THE MOYIE CITY LEADER.

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MOYIE CITY,

AN IDEAL TOWNSITE For Business and Pleasure; as a Residential Locality Unequalled.

Situated on Moyie Lake. Excellent Fishing, Boating, Bathing and Shooting.

BACKED BY PAY ROLLS

St. Eugene, Lake Shore, Moyie

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

The Busiest and Most Talked of Town in EAST KOOTENAY.

G. CAMPBELL, Moyie City, B. C.

The Central Hotel.

MARTIN FOLEY & CO., Props.

The House is Equipped in First Class Style Throughout. Large and Commodious Dining Room. Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars can be had at the Bar.

Headquarters for Commencial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, — — — MOYIE CITY, B. C.

Lake Shore Addition

OF

MOYIE CITY.

An Ideal Townsite Most Picturesquely and Delightfully Situated.

The Future Cœur d'Alene of East Kootenay.

Backed by payrolls of the St. Eugene, Moyie and Lake Shore mines.

For Further Information Apply to

LAKE SHORE ADDITION TOWNSITE CO.

MOYIE * HOTEL.

G. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

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

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MINING MEN.

MOYIE CITY, — — — BRITISH COLUMBIA.

INSPECTING THE MINES

The Provincial Mineralogist Is Here.

W. F. ROBERTSON IS HIS NAME

He Is Much Surprised at the Large Bodies of Ore and the Amount of Development Work Done.

W. F. Robertson of Montreal, who has been appointed by Col. Baker, in his capacity of minister of mines, to the important position of Proviocial mineralogist, is here inspecting the mines and securing data generally for his annual report which will make its appearance in a few months.

Yesterday, in company with Chas. Farrell and James Cronin, he examined the St. Eugene mine, carefully going over the different workings on the group and noting the amount of development work done, the quantity and quality of ore, etc., after which he inspected the Lake Shore, Queen of the Hills and Moyie. As is the case with everyone who examines those now famous properties, Mr. Robertson was surprised at the wonderfully large bodies of ore in sight. In fact they greatly surpassed his expectations. He pronounces the ledges on the above named properties as being true fissure veins in a slate formation. Today he will go across the lake and look over the mines and prospects which are situated in that vicinity.

After leaving here Mr. Robertson will visit the Dibble mine and the North Star and then proceed to the Wild Horse and Golden districts. The inspection of the St. Eugene yesterday was the first work he performed in the capacity of Provincial mineralogist.

Mr. Robertson is an expert mining engineer, and has held important and responsible positions as such in the United States, Spain, Africa and Mexico, and comes highly recommended.

COL. BAKER AT HOME.

Soon Make a Lecturing Tour Through East Kootenay.

Last Sunday afternoon Hon. Col. Baker, who is today one of the most popular, prominent and able men to be found in public life in British Columbia, returned for a few hours' rest in his old home in Cranbrook before engaging in the duties of a political campaign.

Despite the arduous work of the different cabinet positions he holds imposes upon him incessantly, especially during the session just closed, working late every night, the colonel is in good health, although fatigued; but the latter will wear off with a couple of days' rest in the invigorating air of Cranbrook, when the colonel will proceed to inform the people of South East Kootenay of the great work accomplished by the government in putting the country in a prosperous condition and also to demolish what belief may yet remain in the minds of a few regarding the misleading statements and even deliberate falsehoods, in some instances, set afloat by an unscrupulous Opposition, who have everything to gain and nothing to lose. This will simply be a picnic for the colonel.—Cranbrook Herald.

C. & W. Contract Let.

The contract for the construction of the extension of the Columbia and Western railway from Robson to Midway has been let. McKenzie & Mann, the well known contractors, Foley Bros. of St. Paul and Peter Larson of Helena, are the contractors, having pooled their interests and taken the contract as one firm. The estimates put the price of the 100 miles of road between $3,500,000 and $4,000,000. It is one of the largest contracts ever let in the west and it is doubtful if there is another single 100 miles of railway in the west that has cost so much per mile as this line will cost. The great expense is due to heavy rock work.

McMAHON BROS.

GENERAL MERCHANTS.

Hardware, Clothing, Groceries.

MINERS' OUTFITTING A SPECIALTY.

—PROPRIETORS OF—

THE EAST KOOTENAY HOTEL,

The Only Up-to-Date Hostlery in East Kootenay.

MOYIE CITY, - - - BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Merrimac Sunk.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—This morning at eight o'clock the American squadron began the bombardment of the fortifications of Santiago de Cuba, and a lively cannonade ensued for two hours, which silenced the Spanish batteries. During the skirmish an American collier was sunk by a Spanish boom in the Santiago channel, and now blocks the exit of the Cape Verde fleet. One officer, one engineer and six sailors were made prisoners by the Spaniards.

Washington, June 6.—Advices have been received that the Spanish Torpedo boat Terror has been sunk near Fort Antonio by the United States battleship Oregon. No particulars.

Two Rich Strikes.

Two rich strikes have been made this spring on the Moyie river, about four miles south of here. The Dewey group, which is owned by Martin Foley, Dan McDougald and Thos. Eader, has a good strong ledge of galena, which is greatly improving under the work they have been doing on it.

W. H. Murphy and Frank Sage also have a claim on the same ledge which they report has a very promising surface showing. They are quite sanguine over their prospects, feeling satisfied they have a bonanza.

Struck the Lake Shore Ledge.

While the men on Haskins' work were excavating for the railroad grade in the south end of town last Tuesday they uncovered a vein of rich galena ore, being a continuation of the Lake Shore ledge. The find is on the Lake Shore property and proves to the owners that they have nearly 400 feet more of a ledge than they had heretofore anticipated. They will soon commence to drive a tunnel close to where this recent discovery was made.

The J. D. Farrell Sunk.

The steamer J. D. Farrell, the largest and most substantial boat plying ing the Kootenay river between Jennings, Mont., and Fort Steele, ran on a rock in the canyon near the former named place last Monday, which stove a hole in her side for a distance of 20 feet. She went to the bottom shortly afterwards. No lives were lost. She was loaded with ore from the North Star mine when she went down.

Mr. Peterson Here.

P. A. Peterson, chief engineer of the C. P. R., and Theo. Knowlton, M. J. Haney's assistant, were through here the fore part of the week inspecting the road. Mr. Peterson is confident the steel will be laid here by August, unless some unforseen conditions arise. He was favorably impressed with Moyie City and her beautiful surroundings.

Book and Stationery Store.

C. Mair of Fort Steele is here establishing a book and stationery store. He is having the room on the south side of the Moyie hotel fitted up with shelves and counters for that purpose, and is putting in a large stock of the latest books, magazines and periodicals.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

J. M. McMahon went to Kuskonook this week.

R. Balfour was here this week looking after his bridge work.

The railroad grade is nearly completed through Moyie City.

R. Criddle of Nelson was in the city the latter part of the week.

A movement is on foot to establish an athletic club in Moyie City.

J. I. Booge of this place was in Fort Steele the greater portion of the week.

The safe for the new East Kootenay hotel arrived here last Tuesday.

G. Campbell went to Cranbrook last Wednesday, returning the same day.

A. T. Clark was up to his Oneallow ranch inspecting it the fore part of the week.

E. H. Small, Sergeant Clopp and L. E. Salter this week purchased Conrad Comtois' pleasure boat.

Vice-President Shaughnessy of the of the C. P. R., is expected in Moyie City within a few days.

Mrs. Robt. McMahon of Sifton was in Moyie City the greater portion of the week visiting friends.

Work on the railroad bridges across the Moyie river near the head of the lake has been commenced.

Judge Cranston held his first session of court last Wednesday since being appointed to the office of justice of the peace.

Finch Bros.' barge has been completed and is now doing service on the lake for freighting purposes, being towed by the Echo.

The long looked for machinery for G. R. Muir's saw mill, near here, has arrived, and the mill will be ready to put in operation next week.

W. G. Bateman and Dan Chisholm have their dairy in operation and made their first trip to Moyie City with milk yesterday morning.

Divine service will be conducted by Mr. McPherson in the dining room of the Moyie hotel on Sunday evening, June 12, at 7:30 o'clock. All are invited.

Rev. R. J. McPherson has been absent from Moyie City for some time past, and has been holding services at the diferent railway camps west of here.

Judge Fraser left here Wednesday morning with a supply of provisions for his mining property between Swansea and Cranbrook, where he will begin development work.

While Chas. Diamond and A. M. Hogg were out hunting and fishing last Tuesday they killed a bald eagle which measured five feet from tip to tip.

J. M. Simpson of Swansea will shortly commence running a stage line from Fort Steele in connection with the boat on Moyie lake. He will also carry the mail.

Chas. Farrell and his brother, Tim Farrell, returned last Wednesday from the Sullivan hill country, where they have been for the past few weeks doing assessment work.

J. Wilmshorst, one of the pioneers of Moyie City, returned yesterday from Fort Steele after a few months' absence.

Dr. Brodie, the railway company's physician was here last Wednesday. He and Dr. Watt have entered into partnership, and hereafter regular weekly visits will be made to Moyie City by either of the gentlemen.

E. H. Taylor, the well known surveyor of Fort Steele, was here last Wednesday to run the line for the water ditch for the proposed St. Eugene concentrator, but it was decided to defer the work for a few weeks.

The Hon. Col. James Baker will be met at Swansea this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, and will make a political speech at the Moyie hotel in the evening at eight o'clock. Turn out and hear his views on the political issues of the day.

S. W. Ramsey was tried before Inspector Saunders last Monday on the charge of "rolling" a railway laborer the night before. He was found guilty and given a six months' sentence. Sergeant Clopp took the prisoner to Fort Steele the following day.

S. W. Murphy and J. E. Musgrave, with violin and guitar, gave the residents of Moyie City a musical treat last Sunday evening out on the lake a short distance from shore. The sweet strains of music had a charming effect as they gently wafted through the breezes.

HON. COL. BAKER

Will Speak at

The Moyie Hotel

TONIGHT

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP.

Public Meetings.

The Honorable Colonel Baker will have much pleasure in addressing the electors of Southern Kootenay at the following times and places; and begs to invite the Opposition candidate to attend any or all the meetings.

Thursday, June 9th, at 8 p. m., in the Opera House at Fort Steele.

Monday, June 13th, at 8 p. m. at Wardner.

Friday, June 17th, at 8 p. m. at Coal Creek.

Wednesday, June 22d, at 8 p. m., at Moyie City.

AUCTION SALE.

Of Land Adjoining Moyie City, South East Kootenay.

A portion of Lot 2803, Group 1, Kootenay District, containing four and a half acres, more or less, will be sold by auction at the Government office in Fort Steele on Saturday, the 18th day of June, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Terms, ten per cent, to be paid at the time of adjudication and balance in sixty days.

Plan can be seen at the government office, Fort Steele, and at the office of the chief commissioner of lands and works, Victoria.

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Government Agent.

5-3 Fort Steele, B. C., 4th May, 1898.

WALSH CREEK NO GOOD

So Says R. McComb, an Arrival from That Locality.

BUT LITTLE COLOR FOUND

Major Walsh Is Much Interested in the Diggings Along the Creek Which Bears His Name.

"The Walsh creek finds are a delusion," says R. McComb, of Seattle, one of the passengers who came down on the steamer City of Seattle. "I wouldn't give $5 for a certified claim on either Walsh creek or Lake creek, or, as it is sometimes called, Yuba creek." Mr. McComb has been encamped for the greater part of winter at Little Salmon, near Judge McGuire and party. He remained there several weeks after the judge left, leaving for the coast on February 15th last. On his way out he stopped at Walsh creek, which, he says, is situate about four miles below Big Salmon. He found a vast army of prospectors working and searching for prospects all through the gulches of this district. Some were finding color, it is true, but nothing to cause a stampede.

At Lake creek, ten miles below, on the other side of the river and running into the Lewis, claims of rich strikes were also made, the first reports being that gold was found there going $22 to four pans. This, however, had been proved to be a falsehood. A stampede has, as in the case of other reported finds, taken place to this creek, and in places color is being found, but not in sufficient quantities to pay. "Of course," he continued, "when spring softens the earth and the prospectors get below the surface, they may find something, but during my search I failed to find sufficient indications to induce me to go back and prospect." There were 175 claims located on Walsh and Lake creeks up to March 17th. Mr. McComb says, though, but few claims, in fact, in many cases they have not turned a shovelful of earth.

Major Walsh, Mr. McComb says, and his brother, Phd. Walsh, are greatly interested in the diggings to which the latter gives his name. In order that the recording of claims might be facilitated, Inspector Staines, of the N. W. M. P., has been stationed at Lake Labarge at which point the claims located in this district are recorded.

Cut in Two.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Vancouver World, which appears in another column. That journal, owing to the fact it now possesses the latest and most approved appliances for producing its several editions—daily and twice-a-week issues—announces a reduction in its subscription terms, which practically amounts to a cut in two, on previous rates. The World being an up-to-date newspaper is always enterprising and the step now taken cannot fail to make it an acceptable purveyor of news and welcome visitor to its numerous patrons. The type from which it is printed is set by machinery—there being four Linotype machines in operation in the composing room. The printing press is a web one, turning out complete copies at a rate of 150 a minute or 9,000 copies per hour from stereotyped plates and off a large roll of news print paper. This is the only newspaper printed outside of Toronto, in the west, on a press of its construction and with such rapidity. It is a sight well worth seeing, and when in Vancouver make it your business to give The World office a call. All will be welcome and the whole process will be fully explained. Read the advertisement.

As a result of the railroad war a great many people have flocked to the coast cities and are now making a fruitless search for employment.

The Le Roi company shipped from their mine to the smelter at Northport last week 1000 tons of ore. The Iron Mask shipped 80 tons to the same smelter and 200 tons to Nelson.

Alleged Humor.

Guest—What is that over there?

Waiter—That's Spanish pudding.

Guest—What on earth do you put so many raisins in it for?

Waiter—Them ain't raisins. Them's bullets.—New York Press.

Guest in Restaurant—Say, where's those mashed potatoes?

Waiter—Shake up de Pingree flirtation!—New York Press.

Miners' Supplies.

We are the only house in the city that can supply a Complete Miners' Outfit without going outside of our own stores. We have two large stores, Boots and Shoes in one and Clothing and Furnishings in the other. A Liberal Discount will be made to parties getting their supplies from us. Don't buy cheap goods for the Klondyke or you will be sorry; cheap goods weigh just as much as poor ones. Information and maps of the mining country. Don't buy until you have examined our stock and prices. Gilmore & McCandless, Victoria, B. C.

THE PEACEFUL REST.

"Rather well," the voice replied,
"He died two hours since hath died.
Will sister bid passion, pain or pride?"

"Will he obey when one commands,
Or answer should one press his hands?
He answers not, nor understands.

"His palms are folded on his breast.
There is no other thing cares so well
Let being dispirited merge into rest.

"His lips are very mild and meek.
Shall one who shall kiss him on the cheek
And on the mouth, he will not speak.

"His little character, whose sweet face
He kissed, taken his last embrace,
Becomes dishonor to our race.

"His sons grow up that bear his name,
Some grow to honor, some to shame—
But he is dead to praise or blame.

"He will not hear the north wind rave,
Nor morning horn call sighter from the grave
From winter rains that beat his grave.

"High over the vapors fold and swim,
Above the crests the twilight dim,
The place he knew forgetteth him."

—Tennyson.

A DREAMER.

He opened his eyes. Everything looked as he had imagined and hoped it would look. On the wall opposite in a black frame hung the picture of a snow-storm from The Illustrated London News of half a dozen years ago. By his bedside stood the table, with a tumbler of water and a bowl of fresh flowers—lilies of the valley. On another table by the window burned a dim light. Here were a medicine bottle, some few articles always found in a sick room, a couple of books, more flowers and a roll of white linen.

In a low chair near the dim light a woman sat. He could see only her head and a narrow outline of her face. Her head was thrown far back against the pink cushion. Her hair looked brown, streaked with gold where the light touched it. Her dress was black. He could see the corner of a white apron and the curve of a white collar and soft, white cuffs against small, white hands.

He wished he could see more of her. He was afraid to move lest she heard him. Evidently she was young. That was good. Was she also beautiful or even pretty? Would she be soft and gentle and patient with him or hard and stern and matter of fact? How peaceful it was in this little room in the center of the great, silent hospital! Such peace he had never felt before in his life, though he had often sought it. No one could come and worry him here, or stare at him, or ask him stupid questions. He did not care now whether he grew better or worse so long as he could lie in the silent room, with the picture of the snowstorm on the wall, and the lilies by his side on the table, and the nurse asleep in the chair, and everywhere the calm and the peace. Always even better than his room at home. There his mother or his sisters and his brothers would have continually come and looked at him and asked him how he felt, and why he was so stupid, and why he was different from other people.

Here none could worry him. He was safe.

What time was it? Evening probably, or perhaps night.

No light came through the blind and the gray, drawn curtains. He could hear no sounds from the street, not even the distant roar of traffic which never ceases.

Should he speak to the nurse and see what she was like? He very much wanted her to be pretty. He still clung to the stupid idea that if she were pretty she would be kind—and forgiving. Did she know all about him, all that other people knew or thought they knew? Would she forgive him? But he did not need forgiveness. He had done nothing wrong. She would only consider him like other men. Well, that would be better than thinking him "so different from everybody else." He was quite tired of hearing he was "different."

He turned on his side again to sleep.

The nurse heard him. She rose and came to the bedside and bent over him. "Are you comfortable? Do you want anything?"

He opened his eyes gratefully. The voice was low and deep and soothing. The thought also came to him that it was a forgiving voice.

"No, thank you, nurse. I am all right. I was just thinking how—how quiet and nice it was here. What time is it? Nighttime surely?"

"It is early morning, nearly 3 o'clock. You will hear the sparrows awake soon and begin to chirp and chatter in the trees beneath your window. Will you drink this medicine now?"

He smiled. "Yes, if you like. But the knowledge has come to me that medicine is no good. I don't suppose I shall live long. I don't want to live. I have nothing to live for. My ideals I have found only ideals. My dreams will come to nothing. I only want to—I seem to want to make my peace, to come to an understanding with some one or something."

"Hush! You must not talk. There, I will make your pillow comfortable and smooth your sheet."

"I must talk, nurse. I will talk. Do you know I have been awake a long time? I have been lying looking at you. I was wondering if and hoping you were pretty. I am so glad you are. I used to think, I believe I still think, that beautiful women have beautiful minds."

"Hush! You must not talk. You will grow excited."

"Nurse, you know I cannot live long? Well, let me be happy"—he gave a sort of sob laugh—"be happy for a few minutes. Let me talk just for once. I have been silent all my life. I have thought all my life. I never found any one to talk to—except Ruby, and she ran away with another man. That was because I was poor. Bring over your chair and sit beside me. Ah, that is right. I am glad you are kind and understand me. I suppose you know how I first became ill and my quarrel with my relatives? Of course it is [illegible] fault. I ought not to have been different from my brothers. You see, I was a bit of a dreamer. I read too many books when a boy, and I preferred painting pictures to studying law and writing stories to sitting in a London office. I dreamed a good deal, and I never went about too a little my brothers did. I don't know why I did not. My sisters petted it. They were jolly girls, kind hearted, and that sort of thing. But they didn't care for my mother, quiet ways. If my brothers came home late from a fellow's rooms, they used to let them in and help them to their rooms and say nothing about it. They thought it rather good sport and were annoyed with me because I didn't ever step out late or get mixed up in a row or drink too much.

"I never found any one who took an interest in things I liked. Because I wouldn't go into the lower medicine or I suppose I was [illegible] out from home, [illegible] I don't know. Ah, I am glad. I wanted to tell some one why I failed and all that before I died, and you seem—well, I thought I could work and live with my pen and keep my dreams and ideals to myself. Force, I tried. I tried hard. I had money at first. Life seemed gay and jolly. But I kept straight. That was one of my ideals, because I felt sorry—I sort of felt all women were sacred, and unless I loved one—so I kept straight.

"But a London lodging is not inspiring. I began to long for my books and flowers and my comfortable room. I began to long to see my brothers' and sisters' faces. I asked if I might come home and work in my old rooms. I received no answer. I got depressed. My ideals got mixed. Nothing seemed real except vice.

"One night I got drunk with the lights and the noise of London. I supped at a big restaurant, principally on champagne. I met her that night. I never cared for her, and I had cared for others and passed them by. She loved only gold and jewels. She was a lump of ice. Well, I froze my ideals with that lump of ice.

* * * * * * *

"I wandered about town, tired of everything. I was ill. I grew worse. Then they found me and took me home. How they worried me! How they plied me with questions! How they stared at me! Why was I so different from others?

"I, too, began to ask myself that question. The first time I slip I break my neck, but my brothers make it their business to slip—gracefully and carefully.

"For a long time they kept me at home, always worrying me, trying to make me talk, trying to make me 'sensible.' Then, at last I made them bring me here. And at last I am happy.

* * * * * * *

"There! What have I been saying, nurse? You must not think too badly of me. At the worst I am only a fool. Hark, it is dawn. Do you hear the sparrows chattering? It reminds me of the country. I can see the light light stealing through the gray curtains, and the wind is shaking the blind to and fro.

"Would you read to me, nurse? I don't suppose you have a 'Swinburne?' He used to be my favorite poet. It was he who made me dream, I think. Nurse, I wonder why I have never been able to talk to any woman as I am talking to you before?"

Then he lay for some time silent, listening to the sparrows and the wind rustling the curtains together.

The nurse had risen. She stood opposite the mirror and gazed at herself. She loosened the hair on her forehead a little, so that the wavy curls fell naturally on either side. Then she crossed to the bed and bathed his temples with some slightly perfumed water, and gave him a clean, cool pillow for his head, and set the lilies by his side.

"I, too, used to read 'Swinburne'—he turned surprised—but that was long ago, when I used to dream. Dreams are bad and foolish. We were not meant to dream in this world."

"No," he replied wearily. "I suppose not. But dreams are the only beautiful things in this world. Do you remember, 'Ah, God! Ah, God! That day should be so soon?' That is what I feel now. You won't leave me, will you, nurse? Wait until it is quite day. I am afraid my mother might come to see me, and I never feel comfortable when she is near me. I feel afraid. It is so stupid."

"All right. I won't leave you." She took his hand in hers. She knew his hours were few.

And she wondered why God had always let him meet the wrong women. If she had met him before, perhaps—

If thoughts were similar. "Nurse, I wish I had met you before."

She hesitated a moment. "So do I." She touched his forehead with her soft, scented handkerchief.

"What do you mean?"

"Perhaps we might have both been happier."

"Then you are not happy? Poor little nurse!" His hands gripped hers harder. "Nurse, I wonder—would you—kiss me—directly? It is not wrong or strange to ask you to kiss a dying man, is it?"

"No, dear." She kissed his forehead. His eyes caught hers. She bent again and kissed his lips.

* * * * * * *

"It must be 10 o'clock, nurse. Hark, there is some one coming! Don't let any one in, nurse—until I am gone—and hold my hand tightly—because it hurts a little, does death. Let me smell those lilies. They remind me of Ruby. She was a wicked woman, nurse, but I was fond of her, poor little thing, because it wasn't her fault. Hold me tighter, and—kiss me again. It is good to have some one to love. Nurse, don't let them in—until I am gone; they will say I am so different. Nurse!"

"Yes, dear?"

"You are there, that is right. Give my love to—everybody. Tell them I wanted to help and— Nurse, where is that picture of the snowstorm gone? I can't see it up there now—and I can't see your pretty face. I only see that woman—the lump of ice—so cold!"— His voice slipped away, his eyes closed. God gave him back his dream.—Exchange.

Persistent Zola.

When Emile Zola heard that he got only four votes this time in the election of members for the French academy instead of eight the last time, he said: "What! I have really four! I am surprised, for I never expected it, having taken no part in the poll. The election was arranged beforehand, and therefore it was useless to pay any attention to it. To tell the truth, these academic elections have no effect on me. I confine myself to putting up for every seat vacant, and then I wait to see the results without the slightest emotion. Of course I shall continue a candidate, but I not longer pay the traditional visits. I paid them once, and that is enough. I am again a candidate for the seat of Jules Simon. As regards that of M. Challemel-Lacour, the customary period of mourning has only just expired, and I shall wait a few days more before coming forward for [illegible] in this way. [illegible] it will lead me to goodness only knows."

All Foreigners.

The Philadelphia North American quotes the saying of a man who is disturbed about the future of his native land.

Mr. Banner—The foreigners are getting an awful hold in this country.

Crusty—They are indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the convention yesterday, and every one of them was a foreigner.

An Important Discovery.

Biffers (reading)—Science now recognizes a condition called "intoxication by radiation." Many cases of drunkenness are cited in which the victim had touched nothing stronger than lightly been in the company of drinkers.

Wallace—Dig that out. I want to show it to my wife.—Pearson's Weekly.

ON EDMONTON ROUTE

An Aged Miner Tells a Tale of Suffering.

PARTY WAS WELL EQUIPPED

Left Great Falls via. Edmonton but Forced to Return After an Awful Trip 400 Miles.

James Bourke, an aged miner, was adventurous enough to undertake a trip in the middle of the winter from Great Falls over the Edmonton "back door route" to the Yukon, says the Spokesman-Review. He failed to get through, as scores of others have failed on that perilous journey. The Rossland Record, in telling the story of Mr. Bourke's hardships, refers to the Edmonton route as the "Spokane route," in spite of the fact that the Spokane route does not pass within hundreds of miles of Edmonton, and goes through a level country, with none of the dangerous passes or stormy lakes that make the Edmonton back door route all but impassable.

The story as it appears in the Record is interesting both as another account of suffering experienced on an impossible route and as on the part of the newspaper. It is in part as follows:

"If the story of old Jimmie Bourke tells is true, the Spokane route to the Klondyke via Edmonton is like the Russian convict's way to the prison mines of Siberia. Northward-bound gold hunters who choose that course this summer to penetrate the magic circle of the Yukon will find the way strewn with skeletons—gruesome mile-posts—representing the lives of ill-advised adventurers who went before.

"So far as Jimmie Bourke is concerned, he is prepared to say that the much advertised Spokane road is a snare that leads into the jaws of death. He is a guest at the Grand hotel, having arrived in the city four days ago. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, 72 years ago, but since early childhood has lived on this continent.

"In November last he wrote to friends in Montana that he was going to the interior of Alaska. They advised him to return to Great Falls, where they would outfit and together go overland via Edmonton. He took with him a dozen Arctic dogs, and the party of nine, including himself, started for the Klondyke.

"They had provisions to last eight months, and were well equipped otherwise. They succeeded in going about 400 miles north of Edmonton, when they despaired of ever reaching the lakes, lost faith in their compass, and abandoning the bulk of their outfit began a retreat to Edmonton. There was no route, no trail. It was more guess work than anything else.

"On the way back Thompson, one of the party, became exhausted and died. They buried him in the snow as best they could. This was about 200 miles the other side of Edmonton. They met Dr. Brown's Chicago party, which was well equipped, going in about 120 miles from Edmonton.

Canadian Pacific

Railway
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Effective on Mona, November 22, 1897

WESTBOUND				EASTBOUND		
PM	PM	PM		PM	PM	PM
No. 3	No 3	No 3		No 2	No 4	No 6
3:45	9:00	...	ROBSON	... 8:00		2:30
5:00	2:00	10:00	TRAIL	7:00	12:55	4:15
	3:15	11:15	ROSSLAND	6:00	12:00 m	

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F. GUTELIUS, Gen. Sup.

COLUMBIA & WESTERN RAILWAY

SCHEDULE

Effective on Mona, November 22, 1897

WESTBOUND				EASTBOUND		
PM	PM	PM		PM	PM	PM
No. 3	No 3	No 3		No 2	No 4	No 6
3:45	9:00	...	ROBSON	... 8:00		2:30
5:00	2:00	10:00	TRAIL	7:00	12:55	4:15
	3:15	11:15	ROSSLAND	6:00	12:00 m	

No's 1 and 2 connect with C. P. R. main line steamers, and trains to and from Nelson at Robson.

No's 3 and 4 are local trains between Trail and Rossland.

No's 5 and 6 are local trains between Trail and Robson. No 6 connects with train No 4 from Rossland. All trains daily.

F. GUTELIUS, Gen. Sup.

LASSIE WI' THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

Lassie wi' the golden locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Will thou wi' me tent the flock?
Will thou be my dearie, O?

Now nature deeds the flowery lea,
And a' is gaiety and gay delight,
Oh, wilt thou share its joys wi' me
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

And when the welcome summer shower
Has cheered the drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O!

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray
And talk o' love, my dearie, O!

And when the howling wintry blast
Disturb my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O!

Lassie wi' the golden locks,
Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
Will thou wi' me tent the flocks?
Will thou be my dearie, O?

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GRIS LAPIN.

I was wandering, gun in hand, in the forest when I saw a stone cross. I had been so long away from the country that this cross was new to me. The gossip of the little hamlet on the skirt of the woods was Taupet, who had once kept the village cafe and was the barber of the country, but he was too old now to exercise either calling. I knew Taupet could tell me all about that cross. Meeting him next day, he gave me with much detail the story of Gris Lapin.

They called the man Gris Lapin because of his beard, which was thick and gray, and he had prominent teeth—and did monsieur notice the prominent teeth of M. de Blenville, the master of the hounds? He was not of this country, this Gris Lapin, but from Brittany, and was once valet de chiens to the Comte de Blenville—with his hounds and his other distinctions. The count had to sell his estate, and he went in hiding, nobody knew where. As for Gris Lapin, he would not take another place. He loved his freedom and to live after his own pleasure, and he set up as a woodcutter, a business at which he was very expert—too expert perhaps, for the forest keepers, who suspected him of felling more wood than he paid for, but for a long time they could prove nothing against him.

He would often come to my little cafe, and we became great friends. He told me he had a wife in Brittany and a son there named Eustase, and that in the neighborhood lived Mlle. Agnes, the Count de Blenville's daughter, who was being cared for by her aunt. Sometimes Gris Lapin would quit the forest and go to Brittany.

It was Gris Lapin who brought us the news of all this, and soon we heard how the chateau yonder was newly furnished and furbished up and the comte's old debts paid off, and presently we heard of nothing but M. de Blenville and Mlle. la Comtesse. And the new housekeeper at the chateau was no other than the wife of Gris Lapin, and their son, the little Eustase, was running about the place, a fine playfellow for Mlle. Agnes, who had now come back to her father's house. The count had married a rich wife, but it turned out that the new countess had no love for her stepdaughter. All the lady thought of was to get rid of Mlle. Agnes—by marrying her off to some rich man. Eustase—that was Gris Lapin's boy—was going to school, and was to be brought up to be a priest. He studied Latin and all that kind of thing. Gris Lapin did not like the idea of the boy becoming a priest. "Make him a soldier," said he. But Gris Lapin's wife and her mistress insisted that Eustase showed a disposition to be a cure, and it was arranged so that he was shipped to the seminary. The fact is that Gris Lapin already a great deal of brandy and was not exactly a reputable sort of a father.

Now, as ill luck would have it, when Eustase came home from his vacation, madame had gone to her own estate in Brittany, and the count had taken the opportunity to bring home his daughter from the convent to give her pleasure, and our young monsieur must needs become enamored of this fille, Agnes. You see, Eustase had taken no vows, and so, when it was found out that the boy and the girl cared for one another, there was a precious row, and mademoiselle was packed off to a convent and the lad to the seminary.

Then the war with the Prussians took place, and M. le Comte went into service, and after awhile the Germans were here in force, and a Prussian general had his headquarters at the chateau.

What was Gris Lapin doing? Cutting wood for the Prussians and earning a good bit of money. The fact is, my own little place of entertainment was doing a deal of business. Sometimes I said to Gris Lapin: "Take care, the count may hold you responsible some day for all the wood you are cutting. Watch out, the count may have somebody looking to his interests."

Well, one day a man came into my place—there were ever so many Prussian soldiers there—and he was dressed like a peasant, with his bill hook hanging at his girdle, an honest woodman, as it would seem. Some of the soldiers laughed and made faces at him and called him Herr Crapaud. But he did not seem to mind. A quiet, middle aged man, his resemblance to Gris Lapin struck me at once, only he was younger in the face, though his hair looked grayish. Then suddenly he said, "M. Taupet, will you cut my hair?" "Walk into my back room," said I. You see, these Prussians dreaded spies and were very suspicious. No sooner was he seated in my barber's chair than I noticed that his hair was powdered, so as to give him an older look. Says he at once: "I am Eustase. Find me some way of getting into the chateau. I cannot ask my father to help me. He must not know I am here. I saw him as I came here. My father was drunk and was fraternizing with our enemies."

Then I was sure the Germans were watching us. Now, a sudden inspiration seized me, and I said aloud: "Yes, they buy chickens at the chateau, and if you had any pigeons you could sell them. Any kind of poultry is in demand." Then I noticed that Eustase started. "Pere Taupet," said he in a low voice, "that guess about pigeons was a dangerously good one. Look!" And opening the bosom of his blouse, he showed me a white carrier pigeon there, one of the true Antwerp breed.

"But tell me about the chateau and Mlle. Agnes?" he asked.

I gave him the last news. "They are all well," I said. Then he told me that he was no longer a seminarist, but had taken up arms in defense of France; that he had been promoted lieutenant if he would undertake a dangerous service, and it was to find out the exact force of Prussians in this province. That he had three pigeons and that two of them had been loosed, and the third, with the final news—the most important—was to be sent to the grand headquarters.

I managed somehow that Eustase had entrance to the chateau and you may fancy what joy there was when he narrowly escaped the pretty Agnes, poor little pigeon fancier who had brought the birds for the kitchen. Such information as Eustase obtained he wrote and put in a quill and attached it to the pigeon, and I think madame herself carried it to the upper window of the chateau and let it fly, and the bird winged her way right over the forest. And now Eustase said to Agnes, "You have won for me the cross and my epaulets." But just then they heard a whistle.

The evening Gris Lapin came to my place and I told him about his son and he could hardly believe me. And as we were talking together in a low voice we heard the sound of a military party—tramp, tramp, tramp—and behold there, coming along at the double, an armed guard of Prussians with a prisoner in the middle of them, his hands tied behind him, as pale as death, with a strange glazed look in the eyes. "Take a poor fellow whom they have caught sending messages to our army by a carrier pigeon, heaven bless him," somebody said. And at that Gris Lapin staggered forward and threw himself among the soldiers with a loud cry, while the prisoner turned his head. "Mon pere," he cried, springing toward him as well as he could, but the soldiers urged him along with their bayonets and drove away Gris Lapin with blows, and he fell backward among us more dead than alive.

It was terrible! The young man was to be shot. The countess and Mlle. Agnes were to be carried out of France. The pigeon which had been shot had told the whole story. That evening Gris Lapin came to see me. I tried to comfort him, but he bade me hold my tongue, for that I knew nothing about the matter. "That might be," I said, "but I know this much—that if I knew the traitor who had betrayed him I would do my best to strangle him with these two hands of mine." At this Gris Lapin dashed at me, tearing the wrapper from his brawny throat. "Do you say so? Then strangle me, for I am the traitor!"

He had shot the pigeon and had taken it to the Prussians and sold it for 50 francs with the little bullet it carried. "Yes, I have sold my son's life," he groaned. "Well, I am going away—I am going to take charge of mademoiselle and my wife. They need never know," looking at me fiercely. "No," I said, "they need never know—nor anybody else, for that matter. I should not believe you!" "You will not betray me," repeated Gris Lapin, "but you will not touch hands upon that!" "No," I said, drawing back. "I will not." At that his mood changed and he flung himself into the operating chair and bade me light my lamp and shave his beard. In a new country he would be a new man.

And behold he had a new man with his gray beard taken off and his hair shortened—a much younger man, for his hair was still black, only speckled with gray. When I had finished, he mounted up his face, saying with a bitter laugh that it would not do to take a chill. "And now," he said, "I am promising five minutes with my son. It will be a pleasant interview, do you not think?" with a hollow laugh that made my blood run cold. "And before daylight tomorrow," he continued, "I shall be far away from here and we shall never meet again. Will you not touch hands?" "My friend," I said, "may heaven forgive you, but I cannot take your hand." And Gris Lapin turned away and was lost to sight in the darkness.

I slept soundly enough that night, for whatever people's troubles may be one must work and work brings the boon of repose. But just before daybreak I was aroused by the soldiers who were billeted upon me, turning out. I got up to see what was the matter, when a sergeant, catching sight of me, made signs to me in a rough, authoritative way to take up a spade and follow him. I turned sick at what was going to happen, but these were people not be trifled with, and I marched away to the forest with the rest.

It was in this little clearing, monsieur, where the firing party was drawn up, with one solitary figure stripped to his shirt standing before them. I flung myself down on the ground and buried my face in the moss, and the volley rang out loud and clear. And then the firing party marched off, and I was left with the sergeant, who was carelessly pacing up and down, and who motioned to me to dig the grave. But first I went up to the body to close the eyes that were staring wildly, with, I fancy, some little consciousness still left in them. But the face was quite different from what I expected—with the marks of my own razor upon it and a gash that I made in my agitation the night before! It was the face of Gris Lapin. Ah, how I pressed his hand, and I fancied that the numbed fingers feebly returned the pressure! His crime was expiated, he might rest in peace. And, ma foi, I should like to lie here myself, with the sound of the ax in the distance and the wood pigeons cooing. But that is all folly, for when we are dead, what matters?

Mind, I do not believe for a moment that the young man thought that he had left his father to die. He could not think it possible that they should shoot one man for another. Nor would they have done so but for the ruse of Gris Lapin in having his well known beard taken off. But, anyhow, the young man escaped, and the guard did not recognize the change. And perhaps he does not know to this day, for when the war was over none could say what had become of Gris Lapin. And I also held my peace, for I thought that such would be the wish of my old comrade.

But M. Eustase got his epaulets, after all, and in the end le comte gave his permission that he should marry Mlle. Agnes. And madame, who was at first very angry, was afterward reconciled, and when she died—both she and le comte are now dead—she left the bulk of her fortune to the young couple. And so the little Eustase is now M. de Blenville and hunts the forest like a grand seigneur, but some of us remember that, after all, he is the son of Gris Lapin.—All the Year Round.

Before the Table.

Archbishop Magee was once present at a full dress debate on the eastward position, when doubts were expressed as to the exact meaning of the words "before the table." After a speech or two Dr. Magee seized a piece of paper and wrote: "As to the phrase, 'The piper that played before Moses,' doubts have arisen. Some believe its meaning to be that the piper played before Moses—that is, at a period anterior to his birth. Others hold that the piper played before Moses in the sense of preceding the great lawgiver when he danced; while others teach that the piper played (coram Mose) before or in the presence of Moses when the son of Amram dined. All these are wrong. The phrase is to be understood as implying that the piper played at the north end of Moses, looking south." The document was handed up to Archbishop Tait, who looked grave.—San Francisco Argonaut.

CUPID IN THE RAIN.

Just a little cloud with him
Floating silvery o'er the lilies
Where they stood,
"It will rain," he whispered. "Dear,
Let us find a shelter here
In the wood."

Then the silver drops came down,
Smote the swaying emerald crown
Of the tree;
But the snugly sheltered pair
Watched the heavy downpour there
Lovingly.

And he held her lily hand.
Why? True lovers understand.
This I know.
When the sun peeped from the sky,
Pretty maiden seemed so shy—
Doubtless so.

Here the twain were lingering,
After birds began to sing,
For an hour.
And she whispered tenderly,
"Who knows, darling, there may be
Another shower!"

—Brooklyn Life.

A MISTAKE.

Zona Sheldon was looking the European tour. Her education was finished, and she and her mother had spent the last two years in travel. Zona's mother was a wealthy widow, and Zona was an only child.

The important subject under discussion in the October morning which brings them to our notice is an invitation to be present at the wedding in the north of England.

But here was a dilemma. Mrs. Sheldon was so indisposed as to be unfit for the journey, yet she did not wish Zona to stay at home. Mrs. Sheldon had a firm belief that it was a perilous undertaking to travel in a compartment car unless there were so many passengers that there was no possible danger of assault.

Alarming raw one morning at the King's Cross station anxiously scanning the carriages to make sure of one well filled and at least one or two ladies in it. At last she saw one that met her requirements, and, slipping a coin into the hand of the guard, she entered.

The train steamed out of the station, and Zona took a survey of her fellow travelers. There was a family—father, mother and three children, an elderly lady, two business men, and in one corner a man whom she did not particularly notice.

For awhile she looked out of the window, admiring the flying landscape. Then she produced a book and began to read. Anon a new sensation stirred within her. She drew out her dainty little watch and looked at it. Twelve o'clock and 20 minutes. Two hours since she had started.

She laid down the book and opened the little lunch basket; then she drew off her gloves, tucked them in the pocket of her jacket and began to eat. The man in the corner took this opportunity to read the title of her book.

"Biglow Papers," I know she's an American. I can see it from the tip of her nose to the toe of her little boot. I didn't know before that eating was one of the fine arts."

Zona, all unconscious of his scrutiny, finished her dinner, returned to her book, and fell asleep for awhile. She did not know when some of the other occupants of the compartment got out, and about 4 o'clock she was roused by hearing the mother of the family say: "Wake up now, Tillie! Wake up! We get out at the next station."

Zona looked about with a start to see the October day darkening down and realize that when the family party should leave the train she and the man in the corner would be the only occupants of the compartment.

For a moment Zona was possessed with an insane desire to scream, and only by a strong effort controlled herself. The man in the corner, who up to this time had not moved from his seat all day, now rose and walked to the other end of the car.

He reached under the seat and took out a small hand satchel, which he opened. Was he going to get a revolver? No, it would be a knife. A revolver would make too much noise. She watched him with fascinated eyes.

He took out something small and slipped it into the pocket of his coat. Soon he rose again and sauntered to the far end of the car. He lit a taper, bent down and was engaged with something. What was it?

Zona put her hand to the window and made a desperate effort to open it, that she might be ready to call the guard. The man heard and turned. He came quickly forward. "Allow me," he said.

"Oh, no, thank you," said Zona hastily. She felt sure he had discerned her purpose, and that there was a covert menace in his tone.

"What a powerfully built fellow he is!" went her thought. "What a villainous countenance! One can see he is a desperate fellow. I am sure he is looking at my ring."

Now, the ring was a very beautiful diamond, given to Zona by her mother, and Zona, with a disregard of conventionality, wore it on the finger which is usually set apart to carry the signal of engagement.

Therefore his thoughts were: "Engaged! Well, I don't wonder. She surely is the loveliest girl I ever saw. I wonder who the happy fellow is? What can be the matter with her, though? She doesn't look a bit like she did the first part of the day. I've a notion to speak to her. An American girl isn't likely to be so squeamish as a native. Here goes."

"I beg your pardon," he said aloud. You look wearied. Do you go much farther?"

"An Englishman wouldn't speak without an introduction, thought Zona, if he hadn't some design.

It was some little time before the question was answered, for she was making a calculation whether if she told him that her journey's end was near he would be likely to make the best of his time and attack her immediately, or whether he might perhaps abandon his purpose altogether. So some time had elapsed in the uncertainty when she said, "I don't know, sir."

Zona again attempted to open the window, and this time with success. Soon the darkness increased and the hollow rumbling told that the train had entered a tunnel. All at once she felt a sharp sting and a shriek from her mingled with the yell of the engine as it gave vent to its joy at emerging into daylight again. The man was at her side.

"I beg pardon for intruding. Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

Zona thought his anxiety was caused by fear lest the guard might have heard her scream. At the same time she became conscious that the pain was in her right eye. A cinder from the open window had lodged in it.

"If you would let me," said the stranger, producing from his pocket a handkerchief.

"Chloroform!" flashed through Zona's brain, and she shrieked out: "No! Don't come near me!"

"Poor thing!" thought the would-be Samaritan as she must suffer dreadfully."

The man subsided into his corner and Zona, with her eye fast swelling, bitterly repented her temerity in taking the journey.

And then came a long whistle. The man in the corner rose and snatched up his satchel. The guard unlocked the door. "Newcastle, ma'am. You're at your journey's end." And he picked up her valise.

Will Zona Sheldon ever again know such a sense of relief, or will any other face ever be so welcome to her as was that of the burly guard as he made this announcement to her? She was safely on the platform and a coachman, narrowly watching the passengers, stepped up to her saying, "Mr. Mowbray's carriage for Miss Sheldon."

"I am she," she said, in a voice which her mother would not have recognized.

He opened the door and Zona, stepping into the carriage, sank back on the cushions and burst into hysterical tears.

The man, who had been in the corner, standing with his satchel in his hand, gave a low whistle as the sight met his gaze through the window. Walking forward to the coachman, he said: "Give me a lift, Riley. I guess I'll ride with you."

"All right, Mr. John," said the coachman, lifting up the satchel. "Come down from Edinburgh, sir?"

"Not directly, Riley. Let me down at the gate, and don't tell them I've come. I want to have a bit of a joke with them."

"All right, sir."

"So that is the injured young lady who is to be bridesmaid tomorrow and stand up with me! If I'm not much mistaken, she will be in no condition to stand up."

In Louise's snug room the prospective bridesmaid recounted her woes and was pitied and comforted and assured that she should not be allowed to go back alone.

"Cousin John Pierpont, who is going to be best man, is going down, and he will see you safely back. You know he is an American, a graduate in medicine and has been studying in Edinburgh. He is going to spend this winter in the London hospitals, and I know you will like him. I hear a bustle now. I believe he has come. Will you excuse me till I go down and see?"

"Oh, Louise, dear, you must excuse me from dinner. I can't go down with this horrible black eye."

"Zona," said Louise as she came in after dinner, "Cousin John thinks you had better let him examine your eye. He says it is dangerous to let the inflammation run on, and he thinks it will be quite well tomorrow if you get a good night's rest."

"Well, if you wish it. I don't want to spoil your wedding, after all."

"Miss Sheldon, my cousin, Dr. Pierpont," said Louise as she ushered in the doctor. Zona, whose vision was much impaired by the sore eye, did not recognize him as the man in the corner. He merely bowed.

"A clean pocket handkerchief, Louise," he said cheerily.

At the sound of his voice Zona looked up quickly. A twinkle shone in John Pierpont's blue eyes.

"Now, Miss Sheldon, one moment and it is out," he said.

"What instant relief!" exclaimed Zona.

"Thank you, doctor."

"You are quite welcome," he replied. "By tomorrow I hope you will have quite forgotten it."

There was little sleep that night for Zona Sheldon.

"What a little idiot I have been! How could I have imagined such things of him! He is tall and powerful—that was right. But dark and murderous looking. Why, he is fairer than I. What blue eyes and what a pleasant smile! Oh, how can I meet him in the morning! I wish Louise had not told him."

But sleep came at last, and Zona woke radiant as ever. She dressed and went out into the park to settle how she should meet Dr. Pierpont. But it was settled for her. A sudden turn in the path brought her face to face with him. She burst into a peal of merry laughter, which he echoed.

"Dr. Pierpont," she said, "I hope you will be merciful and keep my secret."

"I am not likely to tell a secret so much to my disadvantage. What was it? Villainous"—

"Please, doctor," she implored, "I did not notice your looks at all. I had parted with my senses."

Had not the whole household been absorbed in the wedding, they must have seen that there was a secret understanding between the compatriots which quickly ripened into intimacy.

"And Zona is to go back to London under your escort, John?" said Louise.

"Provided she is not afraid to travel with me," he said, with a laughing bow to Zona.

A smile was her only answer.

They were seated—the sole occupants of a compartment.

"Now will you answer me a question? Had you made up your mind what to do if worst came to worst?"

"Yes," she said, laughing. "I was going to take off my watch and ring and offer them to you, as well as my purse. I fancied you looked at my ring particularly."

"I did," he said after a pause, "because, you know, the finger you wear it on. May I ask, Miss Sheldon, if there is any particular significance in it?"

"It was given me by my mother," she said simply.

"I am very grateful indeed, Mr. Pierpont," said Mrs. Sheldon late in the evening, as the three sat in her parlor, "that my daughter has had your company. I never feel safe to have a lady travel unattended in a compart"—

Here her auditors glanced at each other and burst into uncontrollable laughter. Mrs. Sheldon looked amazed.

"Thereby hangs a tale, mother," said Zona when she had recovered her voice, and she related the story.

"Miss Zona has omitted the sequel," said Dr. Pierpont gravely, "which is that I have won from her a consent, subject to your approval, to be her protector, and yours, too, for the rest of our lives."—Exchange.

Too Good For Use.

"That is a rare old violin I hear you playing so often, is it not?" asked the next door neighbor.

"It is indeed," replied the owner of the instrument. "It cost over $500."

"Seems to me," rejoined the other wearily, "it's too valuable to be used like an ordinary fiddle. If it was mine, I wouldn't touch it more than once a year."—Chicago Tribune.

Objected to Exaggerations.

Gushley—Would you think of me if I were 10,000 leagues away?

His Fiancee (from college)—As the maximum diameter of the earth is only 8,000 miles, Clarence, your supposition is an impossible one.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE USE FOR MISPICKLE

Arsenic in Rossland Ores May Become Valuable.

THE CORNWALL MINES

Old Dumps Reworked, and Ore Once Discarded Produces Dividends for the Owners.

Arsenical pyrites are common enough in the dumps of waste from the mines around Rossland, says the Times. On the Golden Chariot there are two small mounds that came from the shafts which were sunk a few feet about three years ago, and considerable quantities of arsenic are to be noticed there. On the dumps of many other mines in this vicinity arsenical iron, or arsenical pyrites, are common, although the mispickel, or mundic, as it is termed in Devon and Cornwall, is seldom met with. With depth there is no doubt that this mineral will become more abundant, and it so it will be profitable for the mine owners of Trail creek to take a lesson from the experience of the Devon and Cornwall miners.

The mines of Devon and Cornwall, England, are deep workings, 300 fathoms being about the average of the older properties. A fathom is six feet, so that our deepest mine, Le Roi, is a comparatively shallow working of little over 100 fathoms. Around these old mines are immense dumps, or "burrows," as they are termed, and of late years large numbers of men and boys have been employed picking over these burrows in search of mundic, which in former days was considered worthless and thrown away with the "addle," or waste stuff.

It was known many years ago that mundic carried a large percentage of arsenic, but it was not until the increasing demand for the poison rendered its manufacture profitable that the attention of mine owners was turned to reworking old properties, many of which had been "knocked," partly on account of the copper lodes petering out and partly because they could no longer be worked with profit at the low price to which copper had been bought by large import of the foreign metal. It was soon discovered that these old burrows would return handsome dividends to the shareholders from the mundic contained in them. The monster rubbish heaps soon became the scenes of animated life. The deserted mine buildings once more became the home of activity and industry. Men, women and children were busily gleaning over vast mounds for the bright yellow mundic which their forefathers had thrown away. They were searching for arsenic, that most famous of mineral poisons.

A Sad Case.

Aldermen Lalonde, Edgren and Goodeve have in charge a sad case of sickness and destitution in the person of Mrs. Beban, a woman about 30 years of age, who was taken to the hospital yesterday suffering with fever, says the Rossland Miner. She was not expected to live through the night, and her father, who lives in Winnipeg, was so notified. The poor woman has three children, one a babe of eight months, another about two years old and a boy of eight years.

A few months ago, the husband and father was so broken down with consumption that it was decided to seek a restoration of health in California. There were not enough funds to take the whole family, so he went and has just come out of a hospital, but is not able to earn a living. The wife attempted to provide for the little ones, and struggled along until sickness overtook her and she became dependent upon the kindly offices of neighbors. The members of the council have kept away want, but the mother's condition became so low yesterday that she was removed to the hospital, and at a late hour last night her life was despaired of. The boy was taken to his mothers bedside, and cried as if his heart would break, until he was again taken home to be with the two little children, who were being cared for by neighbors. The aldermen having the matter in charge, last night telegraphed to Mrs. Beban's father at Winnipeg, advising him of his daughter's condition, and asking for instructions as to the children. The husband was also notified.

Historical Ground.

The spots where Brock and Wolfe fell have their great historical value and to the man who loves and honors dash and valor of the soldier, there comes as he stands there, something akin to reverence, something that sends the hand instinctively to the hat brim, something indescribable, not more so however than the sensations which stole into and over the being of the writer, when, a few days ago, he stood upon the very plank and looking down into the salt waters of Burrard Inlet, listened to the words of an old Vancouver resident: "Here Lowery fell."—Kootenaian.

THE MOYIE CITY LEADER

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

D. R. YOUNG, - - - Pub. and Mgr.
F. J. SMYTH, - - - - Editor.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1898.

THAT POLITICAL STAR CHAMBER.

Last Thursday evening a so-called convention was held at Fort Steele by opponents of Col. Baker and for the purpose of naming a candidate to stand against the present member from East Koonenay and—"against the government." We had always supposed that a man who was opposed to the government of a country in which he lived was a traitor, but it seems that the Fort Steele political contingent, headed by an interloper from the Lord knows where, can libel the government of British Columbia and keep out of jail.

This convention, controlled by a click in the form of a committee of mongrel politicians of Fort Steele, laid down the most arbitrary measures for the guidance of the people ever fastened upon the wings of a political campaign. Mr. Baillie was nominated. How? and why? He was nominated by abrogating the rights of the electors, who assembled at this convention to cast their ballots free and untrammeled for a candidate to their liking, at this convention and at the polls in July. A pledge was prepared by Mr. Baillie which every elector was coerced to sign, if he was allowed voice and seat in this convention, binding the said elector to support the candidate named. At the same time the personal political views of Mr. Baillie as set forth in the Prospector were that the name of each elector voting would be published each week in the Prospector until election day; and all this under the law which makes the ballot a secret one.

The whole plot and its culmination in the nomination of Mr. Baillie is an insult to the intelligent voters of this province and in its every import and phase bears the stamp of political chicanery and fraud. Mr. Baillie and his henchman from Kentucky have raised their voices and used their press repeatedly against everything that had a semblance of fraud in politics yet, at the very first opportunity which offers, they adopt and put in force for their own aggrandizement the very same scheming trickery which they frowned upon.

While this paper has always been in favor of Colonel Baker, it has never said that it would be opposed to an honorable opposition to his return. But it does say now, most emphatically, that it shall not be in favor or support of any opposition whose candidate acquires title to be a standard bearer by the methods used in the nomination of Mr. Baillie. This paper has said of Mr. Baillie that he was a brilliant writer. It does not say otherwise now, but it does say that it does not necessarily follow that he will make a brilliant representative of the people. He cannot represent the whole people; by his acts at this convention he has shown himself to be in opposition to the will of the people—a dictator who would use any means or power to prevent an honest elector from casting his ballot other than for himself.

As far as the electors of Moyie City, who attended the convention are concerned, they were willing to support the nominee of the convention, but they did not propose to be dictated to or coerced into doing what they had the honest, legal and moral right to do according to their own judgment and they promptly walked out of the convention. The people of Moyie are proud of them, and justly so, for they believe in the honesty of the ballot and that political fraud should be crushed at its inception. This paper will be heard again on the subject.

The promiscuous hiring of Italian laborers in the construction of the Crow's Nest road is one of the main reasons why the towns along the line are not deriving the amount of benefit that towns usually do along

Every dollar the Italian gets hold of is immidiately sent to the land of his birth, never to return. And when a few hundred dollars have been sent in this way he packs his grip and goes back to sunny Italy to live in luxury the remainder of his days. The white man, on the other hand, remains in the country, invests his money in the country, and perhaps in time the railroad upon which he got his start receives a portion of the benefit of his labors. But then at the present rate of wages paid on this road there is little danger of either whites or Italians accumulating independent fortunes.

Mr. Baillie sent forth his manifesto in the last issue of the Prospector. It proves beyond the pre-adventure of a reasonable doubt that the last week's convention was rather a cut and dried affair and that his declarations were hatched "accessory before the fact." Mr. Baillie evidently unearthed a last year's Kentucky bird's nest.

As a matter of fact there were more than twenty of the electors at the recent convention at Fort Steele who took no part in it by reason of the shady politics of the Baillie faction. They simply walked out disgusted.

The Prospector hasn't said lately that Moyie was tributary to Fort Steele. She isn't politically tributary.

A Patriotic Egg.

In Monroe, this county, an ambitious hen has produced a war egg which lays every one so far reported in the shade. The old lady who owns the hen went out one day to gather eggs and found one bearing the cabalistic letters "G. S. H." The find created much excitement among the women of Monroe and they quickly gathered. They all agreed it was prophetic of something, but of what, puzzled them.

One lady suggested that it meant "Give Sinners Help." Another suggested that it meant "God Sends Help." Still another said it meant that "God Saves Heathens." Another declared that it meant "God Sends Harmony."

Finally one old lady, noted for her religious devotion, who had been saying little, sprang to her feet and vehemently declared that the letters stood for "Give Spain Hell." All present agreed that her interpretation was correct.—Salina Press.

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Connects at Pilot Bay with ss Alberta for Bonners Ferry and Kootenay river points.

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Leaves Kaslo on arrival of K. & S. train on Saturday and Tuesday, at 5:30 p. m., and Thursday at 6 a. m., touching all way points. Connects at Bonners Ferry with G. N. trains.

Leaves Bonners Ferry at 2 p. m. on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday; arriving at Kaslo 1 a. m. next day.

Close connection will East Kootenay points via Jennings and Bonners Ferry.

G. ALEXANDER
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PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

20th May, 1898.

HIS HONOR, the Lieutenant Governor, has been pleased to appoint the undermentioned persons to be Collectors of Votes, under the provisions of section 16 of the "Redistribution Act, 1898," namely:

JOSIAH STIBBETT, of Donald, for the North Riding, East Kootenay Electoral District.

CHARLES M. EDWARDS, of Fort Steele, for the South Riding, East Kootenay Electoral District.

And His Honor the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint the undermentioned person to be a Distributing Collector, under the provisions of section 17 of the said Act, namely:

In the former Electoral District of East Kootenay, JAMES F. ARMSTRONG, of Fort Steele.

9-4

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments:—

15th April, 1898.

CECIL EDWARD DENNY, of Wardner, Esquire, to be a Justice of the Peace within and for the County of Kootenay.

19th April, 1898.

JOSEPH HOWE LAIDLAW, of Cranbrook, Esquire, to be a Justice of the Peace within and for the County of Kootenay. 7-2

EDUCATION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual examination of candidates for certificates of qualification to teach in the Public Schools of the Province will be held as follows, commencing on Monday, July 4th, 1898, at 8:45 a. m.:—

Victoria.....In South Park School building.
Vancouver.....In High School Building.
Kamloops.....In Public School Building.

Each applicant must forward a notice, thirty days before the examination, stating the class and grade of certificate for which he will be a candidate, the optional subjects selected, and at which of the above named places he will attend.

EVERY notice of intention to be an applicant must be accompanied with satisfactory testimonial of moral character.

Candidates are notified that all of the above requirements must be fulfilled before their application can be filed.

All candidates for First Class, Grade A, Certificates, including Graduates, must attend in Victoria to take the subjects prescribed for July 13th and 14th instants, and to undergo required oral examination.

S. D. POPE,
Superintendent of Education.

6-4 Victoria, May 4th, 1898.
Education Office.

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