Library Legislative Assembly

THE MOYIE LEADER.

L. 3, NO. 24. MOYIE, B. C., SEPTEMBER 29, 1900. $2 A YEAR

Underwear, Blankets,
Mackinaw Coats.

Examine our stock men's underwear
" " " " oil coats
" " " " top shirts
" " " " fall suits

DRY GOODS

See our large assortment of blankets
" " " " ladies' underwear
" " " " " wrappers
" " " " " dress goods
" " " " of carpets

GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES.

REID, CAMPBELL& CO.

E CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

Paid Up Capital, $6,000,000.

NBROOK BRANCH. J. W. H. SMYTHE, MGR

A. MACKENZIE. FRED (DOC) PULLMAN.

MANHATTAN HOTEL.

e Hotel for the masses. Everything First in every respect. Sample Rooms for Commercial Men.

YIE, British Columbia

The Central Hotel.

Y. DESAULNIER, Prop.

Large sample room in connection with house for commercial men. Best of accommodations.

Headquarters for Commencial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, — — — MOYIE, B. C.

e sell suits to men that will wear.
e sell boots and shoes for men at prices.
e sell hats and caps for men, l colors, correct styles.
e sell hose for boys made of ch fingering wool.
e sell boots and shoes for boys and unequalled for price in the city.
sell knee pants for boys that ll wool.
e sell more goods than any two es in town.

We sell ready made skirts for ladies made from New York styles.

We sell hosiery for ladies with spliced heels and toes.

We sell hosiery fo girls in all sizes.

We sell the best under vest for ladies ever offered for the price.

We sell flannelettes, prints, art muslins, art sateens, Val laces, ginghams, table linen.

We pay cash for goods and buy them cheaper than others.

MacEachern
AND
Macdonald.

WATERWORKS COMPANY

Organized for the Town of Moyie.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Company has a Capitalization of $25,000 with Shares at a Par Value of $1 Each.

At last a company has been organized for the purpose of putting in a water system for the town of Moyie. A meeting was held in McMahons Bros.' store building last Saturday evening and a permanent organization was effected, with the following as a list of directors. J. A. Harvey, president: J. P. Farrell, vice-president; A. P. Mcdonald, secretary; V. Desaulnier, treasurer; P. J. McMahon, W. L. Reid, Andrew Johnston.

Immediate steps will be taken to have the company incorporated and have the stock placed on the market, so that money for doing this work will be raised in as short a time as possible. The company will have a capitalization of $25,000, and shares will be placed on the market for a period of 10 days at 50 cents each. After the expiration of 10 days the directors can use their best judgement as to the price the remaining shares to be sold can be disposed of. The par value of the shares will be $1.00. As much work as possible will be done this fall before the ground becomes frozen. It is the intention of the company to at least have the dam built and have the main laid to Victoria street by that time. Mr. Harvey had charge of organizing the company, and will act as solicitor for the same.

We Shall Try to Be There.

The following unique invitation has been received at this office from the Press Club of the Spokane Industrial Exposition:

"Ye Editor: We want you at the fourth annual doings of the Spokane Press Club Oct. 6. The exposition management wants you to see its prize pumpkins; we want you to forget your troubles and help us celebrate Press Day; the combination will be an easy one. Leave your paper in charge of the office devil; change your shirt and join us. We will give you a trolley ride in the morning, and a visit to the exposition in the afternoon. In the early evening a big feed will happen. Later the "High Jinks," introducing all the latest sensations, will occupy the time until sunrise. If we overlook anything we'll go back for it. The police potrol wagon has been covered and the weatherman has been subsidised. Send your reply at once on atattched card."

We are in the same fix as the editor of the Cranbrook Herald, who says he has "squared" the "devil," and if someone will kindly leave a "wash" hanging out over night and chain up the dog, he will be enabled to comply with the shirt proposition.

A Singer of Note.

The concert given in the Odd Fellows' hall last Saturday evening by T. J. Scott, one of Canada's sweetest tenor singers, assisted by local talent, was a success in every way, notwithstanding the unsettled condition of the weather. Mr Scott sang songs, told stories and kept his audience in good humor all the while. In singing he was accompanied on the piano by Mrs. L. M. Mansfield. Mrs. Watkins sang a couple of solos, accompanied by Dr. Higgins, and took part in a duet with Mr. Scott. There were select readings by Rev. Dunn of Moyie and Mr. Fortune of Cranbrook, and Mr. John Hunter, of the Manhattan hotel, favored the audience with one of his favorite Scottish solos.

Will Handle Wood and Coal.

Felix Desaulnier has seven men employed cutting wood, and intends putting up at least 1,000 cords this winter. He will also handle coal during the winter.

Two good Rochester lamps for sale at a bargian at McIntosh's

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Ida Hawkins was in Cranbrook Tuesday.

Dr. Green was in Cranbrook the first of the week.

James Cronin returned from Spokane Tuesday.

E. F. Blewett, president of the Nelson Miner's Union, was in Moyie several days this week.

N. A. MacKenzie, of the Manhattan, was in Cranbrook yesterday.

For a good cigar and a quite place to smoke it, go to McIntosh's.

W. T. Reid, the Cranbrook merchant, was in Moyie yesterday.

When in Cranbrook call and inspect Reid & Co's. millinery rooms.

W. H. Bullock-Webster of Nelson, chief of Provincial police, is in town.

McIntosh is the Moyie agent for Auer gasolene lamps. Call and see them.

The wife and familly of H. N. Brenton arrived here last Sunday from Spring Hill, N. S.

W. J. Watkins has secured three teams and will begin hauling ore from the Society Girl next week.

W. T. Jameson's father and mother arrived here last Thursday from Walhalla, North Dakota.

When you decide to preserve fruits give me a call. Prices are the best on peaches, pears, plums and etc.

J. I. MCINTOSH.

F. C. Rankin, one of Cranbrook's most popular residents, was in Moyie this week. He may decide to remain here.

John Fink and Chas. Thies, of the Fort Steele Mercantile Co., spent most of the week in Moyie looking over its resources.

According to all reports the Aurora mine on the west side of the lake is steadly looking better as development progresses.

T. E. Mahaffey of Cascade City has rented the lower floor of J. P. Farrell's new block and will occupy it as a store when completed.

Edward Desaulnier, A. Stephensen and P. Lutner, the three men who were hurt within short intervals some time ago, are getting along nicely.

W. L. Reid and his sister received the sad news this week of the death of their father, James Reid, in Ottawa, who passed away last Wednesday. He was nearly 60 years of age.

J. E. Angers returned to Moyie this week after an absence of two years. Mr. Angers was then a member of the Northwest Mounted police and was stationed at this place.

President T. G. Shaughnessy, of the C. P. R., and party went west early yesterday morning on a special train. The president is on taour of inspection of the western division of the road.

MacEachern & Macdonald are excavating their lot south of G. H. Miner's store preparatory to building a fire proof cellar. Grant & Sheady have the contract of doing the work.

Look up McIntosh's ad in another column.

Chas. Dillin, a miner, returned to Moyie Wednesday morning from Trout Lake City, in the Lardeau country. Mr. Dillin stopped over in Nelson and while there visited W. B. Hocking at the jail. Hocking, he says, looked well and seemed to be in the best of spirits. He expects his trial to come off sometime between now and the 16th of October.

New Tram for St. Eugene.

A new tool tram is being built by B. C. Riblet of Nelson for the St. Eugene mine. It will be a single rope aerial tram and will extend from the blacksmith shop at the Lake Shore mine to the No. 4 tunnel of the same property. A single bucket will be attached, which will be used for delivering to the various workings along the line. The tram be will operated by compressed air. The new system will do away with two blacksmithshops, and in time it is likely the tram will be be extended to the higher workings of the mine.

Between Moyie and Moyelle.

Government Agent Armstrong is calling for tenders for the building of a wagon road between Moyie and Moyelle.

NEW DEPOT OCCUPIED

It Is a Credit and an Ornament to Moyie.

HARD FIGHT TO GET IT

The Agitation Started Over Two Years Ago and was Taken Up in the Dominion House.

Passengers coming and going from Moyie no longer have to jump off in the ditch or stand out in the wet or cold while waiting for a train. The new station is finished, aside from being painted and plastered, and is already being occupied by Agent Mansfield and his staff. It is a large and commodious structure and is in every way a credit to a thriving town like Moyie. The platform in front is 180 feet in length and affords ample room for the crowds which now gather there at train time.

The agitation for a station at Moyie was commenced over two years ago. At that time the railway company asked for a half interest in the townsite. This being refused they started an opposition townsite at the foot of the lake, a distance of over two miles from Moyie, and called it Moyelle. The fight was kept up for nearly a year and a half and the matter was even taken up in the Dominion house of parliament at Ottawa. But, as can now be seen, the C. P. R. for once at least was baffled and the people were victorious.

Geo. Batley in Business.

According to the following item which recently appeared in the Spokesman-Review, Geo. Batley, formerly of this place is now in business in Spokane:

"Geo. Batley has purchased an interest with F. B. Wright in the wallpaper and paint business at 808 Riverside avenue. Mr. Batley was formerly postmaster at Gem, Idaho. He will look after the picture-framing department."

McMahon Bros. gave a dance at their popular hotel last evening which was simply a crackerjack. They furnished good music, an excellent supper and spared no pains for the enjoyment of their guests.

CRANBROOK ITEMS.

Cranbrook Herald:

A new rule is being strictly enforced by the C. P. R. that baggage in excess of 250 pounds will not be checked as such.

The court of revision will be in session at Fort Steele Monday, Nov. 5th, when all objections to names of voters on the poll list will be considered.

G. R. Leask departs this week to take in the Spokane exposition, and visit with friends and relatives there. Mrs. Leask has been there for several weeks.

Tenders are still being called for by Rev. Holford for the construction of the new Baptist church in Cranbrook. Contractors may govern themselves accordingly.

Distinguished Visitors Here.

A distinguished party of business men and mining investors was here most of the week. Amongst the party were J. C. Hodgson, Geo. Sumner, of the firm of Hogson & Sumner of Montreaul; R. K. Hope, registrar of Hamilton, Geo. Gooderham, and brother C. H. Gooderhrm, T. G. Blackstock and J. C. Drewry—all interested in the St. Eugene mine. They were accompanied by E. B. Kirby, general manager of the Center Star mine, and Wayne Darlington, a mining expert of high repute.

"Doc" Pullman Sells out.

"Doc" Pullman today disposed of his interest in the Manhattan hotel to his partner, N. A. MacKenzie. After taking a short vacation and a trip to the Spokane Exposition, he will accept a position in the Royal hotel at Fernie. Mr. MacKenzie will hereafter conduct the business of the hotel alone. The dining room and rooms have been leased to Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Cardinal.

The tenders for Moyie's new school have been recalled, presumable for the purpose of making alternations.

Metal Quotations.

New York, Sept. 27.—Bar silver, 63⅛ cents. Lead, price for miners and smelters, $4.00 at the close. Copper, brokers' price, $16.87.

JOHN BARBER, D. D. S., L. D. S.

DENTIST,

Office and Residence CRANBROOK,

DR. PRICE'S cream BAKING POWDER

Is a pure baking powder—no alum, lime or ammonia.

No acid but that from grapes—which is pure, pleasant and healthful—enters into Dr. Price's Baking Powder.

Fruit acids are accounted by hygienists the most important of the elements of the food of man, and of these the acid of the grape is most prominent.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is not only the most efficient and perfect of leavening agents, but owing to its constituents is likewise promotive of health.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO.

NOTE.—There are many cheap baking powders made of alum. Liebig, the celebrated chemist, says that alum disorders the stomach and causes acidity and dyspepsia.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

E. J. SMYTH & CO., - - - Publishers.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....$2.00

SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1900.

Every merchant in Moyie favored the early closing movement. Notwithstanding this they failed to agree and their contract to close early has been smashed.

Rosevelt went down in a mine when he visited Butte the other day and the Standard gracefully declares "Teddy heard cheers for Bryan a thousand feet under ground."

An example of patient indurtry is the sorting of hogs' bristles at Tientsin, China. Each one of the bristles has to be picked out, measured, and placed in the bundle of hairs of corresponding length.

The next thing in order to agitate for is a Sunday mail service over the Crow's Nest road. With a mail car and mail clerk on there is no reason why the towns along this line should not by given a seven day service.

The cabinet at Ottawa has decided that Thanksgiving day this year would be Thursday, October 18th. Heretofore, it was held in November, but this year an earlier date has been selected, in response to requests that this should be done.

With a good wagon road between Moyie and Moyelle the rich farming tracts of land along the Moyie river can be more easily reached. Already this strip of country is becoming prosperous. The soil is rich, the growth of vegetation is excellent, and Moyie affords a ready market for everything raised.

Some newspaper editors are very kindly warning stamp collectors "to be very careful about purchasing the Mafeking siege issue, for the market is flooded with counterfeits." The advice is unnecessary. What's the odds if they are counterfeits, so long as they satisfy the cravings of the stamp maniac?—New Denver Ledge.

What are the effects on the man outside the union when he hears union men maligned and abused by their fellow-craftsmen on the streets or in the barroom? Are such actions calculated to inspire the non-unionist with high ideals of the fraternal spirit of trades-union? Think it over, and when next the majority of the unions does not see things your way, control your tongue, and remember that though "to err is human," affairs are righted by wise council and not bar room sessions.—Typographical Journal.

MAIL ORDER NUISANCE.

As is usual about this time of the year, the west is being flooded just now with the catalogues and other literature of eastern departmental stores. The retail trades of the west have always had a grievance against these stores for stepping into the field in this way at the season of the year when there is a little extra money in circulation and the people have some cash with which to make purchases, and they are quite justified in feeling as they do about it. These department stores will sell only for cash, they never lift a hand to carry anybody over a bad year, and they only solicit business in this country when they know there will be a little ready money to be snapped up. The western retail merchant is called upon to supply consumers here with goods at all seasons, to supply them on credit when there is no cash to pay with and to sometimes carry accounts for years when hard times strike the country, or when there has been some individual case of misfortune, and to the credit of the trade it may be said that they never shrink from doing all that their capital will allow of this sort of things, and sometimes a great deal more, in spite of possible disastrous results to themselves. It does seem, therefore, too bad that when there is some cash trade going, these eastern sharks should slip in and take it away from local traders. And more so because there is no good reason whatever why these should get the business. They do not handle better goods, nor do they offer better bargains when everything is taken into consideration. They make no redress whatever if goods are not what have been ordered and in the case of miscarriage in delivery that do not hold themselves responsible. The goods have all to be ordered from catalogues and price lists and are often made to appear very superior to what they really are. The moral of all this is that western consumers should keep their trade at home. The remedy rests with them. —Winnipeg Commercial.

A Powder Mill Explosion

Removes everything in sight; so do drastic mineral pills, but both are mighty dangerous. No need to dynamite your body when Dr. King's New Life Pills do the work so easly and perfectly. Cures Headache, Constipation. Only 25 cents at Hope & Beattie's Drug Store.

Assessment work Contracts Taken.

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

Lots for Sale. Money to Loan.

Lots for sale in all parts of town. Money to loan. Agent for Karn and Williams pianos. Have other special bargains. Before investing see Box 17. D. J. Elmer.

HER GRANDPA.

My gram'pa is a funny man,
He's Scotch as he can be,
I tries to teach him all I can,
But he can't talk like me,
I've told him forty fousand times
But tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon"
An' calls a house a "hoose."

He plays with me most ev'ry day,
And rides me on his knee;
He took me to a picnic once
And dressed up just like me.
He says I am a "bonnie bairn,"
And kisses me, and when
I asks him why can't he talk right,
He says: "I dinna ken."

But me an' him has lots of fun,
He's such a funny man,
I dance for him and brush his hair,
And loves him all I can.
I calls him Anjrew (that's his name),
And he says I can't talk,
And then he puts my plaidie on
And takes me for a walk.
I tells him forty fousand times
But tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon"
An' calls a house a "hoose."

—Charles D. Stewart, in Chicago Interior.

WHAT ANIMALS SHY AT.

Some of the Illusions from Which They Suffer.

Young horses can be led up to a sack lying on the ground and induced to pass it by letting them smell it and find out that it really is a sack, and not the Protean thing, whatever it may be, which illusion conjures up for them. Once the writer saw a very quick and pretty instance of experiment by touch made by a frightened pony. It was being driven as leader in a pony tandem, and stopped short in front of where the rails of a steam tramway crossed the road. It first smelled the near rail, and then quickly gave it two taps with its hoof. After this it was satisfied, and crossed the line. On the other hand, a donkey always tried to jump the shadows of tree trunks on the road, though a similar experiment of touch would have shown that these were as unreal as the tram rail was substantial. Lastly, no horse which has once knocked its head against the top of a stable doorway seems quite able to get rid of the illusion that there sits up in the top of all doorways an invisible something which will hit him again next time he goes through. Hence the troublesome, and sometimes incurable, habit of horses "jibbing" when taken out of the stable.

This is an obvious instance of the disadvantage at which most animals stand in regard to means of physical experiments. The horse, for instance, needs only feel the lintel to find out that it is fixed and does not move, and is not alive and waiting to hit him. But except his lips, which are sensitive, he has no member with which he can make this experiment. Except the elephant and the monkey, most of the "higher" animals suffer from this lack of the means of experiment. The wonder is, not that they suffer from illusions, but that they make so few mistakes.—Spectator.

FOR THE CHOICEST BRANDS OF

CIGARS

CLL AT THE

Cabinet Cigar Store

J. I. McINTOSH, Prop.

QUEEN'S AVENUE. MOYIE, B. C.

J. R. COSTIGAN, Q. C.

OFFICE: Bank of Commerce Bldg.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Harvey & McCarter,

FORT STEELE, B. C

Harvey, McCarter & Alexander.

FERNIE, B. C.

Barristers & Solicitors.

LEWIS THOMSON,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ACCOUNTANT, COMMISSION AND INSURANCE AGENT.

Moyie, B. C.

W. F. GURD,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

C. P. HIGGINS,

Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE—FARRELL BLOCK.

MOYIE, British Columbia.

BOATS

FOR SALE AND RENT OR MADE TO ORDER.

Apply to

M. L. HOLLISTER, Moyie.

D. L. BETTCHEN,

JEWELER,

MOYIE, B. C.

THE LAKE SHORE

Barber Shop.

Opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel

W. L. FOISY Prop.

EAST KOOTENAY BOTTLING CO.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Areated Waters, of all Kinds.

Orders Solicited.

Soda Water and Syphens.

A. L. McKILLOP,

ASSAYER,

NELSON, B. C

BOOTS AND SHOES

Repaired and Made to Order.

R. A. SMITH, Moyie.

NEXT DOOR TO BLACKSMITH SHOP.

McVittie & Hutchison,

Fire and Life assurance. Min. Brokers, Land Surveyers and Conveyancers, and Notaries Public.

Leave Orders at Leader Office, MOYIE.

City Shaving Parlor,

CENTRAL HOTEL.

WESLEY CLINE, Prop.

MOYIE, B. C.

James Kerrigan & Co.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Wholesale Grocers

AND

General Agents,

Home and Foreign Bonded Warehouses.

Whiskey, Wines, Beer, Cigars, Produce, Fruit, Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

SILVERWARE

Just received a fine Assortment of Meriden Britannia silverware.

WATCHES

High grade movements in gold, gold filled or silver cases.

W. F. TATE.

Official Watch Repairer for C. P. R

CRANBROOK, B. C.

AT G. H. MINER'S

HARDWARE STORE

You will find a full stock of

General Hardware

AND GENERAL SUPPLIES.

Just received a carload of

STOVES.

A Call Solicited.

TINSHOP IN CONNECTION.

Moyie, B. C.

THE POST OFFICE

DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE.

Patent medicines, toilet articles, office stationery and school supplies. . .

LENDING LIBRARY: If you want a book ask for it and it will be procured for you without delay.

IT PAYS TO DEAL WITH

HOPE & BEATTIE,

Chemists and Druggists,

MOYIE, B. C

THE COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

The only house in East Kootnay heated throughout with hotair.

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

European plan. Open day and night

E. H. SMALL Prop.

CRANBROOK, - - B. C.

The Lake Shore Hotel

F. W. FRITH, Proprietor.

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

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS. MOYIE, B.

MOYIE HOTEL.

JOHNSTON BROS.

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

AGENTS FOR PABST'S MILWAUKEE BEER.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MNIING MEN

MOIYE, - - - - - BRITISH COLUMBIA

J. J. MURPHY & CO.

Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Gloves, Etc.

COME AND SEE US. VICTORIA AVE., MOYIE, B. C

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL,

WM. MILLS, Proprietor.

Miners headquarters. Good accommodations for travelers. Best wines liquors and cigars kept in stock.

Lake Shore Addition MOYIE, B. C.

FOR FURNITURE AND COMPLETE HOUSE Furnishings, Stoves, Hardware, Clothing, and Groceries, Call on

G. H. GILPIN

CRANBROOK.

Agent for the Hamilton Powder Company, and Sherrin Williams' paints

L. A. RICKERS & CO.

MOYIE B. C.

Are Now Open and Ready For Business With a Full Line of Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES.

You are Invited to Inspect Stock.

FOR FINE

Wines and Choice Brands of Cigars,

ADDRESS

California Wine Co.

NELSON.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

MOYIE, B. C.

TAKING THE REINS.

It took 13 heats to decide a matinee race at Milwaukee recently.

According to an expert, The Bondsman is pretty nearly the kingpin unmarked trotter on the turf today.

J. W. Colt has purchased for $1,500 the 6-year-old chestnut horse Three Bars, by Wagner out of Voltic. The horse will be devoted to the jumping game.

Sweitzer, a son of Secretary, was the first horse to get a record below 2:15 in California this year. He won the first heat of the first race at Santa Rosa in 2:13½.

When Dione trotted in 2:07¼ at Santa Rosa, Cal., A. P. Spreckels had the satisfaction of knowing that two mares he bred have records of better than 2:09. The other is Hulda, 2:08½.

Captain Tuttle, a Goshen horseman, has had great success in Austria. He has sold most of the horses which he took over there with him last winter, besides winning several important races.

A statistician has computed that American harness horses will this year race for stakes and purses representing an amount something over $2,000,000, $55,000 of which comes from New York.

Bet Madison, by James Madison, 2:17¾, took a record of 2:30 as a 2-year-old in 1893 and never got below that mark until a few days ago when she started at the San Jose (Cal.) meeting 2:14¾, cutting the mark down to 2:13¼ 2:15½ and 2:17½.

In a recent work out, Hal B, 2:04½; Free Bond, 2:08; Fanny Dillard, 2:08¼; Laralie, 2:12¼, and Sidney Pointer, 2:14¾, started from the wire in a bunch. At the half mile pole Sidney stepped away from the bunch and finished in 2:08¼, last quarter at a 2:01 gait.

Battlesign, the bay gelding which appeared to have a sure thing in the M. and M. at Detroit and pulled up with a cut tendon, started in the 2:25 trot at Windsor, Ont., without a public record and trotted his first winning mile in 2:14¾, cutting the mark down to 2:13¼ in the third heat.

FEVER AND AGUE AND BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

The Able Speaker.

Of all the tantalizing things by which we are beset
The man who makes an "able" speech, he is the toughest yet.
The people stand and whisper: "Be as quiet as you can.
You mustn't interrupt him. He's a very able man."
And the boys get tired and wriggle,
And the girls all want to giggle,
And I lose his chain of logic and go drifting into doubt,
And my head in rhythm nodding
With his cadences goes plodding,
While I wonder what the mischief he is hollering about.

It really must be a most depressing mental strain
For a man to have an "able" reputation to sustain
And know he dare not daily with an anecdote or two
To keep us all from wishing he would hurry and get through.
And just when I am dozing
And in comfort am proposing
To yield my own opinions to this wondrous able chap
His monotone he changes
And through wild crescendos ranges
In a series of explosions just to jar my little nap.

O. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTTEN.
Port Mulgrave.

Making an Acquaintance.

Editor—And you did write this essay all by yourself?

Literary Aspirant—Yes, it is all my own work.

Editor (recognizing the source of it)—Well, then, Charles Lamb, I am very much pleased to meet you. I thought you died some fifty years ago!

Prompted by Experience.

Wife—I wish I could get something to keep the rats from coming into the house.

Husband—Why don't you do your own cooking?

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

A Tip For Married Men.

Mrs. Henpeck—I have no control over my husband at all any more.

Mrs. Wunder—What's wrong?

Mrs. Henpeck—He secured a certified copy of the census enumerator's record, showing that I had given his name as the head of the family.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

THE SHIRT WAIST MAN.

In St. Louis' summer resort weather an inscrutable providence seems to be opposing the crusade for the male shirt waist.—St. Louis Republic.

There is only one objection to the "shirt waist man." In case he establishes the fashion there is a type of masculinity that will insist on making it an excuse for wearing ruffles.

Hotel Balmoral, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.50 up. E. P. $1.00 up.

Dangerous Etiquette.

Old world privilege and restriction reign supreme in Spain, where there is a law that no subject shall touch the person of the king or queen.

Alfonso XIII nearly suffered a severe fall from this rule in his childhood. An aunt of his made him a present of a swing. When he used it for the first time, the motion frightened him, and he began to cry, whereupon a lackey lifted him quietly out of it and so, no doubt, preserved him from falling.

The breach of etiquette, however, was flagrant and dreadful. The queen was obliged to punish it by dismissing the man from his post. At the same time she showed her real feelings on the subject by appointing him immediately to another and better place in the royal household.

In another case a queen of Spain nearly lost her life in a dreadful way owing to this peculiar rule. She had been thrown when out riding, and, her foot catching in the stirrup, she was dragged. Her escort would not risk interference, and she would have been dashed to pieces but for the heroic interposition of a young man who stopped the horse and released her from her dangerous position.

As soon as they saw she was safe her escort turned to arrest the traitor who had dared to touch the queen's foot, but he was not to be seen. Knowing well the penalty he had incurred, he made off at once, fled for his life and did not stop until he had crossed the frontier.

She Rode Free.

A woman who had come out of the west, where she had been a cow girl on a ranch, was boarding a car in this city recently. She had just placed her foot upon the step and was preparing to take another step to the upper platform when, with a furious "Step lively!" the conductor pulled the strap. The car jerked forward, and the western woman swayed back for a minute, then just caught herself in time to prevent a bad fall upon the cobbles.

She confronted the conductor with angry eyes—eyes that had looked undismayed into those of mighty horned monsters of the prairies.

"What do you mean by starting the car before I was on it?" she asked.

"Can't wait all day for you, lady," the conductor snarled. "Just step inside there."

In a moment the western woman, with a backward golf sweep of the arm, lunged for the conductor's head. He dodged. The blow sent his hat spinning back into the track. The woman entered the car and sat down. She was flushed, but dignified. While the other women passengers were rather startled, they all knew just how she felt. Then the car stopped, while the conductor went back for his hat. The western woman rode free that time.—

Lost Hat Stories.

The London Globe has been collecting a series of lost hat stories, of which the following are specimens:

A father and son were standing at the entrance to Old Chain pier at Brighton when the dear little boy tumbled into the dancing waves. A bystander, accoutered as he was, plunged into the sea and, buffeting the waves with lusty sinews, succeeded at last in setting the dripping child at his father's feet. "And what hae ye done wi' his hat?" said papa.

A correspondent sent the following narrative: A festive bluejacket was seen from a ship in Malta harbor dancing on the top of the parapet wall at Fort Ricasoli. First his hat blew over, and then, leaning over to look for it, he lost his balance and fell after it—a sheer drop of 30 feet or more. The surgeon on duty was landed with a party to bring off the remains for identification. They found them crawling about on hands and knees and inquired if he was seriously hurt. "Hurt be blowed!" was his reply. "Where's

A New Discovery.

Tommy—Say, paw.

Mr. Figg—Well?

"What is an optimist?"

"An optimist, my son, is a crank who is sure his turn will come."

Not Restricted.

"That gentleman who is being introduced to Miss Binks is a freethinker."

"Which is he, a bachelor or a widower?"

About one half of the questions of life we solve; the other half solve us.—Milwaukee Journal

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the deadliest and most painful malady to which mankind is subject. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any case of Bright's Disease. They have never failed in one single case. They are the only remedy that ever has cured it, and they are the only remedy that can. There are imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills—pill, box and name—but imitations are dangerous. The original and only genuine cure for Bright's Disease is

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

The Children's Lunch.

Luncheon as a midday meal belongs to modern times, as it was unknown until the present century. It now requires an important place, particularly in households where it constitutes the children's dinner, and yet even there frequently meets with inexcusable neglect in quantity, quality and care in preparation. How often, says Table Talk, the information below stairs: "Bridget, I am going out and shall not be home for lunch. See that the children have theirs." Alas, poor children!

Mamma shops, makes social visits and enjoys herself generally, while Bridget, sharing her mistress' opinion that "anything will do for luncheon," serves the hungry children with a sort of house picnic, pie, cake, preserves, usually the left overs of the dinner of the previous evening. "Bless their hearts, how they do enjoy it!" is Bridget's only comment, for how can she know anything of the after effects of this unwise indulgence upon the poor tired little stomachs and brains? She has her work to do, and it suits her convenience as to time, therefore the luncheon is a movable feast when madam is out, today at 1 o'clock, tomorrow possibly at 2, and so on. It goes without saying that a mother who permits this state of affairs is culpable and wholly responsible for the injury it results in to her children.

Gray Haired Women.

There is a gray haired joke current among would be wits depicting the horror with which a woman discovers her first gray hair and the frantic haste with which she seeks to remedy it. But gray hair is no longer a sign of age. The rush and nervous tension of American life are bringing whitening locks to the comparatively young, and the woman who finds streaks of silver in her brown or golden tresses should set herself at once to discover the good and bad points of the change and to dress accordingly.

Gray hair is not only beautiful in itself, but softening to the complexion and so picturesque that its coming often transforms a hitherto plain person into a distinguished looking individual. Nature seems to have provided it especially for the time when the darkening and less clear complexion needed something to lighten and relieve it. This by its reflected lights it does in a masterly fashion, darkening by contrast the eyes which age has paled and softening and clearing the skin. What prettier sight is there than a gracious elderly woman with waves of soft, snowy hair above her brow?

College Education For Girls.

A graduate of Cornell university writes on "How a Girl Can Work Her Way Through College" in Ladies' Home Journal and argues that the penniless girl determined to gain a collegiate education can and will readily get it. Typewriting and bookkeeping, she holds, are helpful to such an undertaking, while the student may also earn money by giving dancing lessons, playing the piano, conducting literary or history classes, choir singing, tutoring, conducting co-operative boarding clubs, selling books, stationery, millinery and articles of dress furnishings, making and selling couch pillows, covers and room decorations, cleaning and mending clothing, hairdressing, conducting agencies, writing advertisements, writing and illustrating for newspapers and magazines, etc. This fair graduate points out many roads which will take through college the bright, energetic girl who is not averse to hard, conscientious work.

What Laundresses Fail to Comprehend.

Soft water for washing is preferable to hard for various reasons. In the first place, because it uses less soap, more soap being required to make a lather with hard water than with soft. In the second place, because hard water contains a deposit of lime, which is not good for the clothes, tending to rot the fibers. One soon learns to know the difference in feeling between hard and soft water. There is no substance so hard that it cannot be dissolved sooner or later with water. Water dissolves the dirt, and water without soap will do this. We use soap, however, to soften the grease which holds the particles of dirt, which loosen as the grease is softened. If, therefore, the water which you are compelled to use is hard, use borax to soften it.—Woman's Home Companion.

Not For Red Haired Women.

A famous Parisian dressmaker declares that blue and pink of any shade whatsoever are fatal to the beauty of a woman with red hair. He refuses point blank to use even the most frugal touch of either color, no matter how earnestly his red haired patrons may desire them, and tells them with deep regret but unyielding firmness that only black and white in judicious combination, soft, warm browns and delicate purples are permitted to them. Another Paris dressmaker says that there is a touch of green in every woman's coloring and that he makes it a point to discover it and to bring that especial shade into the finishing of the gown. He also adds a touch of white to every costume that issues from his atelier, claiming that all colors are improved by its contrasted effect.

A Charitable Woman.

Mrs. J. B. Cox of Philadelphia, who has devoted a great part of her life to philanthropic and charitable work, has collected $150,000 for various deserving institutions. In addition to her charitable work, Mrs. Cox has figured to a considerable extent in the public life of Philadelphia in other ways. In 1878 she was one of 13 women representing the 13 original states at the Centennial and was one of the committee that presented John Welsh with the English and American flags. She was first directress of the Drexel institute and was one of the committee of representative women from Pennsylvania to the Columbian exhibition at Chicago. For many years she was the leading spirit in the Educational home and Lincoln institution.

Alloway & Champion

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THE BEST OF ADVICE.

TO THOSE WHO FEEL SICK, WEAK OR DEPRESSED.

Miss Belle Cohoon, of White Rock Mills, N. S., Tells How She Regained Health and Advises Others to Follow Her Example

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

At White Rock Mills, within sound of the noisy swish of the Gaspereau river, is a pretty little cottage.

In this cottage there dwells with her parents Miss Belle Cohoon, a very bright and attractive young lady who takes a lively interest in all the church and society work of the little village. A short time ago an Acadian representative called upon Miss Cohoon for the purpose of ascertaining her opinion of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—which remedy he had been informed she had been using. He was very cordially received and found both Miss Cohoon and her mother most enthusiastic and ardent friends of this great Canadian remedy which is now so universally used throughout the world. We give below in essentially her own words Miss Cohoon's story:

"Three years ago this spring my health was very much run down. I had not been feeling well for some time, and when spring opened up and the weather became warmer my condition became worse. The least exertion exhausted me and was followed by an awful feeling of weakness and a rapid palpitation of the heart. I seemed to lose my ambition and a feeling of langour and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a very sorry condition. I suffered in this way for some time. Then I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon began to work a change for the better. My strength and spirits improved wonderfully, and the old feeling of tiredness began to leave me. My appetite returned and my weight increased steadily. By the time I had used less than half a dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. Since that time whenever I feel the need of a medicine a prompt use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has always brought me speedy relief, and in future when ailing I shall never use anything but these pills, and strongly advise others to follow my example."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Tolstoi's Sense of Honor.

At one music party at Count Tolstoi's a lady's singing displeased the count's boys, and they adjourned to another room and made a noise. Their father lost patience and went after them, and a characteristic admonition ensued.

"Are you making a noise on purpose?" he asked.

After some hesitation came an answer in the affirmative, "Y-y-yes."

"Does not her singing please you?"

"Well, no. Why does she howl?" declared one of the boys, with vexation.

"So you wish to protest against her singing?" asked Lyeff Nikolaevitch in a serious tone.

"Yes."

"Then go out and say so or stand in the middle of the room and tell every one present. That would be rude, but upright and honest. But you have got together and are squealing like grasshoppers in a corner. I will not endure such protests."—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Locusts Good to Eat.

All native African races eat locusts With many it takes, and has to take, the place of the British workman's beef and mutton. In a good many villages sun dried locusts are an article of commerce. The Sudanese are particularly fond of them.

Before they are eaten they are toasted. The wings and legs having first been torn off, the long, soft body and the crisp head form the delicacy.

I determined not to let my European prejudices influence me, but to give the dish of grilled locusts a fair trial. I thought how John the Baptist had enjoyed them plus wild honey.

The one I was eating was rather nice. I agreed with my Arab servant that, should the meat supply fall short, a dish of locusts would be a very good substitute.

By the time I was eating the second locust it seemed to me absurd why one should have a sort of lurking pity for John the Baptist's daily menu unless it be for its monotony, and I felt convinced that I should get tired of honey sooner than I should of locusts.

Canadian industries are certainly winning their full share of prizes at the Paris exhibition. The Grand Trunk Railway system has just been awarded the gold medal by the international jury for their exhibit of scenery. This speaks volumes, not only for the scenic beauty along the lines of this popular railway, but for the Dominion.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The dikes of Japan cost in the aggregate more money than those of the Netherlands.

The old Indian burying grounds in the suburbs of Sandusky, O., are to be made into city parks. The bones of the red men who have been buried there, some of them for nearly half a century, will be removed to some other spot.

London is luxuriating in a new street phrase. "There's 'air," which excites mirth whenever and wherever employed. The newspapers are trying hard to find out what it means and where it was first used, but have been unsuccessful so far.

The seaport town of Great Yarmouth, on the eastern coast of England, contains a street that is perhaps the narrowest built up street in the world. It is known as "Kitty Witches row," and measurement gives its greatest width as 56 inches.

A quaint procedure followed 100 years ago is still observed at the court of the manor at Frognal, Hampstead, England. An absentee landlord was recently mulcted in the sum of 1 shilling, and the bailiff was formally ordered to place him in the stocks. As it happens, however, there are no stocks.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." FOR DELICATE AND DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Quiet Hostility.

"Pa, what is quiet hostility?"

"Quiet hostility, little Jim, is the way in which, when I decline to give you a nickel, you sneak around behind my chair and make faces."—Chicago Record.

In Turkey amber is supposed to be a specific against the evil effects of nicotine, and as the people are great lovers of tobacco they freely indulge in the use of it, but take care to safeguard themselves by having amber mouthpieces to their pipes.

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thomas Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont., writes: "I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

A Famous London Tavern.

The Mermaid was the name of a famous London tavern frequented by noted literary men and actors during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. All the wit and talent of the time assembled there for convivial enjoyment. Authors have made it the scene of great mind combats between such men as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne and others of reverential memory. It was the gathering place of the celebrated Mermaid club, the origin of which is ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. The Mermaid tavern was located in Bread street and was handily reached from three thoroughfares, so that it has been often referred to in various ways. The Mermaid in Bread street, the Mermaid in Friday street and the Mermaid in Cheap street were, however, all one and the same. It was the nearest to Bread street. The Mermaid was destroyed in the great London fire. There were other Mermaid taverns, one in Cheapside and another in Cornhill, but they had no such associations as clung to that of Bread street.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

A Suggestion.

The Boston citizen has the advantage on the ice proposition. He has only to materialize the glance of the bean city girl to accomplish the chilling of everything in his immediate vicinity.—St Louis Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

How He Dealt With Cowards.

In appearance Osman Pasha, the lion of Plevna, was handsome and prepossessing, looking a born leader of men. Like Napoleon, he was always distinguished by the plainness of his uniform. He had a queer habit of always, even in battle, carrying a pencil behind his ear, butt end foremost. He was taciturn, grave, abrupt and disdainful of forms and etiquette. He hated all foreigners, especially Germans, Russians and English. As for war correspondents, he entertained the utmost detestation of them, whence the deeds of his army were never chronicled as they should have been. He had a strange method of dealing with cowards. He would send for them and publicly box their ears. When really angry, his rage was terrible.

After the sortie and the surrender he was seen to be weeping tears of rage and shame. He was, it may be, a little touched by the Czar Alexander II, who came up to him and said:

"I congratulate you on your superb defense. It is one of the finest feats of military history."

And that is the judgment of posterity.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

He Had Had Experience.

Miss Sentiment—Were you ever disappointed in love?

Eligible Widower—Two and a half times.

Miss Sentiment—Two and a half times?

Eligible Widower—Yes; twice married and once rejected

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The never-failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

It Met Requirements.

Charles Hoyt, the farce writer, once invited a friend to go to the theater with him.

"What play?" queried his friend.

"Nat Goodwin in 'Nathan Hale,'" said the playwright.

"I'm very sorry," said the friend, "but you'll have to count me out."

"What's the matter?" asked Hoyt in surprise.

"Well, to be frank with you, I don't like Nat Goodwin in anything. I hate him personally and can't enjoy him as an actor, and, as far as I am concerned, I wouldn't mind seeing him dead."

"Then this is your play," slyly added Mr. Hoyt in his peculiar Yankee dialect. "You don't want to miss it. They hang him in the last act."—News Letter.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

How Needles Are Made.

Needles are all made by machinery. The piece of mechanism by which the needle is manufactured takes the rough steel wire, cuts it into proper lengths, files the point, flattens the head, pierces the eye, then sharpens the tiny instrument and gives it that polish familiar to the purchaser. There is also a machine by which needles are counted and placed in the papers in which they are sold, these being afterward folded by the same contrivance.

Soothing.

He—Look here, Matilde, I'm not quite such an idiot as I look!

She (soothingly)—No, dear; I'm sure you're not!

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312 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man. Agents Wanted

About Pilots.

This world is full of pilots. In fact it is made up of pilots—everybody is a pilot of some kind. There are sea pilots, land pilots, sky pilots, journalistic pilots and Pontius Pilots. Most people are Pontious Pilots. They are Pontius Pilots because they haven't the moral courage to be anything else. All Pontius Pilots are moral cowards. To be a successful Pontius Pilot you must be a coward. If you are not a coward you can't be a Pontius Pilot. Pontius Pilots think for themselves and act as other people think. Whatever the rag-tail-rabble demand, Pontius Pilots do. Any fool can be a Pontius Pilot. Sky pilots are sometimes Pontius pilots at heart, so are all other kinds of pilots. But sea pilots are never land pilots, and land pilots are never journalistic pilots. To be a sea pilot you must have some nautical sense; a land pilot needs nerve, a sky pilot faith and a journalistic pilot money. Without the almighty dollar the journalistic pilot will die; without faith the sky pilot will go hungry; without nerve the land pilot will become a wreck, and without nautical sense the sea pilot will find a watery grave. Journalistic pilots are born, not made. Other pilots are made, not born, and some make themselves. Pontius pilots grow. You can shake them from the bushes of pride, conceit, avarice, greed, faint heartedness. They are baked in shallow pans, seasoned with cowardice to suit the taste, and served with ignominy on the side. All pilots sometimes lose their bearings. Sky pilots get shunted off on bigotry, or fall into the sump of sin; sea pilots are drawn away from their course by false signals; land pilots go down in the fogs of despair, and journalistic pilots get lost when the flow of milk and honey, cocktails and lucre, washes out the trail. Pontius Pilots never have any bearings to to lose. Sky pilots blaze the trail for the souls of men, land pilots for the feet, journalistic pilots for the head. Pontius pilots blaze the trail to hell.—New Denver Ledge.

EASY TO CRITICISE.

"It is easy to sit in the sunshine
And talk to the man in the shade,"
It is easy to float in in a well-trimmed boat,
And point out the place to wade.

But once we pass into the shadows
We murmur and fret and frown,
And our length from the bank, we shout for a plank,
Or throw up our hands and go down.

It is easy to sit in your carriage
And counsel the man on foot;
But get down and walk and you'll change your talk,
As you feel the peg in your boot.

It is easy to tell the toiler
How best he can carry his pack;
But no one can rate a burden's weight
Until it has been on his back.

The up-curled mouth of pleasure
Can perch of sorrow's worth;
But give it a sip, and a wryer lip
Was never made on earth.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Special Days at Exposition.

Wednesday, October 3, Fire Chiefs' Day and fireman's tournament and parade.

Thursday, October 4, Fruit Growers' day.

Friday October 5, Red Men's Day.
Saturday, October 6, Press Day.
Wednesday, October 10, Elks' Day.
Friday, October 12, Druggists' Day.
Tuesday, October 16, Spokane Day.

Besides these, others have asked for special days which have not yet been determined upon, among them being the Eagles, the Knights of Pythias the Woodman of the world, the Foresters and the traveling men.

Editor's Awful Plight.

F. M. Higgins, Editor Seneca (Ills.,) News, was afflicted for years with Piles that no doctor or remedy helped until he tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world. He writes two boxes wholly cured him. Infallible for Piles. Cure guranteed. Only 25c. Sold by Hope & Beattie, druggists.

Moyie's Poet.

It is not generally known that Moyie has a real live poet. But it has in the person of W. G. Arnald. Arnald came to the Leader office this week, carrying in his hand an effusion hot from the pen. We herewith reproduce it. All rights reserved:

"The mountain rat is an "onery" cuss, and he lives in the mountain shade. Like the Indian of old, his heart is bold, and he often goes on a raid. He holes up all day, and snooces away, in a nest big enough for a bear At night he prowls round, from ceiling to to ground and in the morning your cupboard is bare. He is the most fragrant of all that bears the name, his instincts are to loot. For he took all the coffee I had in my shack, and stored it away in my boot."

W. G. ARNALD.

Miss Malvina's Organ.

By Virginia N. Leeds.

It was all on account of Miss Malvina's organ. If she hadn't had an organ it would probably never have happened. The dictionary declares that an organ such as Miss Malvina possessed is "a membranous receptacle, the principal organ of digestion, in which food is prepared for nourishing the body."

Perhaps Miss Malvina's organ was a membranous receptacle. There were no absolute proofs to the contrary—but that it was an organ of digestion was simply a slander. There was no digestion about it. It was indigestion all the way through. The food that went into it, if it made up its mind to remain, didn't nourish her body in the least and only subjected her to every kind of discomfort.

Taken as a whole, this organ, which for lack of corroboration we shall call a membranous receptacle, was a barrel organ of indigestion in which nothing except torture was prepared for either body or soul.

It had lost to Miss Malvina friends, fortune and husband. The former had dropped off, one by one, on account of their pet specifics being rejected by either Miss Malvina or her organ; the second was a fine musical talent which she might have turned to account but for the same melancholy cause, and the third was perhaps the most dismal of all.

Col. Wilds, a gallant officer, had in the earlier days lost his heart to Miss Malvina, and would no doubt have married her, but during a sojourn in India he had fallen victim to a liver complaint, which so disgusted him with disorders of the human machinery, that any young woman possessed of so unpardonable a thing as an "organ" hadn't the remotest chance with the gallant officer.

Miss Malvina, therefore, was simply not in it at all. And so at the time our story opens we find poor Miss Malvina wretched, friendless, sickly and dependant upon a disagreeable old aunt.

To be sickly is bad enough without being friendless, but to be both and to have an "organ" into the bargain is hard luck indeed.

Mrs. Smithers, Miss Malvina's aunt, was a detestable person. She believed thoroughly in the text that a fool and his money are soon parted, and she obeyed the text to the letter. She had plenty of money and no heirs, but like all misers she did not consider that she had near enough, and she hoarded it up for Heaven knows what purpose.

She was in no wise a charitably disposed individual, though the fact of her giving a home to her orphaned niece might imply that she was. But no one would think so if he knew in what manner the home was held out.

"Dear Malvina," she wrote. "As you cannot starve, I suppose I must take you in."

And poor Malvina, whose organ had rendered her a meek and miserable mortal, responded weakly:

"Dear Aunt: As you say, I cannot starve and so I must accept your generous offer."

And when Miss Malvina arrived, in company with a goodly-sized apothecary shop, Mrs. Smithers' acerbity was by no means appeased.

"Bother your organ!" she exclaimed.

"It bothers me," returned poor Malvina.

This exclamation and pitiful rejoinder became an almost daily phrase.

Mrs. Smithers had not the slightest patience with her niece's membranous receptacle, and at every meal such mortal enemies as hot bread pies confronted poor Malvina. The organ naturally, cried out against such indignities, and Miss Malvina grew hourly worse.

Such torments as the poor thing knew no words can describe.

Finally, to Mrs. Smithers' utter horror, the family physician had to be summoned.

Nor was this the worst. After prescribing all sorts of villainous compounds, which Miss Malvina's organ rejected with scorn, Dr. Calomel insisted that Miss Malvina should come to his private sanitarium, known as the Rest.

Mrs. Smithers was as one demented. She fumed and raged and almost tore her false hair, for the board alone, without medical attendance, was $25 a week.

But Dr. Calomel was quite as determined as she was, and at last, after a fearful struggle, he won the day.

Mrs. Smithers can hardly be said to have given in graciously, for as soon as the doctor went away she flounced into the miserable little hall room she allowed Miss Malvina, and where the poor thing was having a wrestling match with her organ, and exclaimed, vindictively:

"I wish that 'organ' of yours was in Gehenna!"

Poor Malvina! she wished so, too, if she didn't have to accompany it there, but it was not transplanted just for the wishing.

A few days later, in fear and trembling, Miss Malvina drove up in Dr. Calomel's own neatly-appointed brougham to the door of the Rest.

At the time of her arrival there were only three other patients—Mrs. Weeks, a chronic dyspeptic; Miss Paine, a combination invalid, and an old gentleman who was a bundle of nerves.

It was against the latter individual that Miss Malvina was particularly warned, the slightest irritating circumstance causing him to tear his hair and cry "Fire!"

For a week Miss Malvina rested, lying quietly on a neat little white bedstead, gazing at harmoniously-tinted walls. On the eighth day she was so much improved that she came down to dinner.

It was a unique banquet. The convives all brought bottles and spoons with them, and some took their drops before eating and some afterwards. Moreover, the bread was dry and the drinking water was hot.

Miss Malvina was introduced to her fellow invalids, Mrs. Weeks and Miss Paine, who were already at the table when she entered, and she was having a very nice time with them, comparing symptoms, when a footstep and a man's voice caused her to look up. Then there occurred to poor Miss Malvina the one event of her life.

The gentleman of the nerves and eccentric tendencies was none other than her old admirer, Col. Wilds.

Miss Malvina started and blushed and recognized him in a moment. His hair had turned white and he no longer wore a uniform, but he was the same gallant man—indeed, age had improved him.

Col. Wilds recognized Miss Malvina also, and their meeting was an interesting one.

"Why, bless my soul, Miss Malvina!" cried the colonel, "to think of our coming together again after all these years and under such delightful circumstances. What's your trouble?"

"An organ," murmured Miss Malvina.

"Only one?" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, I've got a thousand, and every one of 'em out of tune!"

Miss Malvina said she was sorry, and began inquiring about his symptoms.

The colonel entertained her with a list of the most intense horrors, and the meal passed off delightfully.

After dinner they played dominoes. It was a party of ghosts; pale faces, wasted hands, an occasional groan, enlivened from time to time by a hacking cough.

At a quarter of nine Mrs. Week's dropped a domino. Col. Wilds shrieked "Fire!" and they were all carried off and put to bed like babies.

In consequence of the excitement Mrs. Weeks and Miss Paine went to rest for another week, and the following evening Miss Malvina and Col. Wilds sat down to a tete-a-tete game.

Miss Malvina could not help noticing how handsome her former lover had become, and how highly polished and pink his bald head was.

They were having a most charming game, when suddenly a moth miller sputtered into the gas and fell whizzing among the dominoes.

Immediately Col. Wilds went off.

Poor Miss Malvina was so overcome she scarcely knew what to do. Not liking to sit gazing at her old friend, who was behaving himself in a most childish and foolish manner, she hastily arose, and, walking across the room, took from her pocket a small box from which she extracted an "excitement pill," which she swallowed.

In a moment the colonel was at her side.

"Miss Malvina!" he cried, "what is it? You are ill!"

"It's only my organ," faltered Miss Malvina.

In his courtly sympathy Col. Wilds forgot his own ills.

After this for a week he and Miss Malvina sat down tete-a-tete, and during that time he never once exhibited a nerve, and she almost forgot that she ever had an organ.

But happiness in this world is short lived and Fate is a cruel jade.

On the eighth evening, when the colonel and Miss Malvina were enjoying the most harmonious game of dominoes they had yet played, and when each was touchingly reluctant to beat the other, a note was brought to Miss Malvina.

She tore it open and read:

"Dear Malvina—I pay for no well persons. I hear that you have entirely recovered, and that that miserable organ of yours performs its functions like a Christian.

"Come home at once."

Miss Malvina laid down the note and a tear fell among the dominoes.

"My dear Miss Malvina!" cried the colonel, sympathetically, "what is troubling you? Tell me, I beg!"

"Alas! Col. Wilds, I must leave this haven of rest."

"But why?"

"My aunt refuses to pay my board any longer."

"Allow me to do so!"

"Oh! Col. Wilds!"

"Why not? I'm a millionaire, unmarried and of age!"

Miss Malvina blushed like a school-girl.

"You are so kind—but what would the world say?"

"Nothing, if you will follow my wishes."

"What are they?" inquired Miss Malvina, innocently.

"Be my wife!"

"But Col. Wilds, my organ?"

"No objection whatever," answered the colonel, cheerfully; "it counteracts my nerves."

Poor Miss Malvina; all the physics in the world had been tried upon her and all had failed, for no one had ever thought of giving her a dose of happiness. That dose being administered, her recovery was rapid and complete.

One day there was a quiet little wedding at The Rest, and afterwards, as Miss Malvina—Miss Malvina no longer—threw all her medicines out of the window, she said to herself:

"Dear me; did I ever think I'd live to see the day when I would bless my organ!"—Ladies' World.

Nothing Wasted.

"Everything serves some useful purpose," he said, oracularly. "It is simply astonishing how true this is. There is the Turko-Grecian war, for instance."

"What particularly useful purpose has this served?" she demanded.

"What! Haven't you noticed?" he exclaimed. "It has given the girls an idea for a new bicycle costume."—Chicago ...

The Very Best Rule.

Don't torment yourself about what people are going to think about this and that action. No matter what you do or leave undone some will criticise you severely, and the very best rule for getting through life with comparative comfort is after you have made up your mind as to the propriety and advisability of a certain course pursue it calmly, without paying the slightest attention to the criticisms of the lookers on from the outside. You see, just because they are on the outside they can only see the surface. It does not matter in the least what they think.—Detroit Free Press.

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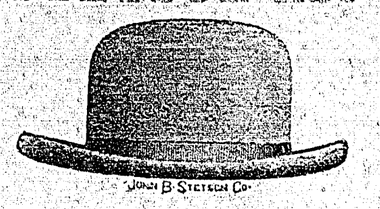

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