HERE!

At last it has arrived, our enormous stock of

Clothing, Clothing,

Tailor made and choicest patterns. Call early and get first choice.

GROCEREE!

A fine lot of shoulder hams being eleared out at 15 cents per pound. We have the best 35 cent coffee in the market.

REID、CAMPBELL & CO. ※

LATE MOYIE SUPPLY COMPANY.

CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Paid Up Capital, \$6,000.000.

CRANBROOK BRANCH.

J. W. H. SMYTHE, MGR

B. C. FURNITURE and UNDERTAKING CO.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Bedroom Sets \$12.50 Matresses. mb, springs and mattresses

prol comb. bedroom sets. 11.50 Arm chairs, well upholstered. Lounges upholstered in best jute 0.75

These are only a few of our prices. Everything in the furniture line just as low in price. We are manufacturers of all kinds of upholstered goods and mattresses. We sell retail at wholesale prices. We make carpets and lay them FREE OF CHARGE. Estimates given on finishing Dotels throughout. We make great reductions in half dozen luts.

ndertakers and Embalmers

MAGGS & HUGHES,

€€€€€€€€€€€€€₽₽€€€€€€ The Central Hotel.



Regular Meals Served in the Dining Room, with SHORT ORDERS between

Headquarters for Commencial and Mining Men.

The Lake Shore Hotel

F. W. PRITH, 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.

ERST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS.

MOYIE, B.

G. CAMPBELL, A. T. CLARK.

his 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 Oigars.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL

national day, October 10.

Several to Be Started Without Delay.

Will Call for Tenders and Begin in a Few Days.

The good work in the building line goes merrily on, and a glance at Victoria street now as compared with one of three weeks ego reveals a wonderful change in appearance.

M. McInnes was out to Moyle last eyening making arrangements for having his new meat market erected. This building will be built on south Victoria street across the street from the City bakery. It will be 24x40 and two stories in height. Tenders for the building will be called for at once. Park, Mitchell & Co. have been awarded the contract for the lumber.

As will be seen in another column, Reid Campbell & Co. are calling for tenders for the erection of a store building on, their lot facing Victoria street, the one upon which Wm. Hamilton's barber shop now stands. This building will be 26 feet wide and 50 feet long and two stories high.

The McGregor block is nearly fin ished and ready for the painters. The hall on the second door will be fitted up so that it can be used for meetings of secret societies as well as for other purposes. An effort will be made to HUGHES open the hall with a grand masque-

The first and second story of the Farrell block is up. It will have a 2.75 flat roof. When finished this will be terday. 5.75 one of the finest and best located floor will be occupied by Hope & Beattie's drug store and Maggs & Hughes' store, and the second story will be fitted up for business offices and private rooms.

The foundation and cellar for J. C Drewry's boarding house is completed and a good portion of the lumber is on the ground.

The handsome office building for the St. Eugene mine now looms up, The St. Eugene buildings are so closethat they can well be sonsidered a portion of the town.

M. L. Hollister's building is nearly finished.

MacEachern & Macdonald are mov ing into their new building today.

Carpenters are now adding another story to the back portion of the Cen-

C. Kanffman is making some improvements on his hotel.

Mark, Your Mother Wants You.

If Mark Neumayer sees the follow ng self explanatory letter, he will know his poor old mother in Portland Oregon is wanting him. Mrs. Neumayer says she has every reason to believe ner boy was in Movie last winter and perhaps is here at the present time:

For a long time I have been seek ing information as to the fate of my son, Mark Neumayer, whether living or dead. To all who have ever known my son; to his boyhood companions; to friends of later years, I appeal for information as to when, and where, last seen or heard from, no matter how long ago.

where, who are willing to assist a distressed mother to clear the mystery of her son's disappearance, I appeal with a request to publish this article.

MRS. L. NEUMAYER, Portland, Oregon.

Board of Trade Meeting.

At the regular meeting of the board of trade Tuesday evening, the new bylaws were read and approved, and other matters were taken up and dis Farrell. cussed. In the absence of President Drewry, Vice-president Farrell occupied the chair. H. Holater, manager of Spokene Industrial Pxposition, has extended an invitation to the Movie been appointed a justice of the peace

McMAHON BROS.

MAMMOTH EMPORIUM.

HARDWARE,

PRODUCE.

GROCERIES.

ALL KINDS OF Tin Work

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

CLOTHING.

Gents' Furnishings. BOOTS and SHOES,

-PROPRIETORS OF-

THE EAST KOOTENAY HOTEL.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Cor. Victoria St. and MoyieAve,

MOYIE, B.C.

LOCAL NEWS.

W. F. Gurd is in town.

S. A. Scott was in Cranbrook yes

R. Campbell was in Cranbrook yes-

Steele Monday.

P.T. Smyth was out from Cranbrook on a visit this week.

Go to LaRonde Bros. for fresh eastern apples and bananas. J. E. Musgrave stopped over a day

in Movie on his feturn from Nelson. An additional lot of steel track for the Lake Shore mine arrived here yes-

G. Johnson of Granbrook attended buildings in the town. The lower the dance at Moyelle Wednesday

> It is rumored that the Fort Steele Mercantile Co. intend putting a branch store in Moyie.

Miss Leah Carduff and Miss Mc-

Killop of Cranbrook were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Bremner this week. Tom Rader returned home Thurs-

day morning from an extended trip through Oregon and Washington. John Day came down from the Society Girl this morning, and says

the property is looking fine. For men's working gloves sox and inderwear you could not do better

Miss Annie Carduff arrived from Renfrew Ont., this week and has opened a dressmaking parlor in Cran-

than see LaRode Bros.' stock.

The Moyie Clothing Co. have closed out their business in Moyie, and LaRonde Bros. have leased that por-

tion of the store. Mrs. L. M. Mansfield of Cranbrook is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Neitzel at their home on the west shore of the

Park, Mitchell & Co. have purchased

mill near hear. There will be service in the school room on Monday evening conducted by the Rev. G. E. Smith. A hearty invi-

tation is extended to ali.

Last Monday evening F. E. Simpson and wife and L. M. Mansfield and wife came out from Cranbrook to Moyie and attended the dance given To the newspaper proprietors every- at Mr. and Mrs. McCracken's resi-

> Rev. H. Young preached to a good sized audience at the school house last evening. A meeting will be held there tomorrow at 2 o'clock for the purpose of organizing a Sunday school

Drewry Naw a J. P.

J. C. Drewry, managing director of pointment reached here Thursday.

Dreyfus Is Pardoned.

Paris, Sept. 20.—Captain Alfred Breyfus, convicted by court martial on the charge of treason with extenuating circumstances, has been par-

With this announcement comes the news that M. Scheurer-Kestner, form Constable Lindsay was in Fort er vice president of the senate and champion of Dreyfus, is dead.

Up to six o'clock this evening the utmost calm prevailed throughout Paris. The decision of the cabinet to pardon Dreyfus seemed to have passed unnoticed. The only remark was: 'We expected it."

The official announcement was made in the form cabled to the Associated press in order to avoid demonstrations of any kind at Rennes and in Paris. But the pardon of Dreyfus is not merely imminent. It was actually signed this morning.

Measures have been taken in Rennes in connection with it, and it will have a good effect generally. The news papers now publish the first semi official announcement of the cabinet'decision without comment.

Two Social Events.

Moyie's amusement season has started in earnest. Two dances took place this week. One was a surprise and was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. McCracken in the Lake Shore addition Monday evening. This one was well attended and was eal lively while it lasted.

The one given by Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Bremner at their hotel at Moyelle station passed off most pleasantly. The people of Moyie turned out in full force and several persons from Cranbrook were also present. Mr. and Mrs. Bremner spared no pains in making the affair an enjoyable one, and indeed they were successful in the fullest measure.

Weddings at the Exposition.

Again Manager Bolster of the Spo kane Industrial Exposition is arrangthe timber on the Moyelle townsite ing to have one and possibly more and are raiting it up the take to their weddings at the exposition which opens on the 3rd of October. It is not every couple that can have their wedding march played by a \$7,000 band of 40 pieces, brought across the continent for that purpose, and already two or three young men have applied to Mauager Bolster and have intimated that they would like to start their married life under such favorable circumstances. Mr. Bolster proposes to make the ceremony as pretty as possible.

Kootensy Produce and Supply Co. J. N. McCracken, manager of the Kootenay Produce and Supply Co. of this place, returned from a trip to Calgary and the Northwest Sunday. Mrs. S. T. Allen of San Francisco Mr. McCracken while away purchased arrived in Moyie this morning and is several carloads of supplies for his visiting with Mrs. Farrell and Miss store and has already disposed of a Farrell at the residence of J. P. good share of the same.

Motal Quotations.

New York, Sept. 20.-Bar silver the Canadian Gold Fields syndicate 59 cents. Lead, unchanged, \$4.60 @ With headquarters at this place, has \$4.624. The lirm that fixes the self-AND MINING MEN.

BRITISH COLUMBIA. We board of trade to be present on interfer South East Kootenay. His appointed a justice of the peace ing prices for miners and smelters pointment reached here Thursday. The quotes lead at \$4.40 at the close.

Post Office Moved

This week Postmaster Hope moved he Moyie postoffice and effects from Reid, Campbell & Co.'s store to his quarters on north Victoria street. This move is only temporary, however, for as soon as the Farrell block on the corner of Queens avenue and Victoria street is finished it will be transferred to the quarters which will be occupied by Messrs. Hope and Beattie as a drug store. A bran new postoffice outfit, including lock boxes, etc., is now in Cranbrook and will be shipped here and installed as soon as the building is ready for it.

The daily mail service for Moyie went into effect the first of the week and is giving excellent satisfaction.

Oddfellows and Others Met.

"Oddfellows and others had a meeting at the Lake Shore hotel last Monday evening. The matter of taking steps towards organizing a lodge in Moyie was discussed. It was decided to ask the Cranbrook lodge to assist in the work, which its members have kindly concented to do. R. E. Beattie, Noble Grand of that lodge, will be here tomorrow and will give all information neceseary.

In New Quarters.

Messrs. EacEachern & Macdonald can now be found in their new quarters on north Victoria street. They now have one of the neatest store buildings in Moyie and one of the best stocks of goods to be found in South East Kootenay.

A Call for Tenders.

Tenders will be received by Reid, Campbell & Co. up to September 26 for the erection of a two story build. ing 26x50. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Moyie's Leading

Immense Arrival of Clothing.

We propose to lead the van and are in position today to show you a magnificent range of clothing brought from Toronto's leading manufacturers. Men's fine pants in great variety. Men's heavy working pants.

Underwear, Underwear

Made of pure wool, ranging in price to suit the times.

Top Shirts! Top Shirts!

MacEachern &

Macdonald

MOYIE,

B. G.

By CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

A braham Spencer came up the lane from the fields, carrying his discolored old straw hat in his hand and mopping his face with a red cotton handkorchief He walked stiffly and slightly bent forward from the hips, as do most hardworking men who have passed the half rentury mark, but he set his heavily shod feet down with a firmness that bespoke considerable physical vigor as well as mental decision.

He scanned the house sharply as he approached, and his shaggy brows were drawn almost together in a frown. It was the middle of a sultry August aft. | chance." ernoon, yet the doors and windows were all closed and the green holland blinds sill, and the shade dropped, back to its were drawn down

Nevertheless he came down the staps and went around the house to a chamber window, where he parted a taugle deep set gray eyes. of hop vines and rapped sharply on the

"Sairy!" he called. "Sairy! Are you to bome?

There was a slight sound from within. as of a creaking board beneath a careful footstep; then the shade was lifted at one side and a thin, startled, elderly, face looked out.

"What on earth is the matter, Sairy? What's the house all shut up like a jail for?' demanded Abraham Spencer in a high pitched, irascible tone. "Don't you know the Rhynearsons 've been here and gone away again?" he went on. "I saw 'em from the north meader, and I've come clear home to see what's the matter. Was you asleep? Didn't you bear 'em knock?''

Mrs. Speucer rolled up the shade and lifted the sash with hands that trem-

"Come now, speak up quick," added her husband impatiently, "'for I'm goin after 'om and bring 'em back, and I want to know what to tell 'em.''

"No, no, Abra'm, don't go after 'em." Mrs. Spencer dropped on her knees and leaned her arms wearily on the window sill. She spoke pleadingly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "Oh, Abra'm, I-kep' em out a purpose."

"You-what?" Abraham Spencer's tone implied that he was forced to doubt the evidence of the ears that had served him well for nearly threescore

"I kep' 'em out a purpose. I knowed you'd be mad, but I couldn't help it. I'm just too mortal tired and miser'ble to care what becomes of mo. I ain't able to get supper for you and the bands, let alone all that Rhyncarson gang. I've worked so hard today, and I didn't sleep much last night for my rheumatiz. I'm gettin old fast and breakin down, Abra'm. Loan't hold out much longer if I don't slack up a little on hard work.

"Well, why in thunder don't you elack up, then? "What's to hinder you" from goin to bed after breakfast and stayin there till dinner time?"

"Now, Abra'm, that's what you always say, and it's so unreasonable. Who'd do the work if I went to bed? Who'd feed the chickens and pigs, and milk the cows, and ohurn the butter. and clean the vegetables, and bake the bread and pies, and keep the whole house in order? You'd come out slim if I went to bed, Abra'm."

Well, slim or no slim, I want you to either go to bed or else shut up your and a starved soul. complainin."

"Now, Abra'm, if you only would be a little reasonable. All I ask is that you lot me slack up a little bit in ways that I can. There sin't no sense in us havin so much comp'ny now since the girls are married and gone. Comp'ny makes so much hard work, specially town comp'ny. Them high flyin town folks don't care a snap for us. Abra'm. They just like to be cooked for and waited on, and kep' overnight and over the end of my rope; that's all. I'm tired Sunday, and fed on the best of everything, from spring chicken to watermelons. Now, thom Rhynearsons"-

"Them Rhynearsons 're my friends," aternly interposed Abraham Spencer. "and so long's I have a roof over my head my friends 're welcome under it. I wouldn't 've b'lieved such a thing of you, Sairy. I hain't any doubt you're tired. I'm tired myself most of the time, but I don't make that an excusafor slightin my friends."

"But you don't have to cook for 'em and wait on 'em, Abra'm, when you're so tired and worn out that you can's hardly drag one foot after the other,

"Don't begin that old tune all over again. I've heard it a many a time already. You're gettin so you're always complainin, and if there's anything I hate it's a naggin woman. Now, understand, I'm goin after the Rhynearsons. I'm goin to make 'em come back if I can. Am I to say you was away from home or asleep or what? It won't do for me to tell 'em one thing and you another, so just tell me what to say, and be quick about it."

"Tell 'em anything you like, Abra'm. I don't care what. All I ask of you, if you're bound to go after 'em, is that | E posin you was in your grave, out there you'll step at Selwood's and get Sophre- in the little buryin ground in the

ny to come over and do the work while tbay're bere.''

"What, bire her?" "Why, of course. You wouldn't ask a poor girl like Sophrony to work for von for nothin, I reckon."

"My land, Sairy, how often 've I got to tell you I can't afford to pay out money for help in the house? If you once begin it, you'll be always wantin help, and there's no sense in it. Why. there was my mother"-

Mrs. Spencer staggered to her feet. She was a tall, stoop shouldered, weak chested woman; her scant hair was iron gray, her hands were bardened and swelled at the joints with years of toil. and her face was deep lined and sallow. Just now it was as near white as it could be, and a sudden hunted, desperate look had come into it, a look that stopped the words on her husband's lips. He broke off abruptly and looked at her in stern surprise and displeasure.

"I never knowed you to act up so cranky, Sairy. I can't see what's gettininto you. Now, I've got no time to fool away. I'll tell Mis'. Rhynearson you was asleep and didn't hear 'em knock, shall I?"

"Tell her anything you like," was the reply in a strange, still voice that suited the look in her face. "I won't contradict you."

"But how do you know you won't? We ought to have a clear understandin. What you goin to tell Mis! Rhynearson when she asks you where you was?"

"She won't ask me." "Well, now, I'd like to know how you know she won't?" "Because I'm not goin to give her a

The window sash slid down to the place. Abraham Spencer let go the hop vines and watched them cluster together again with a slightly dazed look in his

"Now, what in blazes could she 've meant by that last?" he meditated un-



"What, hire her?"

easily. Then his flat, straight out lips closed in a hard line, and he added as he turned shortly away: "But 1 ain't a-goin to ask her. When a man can't be master in his own house, it's time for him to burn it down or blow his brains out."

Mrs. Spencer heard his heavy heels resounding on the hard beaten path as he went around the house, and each relentless step seemed to grind its way into her quivering nerves. Ordinarily she would have taken timid note of his movements at the edge of a window shade, for her husband's anger had always been a dreadful thing to her, but now she opened the outer door and stood there, watching, while he brought a horse and wagon out of the barn and drove rapidly away. When he had passed out of sight, she exclaimed bit-

"I'll not stand it! I'll hide myself! I'll get out of this before he gets back with that gang if I drop dead in my

As a first and very womanish step in the execution of her resolve she sat down on the doorstep and oried. Her meager frame shook with dry, convulsive sobs, such as are born of wornout nerves, aching muscles, a lonely heart

She did not heed approaching footsteps and scarcely started when a neighbor paused at the foot of the steps and spoke to her.

"Why, Mis' Spencer, what's the matter? I hope nothin's gone wrong?!! Mrs. Spencer's sobs deased and her face hardened as she met the woman's inquiring eyes.

"It ain't nothin that I want to talk about, Mis' Howard. I've about got to of livin and wish to heaven I was dead this minute. '

Mrs. Howard held up her hands. "Don't say that, Mis' Spencer," she emonstrated. "Now, I don't know what's gone wrong, and I hain't the least notion of tryin to find out. I only beg of you not to wish you was dead. It's such a fearful wish. We don't any

of us know what death is." "We all know it's rest, and that's all I care to know." said Mrs. Spencer. She leaned her chin on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into va-

cancy with red rimmed, unlovely eyes.

"No, we don't even know that," said Mrs. Howard, with impressive earnestpess. "That's just one of the things we've been taught, and we like to think it's so. We don't know the first thing about death, Mis' Spencer, except that it turns us cold and stiff and fits us for the grave. We don't any of us know what goes with the livin, thinkin, sufferin part of us. Sometimes I think maybe it stays with us in the grave, so that we hear and know things, same as when we was livin. I shouldn't wonder if we could lay in our graves and bear the birds singin and the rain fallin and feel the sun shinin above us. Now,

meader, and s'posin you could hear these little chicks chirpin to be fed at sundown and you not here to feed 'em. and the cows comin up the lane to be milked and you not here to milk 'em, and your husband trudgin home, slow and tired and bungry, and you not here to get supper for him, do you reckon you could rest then, Mis' Spencer?

(To be continued.)

A Sure Winner. A buzzard, who found a freshly killed hare and was about to bear it away to a tree top to be eaten at leisure, was addressed by a fox who came running

"Ah, now, but I mistook you for the eagle and wanted a word with you." The buzzard was flattered and offered reynard the head of the hare. As she did so the wolf came up and observed: "Well, well, but who ever saw the

buzzard looking so fierce and so proud as today? Really, new, but I took you for the condor." That tickled the buzzard again, and

to show her good will she divided the body of the hare with the wolf. She had said that she must be off, when the jackal came trotting up and exclaimed:

"Upon my word, but I must have dust in my eyes. I was sure that my friend here was the ostrich, and I was going to ask her for a feather. Mrs. Buzzard, my compliments!"

The buzzard grinned and giggled and tried to look shy, and meanwhile the jackal ate up the other half of the

"Here-how's" this-where's my part?" exclaimed the buzzard, as she got to see what had happened. "Oh; we took the meat and you have

the taffy!" replied the jackal as he licked his chops and walked off. ... Moral.-When craft will not avail and argument goes for naught, flattery

The Influence of the Flat. The flat has made its mark on the conditions of modern life. A good Illustration of this fact is the following story of a bright Kenwood youngster "going on 6:". The boy heard a visitor say to his grandmother, "Well, I suppose you feel very proud these days,

will always win. .

settled?"/k "Only two," corrected the boy, who was not supposed to understand anything at all about the subject. Just to see what his idea was his grandmother and her visitor cross examined him. The conversation ran like this:

with three of your sons married and

"Why do you think only two are married. John? There's your Uncle Jim-

"Yes ma'am. And he lives in a flat." "What's that got to do with it? And there's your Uncle Fred-he's two. "Yes ma'am. And he lives in a flat

"Why, yes; certainly. And there's your own father-he's three." "No, ma'am," cried the youngster triumphantly. "My papa isn't married. I know he isn't 'cause he lives in a

Bear Balting In Olden Days. So popular was bull baiting in olden days in England that riots followed the attempt to suppress it in the large towns. Bear baiting was more popular still, if that could be. In various places, Liverpool especially, it made part of the festivities at the election of the mayor, being held before his worship started for church. Ladies commonly attended in great numbers. There was a famous bear at Liverpool, which showed such grand sport in 1782 that certain fair admirers presented it with a garland, decked it with ribbons and carried it to the theater, where a special entertainment had been "commanded." which Bruin sat out in the front of their box. But of gossip about bull and bear baiting there is no end. Enthusiastic lovers of Shakespeare read with interest the petition of the royal bear warden, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in 1595, complaining that his licensed performances had been neg-

Indignant Womanhood.

When quiet had been restored, the delegate in pink organdic, with a parasol to

lected of late because every one went

to the theater.

inatch, resumed: "Mme... Chairperson," exclaimed athe delegate earnestly, "I feel the force of all that has been said concerning the necessity for us, the women of the nation, to nominate a clean candidate. I have the honor to present to you the name of such a candidate-one who was never known to wear the same shirt waist more than three days at a stretch"--

Here all was again confusion, delegates crying out that the money power was trying to control them.-Detroit

Contrariety of Human Nature. She has gone away for rest and quiet which the doctor said she needed, and the following is an extract from her first detter home:/ "This place won't do at all. Why,

there's nothing to do." J

The World. I searcely trust the teachers, Though they ought to know. World's a sphere, they tell us, Don't believe it's so. Scens more like a pancake, Circular and neat. Takes a lot of cookin l'Fore it's done complete. Want to know what makes it Dark at night an cool? That's 'cause it's a cookin 'Cordin to the rule. Seen my mother do it (Spoiled it when I tried). You must flop a flapjack over

No Wonder They Quarreled. Maude-What is the quarrel between Alice and Kate?

-Washington Star.

So's to brown the other side.

Ethel-Why, you see, Alice asked Kato o tell her just what she thought Maude-Yes? Ethel-Kate told her.-Tit-Bits.

GUINEY PIGS.

Guiney pigs is awful cute. With their little trimbley snoot Sniffin at the pussly that We bring 'em to nibble at. Looks like they're so clean an white An so dainty an polite. They could ext like you an me When they's company!

Tiltin down the clover tops Till they spill, an over drops The sweet morning dew-don't you Think they might have napking too? Ef a guiney pig was big As a shore an certain pig. Nen he wouldn't ac' so fine When he comes to dine.

Nen he'd chomp his faws an eat Things out in the dirty street, Dirt an all, an nen lay down In mud holes an waller roun. So the guiney pigs is best 'Cause they're nice an tidiest. They eat 'most like you an me When they's company! -James Whitcomb Riley.

She Returned From the Dead to Comfort Her. Living Husband.

Gerard Girard is regarded by people who don't know him as a freak and by those who do know him as a person to be avoided after dark. Girard is not his name, but it is so much like his name that those who care to do so may identify the gentleman and establish to their own satisfaction whether or not he is justified in his extraordinary beliefs. One man in this town, a bon vivant of the clubland cult, felt himself attracted to Girard because he found out that Girard believed things no man dared credit it he valued his own peace of mind and, moreover, that he was ready to demonstrate the correctness of his theories to any one sufficiently interested. The man about town interested himself in Girard because the talky fellows of his own set told Queer street stories that savored of Boccaccio, but lacked in that raconteur's artistic merits."

Girard, on the other hand, seldom talked at all unless directly addressed; but when he did tell a story one evening it made everybody creepy and uncomfortable, because Girard's mode of expression is horribly convincing. His diction is deliberate-almost ponderous, in fact. He makes no effort whatever to convert others to his' convictions. Indeed, he appours atterly indifferent to skepticism. Open scotling is impossible where Girard is concerned, because he never permits himself to be engaged in conversation unless by those with whose characteristics be is somewhat familiar. There are various ways of avoiding persons who wear diamond study and frock coats at 10 o'clock in the morning, and Girard manages his social affiliations with infinite

The story Girard fold at the club was a about his wife, who died four years ago, care about being ulone there. Ordinarily but who still lives with Girard in the big Chicago. Girard and his wife were companions in the sense that few married ing there alone in the twilight was dispeople are. She was frail and be was strong. yet until the very day of her death he had not contemplated the horror of a separation. He failed of a proper regard for the carefully worded preparatory phrases of his medical adviser and understood only when conventional enphemism was abandoned and the plain truth stared him in the face that the woman whose future he had built and planned in common with his own would be dead in an hour. Then he went and sat beside the bed and stared at the little white face, at the darkly circled eyes closed in fitful sleep. He realized then that the deep lines between the brows were fearfully deep; that the gasping, shortened breathing might cease at any instant; that nothing on earth could stay the inevitable loss of her, his idol.

He stroked her hair, and the tired eyes opened. She smiled and faintly whispered his pet name. He bent over her and wept-such great, heaving sobs as come from the breast of a strong man in mortal trouble, but the dying woman smiled through her tears and bade him grieve uo

"I shall be with you always," she said. "Always in the evenings we will sit together, you and I. We shall be comrades

When Girard raised his head from the pillow, he realized with a calmness that surprised him that his wife was dead. He closed the weary eyes, crossed the thin hands, kissed the bloodless forehead and went out. Three days later they buried her, and people remarked that Girard didn't seem much affected. He even indulged in one or two sedate jokes on the very day of the funeral. That evening also Girard dined as usual at the little table whereat he and his wife had dined tete-a-tete every evening during their two years of married life. "You will understand," he said to the

servants, "that Mrs. Girard is still herethat dinner will be served every evening for both of us as usual; also that Mrs. Girard's apartments will be maintained in their usual order." From that time to this Girard has referred to his wife not as one dead, but as the constant companion of his daily life. For those who doubt his assertions he has merely a shrug of his big shoulders. One or two men have dined with Girard since his bereavement, however, and these gentle-

men do not care to talk about their experiences. Only one man has had the courage to go twice and thrice to the Girard table. That man is the bon vivant. He has found something that interests him, and men with whom he was formerly a hall fellow well, met, for want of better diversion, say he isn't half the decent sort he used to be. Last night I asked the bon vivant to tell me the story he had told to one of his friends about baving spent the evening with Mrs. Girard. The friend repeated the story, and those to whom he told it said that the bon vivant

had wheels. "Look here," he said, "what do you want with this story? If you propose to make one of your feeble jokelets out of it. you will merely write yourself down an ass. If you will print the bare truth as I tell it, both you and I may be accused of lunacy by a coterie of lunatics. But what does that matter? As for Girard, he is lotally indifferent to public opinion conterning either himself or his beliefs. Now here are the facts:

"I am 38 years old, in sound health physically and mentally. My father and mother both died when I was a child. I had no brothers or sisters. I have never xperienced anything which could possily be characterized as a great grief. I tave been known from my boyhood as an individual of imperturbable temperament. I linve never loved a worstn well enough to marry I have no shattered ideals. There is mighty little superstition in my nature. My friends say I am cold blooded and cynical. They are wrong. I am merely analytic. So far so good. Now

for the rest of it. "You remember the snowstorm last Saturday? Girard asked me to spend the afternoon and evening with him. He's a most interesting fellow-has a magnincent collection of old books and manuscripts." I always was taken with that sort of thing. I reached the house at 2 i. m., and we lunched at 2:30. I had unched there a dozen times before. Mrs. Girard's place was always set at the head of the table, and Girard told me his wife was there. He conversed with her in my presence, made comments to her on remarks of mine, laughed heartily at comments she made in return and repeated them to me. I never could see anything, but it occurred to me from the irst that if Girard was merely acting he was the most consummate actor I had ever seen on or off the stage. Almost unconsciously I came to treat the vacant chair at the head of the table with deferential reverence to its supposed occupant, but to me it was never anything but an empty chair. I had not known Mrs. Girard in the life, but Girard insisted that some time or other I should be able to see her. There was something uncanny at first in the spectacle of a man deferring in every point of conversation to an invisible third party, but in time I became used to it and lost my sense of discomfort in the spiritual presence. At 4 'clock in the afternoon Girard received a telephone message alterelated to some important matter and necessitated his going at once to the West hotel. I wanted to go with him, but he wouldn't hear of it. 'I'll be back in an hour,' he said, 'and

vell have a quiet evening together. "To tell the truth about it, I didn't I am the reverse of timorous, but I had witnessed such strange proceedings in that very room that the idea of remainquieting. I believe Girard read my sensations, for he said. You're not afraid of Margaret, are you?

"Margaret was Mrs. Girard. Of course I was not atraid of her, and I told him so. A moment later he was gone; The house was quite empty. The servants were all out. The concliman has apartments over the stable. The clocks ticked more loudly every moment after Girard had left. There is a big clock at the head of the main staircase, and it has a disagreeably audible halting tick a tack that seems always on the point of stopping. There is a smaller clock in the front parlor and a still smaller one in the library. There seemed to be a jealous rivalry between them that afternoon.

"Dusk was gathering, and I parted the curtains to size up the weather. A terrific snowstorm had set in. Already the walks were heavily covered. It occurred to me that Girard would never get home in a street car. He would have to take a hack. As the storm increased in violence I doubted whether he would find a back

"Oppressed by the loneliness of the place, I lit a cigar, pulled Girard's bigleather armchair up to the blazing log fire and sat there smoking. It didn't occur to me to light the gas until, hearing all three of the clocks strike 7. I was about to make a light, when the door of the room opened, and a woman entered. At first I supposed one of the maids had returned, but immediately the impression was cor rected. Instinctively I knew that Mrs. Girard stood before me. She crossed the room hesitatingly, apparently embarrassed in the presence of a man she did not know. It may seem odd to you, but from that instant I had no sense of fear. A more attractive woman I have never looked upon. She carried herself like a princess after the first few steps in my direction. I rose from the chair in which I had been lounging, bowed to her and introduced myself.

"'Oh, yes, she replied, 1 know you quite well! I should not have intruded upon you,' she added, 'but Mr. Girard has met with an accident. The car upon which he was returning has been snowed in and is now standing on the track at Fifteenth street. The storm is so violent that I am afraid he will not reach home tonight unless'-"Til go after him immediately,' I said.

It never occurred to me that there was anything supernatural about the trans ction. The learness the strain would fell John to harness the bays to the light cutter, I believe they could get through easily, she said. Tam ashamed to ask it of you, but it is, oh, such a storm!' and I saw her shudder at she walked to the window and looked "I made for the stable with all baste told the man to hitch up and went in for my coat. Mrs. Girard was nowhere to be seen. I did not await her return, but started immediately. I found the street

car precisely in the position she had indieated. Girard was on it. He boarded the cutter without comment, and we started home. I didn't say anything, because I was thinking. After a time he spoke; Did Margaret send you? he asked, "'Yes,' I said. " John, he called to the driver, 'push along, Mrs. Girard will be alarmed. dropped out at Twenty-fifth street because if was close to my house, and since that I haven't seen Girard. Wasn't that n flight of a snowstorm though?"-Seat-

tle (Wash.) Intelligencer. Couldn't Work Armour.

One day a man carrying a fuzzy little poodle dog under one aim entered the office of Philip D. Armour in Chicago and tried to talk him into buying it The price was exorbitant-\$200 for a useless tor poodle. Mr. Armour looked at the man, then, at the dog and back ugain at the man, and said: "No. The sausage business must pick up consider. ably before I can pay so much for small dogs. Bring around a mastiff, and Ill talk to you.!!

On another occasion one of those self confident young men who believe that all wealthy men have a tender spot for the man of nerve and who do not besitate to approach even the busiest men made Mr. Armour, a decidedly bold request, which was promptly denied. Summon. ing up all the haughtiness at his command, the young man said in a tone that was meant to crush Mr. Armour, "Well, all I can say is that you are no gentleman." "Young man" with a cold eng matical smile, "I um a butcher."-Chi. cugo Tribune.

She'll Say the Rest.

'It's awfully late," I remarked to my friend after a long whist bout at the club. "What will you say to your wife?" "Oh," I shan't say much, you know." was the reply-" Good morning dest." or some thing of that sort. Shell my the rest."-Roxbury Guzette.

> A Summer Dream. How would you like to be sailing now On an iceberg broad and high, On the decks below, Neath an icicle bordered sky? How would you like to be salling, I say,

On an iceberg far away? Sailing away to a frozen land Where the sun is tringed with Ice, With mountains of snow In a ghostly glaw--

Now, wouldn't that trip be nice? How would you like to be sailing today On an liceberg for away?

Appearances. "I guess her husband left her a large fortune. "Why so? "She fells me she has already received

> A Wee Complaint. I wish the strike were over, I'd be again in clover: I'm crushed beneath the feet of crowds

several offers."-Detroit Free Press.

that stand about and stare. I don't know what they're doing Nor why the trouble's brewing-I'm just a little

blade of grass that grows upon the square. -Cleveland Leader

Weighing His Love. "And you doubt his love after he has given you such a lovely ring?"

"But the stone is at least balf a carat under the one he gave to his former finneec.' The Poor Pedestrian. He went to cross the boulevard When something fouled his heel,

He backed himself just half a yard And grazed a blker's wheel. He heard a mighty warning shout. He tried to clear the track, A run, a leap, a wheel about, Just missed a horseless back. He hears a yell and starts to dee, But stops and calmly waits; A whoop, a fall, he failed to see The kid on roller skates.

-Chicago News A Great Truth. "There's poetry in everything," observ od the poet. "You're right." replied the editor, "log nstance, there's a stove full of it,"-

> A Fushionable Fletion. When I go to call on Bella, " To the kitchen door I stray-'Cause all the family at the scaside is supposed to be away.

Atlanta Constitution.

-Cleveland Plain Besief. Easy Inference. McSwatters-I wonder where a "coo million? originated? McSwitters-It must have started in

ECZEMA ON THE EARS

Caused a Winnipeg man great distress. Doctors failed to relieve him. Was cured by one box of

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

Mr. B. Nicholson, Manor House, Winnipeg, Man., states:

"For several months I was troubled with Eczema on my ears, and for weeks I doctored with a prominent Winnipeg physician, but to no avail. I was induced by a fellowsufferer to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I did. The first application gave me instant relief, and before using the one box I was completely cured and have had no return of the wretched disease."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, and all kinds of itching skin disease. It is guaranteed to cure.

For sale by ail dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

new book of poems. Potts-Struck me there was a lot of superduous goodness. - Indianapolis

Or a Tree. "Women are cats," sumpped Jarley

"Nousense." said Dawson. "Did you ever see a woman try to climb a fence?";

Hope Abandoned.

Doctor-You really must keep your spirits up. M.y goo. sir., some years ago I had exactly the same illness! Patient-Ali, but not the same doctor!-Punch.

PREVENT DI-ORDER. At the first quittens of internal disorder ta melee s vegerab e Palis abould bare onea to immeditely. Two or three di these calutary fell, to taken before going to beek followed ty coses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will terve as a premarie of attacks of dyspepdin and all the dictimfort, which tol-low in the train of that fell dicorde: The means are simple when the way is

Dissimilarity. *1 anderstand you had some ambition to be the George Washington of the Philippines." said the friend.

"What of that?" inquired Aguinaldo. tolk nothing-nothing of any importhick. Only I must say I never heard of George Washington being first in Bureat, first in to dinner and first in we enshler's office on pay day."-Wishington Star.

MARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

A Candid Opinion.

"Tifey talk a heap about Paris," exdaimed Broncho Bob contemptuously. "it seems to be a right lively town," replied Derringer Dan.

"I suppose it does to anybody who hasn't lived in Crimson Gulch. But just look 'ein over, They've had one mob after another and never lynched angleds, and now they're shooting firearms and never landing a slug. I tell you for a had town Paris is one of the worst bluffs in the geography."-Wash-

A BRAVE WOMAN. llow a Drunken Husband Was Made a

Sober Man by a Determined Wife.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

thinking of trying the Samaria Prescriptor wood, would not stand the wear and then treatment on my husband for his tear of printing. drinking habits, but I was afraid he would disover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he man home very much intexted and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an fort to sive our home from the ruln I aw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Samaria Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At moon I gave him smore and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then oldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every herve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future prend out before mean peaceful, happy dome, a share in the good things of life, an mentive, loving husband, comforts, and verything elso dear to a woman's heart, a my husband had told me that whiskey willo stuff and the was taking a dislike at. It was only too true, for before I ad given him the full course he had stoped drinking altogether, but I kept giving he medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should clapse, as he had done from his promises He never has, and I am writing you this letter to rell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the

A pamphlet in plain, scaled envelope, sent free, giving testimonials : nd full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. Correpondenco considered sacredly confiden-Address The Sumaria Remedy Co., Jordan street, Toronto, Out.

KEED MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

Science of Chirography.

Employer-Here is a communication from J. Twomby Smythe, asking for a large consignment of goods on 60 days' credit. Do you know anything about

Confidential Clerk-No. sir, but I Would advise you not to fill the order. Employer-On what grounds?

Confidential Clerk-IIe evidently does Mamount to much. His signature at bottom of the letter is entirely too. bale for a man of any importance. Chengo News.

Important to Cyclists and Lacrosso Boys. Mr. Mack White, the well-known Tainer of the Toronto Lacrosco Club and Ofgoods Hall Football Club, writes: Onsider Griffith's Monthol Liniment un equalled for ataletes or those training. lave used to with the best success, and can heartily recommend to for stiffness, foreness, sprains and all forms of swelling and inflammation. All druggists,

ULTERNIE has no equal for sore shoulders says manager of Greenway farm

Indiscriminate. The path of glory ever since Time first began was rocky. The public rand salutes a prince,

And then satures a Jorkey. - Washington erge.

Alloway & Champion BANKERS AND BROKERS

362 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG.

A Well-Known Toronto Traveller Cured of Catarrh After Eight Years' Suffering.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES. Mr. R. E. Fleming, the well-known and popular Toronto representative of Messrs. Ewing & Sons, Cork Manufacturers, Montreal. writes: "I have been a constant sufferer from catarrh of a severe and disagreeable type for tinel. eight years, which became worse each winter, in spite of the hundreds of dollars I spent with In spite of the nundreds of dollars I spent with catarrh specialists and many remedies, which only afforded temporary relief. I tried Japanese Catarrh Cure about one year ago, and since completing this treatment have not felt the least symptoms of my former trouble. As few months ago I recommended it to a friend similarly affected, and he is now completely similarly affected, and he is now completely cired also. I can highly recommend it to any person troubled with this most annoying disease."

Japanese Catarrh Care relieves cold in the head in one minute: Sold by all druggists. Price 50 cents. A free sample will be sent to any person troubled with catarrh. Enclose 5-cent stamp. Address, the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Taronto.

WALL PAPER

flow and Where It Was First Made and Used.

While various kinds of printed fabrics were known to the people of most remote antiquity, it was not till the eighteenth century that wall paper in anything like its present form came into common use in Parope, though it appears to have been used much earlier in China. A few rare examples, which may be as early as the sixteenth century, exist in England. but these are imitations, generally in "llock," of the old Florentine and Genoese cut velvets, and hence the style of the design in no way shows the date of the wall paper, the same traditional patterns being reproduced with little or no change for many years. It was not till the end of the last century that the machinery to make paper in long strips was invented. Up to that time wall papers were printed. on small square pieces of handmade paper and were very expensive. On this account wall paper was slow in superseding the older mural decorations, such as tapestry, stamped leather and paper

A work printed in London in 1744 shows some light on the use of wall papers at that time: "The method of printing wall papers of the better sort is probably the same now that it has ever been. Wooden blocks with the design cut in relief, one for each color, are applied by hand, after being dipped in an elastic cloth sieve charged with wet tempera pigment, great care being taken to lay each block exactly on the right place, so that the various colors may 'register' or fit together. In order to suit the productions of the paper mills these blocks are made in England 21 inches wide and in France 18 inches wide. The length of the block is limited to what the workman can easily lift with one hand-2 feet being about the limit, as the blocks are necessarily thick and in many cases made heavier by being inlaid with copper, es-She writes: -"I had for a long time been | pecially the thin outlines, which, if made

"In flock' and gold or silver printing the design is first printed in strong size the flock (finely cut wool of the required color), or metallic powder, is then sprin kled by hand all over the paper. It adheres only to the wet size and is easily shaken off the ground or unsized part. If the pattern is required to stand out in some relief, the process is repeated several times and the whole paper then rolled to compress the flock. Cheaper sorts of paper are printed by machinery, the design being cut on the surface of wooden rollers under which the paper passes The chief drawback to this process is that all the colors are applied rapidly one after the other without allowing each to dry separately, as is done in hand print-A somewhat blurged appearance is usually the result."-Paper Trade.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

An Adventure That Might Have Sent Two Men to the Grave.

"I had a very curious adventure several years ago," said a noted wing shot of this city, "while on a hunting trip with a friend in a neighboring state. We had spent the day in the field and in coming back missed the road and wandered through the woods until almost dark. At last we got our bearings and shortly afterward saw a good sized frame house standing in a sort of clearing. We went up to get some water and, to our sur-

prise, found the place entirely empty. "There were a couple of old cot beds in a back room and a pile of blankets in a corner, and we concluded from that that the caretakers occasionally slept on the premises. It was then dusk, the town was fully five miles away, and, being thoroughly tired out, we decided to stay there overnight. Accordingly we took possession of the beds, picked out the best blankets we could find and made ourselves at home. I must confess, however, that I didn't sleep much. I couldn't get rid of the impression that there was something uncanny in a house standing open and deserted in such a fashion, and all the ghost stories I had ever read flitted in dismal procession through my

"At the first streak of dawn I got up and walked out of doors. Then for the first time I had a good look at the front of the building, and, to my unutterable horror, I read lettered over the door, County Smallpox Hospital, In less than a minute we were both on the road, white as ghosts. We bathed in a creek, bought new clothes in town and were scared for a month afterward, yet, despite the fact that we had rested on those infested beds and used the pest soaked blankets of God knows how many patients, neither of us caught the disease." -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Pretty Good Fishing.

A sportsman known to Forest and Stream was once on the beach at the outlet of a creek in New York state looking for shore birds when he saw a colored boy, who was fishing for perch, lay down his pole at the call of his mother to do

The sportsman put his gun aside and took the cane pole and fished, adding a dozen perch to the boy's string and then sneaked off. Presently a second sportsman, happening that way, asked the boy. the usual question and received this au-

"Yess'r, dey's good fishin heah, W'en Listed Stocks bought, sold, and carried I stop to run to de sto fo' to get some cawnmeal fo' mam, de perch dey come outen de crick nu jes' strings deyselves Write us if you wish to exchange any kind of louten de crick nu jes' strings deyselves outen de crick nu jes' strings d was cotched awn a hook."

Two Mothers' Bibles.

Late the other evening a tolerably well dressed young man effered a junkshop with an exquisitely bound volume. The dealer gave him in return for the book 10 cents. He had sold his mother's Bible for a drink. A few minutes later another man strolled in this same place and bought that very Bible. It was worth something more than \$2. "My mother," he explained, "gave me just such a book two years ago, and this one looks to have been used considerably. When she sees it, she'll think I've been reading it. That's why I want to buy it."-Knoxyille Sen-

To Measure Devotion.

The measure of a woman's devotion is the extent to which she will make herself uncomfortable for you. The measure of a man's is the effort he will make to have you as comfortable as he proposes to be himself.

Lives Alone With One She Loves. "The woman," said the gorn fed philosopher, "who comes nearest to marrying her ideal is the woman who does not marry at all."

DO NOT DELAY -When, through debilitat d dig stive organs, poison finds its way into the llord, the prime consideration is to get the poison out as rapidly and is thoroughly as posible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vege able Pills will be four d a most valuacle and effective medicine to assail the intruder with. They rever fall-they go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a Lermanent ci re.

A New Man.

Philanthropic Old Lady-I fear that you lack application and persistency. When you once begin a good thing. never stop till you have finished it. Toil Not Orspin-You conwince me.

eddy. That II be my motter from now in. I was only goin ter eat half of this here punkin ple, but I'll finish it ef it founders me. You has made a new nan of me, leddy .- Detroit Free Press.

Loving a Lover. "All the world may love a lover," says Catesby, "but that doesn't always include the girl he's in love with, which is the most important."-Philadelphia North American

An Abnormal Pair. "What immense ears Mr. Bullinger has. Make him look quite unnatural,

don't they?" "'Yes. kind o' cerie!"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ULCERKURE will heal fresh or old wounds in the man or beast. It has no equal

He Knew Not the Word. "Did your father bring you?" asked a teacher in a West Virginia mountain Sunday school of a small new pupil.

"Me what?" "Your father."

"Nonie." "Did you come alone?"

"Nome." "Who came with you?" "Me pap."-Harper's Bazar.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

Cornering a Liar.

He-This scene always makes me feel in love.

She-In love? This is our first walk here, and you told me you never loved before. Explain yourself.-Pick Me

Bears and Lambs.

Stubb-One-half of the world don't know what the other half is doing. Penn-That's because the other half is doing them.-Chicago News.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENE FIT." - These significant words were used in regard to Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its m ri's in his own case having een cured by it of lamenoss of the knee, of three or four years' s'anding. it never fails to remove ore essa, well as lameness, and is an it comparable pulmonic and carre tive.

Studying His Methods.

"What do you suppose Aguinaldo wants to dissolve the congress for?" asked one Filipino. "He'll have the members all back again in a short

"I don't know," answered the other, "unless he has made some arrangement to take a rake off on mileage ac-

Why He Was Angry.

"What made him so mad?" "He fold his wife she had no judgment, and she just looked him over critically from hend to foot and said she was beginning to realize it."-Chicago Post.

Comforting a Friend. Verlsopht-That brute Snodgrass called me a conceited idiot, douteherknow. Hunker-Is that so? You never struck me as being particularly conceited .-

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something that MAY help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you

> have case. But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is

a wonderful cure for Diarrhea, Cramps

SPRAINED BACK I

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble. DOAR'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.

Here is the proof:-

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guelph, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints.

I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum. "When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more. or five in all, made a complete cure.

"After 25 years' of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."

Laxe-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe er pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

At \$10 a Week. Hiram Crossroads-Zeke Billings is

countingon makin money enough this year. t' pay off that mortgage. Silas Turnpike-Does he think his crops are better'n usual?

Hiram Crossroads-"Tain't that: He's got several city folks comin t' board with him this summer

Under the Trees With Grandpa. Grandpa is stretched in the hammock, With his legs hanging over in space; Grandpa is peacefully sleeping. With a newspaper spread on his face;

Grandpa is snoring serenely.

There is peace, I suppose, in his breast; His hands are conten edly folded, And a wasp has just lif on his vest.

The insect approaches his collar," It dallies awhile here and there, Now it finds its way under the paper, And grandpa is up in the air.

His legs are entwined with the branches. The buttons are forn from his vest-You can tell by his words and his actions That grandpa's no longer at rest. -Chicago Times-Herald.

"Yes." indeed. Bradley Biggs is a real "What do you mean by a real widower.

"Why, he's so afraid some strange woman will marry him that he takes his mother-in-law around with him all the time."-Detroit Free Press.

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BYARD McMULLIN. Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Inflammation by MI-NARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. W. W. JOHNSON. Walsh, Out.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. H. BAILEY.

Parksaale, Ont.

Home Is Woman's Creation.

In order that a woman may be successful and happy in her home life she must inevitably regard her work as worthy the highest education and enthusiasm," writes Katharine Roich in The Ladies' Home Journal of "The College Bred Woman In Her Home." "Let her know before she enters upon it that it must for years occupy the greater part of her thoughts and time-there will be seasons when it must occupy her whole time -and be content that this is so because of the value of the result to be attained. The home where peace and order reign and sweet influences of industry and education, of courtesy and religion prevail is not made by chance. The woman's thought and study and ability have entered into it and determined its character. Where the servants are industrious and quiet, where the children are healthy, gentle and obedient, where the conversa tion shows intellectual life and generous thought and the spirit of the home in its activities and pleasures is love, and joy and peace-the praise is due, first, to the woman, who as wife and mother and mistress and housekeeper and home maker has made it her study and pleasure to rule her kingdom diligently, with intelligence and love. The home is her creation, springing from her own ideal of what is good and fair, and speaks to mankind as truly as if her thought had expressed itself in writing. It is a work of the highest art. If a woman thus regarded her work at home, she would settle her mind to it without that restlessness and discontent she will always feel if in her heart of hearts see regard history, or art, or higher mathematics as being more worthy her attention."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Lake Superior is 1,008 feet deep, 601 feet of this body being above sea level and 407 below it. The bottom of this great lake is about 375 feet deeper down than the channels giving admittance to New York harbor. Lake Erie's greatest depth is 210 feet.

Preferable. "Which is the best-to be lucky or rich?"

"To be rich. Then you don't have to be lucky."

will find the best in our

USE ALBERT SOAP. If your fancy is for a Tar Soap you

(Trade-Mark.)

Sold at all Drug Stores.

Jes not in mortals to <u>command</u>
Success, Shakespeare says, but
to <u>deserve</u> it:
Blue Hibbon Ceylon Jea
has done both.

Must Be Benchelal. "It makes my blood boil!" he ex-

claimed.

"That's good," she replied,

"Good!" he cried. "Certainly," she answered. "Boiling is recommended to remove impurities in all liquids."

For the Seashore Campaign.

sell them any old thing. The women will finger over the whole stock and not buy 10 cents' worth-just as if a lady had nothing to do but show goods. Besides. I didn't like the floorwalker in the ribbon department. The one we've got now is lovely. His name is Perkins, Horatio Perkins, and he's just a swell. Looks like a lord or a duke in one of

those Fireside Companion stories. "And say, can you keep a secret He's-you won't tell a soul-well, he's in love with me! No, he hasn't said so yet, but I can tell by the way he looks at me-never takes his eyes off me from morning to night. He's jealous, too, and that's a sure sign. You ought to've seen him yesterday when George came in to invite me to the bill poster's ball. George-he's my old steady, you know-well, he and I was standing there talking when Horatio-

I mean Mr. Perkins-came along. "He gave me an awful fierce look but I never let on that I seen him, but just kept right on talking. Then he stepped right up to me and says, his voice quivering with suppressed emotion, just like the lovers in Laura Jean Libbey's books, he says: 'Miss Robinson, he says, are you aware that there are half a dozen customers wait-

ing for you? "I know he only said that so as not to betray his real feelings, because when I turned around there wasn't any six customers there at all. There

was only four." There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phiegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

A Solemn Thought. It may be possible for some dentists to extract teeth without pain, but the bill collector is never equipped with laughing gas.-Chicago Times-Herald.

What Jack Says Goes. Edna-Why do you wear gloves while

learning to play poker? Edith-Because Jack told me never to show my hand

Covert Enemies. "Dorothy has quit making me uncomfortable by telling me my hat wasn't on straight."

"What stopped her?" "Every time she did it I told her she

Cause and Effect. "No man can have health without a Cluo

119Q

Loliday." "That's so, and no man can earn a holiday without health." - Chicago Record.

Where He Would Be Successful. "He would make a good leader for

the Filipinos." "What makes you think so?" "His record as a sprinter."-Chicago

Predisposed That Way. "Well, the jury found Spiffing

"Spiffins always was a chap open to conviction." added Mr. .. Bellefield.



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"What is this lovely allum for, Fla-"I'm going to have the men I'm engaged to this summer write their autographs in it, so I can remember their names."-Chicago Record guilty," said Mr. Ploomfield. There never was, and never will be, a universal panaces, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir-the very nature Bittsburg Chronicle. of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life, is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleepimparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the System, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result. III proved appetite. Northrop and Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superlor Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell THE SALESLADY'S ROMANCE Another Little Case of Two Hearts That Beat as One. "Yes, I'm in the necktie department now. I like it ever so much better than selling ribbons. Men are so much easier to suit than women. All you've got to do is smile at them and you can

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SATURDAY, SEPT, 23, 1899.

The change wrought in the mail service over the Crow's Nest Pass road during the past year is pleasing MOYIE. to note. A year ago the people considered themselves in luck if they got one mail a week, while now they receive it daily. Still it is a noticeable lact that when the mail is an hour or so late a good healthy roar goes up and frequently by those who had a taste of the service of a year ago.

The premium list for the Spokane CHANDROOK. Industrial Exposition is out. It is a handsome illustrated souvenir book, which will be prized by every one who can secure a copy. The front page cover is beautifully illustrated with a cut of the goddess of plenty, Miss Jean Goldie Amos of Collax, and with typical scenes. The entire premium list is full of illustrations and besides general information about the exposition and the premium list itself, Those Contemplating building will do well to there is information concerning the let me figure on the contracts. Write me at history of the fruit fairs of the past. something about the resources of the great country known as the Inland Empire, and other information which will be valuable.

Nelson Miner: Moyie, and Cranbrook are both complaining that Fort Steele is getting more, than it's share of road and street expenditures, of course at their cost, for if Fort Steele got only its due there would be more left for the others. This is only one example of the jealousy that exists between those places. Usually this jealousy is deprecated, but it is a healthy sign. A place that is stagnating is not hated as a rival by other places. We gather from the manifestations out on the Crow's Nest that Moyie Crambrook and Fort Steele are all prospering. May the prosperity

Undoing of Inling Cosnin

One day when Casar was leaning up against a wooden Indiae in front of Brutus cigar store, half way between the Forum and the republican central committee headquarters, he was accosted by a bunko steerer with a green grip and the finest set of lilacs that ever split the breeze.

"Hello," said the bunko streerer, "haven't, I seen you before?"

"I don't think you have, Jo Jo; said Caesar, who was dead on, "I never was in the penitentiary myself, and if I ever saw you outside of the bastile it's a mighty good thing for you I wasu't a policeman. You look a good deal like a local option scntiment in a German village. How much will you take for a slip from that follage plant on your face to seed my lawn with? Caesar was one of the greatest joshers in Rome at the time, and it tickled him to guy the rube, although he sayvied his graft all the while.

The bunko man pretended not to notice that he was a josh mark and dropped his grip on the sidewalk. Ain't you Polonius Appleseedus, from over at Pompey's Crossing?" he asked. He didn't know Caesar from a fever blister, but he thought he might make the graft stick.

Caesar enjoyed the whole thing more than a Judy show. "Not on your little red shawl," said he. Tim the ice man. You're on the wrong sidetrack, uncle. You'd better consult an oculist. Here's an egg that some chicken laid in your hair," he said, handing the bunko man an egg that he carried round to use in slight of hand tricks that he

frequently did for the boys. The bunko man saw that he had struck a dead game sport and passed on. Caesar went into the cigar store-"See me jolly the rube?" he said. dropping a nickel in the slot and win, ning a handful of perfectos.

Brutus laughed fit to kill, and put another handful of stogies into the perfecto box.

"While you were jollying the easy mark," he said, "he touched you for your watch."

Caesar looked down and saw that History does not record what he was hot stuff.

Joseph Neidenstady, Prop.

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