THE MOYIE LEADER.

VOL. 2, NO. 8. MOYIE, B. C., JUNE 10, 1899. $2 A YEAR

MOYIE!

The Metropolis Of East Kootenay. Located on the Shores of the Most Beautiful Lake in British Columbia.

ADJACENT TO THE FAMOUS

St. Eugene, Lake Shore, Moyie MINES.

THE COMING TOWN OF THE FUTURE

All who wish to invest apply to

G. CAMPBELL, Moyie, B. C.

THE COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

The only house in East Kootenay heated throughout with hotair.

First class in every respect. Special rates to boarders. Good sample room for commercial men.

European plan. Open day and night.

SMALL & MUSGRAVE, Props.

CRANBROOK, - - B. C.

The Central Hotel.

V. DESAULNIER & CO., Props.

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

Headquarters for Commencial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, — — — MOYIE, B. C.

LAKE SHORE HOTEL

McCRACKEN & MOORE, Proprietors.

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.

TWO LIVES CRUSHED OUT

By a Freight Sunday Morning.

FELL ASLEEP ON THE TRACK

The Bodies Were Found Shortly After the Train Passed Over them. —No Inquest Held.

James Stewart, better known as "Scotty," and Michael Redmond, two railway laborers in McGuire's surfacing gang, were run over and killed by an east bound freight train at this place last Sunday morning about 12:30 o'clock.

Shortly after the east bound freight passed through Moyie last Sunday morning J. E. Hill, a fireman, and N. G. Grant and A. W. Richardson, two brakemen boarded a handcar and started for the boarding car at the foot of the lake. They had only proceeded about 20 yards south of Queens avenue when they discovered the prostrate form of a man lying on the track, his head crushed to a jelly and his brains and pieces of his skull scattered over the ground. It proved to be the body of Redmond. The men returned and gave the alarm. Special Constable Lindsay and Vick Desaulnier, accompanied by Hill, Grant and Richardson picked up the body and placed it in the log building back of the LEADER office. The railroad men again started out, but only got about 80 yards farther when the body of Stewart was struck. He was lying with his head over the same side of the track that Redmond was found on. The train had passed over his left arm, shoulder and neck, and had almost severed his head from his body. Stewart's body was also picked up and placed beside that of his comrade. Gold Commissioner Armstrong at Fort Steele was notified, and he in turn notified Coroner Moffat at Cranbrook. Moffat came out to Moyie on Monday morning's freight train, viewed the bodies and decided that it was not necessary to hold an inquest. The remains of Stewart and Redmond were interred in the Moyie cemetery Monday evening. The last rites were read by F. I. Moore.

Stewart and Redmond were around town Saturday evening and were drinking quite heavily. It is supposed they started for the boarding car down the track about 12 o'clock, became sleepy and laid down, and that the train came along and struck them, as before stated. A peculiar fact, however, is that both men were found in nearly the same position on the track—their bodies on the inside of the track and their heads over the rail next town. Neither bodies were apparently moved by the cowcatcher and firebox of the engine passing over them, and not a particle of blood could be found on the wheels of engine No. 364, the one that is supposed to have did the work. The engineer on 364 says he ran through Moyie on that trip quite slow, and that the men could no have been on the track without him seeing them.

James Stewart, or "Scotty," as he was better known, had worked on the Crow's Nest road for nearly two years. His father lives in Dundee, Scotland. Very little is known here of Michael Redmond, further than that he began work on this road about two months ago. A letter was found in his pocket addressed to Michael J. Redmond, 311 Day street, San Francisco, Cal., which no doubt was his residence at one time. Both men were about 24 years of age.

LOCAL NEWS.

Vick Desaulnier of the Central was in Cranbrook this week.

Oysters, mackerelins and French peas at the Central dining hall.

Conductor Hitchcock is again running on the western division of the road.

The St. Eugene wagon road is being put in condition for hauling ore.

McMAHON BROS.

MAMMOTH RETAIL EMPORIUM.

HARDWARE,

GROCERIES,

PRODUCE.

ALL KINDS OF **Tin Work** — DONE — TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

CLOTHING,

Gents' Furnishings,

BOOTS and SHOES

—PROPRIETORS OF—

THE EAST KOOTENAY HOTEL,

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Cor. Victoria St. and Moyie Ave., MOYIE, B. C.

O. J. Johnson returned from Cranbrook and Steele Thursday morning.

J. A. Harvey, the well known barrister of Fort Steele, spent Thursday in Moyie.

Joe Shae left for Calgary Monday to visit his brother, who is residing near that place.

W. L. Reid, of the Moyie Supply Co., returned from a trip to Nelson Monday evening.

J. N. McCracken of the Lake Shore hotel transacted business in Cranbrook the first of the week.

Work was commenced this week on the 30x30 building of Paul Jensen and Peter Berg on Victoria street.

Messrs. Campbell & Reid are stocking up their store with a splendid line of groceries and clothing.

Laronde Bros. carry the best assortment of candies, fruits and vegetables in Moyie. Their store deserves a liberal patronage.

Chas. McLaughlin, traveling jeweler for Dingwall of Winnipeg, was here this week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Mansfield.

A. E. Steele, of the firm of Steele & McDonald, Trail, spent several days in town this week. The firm may establish a branch store here.

Col. H. D. Henderson has been appointed a justice of the peace for Moyie. A good choice has been made in the colonel.

The LEADER is in receipt of a pamphlet setting forth the resources of the Trout Lake district. It was compiled by the Trout Lake Trades Committee.

Since June first all men in the employ of the St. Eugene company are assessed $1 per month as hospital fees. The new order gives general satisfaction among the men.

James Park, of the Park, Mitchell Co., and his brother, arrived in Moyie Thursday morning from their home in Ontario. They will remain here for a few weeks at least.

W. G. Arnald of Moyie claims to have invented what he terms an improved handsaw. By making a peculiar set in the teeth, it can be used as a crosscut or rip saw. He claims he dropped onto the idea by mere chance. G. A. Merrick, the Winnipeg hardware man, will put it before the Diston Saw Co. A patent has been applied for.

W. F. Gurd, solicitor for the C. P. R. with headquarters at Cranbrook, was in town today.

H. W. Barnes, chief inspector of licenses for South East Kootenay, was here on business.

H. Allenberg, of Spokane, one of the managers of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, is in town.

Tom Wellman, of the Royal hotel in Cranbrook, passed through town this morning enroute to Nelson.

Prentice Adams left last evening for Fort Steele to join his brother in doing assessment work on their claims on Bull river.

The Eight Hour Law.

Next Monday, June 12th, the eight hour law will go into effect in all the metalifferous mines of British Columbia. Already most of the mines of the Slocan have closed down as a result of the new law, the mine owners refusing to pay $3.50 for eight hours' work.

The mine owners and miners of East Kootenay seem undecided as yet regarding the course they will pursue. James Cronin of the St. Eugene was asked a day or two ago regarding the effect the new law would have upon his mine. He replied that his company had not decided just yet, but that there was one thing certain, they would not pay $3.50 for eight hours. The miners were not seen, but it is understood they will agree to anything reasonable and that an amicable agreement will be arrived at between employer and employees.

Drowned at Kootenay Landing.

Cranbrook Herald: A. B. Neville, a brakeman for Conductor Becker, on the accommodation running from Cranbrook to the Landing, was drowned last Sunday afternoon while riding in a canoe with the operator at the slip. They were on the Kootenay river, and the canoe capsized. The operator was rescued, but Neville sank to the bottom. His remains were recovered Monday and brought to Cranbrook that evening. A casket was prepared here and his remains were forwarded to Winnipeg on Tuesday morning's train. Neville was well known in Cranbrook, and his father is a tie inspector on the C. P. R. near Winnipeg.

Dance Monday Evening.

A social dance will be given at the Lake Shore hotel next Monday evening, to which everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Cranbrook Will Celebrate.

Cranbrook is making big preparations for the celebrating of Dominion day, July 1st. The celebration will be under the supervision of the Cranbrook board of trade. Prizes to the amount of $700 will be awarded for the different competitions. The C. P. R. will give reduced rates for the occasion.

The people of Cranbrook extend a cordial invitation to the people of the district to be present on that day and join in the jollification. No doubt a large number of Moyie residents will participate.

Kauffman and Scott's Claims.

Work will will soon be commenced on the Homestake No. 1 and No. 2, Bon Ton and Huckleberry mineral claims. The claims are the property of Chas. Kauffman and S. A. Scott, and are situated not far from the St. Eugene mine.

Frate Sentenced to Hang.

Felix Faste, the Italian who shot and killed Edward Ryan at Cranbrook on the evening of March 27, was sentenced in Nelson last week to hang on August 10.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

John Phillips, the halfbreed son of M. Phillips of Tobacco Plains, was acquitted last week at Nelson of the charge of murdering Edward Bawlf, near Elko last summer.

Antonio Bruno, who was charged with murdering Guiseppi Puerio, a fellow Italian last August near the foot of Moyie lake, has been given his freedom from the Nelson jail.

They expect to commence laying steele on the new Kootenay Valley railway in the middle days of June. All the contractors expect to complete their grading contracts by July 1.

Casimir, the Indian, was hung at 8 o'clock on the morning of June 2 at Kamloops, for murder. His last words were: "I am no squaw; I will die like a man." He was fully repentent, and exhorted his tribesmen to lead good lives.

A wonderful improvement is being made on the Central hotel. The gable end of the old part has been torn away and a large observatory and bay window is being put in its place.

Last Monday the cylinder head of the engine at the Park, Mitchell & Co.'s sawmill blew out, also taking a piece of the steam port with it. The new parts have been sent for and will be here in a few day, when the mill will again start up.

DR. MACPHERSON, electric chiropodist. Removes corns, bunions, warts and ingrowing nails without pain. Permanent cure guaranteed. No extra charge for calling at residences. Will be in town at the Moyie Hotel two days.

Jeffries Won the Fight.

Jeffries knocked out Robt. Fitzsimmons in the eleventh round last evening at Coney Island. Jeffries had the fight his own way nearly all the way through, knocking his antagonist down almost at will.

Metal Quotations.

New York, June 7.—Bar silver 60¼ cents. Lead, very quiet, $4.45 bid, 4.50 asked. The brokers' price is $4.25.

Buy Your Sash and Doors at the Factory.

O. G. doors, 2 ft. 6 x 6 ft 6 x 1¾	$1.70	each
" " 2 ft 8 x 6 ft 8 x 1¾	1.80	"
" " 2 ft 10 x 6 ft 10 x 1¾	1.90	"
12x24 sash, glased	1.25	p. pair
12x28 " "	1.40	"
14x28 " "	1.60	"
24x30 " "	1.60	"

THOS. W. LEASK,
CRANBROOK, B. C.

NOTICE.

Take notice that a meeting of the Board of License Commissioners for South East Kootenay will be held at the Court House in the town of Fort Steele on the 15th day of June, 1899, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to consider the following applications for liquor licenses:

Glencairn, Campbell, Moyie Hotel, Moyie, hotel license; Frank Ferguson, Central Hotel, Moyie, hotel license; A. J. Brenner, Alberta Hotel, Moyie, hotel license; Harold Pollard, Kootenay Station, hotel license; J. N. McCracken, Lake Shore hotel, Moyie, hotel license.

H. W. BARNES,
Chief Inspector.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE LEADER

THE MAN AND THE COAT.

There's much in the coat besides the man,
And I'm telling what I know,
Whate'er its texture, if spick or span
Or if it has seen the flowers blow
Many a spring, could it but speak,
Language is far too poor and weak
To tell all that it ever knew,
The whole long story, through and through.

Keener than any divining rod
In search of a hidden stream
The coat of a man might tell a tale
Of things you would hardly dream—
Of a man who grasped you by the hand
(When the coat was new and fine),
Whose cordial grip and genial smile
Warmed up your heart like wine;

Of how he passed on the other side
When the garment old had grown,
Though the same man did within abide
(Save with some illusions flown);
Of a woman who laid her sunny head
'Gainst the poor old shabby thing
Loving the same (though you had not bread),
As though you were crowned—and king!

Why shouldn't the heart that's warm and true,
And full as a heart can hold
Of manliness—and men are few—
Be the same in a coat that's old,
God grant the time be coming near,
And that miracle yet may be,
When, whate'er a garment man may wear,
Himself is all they will see!

—Mattie Holland Swann in Detroit Free Press.

O'ROURKE'S DIARY.

Whin I ordhered the advance against Gineral Floyd—him that was secretary av war—on the hoights opposite Gauley Bridge, on the tinth ov Novimber 1861, I never dhramed that the inimy would give uz a clane pair av heels. You may misdoubt me, axin how it kem that I, Dennis O'Rourke, eighth corporal on the company roll, gave any ordher at all, but you must remimber that I was an ordherly on Gineral Coxe's staff, an iv you knew onything about war you'd niver axpose your ignorance by axin sich quistions. Sure, it was quite common for the ordherlies to give ordhers—who else, seein they was wid the ginerals an larnt the art av war offhand, as wan may say?

How I wint to headquarters needs a few words av explanation. I was made eighth corporal bekase whin the company first stood in line the captain (as fine a man as iver stepped out av County Cork) who niver dhrew a sober breath from Sunday morn till Saturday night, closed wan eye an cocked the other along the line an ordhered uz to "dress to the right," and he whipped out an oath as he roared:

"May the divil take me iv they haven't sint me a shop full av tailors!"

Thin he walked down the line, first wid his head on wan side, thin on the other. Whin he reached the fut, he gave uz the benefit av his obsarvations.

"Fourteen min wid strato legs—enough to make sargints an corporals in a pinch. All the rest as bowlegged as iv they'd straddled barrels all their lives!"

I was wan ov the 14, so there was no help for it but to make me eighth corporal. Howsiver, luck was in it. The ordherly, seein the captain made so free wid the drink, thought it was behouldin on him to kape up the honor av the company that way. He got blind drunk, was clapped into the guardhouse, an, as good luck'd have it, two straight legged recruits kem up the same day an a riquist from the colonel to detail a man to sarve at headquarters. There you have it now!"

I mistrusted whether there'd be an ounce av brains left in men, for by the same token I niver was on a horse in my life. Whin the captain called me to him in his tint an bored me like a gimblet wid his wan eye, says he:

"I suppose, Corporal O'Rourke, you are aware av the honor confarred on you?"

"It's behoulden to you I am," says I.

"Are you aware, sor, you will have some hard riding, sor?" says he.

"The harder the better, sor," says I, puttin a bowld front on me. An me that had niver so much as felt a saddle in all my life! "Put me on a horse an iv I can't manage to go as fast as the fastest horse can carry a man—which was no lie—for unless the baste threw me sure he couldn't do less than carry me!"

"Well, well," says the captain, "it's well you know beforehand you'll have company whin you have an empty stomach—there'll be two av you, but for my part I'd be content to know there was only wan empty belly—an I'd prefer that was my horse's."

You need not wonder iv things turned out conthrairy the first day I was tould to saddle an bridle my own horse. I had no stomach to ate, allowin the baste was minded to let my stomach turn buttom up an down ag'in—which it wasn't, for a more contrairy baste niver jolted a man's sides out av him—whin I lay down that night. I was as sore as if all the shillalahs in Kildare had bate the divil's tattoo on my back an legs!"

Thin, as luck'd have it, the poor baste could naether ate, bite or sup. He'd crane his head, thin jerk it back again as iv he was chokin. 'Twas the same the next day—an there I was scaart lest the baste should die on my hands. So I took the gineral's nagur cook on wan side.

"Whisht now!" says I. "For your life, don't mintion it to mortial, but there's somethin wrong wid my poor horse." Thin I towld him the way av it. So the nagur wint wid me to look at the baste.

I poured out some oats. The baste held up his head, made a dive for the oats, thin held up his head as iv he was chokin.

I'll niver forget the nagur's look as he made for the horse's neck.

"You'm the mos' ignorant white man I ever seed—de mos' ignorant white man in de wo'l'—strappin dat hoss' throat tight like dat!"

The baste almost roundered itself aitin an drinkin that day.

I made bowld to say the army is a fine school for a horseman. Iv a man can't kape his sate afther a few weeks' foragin with the bullets whistlin about his ears there's no vartue in him that a horse would rispect.

There was times whin I got leave to ride over to my riglimint, an that was how I kem to give the ordher that made Gineral Floyd face about an rin like blazes without let or stop till he reached the Holstein Valley railroad.

Iv you must know the truth, it was this way. Instid av goin to my rigimint I sometimes wint out av the lines to see wan av the purtiest gurls wan would meet in a day's journey. Iv things hadn't been so conthrary, there's no tellin but she might be Mrs. O'Rourke, but as it fell out, juty an my love for my adopted counthry ordhered otherwise.

Now, none av the bukes have it right. They mustly tell uz that Gineral Coxe sint detachmints av his brigade at Gauley Bridge, that marched up the mountains an dhruv Floyd's foorce aff it. But see now how easy it is to misconsthrue history an divart honors!

I had joost fastened my horse to the fince an sat down comfortably like on the porch with Miss Julia whin kem a second lieutenant an poked his nose in. He was afut. He had a wee basket, purtendin he was buyin eggs. Says I to self, "As long as I have a horse a[illegible] my legs I'm not the boy to give way to beggarly lieutenant av infantry!" So whin he walked up to the porch an says, "What rigimint do you belong to, my man?" I answered, "Faix, an since you know I'm your man you must know the rigimint."

"Don't be imperent," says he, "or I'll report you."

"Faith," says I, "it's lucky you'll be iv I don't have you coort marshaled an rin out av camp to the tune av the rogue's march."

He looked at me with open mouth, an thin to flure him I says, "I'd have you to know I riprisint headquarters."

Now, the divil was in it or I'd not dared say such a thing to my shuparior officer, but there was Miss Julia, an there niver was an O'Rourke that would demane himself before a woman.

"Very well," says he, quite soberlike. "An you'll not favor me wid your name? I'll find a way to get it."

"To the divil with names," says I. "Your ugly face is enough for me. I'd have you know I'm mindin my own business, an, as for you, I'd know your ugly face among a thousand monkeys. Be aff with you an see you don't be interferin again in the hoight av sociability atune a lady an a gintleman."

"I will," says he, "an whin I come back with four muskets you'll have a fine an proper escort to the guardhouse."

So there I was, makin love to Miss Julia with all my might an the guardhouse invitin'ly open to me.

Howsiver, Miss Julia's father had some fine cattle he wanted to sell for mate, seein it was better to sell it than have it stolen. I winked whin I told Miss Julia I would soon be back, an thin the ould man an I wint out to look at the cattle. Whin I rode away, the lieutenant was comin up the road with a sargint an four min.

"Praise be to God!" says I. "I'm well out av that scrape," as I rode through the woods.

I was thinkin av Miss Julia an wonder in how the lieutenant would look whin he found I had the best av it, whin bang, bang, came the bullets right an left av me.

"Is it into the inimy's lines I've got?" I asked myself as I turned tail. I was gallopin like mad whin I heard some wan shout, "Surrinder, you rebel!"

"Surrinder yourself for a fule," says I. "I'd not rin from a thousand av youse. It's you that's cowards."

For, although my heart was in my mouth, I put a bowld front on it.

"A fine lot you are to be scaart av wan man; frightenin the life out av my horse—makin him turn tail."

"By George, it's O'Rourke!"

"Is it Mr. Jones av headquarters I'm indebted to for the clippin av my horse's mane with bullets?" says I ag'in.

Thruo enough it was, an there was the adjutant, an thin I made sure Gineral Coxe was near at hand. You see, they was on a riconizense—that's the Frinch for findin out iv all's as it should be to be on the safe side.

"What are you doing here?" says the adjutant.

"I've been feelin the inimy's lines," I says. The adjutant roared.

"Iv you don't believe me," says I, "look at my horse. He's dead bate."

"What's this?" said the gineral, lookin at me sharply.

I was in for it thin, but I niver forgot the precept instilled into me by Larry O'Donovan—niver to pinch a lie no matter what comes or goes.

"It's the adjutant, gineral, misdoubts me whin I tell him I was feelin the inimy."

An thin they all roared till I thought they would fall off their horses. Thribble guard jaty ud been a pleasure to me thin if I could have got away from thim. At last the gineral axed me as polite as if I was his aiquil instid av joost an ordherly:

"An how did they respond, O'Rourke?"

I looked at him as solemnlously as iv I was at my grandmother's wake.

"It's my opinion, gineral, that the inimy is makin ready to retrate."

Iv I'd had a wheen av the rapscallions wan at a time I'd aither broken their heads, or at laste left thim wid sore jaws as a token av my temper—they roared so long an hard whin I answered, though for the life av me I niver could see anything to laugh at.

"How? You know what the consequences will be iv you mislead me, O'Rourke," says the gineral sternly.

You may be sure I stuck to it bravely thin, although it was a lie, made at the moment—I whipt out the first thing came into my head.

"I make bowld to asshume the intoire responsibility," says I. Says the gineral to himself, "I can't understand why Benham an Schenk have failed." You see, thim was the ginerals histhory tells you was sint over the hills to attack Gineral Floyd's min in the rear. "Perhaps O'Rourke's right after all."

Thin I rode close beside the gineral an whispered in his ear, "Gineral, an you'll rely upon me I give you the word av an O'Rourke it's thrue what I'm tellin you, an iv I may make so bowld I'd advise you to lay on thim immajitly—they'll run like wather. It's meself n'd like nothin better than to ardher the advance."

"I belave you'r right," said he in a whisper, "but for the sake av appearances I'll jist put it in writin an you'll carry the ordhers to the commanders of the rigimints."

That was on the tinth, or will it be the ninth, av Novimber—on the tinth as histhory tells you—min from Coxe's brigade crossed the river, wint to the mountain top an sint Gineral Floyd's foorces right about ivery man jack av thim on the retrate.

Thim's the facts suppressed by histhory. Iv it wasn't for Dinnis O'Rourke, though I say it that shouldn't, Gineral Floyd's foorces might be in pasthure there to this day.—David Lowry in Pittsburg Press.

Caught.

Mr. Truax—The one who can say "No" in such a way as to make a person feel under obligations is the one that wins in this world.

Miss Wobbslelgh—I suppose so, but of course she must say "Yes" after she has been properly teased.

He thought hard for a few minutes and then decided that there was no way out of it.—New York World.

Odd, Isn't It?

The season approaches when the graduate will look about him for a "wider field, but, strange to say, he is never impressed with the old man's advice to take ten acres and a mule.—Atlanta Constitution.

Extremely So.

Bacon—Would you call a man who borrowed money from you and who never paid it back a friend?

Egbert—Certainly. I'd call him one of my dearest friends

Maddening.

"I happen to have a dress coat," said a man about town, "that was made by Poole, the famous London tailor, and I've preserved it with a good deal of care. To tell the truth, I attached less value to the garment itself than I did to the sign manual of the house, emblazoned on a strip of white silk and stitched inside the collar. It was a trifle snobbish, I dare say, but if so I've received my punishment.

"A few weeks ago I took the coat along with me on a trip to Florida, and while at a small coast resort I noticed the buttons were getting worn. The only tailor in town was a Chinaman, and I gave him the coat with instructions to repair the damages, which he did very neatly. I had forgotten all about the incident, and one evening during carnival was at the club chatting with some visitors from Detroit when somehow or other the conversation turned on high art tailoring.

"One of the strangers sang the praises of a chap at his home, and I, like a fool, couldn't resist the temptation of remarking that my suit was made by Poole. Thereupon the other fellow expressed curiosity as to how the English tailors inserted the shoulder reenforcements of dress coats, and I obligingly slipped mine off to allow him to examine it. He looked it over, and when he handed it back I noticed that he wore a peculiar smile. It was no wonder, for, by Jove, in place of the signed silk strip below the collar was a great hideous pink tab bearing the legend, 'Charley One-Lung, Merchant Tailor, Wayback, Fla.!' "—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Force of Habit.

"Of course you can't imagine what curious experiences we have with sick people," confided a trained nurse. "I have just come from a very interesting case—a dear old lady, lovely in every way, but utterly unmanageable and unreasonable on the subject of early rising. The dear woman cannot turn over in her bed or put her hand to her head—she is fatally ill, poor creature—but she wakes me every morning at 5 o'clock to have her face and hands bathed and her cap changed. 'Oh,' I groan, 'it is only 5 o'clock, Mrs. Lorrimer; that is too early for sick people to get awake! Let us have another little nap.'

"'No, no,' she always answers; 'my father reared me to get up at 5 o'clock. I can't disobey my training. You must make my toilet. I mustn't sleep any longer.'

"So I have to get awake, prepare the dear old lady for the day—80 years old she is, and weak and sick—just because she was reared by a father with abnormal ideas of rising time."

Everybody Needs a Spring Restorative

You may call it spring fever, say you are lazy or imagine you are only tired; but the truth is that vitality runs low in the spring and the blood is thin, weak, and impure.

Deprived of proper nourishment from the blood, and poisoned by the impurities which it carries through the system, every part of the body cries out for assistance. There is indigestion and dyspepsia, the liver and kidneys become clogged and inactive, pains in the back, sides and limbs, headache and neuralgic pains, the nerves become exhausted and there follows nervousness, irritability, and sleeplessness, female complaints, lassitude, tired feeling and despondency.

To rid the system of these distressing ills caused by weak and impure blood there is no preparation so effective as DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. It is not a patent medicine, but the prescription of America's greatest physician, DR. A. W. CHASE, which has proved wonderfully successful as a blood and nerve medicine.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD contains in pill form all the ingredients required to purify and enrich the blood. It gently regulates the bowels, invigorates the kidneys and liver, tones the stomach and digestive organs, and gives new energy and vigor to every organ of the body.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Fifty Cents a Box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

A CONFLICT OF EVIDENCE

BY RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI,

Author of "An Artist in Crime."

"Miss Carpenter has promised to be my wife." This caused quite a sensation. It was tolerably well known that they were fond of each other's society, but everyone had considered it a "boy and girl" affair, as the two had grown up together and had been schoolmates.

"How long were you at the farm that night?" continued the lawyer.

"From six until half-past eight."

"You went at that hour?"

"Yes."

"Before you did so did you meet Mr. Lewis?"

Everly hesitated a moment, then replied:

"I think I would rather not answer that question."

"As you choose. You need not criminate yourself. When you left Riverside, where did you go?"

"I went straight to the saloon."

"Do you know at what time you reached there?"

"At a quarter to nine. I had an appointment with a friend at that hour and just kept it."

"Was your friend punctual also?"

"He was waiting for me. That is how I fix the time so accurately. He claimed that I was late and we compared watches."

"Could you prove this by your friend?"

"He lives near here. You can send for him if you wish. It is Mr. Harrison's son Joe."

Mr. Tupper requested the squire to send for this man at once, and a messenger was despatched for him. Mr. Tupper continued:

"Do you own a pistol?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you send for it?"

"I have it with me." Taking it from his pocket, he handed it to the lawyer, who examined it closely, and then said:

"I see that one barrel has been fired off. Did you discharge it?"

"I did."

"When?"

"I prefer not to say."

"What is the calibre of this weapon?"

"It carries a No. 32 cartridge."

"Did you ever see the weapon which Mr. Marvel had on the night of the trouble at the farm?"

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of pistol is it?"

"It is of the same pattern as this. There are five, to my knowledge, in Lee."

"Can you tell us who the owners of these weapons are and how it happens that they are all alike?"

"Besides mine they are four, owned respectively by Walter, Harry Lucas, Miss Marvel and Miss Lewis. Each has the owner's name engraved on the stock. About two years ago the ladies expressed a desire to learn to shoot, and Harry Lucas bought the pistols. The four would frequently meet and practise at targets. As to mine, I saw Walter's, took a fancy to it and got one."

"I suppose you all are fairly good shots?"

"All are experts."

At this moment the young man who had been sent for arrived, and Everly was allowed to leave the stand. The newcomer took his place, and Mr. Tupper questioned him.

"What is your name?"

"Joseph Harrison, commonly called Joe."

"Do you remember where you were last Sunday night?"

The witness hesitated and glanced toward Everly. To reassure him, the lawyer said:

"It is all right. You need not hesitate to speak. It was at Mr. Everly's request that you were called." At this he seemed much relieved.

"Oh! Very well! I met Everly by appointment at the saloon."

"At what time did he reach there?"

"At a quarter to nine by his watch, but ten minutes to nine by mine. We compared watches."

"Was there any special object in this meeting?"

Again did Harrison let his eyes wander toward Everly, but the latter held his head bowed on his breast, and gave no answering sign. The question was repeated and the witness answered:

"Yes, sir. He wanted me to take a letter for him."

"Did he have it already written when he entered the saloon?"

"No, sir. He wrote it after I met him."

"Where did you take this letter?"

"To Epping."

"Why could he have not sent it by mail?"

"Well, you see, I don't suppose as how it makes any difference, now that Mr. Lewis is dead. But at that time, they were trying to find Walter Marvel, and Will was afraid, if he sent a letter by the post, he might be putting the authorities on the right track."

"This letter, then, was addressed to Walter Marvel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you deliver it to him that night?"

"No, not till next morning. I put up at the hotel, and then hunted him up in the morning."

"Where did you find him?"

"His mother owns an old house down there. It is out of repair and ain't been used for years. But Walter keeps one room fixed up, so's when he goes hunting he can stop over night, and it was there I found him."

"Did Mr. Marvel read the letter before you, and did he make any remark?"

"Yes, and he said, 'Will is a good friend, and has done more for me than many would.'"

At this point Sarah Carpenter caused considerable excitement by jumping up and exclaiming:

"You are all going on the wrong track. Let me go on the stand again, and I will prove it." Mr. Barnes smiled quietly, and Burrows knew from the expression of his face that this was just what he had been counting upon. Her request being granted, the girl did not wait for the formality of questions, but spoke rapidly:

"I am sorry now that I did not tell all I knew awhile ago. I did hear the report of a pistol—yes, and more than one. I did not tell before, because I was afraid it was Will who had done the shooting. But now I know it was not. He left me at half-past eight o'clock to keep his appointment, and I went into the house to get my things on. We had been up at the barn. When I was ready to start for home, I found that I had lost my key. Thinking I must have dropped it in the barn, I went there to look for it. While there, and fully half an hour after Will had left me, I suddenly heard the report of a pistol, and then another, and I think a third, though I can't be sure. I know, though, that I ran to the door of the barn, and saw a man run across the lawn and down the road. I don't know why, but it struck me it was Will at the time, and that is why I have been so troubled ever since. But now I know differently, for, thank God, he has proved that he went straight to the saloon. You suggested to him that he might have committed this crime to serve his friend, but none of you see that, though he is innocent of having risked his life in that way, he is ready to risk it now by letting it seem that he is guilty, that no suspicion may attach to Walter Marvel. My God, are you all blind?"

CHAPTER IX.

INTERESTING TESTIMONY.

During the delivery of the statement made by Sarah Carpenter there was the stillness of death. Her words caused a profound sensation, and even after she ceased no one spoke, but eagerly waited to hear what those in charge of the investigation would have to say. The squire at length addressed the witness:

"You say it was about half an houg after you had parted from Everly when you heard the shots fired?"

"Yes, sir," said the girl eagerly. "I am certain it was as long as that, for I went to the house to get my things, as I said, and when I found that I did not have my key I looked all about the room first, and it was some time the room first, and it was some time barn. When I did, I had to get a lantern, and it was quite a long time after I got to the barn before I heard the shooting."

"Then, provided your estimate of the time which elapsed is correct, it must have been about nine o'clock when this occurred?"

"I am sure of it. I left just after and went home, and it was a quarter past nine when I wound my watch before going to bed."

"Miss Carpenter," said Mr. Tupper, "how is it that if you suspected your friend, Mr. Everly, you did not go to him and ask him about this matter?"

"I came over here yesterday for that purpose, but Will had gone to New Market."

"Was it snowing when you left the farm on Sunday night?"

"No, sir; it had stopped."

She was then allowed to retire, and Mr. Tupper called attention to the fact that her evidence had corroborated the detective's theory as to the time of the shooting.

The next witness called was Harry Lucas.

"Mr. Lucas," asked the squire, "do you recall the day on which Miss Lewis celebrated her birthday at Riverside?"

"Certainly. I was there," answered Lucas.

"Do you recollect the trouble between Mr. Lewis and Marvel?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly."

"When Marvel was leaving, did he utter any threat against Mr. Lewis?"

"He said some angry words. I should not care to state positively what they were. I was too much excited myself at the time."

"Do you recall what you yourself said to Mr. Lewis?"

"Not exactly, sir."

"Did you threaten him?"

"I don't recollect. I may have. I was very angry and quite excited."

"You have heard of the death of Mr. Lewis, I suppose?"

"I have, sir."

"Were you in Lee on the night of the murder?"

"I was."

"Did you tell anyone that you intended leaving town that night?"

Lucas remained silent.

"I have been told by several parties that you were heard to say that important business would call you out of town. Was that true?"

"I did tell several people that, but it was not true."

"I am to understand, then, that you told a lie?"

Lucas coloured deeply. "I did not look upon it in that way. I had good reasons for wishing people to think me out of town, and, under the circumstances, did not hesitate to speak as I did."

"Will you tell me what those circumstances were which would make you think it excusable to resort to a falsehood?"

"I would rather not."

The squire nodded to Mr. Tupper, who took the witness.

"Mr. Lucas," said he, "was it not because you intended to visit Riverside farm that you spread the story of your absence?"

Lucas made no reply.

"Did you not go to Riverside that night to meet a lady?" Mr. Tupper spoke slowly, and Lucas started and looked confused, but still persisted in his silence. The lawyer continued:

He seemed a little nervous as he saw the blood mark.

"Did you not meet a lady in the summer-house, and was not that lady Miss Lewis?"

"How did you know that?" blurted out the witness, at last aroused to speech and evidently amazed. Mr. Barnes smiled slightly.

"How I know is of small consequence," said Mr. Tupper, "but I will tell you. The detective has been all over the place, and as fortunately there was no snow on the ground the imprints of your feet left no room for doubt that there was a meeting between a man and a woman in that summer-house. All that was left was to discover their identity."

"And how have you done that—that is, if you have done so?"

"Do you deny that you and Miss Lewis met at that place and on that night?"

"I neither deny nor admit it."

"Perhaps you will later. You say you were in Lee. If not at the farm, where were you?"

"I was out for a time and then went home."

"Mr. Lucas, did you hurt yourself that night?"

"I believe not. How do you mean hurt myself?"

"Did any accident happen to you?"

"I don't recall any."

Mr. Tupper stooped and picked up a small paper-covered parcel, which he unrolled, and taking therefrom a man's white shirt handed it to Lucas and asked:

"Do you recognize that as your property?"

"I can't be sure," faltered Lucas.

"It has your name on it," suggested the lawyer.

"Where did you get it?"

"Never mind that. Just tell us if it is yours."

"It looks like one of mine."

"Exactly. Now, if you please, how did you get the blood on the wristband?"

Lucas examined the garment more closely, and seemed a little nervous as he saw the blood mark.

"I don't know how it got there," said he, and then, with some anger, added, "I won't answer another question till you tell me how you came into possession of this shirt."

"It was sent to your washerwoman on the day following the murder, and as she had heard of the crime she kept the blood-stained garment."

"Do you mean to say that you accuse me of killing Mr. Lewis?"

"I accuse no one, but I will remind you that it is the duty of every honest man to help and not to hinder the machinery of justice. If you are an innocent man, you should not hesitate to reply to my questions. That we may have no more evasion I will tell you at once that I know how the blood got on your shirt."

"How should you know, when I tell you I do not know myself?" asked Lucas, incredulously.

"The blood is your own. You were bitten by a dog," continued the lawyer. Lucas started in surprise. "You went to Riverside, and you were attacked by the mastiff."

"You seem well informed."

"I only state what is a fact." Then suddenly producing the pistol, "Do you recognize this weapon?"

At last the young man showed signs of distress, as he replied, more humbly, "Yes, sir, it is mine."

"It was found at the farm near the summer-house. Will you admit now that you were there?" Lucas made one last effort:

"I may have dropped it there at any time—"

"In which case," interrupted Mr. Tupper, "it would have been covered by the snow." Lucas now seemed to recognize that further attempt at concealment would be useless, and Burrows even thought that he seemed relieved, as though, in fact, he had been previously playing a part which little pleased him.

"You have the best of me," he replied. "Go on. I will answer your questions."

"Very well. You admit, then, that you went to the farm to meet Miss Lewis, and that you did see her?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what hour was your appointment with the lady?"

"A quarter to nine."

"Miss Lewis left you at the summer-house and went toward the river, did she not?"

"How do you know that?" Lucas was plainly very much surprised at the knowledge displayed by the district attorney, who, of course, had previously been posted by Mr. Barnes.

"Footprints," said Mr. Tupper, tersely.

"Oh, well! You are right."

"When did the dog attack you?"

"As soon as Miss Lewis left me I started for home, and the brute came for me."

"Did he bite you?"

"Yes, sir, on the arm." Drawing up his sleeve, he showed that his arm was bandaged.

"Ah! Then that accounts for the blood on the shirt, as I supposed. Now, then, Mr. Lucas, there is another matter. This pistol of yours has an empty shell in it. How do you account for that?"

"I used the pistol to defend myself against the dog, but he was too quick for me, and before I could aim at him he had buried his teeth in my arm. The weapon was then discharged."

"You are sure," said Mr. Tupper, speaking with great deliberateness, and looking Lucas straight in the eyes, "you are sure that you did not fire this pistol first, and that the noise did not attract the dog and make him attack you?"

"What should I have fired at?" asked the witness.

"Mr. Lewis, perhaps," continued Mr. Tupper, in the same, measured tones. Lucas seemed about to make an angry retort, but controlled himself and answered:

"The whole thing occurred as I have related it. As soon as the dog opened his jaws again I ran for my life, and, as I did so, I thought I heard two shots in quick succession."

As this seemed to corroborate the story told by Sarah Carpenter, Mr. Tupper paused in his enquiries, and the squire asked:

"Did you see who fired those shots?"

"No, sir; I did not think of looking around. I was too intent on getting away."

"Can you say about what time this shooting occurred?"

"I met Miss Lewis at a quarter of nine, and we talked till about nine, I should say. It was a few minutes after when I started to leave."

Mr. Tupper resumed the examination.

"Can you tell me who it was that Miss Lewis went to meet on the other side of the river?"

"Did she cross the river?"

"Her footprints were found over there and also those of a man. Now, you must know who that man is?"

"I don't see how that follows."

"Why did Miss Lewis have you meet her at so late an hour?"

"I do not think that this is my secret. I would prefer to have you ask the lady herself."

"I think we may do that, Mr. Tupper," said the squire.

"Yes, yes, squire, that will do quite well," replied Mr. Tupper, and with a nod the squire dismissed the witness. He then called for Miss Marvel. The young lady appeared and plainly showed that she was very nervous over the prospect of testifying.

"Now, Miss Marvel," began Mr. Tupper, "we are sorry to trouble you that we are compelled to examine in this matter, but it is so very serious everyone who by any possibility may be able to throw any light on the terrible crime."

"How should I be able to do so?" asked Miss Marvel, already alarmed.

"We do not know that you can," replied Mr. Tupper, hastening to reassure her. It was plainly evident that if anything was to be learned from this witness it would be by dint of the greatest care. "But," continued he, "if you do know anything we feel certain that you will not hesitate to inform us at once."

"But I tell you I do not know anything about it, except what I have heard."

(To be continued.)

Beggars are unknown in Melbourne. The poorest part of the city is the Chinese quarter.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

MOYIE, B. C.

UNPLEASANT.

Mamma Was Such a Strict Vegetarian Too.

"Charley, dear!" exclaimed young Mrs. Torkins.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband, who was so much alarmed by her manner that he nearly fell down trying to get his overshoes off in a hurry.

"It's about mamma."

"Is she worse?"

"No. But just see what the doctor has prescribed for her!"

"It's no use," he answered. "It's Latin, and all the Latin I know is Gallia est omnes divisa into three parts.'"

"I found out the meaning of it at the drug store."

"Well, I suppose the man could understand it and fill the prescription, and that's all you wanted, wasn't it?"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of letting him fill that prescription. Mamma would find it out, and she would never forgive me. You know I wouldn't think of playing a trick on mamma, even if I thought it was for her own good."

"Well, that's the doctor's business."

"But, Charley, that Latin prescription means 'liverwort.' The druggist said so."

"Well, what of it? I've taken the stuff by the pound."

"Of course, so have I. I think I had some with you, Charley, in a cute little German restaurant. But I wouldn't think of giving it to mamma, even after a prescription. You know, mamma's such a strict vegetarian!"—Washington Star.

Wants to Share Honors.

There was a disagreement, and the mother undertook to straighten things out.

"Why can't you play nicely?" she asked.

"'Cause he wants to boss things," answered the younger. "He wants me to play I'm president of the United States."

"Well, why don't you?"

"'Cause it's my turn to be Dewey. He can't be Dewey all the time."—Washington Capital.

Consternation Over a Darning Needle.

According to the story of an aged resident of Fitzroy, Ont., he well remembers the time when there was but one darning needle in that county, and the only mill was a day's journey distant.

One day a Mrs. Dickson, who chanced to have temporary possession of the darning needle and had it carefully stuck in her apron in a holder set off for the mill with a bag of grain laid on the back of a horse.

The good lady had a rough road to travel and unfortunately lost the darning needle. This was really a public calamity in Fitzroy. Nearly 20 housewives depended upon that darning needle for repairing socks and for other coarse mending. It passed from one house to another by special messenger, and every woman had the use of it one day in three weeks. Another darning needle could not then be procured nearer than Perth, a distance of 50 miles away.

Tidings of the disaster which had befallen Mrs. Dickson soon spread, and on the following morning a dozen women, some of them accompanied by their children and some by their husbands, turned out to search three miles of forest path. It seemed a hopeless task, but keen eyes were bent upon every portion of the highway, and at length one little girl espied it. A great shout was raised, and the good news was carried along the line of searchers. The party returned home, and the rejoicings in newly-settled Fitzroy that day were great.

Minards Liniment Lumberman's Friend

What She Meant.

"The idea of her having the nerve to claim she first saw the light in 1878!"

"I would not judge her too harshly. Perhaps she meant the arc light."—Indianapolis Journal.

Happy Tokens.

I sees de wes' a-burnin,
En de blue is overhead,
En de sunshine is a-turnin
Er de melon heart ter red!

En good Lawd sen' de weather
En spread de vi'let bod,
We'll all git home tergether
Whar de melon heart is red!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Unruly Waves.

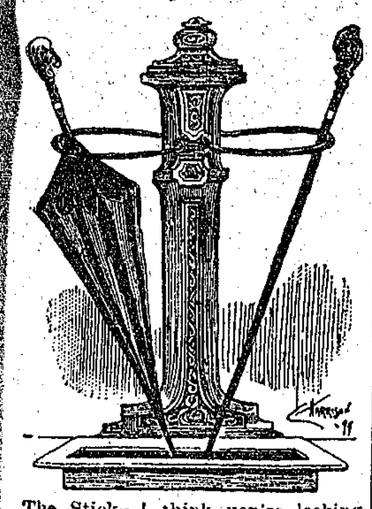
Comedian (during ocean scene)—What are the wild waves saying?

Manager—They threaten to strike if I don't raise their salaries.—New York Journal.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

No man can correctly estimate the true value of a woman or a gold mine, but thousands of men have gone broke trying to find out.—Chicago News.

Repartee.



The Stick—I think you're looking ever so much better.

The Umbrella—Oh, yes, I'm completely recovered, thank you!—Punch.

Asthma Cured

After Twelve Years' Suffering--Toronto Physicians Advised Leaving Her Home to go to Manitoba---Clarke's Kola Compound Cured.

Mrs. McTaggart, 80 Vanauley St., Toronto, writes: "I have been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for twelve years, which gradually grew worse each year in spite of the hundreds of dollars my husband has spent with several doctors, and almost every remedy we could procure, which only afforded temporary relief. For the past two years I could not lie on my left side, and during the past year previous to taking Clarke's Kola Compound the asthma became so severe that I had not had a full night's sleep, and during most of that time we had a doctor in attendance. We gave up several doctors, as I was becoming no better, and the last doctor, after about two months' treatment, told me he could do nothing for me, and advised me to go to Manitoba or some dry climate. We heard of Clarke's Kola Compound being a cure for asthma, and before taking this remedy made several inquiries from those who had taken it, and in each case found the result so satisfactory that we resolved to try it. After taking the first bottle I became much better, and began to sleep well at nights. Since taking the third bottle I have not felt the slightest symptoms of my former trouble. I have, during the past six months gained nearly 20 pounds in flesh and feel perfectly healthy in every way. I can assure you that I will do all in my power to induce any sufferer from this terrible disease to try it."

Certified correct by Peter McTaggart, Proprietor of Toronto Dairy Co.

A Wonderful Appetite.

The digestive power of the heron is remarkable, as well as its capacity and ability to swallow large fish, says Forest and Stream. The neck seems to expand as if made of india rubber—the fish slips down, and the bird is ready for another. In eating beef, large bones are swallowed intact. On one or two occasions after feeding beef this way, great alarm was felt, as the birds showed signs of great distress, but the uneasiness was soon calmed when the bird threw up a large bone, clean and white, the meat having been thoroughly digested.

In eating catfish they instinctively pierce it with their strong beaks, until there is no question in their simple minds but that it is harmless. If in their hurry to swallow their food, it goes down the throat covered with sand or trash, they immediately eject it, carry it to the water and, having rinsed it well, swallow it again.

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

Bullet Proof Game.

Peasant—Are there many changes in your hunting parties?

Forester—Yes, there are a good many different sportsmen, but it's always the same hare.—Heitere Welt.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPENT.—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

The Real Patient.

The convalescent author consented to receive the reporter.

"I am progressing very nicely," he replied in answer to the usual query, "but how is the public?"

"The public?" asked the reporter.

"Yes. Has it rallied fully from the poetry written about my illness?"—New York World.

The Dudes Klick.

Cholly—It's a beastly shame, baw Jove, faw an Amewican girl to mawwy one of those English swells, doncher-know.

Algy—Yaas; especially when we get up such good imitations ovah heah.—New York Journal.

Doubted Him.

He—Give me one kiss that I may cherish it forever.

She—Is that all you can say in proof of your love—that if I kiss you you won't give it away?—Indianapolis Journal.

A TONIC FOR THE DEBILITATED.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

Desperation.

The nervous man had gone from corner to corner in a vain effort to guess at which corner the motorman, endowed with lordly authority by his superiors, would next consent to take on passengers. At last he sat down on a fire plug and exclaimed:

"I wish we'd have another blizzard!"

The people who heard glared indignantly, and one exclaimed:

"What do you mean by wishing any such wish as that?"

"I know it seems inhuman. I appreciate the disagreeable features of such an occasion as much as anybody, but a blizzard is the only thing I can think of that is dead sure to stop one of these cars."

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

The Intelligent Jury.

Law court stories were especially attractive to Hicks, and he told many of them. His great story, which was almost a dramatic sketch, was of the acquittal of a Cornish doctor who was charged with the murder of his mother-in-law by mixing arsenic with a dish of rabbits and onions, which he gave her for supper. The setting of the court, the swearing of the jury, the speeches of counsel, and the judge's charge were all related by Hicks with marvelous humor.

The climax to the fun was the confabulation of the jury as to the verdict they should give, and their individual reasons for returning a verdict of acquittal—from the juryman who "didn't hold with old 'oman eating rabbits and onions for supper" to the juryman who declared that "it wasn't a ha'po'th of odds to him, and 'twas but an old 'oman."—Cornhill Magazine.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

Alpha Separator Shaft Breaks and Plays Havoc.

A frightful accident occurred at the Elgin Creamery, at this place, last Wednesday morning, which, by good fortune, caused very little damage, considering the circumstances. It seems almost a miracle that no one was killed.

The separators had been started for the day, and had just got under full motion, when Geo. Segar, who was attending to a belt near by, noticed that one of the separators was making a peculiar noise and was not acting just right, and he called to his brother, J. W. Segar, who was in the weigh-room. The latter then started from the weigh-room to the floor which the separators were on, and had no more than reached the bottom of the steps when the air was filled with all kinds of flying iron, shoe steel, etc. Some of the missiles struck J. W. in the head, and inflicting several wounds and bruises and knocking him senseless. He was immediately taken to his home and medical aid summoned. A careful examination showed that the wounds were nothing of a very serious nature, although the side of his face and his head was quite badly scratched and bruised.

The damage was caused by the breaking of the shaft to the separator close to the bowl and leaving the bowl free while revolving at the high rate of 6,000 per minute. It tore the casing and covers of the separators into small pieces, and it was these which did the damage. The bowl jumped around the room quite lively before it stopped and left its marks good and deep wherever it struck. Parts of the casing were found imbedded in the walls all about the room, and several pieces went through an inch door near at hand.—Dairy report, April 7.

Doubtless.

The Husband—It is very bad for you to carry your pocketbook in your hand.

The Wife—I suppose you think it would be better if you could carry it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Sore Back or Side

Is promptly relieved of all pain by using Griffiths' Menthol Liniment. This remedy immediately penetrates to the painful parts, relieving in a few minutes. Menthol Liniment is superior to plasters of any kind for lame back, pleurisy, cold on chest, etc. All druggists, 25cts.

Why Not Use a Toothpick?

Yeast—You say your neighbor is a mean man?

Crimsonbeak—Mean is no name for him! Why, he takes his soup with a fork, so it will last longer!—Yonkers Statesman.

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."

"Talk" Won't Build Roads.

We've heard it stated, "Talk is cheap!"
So while the mud is two feet deep
In many highways of the land
The people scold to beat the band.
But very likely, by and by,
When summer comes, and roads are dry,
The ones who now put up a bluff
Will say, "Our roads are good enough!"
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Women Need Not Suffer

From those terrible side aches, back aches, headaches and the thousand and one other ills which make life full of misery.

Most of these troubles are due to impure, imperfectly filtered blood—the Kidneys are not acting right and in consequence the system is being poisoned with impurities.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

are daily proving themselves woman's greatest friend and benefactor.

Here is an instance:

Mrs. Harry Fleming, St. Mary's, N.B., says: "The use of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to complete health. The first symptoms I noticed in my case were severe pains in the small of my back and around the loins, together with general weakness and loss of appetite.

I gradually became worse, until, hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box from our druggist.

I am pleased to testify to their effectiveness in correcting the troubles from which I suffered.

Permanent Cure of Salt Rheum.

The permanent cure after permanent cure that is being published week by week has placed Burdock Blood Bitters far above all other remedies in the estimation of the sick and suffering.

Even the severest and most chronic diseases that other remedies fail to relieve yield to the blood purifying, blood enriching properties of B.B.B.

Salt Rheum or Eczema—that most stubborn of skin diseases, which causes such torture and is so difficult to cure with ordinary remedies—cannot withstand B.B.B.'s healing, soothing power.

The case of Mrs. Jas. Sanderson, Emerson, Man., shows how effective B.B.B. is in curing Salt Rheum at its worst, and curing it to stay cured.

This is what she wrote:

"Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Salt Rheum three years ago. It was so severe that my finger nails came off. I can truly say that I know of no more valuable medicine in the world than B.B.B. It **cured me completely and permanently**, as I have never had a touch of Salt Rheum since."

Dear Brooms.

Householders will have to make up their minds to pay more for their brooms. On account of the short crop of broom corn last fall the price of the article has soared up until it is now 200 per cent higher than it was five months ago. Wire and twine, which also figure in the cost of brooms, have advanced in price. Manufacturers of brooms have already made three advances in prices since January 1st last, and the prospects are that the end is not yet. There is a shortage of over 15,000 tons of broom corn and until another harvest, say Nov. 1st next, the price of the article will be very high.

Tit for Tat.

Zimmerman, the eminent physician, was sent from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the King said to him, "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?"

This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor, but the dose he gave the King in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery:

"Not so many as Your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

Alfred A. Taylor, of Margaree, says: 'One bottle MINARD'S LINIMENT cured a swelling of the gamble joint and saved a horse worth $140.'

Thos. W. Payne, of Bathurst, saved the life of a valuable horse that the vet. had given up, with a few bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

A Mistaken Impression.

"Did you hear about the speech I made just before the close of congress?" inquired the returned statesman.

"We read it out loud down to the store," answered Farmer Corntossel.

"Ah! What did you think of it?"

"Well, we didn't blame congress fur makin up its mind to quit an go home."

National Binder Twine.

Maple Lake Station, Ont.
March 10th, 1899.

NATIONAL FARMERS' CO., TORONTO.

Dear Sirs,—I received the National Binder Twine, which we are well pleased with. It is good, also the 14-karat gold-plated watch. We think it is lovely, and gives good satisfaction. With thanks. Yours truly,
GEORGE WAUGH.

Ground For a Pension.

"What grounds have you for asking a pension?"

Applicant—Why, when the engagement began I lost my head.—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

Realism.

When the realistic artist
Got thirsty at his work,
He seized his facile pencil
And deftly drew a cork.
—Detroit Journal.

The winners of the sewing machines in the Royal Crown Soap Co.'s competition for the week ending May 6th are as follows: Winnipeg, Lizzie Anderson, 302 Gwendoline St.; Manitoba, T. Mutrie, Macdonald; N. W. T., Mrs. Frank Terry, Whitewood. This competition will be discontinued after the 29th of this month, when the last drawing will take place. All persons having coupons and wrappers must have them in before that date.

To Make Real Estate Move.

"He has donated a site for a public bath."

"Yes; he hopes to start a movement in real estate in that section."—Detroit Journal.

Poor Papa!

Tommy—Mamma, why have you got papa's hair in a locket?

His Mother—To remind me that he once had some, Tommy.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Ask for Minard's Liniment and take no other.

E. CARTLY PARKER
12 ADELAIDE ST. E., TORONTO.
MEMBER OF THE STANDARD MINING EXCHANGE.

ALL STANDARD BRITISH COLUMBIA, ONTARIO AND REPUBLIC STOCKS DEALT IN ON COMMISSION.

I am offering some attractive money making stocks just now. It will pay you to keep in touch with me. CODES: Bedford McNeill's, Clough's, Moreing & Neals.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

I Must have the genuine, The imitations look very nice, but they hurt my delicate SKIN.
THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO'Y.

NATIONAL
POWDERED PHOSPHATE
THE BEST FERTILIZER KNOWN

RESUSCITATES worn out Lands, IMPROVES Good Lands and makes the Best Lands BETTER.

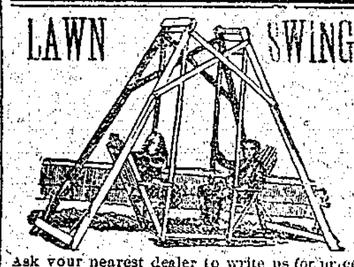
Cheaper and better than Bluestone as a preventative of Smut and Rust, besides increasing the quantity and improving the quality of the Crop.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY DISTRICT IN CANADA.

NATIONAL FARMERS' CO'Y, TORONTO, ONT.

Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND JAVA AND MOCHA
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

LAWN SWINGS



Ask your nearest dealer to write us for prices
THE H. A. NELSON & SONS CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL, QUE.

BRITANNIA, BEAVER and BUFFALO are the finest India and Ceylon TEAS packed. Put up by MacKENZIE & MILLS, Winnipeg

When buying—Why not get the best?

STEPHENS' PURE READY MIXED PAINT

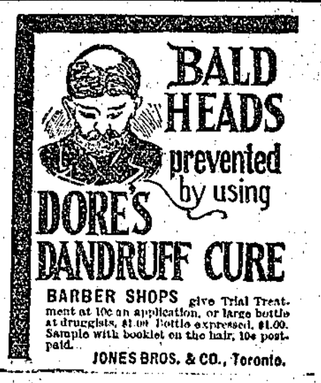
Made with MANITOBA LINSEED OIL.

For inside and outside House Painting, Floors, Ceilings, Walls, Roofs, Elevators, Granaries, Metal or Wood.

Reliable Paint for all purposes.

Sold by UP-TO-DATE Hardware Dealers.

MANUFACTURED BY
G. F. STEPHENS & CO.,
WINNIPEG.



BALD HEADS prevented by using DORE'S DANDRUFF CURE

BARBER SHOPS give Trial Treatment at 10c an application, or large bottle at druggists, $1.00. Bottle expressed, $1.00. Sample with booklet on the hair, 10c postpaid.
JONES BROS. & CO., Toronto.

R. A. LISTER & CO., Ld.,
232 King St., WINNIPEG.

CREAM SEPARATORS: With one of our Separators you make as much butter from 8 cows as you can from 10 or 12 without one—make it better—rear better calves, and save a great deal of time and labour. Our Separators stand twice the wear and tear of any other separator and *never fly off the handle.*

GASOLINE ENGINES: afford all the convenience as a Power in country places that electricity does in cities. We handle the best and most moderate in price and install them with our own experts. Capacities 1 to 20 Horse Power.

TREAD POWERS: We are sole agents for the St. Albans. One Horse Powers kept in Stock. Let that herd pony do the separating, churning and pumping, and you will live longer yourself.

FACTORY FURNISHINGS: Churns, Butter Workers, Butter Boxes, Cheese Boxes, Egg Cases, Color, Bandage, fine Dairy Salt, etc., etc. Several car loads just arrived.

Write for prices and particulars.

Can't Get Away

And you Can't Get Away from the FACT that

WHITE STAR BAKING POWDER

Is What You OUGHT to use BECAUSE of
IT'S PURITY
" STRENGTH
" CHEAPNESS.

25 CENTS PER LB. CAN.

THE DYSON-GIBSON CO.

BINDER TWINE.
SELECTED MANILA
HIGH GRADE MANILA
(All made this season from Pure Manila Hemp)
Ask for Prices and Samples. Special inducements to carload Buyers.
THE INDEPENDENT CORDAGE CO. (Limited), Toronto.
Manufacturers of Manila and Sisal Binder Twine and Rope of every description.

Correspondence

Instruction given by mail to those who cannot attend college. Full particulars on application to G. W. DONALD, Sec. Winnipeg Business College.

SUFFERING WOMEN

I can cure permanently all diseases peculiar to women, such as displacements, inflammations and ulceration of womb, painful, suppressed and irregular menstruation, leucorrhœa, etc. WRITE for FREE BOOK.
Mrs. Julia B. Richard, Box 996, Montreal, Que.

REID'S PIANOS

In touch, tone and finish they have no equal.

Correspondents wanted in every town to act as agents.

REID BROS., 257 King St., West, Toronto.

HIGH GRADE PLOWS, SEEDING MACHINES, Carriages, Wagons, Barrows, Windmills, &c. COCKSHUTT PLOW CO., Winnipeg.

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL
Importers of Groceries
Write us, Hamilton, Ont.

Circle Teas
L. S. & B. Coffees
L. S. & B. Extracts
L. S. & B. Spices

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

SMYTH & MUSGRAVE, - - Publishers.
F. J. SMYTH, - - - - Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year.....$2.00.

All communications to the editor must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith. Advertising rates made known upon application.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1899.

Moyie needs a jail, so that when men who become intoxicated and incapable of taking care of themselves may be locked up and looked after until such time as they recover their senses.

A small army of working men can now be seen morning noon and night going to and from their work. Moyie is rapidly assuming an unprecedented air of activity and her payroll is increasing as each week passes.

Silvertonian: Hewitt Bostock is making himself solid with the people of Moyie and Grand Forks. His plain talk in regard to the way the Canadian Pacific Railway is treating these places touches a responsive chord in the breasts of his constituents, and has a welcome sound, coming from a chamber which appears to to be dedicated to the land grabbing monopoly.

The acquiring of the Lake Shore mine by the Canadian Gold Fields Co., and the favorable indication of the Gooderham-Blackstock syndicate securing a controlling interest in the St. Eugene, means that the principal mines of Moyie are becoming the property of some of the strongest companies operating in British Columbia. It means that they will be worked on an equally large scale with the same companies' mines in the Rossland district. With this the case an exceptionally bright future is in store for Moyie.

The practice of running freight trains through Moyie at a breakneck speed should be stopped. Not only that, but the bell which is attached to the engine for the purpose of giving warning while passing through town is seldom heard. Trains passing through the main thoroughfares of a town are supposed to slow down and be under the complete control of the engineer. He should be able to easily bring his train to a standstill within half the length of itself. Where the track runs up the center of a street, as is the case in Moyie, the chance for accident and the caution which should be exercised by trainmen become increased. While Moyie is not a recognized town by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., it is a town, nevertheless, and that corporation must be taught to treat it as such. The LEADER respectfully calls the attention of Superintendent Marpole to this matter.

Fast Overland Train Service.

Fast overland time will be inaugurated by the Canadian Pacific on the 18th of June. Daily trains will leave Montreal at 9:30. An additional fourth day train known as the "Imperial Limited" will also be run. Big improvements will also be made in the Kootenay and Crow's Nest branch, and close connection will be made at Dunmore, both east and west bound trains, with Kootenay Landing train. West bound train will reach Kootenay Landing in the evening, eastbound in the morning. The service between Nelson and Kootenay Landing will be performed by steamers at night.

Prompt service will be given between Nelson and Rossland. Connections with Arrowhead boats at Robson for both directions will be made at 7 p. m. Overland passengers will have the option of going via. Crow's Nest or main line.

This does not apply to the sleeping car portion, as via. Crow's Nest line berths will have to be paid for on the steamer as occupied. Berths in steamers between Kootenay Landing and Nelson will be one dollar. Lake steamers at Fort William will connect with the "Imperial Limited."

Under the new regulations trains going east will reach Moyie about 8 o'clock in the morning, and going west about 5 o'clock in the evening.

CRANBROOK Will Celebrate

DOMINION DAY.

A magnificent program is being prepared consisting of

Horse-races, Foot-races, Indians wrestling on Horseback, Bicycle-races, Base-ball Foot-ball, Etc., Etc.

CRANBROOK extends a cordial invitation to the people of the district to be present on that day and join in the jollification.

The C. P. R. will give reduced rates for the Occasion.

A Boon to Moyie!

The stock of the MOYIE SUPPLY CO. has been sold to Messrs. Campbell & Reid, who are putting in a full stock of Groceries, Tobaccos, Pipes, Boots, Shoes and Clothing, and who will be prepared to give the citizens of Moyie everything required in these lines at a close cash price. Give us a call.

Moyie Supply Co.

NOTICE.

Take notice that a meeting of the Board of License Commissioners for South East Kootenay will be held at the Court House in the town of Fort Steele on the 15th day of June, 1899, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to consider the following applications for liquor licenses:

Glencarin Campbell, Moyie Hotel, Moyie, hotel license; Victor Desaulnier, Central Hotel, Moyie, hotel license; A. P. Brenner, Alberta Hotel, Moyelle, hotel license.

H. W. BARNES,
Chief Inspector.

Just Opened

With a choice stock of Confectionery, Fruits Cigars, Pipes, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, Playing Cards and Fishing tackle.

Fresh fruits and green vegetables on every train.

Laronde Bros. MOYIE.

If You Want Anything

IN THE DRUG LINE OR ASSAYERS' SUPPLIES,

Call on or write

W. F. TEETZEL & CO.,
NELSON, B. C.

JOB WORK

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

LEADER - OFFICE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date we intend to apply to the Gold Commissioner of South East Kootenay for a license to sell liquor at retail in our premises at Moyie known as the Lake Shore Hotel in the mining division of East Kootenay, B. C.

Dated May 31, 1899. McCRACKEN & MOORE

MEN WANTED!

To buy clothing and gents' furnishings to

AT LEAST

To the amount of

$3.50 Per Day.

PRICES RIGHT.

MOYIE CLOTHING COMPANY.

Queens Ave., MOYIE, B. C.

GEORGE JOHNSON

Assayer and Metallurgist.

MOYIE, B. C.

NEW JEWELRY STORE.

High grade watches a specialty. A nice line of engagement and wedding rings, broaches, blouse sets, bracelets, chains, etc. Orders by mail solicited. All work and goods guaranteed to give satisfaction.

W. F. TATE,
CRANBROOK, B. C. JEWELER.

S. W. MURPHY,

Painting, Paper-hanging, Kalsomining, etc., etc.

Estimates Furnished. MOYIE, B. C.

Are You Insured?

FOR

FIRE, LIFE OR ACCIDENT,

CALL ON

McVittie & Hutchison, Post Office

Assessment Work Contracts Taken.

Parties wishing to have assessment work done on claims in the vicinity of Moyie, will do well to consult or write the undersigned for terms. Work left in my care will be promptly attended to, and satisfaction will be guaranteed. S. A. SCOTT.

HOTEL FOR SALE.

The Lake Shore Hotel in Moyie is for sale. The building is 26x52 in size; has 10 bedrooms, bar room, office, dining room and kitchen; furnished throughout and in a good location. For further particulars apply to CLAYTON, MANUEL & CO., or to NELSON; J. M. LINDSAY, MOYIE.

"R 77"

Is the Only Cure Specially Prepared FOR

Try a Bottle | KOOTENAY Coughs and Colds.....

Sent by Mail 50 Cents.

R. E. BEATTIE,
Druggist, CRANBROOK, B. C.

Thorpe's

FAMOUS

MINERAL WATER

DIPLOMA AND MEDAL AT WORLD'S FAIR.

THORPE & CO.

FACTORIES

Victoria, - Vancouver, - Nelson.

Hill & Co.

Are showing a most complete stock of Dress Goods, Ready to Wear Shirts, Tailor Made Costumes, Corsets in blue, pink, black and white; Shoulder Capes in chiffron and velvet; also fancy slippers for ladies While in Men's wear we excell in Hats, Shoes, fancy shirts and Ties, and Nobby Suits.

While in Cranbrook call and inspect our stock.

HILL & CO.,
McInnes Block., - CRANBROOK.

BOX 98. PHONE 8.

GROCERIES.

That is what we sell. We carry everything in that line, both staple and fancy. Our stock is the largest in Nelson; our prices the lowest; our goods the best. Special attention to mail orders. Write us.

Try Three Star Flour.

M. DesBrisay & Co.,
ABERDEEN BLOCK. NELSON, B. C.

THE LAKE SHORE Barber Shop.

Corner Victoria St. and Queen's ave.

W. A. HAMILTON, Prop.

PATRONIZE WHITE LABOR

By Sending Your Work To the

Lake Shore Laundry.

PHILIP CONRAD, PROP.

GOOD WORK. PRICES REASONABLE

Park, Mitchell & Co.'s

SAW AND PLANING MILL.

All Kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber, Sash, Doors and Shingles...

FOR PRICES APPLY OR WRITE

G. R. MUIR, Mgr.

MOYIE, B. C.

RIESTERER & CO.'S BREWERY.

—BREWERS OF—

IN KEGS AND BOTTLES.

FINE LAGER BEER AND PORTER...

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. Riecstrer and Co., Props. NELSON, B. C.

FOR FINE

Wines and Choice Brands of Cigars,

ADDRESS

California Wine Co.,

NELSON.

Fort Steele Mercantile

COMPANY. (LIMITED.)

We carry complete lines of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware.

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

AT WHOLESALE

Cranbrook, — Fort Steele, — Wardner.

WHEN IN CRANBROOK CALL AT THE

PIONEER

HARDWARE STORE

And see the largest stock in East Kootenay. We have everything you require in shelf and builder's hardware, paints, oils, glass, stoves and tinware. Tinshop in connection.

G. H. MINER, Prop., CRANBROOK.

JOHN LEASK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

CRANBROOK.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed. Special Attention Given to Mail Orders.

Suits Made to Order.

MOYIE - BREWERY

JOSEPH NEIDERSTADT, Prop.

Lager beer sold by the Keg or dozen bottles.

Bottled Beer in Stock....

Outside Orders Given Strict Attention.

KAUFFMAN HOUSE

MOYIE, EAST KOOTENAY, B. C.

The above hotel is neatly furnished.

Board $5.00 per week
Per day $1.00 and up.

The bar is supplied with the best brands of Liquors and Cigars.

A. L. McKILLOP,

ASSAYER,

NELSON, B. C

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY —AND— Soo Line.

CANADA'S NATIONAL HIGHWAY | The Short and Fast Route to and From KOOTENAY COUNTRY.

Pacific to the Atlantic.

Sleeping Car Route. Tourist Cars leave Seattle daily for St. Paul. Wednesdays for Montreal and Boston. Mondays and Fridays for Toronto.

First Class Sleepers on all Main Line Trains

Opening of Navigation.

First steamer from Fort William 9th May, thereafter every Tuesday, Friday and Sunday.

Connecting trains from Moyelle Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Apply for Rates, Maps, Time Cards, Tickets and Full Information to Nearest Local Agent, or

ROBERT KERR, Traffic Manager,
WINNIPEG.

W. F. ANDERSON, T. P. A. Nelson. E. J. COYLE, D. P. A., Vancover

Be sure our ticket reads via. C. P. R.

Colonel has become discouraged