

WE WISH TO ANNOUNCE OUR ELEVENTH ANNUAL SHOW

TO BE HELD AT

Union Stock Yards, Toronto
Dec. 9th, 10th, 1920
TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

CHAPTER I.

Night had fallen over Alaska—black, uncompromising night; a veil of impenetrable darkness had dropped upon the snow wastes, and the ice-fields and the fettered Yukon, sleeping under its ice-chains, and upon the cruel passes where the trails had been made by tracks of blood. Day by day, as long as the light of day—God's glorious gift to man—had lasted, these trails across the passes, between the snowy peaks, the peaks themselves, had been the theatre of hideous scenes of human cruelty, or human lust, and greed, of human exultation. Day by day, a slow, terrible stream of humanity had wound like a dark and sluggish river through the passes, bringing with it sweat and toil and agony, torture and suffering and death. As long as the brilliant sun in the placid azure of the summer heavens above had guided them, bands of men had labored and fought and struggled over these passes, deaf to all pity or mercy or justice, deaf to all but the clamor of greed within them that was driving them on, tramping down the weak and the old, crushing the fallen, each man clutching and grasping his own, none caring for his neighbor, starving the patient beasts of burden they had brought with them, friends who were willing to share their toil without sharing their reward, driving on the poor, staggering, strengthless brutes with open knives, and clubbing them to death when they fell beneath their loads with pitiless eyes, or leaving them to freeze slowly where they lay, propped forward, hurrying, fighting, slaughtering, so the men went into the gold camps all the summer, and the passes were the silent witnesses of the horror of it all and of the innocent blood shed. Then Nature herself intervened, and winter came down like a black curtain on the world, and the passes closed up behind the men and were filled with drifts of snow that covered the bones and the blood and the deep miry slides, marked with slipping tracks where struggling, gasping lives had gone out, and the river closed up behind the men, and the ice thickened there daily, and the men were in the camps and there were no way out.

And now, in the darkness of the winter night, in the coldness in which no man could live, there was peace. There was no sound, for the snow of the tall pines never melted and never fell, the water in the creeks was solid as the rocks, and made no murmur, there was no footfall of bird nor

beat, no leaf to rustle, no twig to fall.

But beyond the silent peaks and the desolate passes, beyond the rigid pines, low down in the darkness, there was a reddish glow in the air, a strange, yellowish, quivering mist of light that hovered and moved restlessly, and yet kept its place where it hung suspended between white earth and black sky. All around was majestic peace and calm and stillness, Nature wrapped in silence, but the flickering, wavering mist of light jumped feverishly in the darkness and spoke of man. It was the cloud of restless light that hung over the city of Dawson.

With a the front parlor of the "Pistol Shot," the favorite and most successful, besides being the most appropriately named saloon in Dawson, the cold had been pretty well fought down; a huge stove stood at each end of the room, crammed as full as it could hold with fuel, all windows were tightly closed, and the lamps flared merrily against the whitewashed walls.

At this hour the room was full, and the single door, facing the bar, was pushed open every half minute to admit one or two more figures to join the steaming, drinking, noisy crowd

Minard's Liniment Co. Limited.
Gentle—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly,

ALFRED ROCHAY.

Proprietor Roston Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

within. It was snowing outside. As the door swung open, one could see the white sheet of falling flakes in the darkness; the air was full of snow— that cruel, light, dry snow, fine and sharp like powdered ice, borne down on a north wind. The figures that entered brought it in with them, the light frosty powder resting on their furs and lying deep in the upturned rims of their seal caps.

There had been a successful strike made that afternoon, and the men were all excited and eager about it. Everyone pressed to the Pistol Shot to hear the latest details, to discuss and gossip over it. There was as much talk as digging done in Dawson. Men who had no chance and no means to win success, who owned no claims and never saw gold except in another man's hands, loved to talk work and talk claims and talk gold with the rest. It was exhilarating and exciting, and there was only that one topic in the world for them. They were like invalids in a small community afflicted by a common disease who never met without discussing their symptoms. They were all invalids in reality, all suffering from the same horrible plague and fever, the gold fever that was eating into their brains.

At one end of the bar counter, between it and the back wall, a girl was standing idly surveying with indifferent eyes the animated crowd that moved and swayed round her, the men jostling each other in their efforts to push up to the thickly surrounded counter. She was tall rather than short, and her figure well made, showing good lines even in the rough dress she was wearing; her rubber boots came to her knees, where they were set by her short buckskin skirt, and above this, in place of bodice, she wore merely a rough straight jacket drawn into the waist by a broad leather belt, in which was stuck, not ostentatiously, but still sufficiently conspicuously, a brace of revolvers. Her hair was cut short, and only a few dark, silky rings showed themselves beneath the edge of her seal-skin cap, pushed down close to her eyebrows.

The dark eyes beneath looked out upon the scene before her with a half-disdainful, half-weary expression, which deepened into scorn now and then as she watched the bar-tender rake over the counter double and

the generous pinch of cold dust laid there by some miner almost too drunk to stagger to the bar. She had a very attractive face, to which one's eyes would wander again and again, trying to reconcile the peculiar resolution, even hardness of the expression with the soft, well-moulded features and the sweet youthful lips, full of freshness and color. The miners took very little notice of her, and she certainly made no effort to attract it, leaning listlessly against the bar with one elbow on the counter, a silent and motionless spectator of all this excited, eager humanity. There was no thought in her mind, no word on her lips just then but gold. Gold! gold! The thought possessed them with a grip on their brains like the grip of fever on the body, and the word sounded pleasant as the sweetest music to their ears. Gold! The syllable went round and passed from mouth to mouth, till the very air seemed to be getting a yellow tint above the gray fumes of tobacco.

Among the last batch of incomers was a slim young fellow of twenty odd years, and when he had worked his way with difficulty up to the crowded counter, he found himself near the girl's corner. She looked at him, letting her dark eyes wander critically over his face. He formed a strong contrast to the figures around him, being slight and delicate in build, with a pale, good-looking face that had a tender, sympathetic expression like a woman's. Feeling the girl's gaze upon him, he glanced at her, and then having looked once, he looked again. After a series of glances between drinks from his glass, the furtive looks began to amuse the girl, and the next time their eyes met she laughed openly, and they both spoke simultaneously.

"You're a new-comer, aren't you?" she said.

"I haven't seen you here before," was his remark.

"You might have done, I should think," answered the girl, carelessly; "but I don't come here very often, although my father is running this place."

"Are you Poniatovsky's daughter?" he said in surprise, unable to connect this splendid young creature with the ugly little Pole he knew as the proprietor of the saloons.

The girl nodded. "Yes, Katrine Poniatovsky is my name—what is yours?"

"Stephen Wood," he answered, meekly.

"What have you come here for—mining?" she asked next. Although her queries were direct, there was nothing rude in the fresh young voice making them.

The young fellow colored deeply, the flush of blood passed over his face, and he looked into his glass till it was lost beneath his coat collar.

"No—yes—that is—well, I mean—I do mine now," he stammered, after a minute.

The girl said nothing; and when Stephen glanced round at her he saw she was regarding him with astonished eyes under elevated eyebrows. This expression made the pretty, oval face fairly beautiful, and the young man's heart opened to her.

"I came with the intention of doing some good here among the people—in a missionary, religious way, I mean; but, and he stopped again in painful embarrassment.

Katrine laughed. "For the present you've laid religion aside and you're going to do a little mining and make a fortune, and then the religion can be taken up again," she said.

The young fellow only flushed deeper and turned his glass round nervously on the counter.

"That's all right," the girl said, soothingly, after a second. "This place is a corner of the world where we all are different from what we are anywhere else. As soon as men come here they get changed. They forget everything else, and just go in for gold. It's sort of madness that's in the air. You'd be able to dig like the rest—you can't help it. Got a claim?"

"The young man's face paled again. "Yes," he answered in a low tone. "It was the claim that tempted me. It's one of the best, I believe—over in the west gulch, only about ten miles from here."

There was a pressing movement

A Witness Testifies SHE WAS WEAK AND NERVOUS

Brampton, Ont.—"About five years ago I began suffering with a woman's trouble, because all run-down, weak and nervous. I was so completely down and out that I could not do anything, could scarcely dress myself. I had the doctor and took other medicine but without getting better until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his Golden Medical Discovery. It was only necessary for me to take about three bottles when I was completely restored to health and strength and I have been in better health than I ever was before. I have had no use for medicine since, but should I need it I would take these same remedies, knowing them to be excellent."—MRS. HARRY KNIGHT, Jessie St.

OWSIE HER LIFE
Pt. Saskatchewan, Alta.—"It is with great pleasure that I write the following and I hope it will help the many sufferers who do not know the good Dr. Pierce's medicines would do them if they would try them."

In regard to my condition, I will say that I suffered from childhood from a very weak back. I had the spinal meningitis when I was one year old and until I was 13 I did not see a well day, out a very kind lady told my mother about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and she got a bottle to try it. It did me so much good that mother got me 6 bottles. Recently I happened with an accident and hurt my back badly. My doctor gave me up and said I would not live, but I still stuck to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and to my surprise in three weeks I was out of bed and better. I owe my life to it and nothing else, and shall never be without it. If any sufferer wishes to write I will answer with pleasure."—MRS. NOEL BARTHOLOMEW.



**15¢ a Plug
2 for 25¢**

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The BEST
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Best selected leaf—
Skillfully manufactured—Delicious flavor—
Ever fresh and lasting

ANCHOR PLUG

"It Holds its Flavor"

round them as some fresh miners came pushing their way through to the bar, and Stephen and Katrine moved away to make room for them, toward the wall of the room; they put their backs against it and looked over the mass of moving heads toward the door.

"Look at this fellow coming in now," Stephen said to his companion suddenly, as the door swung open, to a mist of whirling whites and two or three men entered. "Henry Talbot. He has the claim next mine in the gulch. He has just struck a fresh lot of gold, and he'll soon be one of the richest men here."

The girl craned her neck to get a good view between the intervening heads, and though she had not been told which of the incoming figures to look at, she fixed her eyes as if by instinct on the right one—a man of rather tall, slight figure, pale face, and marked features. He made his way toward the bar, and then catching Stephen's signals to him, he smiled and came their way.

"What are you doing down here?" he said, speaking to Stephen, but looking at Katrine, who, in her turn was scanning his face closely. "Why, enjoying Miss Poniatovsky's society," answered Stephen, with a bow.

(To be continued.)

Wise and experienced mothers known when their children are troubled with worms and lose no time in applying Miller's Worm Powders, the most effective vermicide that can be used. It is absolute in clearing the system of worms and restoring those healthy conditions without which there can be no comfort for the child, or hope of robust growth. It is the most trustworthy of worm exterminators.

SHE OF RED HAIR.

No type of beauty can be more strikingly lovely than the red-haired woman, writes a famous creator of fashions. If the possessor of red hair understands how to dress to type she may make herself a vivify decorative as a mural painting.

"That stunning Miss So-and-so with the wonderful red hair," we hear so often, but alas, we also hear "There's poor Mary, such a sweet girl, but that awful red hair! If she only knew what to wear it might help, but what can you do with a girl like that?"

A red-haired woman should realize first of all that there is a different color pigment in her skin than that of the blonde or of the black-haired woman with fair skin.

The delicate shades that tone with the pink and white loveliness of the blonde are not so good when featured on the red-haired woman, although her complexion may possess that quality of extreme whiteness that if you see a red-haired woman in a white dress, you will see the color of the blonde in her skin. The blonde woman with fair skin.

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Blue is the wrong color for the red-haired woman. No tint isn't hers. Blue makes her utterly commonplace. There is one shade of green-blue that Billie Burke, who is one of the loveliest of red-haired creatures, wears with supreme effect, but this shade is green first and blue afterwards—green blue—and even he wears it with great discretion.

Ready-made Medicine—You need no physician for ordinary ills when you have at hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil. For coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchial troubles, it is invaluable, for scalds, burns, bruises, sprains, it is unsurpassed, while for cuts, sores, ulcers and the like it is an unquestionable healer. It needs no testimonial other than the use, and that will satisfy any one as to its effectiveness.

TRAPS AND TRAPPERS.

(Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)
Tourist—"My good friend, do you earn your living by simply trapping and skinning animals?"
Trapper—"Yes. It runs in the family. I got a brother in Philadelphia in the same business."

Trapper—"Yes. He owns one of them apartment houses."

Wretched from Asthma. Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitation of asthma. Who can live under the clouds of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dispels the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve, it does restore the sufferer to normal body and mental happiness.

STAGE HOODOOS

Most people have some pet superstitions, but of all professions the stage is the most superstitious of all.

The success or failure of a play is often spelled by incidents which would pass unnoticed by anyone but the actors. Who among the audience, for instance, would think of inspecting the occupants of the front row? Yet that front row is most important to some of the performers. A cross-eyed person, or one with red hair, will hoodoo the play.

The first night, by the way, is fraught with good or bad omens. An actor on the way to the theatre for the first performance is assured of success if he meets a load of hay. Managers are equally affected by the hoodoo idea, so that some of them will go so far as to have their plays so named that the lucky letter M will be the first initial.

In the dressing room you will generally find a horseshoe, and many actors carry one of their own, for luck. But while a horseshoe is believed to bring good luck, left-over make-up may bring bad luck, and few performers will carry it with them from one engagement or company to another. One of the best properties of a theatre is a black cat, and if the cat can be coaxed on the stage from the back at rehearsal the success of a new play is beyond doubt.

But there must be no birds. To some of the profession these mean disaster. Fanny Davenport, who believed implicitly in omens, had an experience with birds, which was to her most convincing.

She was to play in "Cleopatra" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York, and when the scenery was painted, she found, to her dismay, which was real and unassuming, that the walls of Rameses' palace were liberally decorated with paintings of the Egyptian ibis. She ordered them removed, but the artist insisted that the set would be fantastic without them. In spite of her protests and her pleas, she was over-ruled, and the birds remained. On the opening night the theatre caught fire and thousands of dollars in costumes and scenery went up in smoke. Fanny Davenport it was a judgment, and a lasting example of the folly of going against omens. The new scenery had not one bird in evidence.

CATARRH COLDS BRONCHITIS CURED WITHOUT DRUGS



It is really impossible to treat Catarrh unless by inhaling the soothing germ-killing vapor of Catarrhazone. Its rich, fragrant essences are breathed from the inhaler to every sore, diseased spot in the breathing organs. Not a single germ can escape the healing fumes of Catarrhazone which acts on the infected linings of the nose and throat just as an ointment would act on a cut finger. You see Catarrhazone soothes, cleanses, heals. It cannot fail to reach and cure Catarrh; it's simply a wonder on weak throats, bronchial coughs, deafness, buzzing ears, and all other symptoms of Catarrhal cold.

Get Catarrhazone to-day. Complete outfit costs \$1.90 and is sufficient for three months' use. Catarrhazone Co., Kingston, Ont., Canada.

LIFE-SAVING.

(Boys' Life.)
Drowning Man—Quick, throw me a life-belt.
Rescuer (a tailor)—Yes, sir! What size around the waist?

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

RAINFALL KING.

Given an ingenious mind and an eye to business a live man can make money out of almost any old thing. Perhaps you remember the extraordinary success scored some years ago by Solly Greencup, the rainmaker. If not, you can read his record in a portfolio of newspaper clippings collected all the way from Nome to San Diego, from eastern Oregon to western Kansas.

Solly Greencup, indeed, occupied for a while a position unique in the annals of meteorology. Scientists might doubt and cynics might scoff, but whenever Solly went after the main clouds he always got 'em. Moreover he didn't work on "the heads-I-win, tails-you-lose" principle of some other rainmakers. Solly Greencup, when he once decided he could produce rain in a given district, always backed his opinion with hard cash. If he asked the farmers to put up \$1,000 for an inch of rain, he put up another \$1,000 himself as a forfeit in case he failed. And he always won.

Greencup never explained his methods. All the farmers wanted was the rain. All Greencup wanted was the money. With the result both were satisfied. His apparatus consisted of a flag pole, an electric battery, a kite with a metal tail and an air balloon filled with a mysterious gas. If scientists demanded the reason for these contrivances, he shook his head and smiled.

Sometimes Greencup would have to stay a long time in a locality before he could find the exact combination necessary to coax the wet forces into action. Sometimes he had to confess that the dries were too strong for him. But as soon as he posted his forfeit and set up his apparatus the desired moisture followed in a few days.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmenter's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

Monkeys Hard to Train.

Performing monkeys seldom live more than a few months. Many of them die of fright while being trained, and it is consequently necessary for trainers to keep a large number of animals on hand.

MUST BE A LAWYER.

"Yes," said the man who was proud of his library, "whenever I find one of my books with a torn leaf, I put it through a legal process."

"What legal process?" his visitor asked.

"I have it bound over to keep the piece."

ESSENTIALLY ARTISTIC.

(Birmingham Age-Herald.)
"What kind of woman is Mrs. Gadapuri?"
"Essentially artistic."

How's that?
"The family fly swatter is adorned with a bow of pink ribbon."

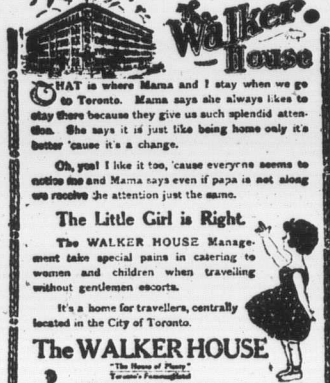
THINGS THAT COUNT.

(Christian Intelligencer.)
Contractors' house on this plan can be built for \$6,000.
The Other Man—I have no doubt it can. What I want to know is how much I'll have to pay you when it's built.

Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly.

A NEW APPLICATION.

Student (translating)—The er-er-er-man-er-er-then-er-er—
Professor—Don't laugh, gentlemen—to err is human.



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It's a home for travellers, centrally located in the City of Toronto.

The WALKER HOUSE

100 WEST A ST. TORONTO, CANADA

LETTER FROM MRS. WAKELIN

Tells Remarkable Story of
Sickness and Recovery.

Toronto, Ont.—"I suffered greatly from weakness, seemed to be tired all the time, and had no ambition to do anything or any place. My nerves were in bad shape, I could not sleep at night, and then came a breakdown. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the newspapers and several of my friends advised me to use it, and it surely put new life into me. Now I am quite able to do all my own work, and I would strongly advise every suffering woman to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial."

Mrs. CHARLES WAKELIN, 272 Christie St., Toronto, Ont.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for more than forty years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.