Library Legislative Assembly


# THE MOYIE LEADER.

VOL. 2, NO. 38. MOYIE, B. C., JANUARY 6, 1900. $2 A YEAR



People of Moyie

## ATTENTION!

From the time this ad appears until the next issue of the LEADER we will clear out the fall lines of shirts at these astonishing cash prices:

Heavy flannelette shirts, 65 cents.
Moleskin lined top shirts, 90 cts.
Heavy twill serge, $1.25.
Gray military flannel, $2.00.
Extra heavy all tweed shirts, $2.00.
Black sateen shirts, 75 cents to $1.50.
Underwear from $1.75 and up.

California flannel underwear at cut prices. Before our new stock arrives we will have a special reduction on clothing we are offering

## Suits at $7.50

A price unequalled in any western town. Boots and shoes, heavy ox and rubbers at lowest prices. See our grocery stock, which is also complete.

REID, CAMPBELL & CO.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

Paid Up Capital, $6,000,000.

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

MAGGS. HUGHES

B. C. FURNITURE and UNDERTAKING CO.

MOYIE and CRANBROOK, B. C.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 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.

Undertakers and Embalmers MAGGS & HUGHES,

## The Central Hotel.

V. DESAULNIER & CO., Props.

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

Headquarters for Commercial 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.

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS. MOYIE, B. C

## MOYIE HOTEL.

G. CAMPBELL, A. T. CLARK.

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

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MINING MEN

MOYIE, — — — — — BRITISH COLUMBIA.


## THE B. C. LEGISLATURE

### Semlin's Party Short on Votes.

### HOT TIME ON OPENING DAY

British Columbia Parliament Began Under Rather Unique Conditions.

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 4.—The Semlin government was twice voted down by the opposition in the legislature today, a unique condition for the very first day of a session, when as a rule only formal business is done. Technically this amounted to a defeat of the government, but in spite of the result of the votes the government held on, hoping for the arrival of one more member to give them the upper hand again, as the vote was 18 to 17, and one vote more makes things even in the house, with the speaker's deciding voice in favor of the Semlin party.

Premier Semlin's motion to have the lieutenant governor's speech dealt with on Monday next was negatived by 19 to 18, the opposition applauding rapturously at their victory. A motion that the house adjourn till Monday was similarly voted down, ane then Turner, leader of the opposition, took the reins and moved that the house adjourn till Tuesday.

The government opposed this and began talking against time, as Wells of East Kootenay was expected by the night boat from Vancouver, and with him present it meant that the government could carry on business with the speaker's vote.

With the help Wells, who arrived this evening, the government, with the speaker's casting vote, defeated Turner's motion to adjurn till Tuesday, and carried a new motion by Semlin to adjourn till Monday. It was 18 to 18, with Speaker Forster casting in favor of Semlin. One extraordinary feature was an appeal from a ruling of the speaker, and as the vote on it was even, he had to sustain himself by casting the vote.

#### Moyie School Report.

The following semi annual school report has been handed to the LEADER for publication, showing the progress which the children have made during that time:

| GRADE I. | | |
|---|---|---|
| CHART CLASS. | TOTALS. | AVERAGE |
| Ames, Tommy | 617 | 61. |
| Batley, Merlin | 698 | 69. |
| Conrad, Lily | 468 | 46. |
| Conrad, Philip | 589 | 58. |
| Crowe, Arthur | 714 | 61. |
| Crowe, Harry | 230 | 46. |
| GRADE II. | | |
| FIRST PRIMER. | | |
| Elmer, John | 730 | 73. |
| Elmer, Sydney | 937 | 73. |
| Ferogolia Frank | 685 | 68. |
| Neiderstadt, Louise | 708 | 70. |
| GRADE III. | | |
| SECOND PRIMER. | | |
| Bremner, Eben | 753 | 75. |
| Smith, Jennie | 741 | 74. |
| GRADE IV. | | |
| SECOND READER. | | |
| Ames, Franklin | 654 | 65. |
| Crowe, Lloyd | 761 | 76. |
| Desaulnier, Eddie | 477 | 47. |
| Neiderstadt, Norbert | 729 | 72. |
| GRADE V. | | |
| THIRD READER. | | |
| Crowe, Elliott | 913 | 83. |
| Neidetstadt, Erna | 859 | 78. |
| GRADE VII. | | |
| FIFTH READER. | | |
| Crowe, Lulu | 1037 | 86. |
| Lee, Elizabeth | 806 | 67. |

Marks obtainable, 100 on each subject. Pupils attaining an average of 50 per cent or over are given promotion. EMILIE TIBBATTS.

#### Bell for Catholic Church.

James Cronin, manager of the St Eugene Consolidated Mining Co., has donoted a valuable present to the Moyie Catholic Church in the way of a 200 pound bell. The bell is expected here in a few days.

## LOCAL NEWS.

J. A. Winchester left Moyie Tuesday for Greenwood.

W. L. Reid transacted business in Cranbrook Wednesday.

W. F. Gurd of Cranbrook was in Moyie Wednesday.

The Moyie school will again open next Monday morning.

Reid, Campbell & Co., have greatly increased their stock of boots and shoes this week.

G. H. Miner was out from Cranbrook looking after his branch hardware store Wednesday.

Miss Tibbatts has returned from Kaslo, where she has been spending the holidays.

Father Oulette, of the St Eugene Mission, celebrated mass at the Catholic church in Moyie last Sunday and Monday mornings.

P. A. Van Houten of Rossland arrived in Moyie yesterday and will take charge of the St Eugene air compressor.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Murphy and children, Eddie, Willie and May, departed for Spokane Monday morning to remain for the winter.

The pump for the Lake Shore air compressor has not arrived, therefore the machinery has not yet been put in motion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. McCracken have charge of the St. Eugene boarding house, which was formerly in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy.

Mrs. T. J. Clites arrived in Moyie Tuesday from Spokane to join her husband. They are now residing in the Nugent residence on Half Moon ave.

Mrs. Joseph Shea and son Earl returned this morning from eastren Washington, where they have been for the past two months.

Geo. T. Burgess, who worked on the construction of the St Eugene concentrator, departed Tuesday for Spokane, and from their he intends going to Honolulu.

Rev. Dunn holds service in McGregor hall every Sunday evening at eight o'clock. Mr. Dunn is a plain, forcible speaker, and is attracting good sized audiences.

Work was begun this week on Mr. and Mrs. Foley's new residence on Taviostock Street. It will be 25x30 feet in size and will be built for beauty and comfort.

Frank Hughes, of the firm of Maggs & Hughes, was out to Moyie from Cranbrook this week. He was accomponied by his brother, J. L. Hughes, who recently came from Winnipeg.

Two of Moyie's most respected Chinese citizens became involved in an altercation yesterday afternoon and repaired to a vacant lot on Victoria street to adjust matters. For a time the atmosphere was filled with large chunks of Chinese cuss words. The sight of the patrol wagon coming up the street caused the sons of the flowery kingdom to scatter.

#### Moyie Lake Still Open.

The fact of there being scarcly a particle of ice on Moyie lake at this time of the year is causing no small amount of comment. It is something which the history of the cuntry has never before recorded. As a rule the ice on Moyie lake begins to form about the middle of December and is sufficiently strong to bear a team of horses by Christmas. This year, however, has been an exception to the rule, and those who intend putting up ice for next summer's use are to realize the chance of being disappointed.

#### Thanks the School Children.

Editor LEADER: It gives me much pleasure to express through your columns my great appreciation for the consideration and extreme kindness shown by the pupils of Moyie school to their teacher on the occasion of the presentation of purse to me. I may say that a beautiful gold bracelet with appropriate engraving has been procured in remembrance.

EMILIE TIBBATTS.

The coming masquerade ball in Moyie will be wound up with the cake walk, to genuine "rag time" music.

## BRITISH AND BOERS

### Freneh's Army Is Not Any Too Safe.

### JOUBERT MUCH IN EVIDENCE

Since His Return to the Front Ladysmith Has Received a Fearful Bambardment.

London, Jan. 2.—Winston Churchhill's estimate that 250,000 men will be required to defeat the forces of the two republics has been ridiculed in many quarters, but as a matter of fact this number is already almost reached without the extra 100,000 which the Standard foresoes might be required.

Yesterday the admirality chartered eight more large transports. When all the transports destined for South Africa join those already there Lord Roberts will be in command of about 200,000 men. Thirty thousand are now afloat or ready to embark. Military observers, in view of what these figures mean, can not see how the British can fail to crush the Boers by force of numbers.

London, Jan. 4.—The report of the Boer attack upon Molteno is not yet confirmed. Apparently Gen. French holds nothing within five miles of Colesburg Junction. His request for reinforcements dispels any present hope that he will be able to seize one of the crossings of the Orange river.

It is probable that when Lord Roberts arrives General French will be ordered to quit his present unsupported position and to concentrate his command at Deaar or Orange river. As the Daily Telegraph says, "General French seems to be in a position of a man having a tiger cat in a trap and unable to kill it for want of a stick."

A dispatch from Dover announces that Lieutenant Colonel Pilcher has returned there safely from Douglass. Since Comandant General Joubert's return to the front the cannonade of Ladysmith by the Boers has been much livlier. Between December 18 and December 29 four shells killed one officer and 14 men and wounded 13 officers and 11 men.

The war office acknowledges the inferiority of the regular artillery by authorizing the equipment of the new battery attached to the London volunteer corps with Vickers and Maxims, the same as the Boers use, and by ordering 100 of these 12½ pounder quick firers built immediately.

Eight additional military regiments have been called out. Seven of these will serve in Ireland, replacing the regulars sent to South Africa.

All parts of England and Scotland report lively volunteering, a leading feature being the sums raised by private subscription for volunteer equipment. Some of the counties have given sums as high as 30,000 pounds. It is computed that the provinces have already raised nearly 600,000 pounds, while London is raising 120,000 pounds for the city troops.

#### Why They Wept.

Dean Hole recently told a capital story of two Indians dining in England for the first time, when one of them took a spoonful of mustard, which brought tears to his eyes. The other said:

"Brother, why weepest thou?" and he replied:

"I weep for my father who was slain in battle," and he passed the mustard. The other then took a spoonful, and he had a tear trickling down his cheek. Said the first Indian.

"Why weepest thou?" and he then replied:

"I weep because thou was not slain with thy father."

#### Metal Quotations.

New York, Jan. 4.—Bar silver 59 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.

#### Immediate Construction to Balfour.

Nelson Tribune: W. F. Tye, of Trail, engineer of the C. P. R. construction department, is in the city today in connection with the projected extension to Balfour. Tenders for the new line have been called for, and an effort will be made to have the bids all in by the end of this week. Construction will then be commenced without delay. Nelson will be the center of operations for some time after work has begun. Mr. Tye is to go over the line of the extension at once. Several railway contractors arrived in the city lately for the purpose of preparing tenders on the work.

#### Spent a Pleasent Evening.

A card party was given by Mrs. Farrell and Miss. Mamie Farrell at their home on south Victoria street last evening. Those present spent a very pleasent evening.

The mine development which will be done in South East Kootenay this year will greatly exceed that of any previous year in its history.

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, agent for Chas. C. Farrell, F. M. C. No. B 9607, and Timothy Farrell F. M. C. No. 89733 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.


R. A. McDONALD,

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER.

Plans and specifications given on short notice.

Union wages paid for skilled labor.

Moyie, B. C.

B. C. RESTAURANT.

OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

Everything First Class.

South Victoria Street.

GEO. WHITE, Prop.

CENTRAL - HOTEI

Barber Shop.

T. E. COLLINS, Prop.

MOYIE, B. C.

MEN WANTED

To wear mackinaw coats, The balance of these goods will be sold at prices never before heard of. All lines in our Men's Furnishing Department at reduced prices during the Holidays.

Largest Stock to Select From.

MacEachern & Macdonald

MOYIE, B. C.

**A Good Strategist.**

"John," said Mrs. Thursby, "you were saying yesterday that you were in financial trouble, I believe."

"Yes," Mr. Thursby replied, "and I'm terribly worried. I didn't sleep a wink last night."

"I think I heard you say something, too, about a note held by Mr. Hewitt, didn't I?"

"That's what is causing the trouble. If I could get him to extend the time on it for about 90 days, everything would come out all right. I could then realize on some securities I hold and get on my feet, but if he insists on payment now I shall have to sacrifice my valuable holdings, and this will practically ruin me."

"Have you asked him for an extension of the time?"

"No. That wouldn't do any good. He never favored anybody in his life. If he knew how I am fixed, he would be all the more anxious to press me for an immediate settlement."

"Well, don't you worry, dear. His wife, you know, is several years older than I. We met at a party this afternoon, and I spoke to a lot of women there of the days when she and I went to the same school. She turned pale when I mentioned the fact, fearing, of course, that I was going to tell how long ago it was, and that she was several grades above me because she was older, but I put down my pride and pretended that as I remembered her she was a little thing in pinafores just learning her primer lessons when I graduated. You go to Hewitt's house now, and when she is present ask him to extend the time on that note."—Chicago Times-Herald.

**An Enterprising Author.**

A correspondent writing from the wilds of West Virginia says:

"I have wrote up to date four books that beat anything I has ever read, but I never published none of 'em, because nobody would handle 'em without pay in advance. I want to go to Georgia on a visit and will here state that I will sell one of 'em for a railroad pass to that state and another for a month's board at a moderate hotel. Now, I think that's mighty cheap for two first class novels which was wrote off by a man who was raised and born in the south and who went through the civil war like a streak of lightning!"—Atlanta Constitution.


# THE MAN THAT FAILS

Is the Weak, Nervous, Dyspeptic Man, Who Can Be Restored to Health and Strength by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

In picturing in the imagination the man who fails, you do not see the healthy, happy, confident man, but his weakling brother, the man who through over-exertion, worry or the indiscretions of youth has shattered his nervous system and lost confidence, energy and vitality.

The wasting process going on in his body keeps the nervous system exhausted and causes Nervous Dyspepsia and headache, brain fag, sleeplessness, irritability, lack of interest in life, fear to venture and loss of confidence and business capacity. In short, the snap and vim of a successful career are entirely wanting in this weak, nervous man—the man that fails.

Many a discouraged despairing man has found new hope, new vigor and new life in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It does not stimulate the nerves to over-exertion. Nor does it deaden the nerves. It is a restorative, pure and simple, a restorative such as has never been known since the world began. It stops the wasting process of disease and builds up the body. It puts into the blood and nerves the life-giving principle which makes the brain healthy and active, the memory keen, and restores the vigor and vitality of youth. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a tonic and invigorator for the whole system. 50 cts a box, at all dealers or postpaid on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

For croup, coughs, colds, bronchitis and asthma use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cts a bottle.


# PAW BUILDS A SHELF

## OR, RATHER, TRIES TO DO SO FOR GEORGIE'S BENEFIT.

**But the Useful Lesson That He Intended to Convey Fell With a Dull Thud, and Little Albert Got Most of It.**

"What I nead," paw sed yistady when He got Home, "is more Exercise. Ever sints you got the Fool noshen to Be Jellus and I dassent Go out on my Wheal at nites my liver don't put in Full time enny more, and I Feel like the other feller the next mornen after lection. I whist I could git some of the peepel around here to join a Ball team or sumthing."

"I'll tell yen what," maw says, "If you nead exertize so mutch, Sposen you put up that shelf I've wanted Back of the sink fer about a year and a Half."

So paw Told me and maw and little Albert to Hunt up the Saw and Hatchet and Some nales and He would fix it. Then He Set down on the Back steps and whisseld the Gorgy Camp meetin till we found Them.

"It's a Good Thing I was Brot up on a Farm," paw Says. Givin the pupp a kick what neerly ronined its appetite. "There's whare people turn to Do enything. Look at the Grait men of our Land. Thay was neerly all Brot up on Farms. That's whare they Turn How to Handle tools and Think fer Themselves and plan. It makes me sad sumtimes to Think our Boys ain't got the chanct I Had. Whare are they a man bred and Brot up in the City what could go to work and Do a Job like this? Thay would Haft to go and Spend a Doler or so to Git Some Carpenter to put it up Becos thay never Had the chanct to turn How to Handel Tools."

So He Got the Bord sawed in two, and when He Held it up whare the shelf was to go it was too short, and maw says:

"It's almost a pity you Dident turn to maizure things Before Cutten Them when you was on the Farm."

"Say," paw says, "If you wouldn't Talk so much mebby a person would Have time fer serious thots wunst and awhile. Git me that other Bord up out of the Seller."

It was a purty Good Fit the next time, and paw got a Box and Set it up on one end and put it on the kitchen chare, so He could reach whare the shelf was to Be, and Then he told maw to Steddy the Thing while He stood on top and nailed.

He got one nale Drove in purty Good and Diden't nock Down more than a Half a Bucket full of plasterin. But when He was pounden in the next one maw went to Ketch little Albert and pull him away so the Bord wouldn't Hit him if it fell, and she Joggled the Box paw was standen on, and He missed the nale and Hit his thum, and it Sounded like when maw or the Hired gurl Hits the Beefsteak with the butt end of the rollen pin to make it Tender.

I felt almost as Sad fer paw as I do fer the gurl that Teaches our Sundy Skool when She tries to slug a so low and Her Silvery tones braiks in two in the middle. So he dropt the Hatchet and the Bord come down, nockin the plaster around so it made a racket like when they throw the book agent out of the up stairs Windo on the stage, and paw grabbed His thum and started to Jump. But the Box and the chare went over the other way, and He lit with one foot in the dishpan and the other in the Sink.

After maw got the thum Soked with witch Hazle and Tide up and paw was setin comfortable little Albert says:

"Pay, paw."

"Well, what is it?" paw ast.

"Some day when you ain't Bizzy and thay ain't enny other excitement onto will you please do that agin?"

Poor Little Albert. He's sich a sweet innocent Child it neerly Braiks my hart to see him suffer.—Georgie in Chicago Times-Herald.

**Self Approval Indorsed.**

"Nobody ever accused me of being a politician out of a job," said Senator Sorghum blandly.

"No," answered the guileless person who takes everything literally; "it was only the other day I heard some one saying you came pretty near being mixed up in every job that came along."

**Fallacious Assertion.**

"How absurd to say that 'all the world loves a lover.'"

"Isn't it true?"

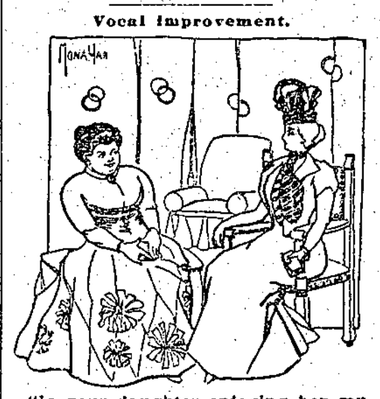
"Certainly not. How can it be true so long as the lover usually has rivals?"—Chicago Post.

**Supremely So.**

She—I wonder if you are as happy in our love as I am?

He—Me? Why, I wouldn't change places with Dewey!—Indianapolis Journal.

**Vocal Improvement.**




"Is your daughter enjoying her musical studies abroad, Mrs. Flimflammer?"

"Oh, so much! She writes that she goes to five dances every single week."

# OTTMAR MERGENTHALER.

**The Inventor of the Linotype, Which Has Revolutionized Printing Offices, Dies at 45 Years.**

Ottmar Mergenthaler, the inventor of the linotype typesetting machine, died at Baltimore, Md., on Saturday, Oct. 28, 1899, of consumption. He was born in Germany on May 10, 1854. He was the third in a family of five children, the father of whom, Johann Georg Mergenthaler, was a teacher in the public schools. At the age of 14 young Mergenthaler left the village schools and entered a seminary, where he was to receive his training for a teacher, but he was not personally in favor of the profession, and remembering that he had been very successful in doctoring the town clock and various work of similar nature, he concluded that machinery was the thing in which he could become most interested. So, instead of becoming a teacher, he chose an apprenticeship under his stepmother's brother, Mr. Hohl, a watch and clockmaker at Bietigheim, a town of about 4,000 inhabitants. He concluded his apprenticeship in the Hohl shop in the fall of 1872 and emigrated to the United States, arriving in Baltimore in October of that year.

In 1877 he finished his first machine that would produce print without type composition, then another in 1878, which was worked for five years. In 1884 these machines were abandoned by his partners, and Mr. Mergenthaler undertook the task alone. He formulated his own principles, which found expression in a drawing toward the close of 1879, the year his partners left him. These drawings he destroyed in a fit of anger caused by extreme financial straits to which the enterprise had reduced him. In the end there was no money to proceed with, and he regarded the chances so slim that in 1881 he sold his plans and interests to a friend for $60. Mr. Mergenthler again became a partner in the Hohl establishment, and in the fall of 1881 married Miss Emma Lachenmayer. In 1883 the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Mergenthaler started a business of his own on Bank Lane, in that city, and again grappled the printing problem.

His new idea was: "Why have a separate matrix at all? Why can I not stamp matrixes into my type bars and cast metal into them in the same machine?" It was the first conception of a casting and composing machine in one, and the first machine completely proved a finished success. That was the first linotype vented by Mr. Mergenthaler, and constructed at a cost of $100. A company was formed, called the National Typographical Company of West Virginia, with offices and factory at 201 Camden street, Baltimore. Mr. Mergenthaler's Bank Lane establishment formed the nucleus to the new shop, and the company supplied a liberal line of tools and machinery. Mr. Mergenthaler assumed full management of the factory, with a written contract assuring him of 10 per cent. of the sale cost of all machines made. This was, indeed, a small share, considering that the commercial success of the enterprise depended almost entirely upon him. The company held together a while, but was finally dissolved and passed into the hands of a syndicate.

In 1885 Mr. Mergenthaler perfected the independent matrix machine, which, on trial, complied with every expectation. The same year the Mergenthaler Printing Company was founded, of which Mr. Mergenthaler owned 1,000 shares. This unequal position of being inventor and also bearing equally the expenses of the concern soon seriously embarrassed him. Finally Whitelaw Reid of The Tribune, New York, came to his assistance with the agreement that he should hold the stock as security and have 6 per cent. on all money advanced. The first completed machine after this deal went to The Tribune office, where it proved to be the best yet produced. The years that followed under the Reid management were very trying to Mr. Mergenthaler, and finally exhausted him completely. Troubles, changes and litigations were numerous, and through it all he was a prey to a syndicate that allowed him but meagre returns for his labors. In 1888 Mr. Mergenthaler, weakened by years of overwork, fell a victim to pleurisy, which came near ending his life. He recovered, but his weakened constitution was seized by consumption, which gradually but surely cut him down.

In late years Mr. Mergenthaler worked on his machines, perfecting them more and more in many details. It has been four years since he was compelled to relinquish personal control of the factory, but since then it has been conducted by responsible management. At last his labors and ingenuity yielded a fair competence, but nothing like the vast wealth which should rightfully be his.

**An Arizona Kick.**

Acting under instructions from Washington, we shall close the post office at 10 o'clock at night after this, and any one kicking on the door after that hour will have to take his chances of what may happen. Heretofore we have been routed out at all hours of the night, and on several occasions have been grossly insulted by late callers. One kick on the door after 10 o'clock will awaken us. Two kicks will turn us out of bed. Three kicks will cause the gun to be poked out of the window, and a fourth kick, followed by threats of death if we don't open the door, will start the shooting. If the intruder cares to have the bullets dug out of him he will find a doctor on the block below. Ring the bell twice and wipe your feet on the mat.

**Insidious.**

"I must say," remarked Farmer Corntossel, "that I don't like these here long speeches."

"You don't have to read them."

"That's jes' the p'int. That's their only strength. Ye skip 'em an' then feel that maybe there was somethin' in 'em thet would have changed yer mind if you'd read it."—Washington Star.

# THE DYKE

By WEATHERLEY CHESNEY

[Copyright, 1899, by Weatherley Chesney.]

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MR. KEIGHLEY GATES SPEAKS OF DURANT.

I was now at a complete standstill in my investigations, and in sober truth I did not know which way to move next. Something, however, had to be done, and that at once.

In my despair I went again through the evidence that was brought against George at the police court trial and ran over the witnesses who would appear for the crown, and for the hundredth time I tried to find some flaw in the chain of damning evidence that would be adduced. Suddenly a thought struck

*"My name is Brett—Duncan Brett."*

me. This man, Keighley Gates, owing to whose casual talk at the Hotel Metropole suspicion had fallen upon George, surely he might be of use to us. I had heard of the man, but had not met him. He was a great traveler, I remembered. Might he not have run up against Durant in his wanderings? Even if he had not met him he might have heard of him, or, at any rate, be able to give us some clew in our search. There was just the odd chance that he might be able to help us, and I could not afford to disregard it.

It appeared that Mr. Gates lived at the Metropole, and as soon as I obtained this information I went there in quest of him. As luck had it, Mr. Gates was in the hotel when I called, and I was shown up to his room.

As Mr. Gates was not a permanent resident there I was somewhat struck with the luxurious way in which his sitting room was furnished. There was a total absence of the usual hotel furniture, and in its place was a variety of articles that bespoke the catholic taste of the owner. There were easy chairs and lounges, covered with eastern rugs and silks and curtains of soft Indian texture. On the walls was a display of curious and fantastic weapons—Damascus swords, Moorish daggers and a genuine Andrea Ferrara. There were a few etchings, and on the mantelpiece a number of photographs, while on various cabinets was arranged a goodly show of Bohemian and Viennese glass. My eyes took all this in as I entered, but my chief attention was, of course, centered in Mr. Gates himself. He was a thin, wiry man of middle height, and one's first impression of him was of an eyeglass and a row of yellow jagged teeth.

A second later one noted that he had a pair of keen, piercing eyes and thin—very thin—lips. For the rest he was square jawed and clean shaven. His hair was becoming scanty over his brow, and his nose was slightly colored.

Mr. Gates was writing when the waiter announced me. The keen eyes looked inquiringly—I had almost said distrustfully—at me.

The waiter had bungled my name, so I hastened to explain who I was.

"My name is Brett—Duncan Brett. You may possibly remember my name in connection with poor Fenton's case."

"Yes, Captain Brett," he said slowly. "I remember your name. Pray take a chair. This one, I think, is passably comfortable. Will you have a cigarette? I can recommend these. I import them myself from Alexandria."

Mr. Gates carefully closed up his writing case and seated himself negligently in an easy chair opposite me.

"And how is George bearing up?" he went on. "It is a terrible position for him to be placed in. That unlucky speech of mine has caused me endless regret. But how could I know what was going to occur?"

"Oh, quite so. I don't see that any blame attaches to you, Mr. Gates. In the very worst case you only accelerated events, as George's arrest would inevitably have followed. He is bearing up as well as we could expect, but, of course, he feels his position acutely, and at the present moment things look very black against him. I hope that if you can help us at all in the defense you will do so."

"If I can be of the slightest use, you may be certain of my services," he replied. "But I am afraid I don't see in what way I shall be able to assist you."

"Well, I will tell you, Mr. Gates. You see we are firmly convinced of George's innocence, but perhaps I ought first to tell you I am engaged to his sister, which will account for the interest I am taking in the case."

"I believe I heard that," Gates replied.

"Very well. We are, as I was saying, firmly convinced of our friend's innocence, although the facts look very black. A few days ago I should have said the defense was hopeless, but since the identification of the murdered woman as the Duke of Lundy's daughter—of which, of course, you have heard—I think there is a glimmer of daylight for us."

"Well, Captain Brett, I am listening," said Gates, as I made a pause.

"I will be absolutely frank with you, Mr. Gates," I continued, "for I think you may be able to help us, since you have traveled a great deal and have consequently rubbed up against innumerable people in all quarters of the globe. We are at present trying to trace Lady Florence Mostyn's life from the day she left her father's house, and it has been suggested that one individual in particular might shed a light on her mysterious disappearance, if we could only find him."

"And who may he be?"

"A certain Arthur Durant. Do you happen to know him, sir?"

Mr. Keighley Gates deftly ejected half a dozen rings of cigarette smoke and then looked at me with a curious smile on his lips.

"Well, yes, I do," he replied. "At one time I knew him intimately, but I have not seen him for the last two or three years. Still I get an occasional letter from him."

I was overjoyed at this news. What a lucky inspiration it was that had prompted me to look up Mr. Gates!

"Have you had a letter recently?" I inquired.

"The last one would be about—let me see"—and Mr. Gates pondered for a moment or two. "Yes, about four months ago, as near as my memory serves me."

"And where was he then?"

"He wrote from Denver, and said he was just moving on to Salt Lake City and from there he intended going to Frisco."

"Then at this moment San Francisco might be a likely spot to make inquiries in?"

Gates laughed.

"It certainly might be, but if you knew Arthur Durant you would know the utter impossibility of following his movements by any known or unknown method. As he mentioned Frisco, I should think New York or Florida a likely spot to find him in."

This news considerably depressed me. So much seemed to depend upon this man, and yet from Gates' account it was apparently hopeless to expect that he could be found in time.

"What would you advise us to do, Mr. Gates?"

"Make inquiries by all means in Salt Lake City and Frisco, but don't build any hopes in that direction. I ought to have a letter from him soon, and that will put us on his track at once. I think I have his last epistle by me still. If so, the address will be useful. I'll look for it now."

Gates unlocked a drawer and looked through some letters filed with extreme care.

"I'm afraid I destroyed it," he said, at length. "I now remember what I kept it for, and as soon as the purpose was fulfilled I burned it. I never keep old letters; it would not fit in with my wandering life."

This was disheartening. However, I determined to find out something about the man I wanted.

"You say you knew him intimately, Mr. Gates?"

"Yes, I did—that is, if living for three months on end with him gives me the right to do so. I first met Arthur Durant in the Alleghany mountains in North Carolina. He had gone up there to inspect some mica mines, and I was there to look at some gem deposits. We both foregathered at a little three roomed wooden house, which was more drinking shanty than hotel, and as the mica and gems were in adjacent strata we did much of our work together. It was a longish job, because the stuff we were after was undoubtedly there, and what we had to decide was whether the quantities would pay for working, and so three months of daily intercourse had passed before we could arrive at our decision. You can get to know a man very well in that time.

"Then I saw nothing of him until I ran up against him in the Strand about three years ago. He seemed to be in clover at that time. He told me he had made his pile and was then engaged in spending it. He had just taken a hunting box in a sporting county, and he asked me to stay with him. I intended doing so, but never found the time. I saw him again after he had given it up. He talked of traveling, but had no definite plans. Then I heard from him in Matabeleland and South Africa generally. He writes to me three or four times in the twelvemonth, and the last letter I had from him was, as I said, from Denver, about four months ago."

"When he was in the country, Mr. Gates, he paid marked attentions to Lady Florence Mostyn, and, I believe, asked the Duke of Lundy for his daughter's hand. The duke refused it, and soon afterward Lady Florence disappeared. From your knowledge of the man, do you think it probable that Durant was concerned in that? Do you think he persuaded the lady to run away with him, in fact?"

Mr. Gates lay back in his chair and reflected a few minutes before replying. Then he said slowly:

"It is a difficult thing to be certain of any man's conduct where a woman is concerned, Captain Brett. I have known men who had always been the very soul of honor throw up all their traditions and come a cropper when the petticoat appeared. I wouldn't stake my life on any man's line of action then, but my firm belief is that if Durant could not have got the lady straight and aboveboard he would have left her. He is not the man to do anything dirty or underhand. No, sir," and Gates rose and stood over me, looking me straight in the face, "no, sir. Arthur Durant is not a man of that sort. He is straight as a die, and I would trust him as I trust myself."

"He certainly has a very good friend in you, Mr. Gates," I remarked, for Gates' defense of his absent friend had somewhat surprised me. I had certainly not given him credit of being capable of so much chivalrous feeling for anybody.

Gates did not reply, but went on:

"And Durant could hardly be the man you want, since he left the country so soon after the lady's disappearance. He must have been an ardent lover, whoever persuaded her to take the step, and would scarcely have tired of her so soon."

"There is certainly something in that," I remarked.

"But there would be no harm done in trying to find where Durant is," continued Mr. Gates. "I have friends both in Salt Lake City and in Frisco, and can either write to them to make inquiries or give you letters of introduction to them if you prefer to do so yourself."

"You are extremely kind," I replied, "and I cannot thank you enough for your offer and the information you have given me. If you would be good enough to write to your friends yourself on the matter, I shall be much indebted to you. I simply want to be put in communication with Mr. Durant."

"I understand perfectly," said Mr. Gates, "and I will write by the next mail and ask for a cable if Durant is found."

I thanked him warmly for his good offices and rose to go. And now notice on what trivial things our lives are made to hinge. I had been rather struck by some of the weapons displayed on the walls, and as I walked toward the door made some remark about them. Gates seemed pleased to show his curios and gave me some interesting particulars about them. I was standing by the drawer which Gates had opened to find Durant's letter. It had jammed when he tried to close it and he had left it half open. In the corner nearest me I happened to notice a photograph on the top of some papers. It struck my eye quite casually, and somehow it awakened recollections in my mind. I glanced at it again while my host was talking and showing the weapons. It was the picture of a woman, and I was certain I had seen it before, but for the life of me I could not remember when or where, and all the time I was talking and listening to Gates my mind was groping for a clew, but I could not find one.

At last I bade my host adieu and left him. I was very well satisfied with my afternoon's work, for I felt sure that Durant would be able to help us and wishful to do so, since he had undoubtedly been in love with Lady Florence. I was thinking of this while I was making my way out of the hotel. I had just gained the pavement outside when suddenly it flashed across me why the photograph in Mr. Keighley Gates' drawer had attracted my attention.

I had seen that photograph before, and it was then in the Scotland Yard album, over the name of Lady Florence Mostyn!

What did this mean?

Who could this other woman be?

Who had put her photograph in the Scotland Yard album? And for what purpose had it been done?

There was something very mysterious here.

To be continued.

**His Modest Luncheons.**

"The ordering of my luncheon used to be a great nuisance," said a lawyer yesterday. "I would go into a cafe, perhaps pretty hungry, but two or three minutes' study of the huge menu would put me in an uncertain, irritable mood, and no matter what I'd order I wouldn't enjoy it on account of the thought that I might have ordered something different and better. It was like going into a public library to read. With so many books there it is impossible to sit down and read one book contentedly, as you can at home. But now I have an arrangement that makes my luncheon a joy. I said to my waiter one day:

"'What I eat here at noon costs me, on the average, $1.25, and my average tip to you is 20 cents. Now you ought to know what a nice luncheon is better than I do, so I make you this proposal: Serve me every day a lunch of my usual number of courses, and whatever under $1.25 it costs you can keep.'

"The waiter jumped at that. He brings me every day now a better meal than I would think of ordering myself, and he makes from 20 to 30 cents by keeping down the price. It is a splendid scheme, and I wonder why I never thought of it before."—Philadelphia Record.

**They Don't Know Nerves.**

Those who know the Chinese best have been particularly struck with their absence of nerves. The foreigner fidgets, the native sits still; balmy sleep, especially in hot weather, will resist the foreigner's sweetest wooing, while to the native lying on a heap of stones or across the bars of a wheelbarrow she comes as a matter of course; we need constant change and variety, they would find contentment and rest on the treadmill.

"It would be easy," says Mr. Smith, "to raise in China an army of 1,000,000 men—nay, 10,000,000—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, with heads downward, like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside!"

From which it is evident, says The North China Herald, that in a crusade against noise we can hope for no assistance from our native fellow townsmen, but instead a great amount of vis inertiae, if not positive opposition.

**A Chinese Dooley.**

Two Irishmen stood at Gates avenue and Bedford street discussing a Chinese laundry sign.

"Kin ye say it, Pat?"

"Where?"

"There. Don't ye say it?"

"Oh, OI do now."

"Well, they say a Chinaman's furst name is his last name. Do ye blave it, Pat?"

"Yis."

"Then rade it backward."

"But rade it furrud furst, an it spells Lee Dew."

"But rade it backward, man."

"D-e-w, Do; L-e-e, Le—Dooley."

"Roight ye are, Pat, an Dooley is a foine old Irish name, but it's the furst toime in me loife OI iver heerd of a Chinese with an Oirish name. He ought to hang, the spalpeen."—New York Press.

# THE MOYIE LEADER.

MOYIE, B. C.

## THE CENSOR.

A clever man who has seen the fall hats aptly describes them by remarking that ragtime has also affected millinery. —Des Moines Leader.

Nontreating clubs are increasing in the big cities. There is no limit to their membership. This is to keep them from getting full.

Don't buy any canes made from the log of the Olympia unless accompanied by Dewey's signature certifying they are genuine.

What a queer little state Delaware is, with its pillories and whipping posts and crowds of women watching the thrashing of prisoners!—Syracuse Post-Standard.

The Chickasaw legislature has raised the price of Indian brides from $50 to $1,000 for the palefaces. Here is another subject of inquiry for the trust hunters.

The waiters' convention has provided for a burial outfit of $75 for each member. This will be good news to people who had long desired to kill the waiter, but had hesitated on account of expense. —Chicago Record.

After this last experience it must be admitted that there are English brutes as well as French brutes and that the English brutes aboard the Scotsman had even less excuse than those aboard the Bourgogne.

Some day a naval pageant will circle from the Atlantic to the gulf by way of the lakes and the Mississippi, and the crowds looking on will beat all other demonstrations of the kind known to history. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There are no American entries at the automobile show in Berlin, but that is no sign that within the next ten years the best automobiles in the world, and plenty of them, will not be manufactured in the United

Unless the Boer methods of fighting have changed since 1881 war with the Transvaal will open up for the British subaltern who is fortunate enough to keep out of the range of the Afrikander rifles "an elegant line of promotion."—Detroit Tribune.

The Kearsarge is not only a triumph of American shipbuilding; she is also a proof that a demand for first rate battleships can be met both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts whenever there shall be a necessity for such construction. If ships be needed, shipyards will be forthcoming.

### Real Greatness.

An exchange gives this story of a pompous member of parliament who attended an agricultural show in Dublin. He arrived late and found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd.

Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and a lady friend who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily demanded, "Make way there."

"Garn! who are you pushin'?" was the unexpected response.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M. P. "I am a representative of the people."

"Yah," growled the porter, as he stood unmoved, "but we're the bloomin people themselves."

**The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.**

### An Insect Tragedy.

There is something really pathetic in the way a mother butterfly builds a nest for her children. In the first place, the little home where the eggs are deposited represents a great deal of sacrifice, for it is lined with several layers of down plucked from the mother's own soft body. The eggs having been laid carefully upon this luxurious, pretty couch are protected by an equally pretty coverlet made of the same material.

These butterfly bedclothes are often arranged with an intricacy that is quite curious and perplexing. Sometimes a bed is made so that each separate delicate hair stands upright, thus giving the entire nest the appearance of a little brush of downy fur. Then again, the eggs are laid spirally round a tiny branch, and, as the covering follows their course, the effect resembles the busy tail of a fox, only the nest is more beautiful than the "brush" of the finest fox that ever roamed over country.

The building of this downy nest is the latest earthly labor of the mother butterfly, for by the time it is completed her own delicate body is denuded of its natural covering, and there is nothing left for her to do but die, a sacrifice, which she promptly and heroically makes in the interest of the coming butterfly generation.

A SOUND STOMACH MEANS A CLEAR HEAD—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings. Many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keep the head clear.

### He Winked the Other Eye.

"What's the matter, dear, you look cross?"

"Well, I am. I bought a cheap hat this morning, and my husband says it is very becoming to me."

"Well, aren't you satisfied?"

"I should say not. I was expecting he'd say he didn't like it, and then of course I should have felt obliged to buy another."—Detroit Free Press.

### Of More Importance.

"A geologist says that when Niagara dries up Chicago will be flooded."

"Well, what will happen when Chicago dries up?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A VANCOUVER LADY.

**Cured of Asthma After Eight Years of Almost Constant Suffering—She Says the Absolute Freedom From the Disease Seems Like a Dream—Clarke's Kola Compound Cures.**

Mrs. J. Wise, Mt Pleasant, Vancouver, B. C., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from bronchial asthma for the past eight years, many times having to sit up nearly all night. Through the advice of a friend who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound, I resolved as a last resort to try it. The first bottle did not relieve me much, but before I had finished the third bottle, the attacks ceased altogether, and during the past six months of damp and cold weather have not had a single attack. It seems something like a dream to be free from this worst of all diseases after so many years of suffering. I have, since my recovery recommended this remedy to others suffering as I was, and know many others in this city whom it has cured. I consider it a marvelous remedy, and would urge any person suffering from this disease to try it."

A free sample bottle of Clarke's Kola Compound will be sent to any person who has asthma, mentioning this paper. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., sole Canadian Agents, 121 Church street, Toronto, Ont.

Clarke's Kola Compound should not be confounded with the other Kola preparations on the market, as this is altogether a different preparation, designated especially for the cure of asthma. All druggists, price $1.00 per bottle.

## GLEANINGS.

The man who first made steel pens got $1 apiece for them.

The screw alone of an Atlantic liner costs about $20,000.

There are at present about 15,000 Quakers in England.

Korean paper is so strong and dense that it can be used to cover umbrellas.

A hundred years ago there were only six cities in the United States. Now there are over 400.

One of the curiosities of the isle of Mahe, in the Indian ocean, is a chapel that is built of coral.

It is said that the Turks were the first to bury their dead in cemeteries adorned with ornamental headstones.

Some 28 women of England are members of a mouse club. This club, including men also, was founded in 1895 for the cultivation of fancy breeds intended as household pets.

There are supposed to be nearly 50,000 dentists practicing upon people's teeth in the world. A dentist's case of instruments nowadays contains between 300 and 400 instruments.

## GRANT'S HORSEMANSHIP.

**How the General Astonished Those Dashing Italian Officers.**

A writer in McClure's Magazine says that in the spring of 1878 he was in the city of Milan, and there, before the hotel where he was staying, he saw an immense crowd about a beautiful horse which three grooms were holding with difficulty. A group of Italian officers in full uniform were waiting near on their horses, and evidently some grand ceremonial was about to take place. Presently he was told that General Grant was to review the pride and flower of the Italian army, the flying bersaglieri, and in a few moments the general appeared, dressed very plainly in civilian's clothes.

He walked out of the hotel quite unnoticed, and presently one of the officers, who had dismounted and was standing in the hallway to receive him, remarked:

"Why does not General Grant come?"

"There he goes," said the American, pointing to the simply dressed figure.

The Italians gave a doubtful laugh.

"No," said one, "that cannot be he."

But as the general very evidently stood waiting for them, they advanced, received him and took him to his horse, which was making frantic and almost successful efforts to escape from the three stalwart grooms. A more wicked looking creature it would be difficult to describe, and from the sly looks that passed among the elegant young officers it almost seemed as if they had, of set purpose, assigned their guest a steed not yet broken.

But General Grant looked at the horse, and his face lighted with admiration. Whether he was not well, or merely assumed a sort of helplessness, could not be determined, but in mounting he accepted the aid of two officers, and from an apparent stiffness had some difficulty in getting his right leg over the saddle.

Once in the seat, however, he grasped the reins, settled himself, straightened his form and assumed so perfectly the air of a horseman that a shout of applause went up from the crowd. The horse, after a few plunges, discovered that he had found his master and started off in a gentle trot.

The bersaglieri perform all their maneuvers at a run, and for two hours, most of the time with his horse at a gallop, General Grant kept them moving. When he returned to the hotel, his escort, themselves rather ruffled by fatigue, were loud in expressions of wonder and admiration, and the great American was still as calm as if he had not been in the saddle at all.

### Manners In Public.

The person who has been trained from childhood to consider the comfort and convenience of others at the expense of his own will instinctively take the least comfortable seat in a car and get on or off the car in a way which will cause others the least inconvenience. The person who has not been trained in this way will make himself obnoxious and cause much inward swearing among his neighbors. Let the children be trained to be polite.—Washington Times.

### Clergymen Lead In Longevity.

Diagrams prepared by an expert for one of the large life insurance companies to illustrate the comparative longevity of clergymen, farmers, teachers, lawyers and doctors, show that 42 out of every 170 ministers of the gospel reach the age of 70. The farmers come next, their proportion for 70 years of age being 40 out of 170. Next come the teachers with 34; the lawyers show 25, and the doctors are last, with only 24 out of 170.—Atlanta Journal.

### Sure Thing.

"Hustings has realized $50,000 on an investment of 50 cents."

"Great Scott! What did he buy?"

"A marriage certificate."—Philadelphia North American.

### Has a Great Future.

"Any bright boys in your school, Jimmy?"

"Yes; Billy Goff kin eat a whole apple in two bites."

## CHECKMATED.

**The Parrot Beat the Phonograph Without Any Trouble.**

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the attorney for the defendant in the breach of promise suit, "I have purposely kept our most important witnesses to the last. My client is a young man of more than ordinary sagacity, and, believing that this young woman had designs upon him, he had a small phonograph which he concealed near him when he called upon her on the night in question. It will faithfully reproduce the conversation that then took place between the two. Gentlemen of the jury, the phonograph!"

Amid a profound silence the instrument was set going, and the jury listened.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the attorney for the plaintiff, rising in his turn and addressing the 12 men in a deeply impressive manner, "I also have purposely kept our most important witness to the last. The learned counsel upon the other side may smile, but the disclosures I am about to make will overturn the flimsy structure upon which he has sought to build a case and will tumble it in ruins about his ears. You can talk anything into a beggarly phonograph, gentlemen, at any time and place, but the witness I shall produce is one that cannot be stuffed for the occasion. It will reproduce in your hearing, gentlemen, the words of endearment this designing young man has addressed to my client time and again, together with her replies. I will now introduce as a witness in this case the family parrot. Gentlemen of the jury, the parrot!"

Dextrously lifting a covered cage out from under the table, he removed the cloth that enveloped it, and a large green parrot on the inside immediately began:

"One more, my dearest Angelina! Only one more! Don't, Reginald! You stop that, now! Let me alone!"

The jury believed the parrot.

Verdict for the plaintiff, with heavy damages.

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. I warmed the oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

### An Intelligent Censor.

No play may be publicly performed in England until it has been passed upon and agreed to by the stage censor. A certificate must be secured from the lord chamberlain. The lord chamberlain himself does not, of course, read all the plays submitted to him, but the work is passed on to the examiner of plays, who is not always a man of education or discretion and who in many cases has been suspected of letting things pass because managers have made it profitable to him to close his eyes to supposed faults.

The story is told of one of these examiners who was moved to strike out "drunk as a lord" in one of the plays submitted to him. There used to be an old rule that the word "heaven" should be substituted in stage lines wherever the name of any of the persons of the Trinity came up. So this clever examiner changed the line to read "as drunk as a heaven."

The penalty for disobeying the examiner is a fine of $250, which may be levied on any person connected with the forbidden performance—callboy as well as star.

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

### Teach Children to Read Aloud.

A mother should take great pains to teach her children to read aloud acceptably. Much time and money are often expended in cultivating the voice for singing, and yet quite as much pleasure may be given by the person who reads aloud in a pleasing manner. No attempt need be made at elocution as the word is ordinarily understood. Distinct utterance and proper emphasis so as to convey easily to the hearer the meaning of the sentences read are all that is necessary.—Ladies' Home Journal.

When you unload your pocketbook in a good cause, you also remove a load from your conscience. You feel better, and so does every one concerned.—Denver News.

Inquiring Boy—Ma, what did the moths eat before Adam and Eve wore clothes?

### Woman's Credulity.

A woman believes a man when he says she is sensible, even though she has but a moment since believed him when he said she was pretty.—Detroit Journal.

## Agony of Eczema.

**Couldn't sleep at night with the torture.**

Eczema, or Salt Rheum as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases, nothing but torture during the day and two-fold torture at night.

But there's a remedy permanently cures the worst kind of Eczema—relieves the itching, burning and smarting and soon leaves the skin smooth and healthy.

It is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Welch, Greenbank, Ont., tried it and here is what she says:

"B.B.B. cured me of Eczema three years ago and I have had no return of it since. I was so bad that I could not sleep at night with it.

"Being told of B.B.B. I tried it, and two bottles made a perfect and permanent cure."

## PALE PEOPLE

**Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.**

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalizing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxen, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from thin or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude.

Miss M. Skullion, 50 Turner Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly troubled with my heart, together with extreme nervousness for many years. These complaints brought about great weakness and feeling of tiredness. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

## THE PUNSTER.

The click of the well filled purse is a snap.

When a man loses his head, he talks through his hat.

The game of life will continue until Gabriel plays his trump.

The performance of the amateur musician is often a music rack.

At the village store where feathers are taken in trade the farmer's wife pays down for what she gets.—Chicago News.

MILD IN THEIR ACTION.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are very mild in their action. They do not cause griping in the stomach or cause disturbances there as so many pills do. Therefore, the most delicate can take them without fear of unpleasant results. They can, too, be administered to children without imposing the penalties which follow the use of pills not so carefully prepared.

### A Hustler.

"Now, then, my friend," said the businesslike young preacher, pocketing the wedding fee and turning again to the bridegroom, "let me ask if you are carrying any life insurance?"

"No, sir," replied the newly made benedict. "Not yet."

"Well, the most sacred duty resting upon you now is to take out a liberal policy for the benefit of this young woman, who is dependent upon you hereafter. I represent one of the strongest and best companies in this country. Here are the figures showing," etc.

And he got the young husband's application. There is nothing like finishing a job thoroughly while you are about it.—Chicago Tribune.

### Important to Damaged Wheelmen.

Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is a complete repair kit for damaged wheelmen. It removes the kink in the muscles, and soreness after a long ride, and is of special value for Sprains, Bruises, etc. It relieves the pains and aches the minute applied. All druggists, 25 cents.

### Beefy Beauties.

"In Turkey the most beautiful and desirable woman is the one who weighs the most," writes an American who has been sojourning in the sultan's domain. "A thin and willowy creature would have no social standing in Turkey and would be a total failure on the stage in Constantinople. Unless a woman is fat she cannot secure an engagement in a musical hall, and the fatter she is the more enthusiasm she arouses and the larger is her salary.

"On the evening after my arrival in Constantinople I went to the Concordia Music hall, and there I saw more feminine breadth, depth, thickness, heft and circumference than I had ever before seen under one roof. The first woman who sang was fat; the second was fatter; the third was—no, not fattest, although she was much heavier than No. 2. She was merely the promise of what was yet to come. They were holding back the really big artists for the finale.

"At last these two came on. They were 'sisters' and they made a large family by themselves. The house arose in joy as the two vast, egg shaped objects appeared on the stage. The Turks, who had been sitting stolidly in the boxes looking with dull unconcern at the frail vocalists who weighed less than 300, now straightened up and clapped their hands."

### At the Reception.

"What an embarrassed conversation you and that other woman seemed to be having."

"Goodness, yes! I had forgotten her name, and I think she had forgotten mine."

### The Situation.

From Krugersdorp to Lichtenberg
And back to Potchefstrum;
From Swazieland to Pietersburg
Is heard the burgher drum.
From Wakkerstrum to Ermelo,
From Hoopstad to Dundee,
They're marching down to Rustenburg
And up from Kimberlee.
From Heidelberg and Lydenburg,
Johannesburg and all,
From Standerton and Barbeton
They answer to the call,
And Ermelo is all agog,
And Ventersdorp is wuss,
And latest news from Haetnertsburg
All indicates a fuss.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

(Trade-Mark.)

USE ALBERT SOAP.

If your fancy is for a Tar Soap you will find the best in our

MASTER MECHANIC'S EXTRAORDINARY.

Sold at all Drug Stores.

### Grand Strategy.

A courier had arrived in hot haste from the scene of action.

"I trust we are showing the foreign dogs a clean pair of heels!" exclaimed Aguinaldo, glittering as to his eyes with military ardor.

"Oh, yes, sir!" replied the courier. "The unspeakable invaders drove us through a river the first thing."

Much pleased, the dictator mounted his bicycle and wheeled rapidly inland, followed by his capital in an automobile.—Detroit Journal.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

## DIGNITY OF OFFICE.

**Why Evangeline's Brother Failed to Get the Dime He Sought.**

The colonel was waiting for the postoffice in a southern town to open in the morning and in the meantime talking a bit to the colored janitor, who was sweeping and dusting, when a negro boy, about 15 years old, came along and halted and beckoned the janitor to step aside. The old man looked at him sharply, but did not comply.

"Say, yo'!" called the young man.

There was no reply to this, and after a minute he called again.

"Boy! What yo' wants wid me?" sternly demanded the janitor.

"I wants to speak wid yo'."

"Who is yo'?"

"Yo' know who I is. Yo' is dud engaged to my sister Evangeline."

"Oh, yo' is her brudder Sam. Waal, what yo' want?"

"Kin yo' lend me 10 cents?"

"On what grounds, sah?"

"On de grounds dat yo' is gwine to be my brudder-in-law."

"Boy, doan yo' know nuffin tall 'bout philosophy?" shouted the janitor, as he raised his broom over his shoulder. "My bein engaged to yo'r sister Evangeline as a private citizen an my standin bein representin de United States guv'ment an talkin wid a gem'lan besides am too entirely different contestashuns. As yo'r fucher brudder-in-law I'd like to obleege yo', but as a representative of dis guv'ment I doan know yo' from Adam, an if yo' doan move on I'll have to smash yo' to bone dust!"

### Not Their Style.

The Gusher—Only one person in every thousand born dies of old age.

The Guyer—I'll bet that none of them are women.

### Proof Positive.

Johnny—They say she won't kiss the best man breathing.

Billy—Don't believe it.

Johnny—I do. I tried to get her to kiss me. She flatly refused.—Pick Me Up.

### A Matter of Nerve.

"Clementine seems to think she enjoys Wagner music more than anybody."

"Maybe she merely has more endurance."

## New Hope for Cancer Sufferers.

A NEW METHOD OF TREATMENT THAT CURES A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF CASES.

Cancer has for so many ages been considered an incurable disease that to talk seriously about it seems like mockery. But such is the advance of medical science in these latter days, that things that were impossible in our fathers' time are quite possible now.

The knife, the cautery, the plaster and the paste have had their turn, and all have proved dismal failures, and their failure is due to the fact that cancer is not a local but a constitutional disease. The advent of our Vegetable Cancer Cure marked a new era in the treatment of malignant growths. It brought new hopes to hundreds who shrank from the surgeon's knife, with its dangers and its disappointments. The many we have cured here in Canada, and whose names and addresses we will cheerfully give, is demonstration that removes every shadow of a doubt as to the efficacy of our treatment.

Send your name and address, enclosing two stamps, and we will mail you in plain envelope our treatise and testimonials. Do not delay in this matter, for every day's delay makes your case harder to cure. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

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One Year.....$2.00.

SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1900.

The year 1900 promises to be a prosperous one for Moyie.

The Fort Steele Prospector has sustained its former reputation by getting out a very creditable New Year's number.

The coming masquerade ball in Moyie will be wound up with the cake walk, to genuine "rag time" music.

The business of Moyie's postoffice is increasing each month, which is conclusive evidence that the growth of the town is also increasing.

The mine development which will be done in South East Kootenay this year will greatly exceed that of any previous year in its history.

Christmas and New Year's passed and Moyie lake still open. But so far as a good portion of the population is concerned it cuts little ice.

Oscar Wilde is again in the public eye. He became involved in an altercation in a Paris restaurant a short time ago with M. Richet, the explorer, and as a result cards were exchanged. This means that Oscar may have to fight a duel.

The Prospector, under the caption of "The Profession," says that Fort Steele has three doctors, two livery stables, three lawyers and three mining brokers. We are pleased to see the livery stable profession so well represented.

The Spokane Barbers' union seems to know how to take care of itself. If a shop isn't being run to suit it, the union doesn't declare a boycott or make a great fuss in the atmosphere—it simply buys out the offender and runs the shop to suit itself.

At a Christmas entertainment in one of Spokane's churches the director of the program politely requested the ladies to remove their hats. The response was significant. Not only did the towering headgear pomptly disappear, but a great outburst of applause came from the delighted audience, showing how much the reform was appreciated.

"Swiftwater Bill" Gates has again struck it rich in the Klondyke. Bill is respectfully invited to visit Moyie when he returns from that frigid region. Come, William, and bring Mrs. Gates—come to the metropolis of South East Kootenay; and so long as your "swag" holds out and you don't get flossy, we guarantee the folks will treat you white.

In the Christmas supplement of the Revelstoke Herald appears a photo of a man well known to every early resident of Moyie—Colonel Brayton. Brayton is the corpulent grafter who attempted to build up a town at a place called Moyelle and kill a well established town called Moyie. The outcome of his scheme is known to all. The colonel dropped out of sight for a time, but soon bobbed up, and we again find him as full of business as ever. But, then, you can't keep a good man down.

The young woman had slipped on the stepping stones in front of her father's house and injured her knee. It grew so bad that she thought it necessary to call in a physician. She had formed a dislike to the family doctor, so her father suggested several others, and finally it was decided to call the spruce young man with a homeopathic case who passed the house every day. They kept a sharp lookout, and when he came along called him in. The young lady modestly raised her skirts and showed the disabled member. The little man looked at it and said: "That certainly is quite serious." "Well," she said, "what shall I do?" "If I were you," he whispered, "I would send for a physician; I am a piano tuner."


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