

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

CAPITAL, \$10,000,000 REST, \$6,000,000

B. E. WALKER, President

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager

A. H. IRELAND, Superintendent of Branches

BRANCHES IN EVERY PROVINCE OF CANADA AND IN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

## BRANCHES IN SASKATCHEWAN

CANORA	LLOYDMINSTER	REGINA
DELISLE	MELFORT	SASKATOON
DRINKWATER	MELVILLE	TUGASKE
ELBOW	MOOSE JAW	VONDA
HUMBOLDT	MOOSOMIN	WADENA
KAMSACK	NOKOMIS	WATROUS
LANGHAM	NORTH BATTLEFORD	WATSON
LANIGAN	OUTLOOK	WEYBURN
LASHBURN	PRINCE ALBERT	YELLOWGRASS
	RADISSON	

## FARMERS' BANKING

Every facility afforded Farmers and Ranchers for the transaction of their banking business. Notes discounted and sales notes collected.

ACCOUNTS MAY BE OPENED AND CONDUCTED BY MAIL

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED



**An Encouraging Message**

I have a message of hope and good cheer, of encouragement and inspiration to every suffering woman. I have endured the torture due to female troubles and the consequent despondency and mental agony almost to the point of despair, and I have been restored from this condition to a state of vigorous health, and to the happy, exhilarating frame of mind which accompanies physical well being. This change has been brought about wholly by the use of ORANGE LILY.

In addition I have had the privilege and pleasure of inducing multitudes of other suffering women to give ORANGE LILY a trial, and have received thousands of enthusiastic acknowledgements of the blessings it has brought to them. The following is a sample:

Dear Mrs. Currah,—Your very kind letter was received yesterday. In reply to your question about my health, I am thankful to say that I am very well. As I have never given you a statement of my case you may be interested in it.

For several years I have suffered untold agony. This suffering was continuous, but I would have violent attacks every few weeks, each attack lasting several days. The first Sunday in November, I felt the pain increasing and so did not go to prayers. The rest of the family did go and soon after the forcing down pains seized me and I had to remain on the floor until their return. I was in great pain all night and was very sick for a whole week.

Then Mrs. L. came to see me and told me of your wonderful medicine. I got my husband to send for it right away, as I was too sick to write myself. (My doctor could do nothing for me.) I have used 5 boxes of ORANGE LILY, have had three months of good rest, and am now well, never better in my life. I have not had the old pains since. I often ask my husband if it is myself that is going around and doing my own work. I can scarcely believe it. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. I could shout it to all the world. I cannot speak enough in its praise.

Your friend, Mrs. E. H. F.

Receiving as I do, dozens of such reports each day, I feel impelled to make known to my suffering sisters the merits of ORANGE LILY. It differs from other so-called remedies in that it is not taken internally. It is a strictly local treatment, and is applied directly to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissues, expelling the stagnant foreign matter which has been irritating the membrane and oppressing the nerves, and a growing feeling of physical and mental relief is noticeable, almost from the start. It is a positive, scientific, remedy, and even if you use no more than the Free Trial treatment you will be very materially benefited.

## Free Trial Offer

I want every reader of this, who suffers in any way from painful monthly periods, irregularities, leucorrhoea, inflammation or congestion of the organs, pains in the back, etc., to send me their addresses, and I will forward at once, without charge, 10 days' treatment. If your case is not far advanced it may entirely cure you, and in any event it will do you much good. I am so earnest in making this statement, and so positive that it is true, that I trust every sufferer who reads this notice will take advantage of my offer and get cured at home, without a doctor's bill. Address, enclosing 3-cent stamps, MRS. FRANCES Q. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

## WHY THE HOT SULPHUR MAIL WAS LATE.

(Continued from Page 2.)

day, facing his enemy — that enemy now harmless, but all powerful if free. Why reverse their positions. Black Jack looked at the Range ahead. It was good just to be alive—and free. Then he looked once more at Sullivan—silent, waiting Sullivan—then at the empty hole, spotted with his own blood. Why not, kill him quickly? One thrust and the cold-tortured man would be out of his misery—surely an act of mercy. Was not this enough? The reckless, murderous robber, careless of life and death, hunted by seventy-two millions, a bounty on his head, thoroughly understood the situation. So did his victim. The camp-robber flickered into the air and away homeward to a distant ranch. This winged freedom fascinated the criminal. He watched the bird float beyond the pine tops, looked again at the Range, stiffened to his feet, picked up the bowie glanced behind him, and gazed down at the helpless, freezing Sullivan.

"I would not trade places with you," came from the carrier's lips; but the murderer was looking at the pocketed piece of meat. Then Black Jack took the knife by the blade and handed it to Sullivan.

The carrier tried to speak. Black Jack smiled, and with wooden fingers fumbled for his pipe. Sullivan bent into the hole to hide his tears—and to work. A half hour and Black Jack pulled the carrier from the hole. A

Jump 'em, and a week from now you'll see the Rio Grande—*quien sabe?* Go to the Three Triangle outfit in Chihuahau; tell the foreman—Pete Miller he is known by down there—I sent you, and he'll give you a job puching. He'll do it 'cause I snaked him out of the Grand two years ago with his chaps on and she was boom-in'—runnin' ice. I'd help you to fish out those webs, but I've got a case of cold feet, and guess I'll have to quits ya."

"Your foot's frozen, ain't it? And I reckon I'd better be goin' a piece back with you," said Black Jack.

"No; no need of that; only frosted; all right now. I can stomp it in all right. These Dutch socks 'll last me till I reach Chipmunk's. You've no time to lose, pardner, so adios. Good luck to you. And—" Sullivan stopped embarrassed—"and—if I were you, I'd quit this business. Don't pay."

"You're right. I made up my mind to that in the hole there—just before I found the knife. If I hadn't—you—" Black Jack left the sentence as it was, but Sullivan knew. He gripped the desperado's hand again; but its five bloody fingers made him think of five one-thousand-dollar bills.

"Well, be good to yourself. The mail must go through," the carrier replied as he swung the sack to his shoulders. Then with the knife held like a sword, Sullivan saluted the other and left him. Black Jack's face was working, but he said nothing. At the edge of the timber Sullivan turned and once more waved the bowie. Black Jack swung his cap. Then Sullivan passed beneath the pines.

Three hours late the carrier limped into Chipmunk's. Ten feet of snow on the level had buried the station in December; only the plumed chimney showed. During that tramp Sullivan had been thinking; the inevitable reaction had set in and he staggered under his load, for it seemed to him as if that sack contained the mail of the whole nation; his brain was boiling with conflicting thoughts and warring emotions; and his conscience was divided against itself, for the carrier was an honest man. One word to those in the cabin and by midnight Black Jack, the most dangerous mail robber in the United States, would be behind the bars.

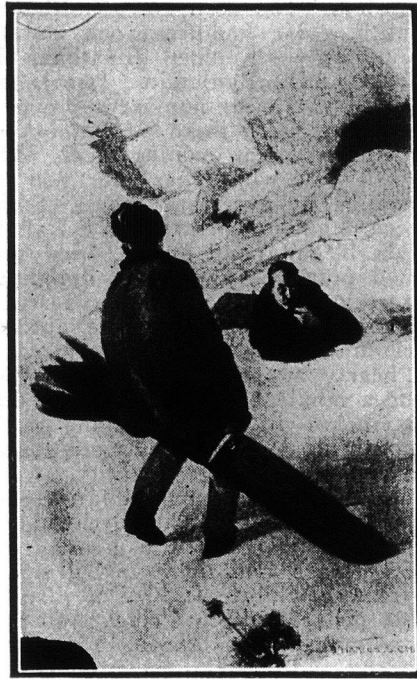
Sullivan opened the hinge-complaining door. Ganson was swearing—had been for two hours.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded. "Think I'm agoin' to hold that team here a week and drive it all night, with the spirit thermometer fifty-two below at the Springs this mornin'? If I miss the Colter connection Glenn won't do a thing but come up the line with a meat-ax for the whole outfit. The mails has got to go through. What's the trouble? You look as if you and a moving-machine had been havin' an argument."

"Oh, nothin'," said Sullivan. "Bucked into a little slide just above High Bridge. We mixed, and I lost most of my goods and chattels, but acquired a whole museum of bumps and such things, besides a choice set of refrigerated toes. But here's the mail. No. No second-class at Empire at all. Guess its delayed in Denver; or else good people don't nail papers in the winter time. See here, Chipmunk, you old gorilla! I want you to let up on trapping along my trail. I don't like it. Found a marten in one of your infernal machines, and I turned him loose. Threw the Newhouse about forty miles somewheres off into the timber. I don't want any more of it."

"Well, adios, Jim. Give my apologies to the folks in Hot Sulphur 'cause their mail is late. It won't happen next time—perhaps not for a thousand years. Tell Mark I'll be down to the dance, sure. Ask the Colter schoolmarm to save me a waltz. Sure, now! Ta-ta."

"Say, Chip! Get a wiggle on ya. Got any coffee? I'm tired." And Sullivan lifted the pot off the stove. On the fire he put a bunch of circulars. He soon had the coffee boiling.



"Leave Him There—Why Not?"

minute more and the two men, the morally white with black spots, the morally black with white spots, stood face to face. Sullivan put out his hand. Black Jack took it.

"Pardner, you're a square man. Thanks. Here"—Sullivan peeled off his fur jacket, his cap, and his over-shoes—"take these, and this," added the carrier, as he handed the robber two bills and some silver. Then he hesitated—but with a jerk unbuckled his cartridge belt and, with its holster full of snow, gave it to Black Jack. "You'll find the gun in the hole: I felt it with my foot. Don't use it unless you have to. She's sighted to a hair, and has a soft trigger—but I want this knife. Good-by. Mexico is the place for you. Less snow there."

—Both men smiled grimly.—"Take straight down the gulch on the other side; it'll be frozen by the time you get there. A freight is due at Empire at two in the morning—usually late, though. You can make it if you hump yourself. The shoes are in the hole there. I kicked them off. Eat that bacon when you get on top; it'll help limber up your legs. Leave the trucks at the mouth of the cañon—she slows up there for the switch—for Golden is right ahead, and your picture is in the post-office. Cut to your right across the saddleback, which you'll see about four miles to the southeast; then straight on southeast fifteen or twenty miles, and you'll hit the Santa Fe tracks going south.