Library Legislative Assembly

THE MOYIE LEADER.

VOL. I, NO. 49. MOYIE, B. C., MARCH 18, 1899. $2 A YEAR

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 COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

The only house in East Kootenay heated throughout with hot air.

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.

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 HOTEL

S. A. SCOTT, Prop.

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 ACCOMMOD TIONS. MOYIE CITY, 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 CITY, — — — — — BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MOYIE BOARD OF TRADE

The Organization Has Been Perfected.

THE OFFICERS WERE ELECTED

The Board Is Now in Perfect Working Order and Ready for the Despatch of Business.

At a meeting of the citizens last Tuesday evening the organization of the Moyie Board of Trade was perfected. After the house was called to order the election of officers was immediately proceeded with, and the following were elected: J. P. Farrell, president; Karl Neitzel, vice-president; A. T. Clark, secretary; F. J. Smyth, treasurer. A committee of five other representative citizens of the town was elected, making a working council of nine members. The term of office is for three months only. A committee was appointed to draft a code of bylaws for the guidance of the order to be presented at the next regular meeting of the board for ratification. A committe was also appointed to draft a communication for the Nelson Miner in answer to an interview with F. W. Peters, district C. P. R. freight agent, which recently appeared in that paper.

The board of trade is now in perfect working order, and its membership roll embraces nearly every business man resident of the town.

Another general meeting of the board will be held next Tuerday evening.

Dewey, Miles and Grant.

For the benefit of the readers of the LEADER we publish the following queries and answers which recently appeared in the Spokesman-Review:

Republic, Wash: To the editor of the Spokesman-Review: Which is the higher in rank, General Miles or Admiral Dewey? Is General Miles commander of the army and navy? Was General Grant made a lieutenant general before the close of the war?

W. H. Hull.

[Admiral Dewey has the highest relative rank. Miles is merely the senior major-general of the army. He is not commander of the navy. Congress created the rank of lieutenant-general for Grant in February, 1864. The grade of general was created for him at the close of the civil war.—Ed]

CRANBROOK ITEMS.

(Cranbrook Herald, March 9th.)

The little boy of Mr. and Mrs. McInnes, who was so ill last week, is rapidly recovering.

The west bound trains have been late nearly every day for a week. Heavy snow in the mountains has been the cause.

Two large supply wagons from the North Star mine left Monday morning for the return trip loaded to their full capacity.

The railroad company has opened a gravel pit just south of town, and a gravel train is ballasting the road from Cranbrook east.

A petition is being circulated asking the minister of mines to appoint Mr. Patmore as a successor to C. M. Edwards as mining recorder, as Mr. Edwards expects to retire from the service at an early date.

The foundation for the new hotel that is being built by W. T. Kaake, opposite the depot, has been laid, and work is being pushed on the building. It will be a three story structure and finished with all the latest appointments.

The dining room of the Cosmopolitan is attracting considerable attention these days. The cooking is the best, the service is up to date, and cleanliness is characteristic of the whole place. Messrs. Small & Musgrave are working up a great business.

Metal Quotations.

New York, March 14.—Bar silver 59¾ cents. Lead, $4.42½ @ $4.45. The firm that fixes the selling price for miners and smelters quotes lead at $4.30 at the close.

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 CITY.

LOCAL NEWS.

Dr. King was in town yesterday.

James Park is in Cranbrook.

D. J. Elmer went to Cranbrook on last evening's train.

C. J. Rose returned Monday evening from Nelson and Spokane.

A. G. Lashapelle spent a few days in Cranbrook this week.

Father Welch of the St. Eugene mission is visiting with his Moyie congregation.

C. D. Blackwood, representing Blackwood Bros. of Winnipeg, was in Moyie Monday.

Mr. Sick, of the Kiser & Sick brewery, Fort Steele, spent a day or two in Moyie this week.

Joe W. N. Brayton is reported to be dangerously ill in Nelson with an attack of pneumonia.

Park, Mitchell & Co. this week shipped a carload of lumber from Moyie to Mott & Son, Macleod.

The lumber is on the ground at the Palmer's bar siding preparatory to building a railway section house.

J. E. Musgrave has returned to Cranbrook from the Mission hospital, where he was confined for several days with an attack of quinsy.

The Cranbrook Herald hits the nail on the head when it says that the ore shipments from Moyie is a big advertisement for South East Kootenay.

The ballasting outfit has been moved from the foot of the lake to a gravel pit on the Cariteul place, the work being completed to that point.

Farrell Bros. have purchased quite a large quantity of lumber from Finch Bros., and are moving it to the Lake Shore addition. The lumber well be converted into a magnificent residence before many months.

Joe Wilmshurst and John Bremner are doing good work on the California mineral claim, and have made an excellent showing for the time they have been engaged on it. With depth the vein is becoming stronger and more thoroughly mineralized.

Chicken Shoot a Success.

The chicken shoot given yesterday afternoon by Messrs. Campbell & Clark was a great success. Seven birds were disposed of, and 17 persons participated in the contest. The birds were won by the following persons: Prentice Adams, 3; Tim Farrell, 2; John Day, 1; Mr. Ames, 1.

Counting Ties.

Rossland Record: Our esteemed morning contemporary has gotten down to discussing the rails used in the construction of the C. P. R. The first thing we know the editor will be interesting himself in ties to the extent of counting them between here and Toronto.

Three Mails a Week.

A tri-weekly mail service was inaugurated over the entire Crow's Nest line this week. Mail from the west now reaches Moyie Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and from the east Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

St. Patrick's Day.

Dear to the heart of every son and daughter of "that dear little isle that is over the sea," is the 17th of March, the day dedicated as the anniversary of good old Saint Patrick, the patron of all Ireland and of all the Irish. And a noble patron he is of a worthy people whose influence is felt in every quarter of the globe and whose intelligence and industry are adding daily to the wealth of the world wherever there is an equal chance extended to them. Of all the foreigners coming to the United States and Canada there are none who so soon adapt themselves to the conditions existing as do the Irish. Yet with all his cosmopolitanism there is no one who clings to the land of his nativity or the home of his forefathers with such loving tenderness as does the Irishman, and his hand and his pocketbook are ever open to the call for assistance of his beloved Erin.

Yesterday was Saint Patrick's Day, and the event was observed by the people of Moyie generally. Mass was celebrated at the Catholic church in in the morning by Rev. Father Welch.

DANCE IN THE EVENING.

The hop given by Messrs. Campbell & Clark of the Moyie hotel was a most successful social event. The crowd danced to the sweet strains of Prof. Murphy's orchestra until about one o'clock this morning. Ben Murphy officiated as ballroom promptor. A splendid lunch was served at 12 o'clock.

Five Carloads This Week.

The ore shipments from the St. Eugene mine this week was five carloads, or 106 tons. The road between the mine and the siding is breaking up at a rapid rate, thus rendering the hauling of ore almost impossible, and it is likely that the shipments from that property will be light until the roads are fit for wagoning, or the tramway is put in. However, the condition of the roads does not in any way affect the Lake Shore and shipments from that property will continue as usual. The owners will ship another carload the first of next week.

Nelson's Sampling Works.

Tribune: G. W. McDowell, the sampling works promoter, came to an understanding with the Canadian Pacific railway officials with respect to a sampling works site on the company's right of way. He did not secure the exact location he desired, but got one which will probably answer his purpose, although it will necessitate a change in the plans prepared for the sampler.

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.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE LEADER.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Spokane has a case of smallpox.

William P. Robinson of Nelson has forwarded his resignation as sheriff of South Kootenay to the provincial government.

Workmen are now engaged putting a press gallery in the legislative chamber, Victoria. It will have accommodation for 16 reporters.

The government has decided to construct a telegraph line to the Klondike country. The plan is to build a line between Lake Bennett and Dawson City at once.

F. W. Robertson, provincial mineralogist, will soon have his annual report ready for the public. The mines of East Kootenay will be given more attention than in any previous report.

Skagit County Times: Adam was the first printer. He printed a kiss on the cheek of Eve. It was a neat, tasteful and stylish job, and made a good impression. Eve liked that kind of printing.

General Manager Whyte of the C. P. R. now gives out the information that the building of the Crow's Nest Pass road from Kootenay landing to Nelson will be postponed for at least another year.

Greenwood thinks it has a boom on that will stay for some years. The Miner says houses are springing up as if by magic. New firms are moving in, old ones are packing their stores full of new goods, building lots are being excavated, and all of the leading properties are being opened up and developed.

General Joseph Wheeler may be the next secretary of war of the United States. Several gentlemen talked over the matter recently with the president. When they left the White house the news became current that General Wheeler would succeed Russell A. Alger and that the latter might oblige his friends by announcing his willingness to retire forthwith.

Citizen and Country: John Wanamaker presented his daughter with a $75,000 broach for a birthday present. That same night a poor woman who had been making shirts for him at 37½ cents per dozen died at her table with a lot of her unfinished work around her. There are a number of the John Wanamaker class of men in Toronto and other Canadian cities who are becoming wealthy out of sweat shop labor.

In the last hours of congress at Washington it was provided that the admiral of the navy should receive the pay and emoluments of the last general of the army. This legislation was supplemental to the bill revising the grade of admiral for Admiral Dewey. Its effect is to give Admiral Dewey compensation at the rate of $14,500 a year. Of this amount $13,000 is the regulation pay of a admiral of the navy. Admiral Dewey holds the highest rank in the military service of the United States army or navy and ranks with the highest officers in the principal foreign navies.

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES.

By Beatrice Marsan.

"Accordingly, I took her to Europe. Before going, I made arrangements with lawyer Mason, of San Francisco, who has since died, to come to us when I should summon him. According to agreement, he joined us in Italy, a few months after our departure from San Francisco. Of course my wife thought that our meeting him was purely accidental.

"Before anything had been done in regard to the will, my wife was attacked with hemorrhage of the lungs, that brought her to the very verge of the grave, when I realized that there was imminent danger of my losing the being I loved with all the depth of my passionate nature, and the fortune I had hazarded her life to try to obtain, also. I was well nigh driven to madness.

"People talked in amazement of my intense idolizing love for my sick wife, and said that if she was taken from me I would fill a suicide's grave or madman's cell.

"Slowly she crept back to life, and as soon as she was able to leave her bed, she with her own sweet lips proposed the very thing that was silently burning in my heart to do—to send for Mr. Mason and have a new will executed.

"'My love,' I answered, in well feigned tones of surprise, 'have you not already a will in existence at home? Why then tax your strength to make another?'

"The tender dove-light eyes sought mine in a loving glance as she answered:

"'I have a will already made, in the hands of my attorney, in San Francisco, but it does not please me, Horace. I must change it if I would die happy.'

"I fell upon my knees, bowed my head upon the arm of her chair, and begged her, in tones of agony, not to speak of dying unless she wished to drive me to madness.

"She passed her fair fingers through my hair, with a caressing touch, as she answered, 'If you will indulge me in this, my dear husband, and let me have the will changed to suit me, I shall say nothing more about dying, but try to live for your dear sake.'

"Oh, what a wretch — hypocritical wretch! I felt myself to be then, and I was almost upon the point of confessing all to her, and begging her forgiveness; but 'no, no,' cried the demon in my heart; 'this would be madness and result in the loss of the fortune for which you have planned and schemed; while this sudden unmasking would finish your work and result in the instant death of the woman you love, and have already so deeply wronged,' prudently whispers my aroused conscience."

A violent fit of coughing stops his speech, and when it has passed away, he lies white and exhausted. Dr. St. Clair tenderly wipes the dying man's lips, and when he withdraws the white linen, deep stains of blood mark its fair surface.

CHAPTER XXIV.—EXPIATION AND RESTITUTION.

Raphael St. Clair looks with pitying eyes upon the suffering, repentant man whose greed for gold has led him to commit this great wrong against the woman whose love for him had blinded her eyes to his every fault, and says, gently:—

"You'd better rest and sleep before attempting to speak farther."

"No, no. I must not delay. The sands of life are running low, and I have but little more to tell," he answers.

They give him another small portion of wine, and, after resting a few moments, he continues:—

"I arose from my knees, kissed and embraced my sick wife tenderly, and brought Mason. Before two hours had passed, the will was drawn, signed and witnessed, and placed in lawyer Mason's hands for safe keeping. The accomplishment of my scheme brought me no thrill of joy, when my darling, worn and exhausted from exerting herself beyond her strength, lay back in my arms, with the very look of death upon her white face; and, oh, believe me or not, I would gladly, at that moment, have given up all the will contained for me, as well as my hope of eternal life for my soul, if thereby I might have restored my idol to life and health.

"Too late! too late! my cruel, selfish work had done its part too well; and oh God, the life of my loved one must pay the forfeit, leaving only the wealth that I had risked so much to gain, like dead sea fruit, in my hands, to curse me for my folly.

"I need not repeat the rest; you all know it—know how I brought her home to die, and of the consternation and astonishment produced by the reading of the new will.

"I wonder now, that you did not shoot me on the spot, Raphael St. Clair, for I deserved it; and thousands of times since I have wished that you had, for oh, what an unhappy wretch I became.

"I wandered from clime to clime, from kingdom to republic, from world to world seeking rest but finding none; always haunted by the thought that I had robbed my wife, the sweet creature who had trusted me with all, and deemed me true as heaven.

"I must say here, in justice to myself, few as the extenuating circumstances in my favor are, that upon the day of my wife's funeral, I begged Mason to suppress or destroy the will, which was placed in his hands and never let its existence come to life. He called me insane—utterly mad, and refused firmly to do anything of the kind; said that he had pledged his honor to my deceased wife, that he would see her wishes carried into effect, and I, too wretched and broken-hearted to contend against him, let him have his way.

"Then, bitter anger was kindled in my heart against you, Raphael St. Clair, by your hot, stinging words to me, after the reading of the last will, and it grew in my heart, until I learned to despise both your sister and yourself. Two years since I made a will giving the wealth I had inherited by will from your mother, but which was justly yours, to a charitable institution.

"When I was warned that I was suffering from an incurable ailment and advised to make all necessary arrangements to meet the fate that was not far in advance of me, a great longing took possession of my heart, to come to Deepdale to die.

"I came, but my return did not soothe my restless spirit, and I grew even more wretched, and in a few days was confined to my bed.

"I had all through my illness been stubborn and unyielding, refusing all consolation offered me, and cherished the most bitter and resentful feelings against God, my fate, and all mankind.

"Little more than one week ago, an angel of light came to my bedside in the person of a nurse from St. Luke's hospital, in San Francisco. No sister of mercy was she in name, but better, far better; she was one of God's ministering angels which are often found upon life's drear battle plain.

"She brought the healing waters to my soul, and led me gently into the glorious light of God's undying love. God bless her, whoever she is!"

"Amen," faintly murmurs the trembling lips of Raphael St. Clair.

He lies for a few moments with closed eyes and clasped hands, his lips moving as if in prayer, and then unclosing his eyes, continues:—

"I have but one thing more to do, gentlemen, and in this I must have your assistance. It is to make over the estate, entire, of my deceased wife, to the rightful heirs. This being done, I shall be only too glad to obey the summons of my Judge and appear before the loving presence of Him who knoweth the human heart in all its weakness and all its woes."

Again he is silent and lies with folded hands, looking up the ceiling of the room as though his spiritual eyes have penetrated the mists of earth, and are gazing with clear vision into the realms of the unseen world.

Mr. Gilbert draws his chair nearer the bed, and take paper and fountain-pen from his coat pocket, and prepares to do the dying man's bidding.

"You will find," resumes Captain Lennard "that I have not much more than half spent the income of the estate which I now wish to make over to Raphael St. Clair and Beatrice Randal. I have only one simple request to make and that is, if the heirs do not object, I wish to make a bequest of five thousand dollars, from the remaining income, which has accumulated since I possessed the estate, to the nurse, Mrs. Evans, of whom I have already spoken."

Doctor St. Clair and the barrister exchange quick, significant glances.

"It shall be as you desire, Captain Lennard," says Raphael, quickly, with a voice which nearly breaks down with emotion.

The necessary writing, conveying the estate to the late Mrs. Lennard's children, is quickly done, and the bequest to the nurse is not forgotten.

The pen is placed in the feeble man's hand to attach his signature. They hold him in a sitting posture, and he signs his name in clear bold letters. He hands the pen back, and sinks back upon the pillows with a great sigh of relief, murmuring: "Thank God! Thank God!"

General Dale and the sick man's valet sign the document as witnesses, and Mr. Gilbert folds and places it within his coat pocket, takes a kind and tender leave the dying man and turns his footstep back to his city home.

General Dale and Doctor St. Clair remain at Deepdale, and by and by the nurse comes in, and leans over the dying man.

She has put off her spectacles, and her tears fall unrestrained upon the cold, pale hands. He looks up into her face with eyes from which all anxiety and all unrest have faded.

"Do not weep," he says, gently. "Rather rejoice that through your instrumentality, a soul has been saved, and a great wrong righted besides."

"Would you like to see a minister?" she asks, trying hard to check her fast falling tears.

"No," he answers, quickly; "I want no greater earthly comforter than you yourself have been to me. If you will sing to me, I shall sleep." He closes his eyes and turns his cheek against the pillows like a weary child.

General Dale and Raphael St. Clair creep softly from the room leaving her alone with the now rapidly sinking man.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"

float the words of the sweet hymn from the trembling lips of the nurse, and soon he sleeps sweetly, tranquilly, like a tired babe upon its mother's bosom.

* * * * * *

"Well, well, well, if this isn't the strangest story I ever heard," exclaims old General Dale to young St. Clair, as they sit smoking their cigars in the library. "Poor Lennard was never cut out for a villain. Can it be possible that he exercised the strange influence over your mother which he thinks he did, or did he only imagine this to be the case?'

Dr. St. Clair sits for a few moments in deep thought and then replies:—

"I have never given the so-called science of mesmerism and mesmeric control any particular attention, and have always been rather inclined to look upon it as one of the many humbugs of the age, rather than that of a true science, governed by natural and philosophical laws. As little as I know about it, however, I am almost convinced now that there must be some power in mesmeric or magnetic control, for upon no other hypothesis am I able to explain my mother's strange and unnatural conduct toward her children, after she became Lennard's wife, and her blind infatuation for this man, of whose antecedents she was wholly ignorant.

"Ever since I was old enough to understand, I have heard her say, that Deepdale must never go out of the possession of the St. Clair family, but must descend from father to son. This place had been her heart's pride, as it was her father's before her, and why at last she should have willed it to a stranger, was a mystery I could never solve. Had she willed Lennard all she possessed, except this place and its belongings, the action would not have been so incomprehensible; but to will her dearly beloved Deepdale away from her children—"

"Well, well," breaks in the old General, "for a truth, 'there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio;' but let me congratulate you, St. Clair, in getting back Deepdale and the balance of the inheritance of yourself and sister."

"Which we never should have done, nor my mother's memory been cleared from blame, but for my beloved wife," says the doctor, with much feeling.

"Egad! St. Clair, but you are a lucky fellow, to have such a woman as you have for your wife" replies General Dale, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm over the admiration he feels for the character of his friend's wife. "A man will be pretty sure to steer clear of shoals and quicksands upon the voyage of life, with the love of such a woman for his beacon light."

All night long husband and wife sit by the dying bed of Captain Lennard. When the first faint gray tinge begins to tremble in the eastern sky, proclaiming the coming dawn of another day, the dying man, who has lain like one in a deep sleep for hours, suddenly starts up, a radiant light spreads over his face.

"I am ready, my beloved," they hear him murmur, his hands are extended a moment in joyful greeting, then fall by his side cold and pulseless, and the released soul of Horace Lennard has crossed the mystic tide of "the river of death."

Who shall say what his reception was in that land of souls where all wrongs are made right—all heartaches healed and all tears wiped from flowing eyes, which may then see with clear vision, in the soft rays of God's effulgent love, why the paths of earth have been so thorny—why life such a turmoil?

The early morning train carries the nurse back to the city. Her work at Deepdale for the present has been accomplished. When next she crosses the threshold of that hallowed precinct it will be as its beloved mistress. As such may she long remain, dispensing hospitalities with her own queenly grace, binding up broken hearts that come to her for comfort and counsel—aiding with her gentle hand many a wanderer back to the dear Shepherd's fold.

Captain Lennard sleeps beside his wife in the Deepdale church-yard.

When Helen St. Clair and her lovely children come in the first rosy flush of morning or at the sweet evening-tide to spread fragrant flowers or creamy ascension lilies upon the graves of "grandma and grandpa St. Clair," Captain Lennard's grave is not forgotten, and upon the marble shaft which marks his resting place these words are inscribed:—

"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

THE END.

PERSONAL CHATS.

Henry Havemeyer rises at 7:30 a. m. and retires at 10:30 p. m. He is healthy, wealthy and wise.

Frank Hunter Potter, a nephew of the Episcopal bishop of New York, is a grand opera tenor whose stage name is Signor Fillipe.

J. M. Barrie has written much in praise of tobacco and yet is himself a nonsmoker. Ill health is at the root of his abstention.

The next house will have as a member a veteran police judge of ten years' experience in the boyish looking George P. Foster of Chicago.

The German emperor, according to the announcement of the Berlin newspapers, is going to write a book about his journey through the Holy Land.

General H. W. Lawton of Santiago fame is a collector of army autographs and has the signatures of several hundred of the most famous soldiers of our army.

Lord Wolseley is a splendid artist. He paints very well indeed and makes pen and ink or pencil sketches which are described as being of a very high order of merit.

The Rev. William Ingraham Haven of Brookline, Mass., who has been elected secretary of the board of managers of the American Bible society, is a son of the late Bishop Haven (Methodist).

Samuel Fielden, who was imprisoned for participation in the Haymarket riots in Chicago, is now living quietly on his farm near La Veta, Colo., and only on rare occasions makes public appearances.

Russell Sage takes the keenest pleasure in horses, and, although he seldom rides now, he is very fond of driving the best horses. Following the custom of his younger days, he prefers to "trade" horses to buying them.

George Knox, who died in London recently, called himself "the last of the Rosicrucians." He spent a long life and a great fortune in looking for the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life and other myths of the rosy cross."

The late Dr. Bliss was for many years General Sherman's physician. Once, when the soldier complained, "Your stuff's doing me no good," he replied, "Take Shakespeare's advice, then, and throw it to the dogs." "There are too many valuable dogs in our neighborhood," replied Sherman.

Pedro Perea, who will be a delegate in the next congress from New Mexico, is of pure Spanish blood and ancient lineage, tracing his ancestors back for 250 years. He is a Republican, always a diligent party worker and a man of affairs, being interested in mining and stock raising and president of the First National bank of Santa Fe.

Designed to Adorn the Parlor Table.

"What dreadfully bad print this book has!"

"Yes, but look at the binding. It's a gift book."—Philadelphia North American.

Out of His Line.

"It seems to me this portrait lacks expression."

"That's unavoidable. The artist is an impressionist."

THE COOKBOOK.

Raisins are most easily seeded by pouring boiling water over them, letting it stand a few minutes and pouring it off. Then the seeds can be removed without much trouble.

It is said that cake that is stale and dry may be freshened so as to seem newly baked by putting it in a tin, covering the tin with another pan and leaving the whole in a warm oven for 20 minutes.

The secret of good cranberry sauce is the use of a very little water and quick cooking. Eight or ten minutes is long enough, as otherwise the bitter taste of the seeds is developed. A small cup of water to a quart of cranberries is sufficient. The sugar is added just as the sauce is taken from the stove.

A common fault with the usual way of cooking scrambled eggs is that they are cooked so hard as to be indigestible. This may be obviated by allowing a tablespoonful of milk or water to each egg, cooking the mixture only until it is creamy and stirring meanwhile with a fork. Strained tomato may be substituted for the water or cream, and the mixture served on hot buttered toast.

FAURE'S FUNERAL

IMMENSE CROWDS VIEW THE PROCESSION TO NOTRE DAME.

Troops Lined the Route—President Loubet Attended—Russian Officials Were Cheered.

Paris, Feb. 24.—Crowds of people anxious to witness the funeral procession which was to bear the remains of the late President Faure from Elysee Palace, where they had been lying in state since Friday last, began to assemble at an early hour along the line of route to be followed from the palace to Notre Dame cathedral. Some of the people took up positions as early as midnight and by 9 o'clock dense multitudes gathered along the Champs Elysee and the Place de la Concorde. They massed themselves on benches and trestles behind hedges of cuirassiers, dragoons and chasseurs which lined the route.

Members of the chamber of deputies, headed by the president of the house, M. DesChanel, arrived at Elysee palace at 9.55 a. m. They were saluted by the troops drawn up there with flags flying.

The newly elected president, M. Emile Loubet, then drove up in a landeau. He wore the cordon of the Legion of Honor, and was accompanied by General Bayout, the Duke of Aurestaedt, grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor, was seated beside the president, and escorted by a squadron of cuirassiers. On his arrival the troops presented arms, the trumpets rang out a salute, and the drums rolled in his honor as the courtyards of the palace were reached.

Madame and Madamoiselle Faure, who had been praying the greater part of the night beside the remains, attended mass at 8 o'clock in the chapel of the palace. They then retired to their departments and did not take part in the procession or in the funeral ceremonies, but heard mass at noon at the Chapel Elysee. All th officers of the military household took part in the ceremony.

The minister of foreign affairs, M. Del Casse; the minister of public instruction, M. Leigues; the minister of marine, M. Lokroy; the minister of war, M. de Freycient; the minister of agriculture, M. Viger; the minister of public works, M. Kraniz; the minister of colonies, M. Guillemain, and the minister of finance, M. Peytral, were the pall-bearers.

As the funeral cortege debouched from the Avenue Marigny upon the Champs Elysees the crowd there present greeted the judges of the court of cassation with shouts of "vive l'armee." But nothing was said to President Loubet, who, bareheaded and escorted by policemen, was the object of much interest.

The funeral procession completed a long route and entered the cemetery of Pere Lechaise. The whole route was traversed without an unpleasant incident. The police arrangements were throughout admirable.

Sousa's Presence of Mind.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 24.—Kansas City's great auditorium and convention hall, the second largest of its kind in the United States, was formally dedicated yesterday. Just as Sousa's band began to play the last number on the afternoon programme some one in the gallery shouted for Pryor, one of the soloists. The audience, consisting of 25,000 people, thinking "fire" was shouted, arose and looked around for smoke. A panic was imminent, but Sousa was equal to it. Facing the throng he waved his baton and the band struck up "Yankee Doodle." Three times the band played it before the crowd was seated again in quietness.

Tried to Burn Manila.

Washington, Feb. 24.—Gen. Otis today cabled the war department from Manila as follows: "Determined endeavors were made to burn the city last night. Buildings were fired in three different sections of the city. The fires were controlled by the troops after severe labor. A considerable number of incendiaries were shot and a few soldiers wounded. Early this morning a large body of insurgents made a demonstration off McArthur's front, near Caloocan, and were repulsed. The loss in property by the fire last night will probably amount to half a million dollars."

Flood in Toronto.

Toronto, Feb. 24.—Several ice jams formed on the river yesterday and last night. A big flood occurred and the low ground, from Rosedale to Queen street was from two to six feet deep in water. A good deal of property was injured. The Canadian Pacific track was covered and trains out of the city had to go around by the junction.

Toronto, Feb. 24.—At a conference at the Central Methodist church last evening on the subject of theatres by Rev. P. Hincks, he declared that of the plays produced in Toronto during the past six months eighty per cent were silly or nasty.

Wreck on the Grand Trunk.

Fergus, Ont., Feb. 24.—The Grand Trunk mixed train was derailed at the bridge over the Irvine river, three miles west of here, last night. The engine tender and eight cars passed over the bridge safely, but ten cars immediately following went down the bank, a distance of seventy-two feet, into the river. None of the trainmen or passengers were hurt. The wreck, which is complete, soon caught on fire. This morning the charred remains of a man, evidently a tramp, were found in the debris.

KLONDIKE NEWS.

INTERESTING GOSSIP FROM THE COLD REGION.

New Creek Discoveries—Praise For Ogilvie's Administration—Stories of Stampedes.

Vancouver, Feb. 21.—John L. Rees, proprietor of the Dawson Miner, makes a charge against a United States citizen of trying to injure Atlin because of the alien bill. He is just out from Dawson via Atlin, and says: "The administration of government affairs is excellent. Commissioner Ogilvie deserves the greatest praise for his tact. Just before I left a new strike was reported in Cassiar down the Black river and a stampede took place. I have not heard the results. But I can tell you about an alleged new creek that is known as McDonald. The Americans made a big hubbub about it. It is supposed to be in the Northwest Territories, and I went out of my way and spent half a day on the creek and then left a man there to investigate. Our inspection tallied. We arrived at the conclusion that the whole business was a fake. The affair was a put-up job to draw attention from Atlin, which is now closed to aliens. We heard many bitter complaints on the trail about the alien bill. This news had not reached Dawson when I left."

Comment on Loubet.

Paris, Feb. 21.—Mrs. Emily Crawford, writing on events in Paris, says: This election, by a single ballot and by republicans only, is the greatest republican victory since Grevy's walk over the course. The new president comes from the part of France where the Roman power lasted longer, namely, Marsanne, in the department of Drome. He gives the impression of Latin origin and looks to be a solid practical man, who sees the facts of life just as they are. As president of the senate he has had official and other experience that will be useful to him as president of the republic, but he is essentially a plain, middle-class man, whose mind is sharpened by his practice at the bar in the provincial town of Montelimar, in the south of France. He is there most popular, and everyone at Montelimar counts himself as a personal friend of Loubet, who as mayor, county councillor, deputy and senator, always acted as the servant of the public. Obliging to his neighbors, he was as accessible as General Grant or Lincoln was, and not less unpretending. His thick figure, massive and somewhat Roman, though homely head, indicates a steady, sturdy character, who can nail his colors to the mast and only fights when there is good occasion.

Miller Wins Again.

San Francisco, Feb. 21.—Miller was the winner in the six day bicycle race and deserves his victory, and his record will probably stand for years to come. There was plenty of enthusiasm, too, when Miller, at the end of the 271th hour, rode his two thousandth mile in 2.25 3-5 unpaced. At half-past 6 o'clock this morning Miller was 14 hours, 19 minutes ahead of his New York record.

The score at the end of the 139th hour was as follows: Miller, 2,176 4; Aaronson, 2,114 7; Fredericks, 2,071 5; Gimm, 2,038 7, Hale, 2,015 5; Nawn, 1,985 1; Alberts, 1,823 1; Barnaby, 1,778 6; Pilkington, 1,713 5; Lawson, 1,621 6; Ashinger, 1,475 0; Julius, 1,439 7. Miller's former record for the time was 1,990 miles.

The race was ended at 10.15 tonight, thirty-nine minutes ahead of time. At the end of the 143rd hour, at 9.54, all the riders retired for a few minutes and returned long enough only to make a showing. The final was as follows: Miller, 2,192; Aaronson, 2,146; Fredericks, 2,090 2; Hale, 2,062; Gimm, 2,060; Nawn, 2,012 2; Alberts, 1,328 2; Barnaby, 1,792 7; Pilkington, 1,729; Lawson, 1,635 4; Julius, 1,501 4; Ashinger, 1,500 6.

Cordelia Viau's Appeal.

Montreal, Feb. 21.—Nothing is being left undone to secure the commutation of the death sentence passed upon Cordelia Viau and Sam Parslow, sentenced to be hanged at St. Scholastique on March 10. As far as the woman is concerned her aged mother has called upon a large number of people to intercede in favor of her daughter, including Archbishop Bruchesi, who has promised to go to St. Scholastique to say a mass for her. J. Ledue, her counsel, has forwarded a petition to the minister of justice, signed by 500 women of the district of Terrebonne. Mr. A. E. Poirier, senior counsel in the first trial, sent some time ago a memoir for the minister, which may be important when the commutation is considered. Cordelia Viau herself has written to the minister of justice pleading clemency as well as to Lady Minto. She has received a letter from her excellency promising to take an interest in the case.

London, Feb. 21.—Edward Rowland, aged 69, and for many years in the inland revenue department here, is dead.

Buy Their Own Dwellings.

Toronto, Feb. 21.—The amalgamation of the four loan and investment companies arranged recently, has given an upward tendency to rents, and it is likely that the spring will see a general advance of from ten to twenty per cent. Real estate agents are co-operating in the scheme, believing that in raising the rents they will cause a large proportion of the citizens to buy their own houses.

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 21.—Finance Minister Cotton delivered his budget speech this afternoon in the legislature.

MONTREAL WINS

GAME IS PROTESTED BY THE WINNIPEGGERS.

Unsportsman-like Ending of the Second Game for the Stanley Cup—Score 3 to 2.

Montreal, Feb. 20.—Saturday night the Victoria Hockey club of this city, for the time being at least, won the right of the title of the championship of the world and the possession of the Stanley cup, but the manner in which the honor was earned leaves a dark stain on the reputation of Montreal as a sporting city and disgraces the home team in the eyes of all lovers of fair sport. If the trustees leave the cup in their possession it will be the most empty honor ever held by a Canadian hockey club, even though most of the blame is attached to only one member of the team. The whole matter was a disgrace and the responsibility lies first with Macdougall, who with deliberate brutality put "Tony" Gingras, of Winnipeg, out of the game, and secondly, with the referee for his childish action in throwing up his job and quitting the rink simply because the visitors criticised one of his decisions.

When Gingras was hurt Referee Finley ruled Macdougall off for only two minutes, despite the fact that at a meeting held by the representatives of the two clubs and himself previous to the matches it was mutually agreed that any player committing a deliberate foul should go off for the remainder of the match. His excuse for the ruling was that he thought Gingras was shamming and he could not be induced to change the ruling when shown that "Tony" was seriously hurt.

Macdougall, of the Montreal Victorias, who is a hot-headed, dirty player, when closely pressed on either the ice or the football field, is a gentleman by instinct. Saturday night when he realized what he had done, he went to the Winnipeg dressing-room and apologized and even offered to go off the ice for the rest of the game, but the captain, Drinkwater, said he would not allow him to do so.

Macdougall's action, while palliating to a certain extent his offense, makes the contention of Referee Finley more untenable. He was obstinate, would not yield, and told President Code, of the Winnipeg Vics, that he would throw up the job. Suiting the action to the words, he took off his skates and left the rink. Of this there is not the slightest doubt. Manager Shephard, of the Arena rink, announced to the crowd that the referee had disappeared and he was off. But Mr. Finley was like that celebrated cat, of which we all have heard—he came back.

The game, as far as it got, was a remarkable exhibition of hockey on the part of both teams, considering the soft condition of the ice, and never before in the history of hockey in Canada or anywhere else, was a contest watched by so great a throng. At half-past eight o'clock almost eight thousand had passed the turn-stiles and still they came in scores. Finally, the "No room" sign went up, and it was impossible to secure entrance to the rink. It is estimated that fully fifteen hundred people were turned away.

MACDOUGALL'D FOUL.

Finally Macdougall got the puck, came up the ice and got past Johnston, but Gingras was on his heels and caught him. A sharp tussel ensued and the Winnipegger got possession of the disc and was starting down the ice with it when Macdougall raised his stick above the shoulder and brought it down, the end of the point catching Gingras across the side of the leg at the knee. "Tony" tried to move off but couldn't, and dropped face downward in agony. The Pegs gathered around and lifted him up. Drinkwater came up with some remark and it looked for a minute as though he and Howard would scrap. When Macdougall's stick fell across Gingras' knee a thousand groans, mingled with hisses, went up and continued for thirty seconds. Gingras was helped off the ice and Macdonald went to the side with the time-keepers. A few minutes later he decided to go in and as he skated across the ice hissing shouts of *derision* greeted him. Others, to their *shame*, cheered him for having struck the foul blow.

Macdougall did not face the hostile crowd again during the evening. The foul was committed within fifteen feet of the Winnipeg boxes and was noticed by all the visitors. This is where the game ended with the event already described. It is doubtful if there are any hotter people in Winnipeg today than in Montreal. Public opinion seems to be strongly in favor of the Winnipeggers, and their action is warmly endorsed by thousands. President Code received a large number of telegrams from Winnipeg today congratulating the team for their stand.

Wichita, Kan., Feb. 20.—Fire wiped out the business portion of Hunniwell, Kan., Firday night. Ten buildings with their contents were burned. The loss is heavy.

Chair Factory Burned.

Port Washington, Wis., Feb. 20.—A fire which started at 9.30 o'clock last night in the large plant of the Wisconsin Chair company threatens to destroy the whole town. Help was summoned from Milwaukee and Sheboygan. At 11.30 last night the chair factory was a total loss. The plant alone is valued at $300,000 and employed 600 hands. A large lumber yard adjoins the plant and the flames are spreading with great rapidity. A second engine started from Milwaukee at 11.30 o'clock.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

MOYIE, B. C.

FASHION AND FABRIC.

The new jet and cut steel embroideries are quaint and elaborate in design, and the work on net, velvet or satin is very beautifully executed.

The new weaves of lustrous corded silks that are in such high vogue this season share with satin the honor of making special gowns of ceremony.

More and more svelt and clinging, if this be possible, grow the dress skirts, under princess robes and long peplum and tablier effects on the front and sides of the gown.

Very handsome ball dresses are this season made of chenille dotted net over satin, trimmed with very fluffy plaited ruffles of chiffon bordered with tiny lines of chenille the color of the dot in the net.

All sorts of quaintly flounced polonaises, redingotes, newmarkets, camisards and princess shaped cloak dresses, with loose, curved fronts and bishop sleeves, prevail among the unusual variety of winter wraps.

Among the gray furs zibelline, Persian lamb and chinchilla are the most fashionable used this winter. Chinchilla is one of the most expensive and certainly it is the least durable and less becoming than the other pelts.

Many of the new French demidress gowns are made with three or five overlapping flounces arranged upon a very closely fitting foundation skirt which expands very much on the lower portion. The round waist is joined, or else cut in one with the upper flounce.

Very novel and pretty effects are employed in decorating the tops of new winter sleeves that are as close fitting as they can comfortably be worn. Crescent shaped puffs of fur or velvet, vandykes covered with special pieces in passementerie, stitched straps and Queen Bess puffs slashed and laced across all are used.

Italian red, much like the tint of the heart of a Jack rose, is a marked favorite in the brilliant winter list of colors, and cloth gowns of this becoming shade, with sable, mink, otter or fox band collar and revers by way of trimming, are considered among the smartest of the winter styles for youthful wearers.

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

Shifting the Taxes.

"I suppose," said the clerk, "it is all right to leave the assessment of old Crœsus the same as last year."

"Well, hardly," replied the chief assessor. "He has succeeded in getting a man with a title to marry his homely daughter, and I have an idea about half of the taxes are now due from the son-in-law."

The winners of the sewing machines in the Royal Crown Soap competition for the week ending Feb. 11th, are as follows: Winnipeg, Mrs. P. O'Donnell, 533 Pacific Ave.; Manitoba, Jennie McKerchar, Burnside; North West Territories, Flossie Finlayson, Prince Albert. The Royal Crown Soap Co. will continue this competition, giving away three machines each week until further notice.

Pa's Definition.

Johnny—Pa, what is the difference between being deaf and being hard of hearing?

Pa—The man who is hard of hearing is supposed to have money.—Boston Transcript.

Soft Sayder.

"When I was discharged, my employer let me down easy."

"How so?"

"He said I could get work more readily than an inferior man."—Detroit Free Press.

Her Air of Ownership.

"What an air of ownership the bride assumes?"

"Yes; she went through the marriage ceremony as though it were her own patent rite."—Dealer.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

How to Dissect a Mosquito.

A needle held in the left hand is passed through the thorax, the legs and wings are pulled off, and, if necessary, the scales of the body brushed off with a camel's hair brush. The tail is then lowered into a drop of water, salt solution or weak formalin placed on a glass slide, and with another needle held in the right hand the last two segments of the tail are partially separated and held down upon the slide. The left hand is then moved in such a manner as to draw away the insect.—Major Ross, I. M. S., in Indian Medical Gazette.

Tesla.

O Tesla, youthful Tesla,
Just how long can you expect us
To possess our souls in patience
On the strength of your prospectus?
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sure of One Thing.

Emperor William—Don't you think those Americans have got big heads?

The Minion—I'm not sure, your majesty, but they've got some big guns.—Philadelphia North American.

Suggestive Figures.

This year should be a bargain
For reasons you'll divine—
It looks like 1900
Marked down to '99.

INCALCULABLE GOOD,

AN EXPRESSION OF FAITH.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done me an incalculable amount of good. I think they are the best, surest and quickest acting cure for nervousness, unhealthy action of the heart, insomnia or sleeplessness, anemia or impoverished blood, loss of appetite, general debility and ill-health. For nine years, before I commenced taking Dr. Ward's Blood and nerve Pills, my heart was weak and in an unhealthy state. Its action was so much impaired that I could not walk across the street without suffering great distress, my heart fluttering and beating so rapidly that I could scarcely breathe, causing faintness, loss of strength, and leaving my nerves all unstrung. My sleep was very much disturbed, I had no appetite and there was little strength or vitality in my blood; I was always excessively nervous.

I have now taken three boxes of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills and since taking them I have not been away from my business an hour. Before taking these pills it was a frequent occurrence for me to be away from business. As a result of taking Dr. Ward's Pills my heart is perfectly healthy and strong and gives me no distress or trouble whatever. They removed all nerve trouble, made my nerves strong and gave me healthy sleep. These pills also made my blood rich and strong and gave me a healthy appetite. Dr. Ward's Pills have given me perfect health, restoring my lost strength, in place of continual ill-health, weakness, heart trouble and nervousness. In justice I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine. Signed, Miss N. Millward, Walton St., Port Hope, Ont.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for $2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO. Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

Library Puzzles.

At the formal opening of the new London library building Harberg Wright told of some of the strange things in the way of books for which he had been asked. One application was for a book on the raising of Lazarus. He sent the Bible and also a book on Bible myths to show both sides of the question. He had been asked for a book "on the squaring of circles in all ages." Another applicant had wanted a book on the royal princess who had acted as a cook in London and made nice curries. And there was one other question which had been put to him—"Who was the Coptic saint who made a mummy talk in the third century?"

A SMALL PILL, BUT POWERFUL.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmalee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

Deserves a Medal.

Hooligan—Bedad, sorr, it's mesilf that had a narrow squake of drowning. It's skating Oi was, sorr, and, begorra, Oi wint clane through, and how Oi got out Oi can't tell at all, at all. But, sorr, Oi'm going to apply for the medal of the Royal society, and Oi make no doubt but they'll give it me.

Smith—But why? You saved no one.

Hooligan—Saved no one! Be the powers, sorr, and didn't I save mesilf?—Nugget.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

Question to Be Settled.

They had just reached the point in the story where the heroine entered cold as an iceberg and met the hero's burning glances.

"Now," exclaimed one of the readers excitedly, "it simply remains to be seen whether she will thaw or he will freeze. How do you want to bet?"

But, of course, the sentimental girl wouldn't bet. She would be a party to no such sacrilege.

THEY ARE CAREFULLY PREPARED.—Pills which dissipate themselves in the stomach cannot be expected to have much effect upon the intestines, and to overcome costiveness the medicine administered must influence the action of these canals. Parmalee's Vegetable Pills are so made, under the supervision of experts, that the substance in them intended to operate on the intestines are retarded in action until they pass through the stomach to the bowels.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Wise Lad.

"What will happen to you if you are a good little boy?" asked the kindly old woman.

"I'll get a stick of candy for being good."

"And what will happen to you if you are bad?"

"I'll get two sticks of candy for promising to try to be good."—Chicago Post.

Squaring Up.

Freddie's Papa—What do you intend to do with the hole in that doughnut when you get all the cake eaten from around it?

Freddie (after serious thought)—I guess I'll give it to little sister, to pay fer the bite she gimme out of her apple.

Germany has a superabundance of race horses and an insufficiency of heavy horses. The latter are annually imported in large numbers, while the others are a drug in the market.

Bamboo pens still retain their hold in India, where they have been in use for more than 1,000 years.

HEALTHY, HAPPY GIRLS

OFTEN BECOME LANGUID FROM NO APPARENT CAUSE.

The Blood is a Vital Element—It Must Be Kept Pure, Rich and Red—Only in This Way Can Young Girls Attain Perfect Health.

In the early days of her womanhood every girl—no matter what her station in life—should be bright, active, cheerful and happy; her step should be light, her eye bright and her cheeks rosy with the glow of health. But the reverse is the unfortunate condition of thousands of young girls throughout the Dominion. They drag along, always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise, so that merely to go up stairs is exhausting. If a doctor is consulted he tells them that they are anaemic—the plain English for which is they have too little blood—and unless a powerful blood enriching, nerve-restoring tonic such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is taken to restore health, decline and an early grave is only too likely to follow.

The benefit which follow the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind is amply illustrated by the following testimonial from Miss Ida Bookman, of Marksville, Ont. Miss Bookman says: "It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My health was completely broken down; I became so weak I could scarcely walk across a room. I was very pale, had no appetite, and gradually lost flesh until I was merely a skeleton. I was subject to palpitation of the heart, dizziness and violent headaches. I was under treatment from two doctors, but neither seemed to benefit me and I went on in this way for about seven months. Having seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills recommended I determined to try them. Before I finished the second box I began to improve, and by the time I had used eight boxes I was as well as ever I had been, and had gained 22 pounds in weight. I am grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me and freely give this testimony in the hope that it may benefit some other girl suffering as I was."

More pale and bloodless girls have been made bright, active and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than by any other means. Mothers should see that their daughters entering womanhood are strengthened and invigorated by the use of this great blood-making tonic. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Not the Time For It.

He shivered.

"I can readily see," he said, turning sharply on his caller, "that you are a consistent advocate of the open door policy."

He shivered again.

However, his words were not lost, for the caller went back and shut it.—Chicago Post.

TRY IT.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL—with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

Easy Critics.

"I am going to sing at the Frobishers'."

"How lucky you are!"

"Why so?"

"They don't know one tune from another."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sometimes Goes by Contraries.

After ten years' courting Brown married,
And soon he was discontented,
But Robinson married in haste,
And he has never repented.
—Chicago Tribune.

LEGS ENTIRELY RAW

From his feet to his body, and ran a blood tinged, irritating water.

Mrs. A. Keirstead, Snider Mt., N.B., tells how her little boy suffered, and how B.B.B. cured him permanently.

FREDDY KEIRSTEAD.

There is not a mother in this land who has a child suffering from skin disease in any form but will thank Mrs. Keirstead, of Snider Mt., N.B., for telling of the remarkable manner in which her boy, Freddy, was cured of one of the severest and most torturing of skin diseases by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; and not only relieved and cured for the time being, but, mark you, *after eight years the disease has shown no sign of returning.*

The following is Mrs. Keirstead's letter:—

"With gratitude I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. Eight years ago our little son, Freddy, was afflicted with salt rheum and was in a dreadful condition. His legs, from the soles of his feet to his body, were entirely raw, and ran a bloody water, which appeared to burn and itch until he was often in great agony.

"After trying several remedies, we resolved to give B.B.B. a trial.

"You can imagine with what delight and gratitude we saw our boy entirely cured after using one bottle and part of the second. We gave him the remainder of the second bottle, and from that time till the present he has never had a sign of salt rheum or a sick day. You need not wonder that I think there is no other medicine can equal Burdock Blood Bitters to purify the blood and build up the health and strength."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

They Reach The Kidneys.

Mr. Conrad Beyer's opinion

—OF—

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

No one can be healthy with the kidneys in a diseased or disordered state. The poisonous Uric Acid which it is their duty to filter out of the blood, is carried into the system and produces Rheumatism, Headaches, Backaches and hundreds of ills and ailments.

Any one who has the slightest suspicion that the kidneys are not acting right should take Doan's Kidney Pills. They are the most effective kidney remedy known. Mr. Conrad Beyer, at E. K. Snyder's Shoe Store, Berlin, Ont., bears this out when he says:

"Anyone suffering with kidney troubles cannot do better than take Doan's Kidney Pills, for they cured my wife who has been afflicted with pain in the back and other kidney troubles for a long time. They have helped a great many of my acquaintances in this town, and I must say they are the medicine that reach the kidneys with the best effects."

Ancient Glassmaking.

When the council of ten ruled Venice they issued a decree regarding the art of glassmaking. It runs: "If a workman carry his art beyond the limits of his country to the detriment of the republic, he shall be desired to return. If he disobey, his nearest relatives shall be imprisoned. If, in spite of their imprisonment, he remain obstinate in his wish to live abroad, an emissary shall be told off to kill him."

French Humor.

Madame (to her chambermaid)—Justine, the doorbell rang.

"Is madame sure it wasn't the clock?"

"Couldn't be—it is only quarter of 10."

"Yes, but madame knows the clock is fast!"—Echo de Paris.

The little Japs are about as free from the vice of drunkenness as any people in the world. In fact, it is the rarest thing in the world to see an inebriated subject of the mikado. The native drink, "saki," is used about as tea in this country, and it is but little more intoxicating.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best.

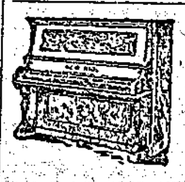
Matthias Foley, Oil City, Ont.
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.
Chas. Whooten, Mulgrave, N. S.
Rev. R. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N.S.
Pierre Landry, senr., Pokemouche, N. B.
Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N. B.

W. R. ALLAN,

General Insurance Agent,

FIRE Companies Represented:
Quebec Fire Assurance Co
Royal Insurance Co.
Sun Insurance Office
Union Assurance Society

All classes of Insurances transacted and losses promptly and satisfactorily settled.



REID'S PIANOS

In touch, tone and finish they have no equal.

Correspondents wanted in every town to act as agents.

REID BROS., 157 King St. West, Toronto.

is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. **Protected by our Seal,** the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy. Chase & Sanborn.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

TRY SEEDS. J. M. PERKINS, the great SEEDSMAN of the NORTHWEST for your SEEDS for 1899, as he keeps the LARGEST Stock of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds in this country to select from; also Seed Drills and Cultivators. You can have our large illustrated catalogue FREE by sending your name and address to J. M. PERKINS, 221 Market St., Winnipeg.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills in this paper. The firm have also placed on the market Dr. Ward's Liver Pills, which have already proved to be a most excellent family medicine as a cure for constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, etc. They are sold at 25c per vial, or 5 for $1, or mailed on receipt of price by the Dr. Ward Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SAFES VICTOR SAFES

KARL K. ALBERT, GEN. AGT.
407 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG.
Next door to P. O.

SNAPS FOR CASH.

Household Safes, small size, - - $12.00
Household Safes, large size, - - 30.00

Just the thing for a Christmas present. Both useful and ornamental.

Merchants' Safes, all sizes and prices; on easy terms or cash. Come and see them or write for quotations. Special prices during November and December.

You can upset this man, but you can't upset the FACT that

WHITE STAR BAKING POWDER

Is the best Baking Powder to use. Because it is HIGH IN QUALITY while it is LOW IN PRICE.

WHITE STAR is everywhere in this country

TRY IT!

THE DYSON-GIBSON CO.

"When buying, why not get the best?"

Stephens' PAINTS

PURE READY MIXED

May cost you a little more at first than the cheap trash with which Eastern makers are flooding the market, but are they not well worth the difference in price?

REMEMBER we use MANITOBA PURE BOILED LINSEED OIL

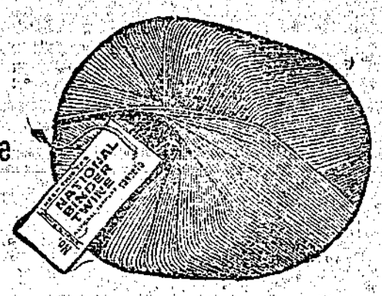
In ALL our HOUSE, FLOOR and ELEVATOR Paints, and as everybody knows, the QUALITY of the OIL is the LIFE of the PAINT. Sold by leading HARDWARE dealers between the Great Lakes and Pacific Ocean.

MANUFACTURED BY . . . . .

G. F. STEPHENS & CO., WINNIPEG.

NATIONAL FARMERS COMPANY

NATIONAL BINDER TWINE

Trade  Mark.

Full strength: over 75 lbs breaking strain. Full length: 600 feet to the pound. Full weight: 80 lbs to each bale. No clogging in the binder—compactly wound.

NATIONAL Binder Twine is made entirely of pure Manilla Hemp without adulterant of any kind and is absolutely the best ever offered the Canadian farmer. NATIONAL Binder Twine will cost you no more than inferior grades, will give better satisfaction in the field than any you have ever used, and besides you will receive a valuable premium with each EIGHTY-POUND BALE, FOR $12.00 CASH.

PREMIUMS:

80 lbs NATIONAL BINDER TWINE FOR $12 CASH with any one of the following valuable and useful premiums:

14-Karat GOLD-PLATED WATCH, stem-winding and stem-setting, guaranteed reliable time-keeper—lady's or gentleman's size—maker's guarantee with each watch.

SOLID GOLD RING set with genuine Garnet and Opal gems—stamped and warranted—with maker's Trade Mark and guarantee.

MUSICAL CLOCK, glass sides, in Nickel Silver and Gilt—a handsome ornament and accurate time-piece. A never ending pleasure in the home.

$12 Cash for any one of the above Premiums and 80lb Bale of NATIONAL BINDER TWINE.

HOW IT IS DONE: The National Farmers Co. sells direct to practical bona fide Farmers; employs no middle men or agents, does business only for cash, makes no losses—every dollar does its full duty. We have a lot of NATIONAL Binder Twine on hand—so much that the bank rate of interest until after harvest, on the money locked up, will amount to many thousand dollars. We want to save that interest and give it to the farmer in return for cash. That is where the premium comes in.

This Company reserves the right to refund your money if the price of Hemp advances by reason of the Philippine war or other causes. Manilla Hemp comes from the Philippine Islands.

ORDER AT ONCE and make certain of your season's supply before Hemp advances.

Remit money to us only by Postal Note, Post Office Order, Express Order or Registered Letter. Write your name plainly, give your post office address and also the railway station to which we are to ship the Twine. You pay freight on the Twine from WINNIPEG, we send you the premium prepaid by mail or express from Toronto.

Observe above directions carefully so we cannot make any mistake in forwarding your goods. Say whether you want a Gentleman's or a Lady's Watch, a Musical Clock or a Ring—if the latter, send a piece of string or paper size required.

We want the good will of all Canadian farmers for NATIONAL Binder Twine. Our business will fail if we deceive you—we cannot afford to be dishonest with you even if we were so inclined. You will be highly gratified with the quality of NATIONAL Binder Twine and surprised at the excellence and elegance of the premiums we give. Every promise we make will be performed to the letter. Address all letters and make all remittances payable to

NATIONAL FARMERS COMPANY,
TORONTO.

Enquirers are referred to Bradstreets and R. G. Dun & Co's Mercantile Agencies and to the Editor of this paper as to our responsibility.

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, MARCH 18, 1899.

A RAILWAY OFFICIAL'S VIEW.

F. W. Peters, district freight agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., was questioned in Nelson a short time ago in regard to the complaints about the C. P. R. discrimination against Moyie. Mr. Peters said he could see no grounds for such complaints on the part of the business people or the public of Moyie.

"It is true," said he, "we have no station built in the village, but all freight for them is delivered right in the center of the town, so close to the merchants' place of business that they do not have to use teams to haul it to their stores. Passengers and mails are taken off and on, from passing trains, right in front of the principal hotel. A siding was built at a place requested by the mine owners and cars for the shipment of their ore were placed long before they were needed, before the mines had contracted for it, and before they knew where they were going to ship to. I found no complaints whatever from the miners or the merchants in regard to our service. I was informed however that one of the owners of the Lake Shore mine did, in an interview, make some coment on our facilties being inadequate, but he could not have been in earnest. The siding where cars are placed is less than one quarter of a mile from their tunnel, with a slight down grade, making it very economical for them to load their ore. Some of the large mines in the Slocan would give a good deal to be as convenient to the track as the Lake Shore is."

Mr. Peters' version of this matter sounds very well in the foregoing interview, but, like all other officials of the road in talking on this subject, he evades the main points of the issue of discrimination. "It is true," says Mr. Peters, "that we have no station built in the village." Will Mr. Peters answer why a station was not built in the village? He well knows that it was due to the spite work of some of the pig-headed officials of his company simply because they could not get the lion's share of the townsite.

"Mr. Peters said he could see no grounds for such complaints on the part of the business people or the public of Moyie."

If Mr. Peters is alive to the situation, and we are quite confident he is, he is well aware of the grounds upon which the people of Moyie base their complaints. Mr. Peters has visited Moyie and the mines adjoining upon several occasions—even prior to the building of the railroad. He on several occasions expressed himself in no uncertain tones as to the beautiful location and the bounteous resources of the place. He is well aware that the railroad was built through the town and that a station was established two and a half miles from the town and the mines; that a tract of land at that point was cleared, a townsite laid out, a townsite agent appointed, and that every effort possible was put forth by the company not only to build up a rival town, but kill the existing town that is convenient to the mines and the natural choice of the people. He is also aware that the town of Moyie does not appear on a single map or time card of the company. In the capacity of district freight agent he is surely aware of the hundreds of tons of ore which is leaving this town each month, and that aside from Fernie, Moyie is turning more money into the coffers of his company than any other town along the entire line.

There is no question but the C. P. R. has discriminated against Moyie, and Mr. Peters is cognizant of the fact. It must be understood that the people of Moyie are simply desirous of justice, viz: to be given a station and siding in the town, and to be given recognition on the official maps and timecards of the Canadian Pacific Railway Coimpany.

HER GRANDPA.

My gram'pa is a funny man,
He's Scotch as he can be,
I tries to teach him all I can,
But he can't talk like me.
I've told him forty fousand times
But tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon"
An' calls a house a "hoose."

He plays with me most ev'ry day,
And rides me on his knee;
He took me to a picnic once
And dressed up just like me.
He says I am a "bonnie bairn,"
And kisses me, and when
I asks him why can't he talk right,
He says: "I dinna ken."

But me an' him has lots of fun,
He's such a funny man,
I dance for him and brush his hair
And loves him all I can.
I calls him Anjrew (that's his name),
And he says I can't talk,
And then he puts my plaidie on
And takes me for a walk.
I tells him forty fousand times
But tain't a bit of use,
He always says a man's a "mon"
An' calls a house a "hoose."

—Charles D. Stewart, in Chicago Interior.

YARNS SPUN BY GAMBLERS.

Old Scho's Biggest Scratch at Keno and Faro.

The Man Who Died After the Cards Had Run Against Him—Running a Faro Bank with Only a Five-Dollar Roll.

"It does beat all how cards will sometimes keep a-runnin' all one way for a long time," remarked Old Scho, apropos of nothing in particular, during an informal meeting of the Gladstone club, as he toyed with a stack of red chips, which, like all their blue and white and yellow companions in this city, have become useless, except as counters in an innocent game of whist or casino, since the reform wave came along and closed up all the places where men used to gamble on the green, says an Albany correspondent of the New York Sun.

Old Scho heaved a meditative sigh, reflectively stroked his white chin whiskers, and looked up and around to observe whether any of the other members were listening to him. Having satisfied himself that there were at least three or four who were willing to give willing ears to the yarns that he spins on the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all, he continued:

"I remember one night, years ago, when Paddy Martin was running a keno joint up here in Broadway, I made the biggest scratch of my life. It was like this: I'm broke, an' I'm just going out when a friend o' mine comes in an' I says to him: 'Lemme have ten dollars, will ye?' He puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out ten dollars an' gives it to me. I go in an' I bet just one card, for a half dollar, an' I win the pool. There was $77 in the pool. Well, I don't play no more keno that night, but I go over to the White house an' I go up agin the bank, an' I win $2,700. I simply can't lose a bet. I win all the time that night."

As those who had been listening were old and well-seasoned members of the Gladstone club, whose purpose is, and is distinctly specified in its articles of incorporation, the promotion of the social enjoyment and intellectual development of its members, they did not show that they had been profoundly impressed by Old Scho's narrative. They had often heard him tell similar stories, all of which he warranted to be true in every detail. But the old man was not discouraged by the apparent want of appreciation on the part of his audience. With a little preliminary cough, which had no suggestion of an apology in its sound, he began again:

"I remember another time, up in Saratoga one night, I see Cull Holland win $55 with two cents off the roulette wheel in Cale Mitchell's. Then he goes over agin the faro bank an' wins something like $2,000."

This time the solemn-looking member, with the long, flowing, black mustache, felt himself impelled to ask:

"How could he win anything with two cents? They wouldn't let him put it down."

"Oh, yes they would. They'd let him put anything down, even a brass button, and pay him, too. Of course, they knowed him well, an' he'd been losing quite a little money."

A brief period of silence intervened, during which the old man stroked his whiskers three times. Then he resumed his discourse:

"An' then again, I've seen the cards run agin a man all night. I remember one night when I was dealing faro bank in Chicago, there was a man playing—he was the brother of some senator; I forget his name now—an' he lose 33 bets right straight off the reel. He gets a stand-off now an' then, but he never picks a bet off the layout. Bimeby he win a few bets, but putty soon he lose again, an' along to'rds midnight I guess he's putty near broke. He reaches down in his pocket and pulls out a $50-bill, an he hands it over an' says: 'Put that on the five.' I put it on the five, an' she lose the next turn. Well, that man he just gave one gasp an' fell back in his chair. Some of the players that was sitting 'longside of him began to rub his hands, an' one man called for water. They thought he'd fainted. But I looked at him just once an' I says: 'Oh, no, he ain't fainted; he's dead.' Ye see, I'd seen a fellow die just like that once before, an' I knowed the signs."

Then the solemn-looking member spoke up again and remarked:

"Well, now I'll tell you people just one little story. It's little, but it's true. I see a fellow go up against the faro bank up in Johnny Mack's one night and he only has half a dollar to begin with, and he begins to play the high card, and I'm blamed if he don't beat every turn through a whole deal, from top to bottom. At the end of the deal he has about $16."

"How much did he bet at a time?" asked the smooth-faced, dark-haired member with the streak of gray at his temples.

"Only 50 cents, five white chips, all the way through the deal."

"Then he couldn't have had $16, even if he beat every turn, for there are only 25 turns in a deal."

"Aw, say, you're too particular. He might have bet a little more toward the last. Anyway, he had about $16."

"Did he win any more, or did he lose it all again?" inquired the member with the flowing gray mustache and the slouch hat.

"I really don't know. I came away just then."

"You must have been broke."

"Why?"

"Else a team of horses couldn't have dragged you away."

"Oh, I don't know. I guess I've come away winner as often as most people."

"Yes, I guess that's so, too."

"Talk about being broke," resumed Old Scho, who had been smoking vigorously while the others were talking, "reminds me of one time when me an' another fellow out in Chicago run a faro bank for three days with only $5 in the bank roll. You see, we had the use of the rooms and the layout, but we couldn't get no money, so we just thought we'd take a chance. We had several close calls. One time a fellow had out about $200 worth of chips, but he kept a-playing, an' of course he lose it all back again. Another time some small players got $4 of our $5, an' things looked mighty blue for us. At last there came along a fellow with a big wad one night, an' the cards go agin him from the start. Putty soon we had about $1,000 of his money; then he strikes a lucky streak, an' win it putty near all back again, but he don't quit, an' bimeby he lose again, an' he keeps on a-losin' until about five o'clock in the morning, when he gets up an' says he's broke. An' how much money do ye s'pose we win off that fellow?"

"Oh, about a hundred thousand," gravely remarked the solemn member.

"Probably about a million, if we let you tell it," said the fat member.

Old Scho looked up with an expression evidently intended to be one of injured innocence.

"No, gentlemen," said he, "what I'm telling you is the honest truth. We win just $5,009 and not a cent more."

"Is that all?" asked the short, stout member with the smiling face and the stubby black mustache, in a tone of deep surprise.

Old Scho took a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. Then he began again:

"Say, you people remember the time when they used to deal draw poker around the table, just like stud? Well, in them days they used to give a prize of $100 every week over here in the White house for the best hand held. Well, one Friday night I sit in the game an' putty soon I have four aces. That's the best hand that's been held that week, an' there's only one day left, so my chances of getting the prize is putty good. But a fellow who sits next to me offers me $10 for my chance, an' I says: 'Give's yer $10.' Some of the other fellows says I'm foolish; but I know what I'm doing all the time. I know there ain't nothing more uncertain than cards. Sure enough, before I'd been playing a great while longer I hold a straight flush. An' I sell that, too. An' I'll be darned if that wasn't beat the next day by a higher straight flush."

"Scho, you're a bird," remarked the fat member with great intensity of feeling, and several of the other members looked at the old man with renewed interest, noticing that he was getting back into his 60-year-old form, when, as all who know him will acknowledge, he was at his best.

Thus encouraged, and refreshed with a few more vigorous puffs at his pipe, which perceptibly thickened the atmosphere of the room and gave the solemn member a violent fit of coughing, he came once more to the scratch, not the least bit winded:

"The funniest thing I ever had happen to me was one night when I was dealing faro bank in New York. A man came in who said he'd never played faro bank before, an' he buys five dollars' worth of chips. He says he only wants to double his money. But he strikes a winning streak an' he keeps on a-playing till he has $87. Then he cashes in an' I hand him his money. He takes it an' looks at it a moment; then he hands it back again, all but $10, an' he says to me: 'Here, take your money; I don't want to take no advantage of you. I only wanted to double my money. If it's so easy for a man to win who never played the game before, what must it be for a man who knows how to play?' Well, I nearly fell off the chair, but I don't let on that there's anything surprised me. I says to the man: 'My friend, you better take your money; you win it fair an' square, an' you may want it bimeby.' But he won't take it, so I put it back in the drawer, an' he walks out."

At this point all the members arose, formed a semicirele in front of the old man, bowed low before him, and then filtered out into the silent night.

For the Parlor Table.

A pretty mat for a polished table is of chamois and is about 18 inches in diameter. About the edge there are painted pansies in their natural size and coloring, more of the purple and maroon shades being used than of other colors. The flowers are first outlined with a pencil, so that their edges form the outline of the circular mat. Such a mat is very pretty when the center is left the natural color of the chamois, or it may be dyed gray or a royal purple or maroon. Use oil colors for painting the flowers.—N. Y. Post.

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.

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Government Agent at Fort Steele for a transfer of the liquor license for the Central Hotel, Moyie, from myself to Victor Desaulnier.

MARTIN FOLEY.

Dated at Moyie, this, 1st day of March, 1899.

"R 77"

Is the Only Cure Specially Prepared FOR KOOTENAY Coughs and Colds. . . .

Try a Bottle

Sent by Mail 50 Cents.

R. E. BEATTIE,

Druggist, CRANBROOK, B. C.

PATRONIZE WHITE LABOR

By Sending Your Work To the.

Lake Shore Laundry.

PHILIP CONRAD, PROP.

GOOD WORK. PRICES REASONABLE

THE LAKE SHORE

Barber Shop.

Next door to the MOYIE LEADER office

W. A. HAMILTON, Prop.

Begin the new year right by sending your subscription to

THE MOYIE LEADER

Remember it is only

$2.00 A YEAR.

Park, Mitchell & Co.'s

SAW AND PLANING MILL.

All Kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber. . . . .

FOR PRICES APPLY OR WRITE

G. R. MUIR, Mgr.

MOYIE CITY, B. C.

RIESTERER & CO.'S BREWERY.

—BREWERS OF—

IN KEGS AND BOTTLES.

FINE LAGER BEER AND PORTER . . . .

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

R. Rieestrer 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

IN WHOLESALE.

Cranbrook. — Fort Steele — Wardner.

PIONEER

HARDWARE STORE

A special reduction in heating stoves while they last. A full line of hardware of all kinds always on hand. Orders attended to promptly.

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 Stook. . . .

Outside Orders Given Strict Attention.

KAUFFMAN HOUSE

MOYIE, EAST KOOTENAY, B. C.

The above hotel has been recently erected, and neatly furnished throughout.

Cosy and Comfortable Rooms

The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

Headquarters for Mining Men.

A. L. McKILLOP,

ASSAYER,

NELSON, B. C.

If You Want Anything

IN THE DRUG LINE OR ASSAYERS' SUPPLIES,

Call on or write

W. F. TEETZEL & CO.,

NELSON, B. C.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

—AND—

Soo Railway Line

CANADA'S NATIONAL HIGHWAY

The Short and Fast Route to and From KOOTENAY COUNTRY.

First Class and Tourist Sleepers Through From Pacific to Atlantic.

Through Tickets Issued and Baggage Checked to Destination.

Connecting Tri-weekly via. Macleod, or via. Kootenay Landing.

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

W. F. ANDERSON, Trav. Pass. Agent, Nelson.

E. J. COYLE,

District Passenger Agent, Vancouver, B. C.

Be sure our tickets read via C. P. R.