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W. H. WILSON, Jeweler
CRANBROOK.

THE MOYIE LEADER

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

VOL. II NO. 28. MOYIE, B. C., OCTOBER 17 1908. $2 A YEAR

Silverware and Jewellery

To our already immense stock of general merchandise we have added a nice stock of "TRIPLE PLATE SILVERWARE" guaranteed for ten years, also a big stock of jewellery consisting of Gold Rings for Men, Women and Children, Cuff buttons, Emblem buttons and Charms, Lockets, Fobs, Vest Chains, Neck Chains, Lorgnette Chains, Scarf Pins etc.

Forty pieces will be given away FREE. For particulars see our show window.

CAMPBELL'S
FOR QUALITY

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FRUIT, ETC.
CAMPBELL BLOCK MOYIE

Beale & Elwell.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.
Office CRANBROOK MOYIE, B. C.

Just Arrived This Week Four Car Loads of New Goods

2 Cars Early Rose and No. 1 Ashcroft White, potatoes also beets, carrots, cabbage etc.
1 Car of Calgary Milling Co's Hungarian Flour and wheat, bran, oats, chops etc.
1 Car No. 1 Timothy Hay.

W. FITCH'S COME AND SEE US REGARDING PRICES

WATCH
Your 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.

WHAT YOU NEED RIGHT NOW is heavy nts. We've got the goods to make a man warm, and him warm. 20th CENTURY CLOTHING in test cuts. Fine Overcoats and Vests. Stanfield's all wool Underwear.

E IN AND GET A COMPLETE FIT OUT.

E. A. HILL.
THE FURNISHER

Imperial Bank of Canada.

Capital Authorized.....$10,000,000.
Capital paid up.....4,025,000.
Rest.....4,025,000.

Savings bank department.

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

CRANBROOK BRANCH.
J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager.

LOCAL ASSAYS

N. W. Burdett left for Trail yesterday.

R. M. Calder was a Cranbrook visitor last Saturday.

Dan McIntosh was a Cranbrook visitor Wednesday.

Editor Smyth left Wednesday for a week's visit to coast cities.

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

Harry Dimock returned from a business trip to Cranbrook, Thursday.

Walter and Guy Watkins returned from a visit to the Spokane fair.

LAUNDRY—Laundry work done by Mrs. Thos. Crooks at her home on Lake street.

C. A. McKay, the well-known Moyie mining man, was a Cranbrook visitor Tuesday.

Harold Chapman went to Cranbrook Tuesday to attend a meeting of the Masonic lodge.

Harry White, customs collector at Cranbrook, was in Moyie between trains yesterday.

Mrs. V. J. Campbell and son, left for Seattle, Monday to visit Mrs Campbell's mother.

Stein Consor went to Hosmer yesterday to look after his business interests in that town.

Miss Hall, of the Cranbrook public schools, visited Moyie for a few days, returning last Sunday.

There was a slight fall of the "beautiful" last Wednesday morning, the second of the season.

E. Elwell, of the firm of Beale & Elwell Cranbrook, was a business visitor in Moyie Monday.

J. McTavish and wife returned Sunday from a several months visit with his parents at Clinton, Iowa.

The Moyie Telephone & Electric Light Company held their regular monthly meeting last Wednesday night.

Rev. Hughes, of Cranbrook, delivered a lecture on local option in the Methodist church Thursday night.

There are at present 84 patients in the Cranbrook hospital. A majority being confined with typhoid fever.

A. J. Dandurand left here Monday for Field B. C. where he has accepted a position at the new C. P. R. tunnel.

James Cronin, formerly manager of the St. Eugene mine, is developing properties in the Babine range near Hazelton.

FURNISHED ROOMS—Nicely furnished rooms with or without board in Conrad block, next to drug store. Mrs. Laura Woods.

"The Christ for Men," will be the subject at the Methodist church Sunday evening. Everybody welcome. Rev. R. E. Collis, B. A., pastor.

Thos. Calon has received word from "Monty" Howe, formerly of this town, but now of Rawhide, Nevada that he is recovering from an aggravated attack of typhoid fever.

A diploma of special merit for a mining exhibit was awarded to the Black Horse Mine in the Coeur d'Alanes at the Spokane fair. A number of Moyie people are interested in this mine.

Calder Bros. have the contract to erect the new MacEachern & McDonald warehouse. The building will be two stories 20x40 feet and will be an addition to their present quarters.

N. C. Macdonald, of Nelson, representative of the Imperial Tobacco Co. of Canada, was in Moyie this week calling on local dealers. He reports business as being exceedingly good in his line.

An afternoon tea was given at the residence of Mrs. B. E. Taylor, Tuesday, in honor of Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs. R. Dudley, of Fernie. A pleasant time was had by all who had the pleasure of being present.

LOOKS GOOD TO HIM

MAYOR MCDONALD MUCH PLEASED WITH THE APPEARANCE OF THE AURORA.

(From the Rossland Miner.)

Mayor McDonald, during his recent electioneering tour in East Kootenay with A. S. Goodeve, the Conservative candidate, visited the Aurora property at Moyie. He says that the Aurora is a most promising looking property, and judging from the excellent surface indications and the ore already uncovered, it has the makings of a mine. In the face of the long drift tunnel driven on the main ledge there is two and a half feet of high-grade galena. In other places the ledge is as high as six feet wide of concentrating ore. The intention of the company, which is made up principally of practical miners, is to install a compressor plant and use power drills. When this is done the work can be carried on to much greater advantage than hitherto by hand. The ledge of the Aurora, he says, is undoubtedly the extension of the St. Eugene ledge on the opposite side of Lake Moyie. It runs in the same direction and will probably be found in time under the lake. "It looks to me," concluded Mayor McDonald, "as though the Aurora has the makings of a first-class mine."

Concert and Supper

The regular anniversary services of the Methodist church will be held on November 15th and 16th. Further announcements will be made as to who will conduct the Sunday services. On Monday evening, the 13th, there will be a grand concert and supper.

Church Concert.

The Catholic Ladies Altar Society will give a concert and social in Morley hall November 11. The musical numbers will be in charge of Mrs. H. Steuart, Mrs. E. Patrequin, Mrs. Jas. Whitehead, and Mrs. A. P. Macdonald. Refreshments will be served following the program. The ladies of the Altar Society intend to make this one of the social and musical events of the season.

Delightful Party.

On Wednesday evening of this week a delightful party was given at the residence of Mrs. Ferris in honor of her daughter, Mrs. A. F. Sherman, of Molson, Wash., who has been visiting in Moyie. There was a large number of invited guests present. Dancing and card games were indulged in and dainty refreshments were served. A pleasing feature of the evening's enjoyment was the musical program rendered by Miss Georgie Desaulnier, Miss Lois Gamble and Messrs. Edward Desaulnier and M. Cook. After spending a most enjoyable and pleasant evening the guests retired to their homes voting Mrs. Ferris a grand entertainer.

Rev. Paten Reception.

The reception given in honor of Rev. Thos. Paten at the Presbyterian church last Tuesday night was a most enjoyable and successful affair. There was a goodly number of Moyie citizens who attended the reception to welcome Rev. Paten in his new field of church work. Addresses were made by Rev. Paten and Mr. Sowerbutts. Refreshments were served and all heartily partook of the good things to eat. The following musical program was rendered and was highly appreciated by those present: "The White Squall," sung by James Thom; "Bonny Blue," sung by Miss Lois Gamble; "Bonny Blue Bells of Scotland, violin solo by M. Cook; "Four Sailors," sung by Thomas Sowerbutts; "Ora Pronobis," sung by Mrs. Wallace.

GENERAL FLOAT

A $12,000 hockey rink will be built in Nelson. The money has been subscribed.

A lone holdup man secured a total of $150 in one night's work at Fernie last Tuesday night. No clew.

Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, formerly governor-general of British Columbia, is seriously ill at Quebec.

John Houston, editor Prince Rupert Empire, is engaged in an arduous endeavor to keep the new terminal city "dry."

Mrs Langtry's horse, "Yen Toi," won the Czarewitch stakes at Newmarket on Wednesday. The stakes were worth $100,000.

Many of the Hindus at Vancouver are about starving on one meal a day, and with cold weather approaching, are in very desperate straits.

The Harmsworths of London, publishers of the London Times, Daily Mail and other newspapers, are buying 150 sections of timber limits on Vancouver Island, 35 sections having already been bought in Quatsino district.

A party of immigrants from Washington have located in the vicinity of Salmon Arm. Their journey across land was an interesting one and attracted widespread attention because of the character of their equipment.

Half a million dollars for wharves and tracts along Burrard Inlet, and $1,000,000 for yardage facilities on the south and east sides of False creek, is the program of the Great Northern railway for work on terminals at Vancouver in the near future.

C. M. Hays, president of the G. T. P. railway, and Hon. J. F. Fulton, chief commissioner of lands and works, recently had a conference at Vancouver. At the conclusion of the conference it was announced that the sale of lots at Prince Rupert will not take place till next spring.

Catholic Church.

Reverend Father McCullough, O. M. I., of Fernie, former parish priest of Rossland, will be in Moyie on the 18th of November, and will preach a retreat of four days in the Roman Catholic church. The order of the services will be given in a later issue of the Leader.

New Street Grading.

Work of grading the several new streets in Moyie by the government is progressing very satisfactorily to the citizens of this town. There are 8 or 9 men continually employed on the improvements. The work on Government and Campbell streets is about finished and is an excellent job. The grade for sidewalks on Tavistock street is progressing and will be ready for work on same in a few days. After finishing the uptown streets the force of men will move down town and will build several new sidewalks and repair the ones now in use. The government will spend about $3,000 on these improvements and after they are through with work Moyie will have streets and sidewalks the equal to any town of its size in the province. The work is in charge of John Reid, provincial government road foreman.

Enjoyable Dance.

The regular weekly dance given by Wilson's orchestra in Morley hall last night was a most enjoyable affair. There was quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen present. The music was excellent and all had a good time. These dances are getting more popular as the season advances.

STOVES

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

MacEachern & Macdonald

CRESTON LAND SALE

THE SALE OF GOVERNMENT FRUIT LANDS MOST SUCCESSFUL.
BIG CROWD.

There were about 500 prospective buyers from all parts of North America on the ground Wednesday when the auctioneer announced 215 blocks of government fruit lands for sale at Creston.

The hotels were overflowed with visitors but the citizens generously threw open all their available private apartments for the benefit of the vast throng.

Out of 215 blocks only 34 were disposed of at the first afternoon's sale. The sale continued Wednesday night. Thursday morning the sale was resumed and the bidding was brisker than the previous day. On the first day Creston people outbid the visitors, one block bringing as high as $150 an acre. But the next day the visitors caught on and bidding became very lively, most of the land being disposed of at good prices, one block selling for $800 per acre bid in by a Creston man. By Friday the auctioneer expected to sell off the remaining blocks.

This was the most successful government fruit land sale that ever took place in British Columbia from a financial standpoint and means wonders for the growth and prosperity of Creston which has already caught the boom spirit.

There were a number of Moyie citizens in attendance at the sale, but as far as we could learn none of them secured any of the land. Among whom were R. Campbell, B. Evans, E. O. Kamm, S. G. Blaylock, T. Kelly, Rev. Collis, Geo. Routh, V. Desaulnier and J. Kerr.

Boxing Contest.

The boxing tournament, held under the auspices of the Moyie A. A. A., was pulled off on schedule time in Morley hall last Monday night. There was a good-size crowd in attendance to witness the exhibition of the manly art of self-defense, and those present seemed to think they were getting their money's worth. The first event on the program was a preliminary bout of four rounds between Jim Jackson, a local man, and Watty Denton, a stranger. They put up a good exhibition of boxing which pleased the audience. The main event of the evening was a 12-round go between Kid Howell, of Seattle, and Sailor Woods, formerly of the British navy. This event was also a good exhibition of boxing, and at the end of the 12th round they were contesting the bout so evenly that the referee declared it a draw. Albert Gill acted as referee and Walter B. Laing as timekeeper.

Subscribe for The Leader, $2 per

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 52 cts.
Lead $4.75. Copper, 13 cts.
LONDON—Lead, £13, 7s 6d

Presbyterian Church.

There will be services in the Presbyterian church Sunday evening at 7:30, subject: "Necessity of the New Birth," by the pastor, Rev. Thos. Paten. Mr. J. Thom will sing.

The Sunday School will also be resumed the same day at 3:30. All children not otherwise engaged at that hour will be heartily welcomed.

Laid to Rest.

The funeral of Albert Liljenburg, who was killed by falling ground in the St. Eugene mine last Friday week, took place last Sunday afternoon. The funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church, Mr. Thomas Sowerbutts officiating. There was a very large attendance and in the funeral procession to the grave in Moyie cemetery, besides others, were about two hundred members of the Miners' Union and the Scandinavian Society.

Sanday-Deason

On Wednesday morning there occurred at the Methodist church the marriage of Mr. Robert Sanday of Moyie, and Miss Hannah Deason of Dalton, Furness, Eng. They were attended by Mrs Roberts, who acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. William Sanday, a brother of the groom, who acted as best man. Rev. Hughes, of Cranbrook, performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Sanday left for Cranbrook the same day for a short stay.

LOCAL ITEMS.

E. L. Hutt went to Spokane yesterday for a short visit.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, superintendent of missions of the Presbyterian church, was in town yesterday.

Mrs. John Robb and child of Cranbrook is visiting with her brother and sister, Mr. P. Watson and Miss Agnes Watson of Moyie.

Geo. Parker, an old-timer here, but who has been away for some time, has returned and accepted his old position at the concentrator.

J. H. Hawke has just obtained six thoroughbred white plymouth rocks from Creston. Mr. Hawke intends to raise thoroughbred chickens for the purpose of selling the eggs.

None of the Moyie contingent in attendance at the Creston land sale brought home papers to show that they had secured any of the land, but many of them returned with a goodly supply of wild ducks.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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(Continued)

When they had gone, she crouched trembling upon her seat for a long time, gazing fixedly before her. "I'm afraid," she whispered. "I'm afraid. What am I getting into? Why do men look so at me? I'm frightened. Oh, I'm sorry I undertook it." At last she rose, wearily. The close cabin oppressed her. She felt the need of fresh air. So, turning out the lights, she stepped forth into the night. Figures loomed near the rail, and she slipped astern, screening herself behind a lifeboat, where the cool breeze fanned her face.

The forms she had seen approached, speaking earnestly. Instead of passing, they stopped abreast of her hiding place. Then as they began to talk she saw that her retreat was cut off and that she must not stir.

"What brings her here?" Glenister was echoing a question of Dextry's. "Bah! What brings them all? What brought the duchess and Cherry Malotte and all the rest?"

"No, no," said the old man. "She ain't that kind—she's too fine, too delicate—too pretty."

"That's just it—too pretty! Too pretty to be alone—or anything except what she is."

Dextry growled sourly. "This country has plumb ruined you, boy. You think they're all alike—an' I don't know but they are—all but this gal. Seems like she's different, somehow, but I can't tell."

Glenister spoke musingly:

"I had an ancestor who buccaneered among the Indies a long time ago, so I'm told. Sometimes I think I have his disposition. He comes and whispers things to me in the night. Oh, he was a devil, and I've got his blood in me—untamed and hot—I can hear him saying something now—something about the spoils of war. Ha, ha! Maybe he's right. I fought for her tonight, Dex—the way he used to fight for his sweethearts along the Mexicos. She's too beautiful to be good, and there's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three."

They moved on, his vibrant, cynical laughter stabbing the girl till she leaned against the yawl for support.

She held herself together while the blood beat thickly in her ears, then fled to the cabin, hurling herself into her berth, where she writhed silently, beating the pillow with hands into which her nails had bitten, staring the while into the darkness with dry and aching eyes.

CHAPTER II.

SHE awoke to the throb of the engines and, gazing cautiously through her stateroom window, saw a glassy, level sea, with the sun brightly agleam on it.

So this was Bering? She had clothed it always with the mystery of her school days, thinking of it as a weeping, fog bound stretch of gray waters. Instead she saw a flat, sunlit main, with occasional sea parrots flapping their fat bodies out of the ship's course. A glistening head popped up from the waters abreast, and she heard the cry of "Seal!"

Dressing, the girl noted minutely the personal articles scattered about the cabin, striving to derive therefrom some fresh hint of the characteristics of the owners. First, there was an elaborate copper backed toilet set, all richly ornamented and leather bound. The metal was magnificently hand marked and bore Glenister's initial. It spoke of elegant extravagance and seemed oddly out of place in an arctic miner's equipment, as did also a small set of De Maupassant.

Next she picked up Kipling's "Seven Seas," marked liberally, and felt that she had struck a scent. The roughness and brutality of the poems had always chilled her, though she had felt vaguely their splendid pulse and swing. This was the girl's first venture from a sheltered life. She had not rubbed elbows with the world enough to find that truth may be rough, unshaven and garbed in homespun. The book confirmed her analysis of the junior partner.

Pendent from a hook was a worn and blackened holster from which peeped the butt of a large Colt's revolver, showing evidence of many years' service. It spoke mutely of the white haired Dextry, who, before her inspection was over, knocked at the door, and, when she admitted him, addressed her cautiously:

"The boy's down forrad, teasin' grub out of a flunky. He'll be up in a minute. How'd ye sleep?"

"Very well, thank you," she lied, "but I've been thinking that I ought to explain myself to you."

"Now, see here," the old man interjected, "there ain't no explanations needed till you feel like givin' them up. You was in trouble—that's unfortunate. We help you—that's natural. No questions asked — that's Alaska."

"Yes, but I know you must think"—

"What bothers me," the other continued irrelevantly, "is how in blazes we're goin' to keep you hid. The steward's got to make up this room, and somebody's bound to see us packin' grub in."

"I don't care who knows if they won't send me back. They wouldn't do that, would they?" She hung anxiously on his words.

"Send you back? Why, don't you savvy that this boat is bound for Nome? There ain't no turnin' back on gold stampedes, and this is the wildest rush the world ever saw. The captain wouldn't turn back. He couldn't. His cargo's too precious, and the company pays $5,000 a day for this ship. No, we ain't puttin' back to unload no stowaways at five thousand per. Besides, we passengers wouldn't let him—time's too precious." They were interrupted by the rattle of dishes outside, and Dextry was about to open the door when his hand wavered uncertainly above the knob, for he heard the hearty greeting of the ship's captain.

"Well, well, Glenister, where's all the breakfast going?"

"Oo," whispered the old man, "that's Cap' Stephens."

"Dextry isn't feeling quite up to form this morning," replied Glenister easily.

"Don't wonder! Why weren't you aboard sooner last night? I saw you. Most got left, eh? Served you right if you had." Then his voice dropped to the confidential: "I'd advise you to cut out those women. Don't misunderstand me, boy, but they're a bad lot on this boat. I saw you come aboard. Take my word for it, they're a bad lot. Cut 'em out. Guess I'll step inside and see what's up with Dextry."

The girl shrank into her corner, gazing apprehensively at the other listener.

"Well—er—he isn't up yet," they heard Glenister stammer. "Better come around later."

"Nonsense! It's time he was dressed." The master's voice was gruffly good natured. "Hello, Dextry! Hey! Open up for inspection." He rattled the door.

There was nothing to be done. The old miner darted an inquiring glance at his companion, then, at her nod, slipped the bolt, and the captain's blue bulk filled the room.

His grizzled close bearded face was genially wrinkled till he spied the erect gray figure in the corner, when his cap came off involuntarily. There his courtesy ended, however, and the smile died coldly from his face. His eyes narrowed, and the good fellowship fell away, leaving him the stiff and formal officer.

"Ah," he said, "not feeling well, eh? I thought I had met all of our lady passengers. Introduce me, Dextry."

Dextry squirmed under his cynicism.

"Well—I—ah—didn't catch the name myself."

"What?"

"Oh, there ain't much to say. This is the lady we brought aboard last night—that's all."

"Who gave you permission?"

"Nobody. There wasn't time."

"There wasn't time, eh? Which one of you conceived the novel scheme of stowing away ladies in your cabin? Whose is she? Quick! Answer me." Indignation was vibrant in his voice.

"Oh!" the girl cried, her eyes widening darkly. She stood slim and pale and slightly trembling.

His words had cut her bitterly, though through it all he had scrupulously avoided addressing her.

The captain turned to Glenister, who had entered and closed the door.

"Is this your work? Is she yours?"

"No," he answered quietly, while Dextry chimed in:

"Better hear details, captain, before you make breaks like that. We helped the lady side step some sailors last night, and we most got left doing it. It was up to her to make a quick getaway, so we helped her aboard."

"A poor story! What was she running away from?" He still addressed the men, ignoring her completely till, with hoarse voice, she broke in:

"You mustn't talk about me that way. I can answer your questions. It's true—I ran away. I had to. The sailors came after me and fought with these men. I had to get away quickly, and your friends helped me on here from gentlemanly kindness, because they saw me unprotected. They are still protecting me. I can't explain how important it is for me to reach Nome on the first boat, because it isn't my secret. It was important enough to make me leave my uncle at Seattle at an hour's notice when we found there was no one else who could go. That's all I can say. I took my maid with me, but the sailors caught her just as she was following me down the ship's ladder. She had my bag of clothes when they seized her. I cast off the rope and rowed ashore as fast as I could, but they lowered another boat and followed me."

The captain eyed her sharply, and his grim lines softened a bit, for she was clean cut and womanly and utterly out of place. He took her in shrewdly, detail by detail, then spoke directly to her:

"My dear young lady, the other ships will get there just as quickly as ours, maybe more quickly. Tomorrow we strike the ice pack, and then it is all a matter of luck."

"Yes, but the ship I left won't get there."

At this the commander started and, darting a great, thick fingered hand at her, spoke savagely:

"What's that? What ship? Which one did you come from? Answer me."

"The Ohio," she replied, with the effect of a hand grenade. The master glared at her.

"The Ohio! Good God! You dare to stand there and tell me that?" He turned and poured his rage upon the others.

"She says the Ohio, d'ye hear? You've ruined me! I'll put you in irons—all of you. The Ohio!"

"What d'ye mean? What's up?"

"What's up! There's smallpox aboard the Ohio! This girl has broken quarantine. The health inspectors bottled

"I'll put you in irons—all of you."

up the boat at 6 o'clock last night. That's why I pulled out of Unalaska ahead of time, to avoid any possible delay. Now we'll all be held up when we get to Nome. Great Heavens! Do you realize what this means—bringing this hussy aboard?"

His eyes burned, and his voice shook, while the two partners stared at each other in dismay. Too well they knew the result of a smallpox panic aboard this crowded troop ship. Not only was every available cabin bulging with passengers, but the lower decks were jammed with both humanity and live stock all in the most unsanitary conditions. The craft, built for 300 passengers, was carrying triple her capacity. Men and women were stowed away like cattle. Order and a half tolerable condition were maintained only by the efforts of the passengers themselves, who held to the thought that imprisonment and inconvenience would last but a few days longer. They had been aboard three weeks, and every heart was aflame with the desire to reach Nome — to reach it ahead of the pressing horde behind.

What would be the temper of this gold frenzied army if thrown into quarantine within sight of their goal? The impatient hundreds would have to lie packed in their floating prison, submitting to the foul disease. Long they must lie thus, till a month should have passed after the disappearance of the last symptom. If the disease recurred sporadically, that might mean endless weeks of maddening idleness. It might even be impossible to impose the necessary restraint. There would be violence, perhaps mutiny.

The fear of the sickness was nothing to Dextry and Glenister, but of their mine they thought with terror. What would happen in their absence, where conditions were as unsettled as in this new land, where titles were held only by physical possession of the premises? During the long winter of their absence ice had held their treasure inviolate, but with the warming summer the jewel they had fought for so wearily would lie naked and exposed to the first comer. The Midas lay in the valley of the richest creek, where men had schemed and fought and slain for the right to inches. It was the fruit of cheerless, barren years of toil, and if they could not guard it they knew the result.

The girl interrupted their distressing reflections.

"Don't blame these men, sir," she begged the captain. "I am the only one at fault. Oh, I had to get away! I have papers here that must be delivered quickly." She laid a hand upon her bosom. "They couldn't be trusted to the unsettled mail service. It's almost life and death. And I assure you there is no need of putting me in quarantine. I haven't the smallpox. I wasn't even exposed to it."

"There's nothing else to do," said Stephens. "I'll isolate you in the deck smoking cabin. God knows what these madmen on board will do when they hear about it though. They're apt to tear you to shreds. They're crazy!"

Glenister had been thinking rapidly.

"If you do that, you'll have mutiny in an hour. This isn't the crowd to stand that sort of thing."

"Bah! Let 'em try it. I'll put 'em down." The officer's square jaws clicked.

"Maybe so; but what then? We reach Nome and the health inspector hears of smallpox suspects, then we're all quarantined for thirty days; 800 of us. We'll lie at Egg Island all summer while your company pays five thousand a day for this ship. That's not all. The firm is liable in damages for your carelessness in letting disease aboard."

"My carelessness!" The old man ground his teeth.

"Yes; that's what it amounts to. You'll ruin your owners all right. You'll tie up your ship and lose your job, that's a cinch."

Captain Stephens wiped the moisture from his brow angrily.

"My carelessness! Curse you—you say it well! Don't you realize that I am criminally liable if I don't take every precaution?" He paused for a moment, considering. "I'll hand her over to the ship's doctor."

"See here, now," Glenister urged. "We'll be in Nome in a week—before the young lady would have time to show symptoms of the disease, even if she were going to have it—and a thousand to one she hasn't been exposed and never will show a trace of it. Nobody knows she's aboard but we three. Nobody will see her get off. She'll stay in this cabin which will be just as effectual as though you isolated her in any other part of the boat. It will avoid a panic—you'll save your ship and your company—nobody will be the wiser—then if the girl comes down with smallpox, after she gets ashore she can go to the pest house and not jeopardize the health of all the people aboard this ship. You go up forrad to your bridge, sir, and forget that you stepped in to see old Bill Dextry this morning. We'll take care of this matter all right. It means as much to us as it does to you. We have to be on Anvil Creek before the ground thaws or we'll lose the Midas. If you make a fuss you'll ruin us all."

For some moments they watched him breathlessly as he frowned in indecision, then:

"You'll have to look out for the steward," he said, and the girl sank to a stool while two great tears rolled down her cheeks. The captain's eyes softened, and his voice was gentle as he laid his hand on her head.

"Don't feel hurt over what I said, miss. You see, appearances don't tell much hereabouts—most of the pretty ones are no good. They've fooled me many a time, and I made a mistake. These men will help you through. I can't. Then when you get to Nome, make your sweetheart marry you the day you land. You are too far north to be alone."

He stepped out into the passage and closed the door carefully.

(To be Continued)

In the End.

Mother liked best Theodora,
 Father swore by Claribel,
Grandma wanted Leonora
 Or Jeannette or else Estelle,
Grandpa fancied Arabella,
 Auntie talked most of Patrice,
Sister favored Isabella,
 Brother's choice lay in Clarice.

They considered Viciana,
 Geraldina and Marcelle,
Anastasia, Mariana,
 Hortense, Eunice, Mirabel,
Argued Claire, Leola, Starling,
 Fought o'er Constance and Elaine—
But, alack! the precious darling,
 It was christened Mary Jane.

—Bohemian.

No Use.

"Ginevra," pleaded the young man in deep, impassioned tones, "I must speak! The voice of my heart can be stilled no longer! Every impulse of my nature, every fiber of my being, every surging emotion of my soul clamors for utterance! Sensible as I am of my own unworthiness, realizing to the full the presumption of which I am guilty in daring to aspire to your hand, I have no excuse, no palliation, save that with the deathless, inextinguishable devotion of a heart never before touched by the sacred fire, I love"—

"Oh, Arthur," yawned the beautiful maiden, "why will you persist in making those utterly useless noises!"—Chicago Tribune.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Manner In Which the Law Treats It In Different Countries.

England is the best place, from the plaintiff's point of view, for a breach of promise action. All other countries seem to regard with grave suspicion any attempt to recover monetary compensation for the loss of a prospective husband, and unless the plaintiff has a very strong case indeed it is never worth her while to carry her grief into the law courts.

In France breach of promise cases are rare, for the simple reason that the law requires the plaintiff to prove that she has suffered pecuniary loss. Now, this is not an easy thing to do on the part of the lady, especially in a country where a girl without a dot—that is, a marriage portion—has a poor chance of finding a husband. Holland and Austria have adopted the French system, and the result has been about the same. Breach of promise actions are rare, the injured damsels or their relatives usually taking the law into their own hands.

Practical Germany, as might be expected, has perhaps the best method for solving this problem. When a young couple become engaged they have to go through a public betrothal ceremony that ought to knock all the shyness out of them. In the local town hall the pair declare their affection, willingness to marry, etc., ending by signing a collection of documents that apparently leave no loophole for escape. But if either party to the contract wishes to withdraw another journey is undertaken to the town hall and another collection of documents signed, witnessed and sealed. Then the authorities determine the question of compensation—should it be claimed. In this connection it may be said that the man can and often does claim a solatium for his wounded feelings. The usual award is one-fifth of the marriage dowry. It is easy to understand when all this is remembered how loath the young people of Germany are to break their betrothal oaths.

As the law of Italy affords little or no protection whatever to jilted damsels or swains, it is not surprising that the stiletto should be the favorite mode of deciding breach of promise cases. The Italian law demands that the person suing for the breach shal produce a written promise to marry from the defendant; otherwise the action cannot proceed. This difficulty is almost insurmountable, and the Italian judges are seldom troubled to adjudicate between one time lovers.

To bring an action for breach of promise of mariage against a reigning monarch is an achievement, but it has been done, and by an English lady. Miss Jenny Mighell sued the sultan of Johore, and as there was a doubt whether the dusky one was actually a reigning monarch the case was allowed to come into court, but the judge quickly disposed of the action by ruling it inadmissible for the reason referred to, and Miss Mighell was nonsuited.

It is remarkable that one of the two actions which have brought verdicts for £10,000 each to the plaintiffs should have had for its defendant the editor of a matrimonial paper. The second case was between a well known actress and the eldest son of an earl.—London Tit-Bits.

Tune For Tune.

Frederick the Great made generous presents to all musicians except flute players. He played the flute remarkably well himself. A famous flutist once asked permission to play to the king, hoping that Frederick would show his appreciation of his skill by some valuable gift. Frederick listened attentively while he played a difficult piece. "You play very well," he said, "and I will give you a proof of my satisfaction."

So saying he left the room. The musician waited, guessing at the probable nature of the proof. Presently the king returned with his own flute and played the same piece. Then he bade his visitor "Good day," saying, "I have had the pleasure of hearing you, and it was only fair that you should hear me."

Beyond His Aid.

A woman who had a telephone in her apartment called up the telephone company and asked that the service be discontinued. The man who took her message tried to be exceedingly polite.

"We are sorry to lose you," he said. "Are you dissatisfied with anything?"

"I am," said the woman emphatically.

"I am very sorry," said the man. "Perhaps we can help you. What is it you do not like?"

"Single blessedness," said the woman. "I am going to be married tomorrow."

"Ah," said the polite clerk, "you are past our aid. Goodby."

A Knotty Problem.

"It's no use," said the young man with heavy rimmed eyeglasses. "I can't get this political economy straight."

"What's the trouble?" asked the professor.

"I can't discover whether a lot of people go broke because we have hard times or whether we have hard times because a lot of people go broke."

A Painful Dilemma.

Willie—What's a dilemma?

Johnny—Well, it's when you can't sit down because your dad licked you for going swimming and you can't stand up because a crab bit your toe.—Illustrated Bits.

It is said that the average man can get along with 2 0 words, but unfortunately she generally hands him more than that.—Pe[illegible]

Congratulations Wanted.

On entering his club one evening not long ago a young Philadelphian was accosted by a friend, who exclaimed:

"Why, Charley, you are positively beaming! What's up?"

"I'm in the greatest luck imaginable," responded the other. "You know I've been hanging about a pretty Yonkers girl for almost a year. During all this time she would never admit that she loved me. She would only say that she respected me. But now, old chap, congratulate me, for last night she confessed that she respected me no longer; that she loved me!"—

"MY KIDNEYS HURT ME ALL THE TIME"

Gin Pills Cured Them. Free Sample Box Leads to Cure.

Only those who have been tortured with Kidney Trouble can appreciate how Mr. Trumper suffered. Being a railroad man, he was called upon to do all kinds of heavy work. The constant strain of lifting, weakened the kidneys.

I received the sample box of Gin Pills and was greatly benefitted by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes of Gin Pills, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad and did not lose a day.

FRANK TRUMPER, Napanee, Ont.

Do sharp twinges catch you as you stoop? Are you subject to Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago? Does your Bladder give trouble? Take Gin Pills on our positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded, 50c a box, —6 for $2.50. At dealers, or direct if you cannot obtain from druggist. Sample box free if you mention this paper.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 117

Rastus on Trial.

Rastus was on trial for the theft of a turkey and took the stand on his own behalf.

"I didn't steal no turkey, squar. I stoled a rail."

"Well, Rastus, how did those bones get in your back yard?"

"They done come dar without my permishun, an' I ain't 'sponsible. You see, squar, I wuz needin' firewood, so I took de rail an' toted it home, an' der wuz a turkey on it, a great big fellah. Well, sah, what's on my lan's mine, an' I didn't give 'im no time to run off neither, squar."

The squire deliberated a few seconds. Then he said, "Case dismissed." —Harper's Weekly.

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

At the public library a citizen of culture and poetic taste asked for Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." He was rather taken aback when the librarian replied with great hauteur: "We don't keep any unbound books in this library."—Chicago News.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS WILL CURE YOUR BABY

If your little ones are subject to colic, simple fevers, constipation, indigestion, worms or the other minor ailments of childhood, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sound, refreshing sleep possible. Better still, an occasional dose will keep little ones well. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Good for the new born baby or the well grown child. Mrs. Ronald L. Seafield, Palmer Rapids, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used, and I would not like to be without the Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An applicant for the post of mistress in a country school was asked: "What is your position with regard to the whipping of children?" She replied: "My usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward!"—Technical World.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced is reputation.

Many a man who climbs ter de hill-top looks mighty small ter de folks below.

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

Master—Here—er—has my whatser-name come?

Man—Yessir.

Master—Yes—well, then, hop over to the—er—that club with the silly name and tell Mr.—er—er—Thingummy I shan't be able to fix up that—er—um—d'you see? And then get hold of that book—er — with the yellow cover and look out a train to—er—to—er—oh, you know!

Man—Yessir—Punch.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Clothes and the Man.

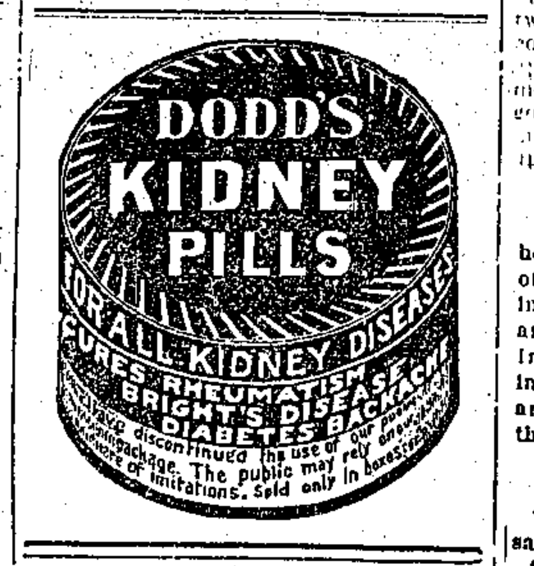
A gentleman met his medical adviser on Forty-second street the other day and passed a friendly greeting.

"Well, and how are you?" asked the doctor.

"Quite passable, thanks," said the other, "but I notice that when I bend my body forward, stretch out my arms horizontally and impart to them a circular motion I always feel such a pain in my left shoulder."

"But what need is there for you to perform such ridiculous antics?" inquired the physician.

"Do you know any other way, doctor, of getting on your topcoat?" replied the patient.—Harper's Weekly.



BOY DETECTIVES.

Young Sleuths Find Money Stolen From Their School.

Smart detective work was carried out by three schoolboys at Newtownards, County Down, Ireland, recently. When the pupils assembled in the forenoon it was discovered that the schoolhouse, which is also used for Sunday services, had been broken into and that two linen bags, containing the offertories of the previous day, amounting to $30 odd, were missing. Three lads requested to be allowed to assist in the search for the thieves.

Permission was granted, and after a careful investigation of the school grounds the boys discovered a black-handled knife, the blade of which was open and pointing in the direction of the bank of a canal which run adjacent to the school. The dew on the grounds enabled the boys to trace footsteps to a wall, over which the thieves had apparently climbed.

Following this line to the canal bank the boys momentarily lost further indications, but looking around for a while they again found the track, which was indicated by some nettles being trampled down. Pursuing this clue they came to a corn field immediately to the south of the school and here the marks were clearly defined among the corn.

On entering the field and going as far as the trail indicated, the boys found a bottomless tin can, and imagined that they had got on the wrong track after all. They reported the result of their investigations to Mr. Orr, the principal, who suggested that they go back and examine the can. This they did, and they then noticed that the ground seemed to have been disturbed.

Lifting a sod, they discovered the two bags, which were apparently in the same condition as when taken away. On counting the money Mr. Orr found that it was a few shillings short.

The boys came in for a good deal of praise from their comrades in the school.

ASLEEP UNDER WATER.

Dreadnought Man's Escapade Shows How Much Divers Are at Home.

Some months ago, while the great battleship Dreadnought was at Malta, one of the seamen divers went down to clear her propeller from some flotsam that had become entangled, and he failed to come up.

It chanced that the rest of the battleship's divers were ashore, and grave concern was felt on the ironclad for the missing worker. Signals by telephone and lifeline were sent below without avail. In the launch above the throb, throb of the air-pump's cylinders went on, but the attendants looked at one another in dismay, fearing some strange tragedy deep down in those heaving green seas.

The worst was feared when some big brushes and other tools came floating to the surface, and thereupon the navigating lieutenant sent ashore an urgent message for one of the other divers. The man came on board, dressed immediately and went below, only to come up full of indignation.

"Why, that fellow's been asleep all this time," he said, wrathfully.

It was true. The man had just had his lunch, and finding the work much less serious than he had thought, he finised it in a few minutes, and then sat comfortably on one of the giant blades of the Dreadnought's propeller and went to sleep, with inquisitive fishes swarming around him, attracted by the dazzling searchlight at his breast. The officers were so amused at the occurrence that no punishment was inflicted on the lazy one.

Coco-nuts Make Good Fuel.

"Mine is rather a curious business," said a man who owns a small warehouse and shed down near the London docks. "I deal in coco-nut shells, and last year I sold more than 50,000 bags full of them as fuel.

"I buy thousands of coco-nut shells from stall-keepers all over London, from confectioners, from coco-nut oil extractors, from market-sweepers, and others. I won't tell you the usual price, but sometimes I get them for nothing—for carting them away, in fact. I sell them at 4d. a bag, most of my customers being poor people, who mix them, when broken up, with 'slack' coal. But in scores of hotels and large houses a quantity is bought to be mixed with coals as fire-lighters, for the immense amount of oil in coco-nut shells makes them take fire at once. Try it, and see.

"I have rivals in the business in other parts of London, and some of the makers of patent firelighters mix large quantites of the shells in their compositions."

Ethics of Republication.

A keen discussion is in progress in literary circles on the ethics of republication. A "notable new novel," as it is described by the publisher, has appeared under the title of "The Old Allegiance," the author's name being given as "Hubert Wales." It has been discovered that the same work was published as "Purple and Fine Linen" in 1899, when the author's name was William Pigott. The Spectator has drawn attention to the case, and called for an explanation. The publisher, Mr. John Long, admits that the two novels are one and the same. Under its previous title the book was not a success, but now that it has been re-issued in another name it is selling very well.

Short Skirt League.

A Ladies' Short Skirt League has been formed in London. The members bind themselves to wear dresses which will not sweep the floors and pavements, and so gather up dust and microbes. This is not a new idea. In America they have a similar organization called the Five Inch League. Every member is pledged to at least five inches of clear space between skirt and floor. The plan is commendable in many ways, for it is appalling the way in which some women sweep the pavements with their gowns. An Englishwoman has still much to learn in the art of holding up her skirt.

Tricking the Hens.

Chinamen have a way of tricking hens so that they assist in the hatching of fish. Fish eggs are carefully placed in an eggshell, which is then sealed and placed under an unsuspecting hen. In a few days the spawn is warmed into life, and the contents of the shell are then cast into a shallow pool, where the sunshine completes the work.

Saw It.

"There's been a conflagration here," said Cumso, looking at a tall building.

"How do you know?" asked Fangle.

"I saw the fire escape."

WAS SO RUN DOWN LIFE NOT WORTH LIVING

A Few Bottles of Peruna Restored Me to He[alth]

Mrs. John Henderson, 2 O[...] Ave., Montreal, Can., writes: [...]

"I was much distressed with [neu]ralgia and was so run down th[at life] was not worth living. I tried [...] many remedies, but all to no [...]

"I met a friend of mine and [told] her of my ailment. She advised [me] to try her remedy, Peruna. [...]

"Although I had no faith in Pe[runa] I took her advice, and am pleased [to] state that the neuralgia has e[ntirely] left me, and have gained [...] health that I feel just like my[self] self again.

"I am enjoying the best of hea[lth]."

We have on file many thousa[nds of tes]timonials like the above. We [can] give our readers only a slight gl[impse] of the vast array of unsolicited [en]dorsements Dr. Hartman is rece[iving].

A New Yorker visiting Paris [for the] first time became much interes[ted in] the little boys in white caps [and] aprons who deliver the wares [of] pastry cooks.

"Ah," said the New Yorker [to one] of the youngsters, who had [brought] him some cakes, "I suppose [you have] the benefit of one of these cake[s your]self sometimes?"

"Pardon, sir, but what [do you] mean?"

"You eat a cake now and the[n?"]

"Eat them, sir? Oh, no, [...] wouldn't do. I only lick the[m when they] come along."—Harper's Weekly.

If one be troubled with [corns and] warts, he will find in Hol[loway's] Worm Exterminator [...] It is a [...] Corn Cure an application th[at will] entirely relieve suffering.

Patriotic Native—Our Am[erican] dentists are the best in the w[orld.]

Gentleman of Foreign Extr[action]—Be Jarge, they ought to [...] have the wur-rst tayth in th' w[orld.] —Belfast News.

Dr. Jackson, former Health O[fficer] of New York City, says in hi[s letter] to Governor Hughes, that ho[use flies] are the cause of five thousand [deaths] annually in that city from [typhoid] fever and other intestinal d[iseases.] Wilson's Fly Pads kill all th[e flies] and the disease germs to[o.]

Knicker—There is such a [thing] as not worrying enough.

Bocker—Yes, the man who [never] crosses a bridge till he com[es to it] frequently has to swim.

Minard's Liniment Cures D[...]

An Important Item.

Mr. Splurge—If it hadn't [been for] your extravagant vacation [last sum]mer we wouldn't be so dee[p in debt] now.

Mrs. Splurge—Never mind, [we'll] go to the mountains instead o[f the] shore next summer.

Mr. Splurge—Huh! You th[ink that] will be more economical?

Mrs. Splurge—Of course. [I won't] need a new bathing suit the[re.—Cath]olic Standard and Times.

An Inevitable Waste.

"I gave you twopence, and yo[u went] immediately into a public hou[se," re]marked the benevolent old gen[tleman.] "Don't you know it is very w[rong] to spend your money on drink?"

"I've often thought of that, s[ir," re]plied the weary wayfarer, "[but I've] never yet found a place where [I could] get it for nothing."—Pearson's W[eekly.]

To Digest the Foo[d]

Bile in the intestines is as [import]ant to digestion as are the g[astric] juices in the stomach and bile s[hould be] supplied when the liver is in [good] condition.

The serious and chronic [forms of] indigestion are cured by Dr. [A. W.] Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills bec[ause of] their influence on the liver, c[ausing a] good flow of bile to aid digesti[on. They] keep the bowels regular, thereb[y pre]venting fermentation of the foo[d, the] formation of gas and all the dis[agree]able symptoms of indigestion.

Long standing cases of chron[ic in]digestion yield to Dr. A. W. Ch[ase's] Kidney-Liver Pills after all els[e has] failed.

Here's the proof.

"I was for many years [troubled] with indigestion and headach[e, and] derived no benefit from the in[numerable re]medies I used. A friend advis[ed the] use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver [Pills,] and after taking four boxes the [result] is that I am once more in th[e] enjoyment of the blessings of [good] health."—Mr. Duncan McP[...] Content, Alta.

One pill a dose, 25 cents [a box.] At all dealers or Edmanson, Ba[tes &] Co., Toronto.

Dr. A.W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pi[lls]

PILES

8 OUT OF 10

persons suffer at some-time or other from Piles!

So says a great medical authority. There is no disease causes more pain and wretchedness than piles; and by giving almost immediate ease Zam-Buk has won the praise of thousands of sufferers. If you are suffering let Zam-Buk cure you. Mr. Neil Devon, Webbwood, Ont. suffered with piles eight years. A few boxes of Zam-Buk cured him. He since says:—"I have had no return of the trouble so that I know the cure is permanent."

Mr. C. B. Frost, Lennoxville, P.Q., writes: "I have proved Zam-Buk a great cure for piles from which I suffered acutely for a long time."

Zam-Buk also cures cuts, ulcers, burns, abscesses, poisoned wounds, boils, eczema, and all skin troubles. 50c. a box, all druggists and stores or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 3 boxes for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

One and One Make Two.

The Sunday school teacher was possessed of the praiseworthy desire to promote thrift among the class of lads and had given Bill and Johnny six pence each for doing some work for him.

"I hope, to hear, when we meet again," he said, "that you have used the money to advantage."

The next time they met Bill produced two sixpences.

"Well done, my lad," said the delighted teacher. "I am pleased to see that my lessons are having their fruits! And what of your sixpence, Johnny?" he said to the other hopeful.

"Please, sir, I lost it tossin' wi' Bill."

A Pill That Is Prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, if they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

"Before I answer your question," said the great alienist, "permit me to refresh my memory."

Thereupon he consulted a notebook.

"May I ask," resumed the lawyer, "why you found it necessary to consult some memorandum before answering a simple hypothetical question of only a few thousand words?"

"The fact is," replied the alienist coolly, "that I did this to get the proper view. I'd forgotten which I'd been retained on in this particular case. Kindly spring your conundrum again."—Philadelphia Press.

Wilson's Fly Pads kill them all.

Stella—Does she sing off key?

Bella—Yes, she can't find the key with her voice.—New York Sun.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED—local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Flight.

"Come fly with me," the young man said,
"Not in the crude old fashioned way,
My aeroplane waits overhead—
And frets the bonds that bid it stay.
'Tis but a pleasure jaunt I ask
You'll try with me.
This is no lifelong journey's task.
Come, fly with me!

The fervid phrase of other days
Has given way to simple fact.
No more poetic fancy plays.
Our speech is simple and exact.
Don't request you'll live life through
And die with me,
Merely am inviting you
To fly with me."
—Washington Star.

The Bending of the Bough.

"You must have had some very narrow escapes from death during your youthful career," I said to the great detective.

"I have had a few," he admitted modestly. "Probably the closest shave I had was when a band of South American outlaws hanged me and went away without noticing they had strung me up to a rubber tree."—Brooklyn Life.

Colds on the Chest

Ask your doctor the medical name for a cold on the chest. He will say, "Bronchitis." Ask him if it is ever serious. Lastly, ask him if he prescribes Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for this disease. Keep in close touch with your family physician.

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

Ayer's

When you tell your doctor about the bad taste in your mouth, loss of appetite for breakfast, and frequent headaches, and how he sees your coated tongue, he will say, "You are bilious." Ayer's Pills will set well in such cases.

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

MOUNTAIN SLIDING.

Hawaiian Small Boys Simply "Drop Down the Edge of the Scenery."

Water sports are by no means the only vigorous athletics indulged in by the boys of Hawaii. Mountain climbing is a favorite pastime, for there are peaks 4,000 feet high within easy walking distance of any part of Honolulu, and on the island of Hawaii there are two mountains fully 14,000 feet in height. Not infrequently the Honolulu schools give picnics on the mountain sides that the pupils may gather land shells. It is on these excursions in search of land shells that the Hawaiian schoolboys revel in the once national sport, mountain sliding.

A very steep mountain side is selected, where the grass is long and sloping downward. Every one gathers his own ti leaves. The ti leaf is something like the banana leaf, but not nearly so long. With a bunch of ti leaves in his hand the first boy steps to the edge of the side, grasps the leaves by the stems in both hands, places the leafy part under him and sits down, gives himself a start and drops down the edge of the scenery like a flash. I was assured that it was an easy matter to regulate the speed of descent by merely grasping the ti stems firmly and lifting them upward, this acting as a brake. I longed for the thrill of dropping down over the edge of a mountain and upon my brief sled of ti leaves began the descent. I went like the wind. It seemed as though my breath would be taken away from me or that I would plunge head over heels, to be dashed to pieces among the trees below. I thought of my brake and drew up on the ti leaves with all my might and came up with a jerk that jarred every bone in my body. There I sat, looking downward almost perpendicularly, held in position only by a few leaves resting on the smooth, slippery grass, but the sliding grass is nearly a foot long, and it is only after it has been repeatedly slidden over and beaten down that it approaches perfection in the eyes of the Hawaiian small boy and sometimes leads to accidents. When, for instance, the thin layer of ti leaves wears out beneath the slide a gentle tug at the stalks parts the sled and sends the slider whizzing downward in a most uncomfortable and ungraceful manner, all arms and legs. Lucky is the victim of such an accident if he is not stopped in his downward career by the trunk of a tree.—St. Nicholas.

SCARED THE ROBBERS.

Odd Incident in England in the Eighteenth Century.

For a time during the eighteenth century in England there was a lull in the robbery industry owing to an odd incident. Shortly after the execution of an English burglar named Elliston a curious communication purporting to have been written by him was put into circulation. "Now, as I am a dying man," it ran, "I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I was ever acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been the accomplice and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the houses we frequent and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man and have received his promise upon oath that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or housebreaking he will look into his list and if he finds there the name of the thief concerned to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning and hope they will take it." It is said the hint was so effectual that for a long time pickpockets and burglars in that part of England went into panic stricken retirement. And, this being so, it is just as well they did not know that the letter was a clever forgery, the work of that prince of wits and humorists, Dean Swift.

Climatic Changes.

There is plenty of evidence of the very best sort which goes to prove that not only Europe and North America, but the lands situated within the arctic circle, must have enjoyed a tropical climate. The numerous fossil remains found in those regions are those of plants and animals which, according to the present state of our knowledge, must have lived under conditions now found only in the equatorial belt. Nothing is clearer than the fact that the polar cold is steadily gaining on the temperate and tropical zones and that eventually the land will be all ice fields.

Donald Knew.

Margaret, aged ten, was a beginner in history. "Mamma," she asked, "what does 'behead' mean?"

"To cut off a man's head, dear."

There was a moment of silent study, then another question.

"What does 'defeat' mean, mamma?"

Little Donald, aged four, was interested.

"I know, mamma," was his logical conclusion. "'Defeat' means to cut a man's feet off."—Delineator.

Very Different.

"In the olden days a reformer was liable to be burnt at the stake."

"Yes, and now we put him on the lecture platform and give him 50 per cent of the gross receipts!"

Talking and eloquence are not the same. To speak and to speak well are two things.—Ben Jonson.

Where He Was Slow.

"Alexander the Great conquered the entire world."

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "He conquered it, but some of us moderns could have shown him a thing or two about making it pay dividends."

Her Adored One.

Father—You can't have him! Daughter—Oh, papa, you once said you could deny me nothing! Father—Well, he comes as near being "nothing" as anything I know of.

COLD BROUGHT ON KIDNEY DISEASE

BRANTFORD LADY SUFFERED TILL CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. A. H. Thomson Had Heart Disease, Lumbago, and Rheumatism, and Tells How She Was Restored to Health.

Brantford, Ont. (Special.)—How Colds, La Grippe and other minor ills settle on the Kidneys and develop Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bright's Disease and other terribly dangerous ailments; and how any and all of them are cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills is fully shown in the case of Mrs. A. H. Thomson, whose home is at 48 Albion Street, this city.

Mrs. Thomson was, some years ago, taken with Cold and La Grippe and Straining, which affected her Kidneys, and the result was Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism and Heart Disease, which caused both her and her friends grave anxiety.

She had suffered some years when she heard of cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and bought a box, which she used with such splendid results that she continued to take them till she was cured. Since then she has used Dodd's Kidney Pills in her own family, and recommended widely to her friends, all of whom have warm words of praise for the standard Canadian Kidney remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Lumbago and Bright's Disease are all Kidney Diseases or are caused by diseased Kidneys. You can't have any of them if you keep your Kidneys sound and your blood pure. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys sound. Sound Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood.

A PICTURE ROMANCE.

The Frame That Startled Delacroix in the Paris Salon.

Eugene Delacroix, founder of the French romantic school of art, was very poor in his youth. His first picture of note was his "Dante and Virgil," painted when he was only twenty years old. It was extremely large, containing several figures the size of life, and to buy the canvas and colors took all the money Delacroix had. A frame was out of the question, but a good natured carpenter gave the young artist four strips of lath, of which Delacroix made a rude framework for his masterpiece, which he then sent to the salon. But he had hardly a hope that his picture would be accepted.

On opening day Delacroix went to the salon, but failed to find his painting. He was wandering disconsolately about, when he noticed a great crowd before a picture. He drew near. It was his "Dante and Virgil." But it was in a magnificent, richly gilded frame, as fine a product of the picture mounter's art as could be found in Paris. Astonished, he sought Baron Gros, head of the examining committee. As soon as young Delacroix introduced himself Gros seized his hand and congratulated him with true Gallic enthusiasm.

"But," stammered Delacroix, "how about that splendid frame? I had no money to frame it, and"—

"Make your mind easy," said the baron. "Your lath frame fell to pieces, but the committee was determined that such a chef-d'oeuvre as you have painted should be placed on exhibition, and we framed your 'Dante' at our own expense."—Exchange.

It Will Cure a Cold.—Colds are the commonest ailments of mankind and if neglected may lead to serious conditions. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve the bronchial passages of inflammation speedily and thoroughly and will strengthen them against subsequent attack. And as it eases the inflammation it will stop the cough because it allays all irritation in the throat. Try it and prove it.

"Maud has decided not to wear her old bathing suit any longer."

"Is she going to wear her new one any longer?"—Boston Transcript.

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

"He's forever prating about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?"

"Apparently it usually tells him what awful sinners his neighbors are."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

A Sensible Merchant.

Bear Island, Aug. 26, 1903.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—Your traveller is here to-day and we are getting a large quantity of your MINARD'S LINIMENT. We find it the best Liniment in the market making no exception. We have been in business 13 years and have handled all kinds, but have dropped them all but your's; that sells itself; the others have to be pushed to get rid of.

M. A. HAGERMAN.

Statistics.

In all probability the first administrative act of the first regular government was to number its fighting men and to ascertain as nearly as was possible what amount of taxation could be levied on the rest of the community. As human society grew more highly organized there can be no doubt that a very considerable body of official statistics must have come into existence. We know that such was the case in Greece, Rome and Egypt, but it was not until within the last two or three centuries that systematic use of the information available began for purposes of investigation rather than mere administration.

Conundrums.

How do guns kick without legs? They kick with their breeches.

What did Jack Frost say when he proposed to the violet? Will thou, and it wilted.

Why is a person reading these conundrums like a man condemned to undergo a military execution? Because he is pretty sure to be riddled to death.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A MICROSCOPE.

How It Opens Up the Wonders of the World of Nature.

If you want to keep your boy out of mischief, give him a microscope, not one of the elaborate, intricate, expensive affairs that the bacteriologists use when hunting for germs, but a common one with two or three lenses that revolve on a pivot and fold into a cover which protects them from injury when carried in the pocket.

There is no better way of interesting the boy in the wonders of the natural world than this simple contrivance, which opens to his eyes visions of a universe of which he knew nothing. Seen through the microscope, the most insignificant flower becomes a thing of wonderful beauty. The interior of a nasturtium is a fairy cavern, showing a dozen different tints and hues of color, with dainty white stalactites and stalagmites almost touching each other midway between floor and roof.

He will find monsters, too, for the head of an ant seen through a microscope is a terrible object, and he cannot help thinking what an awful aspect such a creature would present if it were as big as a horse. He has heard about the creatures that are to be found in water from a stagnant pool. He will find them for himself and show them to other boys, and all his crowd will become interested and bring in things to look at and wonder about. He may not develop into a Darwin, but if he has any faculty of observation at all it will be sharpened by what he sees, and he will learn that there is more in nature than what we discern on the surface.

SILENT CRANES.

A Nature Story by One of the Mount Taurus Climbers.

The mountaineer glanced complacently at his hard calves.

"We climbers," he said, "up there on the white heights see lots of things worth seeing. I tell you we could if we wanted to outdo the nature fakirs without deviating from the truth. For instance, take the Mount Taurus cranes. Do you know the cranes of Mount Taurus?

"Well, these birds are great chatterers. They chatter, chatter, chatter, as they fly. Hanged if they're not worse than women! Up on the heights the eagles lie in wait for them, hidden behind crags or ice blocks. They don't have to show themselves at all. Their ears, not their eyes, tell them of the cranes' approach, and, swooping down on those bundles of feathers and noise, they take home a mess of crane for dinner.

"With their chatter and babble and gossip the cranes of Mount Taurus give themselves away in that still air to the eagles, and in all eagle households crane is the staple dish.

"But the old cranes, fly without a sound—never a word out of them as they sail and wheel in the blue air. That seems against nature, and it is against nature. The old cranes to restrain their innate love of talk fly with large stones in their mouths.

"Shoot one of these crafty and silent birds and you will find his beak tightly closed upon a large stone."—Exchange.

His Plan Was Simple.

Frederick the Great once requested his generals to submit to him plans of campaign for a supposititious case. Hans Joachim von Ziethen, the famous cavalry general, produced a queer diagram in black ink. It represented a big blot in the center, intersected by two black lines, whose four terminals ended each in a smaller blot. The king was furious and upbraided his old comrade in arms bitterly for what he considered disrespect.

In explanation Von Ziethen said: "Why, your majesty, I am the large blot in the center. The enemy is any one of the four smaller blots. He can march upon me from the right or left, from the front or rear. If he does I simply advance upon any of the four lines and lick him where I find him."

Frederick was satisfied.

HIS THREE WIVES.

They Were All in One Picture, but Did Not Stay There.

Allan Cunningham in his "Lives of British Painters" tells a story of Copley, the father of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, which reveals what a portrait painter endures from the vanity and eccentricity of his sitters.

A certain man had himself, his wife and seven children painted by Copley in a family piece.

"It wants but one thing," said the man on seeing the finished picture, "and that is the portrait of my first wife. This one is my second."

"But," replied the artist, "she is dead. What can I do? She must come in as an angel."

"Oh, no; no angels for me. She must come in as a woman."

The portrait was added, but several months elapsed before the man again called at Copley's studio, and when he did a strange lady held on to his arm.

"I must have another sketch from your hand, Copley," said he. "An accident befell my second wife. This lady is my third, and she has come to have her likeness included in the family picture."

The painter introduced the likeness of wife No. 3, and the man expressed himself satisfied with the portraits of his three spouses. But the lady remonstrated. Never was such a thing heard of. Her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out. Then the man disputed the price. Copley sued him, and his son, the future Lord Lyndhurst, signalized his call to the bar by gaining his father's cause.

Get acquainted with **Black Watch** the big black plug chewing tobacco. A tremendous favorite everywhere, because of its richness and pleasing flavor. 2288

THE TORTURES OF NERVOUSNESS

The Sufferer Feels That Unless Relief Comes Insanity Will Follow

There is no torture more intolerable than nervousness. A nervous person is in a state of constant irritation by day and sleeplessness by night. The sufferer starts at every noise, is shaky and depressed. Often although in a completely exhausted state is unable to sit or lie still. For trouble of this kind absolutely the best thing in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The nerves are jaded and jangled because they are being starved by poor, watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new rich blood which feeds and soothes the irritated nerves. There is absolutely no doubt about this; thousands can testify of the blood-making, nerve-restoring qualities of these Pills, among them is Mrs. Thos. Harpell, Wallace Bridge, N.S., who says:—"Some years ago I took sick and the doctor pronounced the trouble nervous prostration. To describe the tortures of it is impossible. God and myself only know what I endured. The doctor gave me medicine but it did not seem to help me. Then he ordered me away for a change but I was afraid to go as I always seemed to fear some impending calamity, and was afraid to spend the night alone, as I used to think each night that I would die before morning. I tried different kinds of medicines but with no better results, and finally decided I would go to my parents to see if the change would benefit me. I went to their doctor but with no better results. My mother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got me a box, of course I did not expect a box would help me, but I continued taking them and in about a month began to feel better. From that on there was an improvement in my condition every day and in the course of about three months I was again enjoying the great blessing of perfect health. I gained about twenty pounds in weight and my friends could hardly believe I was the same person. I believe I would have been in my grave long ago if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for any disease due to bad blood or weak nerves. That is why they cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by medicine dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 or may be had by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Wife (at 7 a.m.)—Now, deny your condition last evening! Here you are with your hat and shoes on. Don't tell me you didn't come home the worse for drink!

Husband—Not a bit, dear. You know I have lately taken to walking in my sleep, and I thought I'd go to bed prepared.—Illustrated Bits.

Pills That Have Benefited Thousands.—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion. Once tried they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed.

Teacher (giving a lesson on the rhinoceros)—Now, can you name any other things that have horns and are dangerous to get near?

Sharp Pupil—Motor car.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SALADA CEYLON TEA

The best tea can be utterly spoiled by exposure to contaminating influences, as bulk teas so often are. The sealed lead packets of the "Salada" Tea Co. give you tea fresh and fragrant from the gardens to the tea-cup. 46.

"Why don't you marry your star? I know she is in love with you."

"Not for mine," replied the stage beauty's press agent. "I'll stick to a steady job."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Take no substitutes for Wilson's Fly Pads. No other fly killers compare with them.

"What made you draw yoh razzer when dat man said he didn't have no kind o' soda water flavorin' 'cepp'n chocolate?" inquired Miss Miami Brown.

"I's tired o' hearin' 'bout drawin' de color line," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I wanted to give notice dat I ain' gwineter stand foh no Jim Crow soda fountains."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

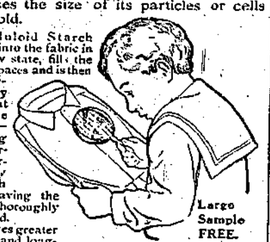
Visit Northern Islands.

The Attorney-General and Provincial Secretary of British Columbia have made a visit to Queen Charlotte Island, which indicates the growing importance of this group. This is the first occasion upon which Ministers of the Crown have felt it necessary to go to that part of the province.

A Neutral Zone.

A treaty has been entered into with the United States to arrange a neutral zone on either side of the international boundary line in order to prevent the erection of line houses for the illegal sale of liquor, and the evasion of customs duties.

It takes hard rubbing to get cooked starch into a fabric, because cooking starch increases the size of its particles or cells fourfold.



Celluloid Starch soaks into the fabric in its raw state, fills the little spaces and is then enlarged by the heat of the iron—making the surface perfectly smooth and leaving the fabric thoroughly stiffened. It gives greater beauty and longer life to your linen. Your grocer can supply it if you insist.

Large Sample FREE.

Celluloid Starch

Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking

The Brantford Starch Works, Limited, Brantford, Canada

THE PRETZEL.

Its Simple Figure Scheme and Infinite Possibilities of Variety.

The pretzel is one of the most remarkable creations of the human mind and hand. It stands almost alone as an artificial product displaying the countless varieties of form produced by nature in the leaves of trees and blades of grasses. Of the millions upon millions turned out by the pretzel bakeries since the inception of the industry it is not probable that any two were exactly alike.

The general figure scheme of the pretzel must have been an inspiration. It would have been impossible for the human mind to conceive a scheme so simple and yet permitting such approach to infinite variation. Because of the peculiar shape of the pretzel its construction is most easily described by employing sailor men's terms. A bight is taken in a roll of dough and the ends are given a half twist and brought back upon opposite sides of the bight. This makes the article somewhat heart shaped. There can have been no sentimental reason for this shape, for there is no product of art or nature further removed from the realm of sentiment than is the pretzel. The finished article looks as if it had been varnished and exposed to a sandstorm before the varnish dried.

The pretzel is unique as an article of internal use. It cannot be classed as food or drink. It is not a dessert, nor is it a medicine. Perhaps it should be classed as an appetizer—an appetizer not for food, but for drink, and therein lies its uniqueness. It is the great thirst producer. It is the third of a Sahara done up in a twist of dough. If any one could invent something that would quench thirst as effectively as the pretzel can produce it his fortune would be made.

The home of the pretzel is Germany, where it is called bretzel or pretzel, according to whether it is in north Germany or south Germany, but in America it is pretzel all the time, whether in North America or South America. The name is commonly regarded as being derived from words in the Latin language meaning bracelet. But Germans are not fond of taking words from the Latin tongues. Perhaps the pretzel owes its name to the fact that it is baked on a flat, board-like surface. The German word for board is brett.

READING THE STARS.

An Author's Mastery of the Science of Navigation.

"By the end of the week, teaching myself," writes Jack London in Harper's Weekly of his mastery of the science of navigation, "I was able to do divers things. For instance, I shot the North star, at night, of course—got its altitude, corrected for index error, dip, etc., and found our latitude. And this latitude agreed with the latitude of the previous noon corrected by dead reckoning up to that moment. Proud? Well, I was even prouder with my next miracle. I was going to turn in at 9 o'clock. I worked out the problem self instructed and learned what star of the first magnitude would be passing the meridian around half past 8. This star proved to be Alpha Crucis. I had never heard of the star before. I looked it up on the star map. It was one of the stars of the Southern Cross. What thought I? Have we been sailing with the Southern Cross in the sky of nights and never known it? Dolts that we are! Gudgeons and moles! I couldn't believe it. I went over the problem again and verified it. Charmian had the wheel from 8 till 10 that evening. I told her to keep her eyes open and look due south for the Southern Cross, and when the stars came out there shone the Southern Cross low on the horizon. Proud? No medicine man nor high priest was ever prouder. Furthermore, with the prayer wheel I shot Alpha Crucis and from its altitude worked out our latitude, and still furthermore I shot the North star, too, and it agreed with what had been told me by the Southern Cross. Proud? Why, the language of the stars was mine, and I listened and heard them telling me my way over the deep."

Weight of a Lion.

What does a lion weigh? Those who know the look of the king of beasts best and how small his little body really is will probably come farthest from the truth. About 300 to 350 pounds is a usual estimate, but a full grown lion will tip the scales at no less than 500 pounds. Five hundred and forty pounds is the record for an African lion. His bone is solid and heavy as ivory. The tiger runs the lion very close. A Bengal tiger killed by an English officer scaled 520 pounds. A tiger this size has, however, considerably more muscular strength than the biggest lion.

Pure Nitrogen.

Chemically pure nitrogen, hitherto believed to be practically unobtainable, is now frozen out of liquid air in the new process of Professor H. Erdmann. When liquid air is evaporated at atmospheric pressure the nitrogen becomes gaseous at 195 degrees below zero and the oxygen at 182 degrees, and an intermediate temperature causes nitrogen to distill off in somewhat impure form. The nearly pure gas serves the purposes for which nitrogen is ordinarily required. The new process makes it possible to obtain the chemically pure, which is done by placing liquid air in a good vacuum, when the rapid vaporization of part of the liquid chills the remainder, solidifying the nitrogen in crystals that can be separated from the liquid oxygen left.

Increasing Our Ills.

It is rather surprising to hear that a German doctor who has drawn up a list of all the diseases to which the human body is liable has returned the number of them as only 1,100. Any one among whose acquaintances there is an amateur invalid would have supposed that there were many more ways of being ill than that. Eleven hundred is a very poor figure for these times too. With all the advance made in medicine in the past century one expects something in six figures at least. Still, the number of diseases known is mounting steadily. There are already dozens of ailments, from sleeping sickness to tennis elbow, that our fathers never had.—London News.

$1.00

A most useful and yet inexpensive Christmas Gift would be this Ink Pencil. It is guaranteed not to leak, blur, or blot—and will write smoothly on any kind of paper.

It is made from fine hard red rubber—and has a platinum point which will not wear dull.

COMPLETE with cleaner and filler in suitable box, the price is

$1.00

OUR handsome catalogue sent free upon request.

RYRIE BROS.
LIMITED
134-136-138 Yonge St.
TORONTO

Stanfields Underwear for Women

fits perfectly because each garment is made to fit an individual type of figure.

After it is finished and goes to the laundry for its final washing, each garment is tested on models ranging from 22 to 50 inch bust measurement. Thus the size is determined accurately. And the size as marked is exact, and *stays* so, because Stanfield's Underwear *can't* shrink nor stretch.

Your dealer will likely have all sizes and weights. If not, he can get them for you. 139

STANFIELDS LIMITED TRURO, N.S.

"Black Knight" Stove Polish

does away with all the dirty work of keeping stoves clean. No mixing—no hard rubbing. "Black Knight" is always ready to use—shines quick as a wink—and puts on a bright, black polish that the hottest fire can't burn off. Equally good for Stoves, Pipes, Grates and Ironwork.

If you can't get "Black Knight" in your neighborhood, send name of dealer and 10c for full sized can.

The F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED,
HAMILTON, ONT. 10

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.

ABSORBINE

Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain. Cures Spavin Lameness, Allays Pain. Does not Blister, remove the hair or lay the horse up. $2.00 a bottle, delivered. Book I D free.

ABSORBINE, JR., (mankind) $1.00 bottle.) For Synovitis, Strains, Gouty or Rheumatic Deposits, Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Allays pain. Book free.

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G. W. DONALD, Manager
And Principal for Fourteen Years

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

F. J. SMYTH, PUBLISHER.

UNION LABEL

RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year $2.00

SATURDAY, OCT, 17, 1908.

MR. R. L. BORDEN

The following tribute to Mr. R. L. Borden, the Conservative leader, is published by the New York Tribune.

"Thirteen years younger than the prime minister, he was born politically, in the year that Laurier came into power. In 1901, five years after entering parliament, this almost unknown Halifax lawyer was elected leader of his party in succession to Sir Charles Tupper. Tact, a quiet and growing personal popularity, a good legal reputation, a pronounced and favorable impression as to his ability, were the elements of preliminary success. There was no oratorical genius in his personality, no raging roughness, for clever bitterness, or enthusiastic rashness in his political character. He gave the impression, which still exists and grows with every year in the popular mind, of a sincere belief in defined party principles, of cleanness in personal and political life, of instinctive fairness in character and conspicuous honesty in purpose. He is earnest and at times aggressive, and is improving steadily as a public speaker, and growing rapidly in popularity and respect. He has become a master of parliamentary rules and debate. He believes in public ownership of railways and other utilities under specific conditions. He puts honesty in the administration of affairs as above all else in public life."

Nelson is to be congratulated upon winning for the second year in succession the silver cup given at the Spokane fair for the best mineral display.

The Cleveland Plaindealer says that a day on the planet Jupiter is equal to 50,000 days on earth. Fancy going to an afternoon tea party on Jupiter.

A Spokane woman had her husband arrested and then pawned her diamonds to get him out. So many women don't appreciate men until it is too late.

A quartette of Phoenix capitalists took a local physician to inspect a Fourth of July mining proposition. "A network of varicose veins" is said to have been the diagnosis.

Another fall poet has come to the front with the following; The melancholy days have come, with icy breezes chilled, when thought of empty coal bins rise—the bins that must be filled."

Joe Martin said on a public platform in Victoria on September 29: "I think it is only fair to say that when the Conservatives were thrown out of power in 1896 every member of that government was a poor man."

Mr. R. L. Borden is being vigorously assailed by Hon. W. S Fielding and government speakers in the east because he has promised to see justice done British Columbia in the matter of better terms. This is all the more reason why the people of British Columbia, irrespective of politics, should support his candidates in this election.—Nelson News.

Socialist Rally.

The Socialists of Moyie held a meeting at McGregor's hall last Saturday night. There was a good sized audience present and considerable enthusiasm manifested. The meeting was opened by Tom Kelly, who acted as chairman, and who made a few remarks. He was followed by Jas. Lemmon, a local Socialist, who delivered an interesting address. Then came the speaker of the evening, Wm. Davidson, Socialist candidate in this riding for member of the Dominion commons. Mr. Davidson addressed the audience for nearly two hours and spoke fluently upon the issues of the campaign from the Socialistic standpoint, and occasionally bombasting the two candidates of the opposing parties and particularly Smith Curtis. He held his audience and his address was well received.

Business Meeting

The annual business meeting of the Presbyterian church will be held on Friday evening next at 8 o'clock. A hearty invitation is given to all interested in the work of the church to attend, when reports from the various branches will be given.

On Wrong Track.

Casting aside his cigarette, the stage villain gnashed his teeth with a grating sound that reminded one of the breaking up of an ice gorge.

Ha, me proud beauty! I will yet bring you to the dust!

Nothing doing twitted the fair heroine, with a wan little smile.

The man to win my heart and hand must bring the dust to me.

FOR SALE.

100 acres of unimproved land, near Kingsgate, B.C. surveyed and crown granted. One acre cleared and shack built. For terms apply to JAMES ROBERTS, Moyie, B.C.

ALSO

A 5-room house, newly painted, and papered. Situated at Moyie. Apply to JAMES ROBERTS.

Do You Think For Yourself?

Or, do you open your mouth like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you?

Are you an intelligent thinking woman, in need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and suffering, then it means much to you that there is one tried and true honest medicine OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills.

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, rundown, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible indorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact, are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, *in plain English*, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or habit-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed medicine is advised.

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received, in the unqualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. Is such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration?

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authorative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed *free* to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTICE.

CRANBOOOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF EAST KOOTENAY.

TAKE notice that Cambrian 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, Group 1, Kootenay District, B. C 282 feet south 19 degrees 53 minutes west from the North East corner of said lot 7662; thence south 19 degrees 53 minutes west along East boundary of said lot 7862, 419.1 feet; thence East 382 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.

CAMBRIAN MINING COMPANY, LIMITED. (NON-PERSONAL LIABILITY)

Chas. A. MacKay, Agent

DATE September, 30th. 1908.

NOTICE.

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

TAKE notice that William Lawson and John Wurschmitt 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 commence ment.

WILLIAM LAWSON,
JOHN WURSCHMITT.

DATE September 21 t, 1908.

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

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NOTICE

CRANBOOOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF KOOTENAY.

TAKE notice that Charles C. Farrell, of Moyie, B. C. occupation Miner intends, to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted on the north-east corner of Lot No. 8003, Group One (1), Kootenay District; thence east 40 chains thence south 40 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 160 acres more or less.

CHARLES C. FARRELL.

Dated September 15th, 1908.

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 storekeeper, 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, 1908.

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 about 150 yards south of the Little 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 160 acres more or less.

HENRY J. COOPER.

Sept. 14th. 1908.

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 20 chains to point of commencement, and containing 40 acres, more or less.

WILLIAM McDOUGALL.

Dated August 12th, 1908.

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, Secr'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.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

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Cranbrook, B. C.

DR. F. B. MILES,

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Nelson, B. C, $4.65

Selling dates Sept 21st to 25th. Final Return Limit Sept, 26th.

New Westminster or Vancouver.

Selling dates Sept, 26 to Oct 2. Final Return Limit Oct. 7 th.

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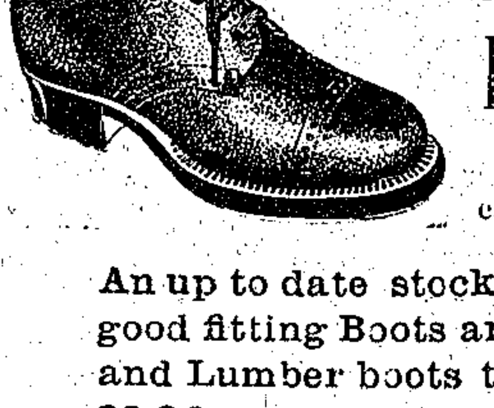

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