Legislative Library

For Engagement and Wedding Rings.
W. H. WILSON, Cranbrook.

THE MOYIE LEADER

Our Watch repairing is thoroughly and promptly done.
G. Stewart, at the drugstore, is our agent.
W. H. WILSON, Cranbrook.

VOL. 9, NO 24. MOYIE, B. C., SEPTEMBER 22, 1906. $2 A YEAR

Library Legislative Assembly SEP 25 1906 VICTORIA

SHOES

Are what are wanted—reliable shoes are what we sell. We have for nearly eight years studied the shoe trade in Moyie, and don't you think we ought to know just where to buy, how to buy and what kind to buy?

We buy from the maker, who backs up the quality of the shoe. And when we say the shoe is a "good un," it is—or hold out your hand for the cash refund.

R. CAMPBELL & CO

MINING STOCKS

North Star, Sullivan,
International Coal, Nicola Coal,
Rambler Caribou.

All the above stocks are on the rise and we recommend them for a sure profit. Get in when the prices are low.
Write us for quotations at once or wire at our expense.

Beale & Elwell

Head Office CRANBROOK — MOYIE, B. C.

DON'T FORGET

to go to the right place when wanting vegetables.

Carrots, Beets Turnips, Parsnips,
Onions, Cabbage and Potatoes.
All fresh and sound and prices right

AT

FITCH'S

MOYIE'S LEADING HOTEL.

Hotel Kootenay

The best of accommodations for the Traveling Public.

Large and Commodious Sample Rooms. Billiard Rooms.

McMAHON BROS. Proprietors.

"C. B. C." CORSETS

We have secured these corsets for Moyie, and would like to have the ladies' opinion of them. We have them in styles and sizes to fit all figures at prices ranging from 75cts to $2.50.

Let us show them to you.

E. A. HILL,

THE LEADING LADIES' AND MEN'S FURNISHER.

Imperial Bank of Canada.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1.00 or upwards received.

There is no better investment than a Savings Bank deposit.

Once opened it grows whether added to or not.

Interest allowed at current rates and compounded twice a year.

CRANBROOK BRANCH.

J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager.

E. K. POWER & LIGHT CO

To Build Plant on the St. Mary's.

CRANBROOK SUB-STATION

Work Will Probably Commence this Fall on the Project.

The East Kootenay Power & Light Co. Ltd., will probably commence the construction of their plant this fall. The Leader has it from a reliable source that such is the intention of the company, and in view of this they are already looking for contracts to furnish power and light to the different mines and towns in the district.

The site of the proposed plant is on the St Mary's river one mile above the town of Marysville. It is said to be the only suitable site on the river for such a plant. A sub-station will be built at Cranbrook at an estimated cost of $7,000. One line will be run to the Sullivan mine, another to Fort Steele and another to Moyie. The total length of the pole line will be nearly 47 miles. No. 8 copper wire will be used. The plant will start with 2,500 horse power.

Hermot & Burwell, engineers of Vancouver, have recently made a further report and have completed all of the plans, blue prints, etc., for the plant.

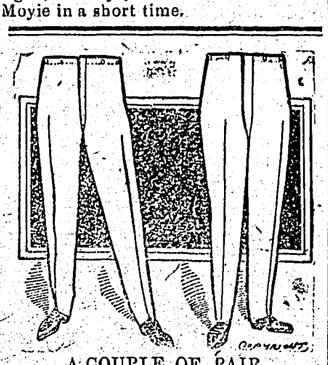
The capitalization of the company is $250,000, with shares of a par value of $1 each. The promoters' stock is all sold, and no treasury stock is being offered for sale. The directors of the company are Chas. A. MacKay, J. A. MacDonald, John. D. Kay, Robt. Campbell, of Moyie, and Leander Shaw of Vancouver.

The Nelson Fair.

As each year goes by an improvement can be seen in Nelson's Fall Fair. The exhibits are becoming larger and better, and one must visit the fair in person to appreciate the resources and productiveness of the Kootenay country. The fair management had everything in "ship shape" when the doors were thrown open and there was not the hammering and sawing usually heard on the opening days of such fairs. Nelson is a nice clean city to visit and her hotel accommodations are excellent. The Nelson fair will increase in popularity and usefulness with each succeeding year.

Back From Cobalt.

"Billy" Hannahan is back from Cobalt, and if what he says is true, "he will never go there any more." Billy says there are six properties in the camp working about 250 men in all, but that the existing conditions are not as good as those to be found in the mining camps of the west. Pete Corrigan, he says, will also return to Moyie in a short time.



A COUPLE OF PAIR

of new 'sousers will help out your wardrobe wonderfully. Those little worn coats and vests only need the right trousers to make them into good serviceable suits.

LET US MAKE YOU

a pair or two. We have some new patterns that will go well with any coat and vest. They will wear like iron. They will be made in our usual modish and thorough manner. They will cost you just about as much as the ready made fellow would charge. And oh, what a difference in fit and looks.

C. A. FOOTE

MOYIE, B. C.

LOCAL NEWS.

D. A. Ayres returned from Spokane yesterday.

"Scotty" Hume and Billy Keast are over at Nelson.

O. J. Johnson was in Cranbrook Wednesday.

Thos. Ryder was up from Pincher Station the first of the week.

Dan McKay and Chas. McDonald, left Wednesday for the Bulkley valley country.

Tom Cameron is now in Burke, Idaho, and is working on the jigs in the Hercules mill.

Miss Lulu Crowe and her little brother Teede were in Nelson this week to attend the fair.

Geo. Adamson is up from Nelson doing some masonry work in the boiler rooms at the St. Eugene.

Peter Genelle, one of the big lumbermen of West Kootenay, was in town this week.

T. E. Schmibt and wife have moved to Coeur d'Alene city, Idaho, and will make their home there.

Sam Miller and wife left Creston Thursday for Vancouver and an extended trip to San Francisco.

G. T. McGregor was down to Cranbrook Thursday to attend the regular meeting of the Masonic lodge.

Rev. J. P. Westman was up from Cranbrook Thursday to attend to a little business in the matrimonial line.

Rube Scott, Jack Cavanaugh and Miss Mary Miller left yesterday for Spokane to attend the Interstate fair.

J. A. Harvey was up from Cranbrook this week, and was probably the busiest man in Moyie while he was here.

Miss Maude Bolen and Miss Peterson left Wednesday for Spokane, where they will remain for the winter and attend the Blair business college.

Father Choinel wishes to announce that he will be obliged to delay his regular visit to Moyie until Sunday Sept. 30th.

Henry Smith, the barber, returned Monday from Spokane and was accompanied by Miss Alma Pearson, who has come here to work in his shop.

Mrs. Goupill left Sunday for Kamloops, where she took three of her grand children, Mildred, Marcedies and Irene Genelle, to attend the convent.

Ed Desaulnier returned Wednesday from Montreal where he went to see his children who are attending school in that city. He was away for a little over a month.

It is reported that J. P. Hennessy, who at one time was a shiftboss at the St. Eugene mine, has struck it rich in Tonapah and is now wealthy. The Leader hopes the report is true.

H. Cameron, of the Moyie dairy, has been meeting with some bad luck lately. Within the past two weeks five of his cattle on the Swansea range have been killed by the C. P. R. trains.

Dr. Hugh Watt, the pioneer doctor of East Kootenay, and one of the principal promoters of the Kootenay Central railway, was out to Moyie this week to meet his many friends and enjoy a holiday.

Frank and Willie Mohoney, who left Moyie nearly a year ago with the Hooligan's Trouble Co., are now in Chicago and are drawing big salaries doing vaudeville stunts. They are among the cleverest dancers in that city.

A Creston Pioneer.

F. G. Little of Creston came as far east as Moyie yesterday. Mr. Little is now a fire warden and it was in that capacity he was here. There have been several bad fires in his district this summer but he says they are now under control. One of the recent losses was at Polson's sawmill site, near McNeilly, when $7,000 worth of posts telegraph poles and piling were burned. Mr. Polson has suffered great loss by the fire.

Mr. Little is a pioneer of pioneers. He and his old friend J. W. Dow came to Creston 14 years ago and took up land. They were ridiculed be everyone. "Now look at the difference," he says. "Everybody has their eye on Creston. Our reputation for raising fine fruit and vegetables is spreading far and wide." Mr. Little has not been in Moyie since eight years ago, when he was superintending the building of the wagon road for the C. P. R.

DAN CUPID GETS BUSY

Three weddings in One Week.

ALL WILL LIVE IN MOYIE

One Took Place in Moyie and Two Were in Cranbrook.

Six people, who will make their homes in Moyie, were made happy this week. It was a record breaker for weddings.

CLARK—WEBB.

On Thursday, at the Methodist, Mr. A. C. Clark of Moyie and Miss Agness Webb of Oxford, England, were united in marriage by the Rev. J. P. Westman of Cranbrook. Mr. Robert Sanday officiated as groomsman and Miss Edith Hawke as bridesman. The church presented a bright appearance, being decorated with evergreens and flowers. The musical part of the ceremony was supplied by Mr. Arthur Pickering. The church was nicely filled with spectators. After the ceremony the wedding party repaired to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marsden where a convivial evening was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Clark being the first couple married in the church, they were presented with a bible.

SAIT-BARLOW.

Mr. Harry Sait and Miss Ada Barlow were married in Cranbrook yesterday by Rev. Mr Westman, and they returned to Moyie today. They will make their home on Lake street, where Mr. Sait recently purchased a house.

PZZETTE-GADDO.

Married at the Hospital chapel in Cranbrook on September 21st, by the Rev. Father Choinel, Mr. James Pzzette of Moyie and Miss Candido Gaddo of Rossland. A dancing party was given at the Manhattan hotel last evening in their honor.

Still in Dispute.

This week C. A. Foote received a letter from the secretary of the Cranbrook celebration committee asking him to give in the time he took at the hose race in Cranbrook on Labor Day over his signature. Mr. Foote replied that he had already given his time to the judges, and reffered the committee to some of the rules govering the race. The rules referred to are 9 and 10 and are as follows:

9—Judges and timekeepers to be appointed by competing teams.

10—JUDGES DECISION TO BE FINAL.

The I. W. W.

A union of the Industrial Workers of the World will be organized in Cranbrook next Wednesday evening, September 26th. Frank Duff will be the instituting officer, and will be assisted by F. J. Smyth and Thos. E. Kelly, the president and financial secretary of the Moyie I. W. W. Mr. Duff has been doing some good work in the field and finds the laboring men ready and anxious to join wherever he goes. He is working between Wardner and Creston.

Houston Not Dead.

A report gained circulation this week that John Houston, ex-mayor of Nelson, had been killed in Nevada. A letter received by Mrs. Houston from a friend in Goldfields told of the finding of the body of a man of about the same height, weight and age as John Houston, dead near a railway track. A later report says that Houston is alive and well and is at present staying in Dinuba, California.

Westminster Exhibition.

For the above event the Canadian Pacific Railway are quoting very low round trip excursion rates same being on sale Sept. 28th to Oct. 2nd good for return passage till Oct. 11th. Rate from Moyie $20 35. Daily through sleepers are being operated from Arrowhead, for berth reservations on Columbia River Steamers or Sleeper apply to local agents or write.—J. S. Carter, D. P. A., Nelson, B. C.

Our First Car of POTATOES

Will Arrive Next Week.

We have had several sample shipments and find them fine, mealy boilers, well shipped and in prime condition to store for winter.

We have taken advantage of the fine weather of the past week to have them dug and shipped, so that they will be dry, free from clay, and in the best possible condition for storing for winter use.

Come and inspect a sample. **Quality is the main thing.** You will find that it will pay you to give us your order for your winter's stock.

MacEachern —AND— Macdonald.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The provincial voters list will close next Monday.

A 10 stamp mill will be built at once at Poplar on the Buffalo property.

Thursday, October 18th, has been appointed Thanksgiving day in Canada.

In case of a provincial election Dr. Hall will be a candidate in the Nelson riding.

A quadrille club has been organized in Creston, and they will hold weekly dances in Speer's hall.

The Kuskanook is the only boat on the Kootenay lakes that carries a piano for the use of its passengers.

J. A. Harvey, the lawyer, will have a suite of offices in the new Fink Mercantile building in Cranbrook.

Mr. L. P. Sullivan, machine operator on the Cranbrook Herald, and Miss Hass were married last Tuesday in that city.

A rooming house to cost $2,000,000 and to accommodate 2,000 guests is among the things talked about at Seattle.

So greatly has the coast trade grown that it is now said that the C. P. R. intends building a steamer even larger than the Princess Victoria for that run.

There is an alarming prevalence of typhoid fever in Spokane. Health Officer Genoway declares that the fever is due to the use of impure water.

Wilbur Voliva has been chosen general overseer by the people of Zion by the overwhelming majority of 1911 to 6. This means that Dowie is out of it.

Odd Fellows from all parts of Canada, the United States and Mexico, with a delegation from Hawaii, were gathered in Toronto this week to attend the 82nd session of the sovereign grand lodge.

Extra guards have been ordered to vigilantly watch Stensland, owing to the report that he intends to commit suicide rather than to face the angry mob, which is sure to meet him on his arrival in Chicago, unless he is surreptitously brought into the city.

F. W. King, president of the 150,000 club of Spokane, has sent through the Leader an invitation to the citizens of Moyie to attend the first annual grand carnival ball to be given by the 150,000 club in the grandstand of the Interstate fair grounds Spokane, on the night of Sept. 24th. The ball will be a fancy dress and full dress function, but no masks will be worn.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Acts on Nature's Plan.

The most successful medicines are those that aid nature. Take it when you have a cold and it will allay the cough, relieve the lungs, aid expectoration, open the secretions and aid nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Thousands have testified to its superior excellence. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. Price 25 cents. Large size 50 cents. For sale by the Moyie Drug and Stationery Co.

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 68 1/8 cents
Lead, $5.15.
LONDON—Lead, £18 8s 9d

"Hooligan's Troubles."

The plot of Hooligan's Troubles, the musical farce comedy that appears at Eagle hall tonight concerns the attempt of an elderly suitor to win a young and beautiful heiress. He induces Happy Hooligan to assume the clothes and character of an English nobleman and he makes love successfully to the young girl's aunt, an elderly spinster; then the old man, who is also the girl's guardian, finds the spinster has a still larger fortune. But Happy has made good with his opportunity and it is only when he loses his clothes in a bath house at the sea shore that the fraud is exposed and the spinster is won by the wealth-designing man. Happy takes to a sugar barrell as the latest thing in wearing apparel.

Was Known Here.

Lachlan Bruce, who is now held in Nelson jail for the murder of old man McGarvey near Creston a few days ago, was quite well known in Moyie. When R. A. Smith took over the post-office he hired a tramp shoemaker, who happened to drift along, to run his shop. This man was Bruce, now being held for murder. Bruce was in Moyie for over a month and while he was known to be a heavy drinker he did not at all seem to be a bad sort of a fellow.

Bruce has been committed to stand trial at the coming assizes which opens in Nelson on October 2nd.

At the St. Eugene.

J. Rivers with eight or ten men came over from Rossland this week to begin work on the Lake Shore shaft which is to be sunk another 300 feet.

A fireproof brick vault is being built at the St. Eugene office. In this will be stored the books, papers and other valuables of the comyany.

We have just received a choice assortment of

Jewelery Novelties

many useful and all ornamental.

Come and see them.

Mr. E. A. Hill of Moyie is our agent.

W. F. TATE & SON

Jewelers and Graduate Opticians.
CRANBROOK, B. C.
Official Watch Inspector for C. P. R. Crow's Nest Pass Division.

Her Sister's Betrothed

BY BERTHA M. CLAY

Author of "A Woman's Vengeance," "Which Loved Him Best," "Between Two Loves," "Fairy Gold," Etc.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

Since the death of her beloved husband, Mme. d'Ancel had lived in strict retirement. For the first time, she now resolved to open her doors to society. The neighboring chateaux, villas and manors were crowded with visitors, and Mme. d'Ancel had only to make a sign to be surrounded by the notables of the country.

She sent out invitations to dinner in honor of Edmee Levasseur, whose arrival at the chateau of Cote-Boisee had occasioned so much comment.

Everybody knew the story of "that poor little Mme. Levasseur"—as they still called her—who had died of grief; and the adoption of this half-sister by Mlle. Levasseur, the admission of the enemy's child in the victim's house, had been diversely criticised.

The cure approved his young parishioner openly. She had accomplished a duty, a difficult, even painful duty, and there, at least, virtue had brought its own reward. In tearing this charming child from dangerous surroundings, where her soul was in peril, in removing her from the contact of relatives more or less connected with the theatre, Marthe had secured a gay, young companion, an affectionate and grateful sister, who charmed everyone. Even M. le Cure, the best of men, while delivering his Sunday sermon, gazed with pleasure at the pew of the chateau. Edmee always attended the services with the most demure little air in th world; once she had even taken up the collection, and M. le Cure, like the rest of his parishioners, succumbed to the charm of the bewitching beauty.

Mme. d'Ancel's home was a large, modern structure in the style of an Italian villa. The roof was flat and surrounded by a balustrade, and the view from it was so beautiful that they often spent their evenings there. At the back of the house could be seen the thick forest that stretched along the hillocks; but the widow's favorite site was the vast garden that sloped to the road, where she gave full sway to her passion for flowers. None in the neighborhood could boast of such a green lawn or magnificent roses as bloomed in the beds. The most varied and rarest specimens were displayed in all corners, perfuming the air with their fragrance. The only fault Mme. d'Ancel ever found with Marthe was, that she preferred the forest to her garden, to dream the hours away in sombre paths instead of cultivating these bright blossoms. But perfection is not of this world!

The sisters, accompanied by Aunt Relie, arrived early on the day of the dinner, that they might enjoy the beautiful July afternoon in the midst of the delicious perfume of roses, then in all their splendor. Both were dressed in white, but Marthe's soft, woolen dress was a little severe, without the least bit of lace; while Edmee's costume of mousseline de soie was brightened by knots of pale pink ribbon that set off her delicate blonde beauty and dark eyes. Aunt Relie, though sniffling in an antagonistic manner, was forced to admit that she had never seen a more fascinating or bewitchingly pretty creature. And as demure as a little saint withal! She never left her sister's side and did her best to subdue her merry laughter and coquettish instincts, that she might receive her sister's praises on their return; but, whenever she did raise her pretty eyes they were none the less brilliant, and the dimples suddenly reappeared more bewitching than ever in her dazzling smile.

As Edmee had seen only the drawing-room and garden, Robert escorted the sisters through the property. The grounds sloped so rapidly that at the back of the house they were almost on a level with the second story. One of the walks led directly to a large room filled with books and a desk littered with papers. Edmee peeped in curiously.

"Is this where you work, Monsieur d'Ancel?" she asked. "Is this where you write that terribly serious book I have been told about?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle. I am very quiet here; this corner of the garden is almost always deserted, and, as you see, I can step right into the forest."

"Admit that you seldom use the door, but jump right out of the window," laughed Marthe.

"True enough," assented Robert; "it is a habit of my boyhood, which I have never given up. It is so convenient, and one need not be an acrobat to get in the same way. You see that these houses, built contrary to common sense, have some good points."

"And are you not afraid? If you can get in so easily, others can do as much. I would dream of nothing but burglars, if I slept in such a room!" cried Edmee, who never posed as a brave girl.

"There is not the least danger, Mademoiselle. Besides, look at that pretty revolver, over there, which my mother insistes on keeping near me. It has not been taken out of its case for years. Moreover, she has provided that beautiful panoply, less as an ornament for the chimney piece than to make people think me of a belligerent disposition. But I trust more to the honesty of the people than to a false reputation. But come, let us visit the barns, fields and park. It will take us a full hour and make us appreciate my mother's dinner. She has not slept for a week, for fear her dinner may not be worthy of the occasion. Come, let us get up an appetite."

While the young people wandered through the garden, the two matrons sat quietly chatting in the drawing-room. After a last tour of inspection through the kitchen and dining-room, Mme. d'Ancel was now ready to receive her guests. Mme. Despois and herself were intimate friends, and yet, it would have been difficult to find two women more dissimilar. The baroness was a dreamer, still young in heart; preserved so, perhaps, by her isolated life. She had let her watch run down on the day of her husband's death, and had never thought of winding it up since; she lived entirely in the past, and even her deep maternal love had not been sufficient to re-awaken her to the interests of the present day.

Her neighbor, on the contrary, had early resigned herself to partial happiness. She claimed that the little satisfactions of life, skillfully cultivated, form a very acceptable semblance of happiness; that to re-awaken sleeping sorrows was folly; that laughter was the right of mankind, and it was the height of absurdity to deprive one's self of it. The more so since laughter, according to her, comprised an infinity of agreeable things, like good eating, luxury, the contact of witty persons, when we are lucky enough to meet them, or to be satisfied with agreeable and cultivated friends when the former are not available.

"It seems to me that your son is becoming younger," she said to the baroness; "there he is, laughing as if he had never poked his nose in the dusty archives of foreign affairs."

"Heaven be thanked! But you must remember that I always predicted that Robert would grow younger with time. He was too serious at twenty, it was not natural. And then—"

Mme. d'Ancel's tongue itched to tell Aunt Relie all her hopes, but she stopped short. Had she not promised Marthe that she would be silent?—if Aunt Relie would only guess! It seemed to her, that this change in Robert was significant enough.

"And then," interposed Mme. Despois, "there is nothing like a pair of bright eyes to dissipate the mists of study. Come, my friend, do not look so bewildered, for you know as well as I do that, since Edmee's arrival, Robert has abandoned his books. If he does not know he is in love, I do."

"You are mistaken, you are mistaken, I assure you," protested the baroness, quickly.

"Tut, tut, tut, I am rarely mistaken in these matters. Since I have become a mere spectator, I keep my glasses in order, and find great amusement in watching those little manoeuvres. After all, my good friend, you have nothing to complain of; you desired Mlle. Levasseur as a daugthter-in-law, and this one is very charming. I am not much in love with her, but I must admit that she is truly bewitching."

"And," added her friend, who was beginning to recover her composure, "you would be delighted to get rid of her by marrying her off as quickly as possible."

"Certainly! She disturbs my old habits. Then, I am afraid I shall finally succumb to her charms. I struggle against it, and it is really tiresome."

"Then, even you admit that she is exquisite," said the baroness, whose maternal egotism was aroused at the thought that Robert might possibly prefer the younger sister—for, after all, there was no positive engagement.

"If I admit it! Why, since I know her, I almost forgive my brother-in-law. The old legend of sirens will be repeated as long as the world lasts. Edmee is the picture of her mother, except her eyes, which she inherits from her father. I often went in secret to see her mother on the stage, and such an actress, I never saw; such fascination, such grace, such charm—in fact, she possessed everything but a heart. In the daughter, I find the same intonations of the voice, the same smile that suddenly illuminates the face like a ray of sunshine through a passing cloud. Look at her, when she sits down; we simply take a chair to rest, and our skirts fall around us as best they may, while Edmee's dress arranges itself gracefully into harmonious folds; when she speaks, her gestures are rounded, never angular, and all that is so natural; her words are never confused, each syllable has its value, her voice is modulated with an art that is innate in her. Elocution was inculcated in her, by simply listening to her mother."

"But," observed her friend, "you say that her mother possessed everything but a heart. Does Edmee resemble her in that respect also?"

"I have not yet solved that problem. It is possible that she may have one. To see her with Marthe, one would swear it. She overwhelms her with caresses, follows her everywhere like a child, tries to help her with the management of the house and gets everything in a muddle of course. She rushes off to give orders to the farmers, forgets all about them, and stops to play with the chickens or the dogs, just because Marthe also loves chickens and dogs. She is always gay, admires everything, goes into ecstasies over the scenery, splashes delightedly in the water, walks, runs, and leads her sister about, while she seems to be following her. But this is a new plaything. The country in July, with its noisy roads, innumerable bathers, chateaux filled with guests, is well enough. But wait till November, when she is reduced to our quiet society."

"Youth finds happiness everywhere and always," murmured the baroness, indulgently. "In any case, it is evident that Marthe loves her very much and will do anything for her."

"If she entices her to Paris a month or two earlier than usual, I shall not complain, for my part. Still, Marthe is by no means weak; if she considers it her duty to resist any whim, she will resist, you may be sure. Then, we shall see. Edmee reminds me of the soft, supple silk I use in my embroidery. It threads easily, caresses the fingers, and lends itself to our wishes; then, suddenly, without apparent cause, it forms a small, almost imperceptible knot and breaks the needle short. So far, no knot has appeared, but it may come yet."

The knot appeared before the end of the evening.

The dinner was a success. The guests were mostly young, eager for amusement, and did full justice to the numerous dishes. The table was decorated with the most beautiful roses from the garden, and the wide, open windows admitted the balmy air of the beautiful summer evening. Edmee began to forget her good resolutions. She felt that she was incontestably the queen of the feast, the prettiest and most admired of all the women present, and the joy of her triumph was betrayed in her merry laugh and the brightness of her eyes. Captain Bertrand was her neighbor, and she amused herself by completely turning his head. Robert, who, in his capacity as host, was seated between two elderly matrons, shot envious glances at the corner where Edmee enlivened everything by her Parisian wit. Fully conscious of these glances, she redoubled her coquetry. Marthe was too far away to check her sister's exuberance; besides, everybody was gay and it was hard to lecture this child for a few pearly laughs. Then, the dear little Edmee was so pretty and admired. The thought of being jealous of this newcomer, who eclipsed her so completely, never even crossed her mind. On the contrary, she was extremely proud of her little sister's beauty and success.

After dinner, they drank coffee in the garden, and Marthe came to her sister's side and clasped her arm around her waist. The young people formed a gay and noisy group; the moon shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and it was almost as light as day.

"You are very warm, Edmee," observed Marthe, as she noticed her flushed cheeks; "put this lace scarf around your neck. Do you know, Mademoiselle, that you was very noisy at dinner? What have you done with that exemplary behavior of the first part of the day?"

"I have passed it to you, Marthe; it never inconveniences you. I can not endure it more than an hour at a time. Ah! let me be a little wild, it is so good to be foolish, and alas! one is eighteen only twelve months. If you knew what projects we have formed. Ah! what fun we shall have, shall we not, Captain?"

"And what are those projects?" asked Marthe, smiling indulgently.

"Shall I take part in them?" broke in Robert, coming near, not daring to ask himself which of the two sisters attracted him there.

"Of course you shall, so will the captain, and all these gentlemen. We shall be eight young girls and we must have escorts. To begin with, Monday we shall breakfast at the Virginie fountain, shall we not Marthe?"

"Very well, my dear."

"Then, we shall play a comedy. Society comedies are so amusing, especially in the country. The large drawing-room with the little boudoir is just suited for the purpose. The captain is an admirable actor, and I—"

Edmee stopped short. Her sister had withdrawn her arm and seemed very pale in the moonlight.

"Not that, Edmee, not that!" she exclaimed, in an altered voice.

"Why not?" asked the young girl, angrily, her pretty face clouding up at this first contradiction to her caprices.

"Drawing-room comedies are, no doubt, very amusing things for the actors; but very tiresome for the others, I assure you."

"But we shall all be actors, the young people at least; and the others don't count."

"In my house, the others do count, Edmee. We shall have no comedy."

This was said in a tone that admitted of a reply. They all understood that Marthe had not given the true reason of her antipathy to theatricals. Edmee raised her head haughtily; her features assumed a cold, harsh expression, and she said nonchalantly:

"As you wish, of course! Monsieur d'Ancel please give me your arm. I would like to admire the view from the terrace. We can go up, can we not? Come all, I am sure that in this moonlight the sea must be perfectly wonderful!"

Marthe did not follow them. Something in the manner Edmee had taken Robert's arm had suddenly struck her. She turned back and took a seat beside Mme. d'Ancel. The baroness took her hand affectionately, as if to beg forgiveness for her infidelity during the conversation with Aunt Relie.

"Are you ill, Marthe?" she said. "Shall we go in?"

"Oh! no, we are so comfortable here."

"Then what is it?"

"I am a little sad, that is all. It is a strange contradiction of my nature that makes me sad when others are gay. But what will you, I am no longer eighteen. As Edmee says, one is eighteen for twelve months only. Was I ever eighteen? I begin to fear not."

"That will come, my dear. Like Robert, you will grow younger with time."

"Perhaps!" murmured the girl. "In fact, this evening Robert is very young—"

And she fell into a sad reverie.

(To be Continued.)

SMUGGLING.

It Was Considered a Legitimate Pursuit In Days Gone By.

A book by J. C. Wright entitled "In the Good Old Times" throws some interesting light on the ways of days gone by: "Of every three pounds of tea it was said that two were contraband. In fact, smuggling was considered a perfectly legitimate pursuit. Everybody was ready to profit by it, from the squire, who filled his cellars with cheap wine, and his wife, who adorned herself in cheap silks, to the shopkeeper, who got cheap groceries, or the laborer, who got high wages for work that was secret, unlawful and perilous. Even Adam Smith confessed to a weakness for smuggling and nobody was above bargaining to have a pipe or a hogshead put in his cellar at a low figure. But smuggling on a large scale was not carried on without bribery, perjury, informing, violence and murder."

Of the old time London watchman: "He was wrapped in a wide skirted heavy coat, a useful garment for protecting him from the cold, but not adapted to enable him to cope with the bullies who assaulted the weak and unprotected. He wore low shoes and a big broad brimmed hat, which could be turned up or down, worn forward or backward. The only means of defense which the watchman seems to have possessed was a staff something like a beadle's. In his left hand he carried his lantern."

In those primitive times pins were manufactured by hand and went through several stages of manufacture: Worker No. 1 formed the wire, No. 2 cut it into lengths, No. 3 smoothed it, the fourth man made the head, the fifth stuck it on, the sixth ground the point, the seventh washed and dried it, and it had to go through three more hands after that; hence it used to be a familiar proverb, "it takes ten men to make a pin."

In England the ivy is considered an emblem of fidelity. In all parts of Great Britain the ivy grows with a luxuriance unknown in most other quarters of the world, and the tenaciousness with which its tendrils cling to rocks and walls is supposed to have originated the idea of the symbol.

For 33 Years

Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has been before the public, and this, together with the fact that its sales have steadily increased year by year, is the best proof of the merit of

Shiloh

as a cure for Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the lungs and air passages. Those who have used Shiloh would not be without it. Those who have never used it should know that every bottle is sold with a positive guarantee that, if it doesn't cure you, the dealer will refund what you paid for it. Shiloh

Has Cured

thousands of the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Let it cure you.

"Last winter I coughed for three months and thought I was going into Consumption. I took all sorts of medicines, but nothing did me any good until I used Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Four bottles cured me. This winter I had a very bad cold, was not able to speak, my lungs were sore on the side and back. Six bottles of Shiloh made me well again. I have given it to several people and every one of them have been cured.—D. Joseph, St. Hyacinthe, Que." 60

SHILOH

25c. with guarantee at all druggists

Search For Folk-Song.

The Pontefract Board of Guardians has assented to a proposal from the local Musical Competition Committee that the old men in the workhouse should be interviewed with a view to the discovery and preservation of Yorkshire folk-songs.

"First Aid" Cabinets.

Several "first aid" cabinets, containing all of the necessary appliances for "first aid" treatment in case of accidents, have been erected on the electric car standards in various parts of Leicester.

Dr. J.D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

Thorns were originally used in fastening garments together. Pins did not immediately succeed thorns as fasteners, but different appliances were used, such as hooks, buckles and laces. It was the latter half of the fifteenth century before pins were used in Great Britain. When first manufactured in England the iron wire, of the proper length, was filed to a point and the other extremity twisted into a head. This was a slow process, and 400 or 500 pins was a good day's work for an expert hand.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Wheat In China.

Chinese writers claim that the cultivation of wheat was introduced into the Celestial empire by the Emperor Shinnung 2,700 years before Christ.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

Trees In Churches.

Two English churches possess trees growing within their walls. One is at Ross, the other at Kempsey, in Worcester. The latter tree is well developed and grows from the tomb of Sir Edmund Wilde, which stands on the left side of the chancel.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs.—I had a bleeding tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results, and I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N.B., Sept. 17, 1904.

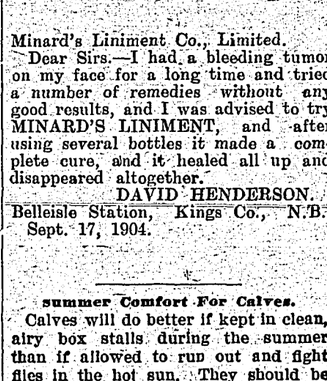
summer Comfort For Calves.

Calves will do better if kept in clean, airy box stalls during the summer than if allowed to run out and fight flies in the hot sun. They should be given a drink of water at noon and should have access to salt at will. They should also have some grass or green oats cut and given them every day. They should not be given very much at a time, not more than they will eat up clean before the next time of feeding.

It Needs No Testimonial.—It is a guarantee in itself. If testimonials are required they could be furnished in thousands from all sorts and conditions of men in widely different places. Many medicines are put forth every year which have but an ephemeral existence and then are heard of no more. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has grown in reputation every day since it made its first appearance.

Fresh Eggs and Storage Eggs.

R. W. Davison says there is as much difference between a fresh and a preserved or cold storage egg as there is between cow butter and manufactured butter. The manufactured butter is considered clean and, in a measure, healthy, while a stale egg is neither clean nor healthy. Eggs absorb impurities and certainly must be affected by the surroundings necessary in either preserving or storage.



MIXED THEIR METAPHORS.

Amusing Blunders Made by Members of British Parliament.

Frequenters of the House, an authority writes to The Daily Mail, have for a long time remarked a woful depreciation in the art of Parliamentary speaking. Notable exceptions are Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, Mr. John Redmond and Mr. T. Healy; the last named, during an Irish land debate last session, delivered one of the finest speeches it has been my pleasure to hear.

Curious enough is the fact that probably the best grammar and the most lucid and finished sentences come from the Labor side in the example set by Mr. Keir Hardie. Only an unfortunate but no doubt conquerable jerkiness of delivery prevents the Labor leader from being numbered in the front rank of modern Parliamentary orators.

The mixed metaphor gives many unsuspecting members a fall. Mr. Asquith not long ago amused the House with the phrase: "Our tongues are tied, our hands are fettered, and we are really beating the air to no purpose."

Mr. John Burns improved on this by declaring, in reference to the Children's Employment Bill, "I will now repeat what I was about to say when the honorable member interrupted me." Then there was the wealthy manufacturer member who, dealing with the legal position of trade unions, asseverated that "the interests of the employers and employed are the same nine times out of ten—nay, I will go further, and say ninety-nine times out of ten."

A member of the present Opposition, observing signs of dissent from a Liberal, exclaimed: "Ah, the honorable member opposite may shake his head, but he cannot shake mine." "Sir," said Mr. Walter Long on education matters, "we are told that by this legislation the heart of the country will be shaken to its foundations."

The House of Commons is too hurried, too strenuous, too utilitarian in these times to encourage the ornamental in oratory. Moreover, every member in the chamber appears anxious to have his say. Up to the present some 400 legislators out of 670 have delivered speeches during the session. These are regarded as the principal causes of the decadence of Parliamentary style.

Mr. Charles Seymour, the elocutionist, who coaches many Parliamentary candidates and before whom not a few members rehearse the speeches they hope to deliver before the House, pronounced the suggestion of a class for politicians impossible.

"Members who honor me with their patronage," he said, "creeps stealthily into my studio. They would not have their mission known under any circumstances. It is not shame; it is shyness."

"Division" In Parliament.

When a division is called a bell rings to enable all M. P.'s to collect from the smoking room, the library, etc. Then the outer door is closed, and the Speaker puts the question. There is a shout of "Aye!" and of "No!" on which he declares that either the one or the other "has it." If this be challenged he says, "The 'ayes' to the right, the 'noes' to the left." This means that the "ayes" and the "noes" go into respective lobbies.

This takes some time, for they go leisurely. When at length they are both within their respective pens all the doors leading to them are closed, and after a minute or two the one door through which the prisoners in each lobby are to make their exit is opened. Before reaching the exit they have to pass on either side of a desk at which two clerks sit and check off on a printed list of members those who vote. After this they pass in single file through the exit door, which is a few yards from this desk. Just outside this exit door stand two tellers, one representing the "ayes" and one the "noes." Their business is to call aloud one, two, three, four, and so on, as the members pass. Consequently for each division four tellers are necessary, two for the "aye" lobby and two for the "no" lobby.—London Truth.

How One May Be Acquired For a Consideration In England.

The practice of granting arms is still in vogue in England, Ireland, Scotland, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany, etc., and at times the pope, as sovereign pontiff, exercises the power.

Indeed, it is by patent or grant alone that a new family can legitimately acquire a coat of arms.

The modus operandi in England, for example, is as follows: The applicant for a patent of arms (from the crown) may employ any member he pleases of the heralds' college and through him present a memorial to the earl marshal of England, who acts for the crown in these matters, setting forth that he, the memorialist, is not entitled to arms or cannot prove his right to such and praying that his grace the earl marshal will issue his warrant to the kings of arms, authorizing them to grant and confirm to him due and proper armorial ensigns, to be borne according to the laws of heraldry by him and his descendants. This memorial is presented and a warrant is issued by the earl marshal, under which a patent of arms is made out, exhibiting a painting of the armorial ensigns granted, the royal arms of England, the arms of the earl marshal and those of the college and describing in official terms the proceedings that have taken place and a correct blazon of the arms. This patent is registered in the books of the heralds' college and receives the signatures of the garter and one or both of the provincial kings of arms.

A grant or patent of arms is made to a man and his male descendants. This gives him a fee simple of them—that is to say, to him and to his male descendants equally and altogether and to his female descendants in a qualified manner—i. e., for life, to bear the arms in a lozenge or impaled with their husbands' arms (if the husbands have arms), as arms can only be brought in by arms, or, if they be heiresses or coheiresses, on an escutcheon of pretense upon their husbands' shields, and in the last case their descendants inherit such maternal arms, but only as a quartering.—Nineteenth Century.

Battlefield Courage.

There is a story of a bullying colonel who turned on one of his aids during a battle and cried: "Captain —, you are frightened! You are, sir. You are scared!"

"You're right," replied the captain, "and if you were half as scared as I am you'd be six miles in the rear."—Richard Harding Davis in Everybody's Magazine.

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LIGHTHOUSE REPAIR SHOP.

Little Building Where Delicate Machinery Is Made.

In the reservation of the lighthouse department at St. George, Staten Island, there is an ugly three story building of brick that is the "department store" of the lighthouse service in this country and its foreign possessions. Practically everything in the nature of a mechanical device used in the service, from the biggest lantern to the smallest order of light, and including the apparatus for blowing fog signals and making the lights flash on gas buoys, is turned out in this place, and not only sent to all the stations in this district, which includes Porto Rico, but also as far away as Alaska, and even to the Philippines.

The mechanics employed are all men of the highest grade, for the objects they are at work on are too delicate, as a rule, to allow of much machine labor, and in addition to this the government has never seen fit to spend sufficient money on the plant to fit it out with such machinery. In a stroll through the workrooms one can see men turning out the delicate brasswork that keeps the flashlights on a gas buoy going for three months at a time, the curious brass cylinders that make the wailing cry of a fog siren, tiny floating stops that serve to keep the oil from overflowing in the lamps after the manner of a student lamp, and the clockwork that keeps revolving lights turning around hour after hour through the long nights.

The only thing they don't make in this department store are the lenses, which are imported from Paris or London. These are "assembled" in these shops, however, and one can see lanterns of all sizes in the course of preparation, from the smallest size used in the service to ones of the power sufficient to go in lighthouses of the first order. Of course the department has to be ready for emergencies in the way of breakdowns of lights, as well as of lightships, and so they not only keep two light vessels at the wharf always ready for instant service, but they also have in this storehouse an emergency light that can be put up anywhere and fitted to take the place of any light of any description, whether it be fixed or revolving, red and white or all red.

Scouring Wool.

Our ancestors scoured their wool in tubs, much as our wives and daughters scour our clothes today. In the hand washing of wool a tub was filled with the suds, in which one or two men with long poles stirred the wool until clean, when they lifted it upon a traveling apron, which carried it between a pair of rollers which squeezed out the water. The same principle is applied in the automatic scouring now in vogue.

Great forks or rakes seize the wool as it is carried by rollers from a feeding apron into the iron tanks and by alternating motions of their teeth give it a thorough scouring. Thus cleansed the wool is delivered by rollers to the drying machines, where hot air and great fans are now utilized to extract all the moisture without tearing the fiber.

Why the Devil Has Cloven Hoofs.

Legends of the devil are quite common in Ireland, but the one which is most interesting and least known perhaps is that which tells why the prince of the infernal regions has split hoofs, like those of a cow beast. Moore alludes to the legend in his story of St. Kevin and Kathleen at Glendalough. In that story Moore makes St. Kevin throw his former ladylove over the cliff in order to be rid of her importunities, but the peasants of the Glendalough district give the story a more poetical touch. They insist that it was not Kathleen that was thrown over the cliff, but that it was Satan, who had assumed the form of the lady in order to tempt the saint. The moment the prince of evil toppled over the edge of the yawning abyss he spread his batlike wings and sailed away in safety much to the surprise of the holy saint. Later on the devil again attempted to lay a snare for St. Kevin, but the saint managed to get the arch fiend on holy ground, where, of course, he was helpless. While the devil was in this helpless condition Kevin sawed off his legs and attached cows' hoofs to the stumps. Since that day Satan has been cloven footed and will be until the end of time.

Very Like It.

His mother tucked four-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping car, says a writer in Youth. Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she called softly:

"Johnny, do you know where you are?"

"Course I do," he returned sturdily "I'm in the top drawer!"

A Wise Man.

Hewitt—How did you come to marry your typewriter? Jewett—Well, you see, I got a good wife and got rid of a poor stenographer.

The Unsafe Man.

The man who knows better how to do another man's work than he does his own is not safe for any kind of work.—Louisville Herald.

Nansen on Sailors.

Dr. Nansen is fond of sailors. He says there is a brotherhood of the sea which stamps sailors and singles them out from all other callings. He has found more thoughtful earnestness among sailors and a better spirit than among members of any other profession. Sailors, he believes, bear all their hardships and sufferings with calmness and fortitude.

The Original Use of Canes.

Somebody has been looking up the history of the original use of canes in this country and finds that they were formerly a part of the repertory of the leaders of the church, being at one time the principal badge of the deacon. The deacon's cane was about five feet long, one end being embellished with a big knob, the other with feathers. When the small boy got too noisy or rebelled against the powers that were, he was given a rap on the head with the uncharitable end of the stick. If the head of the family forgot himself while listening to the morning sermon and lapsed into a blissful dream of old times in merry England, the turkey plumes on the deacon's cane feathered him into life again.

The Cost of Feasts In the Past.

In 1638 the opening of Inigo Jones' new theater was celebrated by an elaborate banquet attended by the lords of the council, and the bill amounted to £84 5s. 4d., exclusive of wine. Glass and plate were hired, and some of the former was broken and had to be paid for. We have the details of three dinners in 1676. A leg of mutton costs 3s. 4d., a sirloin of beef 9 shillings, three chickens and three rabbits 5s. 6d., eight artichokes 1 shilling and four cauliflowers 1s. 3d. For buttered ale, the ingredients of which were a hundred eggs, eight gallons of ale, two pounds of butter, eight pounds of sugar and one ounce of nutmegs, the charge was 10s. 11d.—Gentleman's Magazine.

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All Women

should assist Nature at those times when the system is upset, the nervous tone low and a feeling of depression or languor exists. An experience of over 50 years warrants the statement that no medicine gives such prompt relief as

Beecham's Pills

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A PROCESSION OF TYPES

LONDON AS SEEN THROUGH CANADIAN SPECTACLES.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men and Women to Be Observed in World's Metropolis — The Official and the Layman, the Neat and Spry and the Tawdry and the Homely — An Ally Sloper Crowd That Surged.

I have not yet decided who is the greatest man in England: King Edward or the Man-in-Brass-Buttons who stands guard at the portals of London offices. The policeman might well be entered in the competition for greatness, for who can measure the power and authority of this stern controller of the metropolis? British law and order are indeed personified by his uplifted hand, and the traffic of London is thereby regulated. But even this pillar of the empire must fall back before the "commissioner." Though not born to be a prince or a lord, he is satisfied with the proud position of porter at the door. An imposing figure is this gentleman, in blue uniform and brass buttons, with the carriage of an Iron Duke, the strength of face of a Napoleon, and the penetrating eye of a Sherlock Holmes. The ordeal commences when the Buttoned Dignity opens a small sliding door on the first landing and demands, in icy tones, your name, address, business, religious belief, political tendencies and length of time last served in prison. His unsympathetic eyes say: "Are you a burglar, a murderer, or a mere company promoter? You certainly look like a ticket-of-leave man or a peddler of shoelaces." The strongest man will flinch before his penetrating gaze and grow smaller than ever in his own estimation, apologizing at last for living, and only asking that the sentry will allow him to escape unscathed. If submissive enough, the autocrat of the hallway may consider your application to see the editor or the manager, the Minister of War or the railway magnate, securely fastened in his den up many stairs. In course of time—long time, it seems—word comes from the unknown that an interview is granted, a shock-headed boy is summoned to act as guide, the fateful door is knocked upon—and one is ushered into the presence! Then the unexpected happens. The great man shakes hands in a human way, he smiles, and by the gods, he invites one to have a seat! He listens to the visitor's tale, and at the conclusion startles him with a cordial farewell. The heart is uplifted by the experience until, descending, the stair, the final necessity comes of passing the terror in blue serge, who is cross-examining another poor victim.

If the stranger in London wants to see an aggregation of homeliness, tawdriness and all untidiness, he only needs to travel with a London crowd to the Crystal Palace on a bank holiday and view the stream of pleasure-seekers pouring into that great British institution. A gathering of foreigners, whether they be short and broad Hollanders, slow-moving Germans, homely Swiss or swarthy Italian, possesses certain elements of the picturesque, but the bank holidayers from the mighty Babylon do not flatter the Anglo-Saxon race; they do not provide good models for artists, neither do they exhibit good teeth, good taste or good manners.

There were exactly 57,864 of us, according to the turnstile record, forming a distinctively Ally Sloper crowd that surged in human waves over the terraces and sward. And weren't we all bloomin' 'appy? Such hugging, that must have called for strong ribs and stronger lungs to stand the pressure. One Tommy to two 'Arriets was the rule. No tedious waiting for the hour of gloaming to arrive, so that love-making might be carried on privately, but when Tommy, in a delirium of bank holiday delight and beer—had both arms occupied in encircling two big-hatted and tousel-haired damsels, the lonely sightseer did well to make way for their unsteady progress. And such kissing! Making a day of it, indeed; such a day as can only be had in that popular family resort of London town, with its bewildering array of attractions—bands in abundance, jugglers and acrobats, trained ants and harnessed fleas, balancing elephants and leaping monkeys, the organ music, the fireworks, the pop, the sandwiches. Oh, the unspeakable glory of it all—the indescribable aroma, the never-to-be-forgotten mass of submerged tenthers; and, finally, the struggle for life on the homeward journey!

Then there was the little mad Frenchman who wandered into the British Museum. Faded coat, buttoned close and tight around his thin little frame, a high hat without its original gloss, a straggling eye-glass, swaying to and fro as if in a panic on its own account. A Frenchman, when well-groomed, is not to be despised, but when he ignominiously collapses between two stalwart London policemen, a little Frenchman cuts a very sorry figure. Poor undone creature, who had strayed from the other side of the Channel into this un-Frenchy structure. Struggling, kicking, gesticulating with as much of his arms as were free—crazy as the worst Bedlamite on the Surrey side of the river! After asking many incoherent questions of the officers the remarkable one was heard: "Es thess Hawkins' sausage shop? I vant Hawkins' sausage shop!" Poor, insane, starving straggler from the land of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity; the idea of asking such a question in the staid, sane and funereal British Museum, of all places, and as the undignified figure was haled away out of sight the stillness of death again took possession of the corridors and galleries of London's curio shop.

The dirty, noisy little steamer was crowded to the uttermost inch of space. Passengers hugged the smokestack and blocked the gangways, fellow-travelers were compelled to take their stand on their fellow-travelers' toes, and the captain was the only man on the ridiculous craft who was able to swing his arms around without pushing a human being into the river. Two men stood in the one spot all the way from Waterloo Bridge to Kew, and they took up the smallest possible amount of deck space because of their attenuated figures. One was tall, the other short, but both were thin to the point of transparency if their frame had been freed from the rusty clothes that hung limply from their bony framework. The short man was as insignificant in looks as in size, and so I pass him by. But his companion was the most remarkable specimen of the race that I had seen in all London. For verily here was a green man, by way of a change. After all the varied tints observable on the human countenance, from the bronze of an Indian to the pallor of a seasick woman, this picture in green was a fascinating horror. All the other passengers were forgotten; the green one mesmerized me. True, the hat was as pitifully faded as his long frock coat, on which you could see the indentation made by years of brushing in the effort to rub respectability into its threads; the shoes were poverty-stricken, and as for the anatomy of the wretched creature, it caved in as if empty for all its years of anything in the nature of food. But that green face, the green eyes, shading off into a discolored marble brow! And I speak the truth that this nightmare in color laughed—repeatedly laughed, a noiseless, shrinking process that spread over the whole wrinkled surface of the green visage, disclosing teeth so discolored as to take the shade of green as well. They both laughed as the short one tossed a remark up into the ear of the long one, and when that smile would fade away into the green again the tall one would drop a jest down to the short one. Thus, in spite of one's doubts, there was occasional evidence that the green passenger was alive.

The inmates of East London as a rule keep to their own world of sordid streets. Two, however, strayed up Fleet street way one night, looking like starving animals. I was wrestling with a disconcerting British chop in a dingy restaurant—the only customer, it so happened, waited on by a surly brute who looked as tough as the meat he served. Even the pangs of a deep-seated hunger failed before the unappetizing meal, the last mouthful had been taken, the napkin flung aside and the bill picked up, when my eye caught sight of a wild-looking face at the window. A moment afterward a tall, gaunt woman with dishevelled hair and an apology for a dress opened the door, rushed to the table and fairly hissed in my ear: "Please, sir, won't yer give me what's left over?" and as she flung the question at me her long thin fingers grasped the remnants of the meal. As the apparition hurried from the room the waiter rushed after her with a torrent of abuse. It only took up the briefest moment of time, but like a flashlight there had been produced a picture of the underworld life in old London. Old, ragged, bent, shrivelled, the woman was starving! Passing out a moment afterward, the wretched creature was dividing her poor spoils with a derelict of a man who had been waiting on the curb.—Frank Yeigh in Toronto Globe.

THE PRO-TIGER.

Man-Eater's Friend Pleads Before British House of Commons.

To the long list of pro-Zulus, pro-Boers, pro-Mahdis, and pro-Leopolds must be added the pro-tiger, says London Express.

Mr. Rees has appeared in the House of Commons in the role of "the tiger's friend." He cause some amusement by asking the Secretary for India to refer to the Government of India the question of the indiscriminate offer of rewards to gain which professional slaughterers destroyed these animals. Mr. Rees mentioned that man-eaters were rare exceptions among tigers, and that others of the species caused no loss and danger to human life.

"Pity the poor tiger," is the cry which it is feared will never be properly appreciated by the natives of India. Even Mr. Morley could not decide to champion the tiger. "I cannot imagine," he said, "to address the Government of India in the sense suggested by Mr. Rees, nor do I expect that they would share his views as to the preservation of the tiger."

Mr. Rees, however, explained to a representative of The Express that "no well-conducted tiger ever thinks of attacking a man."

"The natives just 'shoo' them off," he continued with the air of a man who had frequently taken part in the "shooing."

"Man-eaters are comparatively very rare, and their habits, their lairs, and all their movements are known to every villager. As I have more than once insisted, the tiger in India is the agriculturist's friend. The tiger slays the deer and wild-pigs that destroy the crops. Providence balances all these things.

"What I wish to see put down is the slaying of tigers for rewards. The system of paying thirty rupees for an ordinary dead tiger and 100 for a man-eater has resulted in the springing up of a class of professional slaughterers. One ordinary dead tiger will keep a whole family for a year."

Mr. Rees did not mention the possibility that an ordinary live tiger might also possibly wipe out the cattle of a whole family in a single night.

Catherine Built the Palace.

The Petrovsky palace is a charming monument to the more picturesque side of Catherine the Great's character. It was her villa without the walls of Moscow, where she could live at her ease, surrounded by her intimates, the Apraxins, the Volkonskys, the Golitsins, the Razumovs. She would have no soldiers to guard her. She preferred to rest under the protection of her own people, and the people came crowding about the palace, saying: "Make no noise! Do not disturb our little mother!" She loved the fields and woods of Petrovsky, as well she might. It was in this neighborhood that she herself awaited the approach of her coronation, staying in Count Razumov's wonderful villa, which so astonished Lord Herbert and William Cox in 1778. She had the palace built to commemorate the Russian victories over the Turks and intrusted the task to a native architect who knew how to adapt Gothic lines to Russian taste and to combine splendor with comfort. The red walls, with their white stone facings and round towers, seen among the trees, give a delightful impression of elegant seclusion. Since Catherine's day all the emperors of Russia have awaited the day of the triumphal entry in the Petrovsky palace.—London Standard.

I'm Growing Old Fast

And you know why, too. It's those gray hairs! Don't you know that Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color to gray hair? Well, it does. And it never fails, either. It stops falling hair also, and keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Do not grow old too fast!

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for many years and I should indeed be sorry to be obliged to do without it. It keeps my hair from turning gray, and also keeps my scalp clean and healthy."—E. S. PENFIELD, Canyon City, Oregon.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also Manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

In ocean's caves still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

—Emma Willard.

AUSTRALIA'S NAVY.

A Torpedo Flotilla to Be Formed—Localizing Defence.

The long-discussed project of a local navy for the Australian Commonwealth is about to materialize.

Capt. W. R. Cresswell, director of naval forces to the Australian Government, has been spending some time in England, obtaining provisional tenders for torpedo craft.

He has made the rounds of the important naval building yards on the Tyne and Clyde, and has now forwarded specifications and estimates for the construction of four destroyers and four torpedo boats to Senator Thomas Playford, with whom rests the responsibility of definitely placing the orders.

It is not suggested that this force should in any way be a substitute for the British-Australian squadron. It will be merely supplementary to it.

Capt. Cresswell, in the course of an interview, very clearly explained the views of the Australian authorities upon the subject of the proposed local navy.

"Our idea," he said, "is to assist the imperial fleet, and not to supersede it. Our little navy will stand in the same light to the British fleet that a solitary watchman does to the organized police system.

"We propose to begin by building up a torpedo flotilla. I am due back in Melbourne by the middle of June. The estimates will then come on for discussion, and I think I may say that the scheme I propose will be adopted. The additional expenditure incumbent upon the Commonwealth will be about £100,000 per annum."

Sir George S. Clarke of the Imperial Defence Council, with whom Capt. Cresswell has been in consultation, is understood to favor the scheme.

At the Admiralty, however, the idea of a local Australian navy is not regarded with a very friendly eye.

"The colonial authorities would do much better to spend money they wish to lay out upon naval defence in the form of a contribution to the imperial fleet," said a well-known flag officer yesterday.

"Australia must be defended in European waters. The Atlantic fleet and the Mediterranean fleet form the real bulwarks of those far-off shores. Let these forces be defeated and what is a local fleet going to do against an enemy? Any aggression against the Commonwealth must have come from Europe. The colonists themselves scarcely seem to realize this.

"Their naval reserves are a very useful force, trained under the British Admiralty, but a few torpedo craft, which they may call their own by right of purchase, cannot render them less dependent upon our battle squadrons than they are at present.

"Nor can imperial naval defence ever be localized, for it means the mastery of all the seas."

Way to Solve House Problem.

New Zealand, the colony of Socialistic, even radical, legislation, has found a remedy for the housing problem in the enactment of the Workmen's Homes Act. According to Mr. A. A. Brown of Dunedin, New Zealand, who is visiting in Canada, the remedy is proving a cure for the "high-rent" complaint.

Mr. Brown explained that under this Act a "workman" was a married man earning about &156 a year, or $15 a week. The Government dealt in two classes of houses—frame structures, at £350, and brick houses, at £450. These were leased to "workmen" at rental equaling 5 per cent. on the investment. That means about $7.30 per month for the frame houses and $8.80 for the more substantial class. The Government is secured by a twenty-year endowment policy on the life of the "workman," and if the insured dies within the twenty years the Government gets the proceeds of the policy. The widow receives a clear title deed to the property. If the workman lives till the end of that period the proceeds of the endowment go to the Government, and the man gets his deed. The Government has already commenced the erection of houses in Wellington and Dunedin on this principle.

New Zealand also has an "Advance to Settlers' Act," which provides for Government loans of money to farmers and others, at 5 per cent., to the value of two-fifths of security.

The colony's "radical" legislation also includes a State Fire Insurance Co., formed to fight the exorbitant rates which the English companies proposed to impose.

Watering Carlyle.

A lady was one day approaching the modest home of the Carlyles in Cheyne Walk. Poor, long suffering Jeannie Welsh Carlyle, up in the balcony, looked down at her. "Oh, do," she called out, "come in! Mary Ann and I are so tired of watering Carlyle!" The lady entered and was escorted to the little garden at the back of the house. There—it was a hot day—sat the great man in a pool of water. For hours the two devoted women had been taking turns in deluging the flagstones around him by means of a large watering pot. He was very particular that not a drop should touch his sacred person, which no doubt doubled the difficulty of the operation. The same authority relates that Mrs. Carlyle had a dog which she loved. But it would come in with dirty feet, and the splenetic philosopher objected. No one was willing to wash the creature, yet he had to be cleaned somehow. Finally there was an arrangement made with a local laundress, and she washed him every week, sending him home in a basket with the clean clothes.

Smyrna.

In 1841 Smyrna was visited by a conflagration which destroyed 12,000 houses. The buildings destroyed were light wooden structures, and a fire once kindled in a town of frame buildings closely crowded together is almost impossible to subdue.

THEIR QUARRELS.

In 1896.
This couple quarreled in '96,
And this the reason why:
She wished a Viking bicycle,
And only Burns' he'd buy.

In 1906.
Again this year they squabbled,
And now their troubles are:
She wants a Flier auto;
He buys a different car!

In 1916.
Ten years from now undoubtedly
Again we'll hear them clash.
He'll buy an Arrow airship,
While she will want a Dash!

—Puck.

Franklin on Catching Cold.

It is well known, says the New York Evening Post, that Franklin made a particular study of colds and had his own theory about them, which we believe is pretty much the theory of today. One of his assertions was that catching cold does not come from mere cold, but from unequal temperature over the body and from undistributed moisture. To prove this he made a number of observations on occasions when he did and did not suffer. A few of these follow:

By putting on a damp shirt on a dry body—yes.

By putting on a dry shirt on a wet body, though this wets the body ten times more—no.

By sitting in a room where the floor has been newly washed—yes.

By going into a river and staying there an hour (no sheets so wet)—no.

By wetting the feet only—yes.

By wetting all the clothes through the body and wearing them a whole day—no.

By sitting in a room against a crevice—yes.

By sitting as long in the open air—no.

How Cyanide Was Discovered.

Scheele in 1783 laid the foundations for the manufacture of cyanide of potassium. With prussiate of potash for its base, dried animal matter of any and all kinds was dumped into the superheated vessels containing the potash, together with iron filings and borings. A stonelike black mass resulted from the cooling, and other processes brought the final lemon colored crystals which resulted from evaporations of the solutions. From these crystals prussic acid was evolved, of which a 2 per cent solution is the pharmaceutical preparation, yet so powerful that four drops will kill a large dog. A chemist, putting a cyanide solution in a gold lined dish in 1844, discovered that the gold was dissolved in the liquid. This was the beginning of the gold plating process by the use of cyanide and the further involvement of the poison came about in electroplating, in photography and in treating refractory gold ores.—Technical World.

A Canadian Paradise.

Temagami is shaped like an octopus, with long stretched out arms, and its shores are indented with deep circling bays, island strewn and culminating in sharp points and curves that add to the beauty of this magical scene. "The lake of deep waters" is the meaning of the Indian word, and they lie very deep and cool in their bed of granite, in stillness a perfect mirror, in storm darkly menacing, with foam edged waves showing fanglike teeth. Being a hundred square miles in area, Temagami forms one of Canada's great natural reservoirs. Mighty rivers from the height of land to the north flow into it, and it in turn feeds the streams that flow southward, carrying their life giving waters through the forests to the peopled lands below. There are 1,400 islands in the lake, and the government has included the whole area in a magnificent forest reserve of a million and a half acres.—Kate Westlake Yeigh in Four Track News.

Jammed Fingers.

Few people have escaped jammed fingers, and as the pain caused when the finger is jammed in a door is excruciating in the extreme for the first few minutes it is well to know of some means of relief. The finger should be plunged into water as hot as can possibly be borne. This application of hot water causes the nail to expand and soften, and the blood pouring out beneath it has more room to flow. Thus the pain is lessened. The finger should then be wrapped in a bread and water poultice. A jammed finger should never be neglected, as it may lead to mortification of the bone if it has been badly crushed, and amputation of the finger must follow. Jammed toes are usually caused through the falling of heavy weights and should be treated in the same way as a jammed finger.

Sir Aemilius Irving.

The Dean of the Bar of Ontario was Knighted in the King's Birthday. Sir Aemilius is an old man, but he carries his eighty-three years remarkably well. He has been a barrister of Upper Canada since 1849, and as Treasurer of the Law Society has seen two generations pass through Osgoode Hall. For many years Mr. Irving had a place among the counsel in all the big provincial cases, and his services in the matter of accounts in dispute between the Dominion and Ontario have been invaluable. He sat for Hamilton in the Commons from 1874 to 1878 as a Liberal. His connection with the Liberal party was by birth as well as inclination. His father, the Hon. Jacob Aemilius Irving, served as an officer of dragoons during the Napoleonic wars, and was present at Waterloo. He came to Canada in 1834, and after the union of 1840 sat in the Legislative Council. He was a friend and ally of Baldwin and Lafontaine, and it was in the atmosphere of Reform that Aemilius Irving grew up.

Fish Scales.

Fish scales can easily be removed by pouring hot water on the fish slowly until the scales curl, then scraping quickly. Wash in several waters, having the last cold and well salted so no slime will be left.

Car of Juggernaut.

The hideous tales of the car of Juggernaut and the hundreds of victims crushed beneath its wheels in the annual processions are lies. The car festivals in India attract each year 100,000 pilgrims, but no one was ever killed beneath the car except by accident.

Horses.

In the mythology of Europe horses have always been considered bearers of luck, and there was a superstition which once was current that the presence of a horse's hoof under the bed would cure certain complaints.

Bow Legged Men.

Do not revile the bow legged man, for he plays an important part in the world. It is estimated that 40 per cent of mankind are bow-legged, so numerically this class is entitled to great respect. Bow legs invariably accompany a robust physique. We find them one of the conspicuous features of athletes. Comedians are almost always bow legged. Of the bow legged geniuses to which humanity points with pride the most illustrious examples are Caesar, Horace, Napoleon, Wellington, Schopenhauer and Cavour, the celebrated Italian statesman.—London Answers.

The Bright Side.

Words of cheer are words of help; words of gloom are words of harm. There is a bright side and a dark side to every phase of life and to every hour of time. If we speak of the bright side, we bring the brightness into prominence; if we speak of the dark side, we deepen its shadows. It is in our power to help or to hinder by a word any and every person with whom we come in contact.

Defining His Hours.

Patience—A judge in Cleveland, O. has decided that 11 o'clock is late enough for any man to sit up with his best girl.

Patrice—That, of course, is outside of the two hours allowed him to say goodby at the door.—Yonkers Statesman.

Rock Cut Temples.

The oldest architectural ruins in the world are believed to be the rock cut temples at Ipsambool, on the left bank of the Nile, in Nubia. The largest of these ancient temples contains fourteen apartments, hewn out of solid stone. The ruins are supposed to be 4,000 years old.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

The archbishop of Canterbury is referred to as "his grace," and he writes himself archbishop, etc., "divina providentia," whereas other prelates use the phrase "divina permissione." He is the first peer in the realm. At coronations he places the crown on the head of the sovereign, and the king and queen are his domestic parishioners. The bishop of London is his provincial dean, the bishop of Winchester his subdean, the bishop of Lincoln his chancellor and the bishop of Rochester his chaplain.

TEETHING TIME.

Every mother dreads that period in her baby's life known as teething time. The little gums are swollen, inflamed and tender; the child suffers greatly, and is so cross and irritable that the whole household is on edge. All this is changed in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. This medicine allays the inflammation, softens the swollen, tender gums, brings the teeth through painlessly. In proof Mrs. W. C. McCay, Denbigh, Ont., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets a splendid medicine at teething time. My baby was very sick at that time, was cross, restless, and had no appetite. After giving her the Tablets there was a marked improvement, and in the course of a few days, she was not like the same child. The Tablets are just the medicine to help little ones over the trying teething time." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ontario.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Women won't be happy in heaven unless the styles in halos change ten times a year.

Obstinacy is an ugly quality in our friends.

Generally speaking, we think that our neighbor gets no more punishment than he deserves.

It seems the height of hard luck to have experience gold brick us.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

His Redeeming Trait.

"I'll say one thing for Soakleigh. He generally knows when he has had enough."

"But then he's too far gone to know anything else."—American Spectator.

For Funeral Purposes.

"They don't have much baseball in Utah."

"Wonder why not?"

"Grandmothers are too plentiful, I s'pose."—Pittsburg Post.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Tragedy of a Lost Shell.

The Natal Mercury (South Africa) tells the story of a Boer farmer named Moolman, who found a 4.7 naval shell lying on the veldt unexploded and took it home to his sister. She wanted the shell for decoration purposes and began to dig out the lyddite, and to soften it poured cold water upon it. The lyddite and water began to effervesce, and the girl went indoors and from the end of the passage watched the shell, which lay upon the doorstep. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, and Miss Moolman fell dead, struck in the breast by a piece of shell. The whole house was wrecked, every pane of glass, every window frame and every door being cast to the ground and most of the furniture being upset and smashed.

Barred Him.

"Why don't you buy an automobile?"

"Can't afford it."

"I believe they do require the dollar down in cash."

Where Are They?

They call it single blessedness,
But still it keeps one guessing
In such a very lonely life
To find a single blessing.

HEALTH THE PRIZE MOST SOUGHT FOR

And to Thousands of Weak, Sickly People Health is Restored by

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

You want to be strong and healthy. Everbody does. Women as well as men.

There was a time when women prided themselves on looking pale and delicate.

That day has passed.

To-day robust health is the ideal.

A well-rounded form, firm flesh and muscles, strength and elasticity of movement and a healthful glow to the complexion—these are what all are striving for, and many are attaining their object by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

When the food which is taken into the body fails to supply the required amount of rich, life-sustaining blood external assistance must be sought until the system is fully restored.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies the very material which goes directly to the formation of blood, pure, health-giving blood.

Mrs. W. R. Sutherland, St. Andrews, Man., writes:—"In February, 1903 I was stricken with paralysis, fell helplessly to the floor and had to be carried to bed. The doctor pronounced it a bad case as I had no power in my tongue and left leg. I remained in that condition for six months without obtaining benefit from the doctor's prescriptions or other medicines.

"My husband advised me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and by the use of this treatment all symptoms of the disease disappeared. I can now talk plainly, my leg is all right and I can do my housework. How grateful I am to be cured by so wonderful a remedy."

Weakness, irregularities, headaches, dizzy spells, feelings of fatigue, discouragement and despondency soon disappear before the splendid restorative influence of this great medicine, and for this reason Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has become so popular; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

MARIE CORELLI'S SORROW.

Recorder of Satan's Sorrows Has Troubles of Her Own—Postcards Libel Her Features.

Marie Corelli, the well-known novelist, has applied for an injunction to restrain A. and E. Wall, of Stratford-on-Avon, from publishing picture postcards purporting to depict scenes in her private life. Miss Corelli is good looking and it is alleged that the cards libel her features. The action again raises a legal point that has never yet been decided.

Miss Corelli resided at Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Eve, K. C., explained, and had taken some part in the social life of the district. Early this month it was arranged to hold a Shakespearian festival to commemorate what was alleged to be the birthday of one William Shakespeare. (Laughter.)

In anticipation of a large number of visitors being attracted who would desire to become acquainted with the other notable people of Stratford-on-Avon, the defendants produced sets of picture postcards, entitled "The Distinguished Authors Series, No. 1."

Miss Corelli at once took objection to the cards, and if his lordship would look at them and at a recent photograph of the lady he would see what a gross libel had been perpetrated on her features. (Laughter.)

One of the cards was called "Shakespeare and his contemporaries," which looked as if the defendants wished to suggest that Shakespeare was a contemporary of Miss Corelli. (Laughter.) The publication of the cards had caused Miss Corelli much annoyance.

One of the cards complained of represented Miss Corelli presenting a cup to the Stratford-on-Avon Boat Club, and the defendant said he was present on the occasion and it was the best representation he could give from memory of the features of the lady who was so gracefully presenting the cup. Another card showed Miss Corelli in a gondola, and the defendant said it depicted what had occurred last summer on the Avon. A card styled "Sweets to the Sweet" displayed a pony carriage outside Miss Corelli's house, and a further picture depicted the lady playing with a pet dog on a lawn. The latter was admitted to be purely imaginary. Miss Corelli had no dog.

Counsel said he thought there was a case here which would have to be tried, as to the right of a person not only to her own features, but to features which did not belong to her. (Laughter.)

Mr. Scott Thompson (with Mr. Eve) contended that the cards were libellous.

His Lordship—Because the portraits are unlike must they necessarily be libellous? (Laughter.)

Mr. Thompson thought there could be no doubt about it in this case. The gondola picture was ridiculous as a work of art.

His Lordship—The work of art is sold at a halfpenny, I suppose? (Laughter.)

Mr. Percy Wheeler submitted that the only question was whether Miss Corelli had suffered any legal injury. It must be a very sensitive age if it was to hold a person up to ridicule and contempt to say that she played with a dog on a lawn. (Laughter.)

His Lordship said the inference was that the picture was taken in the lady's garden, and that she was a person who liked to be advertised in this way.

Mr. Wheeler—It might have been taken over the garden wall. (Laughter.)

The affidavit was read by Miss Corelli, who stated that she went to Stratford-on-Avon for the purpose of obtaining privacy, and that the cards were calculated to expose her to unjust contempt in relation to her private life, and prejudice her in her profession as an authoress.

The second defendant, Miss Edith Wall, in reply, retorted in her affidavit that so far from seeking privacy during her seven years' residence at Stratford Miss Corelli had courted publicity in every way.

Mr. Wheeler followed this up with a declaration that had the portraits of Miss Corelli been flattering nothing would have been heard of this action. Few ladies, he said, would admit that a portrait did them justice and he assumed that Miss Corelli was no exception to the rule.

If these cards were a libel, every exhibition of the Royal Academy would be a collection of libels. (Laughter.)

Photographers, too, would be liable to be sued, for it was common knowledge that most people when they had their photographs taken looked positively hideous. (Laughter.)

Mr. Eve: Speak for yourself, Mr. Wheeler. (Laughter.)

His lordship said he would consider his decision.

Flogging.

Flogging, in public and otherwise, is not of mediaeval origin. In the middle ages ridicule and not physical suffering was the means employed for the correction of wrongdoing; hence the pillory, the stocks and the thewe—a chair suspended high over the heads of the crowd, in which women, generally scolds, were brought to a sweet reasonableness—but the whipping post belongs to the Tudor age. The Elizabethan servant question was met by flogging girls for idleness on Sunday morning. But it was in the Hanoverian period that flogging was carried to excess. As late as 1804 six women were publicly flogged in Gloucester, England, because they had been found pegging.

Her Reference.

"I am not quite satisfied with your references," said the lady of the house to the cook applying for work. "Nayther am I, mum, but they're the best I could get."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Horne.

The Civil War.

During the civil war the federal government enlisted a grand total of 2,772,408 men.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED.

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they canot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

The Press Agent's Waterloo.

"You see," explained the advance agent for the Giddy Burlesquers, "I thought if I could get them to talk of suppressing the show it would be good advertising."

"Well?"

"Well, hang it all, they weren't content to talk about it, but they actually did suppress it."—Chicago Post.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

An average child measures about nineteen and a half inches at birth if a boy and half an inch less if a girl. A child increases more rapidly in length during the first week than at any subsequent period, and should gain an inch during the first month of its life.

Flour.

The finest flour is not the most nutritious, for, while it contains the most starch, the albuminoids and other nutritious elements are almost lacking.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

Boats of Hide.

Travelers in Africa cross some rivers in small, round boats made of hide. The boats are pushed across by negroes.

Squeezing a Lemon.

A simple method of extracting juice from a lemon without the seeds is to roll the lemon until quite soft, then puncture one end with a silver fork, making the holes quite good size. When the lemon is squeezed the juice will come out, but not a single seed.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

The Vienna Fancy Dog club has established a novel dog market. Persons with dogs for sale are invited to send the animals to the clubrooms every Wednesday, where they will be exhibited. Each animal will be examined by a veterinary surgeon and also appraised by experts. Purchasers can therefore be assured that the dogs are quite free from disease and also worth the price demanded. And all this service will be performed entirely free of charge; neither buyer nor seller will be asked to contribute a penny. The club will bear all the expenses, as its only object in instituting the market is to promote the breeding and traffic in dogs of good race.

European Jiu Jitsu.

A French teacher of boxing points out that an art of self defense approximately equivalent to jiu jitsu was known in Europe in the seventeenth century. Its principles are expounded in a work by one Nicolas Peters, published at Amsterdam in 1674 and bearing the lengthy explanatory title: "The art of wrestling and how one can protect oneself in all kinds of quarrels that may occur; how one can with agility and rapidity repel all unfair attacks and meet one's adversary with science." The work is illustrated. The author apparently anticipated many of the characteristic grips of the Japanese exponents of today.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

F. J. SMYTH, Publisher.

UNION LABEL

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....$2.00

SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1906.

THAT ELECTION SCARE.

The Liberals are again worked up over the prospects of a general election being held this fall, December now being the month set for it.

"A succession of such frights," says the Nelson Daily Canadian, "if continued for any length of time, must result in very serious consequences to the nerves of those who are so constantly on the qui vive. Both hope and fear, when long deferred, make the heart sick, and while we do not suppose there is any law that can be invoked to restrain the products of the fecund imagination of the inventor of these political thunderclaps, we would respectfully point out that an army frightened into hysterics too often, when there is really no immediate prospect of battle, is apt to be caught unprepared for battle when the tocsin of war is actually sounded. With the Liberal organizers running here and there and the Liberal press shouting warnings to the faithful to be ready, aye ready, at any moment lest they be taken—unawares—the situation has its decidedly humorous features.

With the editor of the Cranbrook Herald on the warpath, or perhaps what is better for his party, on the still hunt, and with the leader of the opposition prospecting on Mr. Shatford's preserves, and the repeated sensations in the way of announcements that an election is approaching, we can only surmise that it takes an unusual amount of dynamite to keep the Liberals sufficiently awake, so that it can not truly be said they will be "caught napping."

"In the meantime there is apparently no particular stir among the friends of the government. The members of the cabinet, are attending to their departmental duties, the premier is going to Ottawa to meet the Dominion cabinet and the premiers of the other provinces to discuss and arrange for better terms in the distribution of the Dominion expenditure within the province. The rank and file of the party are busy with their vocations and for the most part are sharing the general prosperity of the country, consequent upon the wise administration of its affairs and the general rehabilitated condition of the finances of the province."

The new provincial school law, which received such a hammering when it first passed, is wearing well with use and there is now not a complaint to be heard. It is a good system and the people, since they have tried it, would have no desire to return to the old one.

WAS A VERY SICK BOY.

But Cured by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"When my boy was two years old he had a very severe attack of bowel complaint, but by the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Rmedy we brought him out all right," says Maggie Hickox, of Midland, Mich. This remedy can be depended upon in the most severe cases. Even cholera infantum is cured by it. Follow the plain printed directions and a cure is certain. For sale by Moyie Drug & Stationery Co.

NOTICE.

Adam Wander is now manager of the Moyie Brewery, and all business should be transacted through him. He has power to collect all accounts, etc.

MINERAL ACT.

(FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Aurora, Horseshoe, Durango, Etna, and Portland Mineral Claims, situate in the Fort Steele Mining Division of East Kootenay District.

Where located:—On west side of lower Moyie Lake.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Thos. T. McVittie, F. M. C. No. B 1003, agent for O. J. Johnson F. M. C. No. B 914, Thos. Rader F. M. C. No. B 919 J. B. Sanburn F. M. C. No. B 906, L. E. Sanburn F. M. C. No. B 907, intend sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this, 6th day of July, 1906.

When a man tells you how you ought to run your business, just take a look at the way he is running his own.

The Nelson Daily Canadian suggests that on Labor Day it would be more in keeping if there were a few bright pithy speeches delivered. The suggestion is certainly a good one.

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A little child of Micheal Strauss, of Vernon, Conn., was recently in great pain from a burn on the hand, and as cold applications only increase the inflammation, Mr. Strauss came to Mr. James N. Nicholas, a local merchant, for something to stop the pain. Mr. Nicholas says: "I advised him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and the first application drew out the inflammation and gave immediate relief. I have used this liniment my self and reccomended it very often for cuts, burn, strains and lame back, and have never known it to dissapoint. For sabe by the Moyie Drug and Stationery Co,

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Everyone welcome.
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