour two gallons cold water over a half dozen lemons sliced thin, add a pound and a half sugar and a scant ounce ginger root. Let this come to a boil, then add a tablespoonful cream of tartar. Strain and set in a cool place. When nearly cold add a yeast cake dissolved in a little lukewarm water, stir thoroughly, then set in a cold place overnight. In the morning mix well and bottle, corking air tight, and lay the bottles on their sides in a cool place. A small bottle of Jamaica ginger extract may be used in place of the whole ginger if preferred.

Lemonade.—For every quart of lemonade desired allow three lemons. Scrub the lemons thoroughly, as their rough skins hold many particles of dust and grime. Clip off the thin outer skins of part of the lemons and steep for a few minutes in a little water. Cut two thin slices from the center of each of the remaining lemons and lay one side. Press the juice from the lemons, using a corrugated glass or a lemon squeezer. Add enough sugar to the juice to make as sweet as desired, then pour on the proper amount of boiling water, together with the strained water from the chipped yellow peel. Let stand until cold and if not ready to use put in the icebox until needed. Serve a couple of slices of lemon in each glass and a little chipped ice if you are assured of its purity.

Food For All.

After a certain jury had been out an inordinately long time on a very simple case they filed into the courtroom, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree upon a verdict. The latter rebuked them, saying the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury room for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long, I will have to send you in twelve suppers."

The foreman in a rather irritated tone spoke up and said, "May it please your honor, you might send in eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."—Everybody's Magazine.

A WRECK ON THE ROAD

What a Collision Means to the Man at the Throttle.

PLIGHT OF THE ENGINEER.

The Chances He Has to Take and His Fate Should He Become Crippled In a Smashup—There Are Some Things Worse Than Physical Pain.

"I just dropped in to tell you that the coroner's jury has exonerated you from all blame for the wreck. They are going to hold the block tower man."

The old engineer turned his pain drawn face toward me. A white capped nurse gently brushed back the wild hairs from his forehead.

"Thank you, miss," he said, "and you, too, sir, for the good news. I knew they couldn't blame it on me, because it was white at Mentor. Poor Denny, he'd tell you so, too, if he was alive. 'All white!' he shouted when we came round the curve, and I gave him the answer, 'All white!' and pulled her wide open. Then we struck the empties on the siding, and—well, you know the rest." He wiped a trembling hand across his eyes as if trying to blot out some horrible vision.

His eyes began to sparkle, and a bit of color flushed into his pale cheeks. "I suppose you fellows think I opened her up and went into those boxes just for fun." A smile flitted over his lips, and then he grew serious. "Say, did it ever come to your mind that an engineer might be as anxious about his own life as he is about the lives of those who are riding behind him? My wife and little one—don't you suppose my life counts for something with them?

"Did you ever stop to think what a collision like that at Mentor means to the engineer? Just try to figure yourself in his place. He rides in four square feet of cab room, surrounded by a mass of levers, rods and the like. Ahead of him is about three miles of boiler pipe, carrying 200 pounds of steam pressure and enough hot water to cook the meat off his bones in a jiffy. Clattering at his back is 6,000 gallons of water and 26,000 pounds of coal. Under him is 200,000 pounds of engine, and behind there is 600,000 pounds of train. Altogether he is running along ahead of 800,000 pounds of steel, hardwood and brass held to an eighty pound rail by three-quarters of an inch of wheel flange.

"Why, when one of those big Russian battleships fired a broadside at the Japanese the whole thing amounted only to 24,000 pounds, so the papers say. And that 24,000 pounds traveling eight miles a minute would strike a Japanese ship eight miles away with an impact only one-tenth of the force we hit the empties at Mentor.

"Of course I was the engineer and they depended on me. There is always a lot of fine talk about engineers having the lives of several hundred passengers in their hands. That's all very true, but you don't want to overlook the fact that the engineer's life is right there along with the others. We all take chances, the train crew as well as the passengers, only our chances are slimmer. I had one chance in 500 of being killed, or one in twenty-five of getting right where I am now, but a passenger on the train had one chance in about 3,000,000 of being killed and one in 130,000 of being hurt.

"I see that a lot of people were killed and a whole lot more hurt. I don't want to be a grumbler, but it appears to me that you fellows have kinder overlooked the fact that both of my legs are gone. Of course that might not mean much to you, but if you realized, as I do, that for the rest of my life it is going to be my job to hobble out into the middle of some country road and wave a white flag as every train goes by—if you could realize what that means to an engineer—to hear the mocking toot of the whistle as she comes up to the crossing and to see the sympathetic salute of the engineer and fireman as they go flying by—I tell you, my boy, there are some things worse than physical pain."

His eyes filled with tears. The nurse gently wiped them away and softly stroked back the hair.

"I wouldn't talk any more now," she said.

"All right, miss," he replied, putting out his hand to me. "I always obey orders."—B. R. Winslow in New York Tribune.

A Free Translation.

"And you say the idiot of a teacher told you that you had an extravagant fool of a father?"

"That's what he meant."

"But what did he say?"

"He said it was criminal folly to waste money on the education of such a chump as I am."

Indian Engineer.

A descendant of Tama's band of Musquakie Indians is now the engineer of a fast passenger train on the Burlington road. He is here on the same ground where his ancestors lived for many generations. He crosses the same rivers, surveys the same landscapes, observes the same phenomena of wind, temperature, storms, etc., that were familiar to his ancestors of centuries ago. He wears more clothes than they wore, and he speaks a different language, and he is serving civilization instead of barbarism. Few if any of the passengers who ride behind him know that a Tama Indian sits in the cab of the engine as it speeds over the prairies.—Burlington Post.

His Choice of Weapons.

M. Victor Noir, an illiterate bully of the time of the second empire, for no real reason whatever sent a French statesman a challenge to fight a duel.

Noir was a densely ignorant man, and nearly every word in the challenge was misspelled. The statesman responded with the following letter: "Dear Sir—You have called me out without any good reasons. I have therefore the choice of weapons. I choose the spelling book, and you are a dead man." The duel was never fought.

WHICH WAY?

Protect Existing Forests or Plant New Ones?

"If you draw the attention of the 'man in the street' to our rapidly diminishing supplies of timber he will in nine cases out of ten say, 'Yes, that's so. Why the government ought to go to work and plant up the open spots.' Let us examine the practicability of such a scheme. With a large and well equipped nursery for the growing of forest seedlings, and with labor at $2.00 a day, it is possible to reduce the cost of planting five feet apart each way, to between $7.00 and $8.00 per acre. For sake of argument let us assume that it can be done for $5.00 an acre, or $3,200 per square mile. At this rate the planting of a township only six miles square would require the enormous expenditure of $115,200. The 'man in the street' will do some pretty hard thinking before he will consent to pay his share of the cost of such an undertaking, yet he will read in his morning paper that thirty townships or more than a thousand square miles of woodlands in Northern Alberta, Saskatchewan or Manitoba have been destroyed by fire, and scarcely give the matter a passing thought.

"Would it not be very much more to the purpose to take time by the forelock and use the money required to plant up a single township for the maintenance of an efficient fire ranging system, similar to the one already established in Ontario? To my mind the problem pressing hardest upon the Dominion Forestry Service for solution is the protection of the western woodlands from fire. The new railway being built through them and the settlement that will quickly follow, will be a constant source of danger, but if fire rangers who feel the responsibility of their positions and possess the necessary diligence, firmness and tact to faithfully perform their duties and secure the co-operation of the settlers and the railway companies, can be found and retained in the service, a great deal may be done to save invaluable forest areas from ruthless destruction."—A. H. D. Ross, M.A., M.F., at 190... meeting of Canadian Forestry Association.

Regarded as one of the most potent compounds ever introduced with which to combat all summer complaints and inflammation of the bowels, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial has won for itself a reputation that no other cordial for the purpose can aspire to. For young or old suffering from these complaints it is the best medicine that can be procured.

Harold—Who was that homely looking chap I saw you with yesterday Percy?

Percy—Look out, now, Harold. That was my twin brother.

Harold—Pardon me, old chap. I ought to have known.—Chicago Journal.

SALADA
CEYLON TEA

The delicious flavor of "Salada" Tea is largely due to the care used in the cultivation and preparation, and to the fact that it is packed in sealed lead packages, which prevents its coming in contact with articles that would affect its flavor. 43

Winks—That fellow Dickson is a deep one.

Dinks—What has he been doing?

Winks—Why, he got the new boarder into a brisk controversy with the landlady over the reason's for woman's mental inferiority, and under cover of it he sneaked a second piece of huckleberry pie.—Rochester Democrat.

Your druggist, grocer, or general storekeeper will supply you with Wilson's Fly Pads, and you cannot afford to be without them. Avoid unsatisfactory substitutes.

"He said he felt greatly encouraged because you turned the gas down low when he was calling on you."

"Well, he needn't feel encouraged. It takes a dark room to develop a negative, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Carterhall, Nfld.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes, so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and did so. The effect was more than I expected, a few applications completely curing the irritation, and preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,

W. A. V. R.

Mr. Smart—Did you ever cross the street and notice the street crossing, too?

Miss Sauce—No; but I have walked up one side of the street and watched the other side-walk down.—Judge.

Dr. Jackson, former Health Officer of New York City, says in his report to Governor Hughes, that house flies are the cause of five thousand deaths annually in that city from typhoid fever and other intestinal diseases. Wilson's Fly Pads kill all the flies and the disease germs too.

Redd—Did you try a jinriksha while you were travelling abroad?

Greene—No; you must recollect I'm on the water wagon!—Yonkers Statesman.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Sunday School Teacher—What are you going to be when you grow up, Tommy?

Tommy—I'm a-goin' to be a pirate till I gets old an' sick, an' then I'm a-goin' to turn to the Lord.—Judge.

BLACK WATCH
The Name of
Black Watch
On a Tag on a Plug of
Black Chewing Tobacco
Stands for Quality.
2273

FACTS ABOUT COUNTIES.

Some of Them Are Larger Than Many of the States.

The county is a territorial division that the United States derived from Great Britain, where the counties correspond to the provinces or departments of other European countries and in a limited sense to the states of the American Union. An Englishman addresses a letter to "Parkinton, Hants," as we address a letter to "Columbus, O.," or "Elmira, N.Y."

One state, which derives its usages from French and not from English originals, has no counties at all. In Louisiana these subdivisions of the state are still called parishes, both officially and in ordinary speech, though they are now divided into many real parishes of the church.

There are about 3,000 counties in the Union, with an average size of about 1,000 square miles, but this average is enormously exceeded in many instances and is also frequently fallen below. Leaving out certain great unsettled counties in the west, the average county would be about 500 square miles in extent.

In much of the western part of the country the size of the county is regulated mathematically. It consists of sixteen townships, each composed of thirty-six square miles, making 576 square miles in all. In other words, each township is six miles square and each county twenty-four miles square.

In Iowa there are thirty-nine counties that were formed in this way, each one of which has exactly 576 square miles. Such divisions were possible in the newer west, where these minor political divisions were made in advance of settlement. In the older parts of the country the territorial arrangements were largely accidental.

The largest county in the United States is Yavapai county, Ariz., which has an area of almost 30,000 square miles. Nine states of the Union are each smaller than this county. It is larger than the whole of West Virginia and almost as large as South Carolina.

The sixteen counties of Montana average a greater size than the state of Massachusetts.

Among the other great counties of the Union are San Bernardino and San Diego, in California, which are not only vast regions, but contain a great productive territory; Humboldt and Lincoln counties, in Nevada, which are only sparsely populated, and Lincoln county, N. M., which bids fair in time to have a large population.

Although the New England states are small, the average size of the counties is greater than in most of the middle, western and southern states. Worcester county, in Massachusetts, is an example of an eastern county that is at the same time large in area and very populous. It is larger than the adjoining state of Rhode Island.

The smallest state in the Union has the smallest county as well. Bristol county, R. I., has only twenty-five square miles. At one place it is not more than two miles in breadth.

Thread In Surgery.

Are you aware that the modern surgeon employs in his work dozens of different kinds of thread for sewing up cuts and wounds? Among them are kangaroo tendons, horsehair, silk, and very fine silver wire. Many of these threads are intended to hold for a certain number of days, and then naturally break away. The short, tough tendons taken from the kangaroo, which are used for sewing severe wounds, will hold for about four weeks before they break away. Silk thread will remain much longer, sometimes six months, while the fine silver wire is practically indestructible.

With the entire outfit a surgeon is able to select a thread that will last as long as the wound takes to heal, and will then disappear completely. To accommodate this assortment of threads, special varieties of needles are required. Besides the needle craned in different segments of a circle, surgeons use needles shaped like spears, javelins and bayonet points.

Queer Auction Custom.

"Candle auction" is an ancient custom which still survives in Somersetshire, England. A valuable piece of meadow land in the village of Tatworth was sold recently by auction while the candle burned. The ceremony consists of the burning of an inch of candle, the last bidder before the candle's final flicker becoming the tenant for the ensuing year. Previous to the auction freeholders assembled for a supper of bread and cheese, beer and pickles, the funds for this being provided from the "colting" of the new tenant. Fines are also imposed for speaking, nose blowing, laughing out loud and moving, other than bidding, while the candle is burning.

The Last Straw.

She was one of those women who always present a woefully untidy appearance during the early part of the day. In vain had her husband remonstrated with her on her unfastened blouse and unkempt hair. It was not until aid came from an unexpected quarter that victory was his. They had removed to a new house on the previous day, and when she answered the summons of the front door bell a humble looking woman awaited her.

"Oh, I see it's too late!" sighed the woman. "I called to see if the missis wanted a charwoman, but I see she's suited."

A Great Failing.

Visitor—So you've got a dog and a cat for pets. They must be splendid companions for you.

Tommy—Oh, not very! They don't eat cake or jam.

Visitor—Well, what has that to do with it?

Tommy—Well, when there's any cake and jam missing they don't get blamed for it.

Hydrophobia Plus.

A little girl came running to tell about a mad dog she had seen. "We saw a mad dog," she gasped, but the words seemed too tame to do justice to the situation. "Oh, he was mad, mad!" she added, frowning and pumping her fists. "He was furious!"

Excusable Exaggeration.

"How did Jones, who is generally such a truthful man, come to assert that yesterday the thermometer in his room recorded 150 degrees in the shade?"

"I suppose he just said it in the heat of the moment."—Detroit Free Press.

INSIDE A SUBMARINE

You Are Greeted by a Deafening Ear Splitting Racket.

WORSE THAN A BOILER SHOP.

To Make Yourself Heard at All You Must Shout Into the Ear of a Companion—The Economy of Space and the Simplicity of Arrangements.

Climbing down ten rungs of an iron ladder into the interior of a submarine is like going into a boiler shop where there is one continuous, deafening, ear splitting racket like a dozen trip hammers chattering a tattoo amid a grind and rumble and thump of machinery, as if especially designed to burst your eardrums.

At first the noise in that narrowly confined space is painful and bewildering. To make yourself at all heard you must shout into the ear of a companion. So intense is the strain, says a writer in St. Nicholas, that you marvel how day in and day out human ears can withstand the ordeal.

You find yourself inside what seems an enormous steel cigar painted a neat pearl gray, a color which is serviceable and does not dazzle the eye. Light comes to you partly through portholes and in part from incandescent lamps placed fore and aft in the darker parts of the hull.

You have expected, of course, to land in a tangle of whirling machinery that fills the inside of the boat from stem to stern, threatening with every revolution to take an arm or a leg off. Instead the first thing you see is an uninterrupted "working space," or deck, measuring 7 by 25 or 30 feet.

At the stern, far in the background, are the machines and engines. In fact, this section of the vessel is nothing but machinery, a rumbling mass of silvery steel and glittering brass revolving at the rate of 500 times a minute, so compact that you wonder how the various parts can turn without conflicting or how it is possible for human hands to squeeze through the maze to oil the machinery.

But this economy of space is as nothing to what you will see. The floor you stand on is a cover for the cells of the storage batteries wherein is pent up the electricity with which your boat will propel herself when she runs submerged.

The four torpedoes, measuring sixteen feet three inches long, eighteen inches in diameter and weighing 1,500 pounds each, are lashed end for end in pairs at either side, and directly over these are tool boxes and hinged bunks for the crew to sleep in.

The very air which is taken along to keep life in you in case the boat should be detained beneath the surface longer than usual is compressed in a steel cylinder 2,000 pounds per square inch, a pressure so intense that were the cylinder to spring a leak no larger than a pin hole and were the tiny stream of escaping air to strike a human being it would penetrate him through and through and drill a hole through an inch thick board behind him.

And yet everything about the interior arrangements of this boat is so simple that you can see at a glance its purpose. Away forward, where the tip of the cigar comes to a point, are the two torpedo tubes out of which the gunner will send his deadly projectiles seething beneath the waters at the rate of 35 knots an hour against an unsuspecting hull.

Directly under the conning tower is a platform, three feet square and elevated three feet from the deck, upon which the captain stands, head and shoulders extending into the tower, so that while at his post he is visible to the crew only from the waist line down, and at the feet of the captain and on a level with his platform is stationed another of the officers, in charge of the wheel that controls the diving rudders and the gauges that register the angle of ascent and decline and show how deep the boat is down.

The two officers are in personal communication, so that in case of heart disease or other mishap either can jump to the other man's place.

Time to Wake.

Judge Wheaton A. Gray was once harangue by the prosecuting counsel on a warm day at the end of a long harangue by the prosecuting counsel he noticed one of the jurymen asleep. As soon as the argument was completed the judge addressed the jury in this peculiar manner: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prosecuting attorney has completed his argument. Wake up and listen to the instructions of the court."—San Francisco Argonaut.

One Was Enough.

"Dad," said the white faced lad, "how many cigars does it take to hurt a boy?"

"How many have you smoked?"

"One."

"That's the number," said dad, and taking down the strap from behind the door, he soon convinced the boy that he was right.

Common.

"They are quite ordinary people, aren't they?"

"Yes—keep their engagements, eat plain food, pay their bills and all that sort of thing."

Home Industry.

Rural Barber—Who cut yer hair las' time, Bill?

Farmer's Boy—Maw, but she couldn't find the scissors, an' the sickle was kinder dull.

Sorry He Spoke.

Barber—You certainly needed a hair cut.

Customer—Yes. Bee away. Hair in bad shape, eh?

"Fierce. Must have been in the country."

"Yep."

"Cut by a farmer?"

"That's right."

"He certainly didn't know the business."

"That's so."

"Where was it done?"

"You did it before I went."—New York Life.

THE Celluloid Starch package is large, but the amount of work it will do makes it seem enormous. That's one of the advantages this starch has over all others, it requires a smaller quantity to do more and better work.

Celluloid Starch gives a limber, lasting stiffness that will not crack. Ask your grocer for it—if he hasn't got it he can get it.

Large Sample mailed FREE on request. 824

Celluloid Starch
Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking
The Brantford Starch Works, Limited, Brantford, Canada

Straight Talk from a Dog Trainer.

One day, as a doctor was driving into a village he saw a man a little the worse for liquor amusing a crowd of spectators with the antics of his trick dog. The doctor watched him awhile, and said:

"Sandy, how do you manage to train your dog? I can't teach mine to do anything."

Sandy, with the simple look in his eyes so common in some rustics, said: "Well, you see, doc, you have to know mor'n the dog, or you can't learn him anything."—Cleveland Leader.

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

"Ah, Mrs. Newcomb," said the uppish Mrs. Subbubs, "my many social duties have prevented me from calling upon you as I should. However, I will surely return your visit some day——"

"Oh, that doesn't matter much," replied Mrs. Newcomb promptly, "but I do wish you'd return the groceries you've borrowed from time to time."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

SPECIAL TO GRAIN SHIPPERS.

It takes years to learn the best methods of handling grain. We have had thirty years' experience handling grain in this country, have a branch office at Fort William and close business connections at all grain centres. Ship your grain through us for prompt returns and good services. References, Union Bank of Canada.

Manitoba Commission Co.,
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man.

LADIES Send your name and address and you will receive a free sample of SLOCUM'S COMPOUND PENNYROYAL TEA. A powerful but harmless vegetable medicine for sickness peculiar to women and all diseases arising therefrom. All druggists sell at 25c. or postpaid for price from Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Stanfield's
Unshrinkable
Underwear
for Women

is a luxury, as well as a winter necessity.

It holds its shape with unwrinkled grace — and always fits perfectly, because it is absolutely unshrinkable.

Stanfield's Underwear comes in 3 winter weights —and all sizes from 22 to 70 inch bust measure.

At all dealer's. 146

A Boon
to the Bilious

Are you compelled to deny yourself many wholesome foods because you think they make you bilious? Do you know that your condition is more to blame than the foods? Your liver and stomach need attention more than the diet. When you find yourself suffering with a bilious attack, take

BEECHAM'S
PILLS

and all annoying symptoms will soon disappear. They settle the stomach, regulate the liver and exercise the bowels. Their good effects are felt immediately.

Beecham's Pills mingle with the contents of the stomach and make easy work of digestion. The nourishing properties of the food are then readily assimilated and the residue carried off without irritating the intestines or clogging the bowels.

Beecham's Pills should be taken whenever there is sick headache, furred tongue, constipation, sallow skin or any symptoms that indicate an inactive liver.

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

F. J. SMYTH, PUBLISHER.

RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year $2.00

SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1903.

A good bit of love goes to waste before marriage that would help a lot afterward, says an exchange.

Manager Aldridge says that the ore reserves of the St. Eugene mine are nearly 50 per cent greater than a year ago. This statement is certainly encouraging.

Joe Martin says that McInnes does not stand a ghost of a show against Cowan in Vancouver, and it must be admitted that Martin frequently knows what he is talking about.

It is time the Kootenays had a man in the Dominion house who will keep a clear head and be capable of administering the affairs of his constituency. The people will have no regrets for sending Mr. A. S. Goodeve to Ottawa.

A new early to bed proverb is: Early to bed and early to rise does very well for sick folks and guys, but it makes a man miss all the fun till he dies and joins the stiffs that are gone to the skies. Go to bed when you please and lie at your ease, you'll die just the same of a Latin disease.

Referring to the candidature of Hon. T. Mayne Daly, who has just resigned the position of police magistrate of Winnipeg to oppose Hon. Clifford Sifton in Brandon, the Winnipeg Tribune says: "Hon. T. Mayne Daly is just the man to run against Sifton in Brandon, for he has been accustomed to deal with just such characters every day in the week."

I. C. S. Smoker.

F. X. Holl, special representative of the International Correspondence schools and International Text Book company, is spending a few days in Moyie. Mr. Holl is tendering a smoker to the several students of the correspondence school tonight at the Hotel Kootenay, and all these are cordially invited to attend. The hour set is 8 o'clock. Mr. Holl's chief mission in making his present trip is to interest the students of the I. C. S. and others in the new International Publishing company stock. The new company will have for its object the handling of all foreign correspondents' instruction and will establish field forces in Great Britain. The company is at present advertising for experienced field men who have previously resided in Great Britain to handle the work and will undoubtedly meet with the same amount of success they have accomplished on this side of the Atlantic.

Will Live in Rome.

Rev. Father Welch of Vancouver has received official confirmation from Rome of the selection of Bishop Dontenwill as superior general to the Oblates. The appointment necessitates the permanent residence of His Grace in Rome.

MRS. W. C. OLIVER,
PARLOR MILLINERY.
Latest Styles of Hats.
Residence, Queens Ave.

GET YOUR
BREAD, CAKES AND PASTRY
FROM
Summers & Hamilton.

Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women.

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength-giver ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant nourishment for the child. Expectant mothers too will find it a priceless boon to prepare the system for baby's coming and rendering the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down distress low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary specks or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable, pelvic catarrhal drain, prolapsus, anteversion or retro-version or other displacements of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famed specific for woman's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native, medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his *free* booklet treating of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy of *known composition* a secret nostrum of *unknown composition*. Don't do it.

NOTICE

CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF EAST KOOTENAY.

TAKE notice that Canadian Mining Company, Limited with head office at Moyie, B. C. occupation Mining Company, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted on the East boundary of Lot 7662, Groups 1, Kootenay District, B. C, 232 feet south 19 degrees 53 minutes west from the North East corner of said lot 66; thence south 19 degrees 53 minutes west along East boundary of said lot 7662, 419.1 feet; thence East 332 feet to the high water mark of Lower Moyie Lake, thence following the high water mark of lower Moyie Lake in a northerly direction a distance of 416.2 feet more or less to point of commencement, containing 1.73 acres more or less.

CANADIAN MINING COMPANY, LIMITED (NON-PERSONAL LIABILITY)
Chas. A. MacKay, Agent
DATE September, 30th, 1903.

NOTICE.

SOUTHERN DIVISION EAST KOOTENAY LAND DISTRICT DISTRICT OF EAST KOOTENAY.

TAKE notice that William Lawson and John Worschmitt of Moyie, B. C occupation miners, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted at the North East corner of lot 8121 thence twenty chains west following the north boundary of said lot thence eighty chains north more or less to the south boundary of G. B. Powell's timber limit thence twenty chains east more or less to the west shore of the Upper Moyie Lake thence following said west shore southwards to the point of commencement.

WILLIAM LAWSON,
JOHN WURSCHMITT.
DATE September 21st, 1903.

NOTICE.

Take notice that I intend sixty days after date to apply to the Hon. the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, Victoria, to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at the southwest corner post of Block 2802, Group 1, East Kootenay District, thence north 20 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

R. J. WHITE,
Moyie, August 13th, 1903.

NOTICE.

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

TAKE notice that I Wm. McDougall, of Moyie B. C. occupation Mine Surveyor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:

Commencing at a post planted on the shore of Moyie Lake about five chains distant in a South Westerly direction from the North West corner of Lot No. 756 The Lake Shore mineral claims, thence west 20 chains; thence south 20 chains; thence east 20 chains; thence northerly 0 chains to point of commencement, and containing 40 acres, more or less.

WILLIAM McDOUGALL.
Dated August 12th, 1903.

NOTICE.

CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN DIVISION EAST KOOTENAY.

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

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Moyie river, thence west 10 chains; thence North 80 chains; thence East 60 chains; more or less to Moyie river, thence south along river bank to point of commencement, containing 100 acres more or less.

HENRY J. COOPER.
ep'. 14th. 1903.

NOTICE

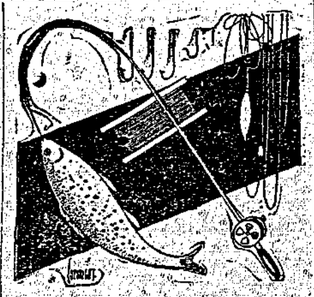
CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN DIVISION EAST KOOTENAY.

TAKE notice that I, J. W. Fitch agent for Louisa L. Fitch of Moyie, B. C occupation forekeeper, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:—

Commencing at a post planted 20 chains south of the North west corner of preemption 924 W. L. Meredith Aldridge B. C. thence north 40 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence west 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing one hundred and sixty acres, more or less.

LOUISA L. FITCH.
per J. W. Fitch.
DATE September 25, 1903.

Geo. R. Leask & Co.
BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS
Our Work is our Advertisement
HEAD OFFICE:
CRANBROOK - B. C.
See.
V. S. Liddicoat, Moyie, B. C.



Fishing Tackle

RODS, REELS, FLIES, BAITS, LINES, HOOKS LEADER BOXES AND TROOLS.

Greenheart rods from $3 to $18; split bamboo from $1.60 to $5.75; Lance wood rods from $2 to $5 Trunk rods from $4 to $4.50.

MOYIE DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE.

St. Joseph's Convent.
NELSON, B. C.

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

Thistle Brand Creamery Butter 3 pounds for $1.00

Golden West Creamery and Thistle Brand Dairy Butter 25 cents per pound.

P. BURNS & CO
MOYIE, B. C.

TIMBER LIMIT
McVITTIE & PARKER
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYING
RAILWAY & MINING ENGINEERING
Estimates Furnished.
OFFICES
Fort Steele P. O. Box 25.
Cranbrook P. O. Box 11.

BUY YOUR
Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruit and Candy
FROM
A. B. Stewart & Co.

LINOLEUM CARPETS

When furnishing your home or hotel don't forget we can furnish you promptly and complete.

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

Standard Furniture Company
NELSON, - - - B. C,
AGNTS
Mason & Risch Piano Co.
Ostermoor Mattress.
Globe-Wernick Office Furniture.

—THE—
Central Hotel.
DESAULNIER BROS, Props.
Large sample room in connection with house for commercial men. Best of accommodations.
Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.
QUEENS AVENUE, MOYIE, B. C.

I. O. O. F.
Wildey Lodge No. 44.
Meets Tuesday evenings in McGregor hall on Victoria street. Sojourning Odd Fellows cordially invited.
HENRY SAIT, Noble Grand. F. J. SMYTH, Sec'y.

St. Eugene Lodge No. 37.
K. of P.
Meets every Thursday evening in McGregor hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers invited.
H. C. LIVESLEY, Chancellor Com. E. A. HILL, K. R. and S.

Moyie Miners' Union No. 71 W. F. of M.
Meets in McGregor hall every Saturday evening. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.
Malcolm McNeill, President. Thos. E. Kelly, Secretary

Harvey, McCarter & Macdonald.
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.
Cranbrook, - - B. C.

W. F. GURD,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
CRANBROOK, B. C

C. H. DUNBAR
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc
Cranbrook, B. C.

DR. F. B. MILES,
DENTIST.
Cranbrook, B. C.

George H Thompson,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
Lany PUBLIC, &C.
CRANBROOK, BRITISH COLUMBIA

W. R. BEATTY
Embalmer and Undertaker,
Phone 9. CRANBROOK

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.
This hotel is now under new management, and is first class in every respect.
B. E. TAYLOR, Mgr.
Victoria Street. MOYIE

GENTLEMEN—

If you want a stylish, up to date tailor made suit, call and inspect our spring goods before ordering elsewhere.

We guaratee all Our Work.

Cleaning, repairing and pressing done.

Prices Right.

C. A. FOOTE
Merchant Tailor.
MOYIE, B. C

Thinking of Spring Painting, Etc?
THEN REMEMBER
B. H. SHORT,
CRANBROOK, B. C
Box 33.
Will send competent man to paint, kalsomine or paper your home.

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