Library Legislative Assembly

THE MOYIE LEADER.

VOL. 2, NO. 45. MOYIE, B. C., FEBRUARY 24, 1900. $2 A YEAR

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For LADIES, GENTLEMEN and CHILDREN.

Largest assortment and smallest price in all kinds of footwear. Rubber goods being cleared out at cost. A large and well assorted stock of underwear and Top shirts at a price unequaled in any western town.

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

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Bedroom Sets	$12.50	Matresses	2.75
Hotel comb. bedroom sets	11.50	Arm chairs, well upholstered	5.75
Comb. springs and mattresses guaranteed	6.50	Lounges upholstered in best jute	5.75

These are only a few of our prices. Everything in the furniture line just as low in price. We are manufacturers of all kinds of upholstered goods and mattresses. We sell retail at wholesale prices. We make carpets and lay them FREE OF CHARGE. Estimates given on finishing hotels throughout. We make great reductions in half-dozen lots.

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

Headquarters for Commencial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, MOYIE, B. C.

The Lake Shore Hotel

F. W. FRITH, Proprietor.

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.

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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, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

JOHN BREMNER DROWNED

Moyie Lake Claims Its First Victim.

ICE CRACKED AND SAGGED

Normon McClennan, His Partner, Also had a Narrrow Escape From a Watery Grave.

A sad drowning accident occurred in Moyie lake last Sunday evening in which John Bremner, one of the oldest inhabitants of this place, lost his life.

Bremner had been working for Park, Mitchell & Co., in their logging camp on Col. Henderson's ranch on the west side of Moyie lake. Last Sunday morning he and Norman McClennan, another laborer at the camp, came to town to spend the day. They were returning on foot across the lake in the evening about 9:30 o'clock, but strayed to the left of the trail which is usually traveled. When they reached a point about opposite the sawmill both men broke through a thin scum of ice which covered a pool of water about three feet in depth which was over the main body of ice, which had evidently cracked and sagged. The sag was about 20 feet in width and the incline was at an angle of nearly 40 degrees. Both men made a desperate struggle for their lives, as could be seen by the amount of the top layer of ice which they had broken. McClennan finally succeeded in getting out and used every effort to rescue his partner, but to of no avail. McClennan returned to town about 11 o'clock chilled to the bone, and almost completely exhausted, and gave the alarm. The news quickly spread round the town and in a few minutes there were at least 30 people on their way to the scene of the drowning. The spot was easily found and Bremner's body located, but the icy waters had done its work and death had claimed its victim. J. M. Lindsay volunteered to rescue the body, and tying a rope round himself, which was held by the bystanders, and armed with a pike pole walked out in reach of the prostrate form and dragged it to the surface. The body was then wrapped in a blanket and carried back to town and laid out in the Moyie hotel.

The following day Coroner Clark empaneled a jury and an inquest was held. The jury brought in a verdict that the deceased, John Bremner, came to his death by accidental drowning in Moyie lake on the evening of Sunday, February 18th.

Monday evening the body was interred in the Moyie cemetery, and it was followed to its last resting place by nearly every resident of the town. The employees at the mill officiated as pall bearers, and at the grave prayers were offered and a few touching and appropriate words said by Mr. Cameron.

John Bremner was about 48 years of age, and had been a resident of Moyie for over two years. During the construction of the tote road prior to the building of the Crows Nest railway he was employed by Dave McBeth and was later employed by McMahon Bros. of this place. He had been in the employ of Park, Mitchell & Co. for about three months. He was a steady, honest, hardworking man and so far as is known did not have an enemy. Nothing could be found amongst his effects showing where any of his relatives lived.

The Linda May.

Wm. Lawson returned yesterday from the North Star mine, where he has been enployed for the past three months. Mr. Lawson is owner of the Linda May claim, situated on the west side of Moyie lake, and it is for the purpose of doing assessment work on it that he is here. The Linda May with development promises to be a mammoth mining property.

Metal Quotations.

New York, Feb. 21.—Bar silver 59¾ cents. Lead, $4.70 @ $4.75. The firm that fixes the selling prices for miners and smelters quotes lead at $4.45 at the close.

LOCAL NEWS.

Rev. Alex Dunn held service in Cranbrook Sunday.

James Ryan and Dr. Bell of Cranbrook were in Moyie Tuesday.

Tom Rader transacted business in Cranbrook the first of the week.

Messrs. MacEachern & MacDonald received a carload of flour this week.

Reid, Campbell & Co. have one of the finest line of clothing to be found in town.

Supper for the coming Miner's Union ball will be served at the Moyie hotel.

The Moyie hockey team has issued a challenge to the Cranbrook and Fernie teams.

W. R. Hocking, secretary of the minere union, is still quite ill, but is not considered in danger.

Father Coccolo of the St. Eugene mission will celebrate high mass at the Catholic church tomorrow morning.

The burlesque hockey match which was to have taken place last Tuesday afternoon did not come off owing to the bad condition of the ice.

Rev. C. A. Procunier of Fort Steele held church of England service in the dining room of the Moyie hotel last Sunday evening.

S. W. Murphy, the tall and genial bartender at the Moyie hotel, will leave in a few days for Salem, Oregon, for a month or six week's visit.

Work on D. J. Elmer's cottage on Victoria street is favorably progressing. The sides and walls are up and the carpenters are now shingling the roof.

An enjoyable party was given at the house of Mr. and Mrs. James Watkins Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Lang, who will soon take his departure for Alaska.

At the last meeting of the Moyie Miners' Union Messrs. Maggs & Hughes were given a vote of thanks for the handsome chair they presented to the union.

E. H. Small, the popular proprietor of the Cosmopolitan hotel, Cranbrook, is thoroughly renovating and refitting his house, and intends giving a grand ball next Tuesday evening.

F. E. Simpson, editor of the Cranbrook Herald, was in town between trains last Tuesday. Little "Brownie" accompanied him and sized up the dog situation during his stay.

Mr. Sheady of Cranbrook has a force of men cutting and loading ice near the Lake Shore siding. Most of the ice being cut at present will be shipped to James Ryan and M. McInnes & Co. at Cranbrook.

Benefit Concert Monday.

A concert will be given next Monday evening in McGregor hall for the purpose of raising money for the building of a steeple on the Catholic church. The bell donoted by James Cronin is here, but the members of the church lack funds for the erection of a belfry in which to hang it, and to accomplish this is their object of giving the concert. An admission fee of 50 cents will be charged both ladies and gentlemen. After the concert the floor will be cleared and a dance will be given. The best local talent in the city will take part, and the entertainment and dance promises to be fully worth the price of admission.

Miners Union Dance.

The dance to be given on March 17th promises to be a hummer. At the last regular meeting of the union a special comittee was appointed to take the affair in hand and every detail will be looked after with special care. The Moyie Miners' Union has established a reputation for doing things right, and there is no doubt but its reputation will be sustained in the coming ball.

Working Night [illegible] Day.

The busiest [illegible] and mightiest little thing that e[illegible] ever was made is Dr. King's [illegible] Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They'er wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c pr box. Sold by Hope & Beattie.

ST. EUGENE COMPRESSOR

Will Start in a Very Few Days.

BUILDING GOING ON

All Indications Point Towards the Coming Season Being a Presperous One for Moyie.

The difficulty in securing a few small pieces of machinery has caused a delay in the starting up of the St. Eugene air compressor, but the necessary parts are daily expected and when they arrive it will only be a matter of a day or two until it will be put in operation. Connections have been made between the St. Eugene and Lake Shore compressors. The water for the new compressor will be pumped from the lake, as is being done for the Lake Shore compressor at the present time.

Work is going steadily ahead on the additions to the concentrator and the air compressor buildings, and the scene presents much the appearance now that it did last summer during the construction of the mill.

In fact every department of the mine shows activity and the force of men employed is constantly being added to. The bunkhause at the St. Eugene mine is being enlarged, and every indication goes to show that the company intends pushing operations as soon as the season opens up.

Provincial Election Certain.

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 23.—After many caucuses (and probably a pointer from Lieutenant Governor McInnes) the British Columbia government decided not to proceed with public business on their frail and uncertain majority. They will endeavor to pass the redistribution bill as introduced, and then bring on a general election, or less be defeated by choice upon this measure. No other business will be taken up until this is disposed of, the bill receiving its first reading today and the house immediatelay djourning. Prentice has given notice of a bill to repeal the eight-hour law.

As we go to press word is received that the government a and the redistribution bill were defeated by vote of Prentice, 19 to 18.

East Kootenay Hotel Dance.

It was a merry crowd that gathered at the East Kootenay hotel last Monday evening and gave the occupants an agreeable surprise. The spacious dining room was illuminated by acetylene gas light and neatly decorated with bunting. The lady and gentlemen dancers were about equal in number. A dainty luncheon and refreshments were served by F. J. McMahon the host.

Attracting Large Audiences.

Professor Vinter F. Cooper has been attracting crowded houses at McGregor hall for the past few evenings. As a phrenolgist the professor displays phenomenal powers, and his lectures are both interesting and instructive. The phonograph entertainments are the best ever heard in this part of the country. Tonight Mr. Cooper will lecture on "Crime and its causes," illustrated by the skull of the murderer of the sheriff and his deputy in in Clatsop county, Oregon, a few years ago.

Railway to Kimberley.

Cranbrook Herald: Kimberley h[illegible] been relieved, and now enjoys [illegible] connections. The Nor[illegible] is completed and [illegible] railroad from Cranbr[illegible] Star branch a numb[illegible] trains are running [illegible] ook to Kimberley. Quite [illegible]er of passengers have patronized the road all ready, and it will not be long before train loads of ore will be coming down the line from the North Star and other rich mines of that district.

Board of Trade Meeting.

At the regular meeting of the board of trade Tuesday it was decided to discontinue the fortnightly meetings and hold the regular meeting of the board only on the first Monday of each month.

Children Must Be Vaccinated.

Miss Tibbatts, teacher of the Moyie school, is in receipt of the following commucation from J. F. Armstrong, government agent at Fort Steele:

By Regulations for the prevention of the spread of smallpox, published in the B. C. Gazette of 15th February 1900, it is ordered among other provisions;—"It is now deemed necessary, and is hereby ordered, that teachers in Public Schools, and High Schools or Colleges, shall require a certificate of successful vaccination from each child attending at the School or College, or a certificate that such child is at the present time insusceptible to vaccination. The certificates shall be pesented on demand to the teacher or other proper authority."

It will be seen by the above letter that the vaccination of the school children is compulsory, therefore the parents should not delay in the matter. A supply of vaccine has been received at Hope & Beattie's drug store and Dr. Higgins is prepared to do the work and issue certificates for the same.

Get on the Voters List.

As a general provincial election now seems certain those who are entitled to a vote and who have not yet had their names placed on the voters list should do so at once, as it is important to them. The list can be had from Postmaster Hope or D. J. Elmer.

MINERAL ACT 1896.

(FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

The Menelek, Jameson' Trade dollar, Lake View, Baltimore, Dude Fraction, St. John Fraction, General Buller Fraction and Hell-to-Pay Fraction Mineral Claims, situate in the Fort Steele Mining Division of East Kootenay District.

Where located:—On the East side of Moyie Lake.

Take notice that I, James A. Harvey, agent for the St. Eugene Consolidated Mining Company Limited, Free Miner's certificate No. "B9803," intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

J. A. HARVEY,

Dated this, 12th day of February, A. D. 1900.

JAMES KERRIGAN,

Wholesale Dealer in

Produce, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Fruits, Oysters, Etc Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Drewry's Celebrated Ales, Stout and Lager. Golden Key brand of Mineral Waters. Rossland Beer in Kegs and Bottles.

Agent for Pennsylvania Oil Refining Co. Correspondence invited.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

1500 YA[illegible]RDS

House Lining Cotton

5 Cts.

A YARD.

MacEachern & Macdonald

MOYIE. B. C.

MILLIONAIRE SENATORS.

Boies Penrose (Rep., Pa.), lawyer, $1,000,000.

Eugene Hale (Rep., Me.), lawyer, $1,000,000.

Joseph Simon (Rep., Ore.), lawyer, $1,000,000.

Chauncey M. Depew (Rep., N. Y.), $2,000,000.

Redfield Proctor (Rep., Vt.), lawyer, $3,000,000.

James McMillan (Rep., Mich.), lumber, $5,000,000.

Joseph Benson Foraker (Rep., O.), lawyer, $1,000,000.

Francis E. Warren (Rep., Wy.), ranchman, $1,500,000.

Nathan B. Scott (Rep., W. Va.), capitalist, $2,000,000.

Charles Warren Fairbanks (Rep., Ind.), lawyer, $2,000,000.

John Kean (Rep., N. J.), lawyer and banker, $5,000,000.

Henry Cabot Lodge (Rep., Mass.), literature, $2,000,000.

George Shoup (Rep., Ida.), sheep and mine owner, $1,000,000.

Joseph Very Quarles (Rep., Wis.), lawyer and lumber, $1,500,000.

Nelson W. Aldrich (Rep., R. I.), street railway magnate, $1,000,000.

George C. Perkins (Rep., Cal.), steamships and banking, $5,000,000.

William J. Sewell (Rep., N. J.), railroads and banking, $2,000,000.

Edward Oliver Wolcott (Rep., Colo.), lawyer and mining, $2,000,000.

Addison G. Foster (Rep., Wash.), lumber, coal and shipping, $2,500,000.

John Percival Jones (Silver, Nev.), gold and silver mines, $10,000,000.

George Peabody Wetmore (Rep., R. I.), banker, lawyer and capitalist, $5,000,000.

Stephen Benton Elkins (Rep., W. Va.), coal and iron mines and railroads, $7,000,000.

William Morris Stewart (Silver, Nev.), lawyer and gold and silver mine owner, $2,000,000.

William Andrews Clark (Dem., Mon.), mine owner, banker and manufacturer, $50,000,000.

Thomas Collier Platt (Rep., N. Y.), express company, banker and commercial interests, $5,000,000.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna (Rep., O.), coal and iron mine owner and manufacturer, railroad and steamship lines and banker, $12,000,000.—New York World.

GLEANINGS.

It requires 10,800,000 pounds of meat a week to feed the inhabitants in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

A wedding invitation in Cairo extends for three days. There is feasting during all the time, and the house and street are liberally decorated with flags and lanterns.

More than five tons of documents produced by England in the Venezuelan arbitration case have been removed from Paris. They required two large railway vans to take them away.

Los Angeles is distinguished for the number of petroleum oil wells it possesses. The output for 1898 approximated 1,100,000 barrels, and that for 1899 is estimated to be about the same.

The hair of rabbits and other animals in Russia is converted into bowls, dishes and plates, which are valued for their strength, durability and lightness. The articles have the appearance of varnished leather.

More than 25,000 persons were killed by wild animals and snakes in India last year. Nearly 1,000 deaths are ascribed to tigers and a large number to man eating wolves. Lord Curzon has directed that special measures be taken to exterminate these particular pests.

THE WRITERS.

John Burroughs, the author and critic, was in his early boyhood a schoolmate of Jay Gould.

Harry Farjeon, the young composer of London, is a son of B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, and a grandson of Joseph Jefferson.

Mr. Augustine Birrell has a sister who is also given to wielding the pen. This lady, Miss Olive Birrell, has lately finished a long novel dealing with the social problems of London life.

Zola intends to close his literary career with three more novels—"Travail," "Verite" and "Justice." The last named is, he says, to be a Utopian romance, a lyrical apotheosis of humanity in its onward march toward goodness and beauty. After that is finished, he writes, "I shall rest. I am dreaming of settling in the Balearic isles."

A Mountain of Alum.

In China, 12½ miles from the village of Hlou-Chek, there is a mountain of alum which, in addition to being a natural curiosity, is a source of wealth for the inhabitants of the country, who dig from it yearly tons of alum. The mountain is not less than ten miles in circumference at its base and has a height of 1,940 feet. The alum is obtained by quarrying large blocks of stone, which are first heated in great furnaces and then in vats filled with boiling water. The alum crystallizes out and forms a layer about six inches in thickness. This layer is subsequently broken up into blocks weighing about ten pounds each.

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P. O. DRAWER 1287.

THE GLASS DAGGER.

By WEATHERLEY CHESNEY.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE ABDUCTION OF MABEL FENTON.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a cab drove up to the door and a sharp ring followed.

"Miss Fenton in?" said a tall, lanky man in a hurried tone.

"Yes, sir."

The man entered.

"No name—she does not know me. Say a message from Captain Brett—important."

He was shown into the library, and a few minutes later Mabel entered.

"Miss Fenton?" said the man inquiringly.

"Yes."

"Deeply grieved to be bearer of bad news. Don't be alarmed, but Captain Brett met with slight accident. Unconscious when I left. Asked for you."

Mabel turned deathly white.

"An accident? How? Where?"

"Near the docks. Cannot say how—bad knock on the head—came to for a few minutes and gave your name and address. Total stranger—but I thought you would wish to know—insensible when I left."

A few hours before Mabel had broken down, and it might have been expected that a further blow would have crushed her altogether, but she faced the situation bravely. Duncan was hurt—how grievously she dare not think. He had sent for her; she must go.

"I can only thank you for your kindness," she said. "If you will tell me where Captain Brett is now, I will go at once."

"My cab is at door—allow me to drive you there—time important."

For a moment she hesitated, but it was for a moment only. The vaguest, indefinable suspicion of doubt crossed her mind, but the next instant it was overwhelmed with the thought that Duncan was hurt and had sent for her.

"I will keep you scarcely a minute," she said.

It hardly needed longer for her to put on a hat and gloves, and without leaving any message with a servant she flew down stairs and hurried to the cab.

"Will you allow me to accompany you?" said the stranger. "I may be of some use."

Mabel thankfully accepted the offer, and together they drove off.

It was a long drive, and the cab seemed to have more than its share of the troubles of four wheelers. Buses blocked the way, pedestrians hampered its pace, drays threatened to overturn it, and policemen checked it in its mad career, yet its driver, steadfast, if not as silent as the sphinx, held on grimly for the final goal.

At Hyde park corner they turned down Constitution hill, and then on the Mall to Charing Cross, and so to the embankment. So far Mabel knew the route well enough, but when upper Thames street, with its discordant jumble of traffic, was reached, she sank back in utter weariness. She seemed to be in a dream—a waking nightmare of unreality. George a prisoner, a supposed murderer, Duncan hurt, perhaps dying, or even dead, and she a helpless woman, torn by conflicting emotions of hope and despair! From the outside were borne in upon her the shouts of touts and cadgers, the bellowing of draymen, the ceaseless grind of wheels, the endless rumble of traffic. She closed her eyes. Her sight she could, at any rate, control, if nothing more.

At last they stopped. Her companion got out hurriedly, paid the driver, and then asked her to descend. It was a horrible, dirty street in a dirty and horrible locality, and Mabel shrank involuntarily as she looked round.

Her companion divined her thoughts.

"Very sorry, Miss Fenton, to bring you here. We took him to the likeliest house. Drayman volunteered to take him to his home—case urgent—dare not carry to hospital."

The girl reproached herself for the feelings of revulsion that had arisen unbidden within her.

"Yes, I understand. Is this the house?" For her conductor had stopped before one dirtier and even more neglected than its neighbors.

"Yes, this is the one, I think—No. 15." He threw open the door and stood there for her to enter.

An instinctive suspicion seized hold of her. Had she done wisely in coming, unaccompanied, to the place? At any rate she should have left word at home. Who was the man? Suppose it were not true? Yet why should she doubt? Duncan was hurt. He had sent for her, and she had come.

The door swayed to behind her, and its clash reverberated through her frame.

"This way, madam," said her guide, and in the very tone of the man she detected treachery.

"Can I see the woman of the house?" she asked unsteadily.

"Why, certainly," said her companion, and his voice made her tremble. "Why, certainly—certainly."

A slatternly woman made her appearance at the end of the passage.

"Sally, there's a visitor come to see you. Madam, this is Sally; Sally, this is madam from the west end."

Mabel crouched back in an agony of terror. Where was she? Who were these dreadful people? But, still, might not Duncan be there?

"Where is Captain Brett?" said she to the woman. "Is he yet conscious?"

The woman sniggered.

"Capt'n, miss! There's a Salvation capt'n as lives next door, but I 'ardly thinks you'd take kindly to 'im. He ain't a washin man, ain't Billy—leastways, not in summer time."

The coarseness of the woman came as a knell on Mabel's ears, yet she dare not give up hope. She turned to her conductor.

"You came with a message, sir, from Captain Brett. Will you take me to him?"

"Afraid he's not here, madam. Sudden recovery—taken up his bed and walked," said the man, with a hideous chuckle in enjoyment of the girl's distress.

"Then am I to understand, sir, you have deliberately brought me here under false pretense?"

"That's about the size of it, miss."

The terror that now filled her gave her strength to make one bid for freedom. She turned rapidly, rushed past the man and dashed to the door. Her fingers were already on the latch before his rough hand was laid on her shoulder. Her despair gave her unnatural strength, and she struggled to achieve her purpose with the power of a frenzied woman. The man was unable to hold her and loudly called for the assistance of his female accomplice, who aided him with fiendish glee.

"Stop that yellin!" said she, placing her filthy paw over Mabel's mouth. "Now, then, Rich, tie her hands, if you ain't man enough to hold 'em. Ah, curse you!"

And as Mabel's teeth closed over her fingers she dealt her a blow that completely stunned the girl.

They dragged their almost inanimate victim to the back sitting room and flung her on to a sofa, tied her hands and feet with a couple of antimacassars, and then stolidly surveyed their handiwork.

In a few minutes her eyes opened. She glared round with terrified, imploring eyes. In sober truth her situation was enough to daunt her heart. Here was she in a dirty house in the east end of London, entirely at the mercy of a pair of scoundrels. She had not left the slightest clew at home whereby she could be traced. She was absolutely friendless and alone, and what was the purpose of her captors she dared not think.

"Now, madam," said the man, standing over her and eying her with cruel satisfaction, "kindly listen. So long as you behave no harm will happen to you. Meals will be brought in by—er—this lady"—pointing to the slatternly hag, who grinned in acknowledgment of the description—"but once attempt to escape or arouse the attention of neighbors and you will find on your mistake."

"This treatment is infamous," Mabel gasped, "simply infamous. Why have you done it? What is your motive?"

Fitzgerald resumed his usual manner of speech.

"Meaning best left alone. No good telling secrets. You've come for the good of your health. Isn't it so, Sally? Whitechapel sanitarium. Renowned for treatment. Perfect cure guaranteed."

"And you call yourself a man, and can be so brutal—so diabolical!" gasped the girl.

"Never call names—on principle."

"But how dare you bring me to this dreadful place and keep me? How could you tell such a cruel lie? They will trace you and find me here, and the law will punish you. Look, I'll make you an offer! Release me and let me go now, and you shall hear nothing about this matter."

"Eloquent—young—lovely. Hard to deny beauty anything. Sorry obliged to refuse—deeply grieved," said Dr. Fitzgerald, with a mocking bow and a cynical smile.

Mabel saw it was hopeless to try to move him, so she turned her piteous eyes to the woman, who, with arms akimbo, stolidly surveyed her.

"Oh, you—you are a woman! Surely—surely you can feel for another woman's dreadful distress!" she pleaded. "Have you no pity for me?"

"This is as good as a theayter. Bless your lovin 'art, I does as I'm told, and asks no questions. If Rich tells me to take a patient for—the good of 'er 'elth I takes her, and as long as the coin comes in for the grub and lookin arter I ain't upset by no pity."

"Oh, if money will do anything," cried the girl. "See, here are my watch and these rings. Take them—they are valuable, and you can sell them. And there is a note in my purse and some gold. Take it—take it all, only let me go!"

"Best keep still," said the old woman immovably, "and not upset your self. 'Tain't worth it."

"Pretty baubles," put in Fitzgerald—"dangerous weapons—weak woman. Better keep them safe myself."

As he spoke Dr. Fitzgerald skillfully removed every article of jewelry. The purse he returned after carefully shaking out its contents.

He untied the antimacassars, replaced them smoothly on the only two chairs in the room and then repeated his threats in tones that left no doubt of his intention to fulfill them if necessary. Then, holding the door ajar while Sally passed out, he turned for a final injunction:

"Lady understands. No noise—no attempt to leave until cure complete."

Mabel had risen from the couch and stood facing the open door. A shadow fell across it. A man's voice exclaimed:

"Hello, Rich! What the deuce is your latest?"

"Lady indisposed," replied Fitzgerald—"convalescent home."

Then the door closed, but not before Mabel Fenton had seen the newcomer clearly and distinctly.

Merciful powers, what did it mean? Was her reason giving way? A sandy man with a scar across his forehead and with only one arm!

"What can he be doing here?" she cried. "It is Lady Florence Mostyn's brother!"

To be continued.

As He Started For the Cape.

"Goodby, Alfred, darling. You have cheered me up. If I get lonely and depressed again, I'll just look at your dear photo. That's sure to make me laugh and laugh and laugh."—Punch.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

So many cheap imitation furs are used for the fur toques that their career may be a short one.

Grebe is colored in a variety of tints which do not affect the gloss and are shaded from light to dark. Grebe toques are very popular.

Violets are very much worn, both real and artificial, and the latter sprayed with the perfume of Rhine violets are quite as sweet as the genuine.

A rather striking costume worn by a young woman of fashion is a black cloth skirt, a bright but rather a rose red cloth jacket and a white cloth waistcoat.

Graduated fringe is one of the novelties and far more graceful than the straight around variety. It is long and short, forming broad points, and has a knotted heading.

Some of the newest long coats of light fawn cloth are made with a deep shaped flounce which rests on the floor all around and is entirely covered with runs of stitching.

Antelope gloves are worn by the best dressed women, and the undressed thicker skins are also very popular. White glace gloves are as much worn as ever for afternoon and evenings at the theater.

Two yards or even more of ribbon with silk fringe at the ends make a very popular necktie, wound twice around the neck, tied in a knot or a small boa in front and knotted again low down on the bust where the ends fall to the waist.

A novelty in a fur boa is made of two whole sable skins spread out to their full width and joined one above the other, so that the upper head and tail meet around the neck and the extremities of the lower one rest on the shoulders at either side of the front. The effect is much as though two whole skins had been carelessly tacked together.—New York Sun.

THE TURF REVIEW.

Alonzo McDonald had 11 winnings out of 12 starts with Joe Gahm, 2:16¾, in 1899.

W. W. P., 2:05¼, and Roberts, 2:08¼, both pacers, are said to be the crack team at Denver.

The old pacer Westmont, 2:13¾, and 2:01¾, with running mate, foaled in 1875, is in pasture near Palatine, Ills.

Mr. Darlington of Pittsburg has high hopes that his recordless trotter, Mr. Middlemay, will be a sensation next season.

Barney Baler, black chestnut, 2:26 at 3 years, is by Rutger Alcantara, dam by an imported Percheron horse said to weigh 1,450 pounds.

Little Edgar, 2:10¼, and Excel, 2:10¾, owned by Mr. James Hanley of Providence, are reported to be one of the finest of pole teams.

The racing season in England closed with Sensation second to Orme in the list of winning sires with £20,138, about $100,690, to his credit.

C. W. Williams paid $2,500 for Miss France, by Red Wilkes, when she was a 2-year-old and has sold her only living foal, Kellar, 2:16½, for $6,200.

W. B. McDonald has returned from Austria to the United States and will remain here. He was for three years a trainer for the Vienna Turf club.

A trotter named King Cotton, owned by N. E. Webb, Jamestown, N. Y., will be raced in 1900, it is said. He is by Goodwin, from the dam of Lord Vincent, 2:08¾, and is reported fast.

Mr. F. J. Davy of Niagara Falls has bought the black horse Consul, 4 years old, by Ambassador, dam Sulsun, by Electioneer. He is credited with better than 2:20 speed and will have a chance to show it in 1900 after a season in the stud.—Turf, Field and Farm.

APHORISMS.

A good intention clothes itself with power.—Emerson.

To do so no more is the truest repentance.—Luther.

Necessity reforms the poor and satiety the rich.—Tacitus.

Reprove thy friend privately; commend him publicly.—Solon.

Wealth is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.—Franklin.

When passion is on the throne, reason is out of doors.—M. Henry.

Variety is the very spice of life, that gives it all its flavor.—Cowper.

Rashness is the faithful but unhappy parent of misfortune.—Fuller.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as in mathematics.—Maria Edgeworth.

The man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.—Simmons.

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but in passing over it he is superior.—Bacon.

BASE LIBELS.

The last request a woman usually makes to her most intimate friend is not to tell her age.

Before the undertaker's bill is paid the average widower begins to speak of himself as a "boy."

The usual proof of friendship is the recital by friends of all the scandal they know about previous friends.

Occasionally you find a man willing to be the under dog because of the sympathy that goes with it. The dog on top, although the best dog, is never admired by any one.

The foolish and wicked practice of profane swearing is so low and mean a vice that every person of sense and character detests and despises it.—Washington.

In all the affairs of life, social as well as political, courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciative heart.—Henry Clay.

Dr. Evans' First Patient.

The Story of a Young Woman Physician and a Young Man Patient.

It was a proud day for Martha Evans when, after four years' hard work in a celebrated medical school, she returned to her native city, rented and furnished a tiny office on the main street, hung a gilt sign in the window and sat down to await a call from some afflicted one.

Martha was a "new woman" in the sweetest, noblest and purest sense of that much abused word. She had none of the coarse, mannish affectations that so many women suppose they must display in order to impress the world with their mental superiority, but a holy desire to relieve mankind of a few of the "ills that flesh is heir to" made her voice soft with womanly sympathy.

Dr. Evans spent the first three days in arranging and rearranging the little office into which she had gathered numerous tokens of love received from friends and admirers, and the place wore a decidedly feminine appearance.

On the morning of the fourth day, just as she was entering the office door, a loud ring at the telephone made her heart leap with expectation. She fairly ran to the instrument and received this message:

"Please call at once at the residence of Mrs. Greengo. Mr. Greengo is ill."

In her haste to answer the call she almost forgot her medicine case. The Greengo residence was only a few blocks distant, but the short walk gave Martha time to compose herself, and when old Mrs. Greengo greeted her the youthful physician was as quiet and dignified as if life was an old story.

"You remember me, don't you, my dear?" asked Mrs. Greengo, extending her hand, and Martha replied:

"To be sure I do, but who is Mr. Greengo? I thought you were a widow."

"I am a widow, my dear. Mr. Greengo is my nephew, a very brilliant young lawyer, but somewhat given to melancholy. He seemed well enough when he came down this morning, but a few minutes ago became ill and asked me to call you."

So saying, the old lady led the way into the sitting room, where Mr. Greengo, clad in dressing gown and slippers and with eyes closed, lay stretched at full length on a great couch before the fireplace. "Here is the doctor, Paul, my dear," announced Mrs. Greengo, and then she seated herself on the couch at his feet.

The man on the couch moved his head slightly, but made no other sign of having heard.

Martha's quick eye noted the giant frame, the long black hair and the large, strong mouth as she drew a chair to his side and, laying her tiny fingers on his wrist, asked in gentle tones:

"What is the trouble, Mr. Greengo? Where are you ill?"

Without opening his eyes he replied crossly:

"I am a lawyer, madam, and not a physician. How do I know what is the trouble? I sent for you to find out."

"Yes, sir; I know," said the lady courtingly, "but you must tell me how you feel. Your pulse is quick, but with no signs of fever. Show me your tongue?"

He extended a large, red, clean tongue, and Martha continued in sweet, coaxing tones:

"Your tongue is peculiarly healthy looking, so it cannot be your stomach. Now, tell me, have you pain any place? Are you dizzy or faint?" The patient opened a pair of large, melancholy brown eyes, looked her squarely in the face and, laying his hand over his left breast, said: "For a long, long time I have had a strangely numb, empty feeling right here and a pain, not an ache, but such a pain as I used to have in childhood when my mother had punished me. I feel like weeping sometimes, and lately, on several occasions, by heart has palpitated so wildly that it made me faint and ill."

Martha's cheeks flushed lightly. Kneeling beside him, she laid her ear against his chest and listened. Truly, the pulsation of his heart was peculiarly rapid.

"Are you too ill to rise?" she asked timidly.

"Why, if it is necessary, I suppose I can stand," he replied savagely, rising to his feet.

Mrs. Greengo shook her head and looked frightened. Dr. Evans smiled roguishly.

"I wish to get my ear between your shoulders, Mr. Greengo," she said, quietly eying the tall figure before her. "Shall I stand on the couch or will you sit down? And please remove your dressing gown."

He smiled just the ghost of a smile and sat down. He was so helpless it required the assistance of both ladies to remove his dressing gown. The doctor then took two strange looking instruments from her grip and proceeded to give Mr. Greengo's heart and lungs a thorough examination. When it was completed she replaced the instruments, and, seating herself beside the couch, she said quietly:

"Mr. Greengo, I fail to find the least symptom of disease about you. I think you have overtaxed your nervous system a little and need some rest and recreation. If you will spend a month in amusing yourself, mostly in outdoor exercise, and will leave work and books and business entirely out of the programme, I will give you a little tonic and a promise that you will feel as sound as ever before the month is out." She gave him the prescription, she had been writing while she was speaking and then, as she drew on her gloves, turned to Mrs. Greengo and began an animated conversation about old times and old friends.

Paul Greengo watched her a few minutes, a heavy frown between his eyes, then arose and left the room without a word.

Two days later, as Dr. Evans sat before her own cozy grate fire reading the morning paper, the office door opened and Greengo entered.

"I have been doing just as you told me, doctor," he said, "and I am feeling much worse. In fact, I have never been so miserable in all my life as I have these last two days."

Martha's great blue eyes filled with tears.

"Mr. Greengo," she said, "you know I am just a young physician and have had little experience. I will be glad if you will consult some one older and wiser than I."

"No; I will not," he replied stoutly. "I don't want any one else. I am sure you can help me. That is why I came this morning. I want to tell you that I feel horrible when I am alone, and I believe I need cheerful company. I wonder if you cannot arrange your work so as to drive with me for an hour or so every morning?"

He looked so helpless and miserable, this great giant with the melancholy eyes, that Martha answered readily:

"I will, Mr. Greengo, for I am very anxious to help you."

And so it came about that they drove together every morning thereafter, and little Dr. Evans amused her big patient with merry conversation, and he began at once to mend.

The days and the weeks flew by, and Martha's patients increased in number, but not in importance.

One morning in June Paul entered the little office on Main street with a curious twinkle in his eyes.

"Doctor," he said, "I wish you would listen to my heart this morning."

Martha looked alarmed and immediately arose and laid her ear against the broad chest from which Paul had drawn his coat and vest.

"Do you not hear a strange sound there, doctor?" he asked.

"No, I do not, Mr. Greengo," she replied. "It seems to me your heart beats wonderfully strong and true."

She moved away, but he drew her to him.

"Something is wrong with your ear, Martha," he said, "for I hear it plainly—a little song in my heart that sings ever 'I love you, I love you, I love you.'"

"Paul Greengo!" cried Martha, drawing herself from his embrace and looking angrily into his soft eyes. "Have you been fooling me all this time?"

"No, darling," he replied. "I have had all the symptoms I told you of. The burning emptiness and pain came into my heart the morning I saw you place that little gilt sign in the window. After that every time I saw you or heard your name or even thought of you my heart would leap into my throat and there palpitate so wildly I could hardly breathe. Don't give me any more pills or prescriptions, dear, but give me your own sweet self, and I will be well and happy the rest of my days."

Paul is Martha's only patient now, and she declares she has all she can attend to.—Chicago News.

Lord Lansdowne Visits Turner.

No one was admitted to Turner's house in Queen Anne street unless specially invited. There was a sort of little iron grille in the center of the front door, through which the old housekeeper used to look and see who was there. As an example of the rarity of visitors the late Lord Lansdowne, who was a great lover of art and a friend of Turner's, told me that after receiving no answers to his letters he resolved to beard the lion in his den. He therefore went and knocked at the door, when a shock head appeared at the iron grating, and its owner called out, "Cat's meat, I suppose?"

"Yes, cat's meat," answered his lordship and squeezed himself in.—"Millais' Life of Turner."

A Difference In Tastes.

"I saw you kissing my daughter. I don't like it, sir."

"Then you don't know what's good, sir."—Life.

CATARRH AND DEAFNESS

AN OBSTINATE CASE OF FIFTEEN YEARS' STANDING IS CURED BY DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE---MANY DISTRESSING SYMPTOMS.

The writer of the following letter believes that Dr. Chases' Catarrh Cure will positively cure any case of catarrh in the country.

This confidence is the result of one of the most remarkable cures ever recorded. Have you ever met with a more distressing case of catarrh?

Mr. Henry A. Pancott, 1 Wellington avenue, Toronto, states:—"I have been seriously afflicted with catarrh of the nose and throat the whole of the 15 years I have lived in Toronto, and, in fact, was doctoring for it before I left the Old Country. The disease developed deafness in the left ear, and I had almost entirely lost the sense of smell.

"Notwithstanding the use of many remedies and repeated hospital treatment, I can truthfully say I was never really benefitted until I used Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. It is the only remedy that enabled me to clear my nostril of the hard and offensive mucus that gathered there.

"My case was a bad one, and it required six boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure to conquer it. After many disappointing failures it is gratifying to find so grand a remedy. I believe it will cure any case of catarrh in the country."

Such an obstinate case of chronic catarrh could not be cured by any other remedy offered for sale today. Whether you have "cold in the head" or catarrh of long standing, you can use Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure with perfect confidence that it will afford immediate relief and permanently cure.

With each box is given free an improved blower, which sends the remedy direct to the diseased parts. You can't afford to experiment with so-called remedies. Neglect brings consumption. Begin a cure today by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. 25 cents a box; blower free, at all dealers, or by mail from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

MOYIE, B. C.

CONGRESSIONAL CUTS.

No congress ever yet did so much harm as timid citizens feared it would. A great deal of folly works itself off in talk.—Hartford Courant.

Congress is always said to sit. The members have all had to run so hard for it that when they get there they're mighty glad to engage in sitting.—Zanesville Courier.

Congressmen who say the coming session will be the most important since the civil war must not forget to facilitate the work in a practical and sensible way.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

With a presidential campaign imminent congressional action in all respects will be swayed, as heretofore in seasons of national elections, by partisan considerations rather than by public interests. To the average congressman, indeed, his party is the public.—Philadelphia Record.

LIFE'S DIFFICULTIES.

Penalties of Modern Methods of Living.

Picton, Dec. 18.—We read a great deal concerning the hardships and sufferings endured by the Canadian pioneers in the early days of our Dominion. But the truth is that many of their descendants, in our own times, endure equally as much as did their forefathers.

The case of Miss Anna Young, of this town, is an instance. Miss Young is a grand-daughter of Col. Henry Young, the United Empire Loyalist, in whose honor Fort Henry at Kingston was named. She says: "I had suffered with rheumatism for twenty years. My poor body was all twisted out of shape, so you can imagine the agony I endured. My physicians could not help me; all the medicines I used were utterly useless.

"I read of Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, one day, and thought I'd give them a trial. I am thankful for having that inspiration, for I am now free from very terrible pains and aches, thanks to Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills—and to them alone. I cannot, of course, be made young again, for I will be 79 years old in December, yet I feel I can end my days in peace, thanks to Dr. Arnold's English Pills."

Dr. Arnolds' English Toxin Pills, the only medicine on earth that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it, are sold by all druggists at 75c. a box; sample size 25c., or sent prepaid on receipt of price, by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King Street West, Toronto.

Got the Correct Time.

Jake Foster was for many years one of the characters of Oregon, Mo. He drove the hack between Oregon and Forest City and was known to every man, woman and child in Holt county. Oregon is three miles from the railroad and for many years was not connected with any other town by either telegraph or telephone. One morning Robert Montgomery hailed Foster as the hack started for Forest City and said: "Jake, I wish you would get the correct time at Forest. My watch stopped last night."

"All right, Bob," said Jake.

When Jake returned from Forest, he put up his team and walked around to the bank where Montgomery presided. Sinking into the bank, Jake stepped up to the window and laid down a soiled bit of paper bearing the figures "11.17."

"What is that?" asked Montgomery in astonishment.

"That," replied Jake, "is the correct time at Forest."—Omaha World-Herald.

Too Often.

"Train up a boy in the way he should go," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "and about nine times out of ten he'll go after some feather headed gal that hain't got nuthin wuth mentionin but a purty face and a likin fur ice cream sody."—Chicago Tribune.

At Last!

A Remedy has been Discovered that will Permanently Cure Catarrh.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

This is not merely the words of the makers of this remedy, but the assertion is backed up by leading physicians and the honorable testimonies of hundreds of cured ones. And more, there is an absolute guarantee to cure in every package or money will be refunded. We will also send a two weeks' trial quantity free to any person suffering from this dangerous disease. Japanese Catarrh Cure is a new discovery, being a prescription perfected by one of America's most successful specialists in treating this disease. It is a soothing, penetrating and healing pomade, prepared from stainless compounds of Iodine and Essential oils, to be inserted up the nostrils. The heat of the body melts it, and the very act of breathing carries it to the diseased parts. It reaches, soothes and heals every part of the mucous membrane, curing invariably all forms of catarrh of the nose and throat, and all forms of catarrhal deafness. Mr. Joseph Little, the well known mill owner of Port Essington, B. C., writes: "Japanese Catarrh Cure completely cured me of catarrh, which had troubled me for 25 years, during which time I had spent over $1,000 on remedies and specialists in Toronto and San Francisco. About two years ago I procured six boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and since completing this treatment have not felt the slightest symptoms of my former trouble. I can highly recommend it. Relief came from the first application. We always keep a supply in the mill for cuts and burns, and consider it superior to any other remedy for healing."

Sold by all druggists. 50 cents. Sample free. Enclose 5 cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

TRUST THRUSTS.

The lumber trust will make the consumer plank down.—Chicago News.

If the hens form a trust, they will probably try to control the egg plant.—Exchange.

Some of the recently organized trusts will turn out to be named Miller before the next season is over.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Self-Evident.

"What is the title of your essay?" asked the kind father.

"'The Value of Time.'"

"I'm afraid it won't do. Anybody with a proper comprehension of that topic would know better than to sit down and write essays about it."—Washington Star.

A SURE CURE FOR HEADACHE.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alterative, and in neutralizing the effects of the irritating bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which causes the headache. Try them.

Fast Driving in Russia.

In the larger cities of Russia there is no limit to the speed at which a horse may be driven through the public streets. The typical harness horse is the Orloff, a breed founded by Count Orloff-Chemenski, being a cross between the Arabian stallion Smetanka and imported mares, principally English.

An average roadster is 16 hands high and weighs 1,100 pounds, with heavy mane, a bushy tail that reaches nearly to the ground and "iron" limbs that show great muscular development. The favorite color is gray. Such an animal is driven through the principal streets of St. Petersburg at a furious pace, that portion near the center and beside the surface car tracks being reserved for fast driving.

During the winter months teams of two and three abreast are driven to sleighs at a three minute gait. There is racing all winter, the courses being flooded at night to provide three inches of solid ice. American pneumatic sulkies, harness, boots, gaiting appliances, etc., are in general use.

An Experienced Retreater.

"Do you regard a standing army as a public danger?" asked the man who precipitates inopportune discussions.

"I don't believe there is any such thing," answered the Filipino soldier. "All the armies I ever saw were going at full speed. It was all I could do to keep ahead of 'em."

Lots of Luck.

"Been hunting?" asked the friend.

"Yes," answered the man in sportsman's costume.

"Have any luck?"

"Lots."

"What did you kill?"

"Nothing. We had a man in the party who had never been hunting before. None of us got shot."—Washington Star.

THAT GOLD SERVICE.

A Few Remarks Apropos of Queen Victoria's Dinner Set.

The picturesque romancer who sends out the stuff about Willie Kaiser's visit to the queen says in his cheery offhand manner that grandma's table service is of solid gold and worth $10,000,000.

This is a large sum even for a full set, as it would be a good night school exercise to figure what the individual butter plates would come to if the gold teapot was marked down to $99.999.

It isn't the sort of set either that the queen would care to put out before the kind of women who have the souvenir habit. If she gave that sort of a dinner party, she'd probably want to dress the coachman up as a butler and then have him stand at the door and search the guests as they passed out. It wouldn't do to take many careless chances with pie plates at $7,210 apiece. There are people who would be so overcome by this sort of display that they'd probably try to bite chunks out of the $4,900 finger bowls.

At the same time there is one thing you don't have to worry so much about if you own a gold set like the queen's—there isn't so much danger that the hired girl will smash it up. On the other hand, it wouldn't be easy to take a dent in an $11,450 cream pitcher out of her week's wages. You can't drop a $37,600 soup plate in the kitchen sink very many times without its showing the effects of the fall.

That's the great trouble with gold—it's so ductile. We never liked it on the table on that account. Good old stoneware china may not take so high a polish, but we use it in place of gold every time.

THE COUGHING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Of Course Not.

Great Author—That really is the most senseless story I ever wrote.

His Wife—Are you going to sign your name to it?

"Why, if I didn't they wouldn't take it."—Life.

Those Loving Girls.

Clara—Did you notice that fine looking gentleman turn and look back at me after he had passed?

Maude—Yes. Isn't it queer how little it takes to turn a man's head?—Chicago News.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

Preparing to Be Disappointed.

"I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in his writing," said Mrs. Hickelby. "He spends two hours a day at it."

"Really? How strange! How did you get him to do it?"

"Oh, as for that, I told him to write me out a list of everything he wanted for Christmas, and he's still at it."—Tit-Bits.

Russian families, when moving to a new home, kindle the fire on the hearth with coal brought from the old residence.

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the Genuine can be purchased as easily.

The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT inform us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.

Mystified.

"Mamma, my birthday comes this year on Monday, doesn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"And last year it was on Sunday, wasn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did it come on Saturday the year before last?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?"—Chicago Tribune.

Plaster Days of the Past.

Previous to the introduction of Griffith's Menthol Liniment, belladonna, menthol and porous plasters were extensively used. For pains in any part of the body Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is superior to plasters of any kind. It immediately penetrates to the painful parts, relieving in a few minutes. Sold by all druggists 25 cents.

Lungs and Long Life.

One of the most remarkable cases of longevity on record was that of an Englishman, born in 1483, whose delicate appearance made all the doctors give him up when he was in the cradle. His chest was so narrow, says the report, that he seemed to have difficulty in breathing. Well, this young moribund, condemned by the doctors to die in short order, died in 1651 at the age of 169. He saw the reign of ten kings.

Secundi Haugo, consul of Venice at Smyrna, measured only 57 centimeters around the chest, and one of his lungs was diseased. Nevertheless he lived to the age of 115 years. He was married five times and had 49 children. When he was 100 years old, he got his wisdom teeth. When he was 110, his hair turned black again. At 112 his eyebrows and his beard turned black.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Women's Ailments.

Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

The poisons that ought to be carried off are sent back into the blood, taking with them a multitude of pains and aches.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life.

Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says:

"Some time ago I had a violent attack of La Grippe. From this, severe kidney trouble arose, for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St John, but received little relief. Hearing Doan's Kidney Pills highly spoken of, I began their use and in a short time found them to be a perfect cure. Before taking these pills I suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and have removed every pain and ache.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Constipation and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

Legal Fiction as to Babies.

The English language should be so amended as to preclude the legal word "infant" from applying to all persons under 21 years of age. There is something so babyish in the term that it is hard to reconcile it with the idea of a person 20 years, 11 months and 29 days of age, though such an individual would undoubtedly be an infant in the eyes of a court of chancery. This seeming inconsistency was absurdly demonstrated in New York a few days ago, when an "infant," not quite 21 years old, weighing 195 pounds and standing 6 feet 1 inch tall, was represented in court by a father who wanted his son's marriage annulled.—Richmond Dispatch.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Habit.

Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarcely anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser who, from being long accustomed to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard is not impossible or improbable.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Burial Customs.

While in old times it was more or less the custom, in the interment of bodies, to bury them with their feet to the east, a custom now substantially superseded by the almost common practice of burying the body with the feet to the path along the front of the lot, so was it once more or less the custom to place the coffin in the room in which the deceased was to lie before burial with the feet to the east. Nowadays the disposal of the body in the room would be determined altogether by the shape and size of the room, except that commonly the feet would be placed toward the door.

Though the common way is to place the body in the center of the room, another way, in comparatively modern practice, is to place the coffin or casket across one corner of the room. This gives opportunity for a convenient and effective disposition of flowers and floral pieces, and it perhaps affords a better view of the face.

As to the manner of moving a body to its burial, that is always done with the feet foremost. It is carried out of the house in that way, put into the hearse feet foremost and so is borne to the grave.—New York Sun.

The Walls Ran Down.

The Irishman who went up in the hotel lift without knowing what it was did not recover easily from the surprise. He relates the story in this way:

"I went to the hotel, and, says I, 'Is Misther Smith in?'

"'Yes,' said the man with the sojer cap. 'Will yez step in?'

"So I steps into the closet, and all of a suddint he pulls the rope, and—its the truth I'ze telling yez—the walls of the building began running down to the cellar.

"'Och, murther!' says I. 'What'll become of Bridget and the children which was left below there?'

"Says the sojer cap man: 'Be aisy, sorr. They'll be all right when yez come down.'

"'Come down, is it?' says I. 'And it is no closet at all, but a haythenish balloon, that yez got me in!'

"And wid that the walls stood stock still, and he opened the door, and there I was wid the roof just over my head! And, begorra, that's what saved me from going up to the hevins intirely!"—Irish Independent.

A Give Away.

"Members," said the preacher, "I am very sorry to state that a brass button was found in the morning's collection. As there is only one member whose husband is on the police force it is not difficult to surmise the donor."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Not merely the best value, or the best at a price, but positively the best at any price!

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Will mail to you gratis their new DAIRY HAND BOOK, if you send your address to them, at same time stating how many cows you intend to milk next season, how you raise your cream at present, and what make of Cream Separator you use, if you have one. This little book contains complete directions for making butter, besides much other useful information. Do not fail to procure one while they last. It is well worth $2 to any one making butter, and costs you nothing, just the trouble of sending the information requested.

Coats That Last a Century.

To wear your grandfather's coat would not seem much of an honor, but to John Chinaman it is the greatest felicity. Not only is the common looking, shapeless blue blouse of his ancestor prized because it is his ancestor's, but because of its intrinsic value. The clothing usually worn by the Chinese is of the purest silk and costs anywhere from $100 to $250 a suit.

As a nation the Chinese object to wearing clothing of any other kind, and centuries of experiment have taught them how best to make up the costly caterpillar thread into the most durable form. On this account the Chinese dress, though of purer material, has none of the sheen usually associated with silk, a peculiarity which has resulted in the erroneous ideas as to their composition. All the garments are made in China and are only exported for the personal use of Celestials in foreign countries.

Owing to their cost, however, they are only purchased at long intervals, each garment being of so durable a character that they are handed down to the third and even the fourth generation. Wear appears to rather improve them than otherwise, with the result that the coat of the father or grandfather often has more intrinsic value than the newer and less worn articles.—Omaha World-Herald.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Ingratitude.

"So your faithful dog rescued you from a highway robber?"

"Yes, but if the miserable cur was only of some breed!"—Fliegende Blatter.

HOTEL BALMORAL, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.5 up. E.P. $1.00 up.

His Opinion of Shakespeare.

There is a story going about concerning a famous man of letters who visited Washington recently. He appeared at but one dinner party. There he sat next the young daughter of a noted naval officer. Her vocabulary is of a kind peculiar to very young girls, but she rattled away at the famous man without a moment's respite. It was during a pause in the general conversation that she said to him:

"I'm awfully stuck on Shakespeare. Don't you think he's terribly interesting?"

Everybody listened to hear the great man's brilliant reply, for as a Shakespearean scholar he has few peers.

"Yes," he said solemnly, "I do think he is interesting. I think he is more than that. I think Shakespeare is just simply too cute for anything."—Washington Post.

Leg A Solid Sore.

When it comes to healing up old running sores of long standing there is no remedy equal to Burdock Blood Bitters.

Bathe the sore with the B.B.B.—that relieves the local irritation.

Take the B.B.B. internally—that clears the blood of all impurities on which sores thrive.

Miss D. Melissa Burke, Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, P.Q., says:

"It is with pleasure I speak in favor of B.B.B. which cured me of a running sore on my leg. I consulted three doctors and they gave me salve to put on, but it did no good. Finally my leg became a solid running sore. In fact for nearly a month I could not put my foot to the floor.

"I was advised to use B.B.B. and did so. Three bottles healed up my leg entirely so that I have never been troubled with it since."

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A Summer Love.

She—Oh, dese men, dese men! Dere is Chimmie wot told me all summer dat he wuz just burnin up wid love fer me!—New York Journal.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which in turn lay demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Window Panes of Shells.

Most of the houses and offices in Manila have tiny panes of translucent shells for glass. An average window six feet long by four feet wide contains about 260 of such panes, which temper the heat of the sun, the shells being very low conductors of heat. They also prevent the blindness which is induced by the fierce glare of the sun in that part of the world.

Monks as Tradesmen.

Most of the monks at King William's Town, Cape Colony, are tradesmen, and do their own carpentering, bricklaying, blacksmithing, etc., besides teaching school. All the buildings they occupy were erected by themselves.

An Admirer of Garrick.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada's Premier, is an admirer of David Garrick, and has the best collection of Garrick autographs in the world.

HEALTHY, HAPPY GIRLS.

Healthy, happy girls often become languid and despondent, from no apparent cause, in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with palpitating hearts after slight exercise, so that to merely walk up stairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fear that they are going into consumption. Doctors tell them they are anæmic—which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that?

More pale and anæmic people have been made bright, active and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than any other medicine.

Mrs. M. N. Joneas, Berthier, Que., writes:—"My daughter, aged fifteen, has been restored to good health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She was very feeble, her blood was poor and watery, and she was troubled with headaches, poor appetite, dizziness, and always felt tired. After using four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she is enjoying as good health as any girl of her age, and we are glad to give the credit to your grand medicine. Mothers will make no mistake if they insist upon their young daughters taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Do not take anything that does not bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." It is an experiment and a hazardous one to use a substitute. Sold by all dealers or post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

F. J. SMYTH & CO., - - - Publishers.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....$2.00.

SATURDAY, FEB. 24, 1900.

The social system which creates the tramp is a greater evil than the tramp which it creates.

Vaccination may not be a fashionable fad, but it may soon become compulsory just the same.

Since the settling of the strike there has been a steady stream of men flowing into the Slocan and the C. P. R.'s freight business in that direction has been growing daily.

Three men who have been news paper reporters in Albany have become members of the cabinet. The late Daniel Manning, Daniel S. Lamont and Charles Emory Smith, less than 25 years ago, sat side by side, reporting the proceedings of the New York legislature.

The drowning of John Bremner in the lake last Sunday furnishes an object lesson to the people of Moyie. It demonstrates the fact the lake is more treacherous in winter than anyone imagined and that too much care cannot be exercised in crossing it, especialy at night.

In a neighboring town a Salvation Army advertiser wrote on a bill board, "What shall I do to be saved?" A patent medicine man came along the next day and wrote underneath, "Use Snorter's Liver Pills." Shortly afterwards the Salvation Army man noticed the sacrilegious work of the medicine man and printed below, "And prepare to meet thy God."

A primary teacher was hearing recitation in grammer and the class was composed largely of the smaller students. The teacher wrote the three words, "bees, bear, boys," on the board and asked the pupils to write a sentence containing the three words. She was quite taken back a few minutes later when one of the boys in the class handed in the following: "Boys bees bear when they go in swimmin."

British medical officers, in an astonished mood, cable the fact that British wounded are kindly treated in Boer hospitals. There is no necessity for wasting money in telling the rest of the world something it knew from the first. There has never been reason to believe the Boers are other than civilized. It is the right of wounded men to expect careful treatment in any hospital, friendly or hostile, and that right has been recognized from the first by both belligerents in South Africa.

It is fortunate for the mining districts of the West Kootenay that the labor trouble is settled. The suspension of operations in the mines was having a telling effect on the business of the Slocan and a continuation of the same would no doubt mean the ruination of many a business man. The strike by the miners, though a bitter one, was carried on in such a manner as to win and command the respect of every one, even the mine owners themselves. Not an act of lawlessness was committed, and the mine owners were treated with every consideration. Since the strike is settled businces in all branches will revive and the Slocan will again flourish as it did befor the passing of the eight hour law.

A Frightful Blunder.

will often cause a horible Burn, Scald, Cut or bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Fever Sores, Ulsers, Boils, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Hope & Beattie, druggists.

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The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brainfag into mental power. They'er wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Hope & Beattie.

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MINERAL ACT 1896.

(FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Society Girl, Sky Pilot, Bunko Fraction, Diamond Jubilee, Black Pine, Sniper, Klondike and Boer Fraction Mineral Claims situate in the Fort Steele Mining Division of East Kootenay District.

Where located:—On Moyie Lake.

Take notice that I, Thos. T. McVittie, fagent for Chas. C. Farrell, F. M. C. No. B 9607, and Timothy Farrell F. M. C. No. 39733 A,] Free Miner's Certificate No. B 9691, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

THOS. T. McVITTIE.

Dated this 6th day of December, 1898.

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