THE MOYIE CITY LEADER.

VOL. 1, NO. 36. MOYIE CITY, B. C., DECEMBER 17, 1898. $2 A YEAR

MOYIE CITY,

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

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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.

SIDING FOR THE MINES

It Is Now Actually Being Built.

WORK WAS BEGUN THURSDAY

The Mine Owners are Jubilant, as They are Now Assured They Can Ship Ore This Winter.

The building of the siding in Moyie City for the accommodation of the mine owners is no longer in doubt. The grading was actually begun last Thursday afternoon and is now being pushed as rapidly as circumstances will permit. It will be a siding, not a spur, as was first supposed, and will be 500 feet in length. The building of the siding assures the mine owners that they can immediately commence shipping ore and they will commence making preparations at once with that object in view. It will only take a week or ten days to complete the grading and laying the steel.

The St. Eugene ore bin at the siding is well under way and will be ready to receive ore by the time the siding will be in shape for the cars. A gangway is being built from the sleigh road to the top of the bin so that the sleighs loaded with ore may be hauled up over the bin and easily unloaded. It is very substantially built, and is so situated that the ore can be run into the cars through chutes without extra handling.

New Train Service in Force.

Trains between Cranbrook and Kootenay Landing are now running on schedule time and are carrying both passengers and freight. Trains going west leave Cranbrook Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 7 o'clock, arrive in Moyie City at 9 o'clock, and reach Kootenay Landing at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Returning, trains leave Kootenay Landing Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons at 2 o'clock, arrive in Moyie City about 8 o'clock and reach Cranbrook about 9:30 o'clock. Trains connect with the steamer Moyie City at Kootenay landing.

The new time table is now out, and the names for the various stations along the road have been selected. On the western division the stations west of Cranbrook are, Swansea, Moyie City (though not on the time card) Moyelle, Tochty, Yahk, Goatfell, Kitchener, Fisher, Sirdar and Kootenay Landing.

Moyie City, which has more business houses, more residents, richer mines and will furnish more business for the railway company than all the other places together from Cranbrook west, is omitted from the time table altogether.

The Payne Mine.

The Payne mine near Sandon is a bigger dividend payer than the Le Roi. By mining and shipping 100 tons of ore a day it can make a yearly profit of nearly $2,000,000. The Payne is a small fissure averaging not more than two and a half feet, but every pound of galena taken out of that vein will run over 120 ounces of silver and over 60 per cent of lead to the ton. One hundred and twenty-five men will break and mine this 100 tons of ore and no power plant, no air drills, no hoisting or steam or electric machinery of any kind will be needed for years. In fact the Payne justly ranks among the richest mines ever discovered. The original discoverers of the group sold the whole out for $6,000. That was seven years ago. The present owner can clean up $6,000 a day net profit.—Western Mining World.

A Chicken Shoot Next Saturday.

Moyie crack shots and sportsmen will have a chance to win their Xmas dinner. A chicken shoot will take place on Saturday, December 24. Distance 80 yards, 25 cents a shot; penalty $1.50 if bird is shot through the body. Shooting to take place from the front of Moyie Hotel, and to commence at 2 o'clock p. m.

CAMPBELL & CLARK.

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.

There is not a house for sale or rent in Moyie City.

Martin Foley went to Cranbrook yesterday.

Mr. Biggings has been quite ill for several days.

Joseph Neiderstadt has almost recovered from his recent spell of sickness.

A supply of fresh cheese and apples have been added to the stock of the Moyie Supply Co.

James Park, of the Park, Mitchell company, was in Cranbrook on business yesterday.

Father Welsh arrived in town this morning, and will hold services at the Catholic church tomorrow.

The persons who purchased the government lots in Moyie last summer have received their crown grants.

Joe Wilmshurst left Thursday for a trip through West Kootenay. He may also visit Spokane before returning.

F. I. Moore and J. M. Lindsay were in Cranbrook the first of the week. Mr. Moore was sworn in as postmaster while there.

Frank McMahon has further demonstrated his skill as a tinsmith by making a heater for the hotel which is simply a peach.

Colonel W. N. Brayton, the agent for the Moyelle townsite, will leave about December 26th for Wabigoon, Ont. It is rumored that the Colonel will not again return to this part of the country.

Hardie's Vaudeville Co. will give a show in the Moyie Hotel dining room tonight and Monday night, Dec. 17th and 19th. Admission 50 cents. This company is on its way to the coast, and this is your opportunity of seeing a good show.

The Nelson Bdlington Road.

The only apparent reason for building the Nelson & Bedlington road is to secure running powers over the Crow's Nest road to the coal fields at Fernie. If this is true there will be an early opportunity offered to Clifford Sifton to give effect to conditions which the federal government imposed upon the Canadian Pacific railway company in stipulating that any other railway company may secure running powers over the Crow's Nest road.

Dance Christmas Eve.

A social hop will be given at the Central hotel next Saturday evening, December 24th, to which a cordial invitation is extended to everybody.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Gold Commissioner of South East Kootenay for a license to sell liquor at retail in my premises at Moyelle City, known as the Alberta Hotel, in the mining division of East Kootenay, B. C.

Dated Dec 9th, 1898. A. P. BREMNER.

36-4

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.

The Postal Service.

For some time past there has been a movement on foot for the dividing of Nancouver island from the mainland of British Columbia for postoffice inspectorship purposes. With this object in view Messrs. Maxwell and Bostock have been in consultation with the postoffice department at Ottawa, and have at last been successful. W. H. Dorman, who has for some years back has been assistant to E. H. Fletcher, has been appointed for the mainland, that section having been set apart as a separate district or section for postal purposes.

The step taken by the postmaster general in dividing the province into two districts is one which will meet with the approval of the people generally. In no other section of the Dominion is the postal service increasing at such a ratio as it is in British Columbia, especially in the southeastern portion, in consequence of the railway and mining development which is taking place there.—Vancouver World.

Closing of School.

The Moyie school closed for the holidays this week and the teacher, Mrs. Emma McMahon, has returned to her home in Stratford, Ont. The closing exercises on the last day of school were witnessed by the board of trustees and a number of the parents of the children. Recitations, declamations and singing comprised the program, and the children showed ample evidence of the proficient training which they had received from their teacher.

School will reopen after the holidays but not by Mrs. McMahon, she having resigned. The new teacher has not yet been selected. There are now 18 school children in Moyie.

A Letter From the Philippines

Mrs. D. J. Elmer is in receipt of a letter from her brother, Fred Shouer, who is now in Manila serving his country with a regiment of malitia from St. Peter, Minnesota. Though only 20 years of age he is holding an official position and has successfully passed several severe examinations. He says there are three newspapers in Manila printed in the English language, the American Soldier, the American, and the Banner of Freedom.

The Lake Shore Mine.

The bin at the Lake Shore mine is full to the brim of clean ore, nearly 10 carloads, and there is plenty of ore on every hand in the mine. The chute of ore in the upraise in which they are now working, is continually widening and the ore becoming of a higher grade. As soon as the siding is finished the owners will begin shipping and adding to the working force.

Million Feet of Lumber.

Logs for one million feet of lumber will be taken out by the Park, Mitchell & Company, of which G. R. Muir is the manager, this winter. A good portion of this lumber is already contracted for as soon as cut and the balance will be for the building which will be done next spring. There is no question now but the mill will be kept running steadily all winter.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

There are 36 prisoners at present in the provincial jail at Nelson.

Prizes to the value of $1,500 are to be awarded for rock drilling at the Rossland midwinter carnival.

Dave King, of the Kaslo Kootenaian, has left journalism and is now buying ore for the Great Falls smelter.

A factory for the manufacture of coffins will shortly be established in Nelson by Mr. J. Brown, late of Trail.

The townsite of Grand Forks, B. C., has passed into the hands of an eastern syndicate, who paid $94,000 cash for it.

A new passenger wharf is being built by the C. P. R. at Robson, to accommodate the increasing railway and steamboat traffic.

New Westminster will have among its candidates for school trustees for the coming year two ladies, Mesdames Hill and Robson.

The discovery of gold in the Atlin district is likely, from all appearances, to result in as great a rush in the spring as did that in the Klondike.

In the opinion of the Buffalo Express, Dolly Mitchell of Dawson City and Mrs. O'Leary's cow, late of Chicago, will go waltzing down the ages together.

It is proposed to put a 60 horse power boiler and a five drill compressor on the Velvet property on Sophie mountain near Rossland.

The Miners' Exchange at Slocan City propose in the near furure placing an ore cabinet near the depot, that the traveling public may see that Slocan City is not only the prettiest townsite in West Kootenay, but that it has the mineral to back it up.

Cranbrook Herald: The rivalry between the two stage lines between Cranbrook and Fort Steele gives the public the best of service. It is not an uncommon thing for one or both of the stages to make the trip of twelve miles in an hour or less.

The following is a list of the names of those lost in the recent Ainsworth disaster on Kootenay lake: Henry Jaques, engineer, Nelson; James McNeil, fireman, Nelson; Joseph Davis, deckhand; Fred Parie, first mate; John Gurin, stewart, Nelson; Edward Kain, cook. Three Italians whose names cannot be obtained, as all the purser's books were lost.

The reduced postal rates to come into effect Christmas Day will apply to letters passing through Canada and the United Kingdom, British India, Newfoundland and the following African protectorates: British East Africa, Uganda, Zanzibar, British Central Africa, the Niger coast protectorate and the Niger company's territory. The postage on these letters will be reduced from 5 cents to 2 cents.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

SATURDAY, DEC. 3.

Cubans are buying arms and ammunition.

Mr. Sifton will leave Ottawa for the west on Monday.

Louis Albert, of Montreal, is dead, aged 105 years.

Turkish troops were defeated by rebels in Ontario.

Ten men were drowned near New York in Sunday's storm.

A 10-stamp mill will be built on S. V. 105, Lake Minnetakie.

Militia general orders regarding the R. C. A. are published.

The grain standards board fixed the grades for dried wheat.

The international commission held a short session on Friday.

Tests of Winnipeg's supply well are progressing satisfactorily.

Fourteen Minnesota Indians resisted arrest by a game guardian.

General Kitchener was put to flight by a crowd of London admirers.

Major Lessard, of Toronto, inspected B Squadron, R. C. D., on Friday.

Large shipments of raw tobacco are being made to Japan from Vancouver.

A meeting of Winnipeg property owners discussed civic affairs last night.

It is proposed to make the French senate elective by universal suffrage.

McGill university will confer the honorary degree of LL. D. on Lord Minto.

General Miles has prepared a bill to increase the U. S. army to 100,000 men.

British Columbia miners commend the new Yukon hydraulic mining regulations.

It is proposed to establish a national-provincial reference library at Toronto.

Two persons were killed and several injured in a railway accident in Newfoundland.

The U. S. naval authorities found $75,000 in coin on the Spanish cruiser Maria Teresa.

The Paris peace commissioners are waiting instructions from their respective governments.

Quebec offers exemption from harbor dues to a trans-Atlantic line sailing to and from the city.

Provincial bye-elections will be held in Nipissing and North Hastings on December 20 and 27.

Great Britain claims redress for outrages perpetrated by the Hawaiian republican government.

The jury in the Ponton case were locked up for the night. Intense excitement prevails in Napanee.

The imperial government will give Barbadoes $125,000; St. Vincent, $115,000, and lend them each $250,000.

The Emperor Francis Joseph celebrated the fiftieth year of his accession to the throne of Austria on Friday.

Twenty-three persons were drowned by the foundering of the steamship Clan Drummond, in the Bay of Biscay.

Sir Sanford Fleming proposes a system of imperial government cables to cost between $25,000,000 and $30,000,000.

Judge Wurtele, of Montreal, who sentenced Mann to death for murder, recommends the prisoner to executive clemency.

Messrs. Brierly and MacKay, of the Montreal Herald, were committed for trial for libelling Colonel Hughes, chief of police.

FRIDAY, DEC. 2.

The Filipinos demand absolute independence.

The evidence in the Ponton case is concluded.

Two British regiments have been ordered to Swat.

An infantry company is being organized at Manitou.

John Partridge, of Victoria, B. C., committed suicide.

Judgment in the East Elgin election case was reserved.

The Mad Mullah is gaining strength in the Swat Valley.

Turkey will be allowed to occupy the Island of Suda, Crete.

Two thousand Spanish soldiers sailed from Havana for Spain.

Deaths in Winnipeg during November numbered 73; births, 86.

Bubonic plague has broken out in Madagascar and at Suez.

Brandon Liberals will tender Mr. Sifton a public reception.

The United States of Central America have dissolved the union.

The imperial government will grant £40,000 to the West Indies.

Austria and Japan have concluded a trade and navigation treaty.

The Academy of Music, Rochester, N. Y., was burned—loss $100,000.

The Spanish government are preparing to resist a Carlist rising.

The Quebec legislature has been called to meet on January 12th.

One hundred and fifty lives were lost by the wreck of the Portland.

Eight vessels are sunk and eighteen stranded near Vineyard Haven.

The question of the University site will be referred to legal counsel.

Germany is negotiating with Spain for the purchase of the Carolines.

Cargoes of United States corn arriving at Copenhagen are condemned.

Frank McCall is accused of murdering his father at Ste. Brigide, Que.

The Dominion revenue increased $2,089,124 during the past five months.

The Rat Portage Lumber Company will build a saw mill at Point Douglas.

Regulations governing hydraulic mining Yukon have been published at Ottawa.

Spain will resist the settlement of matters not included in the peace protocol.

Donald Terrier is under arrest at New Westminster for the murder of Jennie Rodgers.

A committee of Winnipeg citizens is appointed to manage the affairs of the Doukhobors.

Ponton was examined in his own defence and contradicted the evidence of crown witnesses.

An order-in-council passed at Ottawa, grants $30,000 towards the Edmonton-Yukon wagon road.

The Ontario Board of Health makes it obligatory on doctors to report cases of tuberculosis.

Nominations for the provincial bye-elections in Halton and West Huron were held on Thursday.

Governor Brady, of Alaska, says it is impossible to prevent the smuggling of whiskey into the territory.

Brown, the negro murderer, is said to be insane, and a commutation of his sentence will be applied for.

Knaak, the New Yorker arrested in Berlin for lese majeste, called Emperor Emperor William, "calf's head."

THURSDAY, DEC. 1.

St. Andrew's dinner was a great success.

Gold has been discovered near Quyon, Quebec.

James McPhail was murdered near Ste. Brigide, Que.

The Conservatives will not contest East Simcoe.

The ice on Lake of the Woods is strong enough for travel.

Peace negotiations at Paris are proceeding satisfactorily.

The N. P. and M. railway will extend system next year.

Pana, Ill., is in a state of siege and guarded by state troops.

The Mad Mullah has defeated the forces of the Nadir of Dir.

Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, is to marry a Paravian princess.

The evidence for the defence in the Ponton case is in progress.

The Birtle Farmers' Institute held a successful reunion and banquet.

An attempted train robbery was successfully resisted at Sedalia, Mo.

The steamship Scottish King is a total wreck near Cape Race, Nfld.

A plot to murder Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria was discovered at Sofia.

Montreal grain exports increased nearly 20,000,000 bushels this season.

Aguinaldo demands $1,500,000 ransom for the release of imprisoned friars.

Shipbuilding business on the Clyde this year was the best for ten years.

Charles Walker, a Canadian, was arrested in Paris for attempted robbery.

The season's catch of the Atlantic fisheries is reported exceptionally light.

There is trouble between Germany and Congo Free State over a boundary question.

During the ten months ending October 31st, 26,065 immigrants arrived in Winnipeg.

Of thirteen articles submitted to the Paris peace commission three have been agreed to.

The last steamships of the season passed Father Point, outward bound, on Wednesday.

Portage avenue property owners oppose the purchase by the city of an asphalt plant.

Reports of wrecks and marine casualties are received from many widely separated points.

General Jose Gomez appealed to the Red Cross society at New York for aid for starving Cubans.

A contract for widening the outlet of Lake Manitoba has been awarded to L. Lemoine, of Montreal.

Dead bodies and wreckage from the steamer Portland continue to be washed ashore along Cape Cod.

The relations between Sweden and Norway are strained, and possibilities of war are discussed.

Lord Strathcona is in Washington conferring with Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the fast Atlantic and Pacific cable schemes.

The C. P. R. land department sold 27,000 acres of land during November. Northwest land company's sales were 6,920 acres.

The steamer Ainsworth foundered in Kootenay Lake. Nine men were drowned, including John Gurn, a former resident of Winnipeg.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30.

A Canadian club is proposed in London, Eng.

The defence in the Ponton case is proceeding.

The East Elgin election trial is proceeding slowly.

The ratepayers of Ward 6 held a meeting last night.

The Czar assured an interviewer of his sincere desire for peace.

Forty people were drowned during a storm in Boston harbor.

The Republic of Ecuador has proclaimed a state of siege.

The Salvation Army will build new headquarters in Winnipeg.

Austria protests against the expulsion of Austrians from Prussia.

Judge Dugas, of Yukon, may have to retire on account of ill health.

A mountain near Atlin Lake is reported to be in active eruption.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen were guests of Her Majesty at Windsor recently.

The provincial bye-election in Beauharnois, Que., will be held on December 19th.

The steamer Detroit was wrecked near Skagway—the crew and passengers were saved.

The first lot of Doukhobors for Manitoba will sail from Batoum on December 16th.

It is said that a good deal of smuggling is being carried on in Southern Manitoba.

Lord Kitchener asks for subscriptions to found a Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum.

A. J. Demules, known as "Turquoise King Jarillas," was murdered near El Paso, N. M.

The Czar assures the Sultan that Turkish sovereignty will be safeguarded in Crete.

Great loss of life and damage to shipping are reported on the coast of New England.

Some Arabs attacked a caravan and killed several travellers near Ghat, in the Sahara.

The high joint commission discussed questions regarding the Great Lakes at Tuesday's session.

Mortimer Baker, farm instructor on the Blood reserve, was killed by the caving in of a cellar.

The Filipinos are establishing republics and fighting is going on in many parts of the Philippines.

It is expected that the United States congress will be asked to sanction a standing army of 100,000.

D. E. Brown, C. P. R. agent in China and Japan, reports a wonderful expansion of trade in those countries.

TUESDAY, NOV. 29.

The East Elgin election trial is proceeding.

The recount in East Calgary gives Cross the seat.

Winnipeg's bonspiel of '99 will open on February 6th.

France is taking precautions against the San Jose scale.

The Mad Mullah defeated the Dir tribesmen in Swat.

British capitalists will undertake the revival of the West Indies sugar industry.

The steamer Portland was lost off Highland Light with her crew and passengers.

A protest has been filed against the election of Mr. Gibson, in East Wellington.

Sympathy with Colonel Picquart is increasing in Paris.

Indications of petroleum have been found at Bird's Hill.

Thirty-eight persons were killed by an explosion at Havana.

Mr. Sifton will be unable to attend the St. Andrew's dinner.

Spain accepts the United States peace ultimatum under protest.

An order for ox harness has reached Winnipeg from South Africa.

Australia and New Zealand are shipping butter to British Columbia.

The United States will propose a fisheries treaty with Newfoundland.

Aldermanic candidates discussed municipal questions at a meeting last night.

The C. P. R. will resume the North Bay service on Thursday, December 1st.

The Sealing schooner Otto was fined $1,000 for trespassing in Behring Sea.

The international deep waterways scheme has been revived at Washington.

Kansas City suffered a loss of $240,000 by fire, and Hancock, Mich., $150,000.

Some of the Duchess of Sutherland's stolen jewels have been recovered in London.

Monday's session of the high joint commission was devoted to the Behring Sea question.

Several vessels foundered in a storm off the New England coast and many lives were lost.

C. P. R. earnings fell off in October but increased during the first ten months of 1898.

The Winnipeg city electrician estimates the cost of an electric lighting plant at $50,000.

An English syndicate proposes to invest $2,000,000 in a paper pulp plant in Saguenay, Que.

Destructive floods and a tidal wave caused loss of life and damage to property in Austria.

The Winnipeg Property Owners' Association will take an active part in the civic elections.

Mayor Shaw and Ald. McMurrich are candidates for the Toronto mayoralty and E. F. Clarke may also run.

MONDAY, NOV. 28.

A. J. McMillan, D. L. S., of Calgary, is dead.

O. W. Couldock, the well known actor, is dead.

Lieut.-Governor Forget has returned to Regina.

The British have taken Ting-Hai, capital of Chusan.

London club men are accused of selling memberships.

Lord Minto gave his first official dinner on Saturday.

Napanee people are still convinced of Ponton's innocence.

The Rossland mines shipped 3,500 tons of ore last week.

The Picquart case is likely to cause a revolution in France.

S. W. Farrell, injured by an electric car on Saturday, is dead.

Lord Mount Stephen is distributing $2,800,000 among his relatives.

Mrs. Wynn, of Brooklyn, Ill., was murdered by persons unknown.

The U. S. cruiser Wisconsin was launched at San Francisco.

The Prince of Wales has recovered from the injury to his knee.

A Yukon nugget valued at $50,000 will be exhibited in London, Eng.

A Frenchman has been kept in a French African prison for thirty years.

A. B. Thompson, M. P. P. for Centre Simcoe, is confirmed in his seat.

Three buffaloes are reported to have been seen in Swan River district.

La Minerve, Montreal, urges France to cede her claims in Newfoundland.

The commercial treaty between France and Italy causes surprise in Europe.

A Chinaman in San Francisco died of what is supposed to be bubonic plague.

A California river steamer exploded killing five people and injuring several.

Rev. Hilton Pedley reports great progress in Japan during the past thirty years.

Frank Knaak, of New York, was arrested for lese majeste in Berlin, Germany.

Forty-eight ships will be added to the French navy in 1899 and twenty-one in 1900.

Don Carlos is equipped with men and money and will shortly take the field in Spain.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal is in Washington conferring with Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Emperor Menelek is reported to be marching on Bahr-el-Ghazal with an army of 100,000.

The Spanish peace commissioners are still undecided as to their answer to the United States.

Inquiry into the loss of the Mohegan is finished—the commission praised the bravery of the crew.

Bondholders of the M. and N. W. railway will continue litigation over the transfer of the road.

Proceedings are being taken against parties charged with attempting to bribe Yukon officials.

The new arrangement between the C. P. R. and G. T. R. will keep business from the United States roads.

The report of the Newfoundland commission is likely to cause serious difficulty between Great Britain and France.

Philippine insurgents are preparing to resist annexation to the United States.

NEWS OF THE DOMINION.

Windsor, Nov. 27.—Mrs. Rose Drouillard died yesterday at Drouillard Point, near Walkerville, where she had lived since her birth 91 years ago.

Montreal, Nov. 27.—K. M. Leithead, who was killed in the Baldwin hotel fire at San Francisco on Wednesday, was a former Montrealer, and brother of Alf. Leithead, of the Star. He was not, as stated in telegrams, purser of the steamer City of Sydney, but had just returned from a very successful business trip to South America.

Toronto, Nov. 27.—The West Algoma protest against James Conmee was formally abandoned this morning and a motion allowed to have it come up for dismissal at Toronto on Dec. 3.

Quebec, Nov. 27.—The steamer Lake Ontario, Capt. Carey from Montreal for Liverpool, arrived down from Montreal at noon and proceeded to sea. She is the last passenger steamer from the St. Lawrence this season.

Toronto, Nov. 27.—Rebecca Taggart, the woman who was so cruelly beaten by her husband yesterday morning, died early this morning at the general hospital. An inquest will be held this afternoon. Her husband is in gaol and will undoubtedly be tried for murder.

St. Catharines, Nov. 27.—Miss Glenny, of Cayuga, a student of the Demill college, has been missing since Monday. She left under such circumstances that suicide was feared, the finding of her hat in the canal in rear of the college lending confirmation to the suspicion. Her father was communicated with, the canal dragged and a thorough search made yesterday. She was found at a farmer's house, about a mile from the city. She appeared there on Monday and engaged a week's board. It is thought she is slightly out of her mind.

Montreal, Nov. 27.—Chas. Laugeiler prints a letter in Le Soleil denying that he will resign his candidature in Levis at the request of Mr. Tarte, and declared that Mr. Tarte, instead of being opposed to him, is in his favor as will appear during the election. Pacaud declared in Le Soleil the other day in favor of keeping federal and provincial interests separate at Levis, intimating that otherwise a feeling against the federal minister there would jeopardize Langelier's election to the legislature.

Victoria, Nov. 27.—Several American sealers are now here preparing claims on account of seizures in the Behring sea, similar to those paid to Canadians, for submission to their government. Canadian claims are being also prepared against the Russians on account of imprisonment at Petropaulovski.

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES.

By Beatrice Marean.

CHAPTER X.—SUNSHINE AND STORM.

The household at Deepdale were astir at quite an early hour the next morning notwithstanding the late hours they had kept the night before. Mr. Gilbert is to return to the city on the 3.30 express this afternoon. At 12 o'clock Mr. White, rector of the Deepdale Chapel, is announced, and remains to the one o'clock luncheon, after which he is summoned to the library with Percy Randal. The two gentlemen find Mrs. St. Clair and lawyer Gilbert standing by a desk in the library, and Mr. Gilbert requests their signatures as witnesses to a legal looking document which he holds in his and, and which proves to be "the last will and testament of Isabel Southworth St. Clair."

This request being complied with in due form, the old lawyer proceeds to fold the document, places it in an envelope, and puts it into the huge inner pocket of his coat. Mrs. St. Clair bows to her guests and retires to the drawing-room to join her daughter and Miss Pendleton. Raphael St. Clair enters the library, and orders wine and cigars served to the gentlemen.

An hour later the lawyer and young St. Clair are bowling along the shady road which leads to the Deepdale station. The young man has spoken freely to the lawyer in regard to his misgivings concerning the man of his mother's choice.

"Put your fears at rest, my lad," Mr. Gilbert is saying. "Your mother is an extraordinary, clever and far-seeing woman and has made every arrangement necessary to secure her fortune to your sister and yourself. So in case of Lennard's outliving her, he cannot make you any trouble even if he were so disposed. I think, however, that you do him an injustice in thinking that he may be marrying your mother in order to get control of her fortune. I hear him highly spoken of in town as an honorable and wealthy man. He is very popular in society, and I think that he is all right. However, it was wise for your mother to take the proper precautions she has. 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,' you know," concludes the old lawyer, as the pretty ponies round gracefully up to the platform steps of the station. The iron horse is in sight as the gentlemen alight from the carriage, and soon comes puffing and snorting in, its machinery glistening and sparkling in the evening sun, and leaving a long graceful line of smoke behind it.

Raphael shakes hands warmly with the barrister, springs lightly back into the pony carriage, takes up the reins, and the hoofs of the spirited animals clatter on the hard road leading back to Deepdale. All the vague uneasiness and apprehension in regard to his mother's approaching marriage is lulled to rest within the bosom of the young man, and his heart swells joyously as his thoughts revert and tenderly lingers over his own newly-found happiness.

The next day Mr. Randal requests a private interview with the mistress of Deepdale, and when that lady sends word to the young man that she shall be pleased to see him immediately in the library, he goes into her presence with a pale face and loudly beating heart. By a brave effort he crushes down his agitation, and after a few preliminary remarks proceeds in a frank, manly fashion to astonish the lady by asking her consent to her daughter's betrothal with himself.

"As you are aware, Mrs. St. Clair," says the young man in a low musical voice, "I have no fortune to place at your daughter's feet. But my heart, my life, my love, are hers, and when I shall have succeeded in working my way up to the position I intend, with God's help, to attain—a position which I need not feel ashamed to ask Beatrice to share with me, have I your consent to claim her hand in marriage?"

At first, Mrs. St. Clair is too overcome by astonishment to be able to speak. She has been so engrossed with her own love affair as well as in making her business arrangements satisfactory to her own mind before the fast approaching day of her marriage should arrive, that she has utterly failed to notice the growing attachment between her daughter and young Randal. She now bows her head on her breast in thoughtful silence. This suitor for her daughter's hand is poor in this world's goods; so had been the husband of her own youth, and where, ah where, could a happier union than theirs had been be found? Young Randal, in spite of his poverty, is the par excellence, in Raphael's eyes, of manly nobility, and comes from one of the first families in the South. After all, she tells herself, what matters this poverty. Beatrice will have a fortune of her own, which will be ample for her whole life, even if Randal, as her husband, should fail to acquire wealth of his own. Then she thinks of the honest light which shone in the eyes of the young man now standing before her, when he said: "With the love of your daughter for my powerful incentive, with God's help, I shall gain a position in life which I shall not be ashamed to ask Beatrice to share." Why should she dismiss him without hope—this manly young Hercules, who is anxious to lay his life at her daughter's feet. Then thoughts of her own approaching marriage come to her, with Beatrice's disapproval of the same. Will it not be well to purchase the smiles and cheerfulness of her daughter on this important event which draws so nigh, by granting the prayer of her lover, when all things else considered are favorable to the match? At length the reverie is ended. She raises her head, and the look on her fair face is not one to ruthlessly dash all of his fond hopes to the ground.

"Have you spoken to her brother about this?" is all she says.

"I have, madame, and he has done me the great honor to refer me to yourself."

For answer, the lady's hand touched the bell cord, and the anxious pleader is left standing by the library table, not certain whether the lady's next move will be to grant his prayer, or to order the footman to show him to the outside door.

He is not doomed to endure this torturing suspense long, for the footman soon appears and stands bowing before his mistress, awaiting her order.

"Edwards, request your young mistress to attend me immediately in the library."

"Yes, madame" and Edwards ducks his head and disappears.

The large library clock has ticked away its five minutes, a tiny rap falls on the library door. Percy steps to open it, thereby letting in a flood of sunshine for himself into the lofty old room, as his heart's mistress stands smiling and blushing bewitchingly on the threshold. She bows to Mr. Randal, and her eyes look at him into the room where sits her mother.

"Did you send for me, mamma?" she asks in her sweet, low voice.

"I did. Come and sit beside me on the sofa, Beatrice," replies Mrs. St. Clair.

Randal softly closes the door, and walks back to his old position beside the table. When the girl has seated herself as she is bid, her mother turns to her, and says:—

"Beatrice, Mr. Randal has just told me of his love for you, and asked my consent to your betrothal. My child, do you love this man, and are you willing to wait until he attains a social position equal to your own?"

Beatrice throws one loving glance from her bright eyes upon her lover's radiant face, as he stands before them the embodiment of manly strength, and blushingly answers, with charming frankness:—

"I do, mother; and I am willing to wait for years if necessary, and be patient and happy in waiting. But I cannot endure to think of life apart from him forever; and I should even be willing to marry him as soon as he has graduated from the medial college, and assist him to attain success." And a deeper ruby crimson dyes her fair brow.

"God bless you, my noble darling," murmurs the happy lover, and Mrs. St. Clair continues:—

"Then, there is nothing left for me to do, but to give my consent to the betrothal, and implore heaven's blessing upon it," she says, with visible emotion.

"Dearest and best of mothers," murmurs Beatrice, melting into tears, while Randal comes over and kneels beside the sofa where the mother and daughter are sitting. The girl slips from her place beside her mother, and Mrs. St. Clair, laying her hands gently upon the head of each, asks God to bless their betrothal. Percy Randal takes the hand of Beatrice, and slips the ring of betrothal upon her finger. It is a plain golden band—his own mother's wedding ring, and had been placed on his finger by that mother when her hands were growing cold in the icy touch of death, with a low murmured prayer that the sight of the precious memento might make him strong to overcome temptation, and keep his feet in the path his mother's love would fain have him tread. Reverently, he places the worn circlet upon the hand of the fair being kneeling by his side, while the image of his blessed mother's face comes between his eyes and the face of his affianced wife; and who shall say that the happy spirit of that mother is not hovering there, breathing blessings upon them, as she witnesses the joy of her only son?

The storm clouds which had swept over Deepdale a few days since, and had threatened to engulf that happy home in gloom, are fast disappearing, leaving the glorious sunshine of happiness in their stead.

To add further to the happiness of all, young St. Clair has told his mother of his own love for Helen Pendleton, and of her willingness to become his wife. To his unspeakable joy, Mrs. St. Clair not only gave her consent to their union, but further added that Helen was the very woman of all their extensive acquaintance that she should choose for her son's wife, and later she seeks Helen in her own room, kisses and cries over the girl, and gives her a daughter's place in her affectionate heart.

"Well, by the eternal!" ejaculates old General Dale, when informed of how matters stood with the inmates of Deepdale, whither himself and Mrs. Dale have returned, to be in attendance at the wedding of Mrs. St. Clair and Captain Lennard. "By the eternal! Three pair of engaged people in the house at once! By Jove! why, not have a trio of weddings, and have done with it?"

Mrs. St. Clair laughs her soft little laugh, and replies:—

"Ah! my dear General, the boys are only taken on probation, as the Methodists say, and must wait until they can write M.D. after their names before they can become benedicts."

The wedding of Mrs. St. Clair and Captain Lennard is a very quiet, recherche affair, indeed. No guests are invited to attend from the city, except the Dale and a friend of Captain Lennard's, Lawyer Mason, whom the Captain has asked permission to invite. The marriage is to be celebrated in the Deepdale Chapel, which is situated on the Deepdale estate, and was built and endowed by Mrs. St. Clair when, as a young wife and mother, she had returned from Europe, and came to reside for the season at Deepdale. Here her children had been carried in their infancy to the baptismal font to receive the sacred rites of baptism. Here the last services for the dead had been read over the remains of the beloved husband of her youth, the father of her children, and from these sacred aisles had been carried his body to its last peaceful resting place beneath the monarch beech and lichen trees which shadow the beautiful little Chapel, where it now lies "sleeping the sleep that knows no waking," all unmindful of the hopes and fears, the smiles and tears of those loved ones, still acting their parts upon the stage of life.

The morning of the wedding has broken dark and gloomy. The wealth of autumn sunshine, which had so long lingered over hill, sea and dale, has suddenly been withdrawn, and storm clouds are scudding across the gloomy horizon, driven by the rising gale, which is blowing briskly from the northwest, lashing the water's of the bay into a foaming, seething mass, and bringing down with it an occasional angry dash of rain, which comes pelting against the grand windows of Deepdale in mimic fury.

"It is too bad, that this sudden change in the weather should come upon the very day fixed for the wedding," grumbles old Mrs. Dale to her husband, as she looks from the window of her room out upon the lawn below, the aspect of which had been so woefully changed by the weather since the day before.

"It looks pretty rough, my dear—pretty rough for a wedding day," answers the old General, who in velvet dressing-gown and slippers, has walked to the window and is standing beside his wife, and with her viewing the cheerless aspect of the weather without. "A regular gale," he continues, as they watch the tall trees bending beneath the blast, scattering their bright and many-hued leaves over the wet and deserted lawn. "But we must take the weather as it comes, my dear, and old Boreas is not going to hold up even to oblige a wedding party, when he gets ready to storm."

"But what is that old saying, my love, about 'Happy is the bride the sun shines on,'" asks Mrs. Dale, brushing a tiny bit of dust from the velvet collar of her husband's dressing-gown, as she speaks.

"Oh, nonsense, my dear," replies the General, pinching her plump old cheek. "That old saying had its origin in the superstitious mind of some ignorant old woman, and is quite too absurd to even think about."

"Well, at any rate, I hope that Mrs. St. Clair may not call this old saying to mind," she answers.

"She will not, my dear; she will not, you may depend upon that. She is too sensible to let such superstition trouble her. And, moreover, she is too deeply in love with the groom to think of aught but happiness and fair sailing on this her wedding day."

The sound of the breakfast-bell rings through the quiet house, and the General hastens to change his dressing-gown for a morning coat; and giving his arm to his wife, the jolly old couple descend the marble staircase and join the family, which is already gathered in the breakfast room.

(To Be Continued.)

NAVAL MYSTERIES.

War Vessels of the United States That Have Disappeared.

Curious disappearances and accidents to our warships characterized the early history of our navy, and in spite of all the efforts of the navy department to explain the cause of the disasters many of them are as absolute mysteries today as when they happened.

When the government built ten new gunboats to prosecute the war against Tripoli in 1805, they were sent out as soon as they were finished and before they were named. Each one was given a number and dispatched to the seat of the war. No. 7 sailed from New York July 20, 1805, under the command of Lieutenant Ogelvie, and after she cleared Sandy Hook light she was never heard from again. She went down with all on board before she had even been named.

A most extraordinary accident was that which happened to the corvet Monongahela at Santa Cruz in 1867.

While at anchor in the harbor a tremendous tidal wave lifted her upon its crest and carried her clean over the town of Frederichstadt and back again without injuring the town or the boat to any great extent. The receding wave landed her on the beach instead of in the deep water of the harbor, and it cost our government $100,000 to float her again. Fully as strange was the fate of the sloop-of-war Wateree. She was anchored in the harbor of Arica, Peru, in 1868, when a huge tidal wave swept inland and flooded the whole city. The wave carried the sloop several miles inland and finally landed her in the midst of a tropical forest. It was impossible to release her from such a peculiar position, and the government sold her for a nominal sum. The purchasers turned the vessel into a hotel, and the remains of that once formidable war vessel loom up in the tropical forest today as a monument to the power of tidal waves.

Among other cases of disaster which are attributed to the violence of the waves or weather there is none more interesting than that of the strange fate of the Saratoga. When she sailed from Philadelphia in October, 1780, under the command of Captain James Young, there was no finer or handsomer war vessel afloat. That she was as formidable as she was attractive was soon demonstrated in a practical way. After cruising around a short time she captured three British vessels in succession, and then, with her prizes, she started to return to Philadelphia, but off the Delaware capes she encountered a British ship of the line. As the Saratoga carried only 18 guns and the Intrepid was a 74 gun ship, Captain Young considered it safer to run away. The enemy did not chase her far, but returned to protect and recapture the British prizes. The Saratoga sailed away in the very teeth of a storm, and she was never heard from again. Did she founder at sea in the gale, or was she blown up by her own magazines?—Leslie's Weekly.

Six Varieties of Asbestus.

There is probably no product of inorganic nature about which there is so much popular mystery and misconception as asbestus. It is vaguely understood that the principal claim of this remarkable product is that it cannot be consumed by fire. There are, however, no less than six varieties of asbestus, each of which possesses qualities peculiar to itself. They may be classified as follows: Amanthus, in which the fibers are so exceedingly long, flexible and elastic that they may be woven into cloth; common asbestus, with the fibers much less flexible—it is heavier than the first variety, a dull green in color, sometimes pearly in luster and oily to the touch; mountain cork, light enough to float on water; mountain leather, also very light, but thinner and more flexible than the last; mountain paper or blue asbestus; mountain wood, which in external appearance resembles dry wood. As a matter of fact, nearly all varieties have more or less the appearance of fossilized wood. Asbestus has been found in nearly all parts of the globe.—New York Ledger.

If the sultan remains obdurate about those American claims, Uncle Sam may be compelled to take the Turkish bull by his Golden Horn.—Chicago Record.

The North Carolina authorities, indignant at the escape of a life sentenced convict, have recaptured him and added five years to his sentence.—Richmond Times.

Mark Twain as a Stump Speaker.

Once in awhile Mark has taken a hand in politics. On one occasion, being invited to speak in the interest of his fellow townsman, General Joseph Hawley, who was a candidate for re-election to the United States senate, he said in the course of a droll address: "General Hawley deserves your support, although he has about as much influence in purifying the senate as a bunch of flowers would have in sweetening a glue factory. But he's all right; he never would turn any poor beggar away from his door empty handed. He always gives them something—almost without exception a letter of introduction to me, urging me to help them."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Moyie City Leader.

MOYIE CITY, B. C.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

Some of General Greely's Awful Experiences in the Arctic.

"The new year of 1884 was only 19 days old when death came for the first time," writes General A. W. Greely in The Ladies' Home Journal, telling the awful experiences of his arctic exploring party at Cape Sabine. "For 90 days we had all lived and kept together, but death was inevitable. Its coming was sure to some, if not to all. Our only wonder was it had not come sooner. Only the day before was our comrade at work. We said little. Only one man so far forgot that he was a soldier as to make the faintest sign.

"But the nearness of the end touched us all. Speech became lower, actions gentler, determined faces grew softer, and conciliation was the spirit of the hour. Who would go next? was the question written on each face. Not a man ventured to say to his fellow, 'This is the end.' How that eternal question, always so unanswerable, seemed to be even more of a mystery to us! The Easter sun had hardly set before the second fell before death. A day after, and the third succumbed. Then the fourth. One by one they were dropping at our side. The fifth followed quickly to solve the problem of futurity. Then the sixth comrade passed.

And now we felt that we were all awaiting the summons, one by one. We scarcely looked at each other. Doubt and wretchedness were allied against us. But the fortunes of war sometimes change at the most critical moment. Strive and do, do and strive until death, were the mottoes of our hunters, and one day nearly 500 pounds of bear and seal meat came just as all food had almost failed. Oh, the joy which that meat brought to us! Who can tell but those in that hut? Something to eat—something to keep life!"

BERLIN'S DRUG STORES.

Curious Names Bestowed by Apothecaries on Their Shops.

The German drug store is always a mystery to the American when he first becomes one of its customers. It is not nearly so comprehensive as the American institution of the same kind. The apothecary's department, which is only one feature of the American drug store, is an independent establishment in Germany and is devoted to the filling of prescriptions and the duties of the apothecary. The "drogueric," quite a separate place, provides half the articles customarily found here in the drug store. It is to the drogueric that one must go for soap, toothbrushes, drugs in the pure and all of the articles not dealt in by the apothecary. The division may be a convenient one after the mysteries have been mastered, but it is confusing at first.

Another peculiarity of the apothecaries is that most of them have names displayed. That custom dates from the earliest days of their history. The old names of the shops have survived to some extent, although the purely fantastic names have given place to others better suited to the commercial exigencies of modern times. The city today possesses 164 shops of apothecaries, and many have adopted names taken from the street, square or region in which they are situated. There are 56 of these, and 19 are known only by the names of their proprietors. Nineteen are named after birds, the eagle having ten named in its honor. There are all sorts of eagles among these ten—black, red and white. Other names include wild animals, mythological names, such as Minerva and Flora, and royal titles like Friedrich and Augusta Victoria. Most curious are those called after famous historical personages, such as Arminius, Roland and Siegfried.—Exchange.

The Kaiser as a Humorist.

We went up to the Kiel Yacht club to see the presentation of prizes by his majesty. He was in particularly jolly humor, and his speeches of presentation were most happily spoken. One prize winner, a little German officer, fully realized the importance of the occasion and was the more easily embarrassed when with cap in one hand and sword in the other he stood ready to receive his prize—a pair of large vases.

At the close of the kaiser's speech he handed the vases to the little officer, who hurriedly put cap under one arm, sword under the other and received them, whereupon the kaiser insisted upon shaking hands in congratulation, much to the embarrassment, chagrin and bliss of the winner and the shouts of laughter from every one else, led by his majesty.

The next winner was given a liqueur set and received orders not to drink from all 12 glasses alone.—Outing.

ENCOURAGED IN HIS MUSIC.

The Hardworking Amateur Sent to the Barn and Finds Appreciation.

"I'll tell you of the only encouragement I ever received since I began to play the violin, and that's many years," said a hardworking amateur the other night as he stretched his neck toward his music stand to make out a difficult movement which he was trying to play.

"Let's hear it," said his friend, for it was a blessing to have him stop playing.

"Well, it was this way: I was spending my vacation at my music teacher's house in the Adirondacks. One day after practicing some hours on the same piece that you heard me playing now my teacher came to my room and suggested that there was a nice place to practice in the barn, and by doing so I would oblige her and her mother, who was sick in the adjacent room. Well, of course, I felt somewhat hurt, but was not going to lose my daily practice and went to the barn. I got into the hayloft and began to play. In about half an hour I was surrounded by rats that squealed and cut up all sorts of capers. I often heard of animals being charmed by music, but nothing could make me believe it until now.

"Well, do you know, I never was so happy in my life, to think that all my time was not wasted in trying to be a musician? I always like rats since then, and I was tempted to trap my barn audience for future use. I was pleased to see that I had at last charmed some one with my music. I felt like catching them all and bringing them home for future encouragement."—New York Tribune.

The Worst Mistake.

"Every man is likely to make mistakes in public as in private life," said the charitable man.

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "But there are some mistakes for which there is no excuse."

"For example?"

"Well, about the worst is owning up after you have made one."—Washington Star.

On a War Footing.

"What's making that jarring noise in the room overhead?"

"It's a meeting of strikers. They're kicking for higher wages."

The questioner was silent a moment. Then he sighed dismally.

"Another revenue stamp," he said, as the applause seemed to break loose again.—Chicago Tribune.

PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If It is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.

With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low—that Dizzy and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations and similar conditions are bound to ensue.

By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated.

Mrs. B. Croft, residing on Waterloo Street, St. John, N.B., says:

"For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart so severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief.

"I am glad to say that from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system toned up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend those pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic."

Miss Mary E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says Laxa-Liver Pills cured her of Sick Headache, from which she had suffered for a year.

A NOVA SCOTIA FARMER

TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED OF SALT RHEUM.

His Fingers, Hands and Wrists Were a Mass of Cracks and Sores by Reason of Which He Was Unable to Work.

To the Editor of the Enterprise:

I have read from week to week in your paper, testimonials from those who have been cured through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I have experienced much benefit from the use of that medicine, I believe it my duty to let others know they can be relieved from a very painful malady. I am now 75 years of age, and am at the present time, and in fact ever since I took a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, have been enjoying excellent health. Before that time I had been ailing for some months, finally I was attacked with salt rheum, which came out mostly on my hands. It was not long after its first appearance before I was unable to do any work at all with my hands. I resorted to all the domestic cures I could hear of, but the disease kept on its course, getting worse and worse, until the palms of my hands and my fingers were a mass of cracks, open sores and hideous scabs. I then got medicine from the doctor, which I used for several weeks, with no benefit whatever,—my hands still becoming more and more crippled with the disease. My general health, too, at this time was poor and I got discouraged altogether, believing there was no help for the terrible complaint that was gradually spreading over my hands and up my wrists towards my arms. It happened one day in conversation with an acquaintance that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were mentioned in connection with some other case in the neighborhood, and it was suggested that I try them for salt rheum. I had not much faith in the trial, but concluded to get a box and see what good they might do. To my great delight, after using the box I found an improvement in the condition of my hands, and I got six boxes more. I did not use all these, for before they were gone the disease had vanished and my hands were as sound as ever. The new skin came on as smooth and fresh as if nothing had been the matter. I took no other medicine while using the pills and the whole praise of the cure is due to them. My general health was also greatly benefitted by their use and I attended to my work with more energy and in better spirits than I had done for a number of years. I have been in excellent health ever since for a man of my years, and no sign of salt rheum has since appeared. The box or two of Pink Pills which I left unused were taken by my wife and did her much good. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and am pleased to give my testimony to their merit, hoping others may thereby be induced to use them in cases like my own. HENRY CHESLEY.

The editor of the Enterprise can add that Mr. Chesley is a representative farmer living about three miles from the town of Bridgewater, N.S., and the utmost reliance can be placed on his statement.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Hawthorne as a Student.

A correspondent of the Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph says: "Hawthorne, when a student in college, boarded with the mother of the writer, and we often went fishing for trout in what is now known as Mall brook. At that time the students called it Hawthorne's brook. He was rather reserved in manner, and had but few associates. When in college, he was not over 5 feet 8 inches in height. It was the custom at that time for the students when they met President Allen to raise their hats. Hawthorne and John Hodgdon, it was said, were brought up among the Friends, and they did not raise their hats when passing the president. Hawthorne was summoned before the president for this neglect, and I have forgotten whether he was suspended or escaped with only a reprimand."

A Financier.

"Briggins makes money by establishing creameries in country towns, does he? I thought it was a notorious fact that little creameries don't pay."

"That's it. His agent works up a creamery enterprise in some small town, and Briggins goes there the next year, buys up the machinery for a song and sells it to some village where they have never had a creamery."—Chicago Tribune.

Took the Hint.

"Just by way of a hint, you know, I told her she looked sweet enough to kiss."

"Well?"

"Well, she said that was the way she intended to look."

"And so"—

"Precisely."—Chicago Post.

THE CURE OF ASTHMA.

Liebig's Asthma Cure will cure Asthma, Hay Asthma or Hay Fever. Hundreds of people in four continents will say so. It is a high class medicine, endorsed by medical men, and used by the best people in all parts of the civilized world.

A free trial bottle will be sent to any sufferer by mail prepaid. If you are afflicted, send your name and address to The Liebig Co., 177 King street west, Toronto, and say you saw this free offer in this paper.

AS TO EPILEPSY AND FITS.

Liebig's Fit Cure for Epilepsy and kindred affections is the only successful remedy, and is now used by the best physicians and hospitals in Europe an America. It is confidently recommended to the afflicted. If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, St. Virus Dance, or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle and try it. It will be sent by mail, prepaid. It has cured where everything else has failed.

When writing mention this paper and give full address to The Liebig Co., 177 King street west, Toronto.

Proverb Revised.

Watts—Why don't you save your money?

Yabsley—Somehow, I can't. With me, a penny made is a penny burned.—Indianapolis Journal.

Good Reason.

Author—But why do you charge me more for printing this time than usual?

Publisher—Because the compositors were constantly falling asleep over your novel.—Metropolitan.

Decidedly.

Blinks—Is there anything worse than to attempt to be witty and fail?

Winks—Yes—to attempt to be dishonest and not succeed.—Up to Date.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best.

Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont.
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.
Chas. Whooten, Mulgrave, N. S.
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S.
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All women are pleased with the judgment of Paris—when he comes to fashions.

Ask for Minard's Liniment and take no other.

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

Minard's Liniment the Lumberman's Friend.

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

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

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

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

England carries about 5 8 per cent. of the sea-borne merchandise of the world.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25

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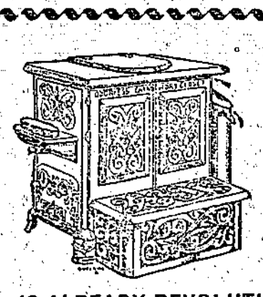

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1898.

BRIGHT FUTURE IN STORE.

All indications are now beginning to point towards an enormous influx of people to South East Kootenay next spring. Not only people, but plenty of capital as well to open up and develop the country. The mineral resources have been so thoroughly and advantageously shown up and to such an extent as to assure their permanency, thus proving to the capitalist the absolute safety in risking his money in them.

Not a portion of the district named will receive more attention next season than that surrounding Moyie City. At least four mines will be working and shipping ore and two concentrators will be in operation. Besides, dozens of prospects will be opened up and made ready for shippings ore, and the sawmill will be kept busy turning out lumber for the vast amount of building which will be done. Each of these industries must of necessity have large working forces, which means a handsome payroll for the suport of the town. The closeness of the mines to the town is one great advantage that Moyie City has over most places. The three most thoroughly developed mines, the St. Eugene, the Moyie and the Lake Shore, are within a radius of one mile of town, and the Lake Shore mine is, practically speaking, in the town. With conditions such as these, men with families will find this a most agreeable place to locate, as they can work in the mines and still live in their homes; and as one family is better for the grocer, the baker, the the butcher and the shoemaker than half a dozen single men, the the rapid increase in the number of business establishments will quickly follow.

But the time for the man with limited capital to invest is now, as he will be able to get in much cheaper than if he delays until the rush begins. For a safe and permanent investment not a town in British Columbia offers better inducements than does Moyie City.

A general howl is going up throughout the country over the recent order issued by the present government regarding the purchase of public lands. Many instances are coming to light where parties purchased the right to their land from the original locator, frequently paying large prices. This, with whatever improvements they have made, they lose entirely, only recovering the actual amount they paid the government for the land. It seems like an extraordinary stupid piece of legislation and one that borders closely on highway robbery.

Those persons who have been so long contending that the St. Eugene concentrator site was nearer the south end of Moyie lake than to this place will now have the unpleasant task of "squaring" themselves. The new ore bin marks the spot, which is only about 300 yards from the heart of the town. The gross misrepresentation of facts for the accomplishment of selfish designs is a bad policy to pursue and should be admished.

A railway official who was here with the excursion of West Kootenay business men last week is credited with saying that "the people of Moyie are the worst kickers on the entire line of the Crow's Nest road." Perhaps we are but we have been driven to it. When people are unable to get their just desserts by peaceable means they must resort to something more drastic.

Little ... little Moyie City is getting what she has so long been asking for. The promise of a post office on the first of the year and the absolute certainty of a railway siding are the two latest additions to the town. It takes time to bring these things about, but they are gradually coming just the same.

A WHEEL STORY.

BY O. K. SCHIMANSKY.

"No, this is not the story of her first attempt to ride, but is my story of an attempt to teach her to ride.

"She was a sweet sister, was this maiden, a sweet sister of John Jones', when she came to me one evening just as old Sol was hiding his fire-red visage back of the trees in the far west, and asked me in an entrancing, apologetic way if I wouldn't assist her in her bicycle practice, 'as Brother John has a pressing engagement, and can't be with me, and, anyway, he says you know more about bicycling than he does.'

"Say, just then I could have hugged John Jones, and his sister, too, for that matter, but John was not there; and as for his sister—well, I did not dare.

"Miss Jones had been the possessor of a bicycle about three days, and as we wended our way side by side to her home to get the steed of steel she informed me that she was doing 'just lovely.' And she also ventured the remark that she actually believed she could ride alone, only she got so terribly frightened.

"When we arrived at Miss Jones' home she excused herself for a few minutes, saying she wished to don an appropriate costume, and when she emerged from the house a little later, clad in a neat-fitting garb of the bloomer type and leading a diamond-frame machine, why, it simply took my breath away. Oh, but she looked chipper, chic and debonair, and my heart was at once smitten with her, though I always had a peculiarly sympathetic feeling for her. She certainly was the most beautiful and sweet morsel of femininity it had been my pleasure to gaze upon. There was no doubt about this, this lesson would be extremely interesting. There would be no skirts to get entangled in the wheels and chain and to bother her in her awkward manipulations of the same, and the time spent in teaching her to properly manage the steed would surely be just so long a time of unalloyed pleasure.

"Miss Jones and I walked to a street seldom traveled after sundown and the walk over the intervening thoroughfares was an exceedingly short one. We arrived at our destination. The first thing was to show her how to mount and this was a stunner. I had assisted many young ladies in their efforts to master the bicycle but all of them rode drop frame machines and they all wore skirts. This case was far different. However, I got on and off the wheel, using the step, 'man-fashion,' and explained to her in detail every succeeding movement. Then Miss Jones tried it. First I firmly grasped the handle bar with one hand, holding the frame in front of the saddle with the other. Miss Jones reached over my arm, took hold of the grips, put her right foot on the step, made a lunge for the saddle—and kerflop, we both landed on the hard road. I was underneath, the wheel made up the second layer of the pile, while Miss Jones sat, not too gently, on top of the whole. I thought one of the handle bars had punctured my side and that I was swallowing a heterogenous mass of bicycle spokes, good solid clay and rubber tires. Miss Jones did not get off the heap at all but sat there half sobbing, half laughing, and said she hoped I was not injured, that she was so sorry, etc. With an almost herculanean effort I rolled from my position under the wheel and its fair, but heavy burden, and after pulling myself together, gave Miss Jones my hand and helped her to her feet. I inquired if she were hurt but she rejoicingly informed me that she came one unscathed and was ready for another trial.

"I was not much injured—no—but whatever thoughts I had had of spending an enjoyable evening were rudely dispelled from my mind. No, I was not injured, but I could almost swear that one of the pedals of that machine had cut out a few square inches of my shin bone and I imagined I could feel it dangling about my ankle. I was also aware of the fact that there were several non-repairable punctures in my trousers and that my anatomy was bruised and sore in more places than I could enumerate in a three-page article.

"To tell the truth, I was not at all anxious to continue the demoralizing lesson, as I was sure that this experience would be the death of me but I wouldn't for an instant think of telling my fair companion that I had to give up.

"No! she should be the first to say it was time to postpone the practice until another day. I was in hopes the wheel was in such condition, after the hard fall, that it would be impossible to use it, but outside of a few scratches, it came out of the tumble as did its owner—not in the least damaged.

"Well, we tried the mounting business over again, and this time I was prepared for the shock and she did land on the saddle most beautifully. After I had balanced the seemingly uncontrollable wheel and told her to get ready for the start off, she said to me that she could ride fairly well now that she was on and if I would just take hold under the back of the saddle and follow her in that way she thought she could pedal forward very well. I did as she told me and after giving the wheel a slight push she moved off. Yes, she went it alone all right. All I had to do was to follow her. At first she went slowly, at what you would call a dog-trot, then she increased her speed. And still all I had to do was to follow her!

"As we were booming merrily onward, she on the bicycle and I on foot, she asked me if I didn't think this most exhilerating sport. Of course, I said it was. Then she said she enjoyed it so much that she would continue on this same course until she became tired, when she would dismount, and after a rest we would return homeward.

"Well, I trotted and trotted and trotted after that wheel, and I thought she never would stop. She went and went and went, and I believe if I had not hinted to her that I sometimes became fatigued, she would have been going yet. But she did finally stop, and in sheer exhaustion I fell to the roadside, and when I had time to recover my breath and look about us I found we were away out in the country, at least three miles from home. She sat down at the roadside, a little way from me. Then she talked.

"She dilated upon the beauties of the summer's evening, the multi-colored foliage of the trees, the irridescent clouds which looked like rare jewels hung in the western skies, as the rays of the now obscured sun cast indescribable glittering tints over them. But poor me, my body and mind were racked with pain, and I did not appreciate our surroundings. After the fall then the unusual exercise, every muscle and nerve in my body seemed to tingle with electric shocks. I was just about done up and when I would think of the return journey my heart would nearly bound from its natural and best location. Every breath I took seemed to be drawing huge chunks of solid air into my lungs, instead of the pure, country atmosphere which I was actually taking into my system. I was tired, sore and disgusted with everything, even with the maiden at my side, whom I now thought one of the ugliest, most uninteresting persons it had been my mistortune to meet. I was thinking, thinking deeply; thinking some things I would not dare think aloud, when I was suddenly brought to my senses by my fair companion saying: 'Well, I'm ready.' So was I—I had to be, and I at once arose and grabbed up that wheel. Of course, before I could start her homeward it was first necessary to get her on to the bicycle, and I trembled as I thought of the task before me. This time I braced myself against a fence and held onto that wheel like grim-visaged death, and when Miss Jones boarded it in really artistic style, I was greatly pleased. I started her off gently and then took hold of the saddle again, prepared to trot home back of the young lady like a dog following its master. I was congratulating myself upon the little trouble experienced in getting her started, when the front wheel of the bicycle began to wobble and chug! went the off handle bar into a fence. Luckily, I was on the opposite side of the wheel and pulling terrifically at the nigh handle bar I got it and its burden again perpendicular. This time I asked her if she were injured, and showing me an awful-ly bruised hand, she bravely replied, 'a little, but it's immaterial.' Why, the skin was scraped off the whole side of her hand, but she bore it like a heroine. And right here I wish to say that I began to think just a wee little bit more of Miss Jones than I had while we were sitting at the roadside a way back.

"Once again she started homeward and by the way she pumped and pushed those pedals I know she was mad about that accident, and as she gained speed, I also began to realize that my powers of endurance would give out ere long, unless she reduced her gait. At last I had to give up but I said nothing to her. I let her guide on homeward as I thought she would soon notice my absence and then would either dismount or fall off, I cared not which. But she went on and I gradually lost sight of her in the darkness that was growing upon the face of the earth. I was glad that she had gone and I leisurely climbed upon a rail fence at the roadside and sat there meditating. I was mad clear through and the more I meditated the angrier I got. But at last it dawned upon me that it was not the proper thing for me to be sitting upon a wayside fence and leave a young lady to take her own way home after nightfall. Horror of horrors! suppose she had fallen from her bicycle and at this very instant was lying in the road, possibly with a broken leg or injured in some other way so as to be unable to move. Suppose a team of spirited horses were approaching and the driver could not see that prostrate form and ran over it. Ugh! the very thought made my blood run cold. I jumped from the fence and started in the direction in which Miss Jones had gone. I walked along slowly, but as more horrible possibilities came to my mind I went faster until at last I was running as fast as I could, but even then I thought I was going at a snail's pace. Half a dozen times I imagined I saw Miss Jones on the ground ahead of me but always found it to be but a hallucination of my wild and disordered brain. I did finally reach town and because I had not found Miss Jones lying on the road in a pool of blood I was sure that she had been spirited away or kidnapped.

"I rushed to the home of her parents. Her brother John was sitting on the porch smoking a horribly rank stogy and when I excitedly asked him where his sister was he looked at me as though he considered me a lunatic. I implored him to tell me, for the love he bore his sister.

"He looked at me again, then slowly turned his eyes toward the side of the house. My eyes followed his, and there Miss Jones stood, cool and collected with a heavenly smile on her face, and how beautiful she looked. But I fell to the ground in a dead faint and when next I realized anything I was in my own room at home, with my dear mother at my bedside. I looked at her questioningly, and then said: 'Mother, how many weeks have I been ill?' She looked frightened, then answered: 'Why, my dear son, you've been here but a few hours. John Jones and his father brought you here. They said you fainted at their house. Tell me what the trouble is.' After getting over my astonishment I told her about my awful experience of the evening. She laughed at me and comforted me, but say, I tell you I got even with that John Jones for palming his sister off on me that night. You want to know how I did it? Well, I just took her from him, from his

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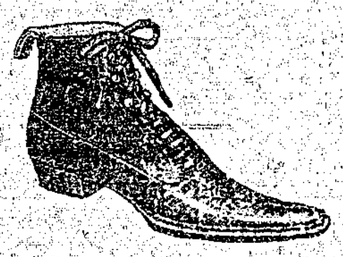

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Manager Slocan City Pub. Co.
Moyie City, B. C., July 25th, 1898.

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