THE MOYIE LEADER.

VOL. 2, NO. 16. MOYIE, B. C., AUGUST 5, 1899. $2 A YEAR

MOYIE!

—o—

The Metropolis Of East Kootenay. Located on the Shores of the Most Beautiful Lake in British Columbia,

ADJACENT TO THE FAMOUS

St. Eugene, Lake Shore, Moyie MINES,

—o—

THE COMING TOWN OF THE FUTURE

All who wish to invest apply to

G. CAMPBELL, Moyie, B. C.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

Paid Up Capital, $6,000,000.

CRANBROOK BRANCH. J. W. R. SMYTHE, MGR.

THE COSOPMOLITAN HOTEL,

The only house in East Kootenay heated throughout with hotair.

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

European plan. Open day and night.

SMALL & MUSGRAVE, Props.

CRANBROOK, - - B. C.

The Central Hotel.

V. DESAULNIER & CO., Props.

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

Headquarters for Commencial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, — — — MOYIE, B. C.

The Lake Shore Hotel

McCRACKEN & MOORE, Proprietors.

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

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS. MOYIE, B. C

MOYIE HOTEL.

G. CAMPBELL, A. T. CLARK.

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

—o—

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MINING MEN.

MOYIE, — — — — BRITISH COLUMBIA.

3-STORY BOARDING HOUSE

It Is to Be Built by J. C. Drewry.

IN THE LAKE SHORE ADDITION

By the Time the Building Is Completed Fifty Men will Be Employed at the Mine.

Things are going swimmingly along in the south end of Moyie, and the way in which that portion of the town has built up in the last 30 days is simply astonishing. It is now to have the highest building in the town. This will be built by J. C. Drewry on two lots which he recently purchased on the extreme southern end of Tavistock street. The building will be 29 feet wide, 60 feet long and three stories high. It will have 36 rooms, including a large kitchen, and will have accommodations for at least 50 men. The building will be used exclusively as a board and lodging house for the men employed at the Lake Shore mine. Mr. Drewry expects to have 50 men in his employ by the time the building is completed.

The new tunnel at the Lake Shore mine is now in between 80 and 90 feet. Its face is in solid rock and rapidly nearing the main ore body. The ore car has been installed, and carpenters are at work on the big trestle over which the ore will be carried from the mine to ore bin near the railroad. The engine and boiler for the air compressor are in place and the brick wall surrounding the boiler will be finished today, and tomorrow the big smokestack will be raised.

Dirt Flying on North Star Branch.

Cranbrook Herald: Dirt is flying on the North Star branch, and the work of construction on this much needed road is now under headway. Reid & McRea have established one camp two miles north of town, and will put in another this week near the St. Marys river. Teams are already at work on this section of the road and will be largely increased as soon as Mr. Reid returns from Macleod. This firm is now looking for 200 men and are offering $2 a day for laborers and $30 a month and board for teamsters.

Mr. Lund's outfit came in yesterday and it was started for the work this morning.

Grant & Shady have established their camp near Barnes' ranch and are at work now.

The time of the year promises excellent weather for the work and it will be pushed forward as expeditiously as possible. It is thought that trains will be running into Kimberley before Christmas.

Clark will Not Be Bulldozed.

Idaho State Tribune: Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, is now opening his mine on Sunset peak, and is reported as giving the following orders to his manager: "If you have any miners employed who have signed permits discharge them at once. Employ union miners only without permits, and if any officer attempts to interfere with my property let me know." This order, we venture, will be respected even by Stunenberg and Sinclair. Not even haughty General Merriam will dare close the Clark mine on Sunset peak. Senator Clark is in position to carry a fight of that kind onto the floor of the United States senate and he has the money with which to fight it in the courts. Therefore he can defy military dictators.

Outing on Moyie Lake.

For the past week a merry little party has been camped near Colonel Henderson's mansion on the west shore of Moyie lake. During the week the following persons have been participating in the festivities of the camp and enjoying the pleasures of boating or fishing on the lake; Mrs. C. M. Edwards, Mrs. W. R. Ross and sister, Miss Young; Mrs. Keay and two daughters, the Misses Keay; Miss Armstrong. Messrs. J. W. H. Smythe, J. M. Hedley, J. G. Patterson, W. S. Keay, Colonel Henderson and Captain Milford.

McMAHON BROS.

MAMMOTH RETAIL EMPORIUM.

HARDWARE,

GROCERIES,

PRODUCE.

ALL KINDS OF Tin Work — DONE — 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 Moyie Ave, MOYIE, B. C.

LOCAL NEWS.

Constable Morris of Cranbrook is in town.

A. E. Elton and wife of Fort Steele were in Moyie last Tuesday.

P. D. Hope, Moyie's popular druggist, visited Cranbrook Thursday.

G. Johnson, the assayer, spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Cranbrook.

W. R. LaRonde was over from Cranbrook Thursday, visiting his brother.

Superintendent M. H. Macleod was out from Cranbrook last Thursday evening.

Father Coccola, of the St. Eugene mission, is in Moyie visiting with his congregation.

J. P. Farrell left Wednesday evening for Rossland to attend the joint meeting of the boards of trade.

James Cronin left for Rossland and Spokane last Monday evening. He will return to Moyie about the 10th.

Mrs. Stewart MacEachern departed for Charlottetown, P. E. I., last Tuesday morning, where she will remain several months.

We acknowledge the receipt of a season ticket to the Spokane Industrial Exposition, which will be held from October 3rd to 17th inclusive.

Messrs. MacEachern & Macdonald now have one of the neatest and best equipped stores in Moyie. Call on them and see their goods.

Mrs. Farrell and Miss Farrell, mother and sister of the Farrell brothers, arrived in Moyie last Wednesday from Oakland, California.

Excavating for the foundation of G. T. McGregor's new building on Victoria street was begun this week, and a good portion of the lumber is on the ground. It will be 30x40 feet in size and two stories high.

A one legged man, giving his name as Tim McCarty, came into Moyie Thursday, "panhandled" the citizens and then got gloriously drunk on the proceeds. This accomplished, McCarty had no further use for the town or the people living in it, and lost no time in giving vent to his feelings. So vile and abusive was his language that it became necessary to arrest him. Justice Henderson ordered him to leave town the next morning.

Distinguished Visitors Here.

Last Monday morning's east bound train brought in a party of distinguished visitors to Moyie from Rossland. It was composed of T. G. Blackstock, of the Gooderham Blackstock syndicate; W. H. Brouse, of the law firm of Beattie, Blackstock & Co. of Toronto; H. S. Osler, of the firm of McCarthy, Osler & Co., Toronto; W. D. Matthews, president of the Toronto board of trade and a director of the Canadian Pacific railway, and his son Wilmot; J. B. Hastings, E. M., manager of the Gooderham-Blackstock syndicate's properties in British Columbia.

The party remained here during the day, visiting the surrounding mines and looking over the town, returning to Rossland in the evening.

They Captured the Town.

Standing room was at a premium at the Lyceum theatre in Moyie last Thursday evening to witness the magnificent spectacular drama in three acts produced by the Bert and Viola extravaganza combination. When the box office was opened in the morning a large crowd had gathered so eager were the people to secure reserved seats. In the boxes were seen many of Moyie's 400, and the attendance of ladies was exceptionally large. During the performance the audience at times was in convulsions of laughter and again it would be moved to tears when some paticlarly pathetic and heart rending part of the drama would be brought out. At times it was completely carried away by the prima donna's lyric voice while singing Daisy Bell and other late and popular ballads, and when some of the original "gags" were sprung by Bert, the gag artist, several persons fell dead.

The company was originally from Daly's thertre, New York City, but has until recently been playing to crowded houses in the Palouse. They are hitting the high places and are only playing such towns as Doris, Chicago and Kuskonook.

Three Cent Stamp Issue.

Owing to the reduction in the domestic letter rate of postage, the issue of the 3 cent letter card, the 3 cent stamped envelope and the 3 cent postage stamp from the department has ceased. Any of these unused still extant, will, however, continue available for postage purposes, or may be exchanged at the post office at their full face value for postage stamps of other denominations.

The color of the domestic rate postage stamp as prescribed by the universal postal union is red, and it is intended to discontinue the issue of the ordinary two cent purple colored stamps as soon as the present supply on hand is exhausted. Thereafter the department will issue two cent stamps in red, however, surcharging down to two cents the unissued remnant of 3 cent stamps in red, now in the possession of the department, and as soon as the supply of such surcharged threes is exhausted, the issue of two cent stamps in red will begin. The surcharged stamps will be issued to postmasters as two cent postage stamps and be recognized as stamps of that denomination.

Postmasters are requested to exchange as above mentioned all unused 3 cent letter cards, 3 cent stamped envelopes and 3 cent stamps which may be offered them to be exchanged for other postage stamps of an equal value.

Metal Quotations.

New York, August 3.—Bar silver 60¼ cents. Lead, very firm, $4.55 @ $4.57½. The firm that fixes the selling prices for miners and smelters quotes lead at $4.35 at the close.

Stray Pony Taken up.

One bay pony, branded H on right shoulder, was taken up by me July 29. The owner can have same by proving property and paying all charges. N. DORA.

Moyie, July 29. 15-4

Moyie's Public School.

The fund for building the Moyie public schol is rapidly growing, and it now amounts to $245.00. The following is a list of those contributing since the last list was published some three weeks ago.

James Cronin	$10.00
Hope & Beattie	5.00
Al Richardson	5.00
G. Johnson	2.50
Total	22.50
Collected previously	222.50
Grand total	245.00

Besides this, work to the extent of $5 each was contributed by J. P. Farrell and Karl Neitzel.

The school building has been nicely lined and papered, and the teacher's desk and the seats for the children will be put in next week.

Spokane's Industrial Exposition.

This year the Spokane Industrial Exposition will be held in a mostrous circus tent. It will not be a building, as heretofore, composed of a wooden frame work, with a roof of canvas, but it will be a regular circus tent made in sections and put up in sections. When the exposition is over it will be taken down, folded and put away until next year. It has cost more to make this tent than to put up one of the buildings heretofore used for the fruit fair, but when it is finished it will be good for many years at least. There are in fact three tents. The main one is 100x350 feet in size. The two others are each a little smaller. There will be no danger of the tents blowing down for in case of a severe storm the center can be lowered and thus avoid the force of the wind. The tent is being made by F. O. Berg, until recently of Spokane, but now of Seattle.

IT DON'T COST ANYTHING

To call and see our stock of

FRESH - GROCERIES

We are complete in Men's Furnishings. We also carry

Building paper,
Tar Paper,
Houselining,
Nails, Hinges,
Scrub brushes,
Wash boards, Etc.

Goods expected from the east daily,

MacEachern & Macdonald

MOYIE, B. C.

A CONFLICT OF EVIDENCE

BY RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI,
Author of "An Artist in Crime."

The body was interred in a private cemetery belonging to the estate, situated at one end of the farm, near a growth of timber land. After the funeral the people dispersed.

Mr. Barnes approached Will Everly as he was about to leave and said :—

"Do you remember me, Mr. Everly?"

"Certainly; you are Mr. Barnes. Miss Lewis tells me that you are now devoted to the interests of Mr. Marvel. Is that true ?"

"It is, and now I wish to intrust to you an errand that may serve him. Will you undertake it ?"

"Just give me a chance."

"Have you a fast horse ?"

"I have, and can get a faster if there be any need."

"What I wish done is very simple, but it must be done without delay, for I wish to have word to-night, as I shall be obliged to leave here to-morrow."

"I can go where you wish at once."

"Go then to Dover and hunt up the clerk of the court. His name is Ainsley"—

"I know him very well, and where to find him."

"All the better. See him, and tell him that you wish to look at the locket which has played so conspicuous a part in this case. If he has not the custody of it, he will be able to take you to the one who has. See the locket to-night, if possible. Look on the outside and find out what the inscription is, whether it is 'W. M.' or 'W. to M.' The word 'to,' if on the trinket, will save your friend's life. Lose no time."

Everly needed no second bidding, but was off on a run at once. Mr. Barnes seemed satisfied, and turned into the house. Here he found Lucas and spoke to him.

"This is a sad business, Mr. Lucas."

"Indeed it is. I would gladly take the place of the prisoner for the sake of his sister, if not himself."

"Miss Marvel has passed through a trying ordeal. How is she now ?"

"She is very ill. Of course she was prostrated at the inquest because of the part which she took in it herself;

From that point he studied the apparent conditions.

so much so that we did not dare to tell her of the charge against Miss Lewis. But through the stupidity of a servant she heard to-day of the fact that her brother is now the accused, and she has been delirious ever since. I have waited after the others to tell Miss Lewis this, but now I am anxious about Miss Marvel, and will leave you. I hope that you may be successful in your defense of Walter. I cannot believe that he is really guilty."

"It shall not be for want of honest endeavour if I fail." Mr. Barnes bowed courteously as Lewis retired.

A moment later Miss Lewis appeared.

"I am glad you are here, Mr. Barnes," said she, "for I want to get to work at once."

"Very well. Let me ask you a few questions. What was your mother's name ?"

"Matilda. I don't know her married name. Everyone knows that 'Lewis' is only the name given to me by my adopted father. That was his name, and as I am his sister's child of course she must have changed hers when she married, but to what my uncle never would tell me. So I have been Virginia Lewis in spite of myself."

"But perhaps you know your father's first name, if not his last ?"

"No. Whenever I asked any questions my uncle would say, 'You never had a father.'"

"Well, your mother's name was Matilda—that is, the first name has 'M.' for the initial. And I feel satisfied that your father's was 'W.'"

"Is it a matter of any importance ?"

"It may be. The ring that your uncle wore bore the inscription, 'W. to M.' I have sent Everly to Dover to find out if the same is on that medallion. I may have overlooked the word 'to' when I had it in my hand, and if it is there it will indicate that there were two of those lockets."

"And that would help to prove that Walter is innocent, would it not ?"

"It would help, for it would show that the one which you found in the dead man's hand was not the one which Mr. Marvel had."

"God grant it. Otherwise I should never forgive myself for furnishing that evidence against him. But what about the clothes which he says he threw into the river ? The squire told me that he and my cousin, Mr. Lewis, have had the stream dragged, but did not find anything."

"I mean to have a try at that myself. Now I have another point which I wish to investigate, and if you will excuse me I will be off."

"You will return and take supper with me, will you not ? The proprieties will not be invaded, for Sarah is here with me, and will stay as long as I wish her. Therefore you can have a room here if you desire."

"Thank you very much. Don't lose heart, Miss Lewis. If it be in the power of man, I will clear your lover from this charge."

Virginia showed her gratitude in her face, and the detective went away. From the farm he went to the house of Dr. Snow, and was fortunate enough to find him at home, though he had but just returned from a visit to Miss Marvel, whom he reported as slightly improved. Mr. Barnes proceeded to ask a few questions of the old physician about the people most nearly connected with the crime and its consequences. Finally he said :—

"There is a question that I would like to ask, doctor. Would a man's fingers swell or would they shrink after death ?"

"That would depend upon the circumstances of the case. If the death were from dropsy or from some poisons, they would swell, but ordinarily of course they would shrink. Again, the time has something to do with it, for in all cases the tissues must waste eventually."

"Since there is some doubt about it, I must give you a specific case. Take the body of Mr. Lewis, for example. Would you expect any shrinking of his fingers ?"

"I think I should, though they may not have done so to any considerable extent in the few days which have elapsed."

"They would not have swollen ?"

"No, I am positive that they would not."

"Thank you, doctor; you have settled an important point for me. When the trial comes on, please remember this interview, in case you should be questioned about it on the witness stand."

"I will testify, of course, though as yet I cannot see what it is that you are trying to prove."

"Pardon me, if I say no more at this time. I must think only of the interests which I am serving, and I deem it wisest to work quietly as yet. Will you oblige me by not mentioning this to anyone ?"

"I will be discreet, since you seem to think it is important."

Leaving the doctor's house, Mr. Barnes went to the bridge from which Marvel claimed that he had thrown the bundle of clothing. Looking over the edge, into the water, he concluded that on whichever side it had been thrown, the bundle must have been carried by the curent toward the dam; otherwise it would have been found on the banks, which were shelving on the south side of the bridge.

Next he left the bridge and went to the side of the stream north of the dam, and from that point studied the apparent conditions. "Well," thought he, "if Marvel had sought for a place to lose a thing he could not have chosen better." This conclusion was most probable, for he saw a large number of enormous boulders of jagged rock projecting from the water, which is shallow as it passes over the stones, and these rough projections made innumerable eddies and smaller currents. A bundle of clothing might easily be caught and held among these rocks, and held there against all time, or at least long enough to be of no practical value to Walter Marvel.

The detective saw that he had almost a hopeless task to make this river yield up its secret, if indeed it held one. However, he was not a man easily daunted by obstacles, and he determined to make an attempt that night. He chose the night for his experiment, deeming it wisest to make the conditions nearly as possible similar to those under which the accused had acted. He thought that the currents among these rocks might be different at night, as then the mills would not be working. He closely examined the dam and conceived a new idea. The dam was made of wood, and as its construction must be clear to you in order that you may understand the course pursued by Mr. Barnes it becomes necessary to describe it.

The bridge is about 100 feet south of the point where the water goes over the dam. Standing on this bridge, one notices a smooth body of water flowing toward the place where it rushed over the dam, but he forms no idea of the power of the current from this point of view. On the line where the stream dashes downward he sees some boards projecting above the surface from each side of the river toward the centre for a distance equal to one-quarter of the width of the stream. Between these points where the dam rises above the level the water rushes over the dam, which is two feet lower along the centre than at the sides. Going below the dam—that is, to the north of it—one easily sees how it is constructed. Immense triangles of timber are laid along the rocks, resting on the short sides. Thus their hypotenuses face the south, and on them are nailed the boards which form the dam. Therefore, as the water rushes over, there is a space under the dam where it is comparatively dry—at least, no great amount of water finds its way there, as only what leaks through drips down.

It was while looking at this space that the new idea occurred to the detective. In order to turn the mill wheels, sluices are built which conduct the water in the desired direction. When these are open, it is evident that a strong current sets in the direction of the mill. This is so powerful and there is such a suction downward that objects on the surface would be drawn below and carried into the mill, were it not that the sluice gates are furnished with gratings to keep out such jetsam. Studying this point, it became evident to the detective that if the sluices were open on Sunday night, the bundle of clothing must be looked for at these gratings.

He therefore went to the mill and asked for the man who had the care of the sluices. From him he learned that they had been closed on the night of the murder, and then persuaded him to have them closed this evening also, so that the conditions might be the same.

Leaving the vicinity of the mill, he went back to Riverside and enjoyed his supper with Miss Lewis. After the meal he said :—

"Where is Mr. Lewis ? Is he not staying here ?"

"He accepted an invitation to visit the squire to-night."

.d and the man went downta

"All the better; the fewer people who know what I do to-night the more pleased I shall be. Now, then, I want a suit of your uncle's clothing; old ones will do."

"I will get what you want." Virginia left the room, returning a few minutes later with some clothing. The detective placed the articles in a pail of water, allowing them to become thoroughly wet before he removed them. Next he rolled them into a compact bundle, which he tied securely.

"I am now ready for my experiment. My idea is to go to the bridge and throw that bundle over, as Marvel claims that he did, and then see what becomes of it. I am sorry that I cannot ask him at just what point he did this, but I must do the best I can without this knowledge. The probability is that he tossed the bundle over as soon as he got on the bridge and with his right hand. Therefore he would have thrown it over on the side nearest the dam. At any rate, this is what I shall do."

"I see what your idea is, and am anxious to have the experiment tried. Shall we go at once ?"

"No. I cannot tell what difference the hour may make on the currents, and so many days after they may be totally different. However, I shall go at the same hour as he did. At least it will insure our not being observed. Besides, I wish, if possible, to see Everly, and I think he will return before eleven o'clock."

"You will wait till that hour ?"

"Yes. You left Marvel at the river and reached your room at 10.30. He came here after that, then went to his own house and back to the bridge, where he must have arrived at or about 11.30."

The evening passed slowly, most of the time being consumed by these two discussion of the subject which absorbed their minds, until at about a quarter to eleven, a horse's hoofs sounded without, and a moment later they were joined by Will Everly.

"Well," said the detective, "what news ?"

"I found Ainsley, and through him was enabled to see the locket."

"Very good ! What is the inscription ?"

"Simply 'W.M.' The word 'to' does not appear, and the letters are so close together there is no chance that it ever was there. It occurred to me that it may have been and have become worn out, but that is impossible."

As this hope was dispelled Virginia seemed much disappointed.

"What do you think now, Mr. Barnes ?" said she. "This is discouraging, is it not ?"

"Do you know if your mother had more than one name ?"

"I cannot be certain, but I never heard of any other except 'Matilda.'"

"Still, she may have had another, and it may have been 'Winona' or some other with 'W.' for the initial. We must look that up. If the initials are hers, it will answer our purpose as well. Now we will start on the other errand. Mr. Everly, you may come with us if you wish. We are going to try to recover the clothes which Marvel says he threw over the bridge."

"I should like to go with you, but I doubt if you will succeed. Young Mr. Lewis inaugurated a regular search, and besides I went myself and looked thoroughly more than once after the inquest. I think I should have made up a bundle for them to find, only I could not supply the locket which he said is in the pocket."

"No, no ! We must not resort to manufacturing any evidence. If Marvel is guilty, he must suffer, but if he is innocent he must be saved. Let us work only for the truth." So saying, he took up the bundle of wet clothing and started. Virginia and Everly followed in silence, neither of them relishing the last speech of the detective, however just they knew it to be. The trio soon reached their destination, and Mr. Barnes stopped at a point near the rail.

"Here," said he. "If my calculations are correct, is the place from which I think Marvel must have thrown his bundle. I will now explain to you what I expect will happen. I have soaked my bundle, because his was wet. If dry, the clothes would float nearer to the surface of the water and would soon be hurried over the dam, as the current here is very rapid. But being wet, and therefore more weighty, this bundle will float below the surface, if at all." His companions listened with much interest. He continued : "I will now commence my experiment. Fortunately the moon is bright, and we can see easily. First, I will take a piece of wood."

He looked about and soon found a large, heavy piece of timber near the sawmill. Approaching the rail, he said, "Now I will throw this over, and you will see that it will be carried, first, against the boarding which projects above the level, and then be swept toward the centre and 'over.'" He let it drop, and the result was exactly as he had predicted. "That much was easily foreseen. But my next may not be so accurate, for it is but a surmise on my part. My idea is this : That wood went over readily. But with a bundle of clothing it may be different. If it is first taken against the projecting portion, and then drawn toward the centre, it will go over more slowly than if carried directly. Now, if the weight is sufficient to hold it some distance below the surface, and there are any ragged edges to the woodwork of the dam, the cloth would most likely catch on them. In that case it would not fall into the stream below, but would remain suspended awhile, finally dropping into the space under the dam. Mr. Everly, you will go around to the other side, so that in case it does go over you can see where the currents take it."

Everly at once obeyed, and, receiving the signal that he was in his position, Mr. Barnes dropped his bundle. Virginia scarcely breathed, so great was her anxiety as to the outcome of the trial. As in the first experiment, the bundle, which could just be seen as it floated below the surface, drifted straight to the projecting ridge; thence slowly it went toward the centre, where it remained stationary for a moment. This moment seemed an age to the girl. She almost thought that her lover's fate depended on that bundle of clothing. At last it moved again, and slid over, partly disappearing; but, as had been predicted, it seemed to catch and remain hanging. Virginia was about to utter an exclamation of joy, when, to her dismay, it was forced from its slender hold and carried down into the rapids below. Virginia uttered a groan as she thought the experiment had failed.

To be continued.

How Banks Use Their Millions.

Many people wonder how banks use all the money deposited in them and how they manage to pay interest thereon and yet come out at the end of the year with a big profit on the business.

What they do is trade with the money. To the depositor they pay between 1 and 2 per cent, but the money they lend brings them in 3, 5, 6, 7 and even 8 per cent.

For instance, they give loans on all sorts of securities, such as railway debentures, government stock, public company shares, dock warrants, bills of lading, etc.

They also lend money on the security of houses and land, but not to a great extent, as repayments are slow.

When a couple of substantial business men or farmers or professional men back a bill, the bank often lends without any secnrity at all, but now and again they have heavy and ruinous losses on these loans.

All banks, however, have large sums of money constantly lying idle. for they must keep sufficient cash at the various branches to pay checks and even to be more or less prepared for panics. Still, the difference between the 1 or 2 per cent they pay and the 3 to 8 they receive on millions of dollars leaves them an immense profit on the year's business.

PRES SALES.

A Story Of Brittany.

By L. H. Yates.

Farther along the rocky coast of Finistere and away back from the cliff one comes on a stretch of wild, lonely country—marshy moors and bleak hill pastures. These are the pres sales of Brittany, where grows rank coarse grass that feeds a few sheep and where green samphire flourishes. At certain times of the year the older women from Ploumazeldec come to gather the samphire and take away baskerfuls to sell in the towns roundabout. Besides these and the shepherds or their boys, who come occasionally to drive the sheep on to different quarters, the wild, lonely landes of the Pays de Leon are rarely visited by any.

Grandmere Bonnet in her solitary hut feels herself the rightful owner of these solitudes and resents any disturbance. When they meet her, the women have a pleasant word of greeting, for she is a woman like themselves. They pity her, knowing just a little of her history. But the shepherds avoid her. There is something uncanny about her unwomanly figure, and the herdboys are her dread. You can't intimidate a gamin that is bent on mischief, and he is rich in resource when his mind is given to torturing his unhappy victim. Sad days are there for Grandmere Bonnet when the boys invade the landes. Her keen eyes detect her enemies afar off; seeing them, she retires within her lonely hut and barricades her door, often as not to find that another barricade of stones has been raised on the other side when she opens it again. Her hermit life began so many years ago that people have almost forgotten her existence in any other sphere. To the majority she is a grotesque figure—une insensee—better left alone, as she cannot be civilized. Yet a faint recollection lingers of a once thrifty bourgeoise, clever, capable, hardworking, but the fell stroke which broke her heartstrings touched her reason also and turned her into the half wild creature who will speak to none.

A rough pilot's coat and cap have been her dress winter and summer these many years. Heavy sabots look hugely big under the short, rough skirt that is the only remnant left to tell her sex. A stout stick is her weapon of defense—one, too, that she would not hesitate to lay about the head of an unhappy offender.

How she gains her scanty living is a puzzle, but one way or another she struggles along, and the inside of that lonely hill cabin is never seen.

* * * * * * *

"He—pardi—elle m'a fait peur!" and the speaker drew away in affright. She had been sitting on one of the flat bowlders, resting from the constant stooping, and, busy with the "causette" she was holding with her companion, had not noticed that Grandmere Bonnet had drawn close to them.

There was an elfish grin on the withered face of the old woman. It pleased her to see others afraid of her; she suffered such tortures of fear herself.

"Restez tranquille—ne derangez vous pas," she said, chuckling within herself. "I'll not come too near. But you are going to talk to me, do you understand?"

They signified their willingness, but waited for the outcast to begin.

"What has become of her?" she demanded.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Bah, Mere Clotilde—you are not this year's child. You know I mean her—the red skinned girl. What is she doing now?"

"If you mean Paul Bonnet's wife, I can tell you she is a good and brave woman, and many years it is since she was a girl. She has lived hardly and worked long. It is well that she has good children to work for her now. You are wrong to hate her so, grandmere."

The old woman made a grimace. "You are a wise woman, Clotilde, and you are a very good adviser, but you have a short memory behind you. Go on. Tell me about the children. Are they fishing too?"

"They live at Varogues with their mother, all except Marthe and Lisette, who are married to good men and true. It is a family to be proud of, grandmere, and they would all be kind if you would let them."

Grandmere's reply to this was a curious one. She took a handful of the rank, coarse grass and thrust it into her mouth. After chewing it for a moment she spat it out in disgust.

"There," she said, "bitter as the taste of the grass on the press sale is the name of that red skinned woman to me. I had a garden once, a little house with green all about it, and a husband who was good and kind to me, even though he was a fool for the drink at times. All this until she came, but afterward she turned it to salt. Bitter tears I have shed because of her. Then I left her for the solitude of the landes. Here at least I have peace. It seems that she has gained what she sought too."

The two listeners looked from one to the other. How much of this rancorous hate was due to a disordered brain and how much had foundation on fact they could not tell. It was difficult to believe that Felicie Bonnet had ever been unkind—least of all to her husband's mother.

Grandmere saw their incredulity. "Ecoutez," she said, "you shall hear what few people know, but you shall tell the historie to no other! You understand?"

They signified consent, and the old woman leaned toward them eagerly, her clawlike fingers spread out in excited gestures as she went on with her tale. It was years since she had spoken so freely as this. What was urging her to do so now she could not have told either.

"I was 20 years old when I married Amedee Bonnet, and for 20 years after that we lived together, happy enough as married life goes. I worked hard for him, and I minded not if he gave me a touch of his hand sometimes when the drink was in him—he never knew what he was doing, then, being a soft fellow and led by the nose, as they say. Paul was our only child, and he went wherever his father did—to the whaling as soon as ever he was big enough. For months I lived alone, but when they came back they filled the house with life. I was ever their first thought, and very happy was I.

"When Paul was 21, he drew a bad number in the conscription. He had five years' service, and he was to go out to Tonkin. When he was gone—surely a bad day enough for me—nothing would serve Amedee but he must go too. We quarreled then, Amedee and me; perhaps we said hard things, but I was sore at being left alone. Sainte Marie, but it was hard! I was angry when Amedee went. I would not say him goodby, and so, to punish me perhaps, he never came back.

"Five long years I lived in the little house all alone. When nearly six had gone by, Paul came back one day, but not Amedee. Instead he brought with him a girl—a girl with a dark skin and dark eyes, a girl who could hardly speak our tongue, but who clung to Paul and would not leave him. I hated her—the serpent thief—from the moment she came inside my door!

"Paul was angry with me. He said Felicie was as good French as I was, though not a Bretonne, and he said she had nursed him and Amedee, too, through the yellow fever; that he only lived because of her care. I said why had she not made Amedee to live too? But they thought me mad. Mad? Yes, I was mad; mad with her for her soft, serpent ways. She had poisoned Paul's mind against me. How did I know but that she had poisoned Amedee's also?

"One day it came to me like as in a flash that this was really so—she had killed my dear man that she might secure Paul for herself. I went to her and charged her to her face. Whether she understood or not I could not tell, but she fled from me in terror and went into Paul's room, and she barred the door with all the furniture she could lift. Then I laughed. It was good to have made her fear me so!

"Paul came in. I told him she was frightened; that he had got a rare coward for a wife. I can never shut out Paul's face as it looked then—it was the last time I saw it, for he took me by the arm and he put me—me, his mother—outside the house door!

"'Stay there,' he said. 'I will come to you presently,' and he went back.

"But to stay outside my own house! Ah, never, not while I had strength to go elsewhere! I went fast as my feet could carry me, where I hardly knew, but the distance grew greater and I grew quieter. After some time I found myself among these pres sales, and the stillness of the wide land soothed me. I went on and came to the hut that Lefebvre, the stonebreaker, had built. He was not there. So I went in. I lit a fire on the hearth and sat beside it. Perhaps I fell asleep. When I awoke, Lefebvre had come back, and he sat at the table eating his bread and onions. He was very old and bent, but he looked kind. He lifted his head when I spoke.

"'Will you give me something to eat?' I asked.

"He trust the bread out. 'Help yourself, madame. It is yours if you will.' So I took a share, and from that day until he died, two years later, I shared with him all he had. He never troubled me nor I him, and when he was gone I staid on in his hut. I could find food. What else did I need? There was no one to care what I looked like or what I did, and I took care that no one should come near me if I could help it.

"When Paul died, I knew it, though no one came to tell, and his grave has been kept green, not by her care, but by mine. Some day perhaps he might have said he was sorry, but he died. So it is too late. Why should I care for kindness from his wife or children? I want none of them."

Her voice was harsh, rauque, as they say, when she finished, and the women looked at her with compassion. So it was a sorrowful end to come to.

They essayed to make suggestions of comfort.

"Bah!" she answered impatiently, "talk not so. You think I was wrong; she thinks I was wrong; Paul, yes, even Paul, thought me wicked. Perhaps I was, but the Mother of Sorrows knows me better. Have I not lived out my purgatory here? What more can be asked of me? I say what is there yet that I can do?" The harsh voice rose to almost a shriek and her frame shook.

The younger of the two women came and laid a gentle hand on her shrunken shoulder.

"Pauvre grandmere, you have indeed tant souffert," she said softly. "Yet there is one thing more the saints would have you do, and that is to say to Felicie that you are sorry. She is good. She would come many kilometers to hear such a word from you."

"Dame! Do you think I don't believe it? And is it likely I should ever say such words? Allez-vous en, both of you. Why did I tell? I will never speak again."

In high wrath, shaking with the of passion, the grotesque figure away, leaving the two to gaze after her. Then they wended their back to Ploumazeldec.

A month later two women again the landes in the direction of hut. This time they carried not with samphire, but with cheer the lonely outcast. Snow the landes, a cold wind swept over serted space, the sheep were gone, flock having been fetched away terday by Yves Kester; from him they learned that Grandmere Bonnet was where to be seen.

They came to the hut at last, buried as it was in snow. They the door—all was dark, cheerless.

"Grandmere, es tu la?" they called.

A faint murmur came from a dark in the corner. Clotilde struck the she had brought and lit a rushlight. its flicker they saw the dark really the old woman, and her eyes the gleam of the candle. She recognize their faces and made to gather her scattered senses.

"I am trying to die; why do leave me alone?" she groaned.

The other woman—not Clotilde forward. "Because you cannot not die with hate in your heart," in a clear, brave voice. "Grandmere, Paul could not die had said he was sorry! And far Tonkin your Amedee was sorry sorry that he wept when he thought Can you, too, not forgive?"

The old woman's gaze grew ing as she searched the speaker keenly. With sudden strength herself on her elbow. "Say that say every word!"

Felicie repeated her plea. The fell back, her eyes closed. sorry, Amedee too—Paul and perhaps they will speak to me I am going a long way to tell am sorry; they will hear. Yes cannot call, so tired am I!"

Felicie laid a cool, gentle hand fevered head.

"Peace," she said softly. where there is peace for all—no tred, no sorrow, no crying."

Once more grandmere opened "It is not the pres sales, this country. Ah, but it is good!" she ed. And the worn frame relaxed soul vanished and peace set its seal closed eyes and lips.

Some days later a little cortege its way across the snow covered Paul's children had come to mother back to her home—a home which no human hand would dislodge again.—New York Times.

Had His Revenge.

An actor who is thoroughly of the vindictiveness of women anecdote in support of his opinion: a woman enemy once. She was woman in the company when I ing man. On the stage we were Off the stage we didn't even speak we met. I had a scene with her, in I had to clasp her in my arms, head sank on my breast. I wore a coat and a beautiful light satin scarf what did that woman do? She make up with grease paint, and when head sank on my breast she used her cheek against my tie, and— light satin tie with red and grease on it isn't a thing of beauty. I had a new tie for every performance. it five nights, and then another told me what to do. I filled my with pins, points out, and when my rubbed her damask cheek against breast that night she looked like a map."

The Poor Woman!

James Hutchinson, a Germantown grocer, has among his many out of town customers an eccentric couple residing in Pittville, who send by mail their for articles wanted. It has been common occurrence for the accom ing grocer to go out of his way to orders for goods not sold at store kind. Recently they failed to send requisition for goods, and Mr. H son was beginning to think that lost a good customer for some reason when he received the following signed by the husband:

DEAR SIR—Please send me cofe and sam tee. My wife had night also ten pounds cheese and he wayed 7½ pounds and a hatchet

—Philadelphia

Wrinkles Show Character

Wrinkles are the bane of the who will even resort to surgical to have them removed. Yet them on faces that are dear. The marks of events and of character much as we might like our own removed we could not spare one faces in the home circle. Some phers wipe from the negative all leave the face of a woman of 5 of one of 30, but does any one like cept the subject herself?

These are the character wrinkles are needed to give expression passes, but there are complexions and these are sometimes helped Bathing, exercise, proper all a help, and the nightly application an unguent keeps the skin the best preventive of all is worry." The perpendicular wrinkles tween the eyes come from two causes—a need for glasses, which strain on the eyes when reading ing, and a habit of puckering from unconscious imitation of is a noticeable fact that the without these wrinkles.

PAINS IN THE BACK

And the other distressing symptoms of KIDNEY DISEASE were entirely removed by world's most popular and most successful kidney cure,

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Mr. Alex. Marshall, 59 Essex St., Toronto, Ont., says: "Dr. Chases Kidney-Liver Pills are a splendid medicine and certainly do all that is claimed for them. Both my and wife have been greatly benefited by their use. I had kidney disease and pains in back for over two years, and at times the pains were so acute that I was totally unfit work. Among the remedies I tried were English pills, supposed to be good, but they not fit my case. I heard Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills highly praised and used the I now feel like a new man. The pains and aches have entirely disappeared and I can work with comfort. My wife is much better, and we both endorse Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills most heartily."

The remarkable efficacy of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in permanently curing backache and kidney disease has made them known the world over as the greatest kidney cure of modern times. You can rely absolutely on this great remedy. One pill a dose. Twenty-five cents a box at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

MOYIE, B. C.

WAS A RARE COIN.

But It Was Obtained in a Very Cheap Way.

A guest in the Grunewald lobby exhibited a curious coin. It was very thin, and, instead of being round, it had the shape of an elongated oval. The metal bore the appearance of tarnished silver and was worn almost smooth, as if from long handling.

On one side was a strange looking head, surrounded by a partially effaced inscription, in which the words "United States" were dimly discernible, and the reverse was ornamented with some sort of escutcheon.

Nobody was able to offer a suggestion as to its character until a brisk little gentleman in spectacles joined the group.

"That coin represents an experiment," he said, "that was tried by the United States of Colombia. It was made in that peculiar shape to prevent confusion with a piece of lower denomination, but it didn't prove a success and was withdrawn. It's very rare, of course, but we numismatics make a point of keeping track of all such little oddities. Where did you get it?" he added, addressing the owner.

"I don't remember exactly," replied the gentleman slowly. "It was an every-day 5 cent piece before I put it on the railroad track."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SUFFER NO MORE. There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

Cold Blooded.

"Is it true, darling, that you gave the minister $20 for marrying us?"

"Yes, but keep it to yourself. I was never so swindled in my life."—Detroit Free Press.

Willing.

Dismal Dawson—Lady, could you help a poor man out of his troubles?

Mrs. Fearse—Why, certainly. Just wait till I get the ax.—Indianapolis Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

"Signs of the Times."

"Chew your food with the celebrated Dewey false teeth."

"Eat at Hashem's and try the surpassing Dewey sinkers."

"Play your patriotic pieces on the unexcelled Dewey mouth organ."

"Buy Dewey pies for dinner."

"Cool your throat with Dewey ice cream soda."

"Wear Dewey waistcoats."

"Take Dewey bitters for that tired feeling."

"Attend the Dewey picnic given by the Patriotic Sons of Manila."

"Spank your children with the Dewey chastiser."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

The German Empress' Costly Silk.

The most expensive material ever produced for a dress is said to have been purchased by the German Empress last year from Lyons. It was white silk brocade, having flowers, birds and foliage in relief, and cost £25 a yard, the actual value of the raw silk, it is said, being £30. The Empress was so struck with its beauty that she had not the heart to cut it up, and it was eventually turned into curtains. The price paid for this material is about double as much as the famous cloth of gold that Louis XVI. had made into a dressing gown.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

An Old Marriage Bond.

Below we print a marriage bond as used in Georgia many years ago. The copy we have is quite an old looking, faded paper:

Georgia, Jefferson County.—Know all men by these presents that we, Henry Brown and Walter Stone, are held and firmly bound unto the court of ordinary of Jefferson county in the sum of $857.14, to which payment well and truly to be made we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, jointly and severally, firmly by these presents, sealed with our seals and dated this 17th day of November, 1820.

The condition of the above obligation is such that, whereas there is a marriage intended to be solemnized between Henry Brown and Susey Wright. Now, if there be no lawful cause to obstruct the same, then this obligation to be void, else to remain in full force and virtue.

Signed, sealed and acknowledged in the presence of John G. Bostick, depy. clerk.

His
HENRY X BROWN
Mark.
WALTER STONE.

—Lonisville (Ga.) News and Farmer.

ULCERKURE Heals All Old or Fresh Wounds.

An Imbecile.

Biggs—What makes you think that Dobbs is weakminded?

Boggs—Whenever he goes to a ball game he is always perfectly satisfied with the umpire's decision.—New York Journal.

Suburban Foreboding.

"This wireless telegraphy is great."

"I don't know. If my wife gets at it, I'll have so many bundles to carry home that they won't let me ride on the cars."

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

Asthma Cure vs. Asthma Relief.

It is a recognized fact among those suffering from asthma that the longer they use the temporary relief asthma remedies which require to be burned, the worse they become, until it loses its effect entirely. Clarke's Kola Compound is not among this class, but will permanently cure the worst case of asthma in from 60 to 90 days. Mr. F. J. Painton, proprietor of Painton's Music Store, Vancouver, B. C., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from asthma in its worst form for over fifteen years, and had consulted physicians both in England and Canada but obtained no relief. A friend of mine who had been cured by the Kola Compound advised me to try it, and three bottles have entirely cured me; it is now over two years since my recovery, and asthma has not troubled me since; and previous to taking Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound I have many nights had to sit up nearly all night. It is truly a wonderful remedy, and it affords me great pleasure in attesting my appreciation of anything so worthy." Clarke's Kola Compound is sold by all druggists. Free sample bottle sent to any person. Mention this paper. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C., sole Canadian agents.

STAGE GLINTS.

The benefit for Lydia Thompson in London realized $15,000.

Gabriele d'Annunzio is in Corfu at work upon a new military tragedy for Duse and Zacconi.

Sarah Bernhardt was once intended for a milliner, and came very near being sent to a shop to learn the trade.

Kathryn Kidder has announced that "Romeo and Juliet" will be her opening production in New York next autumn.

Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" has just been given in Spain with great success, under the name of "A Tale of Love."

Odette Tyler and her husband, R. D. McLean, will be seen in "Phroso" next season under the Frohman management.

Mrs. Gilbert has been in Augustin Daly's theatrical company for 30 years, and she is still an active member of that model organization.

Mme. Janauschek has announced that she will permanently withdraw from the stage, giving as her reason the broken down state of her health.

Ada Rehan has denied a rumor that she has been asked to christen the new yacht, Shamrock, which will race for the America's cup this summer.

Frank Daniels will produce his new opera in New York in December. It is composed by Victor Herbert and is called "The Ameer of Afghanistan."

A witness of Sarah Bernhardt's rehearsal of "Hamlet" says the translation of the play is in no way sacrificed or cut. He says that she wears a man's costume, which suits her well, and that her fencing is marvelous.

A pessimist who is probably so skeptical of everything that he can hardly believe what he says himself, says, "Popular actresses have now stopped losing their diamonds and are kept busy declining offers to go to London."

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Evening gowns of white china silk are embroidered with sprays of roses and leaves made in colored chiffon.

Very fine batiste embroidery trims many of the new gowns, and while the price is high the quality is beyond reproach.

Feather bons in all the light shades and very thick and long are worn with foulard gowns, and will be worn with the muslins later on.

Some women need a small bustle with the new plain skirts, and the latest and most approved example is an arrangement of two or three ruffles of pinked taffeta silk.

Foulards in cashmere colors and oriental designs are one of the smartest things in fashion. Very dressy gowns are made of these, and in white grounds there are many pretty colorings.

A new process for rendering any material waterproof has been discovered recently. It is called the Pirle, and promises to prevent "shrinking, spotting" and every other consequence of rain.

A pretty costume for morning wear is a gray alpaca coat and skirt worn with a cream lace waist a blue crepe de chine sailor knot at the throat and a black chip hat trimmed with black tulle and black ostrich feathers.

The prevailing style of collar band is made with points in the side, rather high in the back and trimmed with lace, tiny ruches of chiffon and narrow bands of velvet or silk. Tiny bands of stitched silk are pretty over a lace or chiffon band.

A novelty in capes is a broad scarf of crepe de chine draped round the shoulders. In some instances it is shaped a little by a yoke, but the simple straight scarf, three-quarters of a yard wide and long enough to fall to the knees after it is knotted is quite as good style.—New York Sun.

PEN, CHISEL AND BRUSH.

William Dean Howells has gone to York Harbor, Me., where he will spend his summer. He takes along with him a trunk filled with fishing tackle, as the novelist is a devout disciple of Izaak Walton.

Whistler, the artist, will soon return to London, which he foreswore some time ago, in order to establish an art school there. "I only return to that dismal capital," he declares, "as a criminal returns to the scene of his misdeeds."

Daniel Chester French, the sculptor of New York city, has been elected a member of the "Academia San Luca," which is said to be the oldest art institution in the world. Its limited number of associates is chosen from the most famous sculptors, architects and painters.

CANCER CAN BE CURED
NO KNIFE—NO PLASTER.
DEPT. W. N. ABBOTT,
MYRON MASON MEDICAL CO.
577 Shorbourne Street, Toronto.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The profits of the bank at Monte Carlo for the season are placed at $5,000,000.

The medical directory gives the names of 34,994 physicians in England. This is nearly twice the number that France boasts—17,735.

Last year silver with a market value of $150,000,000 was added to the world's stock. There is nearly four times as much silver in use as 40 years ago.

There was a lively football match near Glasgow recently in which the spectators took part, with the result that 19 policemen had to be taken to the hospital.

A silk handkerchief, so often recommended for wiping eyeglasses or spectacles, is not good for this purpose, as it makes the glasses electrical and causes the dust to adhere to them. The best wiper for this purpose is fine tissue paper.

Secretary Wilson is determined to discover if a human being can live comfortably in the coldest portion of Alaska, and has sent there to experiment in gardening Professor C. C. Gorgensen, a Dane who is an expert in northern agriculture, and who will start a station at Sitka.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Mrs. A. Livingstone.
Lot 5, P.E.I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Mahone Bay. John Maher.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Joshua Wynacht. Bridgewater.

Seditious Literature.

"Ralph, when you write to our Harry in Manila don't you say a word about strawberry shortcake."

"Why not?"

"You know very well it might inspire him to mutiny and come home."—Chicago Record.

ULCERKURE Heals the Worst Barb-Wire Cuts.

Shameful Opulence.

The Baron—It is nothing but a shame that he should be so rich, the old scoundrel!

The Count—Especially when one takes into consideration his having no daughters.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

It Strikes Us Where We Live.

We now have on the calendar Lincoln day, Grant day and Dewey day. Of course there is ever room for more.—Boston Globe.

How's pay day strike you?—Lawrence Tribune.

Remedy for Whooping Cough.

At this season Whooping Cough is very prevalent among some of the children in most families. It is not advisable to stop the coughing entirely, but relief should undoubtedly be sought. Griffiths' Menthol Liniment affords more prompt relief than any other remedy. Also in cases of Croup it affords immediate relief. Try it. All druggists. 25 cents.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN.

Nearly every bride selects a gray traveling dress.

A girl is young and care free so long as she continues to giggle in church.

Every season the older ladies say that the hats are crazier in fashion than they have been in 40 years.

When a woman talks a great deal about the number of men in love with her, all the other women hate her.

If a girl says she is to be married "in a year or two," it means there is nothing definite. She has not yet landed him.—Atchison Globe.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

Evidently Not.

"They say Nibley saves just half of his income every year."

"How does that happen? Have they no neighbors that Nibley's wife doesn't outshine?"—Chicago News.

Home Maid.

Wilkins—Danced pretty girl I saw at your window. Is she foreign?

Bilkins—No; a domestic.—Brooklyn Life.

They Reach The Kidneys.

Mr. Conrad Beyer's opinion
—OF—
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

No one can be healthy with the kidneys in a diseased or disordered state. The poisonous Uric Acid which it is their duty to filter out of the blood, is carried into the system and produces Rheumatism, Headaches, Backaches and hundreds of ills and ailments.

Any one who has the slightest suspicion that the kidneys are not acting right should take Doan's Kidney Pills. They are the most effective kidney remedy known. Mr. Conrad Beyer, at E. K. Snyder's Shoe Store, Berlin, Ont., bears this out when he says:

"Anyone suffering with kidney troubles cannot do better than take Doan's Kidney Pills, for they cured my wife who has been afflicted with pain in the back and other kidney troubles for a long time. They have helped a great many of my acquaintances in this town, and I must say they are the medicine that reach the kidneys with the best effects."

LEGS ENTIRELY RAW

From his feet to his body, and ran a blood tinged, irritating water.

Mrs. A. Keirstead, Snider Mt., N.B., tells how her little boy suffered, and how B.B.B. cured him permanently.

FREDDY KEIRSTEAD.

There is not a mother in this land who has a child suffering from skin disease in any form but will thank Mrs. Keirstead, of Snider Mt., N.B., for telling of the remarkable manner in which her boy, Freddy, was cured of one of the severest and most torturing of skin diseases by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; and not only relieved and cured for the time being, but, mark you, *after eight years the disease has shown no sign of returning.*

The following is Mrs. Keirstead's letter:—

"With gratitude I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. Eight years ago our little son, Freddy, was afflicted with salt rheum and was in a dreadful condition. His legs, from the soles of his feet to his body, were entirely raw, and ran a bloody water, which appeared to burn and itch until he was often in great agony.

"After trying several remedies, we resolved to give B.B.B. a trial.

"You can imagine with what delight and gratitude we saw our boy entirely cured after using one bottle and part of the second. We gave him the remainder of the second bottle, and from that time till the present he has never had a sign of salt rheum or a sick day. You need not wonder that I think there is no other medicine can equal Burdock Blood Bitters to purify the blood and build up the health and strength."

A Narrow Escape.

She—I suppose, colonel, that you too have had narrow escapes.

He—Yes, once after I had taken part in what folks were good enough to call a heroic piece of business, I almost wrote a magazine article about it before friends of mine found out what I was doing and got me to stop.—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Asking Too Much.

"I wish men were like pianos."

"Why?"

"Because pianos are either grand, upright or square."

"Well, most men are a great deal like pianos."

"How?"

"You can buy them at a big discount from their list price."—Chicago Tribune.

ULCERKURE—Sure Cure for Poison Oak or Ivy.

Moral Suasion.

Give dem Cuban people time;
Try to treat dem well;
Gotter boost 'em 'foh dey climb—
Ring dat dinner bell!

Ef deir angry passions rise
An deir muscles swell,
Don't git mad an show surprise—
Ring dat dinner bell!

Ef deir arms dey won't lay down,
'Tain' no use to tell
How you's dar to run de town—
Ring dat dinner bell!

Staht in some day, jes' at noon;
Watch dem soljers sell
Muskets foh a fork an spoon—
Ring dat dinner bell!

—Washington Star.

CANNOT BE BEAT.—Mr. M. Steinback, Zurich, writes:—"I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup several times, and one dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in the house."

Cheaper in the End.

Boutton—So you are not going to housekeeping when you get married?

De Boarder—No. We shall take board for a year.

"Isn't that rather an extravagant way to begin?"

"Not at all. I desire my wife to study economy of my landlady. Then we will start housekeeping, and I will make her an allowance of as much a week as we paid for board."

"What do you think will be the result?"

"Well, by the time we are old, she ought to have about a million."—New York Weekly.

A RECOGNIZED REGULATOR.—To bring the digestive organs into symmetrical working is the aim of physicians when they find a patient suffering from stomachic irregularities, and for this purpose they can prescribe nothing better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will be found a pleasant medicine of surprising virtue in bringing the refractory organs into subjection and restoring them to normal action, in which condition only can they perform their duties properly.

How Accommodating.

Husband—There is no hurry, dear. I've just telephoned, and they say our train is four hours late.

Wife—I've just got time to fix my hair over again.—Town Topics.

Racing Gossip.

Assistant—Here's another report of a Filipino battle.

The Editor—Put it among the sporting news.—Philadelphia North American.

P. O. DRAWER 1287.
J. D. O'BRIEN
148 Princess St., Winnipeg.
GRAIN AND STOCK BROKER.
Private wire connection with all markets
Grain bought and carried on margin
Correspondence solicited

The Provincial Mutual Hail Insurance Co.,
OF MANITOBA.
ESTABLISHED 1891. HEAD OFFICE: 465 MAIN STREET.

The ORIGINAL and ONLY HAIL INSURANCE COMPANY IN MANITOBA FOR THE PAST EIGHT YEARS, chartered by and conducted strictly under the laws of the Government of Manitoba, by MANITOBA FARMERS ONLY, FOR THE FARMERS.

No foreign canvassers employed by this company.
No salaries paid to Directors.
No accumulated funds to be divided among the Directors.
No proxy secured for any OFFICIAL to vote at meetings in your absence.
No control of the Company EXCEPT BY THE INSURERS ONLY.
No binding you to pay assessments for five years to come.
All losses equitably adjusted.
Everything square, open and above board in YOUR OWN OLD AND RELIABLE COMPANY, which has paid to losers by hail storms over ($100,000)

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS
During the past Eight Years.

Farmers Make Certain that you Insure Against Hail

with the local agents of THE PROVINCIAL MUTUAL, who are men resident in your own districts, and known to you, and thus secure CERTAIN PROTECTION AND INDEMNITY from your own farmers' company which is thoroughly mutual, and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE COST.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR 1899:

H. B. BROWN, Morden. JAS. MOLLAND, Glendale.
T. L. MORTON, M. P. P., Gladstone. FRANK SCHULTZ, Baldur.
C. J. THOMSON, Virden. JOHN FENTON, Deloraine.
ROBERT STRANG, Winnipeg.

EDDY'S....
TELEGRAPH MATCHES
FIRST in 1851. FOREMOST in 1899
The MOST of the BEST MATCHES for the Least Money.
COUNT THEM FOR YOURSELF AND SEE.

OF THE FARMERS. BY THE FARMERS. FOR THE FARMERS.
THE MANITOBA FARMERS' MUTUAL HAIL
INSURANCE COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE: 503 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

We pay our losses the same year the loss occurs.
We have over *two million dollars* of insurance in force.
We promptly and satisfactorily adjust all losses as can be seen by testimonials from some of our members published in another column.
For reliable insurance that insures apply to
E. A. TAYLOR, Manager.
503 McINTYRE BLOCK, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

Wrong in One Particular.

The star, standing before the bill-board, read:

"Everything as advertised."

"Except," said the star to himself, "the size of my salary."—Indianapolis Journal.

LEST YOU FORGET:—Write for Prices on Cream Separators, Gasoline Engines, Tread Powers, and everything used in the Cheese Factory, Creamery or Dairy. If you have ten cows, one of our Hand Separators WILL SAVE its cost the first year.

R. A. Lister & Co. Ltd.
Winnipeg.

He knows,
His patron knows,
and everybody knows
that this can contains
the purest, best, and
most delicious Coffee
that expert buyers can
procure. It's
Chase & Sanborn's
Seal Brand Coffee,
that's the reason.

It's no Trick

To make Biscuits, Ruffles, etc., nice and light and wholesome when you use
WHITE STAR BAKING POWDER
It is unsurpassed in LEAVENING STRENGTH, is ABSOLUTELY PURE, and LOW IN PRICE.
THE DYSON-GIBSON CO.

BRITANNIA, BEAVER and BUFFALO are the finest India and Ceylon TEAS packed. Put up by MacKENZIE & MILLS, Winnipeg

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL
Importers of Groceries
Write us, Hamilton, Ont.
Circle Teas
L. S. & B. Coffees
L. S. & B. Extracts
L. S. & B. Spices

HIGH GRADE PLOWS, SEEDING MACHINES, Carriages, Wagons, Barrows, Windmills, &c. COCKSHUTT PLOW CO., Winnipeg.

W. N. U. 228

SAVE MONEY By ordering for personal and household needs in any quantity you require direct from a store that handles more merchandise and sells cheaper than any wholesale house SELLING FOR CASH AND AT ONE PRICE TO ALL. Stocks include Men's and Women's Clothing ready to wear and materials for same, House Furnishings of all kinds, Books, Silverware, Watches, Jewelry, Drugs, Groceries and Provisions. Large Illustrated Catalogue with full particulars of how to order will be sent free. Write a post card for it.
THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.
Directors: H. H. FUDGER, J. W. FLAVELLE, A. E. AMES.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

SMYTH & MUSGRAVE, - - Publishers.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....$2.00.

All communications to the editor must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith. Advertising rates made known upon application.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1899.

Watch Moyie grow.

Real estate in Moyie has advanced 50 per cent in the last 30 days, and lots are selling like hot cakes.

A safer investment could not be made than in building some cottages in Moyie for rental purposes. At present there is not a vacant house in the town, and applications are being made almost daily.

The Columbia Review, in "roasting" one of the residents of the town, says: "We would rather have Sinon, Benedict Arnold and a rattle snake rolled into one as a citizen, than such mental and moral degenerates." We would advise Editor Nesbit to keep a "side stick" within reach in his office.

The Canadian Pacific Railway company seems to be delaying the building of a station in Moyie much longer than is necessary. The platform built last week is all right in its way, but it is not what was promised. Moyie will not be satisfied until it has a station and an agent installed therein.

Moyie's population is largely made up of men from the Cour d'Alenes. A better class of citizens could not be found anywhere, and we are told that some of them are fresh from the "bull pen." We have no valid reason for believing that the Cour d'Alene miners are as black as has been painted by the Spokesman-Review and other papers.

A. R. Macdonald, writing in the Rossland Miner, says that "Moyie is becoming quite a busy camp, and is one of the very few towns in the Kootenays that have not been built ahead of the mines." Macdonald is right. Moyie has built as the mines have developed, and will continue to do so. The five hotels in the town are comfortably filled, and are doing a a splendid busines; the merchants are enjoying a better trade than they have ever before experienced, and there is not an idle man in the town. No, Moyie has not built ahead of the mines.

Change of Management.

Trail Creek News: A change has taken place in the management of the War Eagle and Center Star mines, and as it means the advancement of Superintendent J. B. Hastings and the further extension of the Gooderham-Blackstock development, the announcement will be received with pleasure throughout the camp and province. Mr. Hastings accepted the position of consulting engineer and local resident director of the various mining companies controlled by the Gooderham-Blackstock syndicate in British Columbia.

Mr. Edmund B. Kirby, the eminent mining engineer and metallurgist of Denver, Col., has been appointed to succeed Mr. Hastings as general manager of the War Eagle and Center Star mines.

The development of these two great properties, the War Eagle and Center Star, has assumed such proportions as to demand the individual care and attention of one manager, and with Mr. Kirby in charge of these properties Mr. Hastings will be free to give a general superintedence to the fast growing acquisitions of this powerful mining syndicate throughout the province.

Besides the group of mines on Red mountain the syndicate already controls the Crown Point on Lookout mountain, the St. Eugene mine in East Kootenay, and the Richmond group in the Slocan. Doubtless other important acquisitions may be looked for in the near future.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE LEADER

WHAT ANIMALS SHY AT.

Some of the Illusions from Which They Suffer.

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

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

Brutal Practicability.

Pale Intellectuality — Between a course actuated by the highest devotion to the principles of truth and another that seems to promote the immediate applause of my fellow-men, which would you counsel?

A GOOD BUSINESS CHANCE.

First-class salesmen wanted to represent us in the sale of hardy fruit trees, ornamental trees and shrubs, and seed potatoes, in Moyie and vicinity.

OVER 600 ACRES UNDER CULTIVATION. We grow hardy lines of nursery stock especially adapted to Manitoba and British Columbia.

Write for terms to the

PELHAM NURSERY CO.,
TORONTO, ONT.

N. B. We have other territories not covered and solicit applications.

PIEPER & CURRIE

Paper Hangers,
Decorators

Modern Work. Estimates Furnished.
Dealers in Wall Paper and Mouldings.
If you intend to paper or paint your building let us figure on your contract.

CRANBROOK and MOYIE.

JOB WORK

Prices Given and Orders Taken on Everything in the Printing Line at the

LEADER - OFFICE.

J. R. COSTIGAN, Q. C.

OFFICE: Bank of Commerce Bldg.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

J. P. FARRELL,

COMMISSION AND MINING BROKER. AGENT FOR THE CANADIAN FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

MOYIE, B. C.

W. F. GURD, B. C. L.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Repaired and Made to Order.

R. A. SMITH, Moyie.

MOYIE CLOTHING CO.'S STORE.

FRANK BOESEN,

Contractor and Builder.
Estimates Furnished on all Kinds of Work.

FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.

MOYIE, B. C.

GEO. W. HALE,

BOAT BUILDER.

Boats, Canoes, Oars, Sails

To order or in stock.

P. O. Box 605. NELSON, B. C.

KAUFFMAN HOUSE

MOYIE, EAST KOOTENAY, B. C.

The above hotel is neatly furnished.

Board $5.00 per week
Per day $1.00 and up.

The bar is supplied with the best brands of Liquors and Cigars.

Fort Steele Mercantile

COMPANY. (LIMITED.)

We carry complete lines of

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Hardware.

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS AT WHOLESALE.

Cranbrook, — Fort Steele — Wardner.

J. P. LARONDE. W. R. LARONDE.

FRESH FRUITS

And green vegetables arriving on every regular train. The largest and best assorted stock in Moyie of tobaccos, cigarettes and imported cigars. See our

DRY GOODS

Ladies' aprons, underwear, boots and shoes, toweling, table linen, napkins, flannels, flannelettes, prints, etc., all at

LaRonde Bros.

MOYIE. Queens' Avenue.

MEN WANTED!

To buy clothing and gents' furnishings to AT LEAST

The amount of

$3.50 Per Day.

PRICES RIGHT.

MOYIE CLOTHING COMPANY.

Queens Ave. MOYIE, B. C.

Assessment Work Contracts Taken.

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

HOTEL FOR SALE.

The Lake Shore Hotel in Moyie is for sale. The building is 26x52 in size; has 10 bedrooms, bar room, office, dining room and kitchen; furnished throughout and in a good location. For further particulars apply to CLAYTON, MANUEL & Co., or to NELSON; J. M. LINDSAY, MOYIE.

GEORGE JOHNSON

Assayer and Metallurgist.

MOYIE, B. C.

If You Want Anything

IN THE DRUG LINE OR STATIONERY SUPPLIES,

Call on or write

HOPE & BEATTIE,

MOYIE, B. C

Thorpe's

FAMOUS

MINERAL WATER

DIPLOMA AND MEDAL AT WORLD'S FAIR.

THORPE & CO.

FACTORIES.

Victoria, - Vancouver, - Nelson.

NEW JEWELRY STORE.

High grade watches a specialty. A nice line of engagement and wedding rings, broaches, blouse sets, bracelets, chains, etc. Orders by mail solicited. All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction.

W. F. TATE,

CRANBROOK, B. C. JEWELER.

BOX 98. PHONE 8.

GROCERIES.

That is What we sell. We carry everything in that line, both staple and fancy. Our stock is the largest in Nelson; our prices the lowest; our goods the best. Special attention to mail orders. Write us.

Try Three Star Flour.

M. DesBrisay & Co.,

ABERDEEN BLOCK. NELSON, B. C.

THE LAKE SHORE

Barber Shop.

Corner Victoria st. and Queen's ave.

W. A. HAMILTON, Prop.

PATRONIZE WHITE LABOR

By Sending Your Work To the

Lake Shore Laundry.

PHILIP CONRAD, PROP.

GOOD WORK. PRICES REASONABLE

Groceries! Groceries!

Has arrived a full stock of everything in the grocery line, and more arriving daily. Our immense stock of clothing is on the way, and you may expect to see it dumped off here at any hour of the day or night. Wait for it, Gentlemen, and get a tailor made suit at a ready made figure.

Reid, Campbell & Co.

MOYIE SUPPLY COMPANY.

Park, Mitchell & Co.'s

SAW AND PLANING MILL.

All Kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Sash, Doors and Shingles . . .

FOR PRICES APPLY OR WRITE

G. R. MUIR, Mgr.

MOYIE, B. C.

RIESTERER & CO.'S BREWERY.

—BREWERS OF—

IN KEGS AND BOTTLES.

FINE LAGER BEER AND PORTER . . .

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. Rie terer and Co., Props. NELSON, B. C.

FOR FINE

Wines and Choice Brands of Cigars,

ADDRESS

California Wine Co.,

NELSON.

WHEN IN CRANBROOK CALL AT THE

PIONEER

HARDWARE STORE

And see the largest stock in East Kootenay. We have everything you require in shelf and builder's hardware, paints, oils, glass, stoves and tinware. Tinshop in connection.

G. H. MINER, Prop., CRANBROOK.

JOHN LEASK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

CRANBROOK.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed. Special Attention Given to Mail Orders.

Suits Made to Order.

MOYIE - BREWERY

JOSEPH NEIDERSTADT, Prop.

Lager beer sold by the Keg or dozen bottles.

Bottled Beer in Stock . . .

A. L. McKILLOP,

ASSAYER,

NELSON, B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The daily service between . . . .

Atlantic and Pacific by the.

IMPERIAL LIMITED

to be inaugurated

JUNE 18TH,

will give quickest time between

OCEAN AND OCEAN

across the

American Continent

Daily express service via Crow's Nest route to and from KOOTENAY COUNTRY. Improved service on all Kootenay local Rail and Steamer Lines.

Moyelle	to Winnipeg	in	34 hours
Moyelle	to Toronto	in	74 "
Moyelle	to Montreal	in	78 "
Moyelle	to New York	in	90 "
Moyelle	to Coast	in	20 "
Moyelle	to Nelson	in	7 "
Moyelle	to Calgary	in	14 "

Apply for Rates, Sleeping Car Tickets, Full Information to Nearest Local Agent, or

ROBERT KERR, Traffic Manager, WINNIPEG.

W. F. ANDERSON, E. J. COYLE, T. P. A. Nelson. D. P. A., Vancouver.

Be sure your ticket reads via C. P. R.