

MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

Lame Back

Just the Sort of Case That Proves to the World That the Best Liniment Ever Made is NERVILINE.

When it comes to determining the real merit of a medicine, no weight of evidence is more convincing than the straightforward statement of some reliable and well known person that has been cured. For this reason we print the verbatim statement of Juan E. Powell, written from his home in Carleton, "I am a strong, powerful man, six feet tall and weigh nearly two hundred. I have been accustomed all my life to lift great weight, but one day I overdid it, and wrenched my back badly. Every tendon and muscle was sore. To stoop or bend was agony. I had a whole bottle of Nervi-line rubbed on in one day, and by one night I was well again. I know of no liniment possessing one-half the penetration of Nervi-line. I urge its use strongly as an invaluable liniment and household cure for all minor ailments such as strains, sprains, swellings, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago and muscular pain."

No better medicine for ever curing pain was ever put in a bottle than Nervi-line, over one million bottles used every year, better try it yourself. At all dealers or the Catarthozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

The civil war in the United States was brought to an end in 1865, yet last year there were added to the pension roll of the country over nine thousand widows of soldiers who took part in the suppression of the rebellion. The total number of widows on the lists is over two hundred and twenty thousand. The soldiers and sailors who draw pensions because they fought in the war which ended forty-five years ago number over six hundred thousand. From the standpoint of longevity that alone is remarkable. Small as was the army required in the Spanish-American war, the United States is now paying yearly over thirty million dollars to the veterans and dependents. There is no doubt of the generosity of the great republic.

The "Red"

One of the most curious and last known social institutions in London has just after a somewhat troubled career extending over ten years, ceased to exist. The institution known as the "Red," was a club for aristocrats fallen on evil days, and it contained among its members an earl, a viscount, several baronets, a gentleman who had once been attached to Queen Victoria's household, and many service men, among the latter being a guardsman, who, in his youth, was one of the best known men about town, and who got through two large fortunes. The "Red" moved its quarters on several occasions, its last resting-place being one room in a quiet street in Chelsea.

The subscription was originally £115 a year, but this had been reduced to five shillings before the club closed its portals; the cause of its failure was simply the inability of some, and the reluctance of other, members to pay their subscriptions.

The rules and regulations of the most flourishing west-end clubs prevailed at the "Red," but that visitors.

Members had to settle their card accounts within twenty-four hours, just as they have at the turf and Marlborough, and this rule was, curiously enough, punctiliously observed at the "Red," even by those who either could not or would not, pay their subscriptions.

At a Manchester meeting the other day:

Ernest but Proxy Orator: I want land reform; I want housing reform; I want educational reform; I want—
Bored Voice—Chloroform.—Manchester Guardian.

THE BARRIER

By Rex Beach

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The sound of shooting caused him to turn his head.

There the sun hung over a ragged range of hills topped with ever-aging white. Beyond were other ranges thrust skyward in a magnificent confusion, while still to the farther side lay the purple valley of the Kuyukuk, a valley that called insistently to restless men, welcoming them in the spring and sending them back in the late summer tired and bagged with the hunger of the north.

"When will Polon get back, do you suppose?"

"Most any day now, unless the Dawson dance halls are too much for him."

"I won't take him long to sell our skins if what I hear is true."

"What is that?"

"About these Cheechakos. They say there are thousands of tenderfoot up there and more coming in every day."

Gale turned his eyes downstream to the barabek and noted that the long black staff had at last been erected.

Even as he looked he saw a bundle floating toward its rim and then he held the staff and stripes flutter out in the air, while the men below cheered nobly. It was some time before he answered.

"Polon Dore is like the rest of us men up here in the north. We have taken care of ourselves so far, and I guess were able to keep it up without the help of a smooth faced Yankee kid or guardian."

"Lieutenant Burrell isn't a Yankee," said Neela. "He is a Blue Grass man. He comes from Kentucky."

Her father granted contemptuously. "I might have known it. A regular white man with any ginger in him would shed his coat and go to work."

Instead of wearing his clothes buttoned up all day. It didn't take much savvy to run a handful of thirteen dollar a month soldiers. Neela stirred a bit restlessly, and the trader continued: "It ain't man's work; it's—"

laughing. If he tries to boss us he'll get quite a surprise."

"He won't try to boss you. He has been sent here to build a military post and to protect the miners in their own self government. He won't take any part in their affairs as long as they are conducted peacefully."

The old man grunted again, with added contempt, while his daughter continued:

"I reckon Polon will bring you something pretty from Dawson, eh?"

"He has never failed to bring me presents, no matter where he came from. Dear old Polon!" She smiled tenderly. "Do you remember that first day when he drifted, singing, into sight around the bend up yonder? He had paddled his birch bark from the Chindalar without a thing to eat. Hunger and hardship only made him the happier, and the closer he drew his belt the louder he sang."

"He was bound for his 'new country'."

"Yes; he didn't know where it lay, but the fire for travel was on him, and so he drifted and sang, as he had drifted and sang from the foot of Lake Le Barge."

"That was four years ago," mused Gale, "and he never found his 'new country,' did he?"

"No; we tied him down and choked it out of him," Neela laughed. "Dear, funny old Polon! He loves me like a brother."

The man opened his lips, then closed them, as if on second thought, and rose to his feet, for, coming toward them up the trail from the barracks, he beheld a trim, blue coated figure. He peered at the approaching officer a moment, set his jaw more firmly and disappeared into the store.

"Well, we have raised our flagstaff," said the lieutenant as he took a seat below Neela. "It's like getting settled to keep house."

"Are you here?" inquired the girl.

"I dare say I am," he admitted. "I've never had time to find out. Why?"

"Are you going to boss our people around?" she continued bent on her own investigation.

"No. Not as long as they behave. In fact, I hardly know what I am to do."



Lieutenant Burrell.

Maybe you can tell me." His smile was peculiarly frank and winning.

"You see, it's my first command, and my instructions, although comprehensive, are rather vague. I am supposed to see that mining rights are observed, to take any criminals who kindly offer themselves up to be arrested and to sort of handle things that are too tough for the miners themselves."

"I don't believe you will be very popular with our people," Neela announced meditatively.

"Now that I think it over," he continued, "I'd rather have you like me than have the men do so."

"Of course," she nodded. "They do anything I want them to—all but father, and—"

"It isn't that," he interrupted quickly. "It is because you are the only woman of the place, because you are such a surprise. To think that in the heart of this desolation I should find a girl like—like you, like the girls I know at home."

"Am I like other girls?" she inquired eagerly. "I have often wondered."

"You are, and you are not. You are surprisingly conventional for these surroundings and yet unconventionally surprising for any place. Who are you? Where did you come from? How did you get here?"

"I am just what you see. I came from the States, and I was carried. That is all I can remember."

"Then you haven't lived here always?"

"Oh, dear, no! We came here while I was very little, but of late I have been away at school."

"Some seminary, eh?"

At this she laughed aloud. "Hardly that, either. I've been at the mission. Father Barnum has been teaching me for five years. I came up river a day ahead of you."

She asked no questions of him in return, for she had already learned all there was to know the day before.

"Mother needs me now. Goodbye," from a grizzled corporal in whom was the hunger to talk. She had learned of a family of Burrells whose name was known throughout the south and that Meade Burrell came from the Frankfort branch, the branch that had raised the soldiers. His father had fought with Lee, and an uncle was now in the service at Washington. On the mother's side the strain was equally militant, but the Meades had sought the sea. The old soldier had told her much more, of which she understood little—told her of the young man's sister, who had come all the way from

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We have a few Fur Stoles and Storm Collars left in RUSSIAN HARE, BLUE OPPOSIM, MINK MARMOT, and BROWN CONEY.

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Some Extra Bargains in Men's
Fall and Winter Underwear

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Men's Fancy Wool Shirts and Drawers—a regular \$4.00 value, a suit now \$2.50

LOT No. 2

Men's Heavy Camels Hair Shirts and Drawers—a suit now \$1.00

LOT No. 3

Men's High Rock Underwear—worth \$1.50 suit now \$1.00

LOT No. 4

Men's Fleece Lined Underwear—Another big lot of this popular line per suit 90c.

\$1.25 Dress Suit Cases 89c.

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