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THE MOYIE CITY LEADER.

VOL. 1, NO. 35. MOYIE CITY, B. C., DECEMBER 10, 1898. $2 A YEAR.

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AN IDEAL TOWNSITE For Business and Pleasure; as a Residential Locality Unequalled.

Situated on Moyie Lake. Excellent Fishing, Boating, Bathing and Shooting.

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St. Eugene, Lake Shore, Moyie

Mines all within an hour's walk. Good water supply. Exceptional drainage facilities. Has the best prospects.

The Busiest and Most Talked of Town in EAST KOOTENAY.

G. CAMPBELL, Moyie City, B. C.

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

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The Central Hotel.

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The House is Equipped in First Class Style Throughout. Large and Commodious Dining Room. Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars can be had at the Bar.

Headquarters for Commencial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, — — — MOYIE CITY, B. C.

LAKE SHORE HOTEL

S. A. SCOTT, Prop.

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 CITY, 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.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MINING MEN.

MOYIE CITY, — — — — — BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A POSTOFFICE AT LAST

Moyie City Is Now in the Swim.

F. I. MOORE GETS THE PLUM

The Office will Be Declared Established On the First Day of January, 1899.

Provincial Postoffice Inspector E. H. Fletcher has notified F. I. Moore that he has been appointed postmaster and that the postoffice at Moyie will be reported as established on the first of January, 1899. An allowance of $2.50 per round trip between Cranbrook and Moyie has been made for carrying the mail.

West Kootenay Business Men Here.

The excursion train, with about 80 of the representative business men and newspaper men of West Kootenay on board, rolled into Moyie City yesterday afternoon at two o'clock. The train remained almost an hour and the excursionists were afforded an opportunity to refresh themselves and take a look about the town. The party was in charge of F. W. Peters, the district freight agent at Nelson. It was first arranged to have the train reach here at nine o'clock in the morning and give the people an opportunity of seeing the mines, but it was delayed in leaving Cranbrook and this plan could not be carried out.

The party had been as far east as Fernie, the town at the Crow's Nest coal fields. These vast coal deposits were inspected and then they returned to Cranbrook. The board of trade at Cranbrook gave a banquet in their honor Wednesday evening which was a most successful affair.

Among the prominent men in the party were: C. O. Lelonde, D. B. Bogle, J. Kirkup, Rossland; R. Green, G. O. Bucannon, Kaslo; W. F. Teetzel, G. C. Hodge, Frank Fletcher, Judge Forin, W. F. Anderson, F. W. Peters, Hugh Sutherland, Nelson; J. T. Wilkinson, Spokane; Mrrtin Markeson, Slocan City.

Ice on the Lake.

Last Tuesday night was the coldest of the season and Wednesday morning the lake was almost entirely covered with ice of about one-fourth of an inch in thickness. Since then it has been gradually getting thicker and is now sufficiently strong to hold a person up, and is in excellent condition for skating. The freezing of ice on the lake occurred nearly 10 days later this year than last year.

New Design of Postage Stamps.

The design of the imperial penny postage stamp is strikingly original, artistic to the eye, and flattering to the pride of all people of British sentiment. Its feature is a neatly executed map of the world in miniature, distinguishing the British empire from the possessions of all other powers. Surmounting this picture is a crown, underneath which is a bunch of oak and maple leaves, symbolizing the unity of Old England and Canada. At the upper edge of the stamp are the words "Canada Postage," in a neat letter. Underneath the map is placed "Xmas, 1898," so that the date of the inauguration of imperial penny postage shall be made a matter of record. On the lower corners are figures 2, indicating the denomination of the stamp, and at the lower edge is this suggestive passage, taken from the words of one of our patriotic poets: "we hold a vaster empire than has been." Mr. Mulock will be able to claim the credit of giving the public the cheapest map of the world ever issued.

Siding for the Mines.

F. W. Peters, district freight agent at Nelson, assured Mr. Cronin yesterday that a siding would be built at his concentrator site and ore bin immediately upon the completion of the company's siding at the foot of the lake. It is now expected that the first shipment of ore will leave Moyie City by the first of January.

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 CITY.

LOCAL NEWS.

Chas. Kauffman was in Cranbrook this week.

Captain Sanburn has returned to the coast.

Vic Desaulnier was in Cranbrook the first of the week.

Col. Henderson was in Steele several days this week.

F. I. Moore is daily expecting the arrival of two carloads of goods.

Capt. Sanburn and O. J. Johnson were in Fort Steele most of the week.

C. J. Rose was doing business in Cranbrook and Steele this week.

A. T. Clark, of the Moyie hotel, was in Fort Steele for several days, returning yesterday.

Mr. O. Desaulnier, proprietor of the Woodbine hotel at the Logging camp, was in town last Sunday.

Frank Kelly and one of Scott's mules took in the sights of Cranbrook yesterday and interviewed the pay car.

Every town has a few more dogs than it really has any use for, and Moyie City is no exception to the rule.

Work was resumed on the siding at the foot of the lake this week, and the building of the section house is well under way.

Martin Markeson, one of the most prominent men of Slocan City, was with the excursion of West Kootenay business men which was through here yesterday.

It is now given out as an absolute certainty that a regular passenger train service will be inaugurated between Cranbrook and Kootenay within ten days.

H. T. Brown, one of the publishers of the Cranbrook Herald, was on the west bound passenger train yesterday. He was returning to his home in Spokane to spend the winter.

Wm. Carlin, the Fort Steele merchant, and J. A. Jackson, representing an eastern clothing firm, drove over in a cutter from Steele Monday and returned Tuesday.

A letter was received here from Judge Fraser this week. He is with his parents in Morrison, Illinois, and is just recovering from a long siege of sickness. The Judge says he will be in Moyie early in the spring.

W. J. Tierney, who has been employed for some time past as bartender in the Moyie Hotel, is now holding a similar position in the Cranbrook Hotel. "Billy" has the knack of making friends wherever he goes, and is a drawing card for any house.

A man named Joseph Tacier accidentally killed himself near Goat River Crossing last Saturday. It is the same old story. He was removing a shotgun from a handcar, dragging it towards him by the muzzle, when it discharged, killing him almost instantly. His body was taken through here to Cranbrook Saturday night. Coroner Watt was notified, but decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

Nelson & Bedlington Contract Let.

The report has been sent out that the contract for the construction of the so long talked of Nelson & Bedlington railway has been awarded to Messrs. Foliet and Guthrie, the well known railway builders, who have been in this line of business in the Pacific Northwest for many years. Together they make an exceedingly strong combination. The price is not made public, but it is stated that the road is to be completed and ready for trains by May 1st, 1899. Contractors have had their eye on this piece of work for a number of months, but now all speculation is at rest, and it is the intention of those fortunate enough to secure the plum to push the work with all possible speed.

The road is to be operated by the Kootenay Railway & Navigation company, the new corporation which has taken over the Kaslo & Slocan railway and the International Navigation company steamers connecting therewith. As is now well known, James J. Hill, the Great Northern magnate is the power behind the throne in the new company, and this new connecting link will give him a new line into the heart of the rich Kootenay mining districts and also immediate connection with the Crow's Nest coal fields. The new road will be about 60 miles or a little less in length, and will for the most part follow up the Kootenay river from Kuskonook to Bonners Ferry. There is said to be no serious obstacle to the work of construction over the surveyed route. That part of the country will doubtless present a scene of the greatest activity.

Running Powers on the C. N. R.

The question as to whether or not the Canadian government reserves the right to grant running powers to other railway companies over the Crow's Nest road is quite frequently discussed. At a banquet at Toronto a short time ago the Hon. Clifford Sifton, in speaking of the Crow's Nest road, said: "We provided that the railway should be build upon the condition that at any time hereafter the government of Canada might give running powers over the road to any other railway that might apply for them. There should be no monopoly, but practically to all intents and purposes the railway, though built by the C. P. R., should be a free railway—a highway for any company that may hereafter apply for leave to use it. The Canadian government also has absolute and unrestricted control of the rates upon that line."

St. Eugene Ore Bin.

Dan McDougald and A. G. Lashepelle were at work this week on the St. Eugene ore bin in the south end of town. The bin is being very substantially built of hewn timbers. It will have a capacity of 200 tons of ore.

NOTICE.

Notice is Hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land in Southern Division of East Kootenay District, viz:—

Commencing at a post placed at the North East corner of Lot 3004, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains. J. McKENZIE.

Dated October 13th 1898. 1-28.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Rawhiding has commenced around the Sandon mines.

The fastest train between New York and Boston makes the distance of 232 miles in five hours.

Ninety days have elapsed since the great fire in New Westminster, but the ruins, in some places, are still smouldering.

The national debt of Spain is equivelent to one-fifth of the whole wealth of the kingdom, or ninety-four dollars per capita.

Ross Thompson, A. S. Goodeve, C. O. Lelonde, J. S. Clute, jr., and Hon. C. H. Mackintosh are spoken of as probable candidates for the mayorality of Rossland.

A Chinaman named Ah Kee, who was cutting wood near Ashcroft, was caught by a rolling log and dragged on to a small fire where the log held him while he burned to death. His suffering must have been horrible.

The gallows frame of the War Eagle mine at Rossland, made entirely of steel, is 120 feet high, and is claimed to be the largest "headgear" erected over a quartz mine anywhere.

The miners of Sandon must be commended for their action in driving the Chinese out of that camp. Although the Chinamen were only acting in the capacity of cooks at the mines, they were paving their way for employment in the mines. While the Chinese have the protection of the law they must be taught to stay where they will not interfere with skilled workmen and good wages.

"Can you tell me what sort of weather we may expect next month," wrote a subscriber to the editor of a paper, and the editor replied as follows: "It is my belief that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription." The inquirer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He sent in the required amount next day.

An exceange tells about a bright old farmer up north who has been experimenting by mixing a little sawdust with the meal he fed to his chickens. The chickens did well on the mixture, so he finally fed them on sawdust altogether. After a while he set one of the hens on thirteen eggs and waited for the results. Last week she hatched the eggs and twelve of the chickens had wooden legs and the other was a wood-pecker.

And it came to pass that after he had advertised his goods there came unto him great multitudes from all the regions round about and did buy of him. And when his competitors saw it they marveled among themselves, saying: "How be it that this man is busy, while we loaf about our doors?" And he spake unto them, saying: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, in this fast age of push and rustle, it is easier for a camel to enter the eye of a needle than for a business man to flourish without advertising."

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES.

By Beatrice Marsan.

CHAPTER IX.—LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Percy Randal is seated at the piano, his fingers wandering listlessly over its pearly keys, evoking low sweet chords of melody. He turns his head as the two young ladies enter the music-room, and springing up, leaves the instrument, and advances to meet them; his heart going out in tender sympathy to Beatrice, on whose fair brow he notes the shadow of unrest.

"Oh, do not leave the piano, Mr. Randal," pleads Helen. "Pray, sing something. We are growing horribly dull since the visitors have all gone, and I fancy that Mr. St. Clair and yourself will soon be longing for the day to arrive when you too can run away."

"On the contrary," replies Raphael, "Randal and myself are sad and dull, because we must soon tear ourselves away from this elysium and take up our sojourn within the time-honored walls of our alma mater, where we shall know naught but musty volumes, dissecting-rooms and clinics for the next six months. Is it any wonder that, after wandering for weeks in the typical groves of Paradise, we should dread this change like one might a sudden plunge into ice water, or a veritable expulsion from the Garden of Eden?"

The others laugh at his rhapsody, and young Randal says with mock gravity:—

"Indeed, ladies, my friend St. Clair has given you a rude and graphic description of the feelings which lacerate his breast as well as my own, in anticipating that dreaded and not far distant day when we must bid adieu to Deepdale and all its charming associations; and turn our reluctant faces resolutely from pleasure to business."

"Well, as one always suffers more in anticipation than one does in reality, suppose you come and sing something to dispel the present shadows," laughingly returns Helen, leading the way to the piano.

Randal, good-humoredly resumes his seat at the instrument and after striking a sweet prelude, sings in a rich melodious voice:—

"Her last words at parting, how can I forget,
Deep treasured through life in my heart they shall be,
Like music whose charm in the soul lingers yet,
When its sounds from the ear have long melted away.
Let fortune assail me, her threatenings are vain,
Those still breathing words shall my talisman be—
Remember, in absence, in sorrow and pain,
There's one heart unchanging that beats but for thee.

From the desert's sweet well tho' the pilgrim must hie,
Never more of that fresh-springing fountain to taste;
He hath still of its bright drops a treasured supply,
Whose sweetness lends life to his lips through the waste.
So dark tho' my fate be doomed to remain,
These words shall my well in the wilderness be—
Remember, in absence, in sorrow and pain,
There's one heart unchanging that beats but for thee."

There is a low murmur of applause from the listeners as the last sweet note vibrates on the flower-perfumed air that floats in at the open window and stirs its satin draperies, from the flower-bordered walks without. The singer almost abruptly leaves the instrument, walks to the window, and stands looking out on the beauty of the lovely moonlit autumn night.

"What a glorious night!" exclaims Raphael St. Clair, who has followed his friend to the window, and like him is taking in the exquisite beauty of the lawn, as it lies bathed in tender moonlight, the long shadows cast by the marble statues, and towering trees making weird shapes upon its bright surface.

One moment his eye lingers upon the quiet, beautiful scene; then, turning quickly away, he says to the young girls who are looking over some music at one of the tables:—

"Girls, what do you say to a stroll on the silver sands of the beach? The evening is really too beautiful for one to remain indoors."

"It would be delightful," returns Beatrice, with animation.

"Let us go, by all means," says Helen, glad of an opportunity to get Beatrice out in the open air, secretly hoping that it may dispel the depression which has haunted her friend all day.

"But mamma may need us," replies the girl, wishing, yet hesitating, to go.

"Not the least danger of that," says her brother, confidently. "Mother will be closeted with Mr. Gilbert in the library for hours yet, no doubt. Though," he adds thoughtfully, "we can leave word with the footman where we may be found, and if she calls for us, he can quickly inform us of the fact. Shall I ring for Millie to bring light wraps for you both?"

A few moments pass, and the young couples leave the house and grounds of Deepdale, and are pacing arm in arm the white shining sands of the beach, with slow lingering footsteps. The still blue waters of the mighty deep, with shining unruffled bosom, sleeps tranquilly in the moonbeams, as though no such thing as storm or tempest ever swept across its placid surface, lashing it into fury.

To these young people, taking in the beauty of this scene as they slowly traverse the sandy beach, whispering their soft nothings; who are standing with untried feet upon the very threshold of life's toilsome journey, and are looking toward the future with the hopeful eyes of youth and inexperience, life appears like this grand peaceful ocean, with scarce a rippling wave to ruffle its placid bosom. Vain, delusive hope! For storms must sweep across the horizon of all earth's pilgrims, bringing days which have no light, beauty, nor fragrance to thrill the spirit with joy, when naught is heard but the roar and rush of angry waters, and weeds and thorns instead of flowers and fragrance line the pathway. Happy are they who learn that 'tis better—

"To weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's will with a trustful heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate tender threads
Of our wonderful lives asunder;
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder."

Percy Randal's noble head is bent low to catch each softly murmured word of his fair companion, whose hand rests confidingly on his strong young arm. Evidently there is a perfect understanding between this couple, and hope is holding before their enchanted eyes dazzling vision of future happiness and consummated desires.

Raphael and Helen have wandered some short distance from the others, and are sitting on a low rustic seat. They are unusually quiet and silent, for times come when the human heart is too full for utterance. A low rippling laugh is borne to their ears, and Percy Randal and Beatrice St. Clair pass not far from where they are seated.

"I am glad that Bee is able to laugh again. She has been so morose and depressed ever since I returned from my drive with Mr. Randal this morning, that I feared she was threatened with illness," says Helen.

"It is unlike her to be gloomy," returns her companion. "Do you know, Nellie, what caused her low spirits today?" using the pet name of his sister's friend, as if he had a right to do so.

"Yes, Raph," she answers, in turn using the name which had been made musical to his ear for the first time, by being pronounced by her sweet lips. "It was the announcement of the approaching nuptials of her mother and Captain Lennard. But really, Raph," Helen continues, looking artfully into his face, "I do not think that Beatrice shows her sound good judgment and practical sense, in the way she regards this event, which after all is not out of the common order of things."

"I am aware of that, Helen," he replies, somewhat gloomily. "But both my sister and myself have so long shared our mother's undivided love and care, that the prospect of a rival in her affections can but be distasteful to us."

"This feeling may be perfectly natural, but it is none the less selfish, for all that," she returns, laughingly; then more serious: "But you should remember, Raph, that mother-love is supreme over all other feelings; and the mere fact of a mother having formed new marriage relations will not diminish in the least the love and solicitude which she has entertained for her children since the moment of their birth, and which will continue to be theirs through time and eternity, regardless of circumstances. Oh! mother-love is a jewel that never has, nor never will be outshone, Raph," she exclaims with much feeling.

"Oh, Nellie," he replies, taking her small soft hand within his own. "What a wise counsellor you are! What should Bee and I do without you, dear! Some terribly foolish things I suspect; and I might even go so far in my mad jealousy as to challenge Captain Lennard to a duel, which I confess I felt very much like doing this morning, but which your calm, better judgment has shown me would have been the most absurd and foolish thing possible for me to have done."

Silence falls between them, broken only by the sad low murmur of the sea at their feet. Raphael holds the little hand which slightly trembles within his own, with a caressing touch, then suddenly, as though he has nerved himself up to speak what is in his heart, he bursts forth —

"Nellie, dearest Nellie, in a few days more we must part, and months shall elapse before we meet again. But I cannot go without telling you of my love. Nay, dearest, you shall hear me," he exclaims, as the girl springs quickly to her feet in a frightend manner, as if about to speed away. He holds the throbbing hand a close prisoner within his strong grasp, despite her struggles to free it.

"Helen, hear me just one moment," he pleads. "I have loved you ever since the first month of our acquaintance, and this summer has seen that love grow and strengthen until it is my very life; and I ask no greater earthly boon—no richer blessing—than that you shall become my wife. Look into my eyes, little one, and bid me hope. Tell me that this great love is even in the least reciprocated, and I shall be the happiest of men."

The hand he holds has ceased to struggle, and has grown cold and moist within his warm palm, and the lovely features he is eagerly scanning for an answer to his heart's question, has grown strangely pale in the moon's white shimmering rays.

"Oh, Raph! Raph!" she moans, with white lips and trembling tones; "you know not what you say!" and she turns her face from him, and looks out on the glistening sheet of water spread before her.

"I do know what I say, dearest; have I not thought of these words for months and how I might best make them acceptable to your ear? They are not the fruit of a sudden impulse, I assure you, dear one, and although I cannot find words to half express my feelings, answer me, for the love of heaven, these plain unvarnished questions: Can you love me? and will you promise to become my wife when I have finished my collegiate course? Answer me, darling, at once," he pleads; "do not keep me in suspense."

The girl at his side makes a powerful effort to control the emotions which his words have caused to surge through her slender frame, and a voiceless prayer to heaven for strength arises from her tortured heart before she speaks.

"Raphael," she says at length in a low voice, which will tremble in spite of her mighty efforts at self control, "when you ask me to become your wife, you forget the wide difference in our positions; forget that you are a wealthy man, occupying a high social position in the fashionable world, and that I am naught but a penniless orphan, without position or high family connections, and the salaried companion of your wealthy sister, by whose generosity I am enabled to earn my daily bread, and by whose unlimited kindness and gentleness of heart I am placed on a footing of equality with your aristocratic family, notwithstanding that my position in reality is but that of an upper servant. No, Raph, dearest and best of friends, I can never forget the honor you have done me, and I thank you for it from the bottom of my lonely heart; but my dear friend—my more than brother, there is a fitness in all things, and believe me when I say once for all, that I can never be your wife."

Snap go the chords of self-restraint with which she has cruelly bound her aching heart, while she speaks the words of his banishment, and sobs and tears choke her further utterance. Ah! Helen, Helen! You are but a woman, for all your brave speech; and your woman's heart will cry out for mercy at the cruel torture you are inflicting upon it.

These signs of emotion in the girl he loves has brought a beautiful calm to the features of Raphael St. Clair, which but a moment before were almost convulsed by painful emotions caused by her words. He steals an arm around her slender waist and draws her unresistingly toward him.

"My darling," he whispers, "I will not listen to your argument of difference in our position so long as I know that you love me, and these tears assure me of that, sweet one. What is wealth to me but a curse, if it is to deprive me of the being I love, and thus shroud my life in gloom? No princess with her royal dower, could be more fitting to become a wealthy man's bride than yourself. What care I that you are penniless in purse, so long as you bless me with the untold wealth of your love? You are fitted to be a queen, my darling, and shall be queen of my heart, my home, and my wealth, if you will it so."

"But, Raph," she falters, brokenly, with her face hidden on his breast, "your mother, your sister, will they not think that I have played the traitor's part in thus stealing away your heart, while partaking of the bounty their unbounded goodness has prepared for me? Your mother told me last spring that you would undoubtedly marry some one of the wealthy girls of your own set as soon as you finished at college."

"I shall marry the sweetest, dearest, and best girl in the world as soon as I leave college," he answers gayly, as he kisses her shining hair. "And I know my noble mother and sister too well to think that they may object to my choice from mercenary motives. They have known and loved you too long and too well themselves, for them to object to your becoming my wife. Put your hand in mine, Helen, and let me hear you say, 'Raphael I love you, and will be your wife.' You need not speak very loud, sweet one, for I shall hear you."

And thus he pleads with the true eloquence of love which is all its own; and not unsuccessful was his pleading, if we are to judge from the bright happy face he turns upon his sister and young Randal, who by and by comes sauntering slowly back to where they had left the others seated, and the four turn their footsteps toward the house.

Helen is very silent during the walk home, and Raphael draws her closely to his side, and holds her hand on his arm with a proud sense of proprietorship.

Beatrice has regained her cheerful temper, and laughs and chats gayly with Percy and Raphael.

"Are you tired, Nellie?" she inquires, kindly, as she notes at last her friend's unusual silence.

"No, dear," she answers, quietly. "I am entranced by the beauty of the night, and was thinking of the wonderful goodness of God."

Raphael gives the hand on his arm another little loving squeeze just as they reach the steps of the balcony where Mrs. St. Clair and Mr. Gilbert are standing in the moonlight.

"Truants!" cries the lady as the young people come up the marble steps. "Where have you been so long? and do you know how late it has become?"

Beatrice looks at her watch, which shines almost as distinctly as in daylight, in fair Luna's rays.

"One o'clock and thirty minutes!" she exclaims in surprise; then adds playfully, "Helen, where, oh where will your roses be to-morrow?"

"And yours also, Miss Beatrice," says the old lawyer; and then adds, "I really fear that Mrs. St. Clair will be ill after this long evening's work."

So the little party bid each other good-night, or rather good-morning, as Beatrice laughingly says as she places her hand in Mr. Gilbert's, and they all retire to their respective rooms.

Of the three ladies who lay their tired heads on their downy pillows in this early morning hour at Deepdale, it would be difficult to tell which heart is the happiest as each beats its tuneful rhythm to the accompaniment of the blissful thoughts of its owner—Mrs. St. Clair's, Beatrice's, or Helen's.

Truly, Cupid should have been content with his summer's work at this charming place.

(To Be Continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Doctors say that pure alcohol is the best disinfectant for the hands.

Two tablespoonfuls of washing soda dissolved in a gallon of boiling water makes an excellent disinfectant for the kitchen sink. Pour in while boiling hot.

Fly specks upon oil paintings can be removed by dipping the fingers in warm water and gently rubbing the canvas. After the specks disappear wash the whole picture with warm water.

A Canton flannel bag put on over a clean broom is almost indispensable for wiping down walls and ceilings. It is excellent, too, for wiping up the dust from stained floors before polishing or washing.

In painting a floor which it is not intended to cover with rugs, etc., fill the cracks with a preparation of putty into which you have worked a little powdered pumice stone to harden it. Let the putty harden after it has been smoothly filled into the cracks before the paint is applied.

TOWN TOPICS.

It is now against the law in New York to boil lobsters alive. The average New Yorker has to protect himself in some way.—Chicago News.

What rare jokers those New York papers are! One of them prints a column under the heading "Tammany Intelligence."—Chicago Times-Herald.

In anticipation of Chicago claiming Honolulu as "our western suburb," Greater New York would do well to annex Santiago.—Sioux City Journal.

To some men who contemplate taking a vacation in New York we would say stay away. The Tenderloin glories and shame are to be seen.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A man in New Jersey has bequeathed his body to the University of Pennsylvania for the purpose of having it mummified. He knew his business. Philadelphia is the place for mummies, alive or dead.—New York Sun.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

SATURDAY, NOV. 26.

Cold weather has revived Canadian business.

Niebet Academy, Prince Albert, is to be closed.

The Dynevor Indian hospital is in need of funds.

Medicine Hat elected a mayor and council on Friday.

Forty girls were injured in a panic in a church at Paris.

The Chatham Evaporator Works was again damaged by fire.

Colonel Picquart's trial is causing great excitement in Paris.

The election protests in Muskoka and North Essex were dismissed.

John Yeo, of Prince Edward Island, has been appointed senator.

Several persons were injured in a train wreck near Burlington, Iowa.

Lord Mount Stephen will distribute $500,000 among his relatives.

The Winnipeg Property Owners' association has been reorganized.

Two men were killed and six wounded in the riot at Anniston, Ala.

Alfred Laird, postmaster of Epsworth, B. C., dropped dead on the street.

The city will take possession of the waterworks in about two months.

The deaths of five persons in the Baldwin hotel fire are confirmed.

Holden, one of the Napanee bank robbers, has turned Queen's evidence.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is betrothed to Prince William of Weld.

A treaty of extradition has been signed between Great Britain and Chili.

Spain is not expected to answer the United States ultimatum on Monday.

The Lake Superior steamer Arthur Orra was wrecked at Baptiste River.

Rev. Dr. Warran has published a statement of the Presbyterian church fund.

Nova Scotia has shipped 100,000 barrels of apples to England this season.

A provincial bye-election will take place in East Northumberland on Dec. 14th.

Expert evidence before the high joint commission on the sealing question is concluded.

The Montrose, the last of this season's cattle fleet, sailed from Montreal on Friday.

It is rumored that the Great Northern will bridge the Fraser River at New Westminster.

Dr. Chestnut will succeed Dr. Moody as house surgeon of the Winnipeg general hospital.

R. D. Bryan, publisher of Montreal Town Topics, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

The manager and editor of the Victoria Colonist are charged with contempt of court.

The M. S. E., L. M. and R., and the E. D. railway companies will ask for legislation at Ottawa.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal is in Ottawa on business connected with the high commissionership.

Major General Hutton paid a marked compliment to the Yukon troops, at the Toronto military banquet.

Mrs. Druce has received permission to open the coffin alleged to contain the remains of Thomas C. Druce.

The C. P. R. is said to have secured a large block of property on McDermot, Rorie and Bannatyne streets.

The anti-imperial league of the United States presented a protest against expansion to President McKinley.

The $25,000 given to the West Indies sufferers will be divided between Barbadoes and the Windward Islands.

The Manitoba Grain company have sold thirty-seven elevators to the Northern Elevator company and others.

The annual report of the U. S. secretary of the navy recommends the construction of fifteen new warships.

FRIDAY, NOV. 25.

Italy has a deficit of 14,500,000 lire.

Destructive floods are reported in Ireland.

Mabel Davidson, fancy skater, died at St. Paul.

The anti-anarchist convention assembled at Rome.

J. L. McInnis, of the Winnipeg customs, is dead.

John S. Barber, Liberal, was nominated for Halton.

John Loughlin, Liberal, was nominated for Nipissing.

Thanksgiving Day was suitably observed in Winnipeg.

The Toronto Thanksgiving sham fight was a great success.

A branch of the Bank of Hamilton was opened at Plum Coulee.

Several vessels were wrecked off the coast of Normandy.

In the Ponton case Pare repeated his story of the bank robbery.

L. C. McCoskill has been appointed a legislative councillor for Quebec.

Two passengers were killed in a railway accident at Burlington, Iowa.

Thomas McDougall, a Hamilton printer, was accidentally shot and killed.

A provincial bye-election will be held in Missisquoi, Que., on December 19.

A fatal fight between white and negro troops occurred at Anniston, Alabama.

Great Britain's export trade has decreased £2,000,000 during the past year.

The world's gold coinage for 1897 was the largest on record—$437,719,343.

Great Britain will take action to settle the Newfoundland French shore difficulty.

Spain has not yet framed an answer to the United States Philippine demands.

The All People's Mission gave a Thanksgiving dinner to bootblacks and newsboys.

Four men are reported dead and three missing as a result of the Baldwin hotel fire.

A big gold brick swindle was frustrated by secret service officials at Lachute, Que.

Captain John J. Healy speaks in flattering terms of the efficiency of Yukon officials.

British Columbia seniors are uneasy regarding the proposed purchase of the industry by the U. S.

Hugh Brown, of Trenton, Ont., is charged with robbing the corpse of one of the Murray Hill victims.

The new Canadian imperial postage stamp will bear a map of the world showing the British empire.

THURSDAY, NOV. 24.

A bank at Utica, Mo., was robbed of $13,200.

The C. P. R.-G. T. R. rate war has been settled.

Mining operations in the Dryden district are active.

Frank Goulin, a well known citizen of Winnipeg, is dead.

Madame Dreyfus has received a letter from her husband.

Capt. Gen. Blanco has resigned the governorship of Cuba.

An attempt was made in Germany to wreck the Czar's train.

More infected Ontario apples have been destroyed at Vancouver.

Lord Kitchener is reported to be engaged to Miss Evelyn Moreton.

The high joint commission are still discussing the Behring Sea question.

Hawaii will be granted territorial government with a limited franchise.

A fatal fight between whites and negroes took place at Black Rock, Ark.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal has arrived at New York from London.

The Baldwin hotel, San Francisco, was destroyed by fire. Two lives were lost.

Col. Ruttan denies that the city supply well affects the water level of other wells.

Severe gales and snow storms are reported from Great Britain, Holland and Belgium.

Ontario politicians are busy preparing for the federal and provincial bye-elections.

Mr. Fortune has resigned as swamp land commissioner and Mr. Ducker succeeds him.

The Winnipeg board of trade passed strong resolutions regarding quarantine regulations.

Spain has obtained a further postponement of the meeting of the peace commission.

Rev. Mr. Webber and the crew of the steamer Jesse were murdered by Alaskan Indians.

Thousands of cattle have been killed by storms in Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

A Japanese treaty regulating the treatment of foreigners will come into force next year.

The Consolidated Cariboo Hydraulic Mining company has now the largest plant in the world.

Great damage and loss of life were caused by the explosion of powder works at Auburn, Mo.

The municipal commissioner decides that he has no power to appoint a special assessor for Brandon.

The running time on the C. P. R. between Toronto and Winnipeg will be shortened by probably five hours.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 23.

Fierce gales are raging on Lake Superior.

The Spanish evacuation of Cuba is in progress.

Burglars secured over $3,000 from a Montreal grocery.

General Brooks denies reports of disorders in Porto Rico.

J. F. Alexander, collector of customs at Deloraine, has resigned.

The White Pass railway management have work for 2,000 men.

Colonel Panet, deputy minister of militia and defence, is dead.

Sharkey won the fight with Corbett, in the ninth round, on a foul.

Antediluvian remains of animals have been found on Sulphur Creek, Yukon.

The Cariboo Hydraulic Mining company's clean up amounts to $110,000.

Severe cold and storms are reported in Kansas and other Western States.

Temperance people of Winnipeg made a presentation to Rev. J. M. A. Spence.

The Behring Sea question is under discussion by the high joint commission.

The differences between the C. P. R. and G. T. R. are in process of settlement.

Winnipeg's offer of $237,000 for the waterworks has been accepted by the company.

Spain is said to be helpless to resist the United States demands in the Philippines.

The mutilated body of Leon Charbonneau was found in the Lachine Canal, at Montreal.

Writs have been issued for federal elections in Bagot and Montmagny on December 7-14.

Mr. Powderly, U. S. immigration commissioner, expresses liberal views on the alien labor law.

Mounted police posts, thirty miles apart, are now established from Bennet to Dawson City.

It is reported that Holden, one of the Napanee bank robbers, has turned Queen's evidence.

The I. O. F., of Quebec, won in the suit brought against them by E. Mercier for damages.

The magistrate has decided to commit the defendant in the case of Hughes vs. Montreal Herald.

Senor Castillo, Spanish ambassador to France, was thrown from his carriage and seriously injured.

TUESDAY, NOV. 22.

Sir John Fowler, engineer, is dead.

Sharkey and Corbett will fight at New York to-night.

A window blind factory is to be established in Winnipeg.

Macomb, Mo., is threatened with destruction from bush fires.

A Kansas blizzard is causing much suffering to ranch cattle.

Writs are issued for Dominion bye-elections in West Huron and Halton.

A blizzard is raging in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Texas and Minnesota.

Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, has been indicted for appropriating state funds.

Winnipeg offers the Waterworks company $237,500 for their plant and franchise.

The Elder-Dempster company are adding six new steamships to their Montreal fleet.

Mr. Sifton's speech at the Hardy banquet is published in this morning's Free Press.

La Normandie arrived at New York from Havre with two cases of smallpox aboard.

Sir J. D. Edgar suggests that New Hampshire be exchanged for the British West Indies.

A branch of Bertram's Toronto shipbuilding business will be established at Vancouver, B. C.

Officers of the Winnipeg Presbyterian congregations have formed an Elders' Association.

The United States commission demanded the entire Philippines offering Spain $20,000,000 indemnity.

The second trial of Ponton, and others, for the Napanee bank robbery is in progress at Napanee.

Eighteen locomotives and a number of cars of the C. A. and P. S. railway were seized by the customs authorities.

MONDAY, NOV. 21.

The Earl of Lathom is dead.

Rossland mines shipped 4,683 tons of ore last week.

The Empress mine, Jack Fish Bay, will be reopened.

A smuggling plot has been discovered at Malone, N. Y.

The C. P. R. Christmas excursions will begin on December 5th.

The settlers of Gilbert Plains are agitating for a railway.

Eighty Russian students were exiled to Siberia for socialism.

The C. P. R. station at Virden was totally destroyed by fire.

The czar has ordered an investigation of the reports of famine.

Some of the Spanish cruisers sunk at Manila have been refloated.

The Filipinos declare they will have absolute independence or fight.

Two attempts to kill ex-King Milan, of Servia, were made recently.

It is reported at Madrid that terms of peace, have been agreed upon.

John W. Parsons was elected grand master Workman of the K. of L.

Three murders and seven suicides occurred in New York city on Sunday.

Ontario apples infected with codlin moth were destroyed at Vancouver.

The B. C. Wood Oil company's works at Port Moody, were destroyed by fire.

Advance sheets of Esterhazy's book on the Dreyfus case are published in Paris.

Great Britain's war preparations are not to guard against France but Russia.

A movement against annexation of the Philippines has been inaugurated at Boston.

Only the two Elgins remain to be tried of all the Ontario election protests.

Bankers and financial agents protest against the proposed special assessment of Brandon.

It is reported that the Queen Regent will leave Spain and Don Carlos succeed to the throne.

Major Talbot's discharge by General Hutton has been reconsidered and he returns to duty.

The Gubbins children, Winnipeg street Arabs, have been taken in charge by the C. A. Society.

The late Lt. Gov. Cameron left a bequest to Queen's university to found a Gaelic scholarship.

United States peace commissioners will present their final decision regarding the Philippines to-day.

Dr. Nancy Gulford, arrested for murder in London, Eng., has been brought back to the United States.

SATURDAY, NOV 19.

Keeley, the "motor" man, is dead.

Spain is threatened with civil war.

The Portage la Prairie mashes closed on Friday.

A Galician school is to be established at Silton.

Ten people were burned to death at St. Petersburg.

Porto Rico is reported to be in a state of anarchy.

A steady improvement is reported in Canadian business.

The German press favors an alliance with Great Britain.

A new post office is opened at Monteith, near Brandon.

Cross' election for Calgary was confirmed by the recount.

Operations have been resumed on the Bad Mine, Rat Portage.

Two of the Rat Portage saw mills will be removed to Winnipeg.

Eleven workmen were killed by a train on the Pennsylvania railway.

Several appointments have been made to the Winnipeg customs staff.

B. E. Aylesworth, Liberal, was elected in Lennox by 100 majority.

An inquiry will be made into the abandonment at sea of the Westmeath.

Jesse F. Oates has been awarded the first U. S. pension for the Spanish war.

Colonel Hughes, chief of police of Montreal, has sued the Herald for libel.

The steamer Briardene put to sea and escaped from sheriff's officers at Queenston.

The report of United States opposition to Canada's imperial tariff is denied.

It is reported that supplies and reinforcements for Marchand have arrived at Fashoda.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Methodist S. S. A. was held on Friday.

Elliott, accused of murdering William Murray, at Beaverton, was found guilty by the coroner's jury.

New forms of oaths and declarations for importers have been introduced by the customs department.

Canada's contribution of $25,000 to West Indian hurricane sufferers has been thankfully acknowledged.

Inspector Moody, N. W. M. P., has arrived at Victoria, B. C. after a trip from Edmonton to Fort Selkirk, Yukon.

Storms in Newfoundland.

St. Johns, Nfld., Nov. 22.—A severe storm has been raging here for the last three days and it is feared that great damage has been done to Atlantic shipping. The steamer Koughakou, while loading ore at Bell Island, near St. John's, was driven into her pier by the violence of the storm and so badly damaged that she must come here for repairs.

Believes in Fighting.

London, Nov. 21.—Sir John Bridge, the chief magistrate for London, boldly gave a judicial ratification of old fashioned British sporting standards in committing for trial the officials of the National Sporting club, who were concerned in the fight in which Thomas Turner was fatally injured. The magistrate declared that it would be a great misfortune if glove contests were decided to be illegal. He said it was necessary and laudable for youths to become boxing experts, but he added it was necessary to declare the fight illegal because it was for money.

Their Graves Decorated.

Dublin, Nov. 22.—The anniversary of the death of the Manchester martyrs was celebrated on Sunday. A procession, headed by the Stars and Stripes and the French Tri-color went to Glasnevin cemetery and placed wreathes upon the graves with the usual ceremonies of decoration. The day was similarly observed in Cork.

Dreyfus Writes.

Paris, Nov. 23.—Madame Dreyfus has received a letter from her husband in his own handwriting. It is reported that General Zurlinden, military governor of Paris and former minister of war, has signed a decree directing the trial of Col. Picquart by court martial for forgery and divulging secret documents concerning the safety of the state. The trial has been fixed for Dec. 12. Col. Picquart's examination before the court of cassation in the Dreyfus affair will be continued to-morrow.

Bank Robbery.

Utica, Ohio, Nov. 23.—The Wilson bank was robbed while the officials were absent for fifteen minutes at the dinner hour, $2,000 in registered bonds, $5,600 in coupon bonds and $5,600 in gold and currency being taken. There is no clue, but tramps are supposed to have done the work.

Murdered at Manila.

Manila, Nov. 20.—Three Filipino natives last night hired a carriage and afterwards became engaged in a dispute with the driver regarding the fare. Some members of the American military police attempted to arrest the natives, but the latter resisted and Sergt. Price of the Minnesota regiment, was stabbed and killed and three other American soldiers, Maher, Montgomery and Hoyt, were wounded. Maher shot one native dead. The others were arrested.

$250,000 Fire.

Perry, Iowa, Nov. 21.—This town sustained a fire loss last night aggregating a quarter million dollars. A large portion of the business part of the town was burned. The fire started in a livery stable, and was soon beyond control.

Moyie City Leader.

MOYIE CITY, B. C.

The Round Robin.

The "round robin" had its origin several centuries ago in France.

It was used there by officers of the army as a method of expressing their dissatisfaction with the course of the king or his ministers. By signing in a circular form the leaders of the movement could not be ascertained and singled out for punishment.

The first instance on record of the use of this form of protest in the navy occurred in 1625. At the instigation of the Duke of Buckingham, the king's favorite, an English fleet, under Admiral Bennington, was dispatched to Rochelle to assist in the coercion of the Protestant subjects of Louis XIII of France. But the English tars, in common with their fellow countrymen, looked with favor upon the resistance of their coreligionists against the proselyting zeal of the French king, and they signed a "round robin," expressing their determination not to fire a shot against them, and without waiting for a reply they weighed anchor and brought their ships back to England. The admiral, however, received a peremptory order to return to Dieppe, whereupon the whole of the crews quitted the ships without further parley.—Providence Journal.

A Disappearing Bullseye.

The Chinese peasant wears a turban, loose coat and short and very baggy trousers, all of blue. The Chinese soldier wears the same, with an overall sleeveless smock, or long waistcoat buttoning on the right shoulder, edged round the neck, arms and skirt and down the front with broad "facings." The breast and back are decorated with a one foot bullseye with characters on it. This is all the character the Chinese soldier possesses.

The bullseye would be a very convenient mark for an enemy if the Chinese soldier would give the latter a chance of shooting him, but the bullseye is only worn to raise false hopes, for no sooner does he arrive dangerously near the enemy than he doffs the garb of war to appear as an innocent civilian. He is usually armed with a muzzle loader or standard, both equally harmless weapons.

In the case of General Liu's escort the uniform smocks had evidently not been used as nightshirts for more than a few weeks, the men were armed with Winchesters and a few Martinis, rusty, dirty, and out of order, and were about their middles a belt of some 60 rounds of solid drawn brass cartridges.—London News.

The Atmospheric Clock.

The atmospheric clock—a sort of device that goes of itself—is not inaptly termed a perpetual hourglass. In appearance it is like a long thermometer with the bulb of mercury at the bottom. The glass tube is about three-eighths of an inch in diameter and secured to the frame by two bands through which it passes easily. The divisions of time are marked on each side of the tube. Inside the glass tube is a smaller tube shaped very much as an hourglass. Some mercury and a scrap of blotting paper for the purpose of taking up any moisture that might gather in the tube are placed at each end.

The mercury in the top end of the tube is placed opposite the mark of the proper time and falls to the bottom of the tube exactly as the time passes. When it has run out from the top, the frame can be turned and the mercury set to time on the other side. Thus it registers the seconds and hours quite as accurately as any other timepiece—the drawback to such an arrangement being, of course, the turning of the frame, a task as irksome as that of winding a clock.—Exchange.

Revised Answer.

"Is life worth living?" was at one time a much quoted question, to which the most popular answer was that "it depended on the liver." Nowadays a poorly paid and hard-worked clergyman replies that "it depends on 'the living.'"—Punch.

A Paternal Wail.

I'm weak and worn and weary, I am frazzled to a thread,
I never get a breath of peace till Dick is safe in bed;
At morn, at night, I growl and bite; I charge, I pitch and tear;
I have to be those animals he saw at the county fair.

—Chicago Record.

Should Be Easy.

Crimsonbeak—Microbes are not hard to lick.

Yeast—Why so?

"Because it is said 250,000,000 can be got on a single postage stamp."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Soldier's Return.

They greeted him with smiles and tears,
Filled him with beef and mutton—
And carried away for souvenirs
His last remaining button.

—Indianapolis Journal.

No. 1, of Course.

Parson—Even the hairs of your little head are numbered, Freddie.

Freddie (pulling out a hair)—What number is this?—Philadelphia North American.

CONSUMPTION.

What a Well-Known Medical Journal Says About This King of Disease.

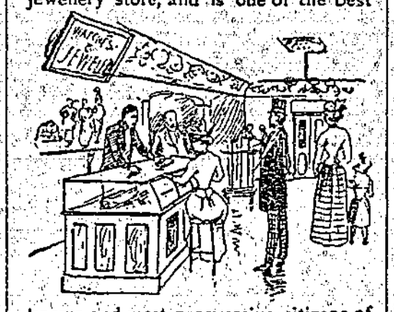
"This is essentially an age of scientific progress. Science and invention go hand in hand. Thanks to a distinguished chemist consumption is robbed of its terrors, deprived of its destructiveness, and this insidious disease can first be relieved and then cured. But to accomplish a cure that is final and effective there must be constant persistency in treatment and right living. The sufferer must take the right medical relief, rightly administered. By the labor, skill and research of an eminnt chemist, T. A. Slocum, consumption can be both relieved and cured."—Medical Tribune.

Three free sample bottles of the Slocum Cure will be sent to any sufferer from consumption, lung or throat troubles or general debility, if name, address and express office are sent to The T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., Limited, 177 King street west, Toronto, Ont. This is a genuine offer, and if the reader is—or knows a friend who is—a sufferer, send at once for the free samples and mention this paper.

A Dunnville Jeweller's Wife

CURED OF PALPITATION OF THE HEART AND SMOTHERING SPELLS BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. D. E. Lasalle, Canal Street, Dunnville, Ont., whose husband keeps a jewellery store, and is one of the best



known and most progressive citizens of Dunnville, Ont., gives the following description of her recent experience in the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

"I took Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for weak nerves, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, smothering spells at night and sleeplessness. Before I used them I could not get restful sleep, and my nerves were often so unstrung that I would start in alarm at the least noise, and easily worried.

"Last February I commenced taking this valuable medicine, and it proved the right remedy for my weak and shattered nervous system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills restored my nerves to a strong and healthy condition, gave regular and normal action of the heart.

"I sleep well now, and am better in every way, and I recommend them heartily to all who suffer as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c. a box, or 3 for $1.25, at all druggists. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect, and to work without a gripe or pain. Price 25c., all druggists.

DON'T BE A WEAK MAN!

Don't let your past errors wreck the happiness of your life. You can be cured. Over 5,000 such men as you have been cured during the past year by

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

This is the only sure, permanent way to regain vigor. It has taken the place of drugs, which never cure. Electricity is life and restores life to men who have lost it. Send for the book,

"THREE CLASSES OF MEN" FREE.

Or call at the office and test the Belt free of charge. It means health and happiness to you

DR. D. T. SANDEN,

132 St. James St., Montreal.

EARN A WATCH

Earn this valuable Watch, Chain and Charm by selling twenty Topaz Scarf Pins, at 15 cents each. Send your address and we forward the Pins and our Premium List, postpaid. No money required. These Pins will almost sell themselves, for the Topaz has all the brilliance of the best diamonds, and has never before been offered at anything like this price. The Watch is neat in appearance, thoroughly well made, and fully guaranteed. Unsold Pins may be returned. Mention this paper when writing.

THE GEM PIN CO., Freehold Building, Toronto, Ont.

TOLD BY THE EDITOR.

DURING A HOLIDAY RAMBLE HE VISITS THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

He Found Changes That Astonished Him, One of Which Deserves the Widest Publication for the Benefit It May Prove to Others.

From the Leader and Recorder, Toronto Junction.

The editor of the Leader and Recorder, during a recent holiday trip through the counties of York, Peel, Dufferin and Grey, spent a few days at the old parental homestead, where he was born and spent many happy years. The old homestead is in the township of Euphrasia, Grey county, about one and a half miles south of the village of Heathcote, and about ten miles from the town of Meaford. It is occupied by the writer's youngest brother, George J. Fawcett. The latter was the picture of health, and remembering that when he came from Detroit, where he had been living for several years, and took possession of the homestead, he was in such feeble health that his life was despaired of, the writer suggested that the bracing climate of the northern regions must be the best medicine in the world for a shattered constitution. The reply made contained statements so remarkable that we consider it a pleasure as well as a duty to give them as wide publicity as possible through the columns of the Leader and Recorder. "A severe attack of malaria, contracted whilst in Detroit, brought the writer's brother to death's door, from which he recovered only to find himself the victim of a complication of troubles which unfitted him for work. He was attended by some of the most eminent physicians in Detroit, but he received little or no benefit from their treatment. Change of air was finally recommended and he removed with his family to the county of Grey. A slight change for the better was noticable at first, but he soon relapsed into the old condition and again sought help from the leading doctors of the district in turn. Sleeplessness took possession of him and soon he was wasted away to a mere skeleton. Then the doctors declared they could do nothing more for him, and advised him to go to California. During all these weary months he read in the papers from time to time and laughed at what he termed the "miracles" wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He had no faith in such remedies, and it was only when the physicians told him that they could do no more for him that, like the drowning man who catches at a straw, he would try a box of the pills. To his great astonishment his sleeplessness had vanished before he had been using the pills a week, and he slept like an infant. Gradually his strength returned and his appetite improved, and soon he felt like a new man. A few months after taking the first dose he was as well as ever. For more than two years past he has not taken any medicine whatever, and today you will not find a sturdier specimen of mankind in Grey than Geo. J. Fawcett. "What do I think of Pink Pills?" he queried with a smile; "why I think there is nothing like them on earth for building up the system; but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I do not think I would be alive today."

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves that Dr Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

Two Kinds of a Hug.

A little boat is seen afloat
Upon the tranquil waters,
In which a youth does sit, forsooth,
With his neighbor's daughter;
He hugs the shore a mile or more,
Along the laughing water,
Then leaves the boat serenely float
And hugs his neighbor's daughter.

—Chicago News.

Time to Open.

The President—Is the list of football players thoroughly advertised?

The Dean—It is.

The President—Then I guess we might as well open up the college.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PERT PERSONALS.

Possibly Lillian Russell is merely ambitious to be able to say that she has held four of a kind.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Camara's real fighting will occur when it comes to getting a naval appropriation through the cortes.—Washington Star.

Commissioner Day gets a fee of $20,000 for his services in Paris. Does he earn it by Day's work or peace work?—Philadelphia Times.

How in the world did General Kitchener ever win out without having Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis along?—Evansville Courier.

Kitchener and Dewey seem to be two of a kind. So Kitchener is made a peer, and Dewey—well, Dewey is simply peer-less.—Richmond Dispatch.

As a compound of fool and scoundrel Esterhazy appears to be the most striking sample which the close of the century anywhere exhibits.—New York Tribune.

Secretary Hay is paying the penalty for his youthful indiscretion. It is estimated that at least nine out of ten callers at the state department suggest that he hold her nozzle to the bank.—Exchange.

Now William Waldorf Astor is claiming to be an American citizen. This is one of the unpleasant results of the war. We were perfectly contented to have William ashamed of us.—Washington Post.

Karl K. Albert, general agent for the Victor safes, is introducing a small household safe, which costs only $12. Those needing safes could not do better than get a Victor safe, which is as good as any made and cheaper than anywhere else in Canada.

Dynamo, Dynamite, Dynasty.

Abdul Hamid, it appears, still lives in fear of machinations against his life. One of the largest firms of electrical engineers in the city has been applying for an electrical concession in the sultan's domains. Everything had been satisfactorily arranged and the necessary formalities complied with, and only the sultan's signature was required. But Abdul Hamid is determined to keep control of things and not be a figurehead. He read the document through, when suddenly his eye lighted upon the word "dynamo." This was quite enough. He immediately tore the paper up; for, though not properly acquainted with electrical machinery, he has learned that "dynamite" carries with it certain terrors. Explanations were of no avail, and the concession was not granted.

It is curious Abdul is not a better Greek scholar. If he had ever thumbed a lexicon, he would know that the grim Greek root which gives us "dynamo" and "dynamite" is, by an irony of etymology, the origin of the word "dynasty." It is thus that the whirligig of time brings in its revenges.—London Mainly About People.

Maddening.

'Twas in a dream; he'll ne'er forget;
He made ten thousand dollars net,
And he awoke to swear a bit
And find he had ten thousand—nit!

—Up to Date.

A Good Plan.

"I wonder why artists are always so careful to sign their pictures?"

"Possibly so's the public can tell the top from the bottom."—Metropolitan

When Getting a New COOK STOVE

Buy a "GRAND JEWEL,"

and you will be delighted with the results.

IF NOT SATISFIED, MONEY REFUNDED.

SAFES VICTOR SAFES

KARL K. ALBERT, GEN. AGT.

407 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG, Next door to P. O.

SNAPS FOR CASH.

Household Safes, small size, - - $12.00
Household Safes, large size, - - 30.00

Just the thing for a Christmas present. Both useful and ornamental.

Merchants' Safes, all sizes and prices; on easy terms or cash. Come and see them or write for quotations. Special prices during November and December.

Yale Man's Little Joke.

Professor Tracy Peck used to tell a story of how a Yale man saved his life. He was about to be hung in Texas for horse stealing and said:

"Hold on, gentlemen! Do you know who you are hanging? I am a graduate of Yale college, and here is my diploma."

It being printed on vellum in Latin, no one could read it, and, thinking he must be an important personage, they let him go free.—Green Bag.

"What a lovely new coiffure Miss Oldtimer has. Where did she get the style?" "That comes with the hair."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Baddeck, June 11, 1897.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—Minard's Liniment is my remedy for NEURALGIA.

It relieves at once.

A. S. McDONALD.

All women are pleased with the judgment of Paris—when he comes to fashions.

Minard's Liniment the best hair restorer.

Whenever a bachelor begins to investigate a girl's cooking he means business.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

A driving rein is all right for the horseman, but a light shower satisfies the cyclist.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

Keeping up appearances often means a frugal diet in order to give an occasional dinner.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1898.

THE LACK OF PATIENCE.

After a year of weary waiting the people of Kuskonook are about to be rewarded. The Nelson & Bedlington contract has been let and the road has to be completed by next July. We were amongst the first to cast our lot in the town and started in to play the game of hope, but soon discovered that hope wouldn't buy meal tickets, so we pulled our freight. It sometimes stands one in hand to be like the fellow they speak of in the bible, by the name of Job, but then in those days they didn't talk railway building. —Cascade City Maple Leaf.

Patience is one of the most essential factors in life, and the lack of which is one of the causes why so many people make failures in life. Kuskonook is at present one of the liviest places of its size in British Columbia, and scores of people who left there during the dull times now wish themselves back again. Some persons are so shortsighted as to condemn a town as soon as it begins to get dull, and believe there is never a chance of it again coming out. They hear of another town having a boom and there they rush. Shortly after their arrival that town begins to go down; they condemn it as before and push on farther. And thus they go all through life. If you talk with one of these men, especially the older ones, perhaps he will tell you that he was in Butte when there were only three cabins, in Winnipeg when he could have bought town property for a song, or camped for weeks where Spokane now stands when there was nothing aside from a few Indian wigwams. But he rushed on always trying to better his condition. Still he will tell you that if he had stayed in such and such a place he would be "well healed" today.

It is a noticeable fact that no matter how good the country is, how fertile the soil, how rich the mineral or how promising the town it will in a certain stage of its existence experience a depression. Such has been the history of almost every town or city in the world. One has only to take the towns of the Kootenays for an illustration: Rossland experienced a boom; then it fell with a thud. But Rossland is again back to itself and is a better town than ever. Nelson waited for years on the railroad and the Silver King mine. People said that Nelson would never amount to anything. Nelson is a thriving city today of nearly 5,000 inhabitants. Kaslo had the same experience. It took years to bring Sandon out. New Denver and Silverton one year ago were quiet; yes, they were dead. Today they are two flourishing towns.

People should take into consideration that it takes time to build railways and get them in perfect running order and that mere prospects cannot be converted into shipping mines in a day. The man who becomes discouraged whenever his business becomes a trifle slack, gets the blues and condemns the town, will never be successful in any country, and should not invest in anything permanent. He had better put his money on a faro layout, where he can get quick action on it.

There is a temperance lesson in the Sharkey-Corbett fight, says the Spokesman-Review. Sharkey would have whipped Corbett if the fight had run to a finish. Corbett is the more scientific fighter, but he has wasted his once strong vitality in gross excesses, while Sharkey had the benefit of man-of-war training, and since leaving the navy has lived a temperate life. If, in the face of repeated ring victories, he adheres to this course of living, Sharkey will be a remarkable exception. The life of the pugilist is demoralizing. His associates are those of the saloon and the bagnio, and influences are thrown arround him which are constantly enticing him into excesses. Sullivan plunged into these excesses, and at 30 was broken down and whipped out of his class. Corbett learned nothing from the follies of his predecessors, and has long been on the same down grade.

THE TABLE SET FOR TWO.

The sunshine falls on the windowsill;
And the day looks in at the open door,
The kettle sings, and the dear, old wife
Goes back and forth o'er the kitchen floor
With plate and platter, and fork and spoon,
As every day she is wont to do,
And she lays them with a quiet grace,
On the homely table set for two.

O, the bread is like the sea's white spray,
And the cloth is clean as mountain snows;
From the pantry shelf to the kitchen stove,
The dear, old wife on her errands goes.
The morning glories over the porch,
All in a riotous tangle run,
The cat lies curled asleep on a chair,
The old dog blinks at the noonday sun.

But the dear, old wife is sad to-day,
And the morning hours have seemed so long,
For her thoughts are of the long ago,
When the old house rang with mirth and song;
When the red-cheeked boys and merry girls
Came trooping in through the open door;
Some wander now, 'neath an alien sky,
And some will come back no more—no more.

There are empty chairs against the wall,
And the wide, old rooms are strangely still,
The day is sad, though the sunshine falls
Like sifted gold on the windowsill.
And the dear, old wife in her quiet way
Does the homely tasks she is wont to do,
But the tears fall fast as she sadly thinks
Of the lonesome table set for two.
—Jeanette La Flamboy, in Good Housekeeping.

CHASED BY A COUGAR.

The only indigenous, long-tailed cat in America, north of the thirtieth parallel of latitude, is the cougar. The wildcats, so-called, are lynxes with short tails, and of these there are three distinct species. But there is only one true representative of the genus Felis, and that is the animal first above mentioned. It has received many trivial appellations. Among the early American trappers and hunters east of the Mississippi river, it is called the panther, or, in their patois, "painter;" in the Rocky mountains and California, the "California lion."

There are few wild animals, says the St. Louis Republic, so regular in their color as the cougar; very little variety has been observed among many specimens. The cougar of mature age is of a tawny red color, almost uniform over the whole body, although somewhat paler about the face and the parts underneath. Though considered the representative of the lion in America, his resemblance to the royal beast is but slight. His color alone entitles him to such an honor.

He is a tree climber. He can mount a tree with the agility of a cat, and, although so large an animal, he climbs by means of his claws—not by hugging, after the manner of bears and opossums.

While climbing a tree his claws can be heard cracking along the bark as he mounts upward. He sometimes lies squat along a horizontal branch—a lower one—for the purpose of springing upon a deer, or such other animal as he wishes to feed upon. The ledge of a cliff is also a favorite haunt, and such are known among old hunters as "panther ledges."

The Cascade range, and every tributary chain of mountains on the vast Pacific slope, was the habitat of the cougar, or mountain lion, as everybody out there called the ferocious beast. The cougar rarely ventured out of the great forests, however, the deer and mountain sheep furnishing them their general food.

In 1867 I was stationed at Fort Sincoe, in the valley of the same name, in Washington territory, as it was then called. One afternoon in June of the year mentioned, I started for Fort Dallas, 65 miles from Fort Sincoe, on the Columbia river.

There were no wagon roads in those early days. Everything had to be carried on pack mules, because of the rough, rocky and precipitous character of the country. The majority of the mule trails were what are called "zigzags;" that is, angling from right to left up the steep sides of the mountains, it being impossible to make the ascent by going straight up their scarped faces.

I mounted my beautiful coal-black mare, Petaluma, one of those strong Indian ponies famous for their endurance and ability to climb the fearful, narrow pathways, only by which communication between points was made possible.

I left the post without carrying any arms—not even a revolver—a careless habit of mine, for which I was reprimanded more than once by my commanding officer; but one becomes indifferent to constant danger in a wild country, and I was never cured of the fault. I reached the foot of the first "zig-zag," at the west side of the valley, where it juts against the range of mountains about sundown, and, before essaying the ascent, dismounted and cinched my saddle.

In a little more than three hours I reached the summit, making frequent halts to wind my animal, for she had labored heavily in struggling up the grade.

When I started on again, after resting 20 or 30 minutes, the moon, which was at its full, now appeared at the verge of the horizon, way below me at the lower end of the valley, and began to light up the trail on the summit of the range, so that in the clear, cloudless sky objects were as distinctly visible as at noonday, though the atmosphere and all nature seemed tinged with a silver sheen.

The trail on the summit of the range ran over a narrow tableland for several miles, and then entered the deep pine and cedar forest at the other extremity of the chain of great hills over which I was going. A ride of 12 miles further and I arrived at a lonely spot, entirely denuded of timber excepting a group of blasted cedars about an acre in extent.

I reached the place just as my watch indicated midnight. Seating myself on one of the granite bowlders scattered over the ground, I lighted my pipe and was about to enjoy the delicious fragrance of some tobacco which had been given me the day before by an officer lately arrived from the states, when my mare, which I was holding by the rein, gave a convulsive shudder and nearly broke away from me. I could not for a moment divine what had caused her trepidation, for when with me, although a most highly-mettled animal, she was usually as docile as a kitten.

The moon was nearly over my head, and I gazed around in wonder for some minutes to learn the cause of my pet animal's strange action. Presently, on looking at the very center of the cluster of blasted cedars, I saw two great green eyes staring at me with a steadiness that was appalling. For a moment I was seemingly fascinated by the uncanny vision, but in another instant all sense of possible superstition vanished, as I saw the bushes move and heard dead twigs lying on the ground crack, as if under the foot of some heavy animal treading on them. With bated breath, I saw a monstrous cougar stealthily crawl out of the tangled mass of brushwood in a crouching attitude, its tail slowly oscillating, as does that of the domestic cat when watching a mousehole.

The beast evidently then saw me for the first time, and, as is natural with the species, instinctively drew back, as if to fly from the presence of man. It was my handsome mare the cougar coveted, but, seeing me, it deferred the fatal spring it had contemplated at the moment its eyes first met mine.

I soothed Petaluma as best I could, but her trembling was not in the least abated, though she rubbed her nose against my coat sleeve, as was her wont when I caressed her. She seemed a little more passive—that is, she did not attempt those frantic jumps in her efforts to get away that at first characterized her terrible fright when she smelled the cougar, or by some instinct became aware of its proximity.

What I had to do, and do quickly, was to get away from there as soon as possible, for I did not know how soon the ferocious brute, nearly famished with hunger, maybe, might make an effort to fasten its horrid claws into the flanks of my mare, ignoring my presence entirely. So I hurriedly knocked the tobacco from my pipe, and, stroking Petaluma on the shoulder, mounted her as rapidly as I ever had before in my life, and was no sooner seated firmly in my saddle than, without a word or other impulse from me, she made a bolt down the trail that nearly threw me over her head, at the same instant seeming to shrink convulsively in a frantic effort to look behind her.

I sympathetically turned my head around and gazed at the bare hilltop this side of the blasted cedars, and, to my horror, saw those great green eyes but a few rods behind me, following my trail with a sort of crouching, crawling motion, all ready, evidently, to spring the moment it had covered the right distance.

When I noticed that the cougar was crawling in its crouching attitude behind me I had presence of mind enough to think that if I reined my horse and made her walk, it would impress the cougar with the fact that I was there as well as the animal it wanted to devour for its late supper. I could thwart its designs, as I felt confident that where I had first seen the cougar, in a narrow valley, surrounded by lofty mountains, heavily timbered, the government had erected a blockhouse and a corral, in which were herded a number of horses and mules, to be used as relays between the military posts.

I hoped that I should be able to make that point in about two hours from the cluster of cedars, but now that the cougar had entered as a factor in my calculations, I did not know whether I should reach the blockhouse at all, or maybe only on foot, with my beautiful mare's bones left on the trail, picked clean by the vicious beast that was following me.

True to its instincts, it was really afraid of me. I succeeded with great difficulty, however, in coaxing my mare into a slow walk, the effect of which resulted as I surmised it would. The cougar ceased at once its fearful bounds, and settled down into a shambling sort of gait, dropping further behind me at the moment.

Desirous of knowing for a certainty whether my tactics were the sudden cause of the creature's abrupt change of movement, I allowed Petaluma to break into a quick lope, and the instant the huge cat noticed the mare's renewed effort to get away, it commenced its former action. I then slackened my gait, and to my intense satisfaction the cougar once more lagged behind, renewing its slow movements, and seemed to be now watching the rider closer than it did the mare.

I did not again dare to let Petaluma go any faster than a walk, and during the whole 12 miles to the blockhouse, as long as I maintained that slow gait, the cougar did not try to spring toward us.

After continuing in that tiresome manner for about four hours, I at last entered the little valley, and just as I rode out of the heavy timber into the bright moonlight, the terrible beast gave one awful roar and turned back into the forest, a sad and disappointed cougar.

I changed animals at the blockhouse and rode on to the river without further adventure, happy in having saved my beautiful Petaluma, and possibly myself, from the jaws of the hungry beast, which had been my unwelcome companion for so many weary miles.

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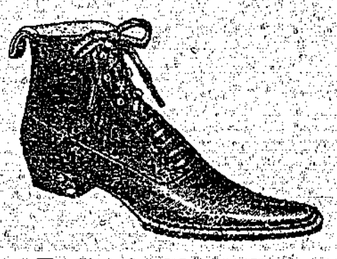

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Moyie City, B. C., July 25th, 1898.

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