THE MOYIE LEADER.

VOL. 2, NO. 41. MOYIE, B. C., JANUARY 27, 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.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Moyie People Appreciate Accommodations.

MOYELLE NO MORE

Telegrams Were Sent to Messrs. Drewry Shaughnessy, Bostock and Blair.

Last Monday morning Agent Mansfield opened the new C. P. R. station at Moyie for business, and since that time all business which was formerly transacted at Moyelle has been done at this place. The morning the office was opened the Moyie Board of Trade sent out the following telegrams.

Moyie, Jan. 22.

J. C. Drewry, Rossland—Moyie has a station, and the board of trade sends you greetings. Board of Trade.

Moyie, Jan. 22.

Hon. Hewitt Bostock, M. P., Kamloops—After severe struggle and weary waiting, we have at last telegraphic and very limited depot accommodation. Hearty thanks for assistance. Board of Trade.

Moyie, Jan. 22.

T. G. Shaughnessy, Montreal—Appreciate appointment of agent and establishment of telegraph at Moyie, but deplore excessively meager apology for depot. Board of Trade.

Moyie, Jan. 22.

Hon. A. G. Blair, Ottawa—After severe struggle and weary waiting, Moyie has at last telegraphic and depot accommodation. Hearty thanks for assistance. Board of Trade.

Up to date the following replies have been received.

Rossland, Jan. 22.

Moyie Board of Trade—Warmest congratulations. Our course was just, hence our victory. By united action we will soon make Moyie the pride of East Kootenay. J. C. Drewry.

Montreal, Jan. 22.

Moyie Board of Trade—Mr. Whyte will attend to station matter.

T. G. Shaughnessy.

From the last telegram it will be seen that the Canadian Pacific railway company is friendly disposed towards Moyie and that a station of regulation size will be erected early in the spring, as per statement made by Mr. Whyte some time ago.

Sub Recording Offices.

Prospector: We are informed by Mr. Armstrong, gold commissioner for South East Kootenay, that the Goverment has instructed him to establish deputy recording offices at Kimberley, Fernie, Moyie and Cranbrook.

No Spokane Mail.

For the past four days no mail has arrived in Moyie from Spokane. This is occasioned by the quarintine which is on. There are now said to be between 40 and 50 cases of smallpox in Spokane, and in order to prevent the spread of the disease all outgoing passenger trains and mails are fumigated, which necessarily causes considerable delay.

All passengers arriving at the boundary line from the south over the Great Northern Railway, Spokane Falls & Northern railway, Red Mountain railway, and any stage line, are required to furnish the inspector or any officer in charge of the carrying out of these regulations, with a certificate from the health officer of the town which she or he has last left, containing the following particulars: (a) That he or she has not been in any place or building infected with smallpox; (b) That he or she has not lived in any building or place which lies dangerously near any infected building or district: (c) That he or she has been vacinated since the 15th day of January, 1900.

If Adam had worked 300 days each year from the day he was created to the present time at a salary of $50 a day he would not have earned by this time as much property as is owned today by Rockefeller or Vanderbilt.

LOCAL NEWS.

G. R. Muir was in Lethbridge this week.

R. E. Beattie was out from Cranbrook Tuesday.

S. L. Goldberg has returned from West Kootenay.

A. W. McVittie of Cranbrook is in town.

W. A. Hamilton and Tim Farrell will leave next Monday for Spokane.

M. MacKay, manager of the Kootenay supply Co., Nelson, was in Moyie Thursday.

Miss Edith Gilchrist left Tuesday morning for Fort Steele to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Foley are now occupying their new residence in the Lake Shore addition.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hocking have moved into their new home on Half Moon avenue.

R. R. Lowe, representing F. R. Stewart & Co., Vancouver, was in Moyie this week.

R. L. Henderson, of Fernie was in Moyie Wednesday drumming up business in the piano and sewing machine line.

Miss Holt left Tuesday for Edmonton, Alberta, and Wm. Mills left on the same day, on the same train for the same place. Draw your own conclusions.

Church of England Service will be held tomorrow morning a 11 a. m., in the dining room of the Moyie Hotel by the Rev. C. A. Procuiner of Fort Steele.

The only portion of Moyie lake which is open is a strip imediatly opposit the new C. P. R. station. No doubt the reflection of the station has something to do with this.

A special meeting of the board of trade will be held at the school house this evening at 8 o'clock. As important business is to be dealt with, every member should be present.

Messrs. Desaulnier & Bailey of the Central hotel are fitting up and furnishing several new rooms. This they are doing in order to keep up with their constantly increasing business.

Last Monday evening an agreable surprise was given Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Frith at the Lake Shore hotel. Dancing was indulged in for several hours and a general good time was had.

There are now 63 names on the Moyie voter's list, and D. J. Elmer, who has charge, thinks the number will easily reach the 100 mark. He has still plenty of application blanks on hand and will be pleased to fill them out for those wishing to have their names placed on the list.

Boer Forces Strengthened.

London, January 25.—A dispatch to the Times from Spearman's camp, dated January 23 says: "The Boers today had more guns, and are prepared to fight almost interminably, having entrenched their ridge, which stretches in an almost broken line from the Drakensberg, many miles eastward. Firing continued throughout the day. We have not advanced any further, but we threw up entrenchments during the night, from behind which the musketry duel continued from exactly the same position as yesterday.

The Masquerade Ball.

Preparations are being made for the grand Masquerade ball which will be given by the Moyie Quadrille on the evening of Wednesday, February 14th. One of the main feature of the dance will be the cake walk, and already some of those intending competing for the prize are practicing. The best of music will be furnished and no efforts will be spared to make the affair one of the swellest events of the season. It has been decided to charge dancers an admission fee of $2. and spectators 50 cents.

Lake Frozen Over.

At last Moyie lake is covered with ice. Yesterday morning it was only a thin scum, but this morning it is much thicker, and it will likely be strong enough in a day or two for skating.

CAPACITY OF 400 TONS

St. Eugene Concentrator to Be Enlarged.

WORK SOON TO BEGIN

Lumber and Machinery Already Ordered for the Work Which Is Laid Out.

According to present indications the coming season promises to be an exceptionally lively one for Moyie. Manager Chas. Biesel now gives out the information that the St. Eugene concentrator will be enlarged so as to have a capacity of between 350 and 400 tons per day. The lumber and machinery have been ordered, and active work will begin probably within two or three weeks' time. R. K. Neil, of Spokane, the designer of the present mill, was here this week in company with J. B. Hastings, of the Center Star Mining Company of Rossland. They made an examination of the various workings of the mine, and also the concentraor. Mr. Cole will not have charge of enlarging the mill, as was at first intended, and he is now in New Mexico.

A Dastardly Trick.

Some contemptible and unscrupulous person broke into the trunk of Maggie Frazer at the Lake Shore boarding house one night this week and stole $30, thus leaving the girl in almost destitude circumstances. The money was the savings of several months' hard work, and the girl has been out from the old country but a short time and is not familiar with the ways of frontier life. The deed was a most dastardly one, and no stone should be left unturned in an effort to bring the culprit to justice. Such people should not be allowed to live in any community. They are a menace to the city or town in which they reside and would even contaminate the inmates of a penitentiary.

Collection From the Philippines.

F. L. Titsworth, bookkeeper for the St. Eugene Consolidated Co., is perhaps the only person in Moyie who took an active part in the war in the Philippine Islands. Mr. Titsworth is a Spokane boy and served with the Washington state militia. He received an honorable discharge last November, and again resided in Spokane until he came to Moyie about three weeks ago. Mr. Titsworth has a rare collection of relics such as swords, knives and photographs, which he brought from the Philippines.

Old People Made Young.

J. C. Sherman the veteran editor of the Vermontville (Mich.) Echo, has discovered the remarkable secret of keeping old people young. For years he has avoided Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Heart trouble, Constipation and Rheumatism, by using Electric Bitters, and he writes: "It can't be praised too highly. It gently stimulates the kidneys, tones the stomach, aids digestion, and gives a splendid appetite. It has worked wonders for my wife and me. It's a marvellous remedy for old people's complaints." Only 50c. at Hope & Beatties drug store.

His Wife Saved Him.

My wife's good advice saved my life writes F. M. Ross of Winfield, Tenn., for I had such a bad cough I could hardly breathe, I steadily grew worse under doctor's treatment, but my wife urged me to use Dr. King's New Discovery for consuption, which completely cured me. Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Lagrippe, Pneunonia, Asthma, Hay Fever and all maladies of Chest, Throat and Lungs are positivly cured by this marvellous medicine. 50c. and $1.00. Every bottle guranteed. Trial bottles free at Hope & Beaties drug store.

Metal Quotations.

New York, Jan. 25.—Bar silver 59¼ 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.

Slocan Labor Trouble.

Nelson, B. C., Jan. 21.—The labor trouble in the Slocan country seems to have reached a crisis, which was precipitated by the arrival of 25 non-union miners at the Payne mine near Sandon. A party of about 20 union men, headed by Mr. Hagler the secretary of the union, went to the mine to try to dissuade the men from going to work. It is claimed they afterward resorted to threats, and Hagler is quoted as threatening violance, saying among other things, "If you want dirty warfare we will give you all you want."

Mr. Hand, superintendent of the Payne mine, telegraphed superintendent of the Payne mine, telegraphed Superintendent of Police Hussey at Victoria for police protection, and S. A. Kelly, in charge of the provincial police office here, left yesterday for Sandon.

It is impossible to learn here what disposition, if any, is being made to afford the extra protection asked for. Private advice from Sandon today say that there is nothing new in the situation there, save that Hagler has been arrested and is under $1000 bonds for unlawful assembly. The situation is regarded by many as critical, though union men here asert that under no circumstances will there be any violance.

The Slocan mine owners seem determined to work their mines at the rate of wages they offer, namely, $3 for an eight hour day, now that their compromise offer of $3.25 has been refused by the union. To do this, men must be got in from the outside, and the union men resent very keenly the importation of nonunion labor. The result is that a state of extreme tension undoubtedly exists, and the state of affairs is not ameliorated by the fact that some of the most influential spirits in the Sandon union are men who had to flee from the Coeur d'Alenes during the recent labor troubles there. These men form a violent element, and are hardly held in check by the moderate minded miners, who are in majority.

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.

"STAR OF INDIA"

This is a

TEA

Of specially fine flavor put in half pound and pound packages. Exceptionally fine for family use.

TRY A PACKAGE.

MacEachern & Macdonald

MOYIE, B. C.

THE GLASS DAGGER.

By WEATHERLEY CHESNEY.

(Copyright, 1899, by Weatherley Chesney.)

CHAPTER XI.

A DISREPUTABLE BROTHER.

Lady Florence Mostyn the receiver of stolen goods—a possible thief herself! Each stage I gained in tracing the history of this woman only showed her character in a worse light. Yet I could not doubt the evidence, for each word of the landlady had corroborated the tale told me by Mr. Finnecure Vandeleur. I did not stay long at Hinton, and all the further evidence I collected simply substantiated what Miss Pridgett had told me.

I hastened back to town and acquainted Mabel with the result of my mission. She did not say much, but I could gather from her looks, her horror at the news, that the woman George had loved, so passionately was the aider and abettor of thieves. Suddenly she said:

"Duncan, I begin to have a ray of hope. This Lady Florence Mostyn may, after all, be what George thought her—a good woman. What if she were the unwilling accomplice of these men?"

I shook my head.

"I wish I could believe so, Mabel, for I have thought of that possibility. But all the evidence seems to prove the contrary. She was sorry when the two men left her, and 'downright glad,' Miss Pridgett said, when they returned fresh from the robbery, and I am afraid she was their too willing accomplice."

"Poor George!" Mabel sighed. "It is awful to think of. I am sure it will be terrible news for him when he knows what you have learned, for he had no suspicion of it himself. Of course he had not. He believed the woman to be absolute perfection; but surely," she went on, "when she disappeared, and George was making inquiries, he would hear of these men, Lambert and—what was his name?—Dacre, having visited her and of the friendly relations existing between them. Did he not mention them to you, Duncan?"

"No, he did not, and from what he said I should not have gathered he knew of their existence."

"But he must have heard of them, Duncan. Perhaps now he would speak to you about them. He may be able to tell you something of them that would lead to their identification. It seems to me this is a most important clew, and we must leave no stone unturned till we find out who these men were and what was their relationship with this woman. I think you ought to see George at once on this point. It may be a very vital one."

It seemed to me that Mabel might be right, and if so, painful as it would be for George to discuss this episode in his

When I had last visited him, he had welcomed my appearance.

sweetheart's life, I was bound to take advantage of any information he could give us. The next day I obtained the necessary permission to visit the prisoner at Holloway, and lost no time in seeing him.

When I had last visited him, he had welcomed my appearance, but now he looked up vacantly when I entered, and there was scarcely a gleam of recognition on his face. He seemed utterly crushed, and I felt the man was on the highroad to madness.

He listened to the messages I brought from home without replying and sat with his face in his hands, staring fixedly at the stone floor of his cell. I told him of the further developments of the case, but he made no comment, and I despaired of being able to rouse him. However, when I mentioned Hinton, he seemed to interest himself a little, and then I told him of my recent visit there.

"George, old man," I said, "I've come here for information, and I don't want to go away without it. Last time I was here you told me of your meeting the lady at the inn, but you said she was alone. I have learned that though she was alone when you met her there had been two friends of hers staying in the village before you came. Did you know this?"

This question seemed to rouse him from his lethargy. He started up almost fiercely and said:

"What business is it of yours to go ferreting in the matter?"

"My dear fellow, we are not doing it out of mere curiosity. Each piece of information we get hold of we hope to be one step toward your innocence being proved."

George paced the cell with feverish unrest.

"Don't you think I would rather die than have any evidence raked up which may lead to nothing, and only serve to show up the unhappiness of her life?"

"Then you knew of these men?"

"I did."

"Did you ever ask her about them?"

"Yes."

"What did she say?"

"She told who one of them was, but would say nothing more about them. She asked me not to refer to the matter again, and said if I cared for her I should respect her wishes in the matter, and I did."

I groaned inwardly. George's infatuation for the woman was too sublime.

"Then can you tell us nothing about them?"

"Nothing, except that if I believe anything in the world I believe that her connection with them was everything I could have wished, and if you are my friend you will respect her wishes as I have done."

"Nonsense, George. I can do nothing of the sort, and it is absurd your asking me. Besides, if Lady Florence Mostyn was what you believe her to be, no harm could come to her good name by these investigations, and unless we get some further evidence on this particular incident she runs the risk of being considered friendly with two very indifferent characters."

I said this with brutal frankness. I could not stop to think of George's feelings; it was his life I was trying to save.

I think his first impulse was to strike me. He made a step toward me with clinched fist, then he hesitated and said, with unnatural quietness:

"You seem to forget you are speaking of a dead woman and one whom I wished to make my wife."

"No, I do not, George, and it is that very reason which forces me to do what I can to unravel this mystery. Only by doing so can we know her as she really was."

George sat down wearily.

"For God's sake, Duncan, let us finish this talk! What do you want me to tell you?"

"You just now said you learned who one of these men was. Who was he?"

"He was her brother."

"Her brother!"

"Yes. A man who had gone under and whom she was trying to keep straight. That is all I know."

This was certainly news and a very plausible piece of deception on the woman's part. Here she was consorting with a couple of thieves. Her lover asks, "Who are these men?" "One of them is my brother," she replies—"a man who has gone astray and from the paths of virtue and whom I am trying to reform." And the robbery, I reflected, grimly, was the first fruit of this reformation; but, of course, I kept my thoughts to myself.

"Well, George, this is surprising information," I said, "and it may be of the greatest use to us. This brother of hers must be found. Which of the men was he?"

"I don't know. I have told you all—more than I had any right to."

"I don't think so, old fellow. If any information you can give helps to save you, you may be sure she would not have wished you to withhold it."

George made no reply. His excitement had died away, and he was now gazing stolidly at the floor, seemingly unconscious of my presence.

I left him with horrible forebodings in my heart. Even if he saved his life, his mind threatened to become unhinged.

My next step was to find out if there was any truth in the existence of a brother of Lady Florence Mostyn. The "Peerage" would give me this information. I opened the bulky "Englishman's Bible," as it is most appropriately termed, and found the ducal list of Lundys. The present owner of the title was given as Francis Guibert Mostyn, sixth duke, Marquis of Lamford, Viscount Dartrey, Baron Coulton, K. G., F. R. S., etc. He married Lucy, widow of the late Robert King of Warra-Warra, N. S. W., and had issue a son, the present Marquis of Lamford, and a daughter, Florence.

That was all. No other child was mentioned. The Marquis of Lamford was a well known man—a devout churchman, a pillar of the state—and he was the only son. But stop! The duke had married a widow. She might have a child by her former husband. I wired off at once on this point to Wray, and had his reply by the next post.

"Yes," he wrote. "There was a child—a boy Robert. He was about 5 years old when his mother married the duke. Of course that was before my time, and I never saw the lad, but I have heard others speak of him at times. He seems to have been a bright, intelligent boy, but very headstrong, and he never got on particularly well with his stepfather—in fact, he always seemed to be in hot water with the duke. As long as his mother lived matters were smoothed over, but she died when Florence was born, and then the lad's troubles began in earnest. He was brought up with the other children, but the duke treated him with coldness and indifference, and the tutors and domestics took their cue from him. His happiest days were those he spent at Eton. He was sent to Christ Church, and the bar was intended for his final destination, but at Oxford he got in with a fast set and came to grief. His allowance there was small enough, and when he exceeded it he dared not apply to his stepfather. He got into the hands of the Jews pretty heavily too. Then he got mixed up in some scandal (the particulars of which I have forgotten, if I ever heard them), and was sent down. The duke paid his debts, gave him £100 and turned him out of the house, and from that day to this he has never been seen in Lamford. I believe he went to sea in a merchantman, but nothing definite has ever been heard of him from that day. There have been rumors of his being seen in all sorts of places under all sorts of conditions—a hanger on at Monte Carlo, a billiard marker in Melbourne and a bar waiter at the Cape, but these are only rumors. All that is definitely known is that he has gone to the dogs."

Mabel seemed immensely relieved when I read her this letter.

"There, Duncan; so she had a brother after all! You do not know how glad I am to have this news. May we not now believe she was doing what she could to redeem him?"

"I don't know that we are justified in believing that, Mabel—at any rate, not with our present information. The robbery in which she seemed to be an accomplice scarcely looks like an attempt to improve his morals. But, first of all, we have to identify the brother. Which of the men was he—the one armed man, Lambert, or the other, Dacre?"

"Lambert seems the more likely. According to Mr. Vandeleur, he had led a wild, roving life, which would fit in very well with what Mr. Wray writes about the brother."

"Yes, that is so, Mabel, but the other man may have been equally wild. We seem to have very little information about him. I must ask Wray to get me a description of the brother's appearance. That will no doubt help us, as Lambert was fair and the other man dark. But even then we cannot be sure that he was really her brother, not until we find the man himself, which may not be an easy matter."

"The one armed man may have joined a theatrical company again."

"He may, and in that case it ought not to be difficult to trace him—one armed actors are not so very common. But I hardly think he would take kindly to the stage again after a successful robbery. You may depend upon it he is busy with other little ventures in that direction."

"You take a very gloomy view of things, Duncan," said Mabel, with a weary sigh.

"Perhaps I do, dear, but the further we get into this awful affair the more mysterious and complicated it becomes. That must be my excuse."

I wrote off to Wray for particulars of the brother's appearance, and the next morning first thing I set off to call upon Mr. Keighley Gates about the mysterious photograph I had seen in his room.

To be continued.

RATHER TOO SMART.

A Transaction In Which the Mean Man Was Badly Beaten.

There was an auction sale in the little house, and one after another the widow's few possessions fell beneath the hammer. Presently the auctioneer took up a large bowl which happened to be full of sugar, and the poor woman, anxious to save its contents, hastened into the next room to find something in which to put it.

Just as she returned the auctioneer cried, "Sold!" and the purchaser insisted that the sugar was his. The widow pleaded for the little that was much to her, but the man was obdurate, and murmurs of indignation arose from the crowd. Angry at this demonstration, the man turned, and his eye rested on Mr. Wise.

"Mr. Wise," said he, "you are a lawyer. Am I right or not? If you say I am not, I will give back the sugar. If you say I am, I am entitled to it, and I'll keep it."

"My friend," replied Wise in his gentlest tone, "you put a delicate and unpleasant responsibility on me. Hadn't you better decide the matter for yourself?"

"No," replied the fellow curtly. "I know what your opinion is going to be, and I want you to give it so that this whole crowd can hear it."

"Then," said Wise, "I advise you that the sugar is yours. The widow cannot take it from you. She has no redress."

"Ah!" cried the man, turning to the spectators. "What did I tell you?"

"Stop!" thundered Wise, whose manner at once changed. "I've advised you at your persistent request, as I can prove by these people. It remains for me to tell you that I charge £1 1s. for my advice, and I demand immediate payment. If you trifle with me in the matter of payment, you will most certainly regret it."

The man turned scarlet and, fumbling in his pocket, produced a guinea, which the lawyer handed to the widow, and the crowd yelled its approval.—London Answers.

The Fool Fox.

"When the pursuit of wealth tempts you, my son," said the sage, "remember the fable of the fox that hungered for some wonderfully fine grapes growing in a garden the only entrance to which was through a hole in the wall. It was so small that he had to fast three days before he could crawl through it. After he had got inside and filled himself he was too large to crawl back through the hole, and was compelled to fast another three days before he could make his escape from the garden. So he went out as poor as he went in."

"Yes," said the ambitious young man, "but why didn't the fool fox take a lot of grapes to the hole and push them out through it? Then he could have carried away enough to keep him fat for a month."—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Was Excused.

At the Dublin city sessions one morning a juror prayed to be excused, and said he had a doctor's certificate that he was not fit to serve. He handed up a closed envelope to the recorder, who found it contained a letter from a well known Dublin medical man. Amid great laughter in court, the recorder read this letter aloud:

"This man has been asking for a certificate that he is unable to serve as a juror. I don't know whether he is a knave or a fool, but he has little brains, and he reeks of porter."

Not Contagious.

The reminiscences and recollections of W. G. Grace, the veteran English cricketer, contain one good story, a joke made by Tom Emmett, a famous bowler.

One Saturday afternoon Emmett was bowling for his club, but the fielders dropped catch after catch with such systematic persistence that he lost his temper, threw the ball on the ground and said:

"I'm not going to bowl any more. There's an epidemic on this ground, but, thank heaven, it ain't catchin!"

Her Fortune.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said. And it was no fairy tale, either, for she was a bearded lady and drew sixty pes from the dime museum.—Philadelphia Record.

Dear Hunting.

Friend—Have any deer hunting?

Sportsman—I killed a cow.

Friend—That wasn't deer.

Sportsman—It wasn't, eh? The shot cost me $40.—Philadelphia Record.

ALL IN THE SAME ROLE

A Funny Story of Four Sisters Who Went on the Stage.

Theatrical Manager Rosenthal, the husband of Katherine Osterman, tells the following story:

"There were four of the Osterman girls who went on the stage, and it is a singular fact that they all made their debut in the same role. It happened this way: The family live in Toledo, and when Charley Jefferson put on 'Hands Across the Sea' Annie Osterman, who was then an ambitious amateur, was engaged to take the part of Lucy. She adopted the stage name of Belmont and scored such a success that she got a handsome offer to join Sol Smith Russell.

"Before she left Jefferson asked her whether she couldn't suggest somebody to take her place, and she replied very modestly that her sister Bessie was a bright girl and anxious to go on the stage. So Bessie was sent for, and also made a hit, but before long she went to Mr. Jefferson and told him she would have to quit, as she was about to be married to Chief Wall of the Toledo fire department. 'However,' she said hesitatingly, 'I have a sister of the name of Katherine, who'—

"'Great heavens!' exclaimed Jefferson. 'This family beats the record! Telegraph for Katherine immediately!' Katherine arrived and proved such an acceptable substitute that the management was delighted, but in the course of time she attracted the attention of Stuart Robson, who engaged her to be his leading lady. Again Jefferson was in despair. 'I suppose there are no more sisters?' he said ironically. 'Oh, yes,' replied Katherine. 'I was just about to recommend my sister Lillian.'

"'Glory hallelujah!' yelled Jefferson. 'Send for Lily!' Lillian came on and played the part successfully until she made up her mind to retire from the stage. When she announced that intention, Jefferson never turned a hair. You see, he had become accustomed to it. 'Sorry, very sorry,' he said. 'And will you please wire to your sister this evening?' 'There are no more sisters,' said Lillian mournfully.

"'No more sisters!' exclaimed Jefferson aghast. 'No, sir,' she replied. 'All we have left now is the house dog, but he's very intelligent.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

DETECTIVE DISGUISES.

They Are Not Permitted In the Secret Service Bureau.

"No such things as disguises are used by the men of the secret service bureau," said the chief of that organization a few days ago. "The boy who reads the 10 cent literature describing the many lightning changes and disguises made by alleged sleuths of the government and other services imagines these stories to be true, and the impressions he receives remain with him for a long time. As a matter of fact, no such thing as a disguise for a secret service detective is known, and I do not know of a case ever worked by an operator of the bureau in which false faces or other articles of this kind have ever been used. I do not know of a reputable detective in any city or state who uses disguises. They are not effective, and the best informed men in the running down of criminals believe that they do harm and quickly expose the man who is attempting to operate a case.

"The men of the secret service of the government frequently clothe themselves to suit the vicinity and the people among whom they are at work. For instance, if a man is at work in an agricultural vicinity and among people who would suspect the attire of a well dressed person, he does not wear the best clothes or linen which has been finished by Chinamen or a steam laundry. His attire is in keeping with his situation and circumstances. He may let his beard grow long and become careless in keeping his clothes dusted. If he is at work in a city among Italians, for instance, he deports himself in such a way as to keep from advertising himself as a detective of the government. If he did not, he would be unable to acquire information from the class of people who were perpetrating the violations of the laws of the United States. Everything depends on the necessities of the case, but under no circumstances would we permit an operator of the bureau to bother with such cheap articles as wigs, false faces, mustaches and the like."—Washington Star.

Trouble Enough For Two.

"He carried the letter around in his pocket for five weeks."

"Then what did he do?"

"He wrote to his father-in-law asking him what he'd better do. His father-in-law wrote back and said he was awfully glad his son-in-law had written. The letter reminded him that he had a letter in his own pocket that he had been carrying around six weeks."

"Didn't he offer any advice?"

"Not a word. So Briggs fussed around and worried and at last opened the envelope to see how much mischief he had done by retaining it. What do you suppose it contained? A recipe for making tamarind jelly clipped from some newspaper, together with two almanac jokes and a sample of cheap gingham. Briggs flung the whole outfit in the fire and felt better. But he chuckles every time he thinks of his old father-in-law and the burden he may still be carrying."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Dubious Compliment.

An ambitious but awkward golfist was trying out the links at the Presidio and had made one round under the guidance of a youthful caddie. It was a round of unspeakable disasters.

"You should join a club, sir," said the caddie as the two turned homeward. "You'd have a fine chance for the prizes."

"Do you think so?" asked the gentleman, brightening up at this word of encouragement.

"Aye," said the caddie fervently. "You'd get the biggest handicap of them all!"—San Francisco Wave.

Unjust.

"If you keep on as you have begun, Mabel," complained the young husband, running his eye over the expense account, "we shall never be able to lay up anything for a rainy day."

"How can you say so, Henry," exclaimed the young wife, righteously indignant, "when you know I have two of the loveliest rainy day skirts that were ever made!"—Chicago Tribune.

Some people have never purchased a gold brick for no other reason than that the gold brick man has never suspected them of having the price.—Atchison Globe.

MEN OF MARK.

General Jourbert, the Boer leader, is 68 years old.

Sir Gerard Smith has resigned the governorship of Western Australia.

George Bartle, who died recently, was keeper of the great seal of the United States for over 50 years.

The mayor of Mafeking, South Africa, is Frank Whiteley, a native of Bradford, England, who went to Natal when he was 16 years old.

An admirer of Admiral Dewey in Atlanta has presented him with a valuable autograph letter written by Admiral Farragut in which occurs the phrase, "That young Dewey is a very promising chap."

M. Loubet, the president of the French republic, has received the Order of the Chrysanthemum from the emperor of Japan. It is conferred in commemoration of the recent French treaty of commerce with Japan.

The Rev. Sam Jones of Georgia is in exceedingly poor health and has been compelled in consequence to cancel all his engagements to preach until the first of January next. He is under the care of a physician in Louisville.

Lieutenant Valentine E. Gilson of Boston overtops all other members of the Massachusetts state militia, being 6 feet 8 inches in height. He served in the Spanish-American war and is conceded to be a first class marksman.

Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis of West Virginia will present to that state a home for orphan children. There is at present no such institution in West Virginia, and destitute orphans are boarded at various places until homes can be found for them in good families.

Charles Broadway Rouss' son, Peter Winchester Rouss, recently selected the site in the Mount Hebron cemetery at Winchester, Va., for the $50,000 marble mausoleum which New York's blind millionaire is to build there. It is promised to be the finest in the south.

Cohanda, who posed as the king of a Kaffir tribe in South Africa at the World's fair, and who says he had then $32,000 worth of diamonds belonging to the royal family, is now a house servant in a hotel at Louisville. He was robbed of his diamonds soon after the fair closed, he says.

Cecil Rhodes has a preference for most things Dutch—except Boers. Mr. Rhodes is a man of great culture; he is very fond of the classics, and has had typewritten translations specially made for him. He is very versatile in his hobbies, busy man as he is, and his menagerie of wild animals is a wonderful affair.

Although the second Lord Tennyson, the governor of South Australia, is not a poet, he has poetical tastes and sympathies. He has just been entertaining 250 members of the South Australia Reading union at the government house, Adelaide, and giving them a lecture on the poetry of Gray, the author of the immortal country churchyard elegy.

JEWELRY JOTTINGS.

Fob chains continue much in fashion for men.

Exquisite smelling bottles come in Favrile glass with silver mountings.

Broken enamel sticks, with a gem between, make a pretty chain for a girl, especially in blue enamel and pearls.

Particularly suitable for a watch bracelet is an automatic or self closing affair of English invention, which adapts itself to any sized wrist and has no fastening to become unclasped.

A very light band of gold is used in fine rings, set with diamonds, pearls, emeralds or sapphires, all of which serve as engagement rings, with quite a feeling existing for the colored stones.

The princess gown is giving increased vogue to girdles. These come in linked plaques of gold or silver or in heavy chains fastening at the front with one end hanging in a jeweled pendant.—Jewelers' Circular.

THE WRITERS.

Adolph von Pichler, the Tyrolese poet, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently.

It is not generally known that Rudyard Kipling's full name is Joseph Rudyard Kipling.

Hall Caine is rapidly buying land in the island of Manx, his aspiration being to be one of the largest landed proprietors in Great Britain.

Italian physicians declare that the paralysis of the tongue and right arm from which the poet Cadulicci suffers is a result of overwork.

Theodore Wores, the artist, has presented his latest picture, "The Spirit of Bohemia," to the Bohemian club of San Francisco, of which he was recently elected an honorary member.

PITH AND POINT.

It seems easy to pay a note before it is due.

The secret of good looks is often a good stomach.

After all, nearly everything is knocked down to the highest bidder.

The fun in hitting an enemy is not worth the pain of the blow the enemy will give in return.

There is nothing so trying as a hard day's work once a week. If you work every day, you get used to it.

Opportunity, which knocks but once at every door, ought to get some calling cards. It finds so many of us out.—Atchison Globe.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

A strong solution of borax applied twice a day will cure ringworms.

A large tablespoonful of black currant jam in a glass of boiling water, drunk upon retiring, will relieve a cough.

The majority of poultices may be mixed with boiling water and allowed to boil for a few minutes. This will help them to retain the heat.

Bathe a bruise freely in hot water to which has been added sweet oil and a few drops of turpentine. Rub gently for 20 minutes, and black and blue marks will be prevented.

UPPER CUTS.

New York under the Horton law has become the chief prizefighting state of the Union, an eminence not at all to be desired.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

More horror is being expressed at the idea of pulling off another big scrap in a civilized community. So it goes. The scandalized throw up their hands while the pugilists continue to just put up theirs.—Philadelphia Times.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Baths are entirely unknown in Boer households.

The largest glass bottle plant in the world is located at Alton, Ills.

Among Colorado's relics of cliff dwellers is one building that sheltered probably 6,000 people.

Not 6 per cent of all the women in America spend as much money as $50 per year on their clothes.

A biographical work issued a few years ago entitled "Distinguished Sons of Vermont" includes Dewey's brother, but makes no mention of Dewey.

A Lynn (Mass.) man, in answer to the question of the registrars of voters as to what his business was, said he was a "wealth producer," but would not explain how he produced it.

The connection between bees and sin may not be obvious to ordinary mortals, but Germany has an association called the Bienen und Seidenzucht verein, which has existed 50 years and now has 6,135 members.

Englishmen fishing for lobsters off Kinsale recently caught a massive substance on their anchor, which when cleared of the debris attached to it proved to be an anchor from one of the ships of the Spanish armada.

Ladysmith is called after the wife of Sir Harry Smith, formerly commanding general in South Africa. She was a Spanish girl to whom the general took a fancy in the peninsular war and who subsequently married him. Harrismith is named after her husband.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A man usually finds it a hard job to get a soft one.

Men and women who are odd may get even by marrying.

Don't waste your time in regretting the time you have wasted.

Get ahead in the world if you can, but don't get a head in the saloon.

More good intentions would be carried out if they didn't live forever.

If all the world's a stage, every man ought to have some sort of a show.

A man's face is apt to be his misfortune the first time he tries to shave himself.

You have no doubt observed that it is only after you have made a mistake that people begin to tell how it could have been avoided.—Chicago News.

A Wise Precaution.

"Marse Tom," said the old family servant, "I wants my Chris'mas gift right now, if you please, suh."

"Hadn't you better wait till Christmas comes?"

"No, suh—dat wouldn't be business kase you know yo'self, Marse Tom, dat w'en Chris'mas come you is mos' ingin'rully too drunk ter know what day it is!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A SKIN BEAUTIFIER

Of Untold Value, Which Positively Cures Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Salt Rheum and Every Form of Skin Disease, Is

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

As great as may be the difference of opinion as to the various types of beauty, no one can see beauty in a face that is disfigured by pimples and blackheads or scarred by traces of eczema or other skin diseases.

In society the low-neck dress frequently reveals shoulders and backs covered with pimples or other skin eruptions repulsive to the sight.

Why are women content to try to cover up such blemishes by powders and harmful preparations when they could as well cure them and make the skin clear, healthy and natural by using a preparation so well known as Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Eczema or Salt Rheum may be taken as the most severe of skin diseases which destroy beauty and cause acute misery from the terrible itching which accompanies them.

That Dr. Chase's Ointment has cured some of the worst cases of Eczema that have existed is known to all who read the testimonials frequently published in this paper. That it cures Eczema is sufficient proof that it will quickly banish the lesser skin diseases, such as pimples and blackheads.

No preparation is of such inestimable worth in a woman's toilet, for besides curing the pimples that are usually troublesome at regular intervals it gives instant relief to the itching to which women are subject and absolutely cures piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.

Everybody is coughing except those who use Dr. Chases' Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the most popular and successful remedy extant for croup, bronchitis, asthma, coughs and colds. 25 cents a bottle.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

MOYIE, B. C.

SCRAPS OF SCIENCE.

The greatest distance to which wireless messages have been sent is 42 miles.

A scientist has calculated that the eyelids of the average man open and shut no fewer than 4,000,000 times in the course of a single year of his existence.

Geographical statistics show that 52 volcanic islands have risen out of the sea since the beginning of the century. Nineteen of that number have since disappeared, and ten are now inhabited.

The icebergs of the two hemispheres are entirely different in shape. The arctic bergs are irregular in form, with lofty pinnacles and glittering domes, while the antarctic bergs are flat topped and solid looking.

NAPOLEON SLEPT.

Strange Explanation from an Englishman of Wellington's Victory.

In a new English book on Waterloo there is some wonderfully interesting personal matter about Napoleon. It tells how Napoleon slept in the battle of Waterloo.

Others, bringing forward many particular examples to prove this contention, urged that throughout the campaign Napoleon was incapacitated by disease and in a semi-comatose condition at the moment when energy was of all things the most needful. The truth seems to be that Napoleon was suffering under the influence of a strange and mysterious malady, the nature of which has not yet been accurately defined. A life such as his, spent in privations, fatigues and exposure, so full of mental and physical labors, with brief flashes of dissipation, would not unnaturally generate diseases from which the ordinary man is free—diseases, therefore, which but rarely present themselves to the observation of medical men. There still remains to be written a work, which would prove as interesting as it would be valuable, upon the maladies of great men, and scientific investigation might be worse employed than in examining the physical and mental condition of such men as Pope, Swift and Napoleon Bonaparte. What is certain in Napoleon's case is that his malady had been growing upon him with increasing force since 1806, that its attacks were notified by a sudden lethargy amounting to complete prostration, and that its effects were that at some critical moment of a battle his wonderful power of quick and correct decision seemed to desert him; so much so that for the time being he almost abandoned the reins to chance. At Wagram and at Bautzen he slept while the noise of battle was rolling around him; at Waterloo, seated on a wooden chair, his head drooping upon his arms, resting on a table stretched out to accommodate his maps and papers, he slumbered heavily, oblivious for the moment, even at this crisis of his fortunes, of the events that were deciding his destiny."

Poetry and Groceries.

He lives in north Georgia, and he writes poetry, and in a letter inclosing a poem he says:

"I want to sell you this poem. I'm going to keep on writing poems until I get money enough to start a grocery store."

Well, a first class grocery is all a poetical establishment needs to keep it running.—Atlanta Constitution.

Third Day Out.

"You ought to be over it by this time," said the seasoned traveler, trying to persuade his friend to come to the table, "and your stomach should be as tough as oak."

"But it isn't," responded the landlubber, with a feeble effort to smile. "It's sick o' more."—Chicago Tribune.

Brother Dickey's Philosophy.

Heaven is mighty clost ter you, but some mens pays $10 for a spyglass, only ter miss it whilst dey lookin fer it.

De man dat want a bushel er happiness is done fergit de folks dat has a high ole time on a pint measure.

You can't make hay whilst de sun shines wid a thermometer in one han en a umbrella in de yuther.

De man dat sings at his work is a mighty happy creetur, but de trouble is some mens ain't got no voice fer singin.—Atlanta Constitution.

Patiently Bore Disgrace for Years.

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvelous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him of the deception I had practised on him, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope, sent free, giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. Correspondence considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 23 Jordan-street, Toronto, Ont.

Don't Waste Your Money on Worthless Catarrh Cures.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

and is the

ONLY GUARANTEED CURE.

The proprietors of Japanese Catarrh Cure are daily receiving many letters of gratitude from the catarrh-afflicted in all parts of Canada. During December and January we sent out over three thousand free sample boxes, and in 90 per cent. of the cases the people tell us that even the small sample has done them more good than many dollars' worth of so-called cures. Japanese Catarrh Cure is the result of a prescription perfected by years of experimental study by one of America's most successful specialists in treating this disease. It is a pomade prepared from stainless compounds of Iodine and Essential or Volatile oils. The natural heat of the body melts it, and the very act of breathing carries it to the diseased parts: it reaches every diseased portion from the orifice of the nose to the innermost recesses of the middle ear, curing invariably all forms of catarrh of the nose and throat, and all forms of catarrhal deafness.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents; six bottles, $2.50. A free sample sent to any address. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

HIDDEN JEWELRY IN INDIA.

The Hindoo's Favorite Method of Escaping the Tax Gatherer.

Never during its existence has India been so rich in jewelry as now. The people are always adding to their stock. Savings from nearly all sources are disposed of in this way, and these savings are being constantly made—often at the expense of clothing, sometimes at the expense of greater necessaries of life. The making and the storing away of wealth in this form is the national peculiarity of the country.

Jewelry is regarded as the most stable kind of wealth, and fortunes are never counted without estimating the value of the stock in jewelry. It can always be pledged or disposed of. The market for its sale is never closed and never depressed. The most ignorant native who wishes to sell a piece of jewelry knows its market value quite well. He can scarcely be cheated.

Jewelry forms the greatest factor in matrimony. The most lowly bride has her stridhan, which is occasionally equal in value to five years' income of the bridegroom. There is often a scarcity of clothing, sometimes a scarcity of cooking pots, generally not a particle of furniture, but nearly always a stock of jewelry. The wife that has no jewelry possesses nothing else; she can not be robbed. The family that does not have jewelry is absolutely indigent.

One of the greatest boasts of the jewelry owner is that his hoards can not be taxed. A man may own jewelry valued at a lakh of rupees and pay no income tax. This is a source of great satisfaction. Jewelry yields no recurring income, but it is prized more than Government paper. If it never increases it never diminishes, is a national saying, common among men and women alike. No native marriage, except among the most impoverished, takes place without a transfer of jewelry, and very frequently of new jewelry.—London Tid-Bits.

How to Increase Flesh.

For breakfast a thin woman takes either milk, chocolate or cocoa. Commence the meal with a basin of oatmeal porridge, eating with either milk, cream or golden syrup, varying it with maize and milk, or any of the fattening meals. All the milk taken must first be boiled—never forget that. As to meats, you may eat fat bacon, an omelette or scrambled eggs, and plenty of butter and honey on wholemeal bread, but no toast.

At lunch a glass of milk, alone if you can digest it, if not, with a third the quantity of soda or mineral water. Potatoes, omelettes, macaroni, milk, suet and batter puddings, salads with plenty of oil and cream, but no vinegar, shell fish, oysters, calves' and sheep's brains, but as little lean meat as possible, is prescribed.

Some women will find three-quarters of a glass of stout, alone or filled up with alkaline water, at 11 A. M., very fattening, but if you are inclined to biliousness, no beer or stout should be taken.

Then for dinner choose a vegetable soup made with a milk "stock." Pea, tomato, lentil, haricot, potato and carrot soups are all good. Dark fat meats in sparing quantities, pork, fish in abundance, such as turbot, cod, mackerel, mussels, and salads, with both meat and vegetables. Vinegar and acids of all kinds are strictly forbidden, but a nap after lunch is not; if you can indulge in it without fear of a headache, by all means do so.

A Victim of Circumstances.

"Force of habit," said Col. Carter, "is a very powerful thing. A man is likely to get impressions in his mind, suh, which lead him in the most unexpected directions, suh."

"Customs are very hard to control."

"Exactly so. I have in mind the case of an editah in ouah city, suh. A fine gentleman he was, too, in many respecks, suh. But force of habit got him into a very embarrassin' not to say hazardous predicament."

"Did he—er—did he indulge in too much stimulant?"

"Nothing of the soht. No, suh. But he belonged to the literary school, which makes frequent use of the pronoun 'we' in its editoial writing. And would you believe it, suh, that man wrote 'we' so often that he got to thinking of himself in the plural number and inadvertently voted sixteen times at the same election."—Washington Star.

Thrifty, If Not Honest.

Some people are now working a scheme to ride home free. The other evening a man was seen at Twelfth and Walnut streets to get on a Seventeenth and Nineteenth street car. When the car had started he asked the conductor whether he was on a Baring avenue car. The conductor said no, and accordingly he got off, after he had been carried a square. He got on the next car, as the cars run very close on Walnut street. This car was a Baring street car, and when the car had safely started he asked the conductor whether it was a Lancaster avenue car. The conductor politely told him that those cars run on Market street, and he had gained a square. The next car was a Chester avenue car, and he kept it up until he got to the Schuylkill.—Philadelphia Call.

Merely a Suggestion.

Long—Have you forgotten that $5 you borrowed of me some time ago?

Short—Oh, no! I still have it in mind.

Long—Well, don't you think this would be a good time to relieve your mind of it?

A BOSTON MAIDEN.

She stood upon the Pullman platform rapt
In wonder as the train did upward creep
'Neath peaks by grand eternal snow crowns capped,
Through canyons deep.

"Great scenery," to break the ice I said.
"Incomprehensible, majestic, grand!"
And she replied, with nod of queenly head,
"It beats the band!"

"Those towering pines, how graceful in their pride,
Swayed by the passing breeze from tops to roots!
Are not they kingly?" And she soft replied,
"Say, ain't they beauts!"

"What mighty power nerved the hand that split
These mighty rocks apart and hurled them back!"
With upturned eyes she answered, "Wasn't it
A crackerjack!"

"These rugged canyon walls on either side—
Present they not a most imposing front?"
She turned her eyes upon them and replied,
"Well, I should grunt!"

"Didst note the golden haze which dreamily
Spread o'er the hills when day begun to dawn?"
She thought a moment and then answered me,
"Yes, I caught on!"

"How insignificant we mortals seem
Surrounded by the works of nature, such
As this." She soft replied: "Well, I should dream!
We ain't so much!"

"Suppose these great walls towering overhead
Should close upon us in this awful chasm!"
She shrugged her shoulders once or twice and said,
"I'd have a spasm!"

"Are you from Denver, may I ask?" And she
Gave me a glance that caused my hair to curl
And said: "Well, I should murmur, 'Nit!' I be
A Boston girrl!"

—Denver Post.

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

To Avoid Thinness.

A restless life and excess of mental work not only reduces flesh, but causes indisposition in the shape of headaches, indigestion and nervous prostration, consequently loss of appetite, and emaciation as a natural result.

Retire to bed as early as possible never later than 10 P. M., and rise late. Allow yourself plenty of time for your toilet, which must include a tepid, not cold, bath, and the oatmeal bag in it should not be omitted. A warm bath twice a week is a good thing. Leave off the early cup of tea and substitute good cocoa instead, made entirely with milk, and as much sugar as you can take.

For Good or Evil.

On trifles that seem light as air, deep and far-reaching issues are hung. A word, a smile, a frown, a moment's hesitation, a thoughtless step—who can tell what destinies shall turn on them? For this reason God has determined that men shall give account in the day of judgment for every idle word they shall speak. An idle word may be a potent word for good or evil.

A New Amusement.

A man to hang by the neck thirteen days and nights was the attraction at a Montmartre cafe recently; the doctors, however, stopped the performance at the end of the fourth day, the man being in a critical condition. His name is Durand. He attained notoriety some time ago by standing on a pedestal at Marseilles for twenty-eight consecutive days.

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

A Delusion and a Snare.

"Friends? I should say so. Never suspected that I had so many. Have to let them in one door and out the other. Best lot of fellows you ever saw. Give 'em a big stag party tonight."

Then the misguided youth sat down and drew a check against the generous legacy he had received within the month and resented an insinuation that his finish was visible.—Detroit Free Press.

An Offer Declined.

"Now, Mr. Beefy," coldly said the handsome young widow who was doing her own marketing, "while I am fully conscious of the honor you wish to confer upon me, I must tell you that I have no present intention of marrying again and am therefore compelled to refuse the offer of your hand."

"Bub-bub-but, mum," stammered the astonished butcher, "I have never offered you my hand, and—ah"—

"Then why are you trying to weigh it on the scales with the meat, sir?"—Spare Moments.

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."

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.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

Students govern their own dormitories at the University of Pennsylvania.

Columbia university has added two professors to its German department.

At Illinois university a Saturday course for public school teachers engaged during the week has opened.

The University of California has established a chair of Cantonese, the principal dialect of the Chinese language.

Wesleyan university, at Middletown, Conn., on account of high rates of board in the town, has opened "commons," where students can obtain meals at $2.70 a week.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

THE NURSERY.

Use sea salt in the bath water of a delicate child or one whose legs are weak.

A baby should never be frightened with stories told by an ignorant or thoughtless nurse.

A child may be made gentle or rough, according to the manners and actions of those about him, for his greatest desire is to imitate.

If you should have a nursery, it should have a southern exposure. Babies, like plants, need plenty of sunshine to make them vigorous and healthy.

A Sense of Insecurity.

"No," said Mr. Cumrox, "I don't think I shall ever try to run one of them orter—that is to say, one of those there horseless carriages."

"It's not at all difficult," said his daughter.

"Maybe not for some people. But I'd get my mind so tangled up tryin to pronounce the thing's name that I'd be plum sure to let it run away with me."—Washington Star.

Important to Cyclists and Lacrosse Boys.

Mr. Mack White, the well-known trainer of the Toronto Lacrosse Club and Osgoods Hall Football Club, writes: I consider Griffith's Menthol Liniment unequalled for athletes or those training. I have used it with the best success, and can heartily recommend it for stiffness, soreness, sprains and all forms of swelling and inflammation. All druggists, 25cts.

Justifiable Repartee.

Mrs. Virus—John, I have long thought you were a coward, and now I know it. I have reliable information to the effect that during the war, when your country sadly needed your services, you shrank from your patriotic duty and sent a substitute.

Mr. Virus—Yes, and I wish I'd done the same during my courting days.—Richmond Dispatch.

THEY WAKE THE TORPID ENERGIES.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

Two Theorists.

"It was a very unfriendly thing for the professor to do," said the man with white hair and gold glasses. "He got his book on the market at the same time I published mine. But my publisher says we control the trade and can come pretty near squelching his work. That's some comfort."

"What were your books about?"

"Economics, of course. We both wrote on the terrible evil and injustice resulting from the modern tendency to artificially restrict competition."—Washington Star.

England's Great Chance.

"Why should England be afraid to go ahead and declare war against the Boers? We're friendly to England now, you know. It couldn't be another Majuba Hill or Jameson affair."

"What has our being friendly to England got to do with it? You don't imagine that we would join her in a war against those South Africans, do you?"

"No, but we could farm out Joe Wheeler to her, couldn't we?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

To those who are used to thin flavorless teas Blue Ribbon Ceylon will be a revelation. Try it and be convinced.

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CHURCH AND CHURCHMAN.

The average salary paid to Methodist preachers in the United States last year was $473.35.

Ira D. Sankey, the singer who used to be associated with Mr. Moody, is to become an evangelist on his own account and will conduct a series of revivals in various cities this winter.

In a church at Birmingham, England, it is the custom to disperse the choir among the congregation and to arrange as far as possible that the congregation shall be grouped together according to the parts they sing.

Father Osborne of the Episcopal Church of St. John the Evangelist, Boston, who has spent seven years among the lepers of South Africa, is raising a fund to establish an American medical station for the benefit of the sufferers from leprosy in that part of the world.

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 tranquillizing 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 naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop and 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.

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Send two stamps and we will mail you our treatise and testimonials, STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont. Mention this paper.

WOES OF THE INTERLOCUTOR.

A Luckless Mortal Hired to Be Swamped With Gags.

It is generally considered that the undertaker has a mournful and depressing life, unenlivened by a gleam of sunshine, but his career is a continual picnic compared to that of the interlocutor at the minstrel show. This unfortunate gentleman puts in his whole life to see the points of "gags" hurled at him by the end men, failing to guess the most palpable conundrums and being a mark generally for the comedians, in the midst of which he must rise gracefully and announce in a well modulated tone:

"Mr. Manuel Romaine, the celebrated lyric tenor, will now render that beautiful ballad, 'I Loved You Once, I Scorn You Now,'" and subside grandly into his seat, until the song is ended and the bones and tambo are ready to throw a few more bricks at him.

It is a peculiar feature of the interlocutor's mental make up that he never sees the joke until the end man swats him with it. He isn't supposed to. When Bones sniffs with scorn at the interlocutor's recital of his feats as a life saver, in which he recounts the thrilling adventure whereby he recovered the switch of a half drowned lady and returned it to her, Bones says indignantly:

"Why, you're not a life saver at all!"

"What am I, then?" asks the interlocutor in surprise.

"Why, you're only a hair restorer," answers the comedian. Then the interlocutor has to look indignant for a moment and once more gracefully rise and with a bow announce the pleasing baritone, who will favor with the latest song, entitled, etc. It's a hard life. He never has a come back, which is some slight recompense for getting a jolt now and then. All the points are reserved for the comedians. They get all the laughs, which are invariably on the poor interlocutor.

He knows that any attempt on his part to take a rise out of the end men would be fatal not only to the even tenor of the performance, but probably to the interlocutor's job. All this must be very depressing to that functionary in his hours off the stage. He must take a very oblique and moody view of life. It is but natural he should burn for a chance to "get back" at the comedians to hand Bones a tingling "gag" and get away with it to make Tambourine wish he had never learned the trade and then retire gracefully. If the interlocutor could do these things just once, it may be he would consider his life had not been spent in vain.—Chicago Chronicle.

A New Bell.

Many sensitive persons are startled by the abrupt incisive sound given out by the ordinary electric bell. M. Guerre, a Paris electrician, who has been working on the idea that this characteristic of the electric bell was not irremediable, has produced a bell which gives a continuous musical sound. The note is very soft, and sweet, although penetrating, and is said to be an exaggeration of that obtained by rubbing the edge of a glass with the finger. Instead of a bell with a hammer and a spring interrupter, a steel bell is used, which is its own interrupter. When the circuit is closed by the pressure of the button at the other end of the line, it is released from the electro-magnet, forced forward and released again for a number of times with great rapidity. The vibration set up produces the pleasing humming instead of the familiar sound so irritating to nervous people. The pitch of the note can at any time be changed. For instance, should there be sickness in a house and it is desired to reduce the carrying quality of the note, it can be lowered until it is audible only to the servants, or others whom it is intended to summon.

It Never Forgot His Kindness.

A touching instance of insect instinct has just been published. A writer says: "I found a cockroach struggling in a bowl of water. I took half a walnut shell for a boat. I put him into it and gave him two wooden toothpicks for oars and left him. The next morning I visited him, and he had put a piece of white cotton thread on one of the toothpicks and set the toothpick on end as a signal of distress. He had a hair on the other toothpick, and there that cockroach sat fishing. The cockroach, exhausted, had fallen asleep. The sight melting me to tears, I took that cockroach out, gave him a spoonful of gruel and left. The animal never forgot my kindness, and now my house is chock full of cockroaches."

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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One Year.....$2.00.

SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1900.

The Moyie Miners Union now has a membership of 75.

Coast steamboat men figure on moving 30,000 people to Cape Nome in the spring.

If Adam had worked 300 days each year from the day he was created to the present time at a salary of $50 a day he would not have earned by this time as much property as is owned today by Rockefeller or Vanderbilt.

Military candidates are no longer in vogue. Admiral Dewey is scarcely mentioned now for the presidency, and General Joe Wheeler, who is coming home from the Philippines, is named no more for the vice presidency. No one wants to run Hobson for anything, and Shafter is on no political slate. It is a case of every man to his trade, and the politicians continue in business at the former stand.

A misplaced comma has got a Greeley county, Kansas, paper into a peck of trouble. The journal in question recently published an item in which the following sentence occurred: "Two young men from Leoti went with their girls to Tribune to attend the teachers' institute and as soon as they left, the girls got drunk." The comma belonged after the "girls" and the latter are making it hot for the editor.

One of the most sensational murders in American criminal history was that of Amos J. Snell, in Chicago, in 1888. Some than eleven years, many of which were spent in a vain attempt to run down the murderer, have since elapsed and now comes a clew to the whereabouts of the much sought for criminal. A returned miner, William Rigler, from the Cape Nome gold diggins in Alaska, gives the information that may yet lead to the arrest and conviction of the murderer, Willie Tascott.

The flag of the Transvaal is a very simple affair. It consists of one broad vertical bar of green next the flag pole, and three horizontal bars, respectively red, white and blue, the red being at the top. Take for instance, the simple red, white and blue flag of Holland and sew a vertical bar of green on the flagstaff end of it. That is all. The Boers speak of their flag as the "vierkleur," the four color, just as the French call their flag the "tricolor." The Orange Free State flag is a simple rectangle of vivid orange.

Vol. 1, No. 1 of The Miners' Magazine, published in Denver, Colorado, and edited by Ed Boyce, has made its appearance. It is a monthly publication and is the organ of the Western Federation of Miners. In its solutatory it says, "We will at all times and under all conditions espouse the cause of the producing masses, regardless of religion, nationality or race, with the object of arousing them from the lethargy into which they have sunk, and which makes them willing to live in squalor, while their masters revel in the wealth stolen from labor."

New York's four hundred, the delightful band of which Ward McAllister, a southern cad, was so long the director, runs now to dogs in place of infants. Any person walking along Fifth avenue of a sunny winter morning will see five hundred nurses out with dogs to ten that are out with babies. In the parks fine carriages whirl by, but in them are no baby faces, lace encircled, rosy and smiling. The muzzles of poodles are thrust out from the laps of women lolling on the upholstred seats. "Perambulators" roll up and down the side walks in the quiter parts of the city, but the patient women shoving them along do not step and pant. Cuddled on soft pillows, snuggled into sandy costly blankets are pugs and Japanese poodles spaniels and long bodied, stinking, bunchlegged dashshounds. In every uptown mansion there is a dog which is a household pet. The dog show is one of the swell functions of the year.

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(FORM F.)

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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. 39773 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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