Library Legislative Assembly

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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If you want to know how

MOYIE IS ADVANCING!

You will get a good idea of it by noting how

REID, CAMPBELL & CO.'S

Stock and Business Is Increasing!

Our customers will find our grocery stock always complete, with all the best goods that can be bought in the market, and prices are all right. We have now secured the entire control of

Dominion Creamery Butter

in one pound bricks.

Also sole agents for

Hondi Tea, best in the market.

REID, CAMPBELL & CO.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

Paid Up Capital, $6,000,000.

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

MAGGS. HUGHES

B. C. FURNITURE and UNDERTAKING CO.

MOYIE and CRANBROOK, B. C.

Bedroom Sets	$12.50	Matresses	2.75
Hotel comb. bedroom sets	11.50	Arm chairs, well upholstered	5.75
Comb. springs and mattresses guaranteed	6.50	Lounges upholstered in best jute	5.75

These are only a few of our prices. Everything in the furniture line just as low in price. We are manufacturers of all kinds of upholstered goods and mattresses. We sell retail at wholesale prices. We make carpets and lay them FREE OF CHARGE. Estimates given on finishing hotels throughout. We make great reductions in half-dozen lots.

Undertakers and Embalmers MAGGS & HUGHES,

The Central Hotel.

V. DESAULNIER & CO., Props.

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

Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, — — — MOYIE, B. C.

The Lake Shore Hotel

F. W. FRITH, Proprietor.

This hotel is now open to the public, and is well furnished throughout. None but the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars kept in stock.

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS. MOYIE, B. C

MOYIE HOTEL.

G. CAMPBELL, A. T. CLARK.

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

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MINING MEN

MOYIE, — — — — — BRITISH COLUMBIA.

CRONIN IS THE MANAGER

Of the St Eugene Consolidated Co.

GIVES VIEWS ON FUTURE PLANS

In a Year If the Mine Shows Up Sufficiently Well a 400 ton Concentrator Will Be Built.

James Cronin has been appointed manager of the St. Eugene Consolidated Mining Co., the company which now owns the St. Eugene, Lake Shore and Moyie and Queen of the Hills mines. Mr. Cronin returned from Toronto Sunday and confirmed the report of the amalgamation which was published in the LEADER last week.

When asked as to what changes would be made under the new management, he said:

"There will not be many changes for the present. The force of men employed during the winter will be about the same as that which the St. Eugene and Lake Shore people have been employing heretofore. The three tunnels on the Moyie and Queen will be pushed ahead and men are already building a road to connect with the St. Eugene wagon road. An air pipe will be laid from the Lake Shore compressor to furnish power for the machine drills."

"What will be done with the Lake Shore?"

"The No. 1 and No. 3 tunnels will be pushed ahead as is being done now, but the No. 2 tunnel will be abandoned. We will also quit sorting ore for the time being."

"Will the new concentrator be run this winter?"

Here Mr. Cronin smiled, for indeed the same question has been put to him on an average of three times a day for the last three months.

"No," said he, emphatically. "Not a wheel will turn until the eight hour trouble is settled. Those are the instructions of the president and the majority of the directors and I must abide by them. Still I look for the labor trouble to be settled by spring, hope so, at least, and then the mill will be started."

"Will you ship ore this winter?"

"No. The object of the company is to develop the property for a year. If it shows up sufficiently well at the end of that time, another concentrator with a capacity of 400 tons a day will be built."

"Will you eventually work the Moyie and Queen and the St. Eugene through the tunnels of the Lake Shore?"

"Yes; so far as the lower workings are concerned. The No. 1 tunnel will be driven in on the ledge with that object in view."

"Will the company run a boarding house for the employees of the mine?"

"No. The boarding house at the Lake Shore is a private concern and the company has nothing whatever to do with it. The men will be at liberty to board where they choose."

The St. Eugene Consolidated is now the largest silver-lead mining company in the province. The company controls nine full claims and five large fractions. The Lake Shore tunnel can be driven in over 5,000 feet on the ledge without leaving the company's property, and the surface croppings can be traced for nearly a mile and a half. It is estimated that the St. Eugene alone has close to $700,000 worth of ore blocked out and on the dumps, and the Moyie and Queen and the Lake Shore promise to show up equally as well with the same amount of development.

The stock of the company has been pooled and will not be put on the market for one year.

The final payment on the Lake Shore mine will be made in a few days.

Mr. Cronin will leave in a few days for Spokane and California, where he is will take his family to spend the winter. He will again return to Moyie in a month or six weeks.

McMAHON BROS.

MAMMOTH RETAIL EMPORIUM.

HARDWARE, GROCERIES, PRODUCE.

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

CLOTHING, Gents' Furnishings, BOOTS and SHOES

—PROPRIETORS OF—

THE EAST KOOTENAY HOTEL,

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

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

Drewry Meets the Board.

A special meeting of the board of trade was held at the school house Thursday evening to listen to several important announcements which President J. C. Drewry wished to make. There was a good sized gathering and the meeting was one of the most enthusiastic ever held by that body.

Mr. Drewry said that while east he met Mr. Shaughnessy, president of the C. P. R., and had a long interview with him, which wound up by Mr. Shaughnessy giving the promise that Moyie would have a station in the near future. That the matter had been turned over to Mr. Whyte. Mr. Drewry stopped off at Winnipeg on his way home and also had an interview with Mr. Whyte. Whyte gave Drewry an absolute assurance of a "portable" station with an agent installed therein immediately, and that a permanent station would be built probably this winter, but certainly early next spring.

The question of water and lights came up and Mr. Drewry said that a company was already working on a project for furnishing the town with electric lights. That the dynamo at the St. Eugene compressor would be used for that purpose, as well as for furnishing lights for the mines. So far as water for the town was concerned, there was a movement being made in that direction also.

The question of sidewalks was discussed and it was decided to circulate a subscription for the purpose of completing the walks between the Lake Shore hotel and the Kauffman house, and from the Central hotel down to connect with the sidewalk at the Moyie hotel. A subscription was started and it was headed by Mr. Drewry, who placed $25 opposite his name. In all $112 was raised, and within five minutes. The subscription will be circulated through the town.

Mr. Drewry stated that as he intended to spend a good share of the winter in southern California, he deemed it advisable to resign his position as president of the board of trade. The board failed to see the matter in the same light, and unanimously agreed to not accept his resignation.

McDonald Again Remanded.

John McDonald, the prisoner under arrest for cashing a money order which did not belong to him, was brought before Chief Magistrate Armstrong Thursday and was again remanded for eight days to give the postal authorities an opportunity to prosecute the case. He was taken to the Fort Steele jail. His trial will take place in Fort Steele.

Wishes to Thank the Children.

Miss Moore, formerly teacher of the Moyie school, writing from Sandon, wishes through the LEADER to say to the children of Moyie that their kind offering was expended on a pretty Manicure set. "This," she says, "reminds me daily of their affectionate faces and loving hearts. I shall always have them in dear remembrance as long as I live."

Bachelors and Benedicts Ball.

One hundred and twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, assembled in a spacious hall, tastefully decorated and brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, tripping the light fantastic to the sweet strains of music, was the spectacle which one would behold by glancing into Miner's hall in Cranbrook last evening while the Bachelors and Benedicts ball was in progress. The ball was a swell affair, and could well be compared with some of those given by Mrs. Bradley-Martin. The ladies having it in charge did themselves proud and nothing but words of praise can be said of them: The following persons from Moyie were present: Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lindsay, Miss Ida Hawkins, Miss Edith Gilchrist, A. H. Trent, R. C. McClure, W. L. Reid, S. W. Murphy, P. T. Smyth, F. J. Smyth.

Board of Trade Meeting.

A regular meeting of the board of trade was held at the school house Tuesday evening. In the absence of President Drewry, Vice President Farrell occupied the chair.

A communication from T. G. Shyvghnessy, president of the C. P. R., was read. He acknowledged the receipt of the memorial which was recently sent him asking for a station for Moyie. Mr. Shaughnessy has placed the matter with W. Whyte of Winnipeg, manager of the western division of the road, and has given him full power to act. The secretary was instructed to communicate with Mr. Whyte enquiring as to the progress he was making in the matter.

The question of fire protection was taken up and discussed, but there was no definite action taken.

A committee was appointed to select a spot suitable for a cemetery for the town, and to make a report at the next regular meeting of the board.

Will Organize the I. O. F.

W. E. Gillespie, Deputy Supreme Chief Ranger for the Independent Order of Foresters, is in Moyie at present and will institute a lodge of that order here next week, probably about Wednesday evening. The social and fraternal benefits and the extremely low rate of insurance in the I. O. F. are so well known that the task of instituting a lodge with a big charter membership is not at all arduous. Parties wishing to join the order will do well to see Mr. Gillespie.

McVittie—Leslie.

Mr. Arthie McVittie and Miss Emily Leslie were united in marriage in Cranbrook last Saturday, Rev. Procunier officiating. Both bride and groom are well and favorably known in South East Kootenay. The LEADER extends congratulations.

Rates in the Klondyke.

"Plain beefsteak, $1.50. Coffee and doughnuts, 50 cents. Three eggs, $2." The foregoing extracts from a Cape Nome restaurant bill of fare indicate that the necessaries of life command fancy prices in that much talked of district.

LOCAL NEWS.

E. A. Elton of Fort Steele is in town.

J. C. Drewry returned from Toronto and Montreal Thursday.

The Quadrille Club will give one of their regular dances next Thursday evening.

A full and complete assortment of mits, gloves, German socks and rubbers have arrived just in time for the cald weather at Reid, Campbell & Co.

"Gus" King, foreman of the building of the St. Eugene concentrator, has finished his labors on that work and departed for his home in Spokane this moring.

Metal Quotations.

New York, Nov. 23.—Bar silver 59½ cents. Lead, $4.60 @ $4.65. The firm that fixes the selling prices for miners and smelters quotes lead at $4.40 at the close.

B. C. RESTAURANT.

OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

Everything First Class.

South Victoria Street.

WHITE & RUSSELL, Props.

CENTRAL - HOTEL

Barber Shop.

T. E. COLLINS, Prop.

MOYIE, B. C.

ALL CLIMES

CONTRIBUTE

to our stock, and the

Groceries

Gathered here are not surpassed in quality or freshness. Only such goods as have distinctive merit are permitted to enter our stock. Low prices do not prompt us to buy articles of inferior grades. The best of everything is here at moderate prices.

MacEachern & Macdonald

MOYIE, B. C.

A CAPRICIOUS BELLE.

THE ROMANTIC LIFE STORY OF SUE PILLOW-MARTIN.

Pretty and Witty, This Tennessee Coquette Flung Money Away With the Same Reckless Abandon That She Lacerated Masculine Hearts.

She was not merely a belle and beauty back before the war, this fascinating and capricious Sue Pillow-Martin. She appears to have been a new woman, born ahead of time, into an epoch and environment that irked her even more than she shocked them. When the Mexican war was fought, a Pillow was a general. Naturally, that added to his social prestige. Renown was not needed, though, to make his eldest daughter easily first among equals in the land of her birth.

She was pretty, she was witty, she danced like a Wyllis and was coquette to her finger tips. She had lovers and love affairs by the time she was 15. Not very serious ones, yet serious enough to show her quality of imperious caprice.

By and by young McNairy of Kentucky came courting her. At first she tossed her head. In a week they were engaged and the wedding day set. Friends and fortune smiled approval. It was most fit in every way. McNairy was an only child and his father a rich man, withal an eminent judge. His son's choice so pleased him that he resolved to make the infare, the bride's home coming, the most notable social event in south Kentucky history. He sent all the way to New York for a family carriage, the first closed carriage ever brought to that region. Much of the supper was likewise ordered from New York, also liveries for the black coachman, the footmen and young McNairy's own man.

Four fine black horses, perfectly matched and bitted, drew the carriage. Everything was spick and span when the bridegroom set out to claim his bride. Elkton, his home town, lies in a border county, some 60 miles from Nashville. The Pillow homestead was just outside Columbia, which lies about 50 miles due south of the state capital. So it was a two days' drive, but the horses minded it no more than their master.

It was very well they did not, since they went home the very next day. Miss Pillow had changed her mind, not about marrying, but as to who should be the man. A certain Hugh Martin, newer and richer than McNairy, had come upon the scene—she was fond of novelties and dearly loved to give her world a sensation. She wrote McNairy a curt dismissal and married Martin with all the pomp and circumstance prepared for the man he had supplanted.

McNairy faced the changed conditions with a sort of grim humor. He bought all the crape in Columbia, put horses and servants in deep mourning and drove home. There he insisted that the infare should go on just the same, although the bride was conspicuously absent. He said of her only that she had exercised her undoubted privilege of changing her mind. He might have married a hundred times over, but, though gallant toward all women, he said he would die a bachelor.

Sue Pillow-Martin meantime was leading her new husband the merriest sort of dance. When he came to understand that his money had tempted her he gave it to her to spend like water. She flung it away with both hands. Every week almost she drove to Nashville and went about its best shops, with her black maid carrying roleaux of gold to pay for her purchases. The gold was but one of her innumerable whims. She would not touch silver or paper.

Hugh Martin has married her for better or for worse. He bore and forbore until she came actually to despise him. She set her mind on divorce, then and there regarded as almost indelible disgrace. But divorced she would be, and divorced she was, in spite of her father, her family, all her friends. Her freedom proved after a sort a crown of thorns. If men still crowded about her, there was that in the eyes and voices of the women that poisoned life came to Sue Pillow-Martin. By way of changing all that she whistled back her old lover, McNairy, and married him out of hand.

That would have made a seven years' sensation, only the civil war came on, and not so long after McNairy fell from a high window and broke his neck. The shock almost killed his wife. She came as near loving him as her supreme selfishness allowed. Troubles did not come singly—her father died about the same time. Both left estates much involved. When, a little later, the fall of the confederacy annihilated slave property, the widow found herself with straitened prospects.

Poverty was not imminent, but the old lavish, luxurious life was forever gone. The brother reigning in her father's stead was brotherly kind, but she was no more supreme. Besides, her world was wondering what she could or would do next. What she did do was to write, in her brother's name, to her divorced husband, Hugh Martin, asking for information in regard to some part of her father's estate.

Martin recognized the handwriting. He had gone back to his old home—east Tennessee—and prospered there throughout McNairy's lifetime. When news came that his ex-wife was again free, he took to his bed, declaring he would never leave it alive. To the friends who railed at her and begged him not to think of her he said humbly that he still loved the earth she trod. She might not deserve it, but he would rather die than live to know that she had married still another man, as she was sure to do. So her letter came to him as manna in the desert. He answered it at once; she threw aside disguise and wrote again. The second letter set him on his feet, although but a ghost of his old self.

A third came quickly. He packed his grip, put money in both pockets and went away. In a month or less he had remarried—there was again legally a Sue Pillow-Martin. He found her just the same, full of capricious luring, of swift anger and sudden remorseful tenderness. But now she was content to sun herself in the eyes of an adoring husband. There was the child—her little daughter by McNairy. Martin loved it as tenderly as though it were his own. That helped him with the mother and consoled him for many of the wounds her indifference gave. On the whole, his last marriage brought him years of stormy and moonlit happiness. Not so very many years. His wife died, and his heart was buried with her. He outlived her only a little while. All his fortune went to her daughter, who grew up a gracious and beautiful young woman, wholly lacking her mother's lawless charm.

THE HONEY HUNTERS.

The fumes of sulphur will kill all the worms of moths.

To produce a large crop of honey, bees should not be allowed to swarm, but kept together.

If bees are given plenty of storage room, they are not so apt to swarm. Limited space often causes swarming.

Pure white comb honey, with very little propolis on the wood of the sections, denotes that they were taken out as soon as they were filled.

Never leave a newly hived swarm of bees near the place where they are clustered. The safest plan is to remove it at once to a stand somewhat distant, whether the bees are all in or not.

Bees do not swallow honey, but place it as gathered with their bill in their honey sack, which is in front and entirely outside. A bee weighs three times as much returning to the hive as it did when it started out.

So far as can be done keep the white clover honey separate from the basswood honey. The flavors are quite different and when sent to market should be kept separate. Honey, to sell to the best advantage, needs to be graded.—St. Louis Republic.

WHY THE BULLDOG IS LIKED.

He Is a Good Companion and Is Loyal to the Death.

A real lover of dogs is apt to have a preference as to type, but he is apt also to be fond of all good dogs, no matter what the class or their special purposes in the world. The dog lover is very like in this regard the truly gallant man. He may prefer blue eyes and fair hair to the opposite, but his heart goes out to all women who are good because they are women and because they are good.

To the uninitiated an affection for a bulldog seems a perversion of taste, for the bulldog is not symmetrical, is not graceful and sometimes appears to lack intelligence. About his intelligence, however, there is more than one opinion; about his affection and his loyalty there can be no doubt whatever. His affection knows neither hesitation, wavering nor change, and he is a rare comrade. He is not noisy, he is not nervous, and he is not given to demonstration. He fills the requirements that Emerson formulated as to perfect companionship. He does not need to speak to show his sympathy. He can tell you what he wishes to say with his little eyes, and he can be eloquent with the waggings of his stump tail.

This kind of a companion is not such as commends himself to all persons, for there are those in the world who like chatterers and consider the unending small talk of the drawing room the highest and most pleasurable expression of human wit. For such as these the bulldog is not likely to have the greatest attractions. Let such have a frolicsome dog or a kitten that will chase its tail. But the bulldog is a good companion for a quiet man of a thoughtful and philosophic cast of mind. The bulldog will not disturb his musings; the bulldog will not say the wrong thing at a time when silence is precious, for the bulldog rarely speaks. When he does, he is short, though not sharp, in his communications and is very much to the purpose.—Criterion.

A DRESSMAKER'S EXPERIENCE.

Almost Completely Prostrated with Nervous Disorders---Made well again by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The close attention required by the busy dressmaker to the minute details of her art is most trying on the nerves, and after the rush of business last spring Mrs. M. B. Hungerford, of 31 Main street, Binghampton, N. Y., found her nerves exhausted and was threatened with complete collapse of the nervous system.

She writes: "I have had severe attacks of nervous trouble and was threatened with prostration as a result of close attention to fine work. In Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food I have found an excellent remedy for my form of trouble.

"Being also constipated I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills along with the Nerve Food, taking one Nerve Food Pill after each meal, and one Kidney-Liver Pill three times a week before retiring. This treatment I can most heartily recommend for it has made me well again."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Does not deaden the nerves, nor does it stimulate the nerves to over-exertion. It does make new, red corpuscles in the blood and nourishes the nerves back to health and strength. Fifty cents a box at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

AN ODD EXPERIENCE.

THE STORY OF A STRANGE MISSION TO A DESERT ISLAND.

In the Queer Business Figured a Big Coffin and a Dead Chinese Mandarin Who May Not Have Been a Dead Chinaman After All.

"I've spent a good many years round these islands," said the night watch on a yacht in the Santa Barbara channel, "and I've had some singular experiences. Last winter I spent in Santa Barbara, only coming to the island occasionally. One day a Chinaman came to my lodgings and asked me if I knew San Nicolas, the bleakest and windiest of all the California islands. I said I did.

"'You know mandalin?' he asked. 'Lung Kow allee samee mandalin; he go San Nicolas; allee samee dead man. You sabe?'

"In short, the Chinaman was a representative of the Six Companies of San Francisco, and the mandarin, Lung Kow, had taken a trip for his health to the island with a party of abalone hunters and had died on the desolate spot. He was a big man, and so a delegation of Chinamen had been sent to Santa Barbara to charter a vessel to go to San Nicolas to bring him to mainland. We soon struck a bargain and set sail. The island lies well out to sea, where it blows half a gale nearly all the time, and there are no safe harbors. My schooner was a little fore and after, with a small cockpit and cabin, which just about held the four Chinamen, while cross deck, amidships, they stowed a bronze coffin. The men, as near as I could make out, seemed to be priests of rank and went on regular watch duty from the time they started. They crowded into the cabin and lit their pipes and kept them going all the way over. As soon as we got under sail one of them threw a lot of paper into the air, repeating something in Chinese. This was to give the vessel good luck. The others burned punk in the cabin.

"We reached the island one night when it was blowing furiously, and we lay on the edge of the kelp till morning. The landing was through a channel about 20 feet wide, with a wall of rock on each side. When you got in it was all right, as there was a cove and sandy beach. The Chinamen had brought one of their boats, a clumsy affair, and we all put off in her with the heavy coffin lashed to the seats. The sea was still high, and while we rowed the Chinamen threw paper and waved their punk sticks. I was looking for trouble, and just as we reached the narrow channel the sea dropped away from the bow, the stern flew up in the air, and a big wave struck the flat bottom of the boat, sending her stern over bow into the cove, and spilling every one into the water. When the Chinamen recovered from their fright they rushed for the boat, and, hauling her up, unfastened the coffin and laid it on the beach. The abalone hunters met us, and there was more bowing and more punk burned, and then the men took the coffin on their shoulders and we followed the abalone hunters.

"Well, my partner and I took turns at carrying the coffin with the Chinamen, and for several miles followed the abalone men over the hills and sand to a remote spot where the grave was pointed out. Now came the funny part of it. Naturally you would think they would do all the work of taking up the body, but they indicated that they expected us to do it, and as we had been paid to do the work there was no backing out. The Chinamen thrust lighted punk in the sand all about and went through many gesticulations while we dug. The Mandarin had simply been laid in the sand with his robes about him and his red-buttoned hat on. We got him up, put him in the coffin and bolted it down. Then the Chinamen threw handfuls of papers in the air, uttering cries and bowing to the body, to the east and west.

"We finally got the coffin triced to two long poles and began the march back. I've taken some hard and curious tramps in my time, but that discounted them all. The Chinamen were thoroughly frightened—you know they think the wind is a living thing, and when it began to howl and roar and fill the air with stones and dirt they would stop and point at the black fog bank that looked like a big dragon, then start off again, plowing through the drifting sand, sometimes almost losing sight of the guide ahead. Finally we reached the beach. The yacht was lying on the edge of the kelp, about 200 yards off shore and riding on a pretty good swell that set in from the west, but the junkboat came in all right and we hauled her up, high and dry.

"Remembering their experience, the Chinamen wanted us to wait until the sea went down; but we explained that there was always a sea running, so they consented to try it. They evidently were determined to take no chances, as they first placed the heavy coffin, now heavier than ever, amidships, and lashed it in, then put my partner and me at the oars, while the dead Chinaman took his place in the boat with his hand on the coffin.

After much excitement we got the coffin in the falls and landed it on deck, putting it across the house. That night the only dry place was the coffin, so I piled my blankets on top of it and was fast asleep on top of the Mandarin when I felt some one pulling at me and found the whole party about me. They had a sort of hourly service and had formed in a procession in the cockpit, and, when they reached the coffin, were horrified to find me there. Their peculiar rites were kept up during the entire trip, and it was months before we got rid of the smell of opium and punk. The body was shipped to San Francisco under the same guard."

"And that was the last of Lung Kow?" asked one of the yachtsmen.

"I don't know about that," replied the sailor. "The next week we saw in a San Francisco paper that a lot of smuggled opium had been captured in a coffin, and we began to think that the Mandarin was just an ordinary dummy Chinaman, packed with opium cases, which had been landed at San Nicolas and taken away by us. It looked that way."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Time For Action.

Freddie (whose pa is a strict disciplinarian)—Ma, can you have a man arrested if you think he's going to kill you?

Ma—Certainly, my son.

Freddie—Then I'm going to git out a warrant for pa.

Ma—You shock me, Freddie. What reason could you possibly have for any such action against your father?

Freddie—Why, I heard him tell the lumberman this morning to bring him a cartload of shingles.—Richmond

THE MAYFAIR MAN

BY WEATHERLEY CHESNEY

(Copyright, 1899, by Weatherley Chesney.)

Fenton nodded wearily.

"Tha doesn't mind ma smoaking, do ye?" said the other, pulling out a cigar of doubtful aspect.

"Not at all," said Fenton, hoping this would keep his companion quiet.

"Maybe you'd like a smoak yersen?" said the Yorkshireman, who was generously disposed.

"Thanks, no," said Fenton. "I'm not much of a smoker."

"That's reet. A young feller should reserve his strength so as he can enjoy his smoak when his trouble comes." And pleased with this philosophic sentiment the old fellow puffed away at his rank cigar.

There was a pause of a few minutes, and Fenton hoped his companion was now fully engrossed with his cigar and his troubles. But he was mistaken. The hearty voice went on:

"Yes, I've been up to Lunuon on biz-ness—very pertikeler bizness. Ah'll tell ye all about it, as ye seem interested."

And he did tell, and his voice buzzed in Fenton's ear in harmony with the rattling of the wheels and the roar of the train.

On, on the voice went, with never ending energy, but Fenton's thoughts were elsewhere. He was wet through to the skin, he was shivering with cold, he was utterly miserable both in mind and body. Was there in all London that night a more wretched man than he? The thought was simply overwhelming that he, George Fenton, was a fugitive—that he would be wanted by the police on the morrow for the murder of a woman. A cold sweat stood upon his brow and an involuntary groan broke from his lips.

Even the self absorbed Yorkshireman noticed his companion's distress and broke off his epic in compassion.

"Young feller," said he solemnly, "ye're wet through to the skin."

Fenton did not deny it.

"See 'ere," said the other, getting up and inspecting his own wraps. "Just ye put on this 'ere watterproof. It'll keep ye warm overneet. It's downright daft of ye traveling in nowt but gimcracks like them, as wouldn't turn a summer shower."

Fenton thanked him warmly and was glad enough to don the proffered article. He buried his chin deep in the capacious collar and pretended to sleep. The cigar had now gone out, and the smoker was yawning. In another ten minutes resounding snores proclaimed his reception in the arms of Morpheus.

In vain did Fenton try to follow his companion into oblivion. Sleep refused to come. For a few minutes he fell into a fitful slumber, but his brain refused to rest. Again he stood over the dead body of the woman he loved; again he saw her pale, drawn face and the horrible dagger in her heart; again Brett confronted him, and once more he was chased down the streets by a howling crowd. Quick down there, or he would be caught! Faster! Faster! O God, they are gaining on him! And with a cry of terror he awoke, trembling from head to foot.

Thank heaven, it was only a horrible dream! He was safe as yet.

And so that interminable night wore on. It was not till the gray morning came in through the carriage windows that the thought flashed across him for the first time, "Why am I running away?"

Brett alone had seen him, and he knew he was safe with Brett. No, Duncan would not betray him. Had he been recognized in the chase that followed? Hardly likely. Then he was safe. Why run away? If a ghost of a suspicion lodged against him, he was only accentuating it by absenting himself. He ought never to have left town. De Vere Gardens was the safest place for him. What a fool he had been to rush madly away in this absurd fashion! But even now was it too late to return? There were quick trains up from Manchester. He could be back by noon, and it would be easy to account for his absence—such occurrences were not infrequent. At Manchester, at any rate, he could buy an early paper and be guided by the report of the murder, which would by this time be telegraphed to every quarter of the globe.

These thoughts brought him some comfort, and, at last, when the sky was turning to crimson, George Fenton sank into a deep sleep.

* * * * * * *

"Now, lad, here we be at Manchester. Up yo get."

Fenton rubbed his eyes and stared round him dazedly and struggled to his feet.

"Thank you very much for your mackintosh," he said to the Yorkshireman. "I don't know what I should have done without it."

He bade the kind fellow goodby and struggled into his soddened overcoat and now sallied forth into the streets of Cottonopolis. It was now past 6 o'clock, and he soon got hold of a newspaper, which he opened with palpitating heart.

"Great heavens!" he cried as his eye found the column he wanted. There, in large capitals, stared him in the face:

HORRIBLE MURDER IN MAYFAIR.
ARREST OF A NAVAL OFFICER.

His blood ran cold as he read the last line, for he at once grasped that if Brett had been arrested, owing to some absurd blunder on the part of the police, in order perhaps to save his own life he would be bound to reveal all he knew of the murder. He read through the account that followed, but that gave him little further information. There were simply the particulars of the finding of the body, Brett's arrest, with the subsequent trouble, and the conveyance of him and the corpse to the police station. The paper fell from Fenton's hand in dismay. Now, at any rate, it would be simple folly on his part to return before he knew that no suspicion rested upon him. In the meantime he ought to make his own position as secure as possible by further movements. He crossed over to the Exchange station and looked at the list of departures. At 7 o'clock a train would leave for Leeds, and by this train Fenton decided to travel. At 9 o'clock he stepped out on the Leeds platform.

His first act was to get refreshment, for he had tasted nothing for 12 hours, and was, moreover, suffering acutely as the result of wearing his wet clothing. He was ravenously hungry, and he made a substantial meal. Once more the blood seemed to course in his veins, and his courage revived. For a long time he sat over his breakfast deliberating on his next move, which he at length decided must be to get rid of his dress clothes. If suspicion had fallen upon him, these would no doubt be an important link in his detection, and it seemed more risky to continue wearing them than to dispose of them. He spent the greater part of the morning wandering up and down the city before he found a shop likely for his purpose. At last he entered one and asked the man behind the counter what he would give for the suit he was wearing.

"Dress shoots are nodings moosh in my line, and shtill less so ven dey are shoiled mit mud and wed. De glosh on dis shoot is debarded forever, and my fr'en's only wants glosby dress shoots."

Gloss or no gloss, Fenton explained, he must have it exchanged for an everyday rig out.

"My fr'en, if it is an exchange you vants perhaps I can do someshing for you. I dort it was monish val you vanted. See here. Dis is a vinding in shecks. You could blay shess or dravts on de design ven you was dat vay inclined."

Fenton explained he did not feel at all that way inclined. He wanted something not quite so pronounced.

"I see noding wrong mit de bronunciation. Peraps it is a golo black shoot you vants, mit vich to attend your own funeral."

After much parleying and haggling Fenton was at last fitted out in the cast off Sunday best of some presumably worthy Leeds weaver, and he left the store lamenting the inequality of the exchange.

Then he went to a barber's and had his mustache shaved.

By this time the early editions of the evening papers were out, and Fenton eagerly scanned a copy of The Evening Post.

"Horrible Tragedy In Mayfair—The Murderer at Large," met his eyes, and with trembling heart he read of "the release of the naval officer" and of the chase after himself the previous night, the discovery of the hilt of the dagger, and, O God, of his own departure to Manchester from Willesden Junction. Then followed a description of himself: "Dark, about 5 feet 9 in height, well built, brown eyes and dark mustache, about 30 years of age; at the time was wearing evening dress clothes, a light overcoat and a bowler hat."

Fenton's head whirled as he read these lines, and he looked round in terror, half expecting to see some one already identifying him, despite his having disposed of some of the damning details. They were on his track, and at any moment he might be arrested. He must be off again, and that immediately. Once more he must take train in the hope of baffling his pursuers. He walked into Wellington station and found that a train started in a few minutes for Skipton. He bought a ticket furtively, dully wondering why the clerk did not eye him suspiciously.

He was at Skipton within the hour. What was he to do now? He had something less than a sovereign in his pocket, so he could not afford another journey by train. Besides, he must shun the haunts of news readers. The country would be the best place for him now. He was almost at his wits' end, but he pulled himself together, went into a public house and called for some brandy. This put enough Dutch courage into his soul to enable him to inquire about the surrounding country from a gurrulous bar ranger. As a result of his inquiries he determined to take to the Cracoe road, hoping to reach Grassington and the scattered villages beyond, where newspapers were few and the population illiterate.

Then he set out. The brandy saw him through a mile or two, but the excitement was telling upon him, and his bodily pain was increasing, and soon he could scarcely crawl along. He rested many a time and oft by the way, and it was dark when the glimmer of the lights of Rylstone village met his eyes. Here he determined to pass the night. He could go no farther. He did not dare to put up at any public house for fear of ultimate discovery, so he cast about him for a roof for shelter. By the moonlight he espied an old shed alongside some stabling, and thither he repaired. Not having even strength enough to search for litter for a bed, he threw himself down on the ground and fell into a broken sleep.

He awoke in the early morning with pains and aches shooting all over his body, but with mind clear enough to appreciate the exigencies of the situation. He must be up and away before the sleuthhounds could scent him. He dragged his unwilling limbs out of the shed and gained the highway. But now the want of food was beginning to tell heavily upon him, and his legs almost refused to move. Long before he reached Cracoe he was overtaken by a coal cart. He hailed the driver and asked for a lift. The man looked at him doubtfully, but the offer of coin produced the desired effect. Lying full length on a sack on the top of the coals, Fenton spent the next hours in a dazed, witless condition. The driver's destination was Kilnsey, and there his fare was turned adrift. Here Fenton determined to have something to eat, for without food he felt it would be impossible to go farther. He staggered into the village inn, which stood invitingly near. Suddenly a look of terror overspread his face and he turned sharply off the main road. He had seen a policeman enter. A policeman in that old world place! What was he doing there? To his distorted vision the man was already making inquiries of the innkeeper, and the carter would be there in a minute to add his link to the chain of evidence that was gradually being forged around him.

Fear galvanized his stiffened limbs into action, and down that lonely lane Fenton pelted with blind hurry whither he knew not nor cared. The spurt did not last long, and he soon dropped into his old shamble. To make things worse, the rain, which had been threatening all day, now came down in torrents, and the need of some place of cover grew imperative. There was a haystack near—the only hope of shelter in that bleak, inhospitable landscape—but before he could even reach what refuge that afforded the pitiless rain had drenched him to the marrow. The whole of that wretched afternoon Fenton sheltered there, sometimes dozing,

The man looked at me doubtfully.

more often terribly wide awake, wet, cold and hungry. When dusk came, he ventured forth again in quest of food and lodging, which he must have if he wished to keep mind and body together. He struggled on for a couple of hours, covering little ground, although straining every nerve. There were lights of a homestead in the distance, for which he made without even attempting to concoct a likely tale to account for his appearance, but fate was dead against him. The rain had ceased now, but it had left the ground thick with slush, through which the weary fugitive struggled like a drunken man. The lights he was making for seemed ever to recede like will-o'-the-wisps, and Fenton grew dimly conscious he could not reach them.

There was no other building at hand, no roof to shelter him, but he could go no farther. His legs refused to move, his head was bursting, and with a cry of awful helplessness and despair he sank down upon the clammy ground, at last unconscious of all his woes.

* * * * * * *

It was two days afterward when Fenton regained consciousness. When he opened his eyes, he was in a strange bedroom. He gave a feeble cry of surprise, and, as if in response, an old dame appeared at the bottom of the bed.

"Thank God, yo've come round at last. I thought it wer' all up wi' ye once. But doan't ye talk now. Just ye drink this and goa to sleep. T' mister will tell ye all about it when 'a comes 'oam."

With a sigh of contentment Fenton did as he was told.

When next he opened his eyes, they fell upon a familiar form. There by his bedside was the burly farmer who had traveled with him from Willesden! Fenton could not repress a cry of astonishment. The farmer seemed to enjoy his surprise.

"Aye, lad, it's one of the curiosest things I iver 'eard of. I said 'Goodby' to yo at Manchester, and nivver thought of seeing ye ag'in, and two days afterward I finds yo in my three acre pasture in a pretty fever. I know'd ye at once, although yo'd changed yer togs and shaved yer mustash. Ye've been in trouble, lad. I could tell fro' yer rarings. But nivver mind. No one's heard 'em but me and t' missis, 'cept our Jeames, who helped me to carry yo in, and I've squared Jeames not to let on."

"What did I say?" anxiously asked Fenton.

"Ye talked a strange lot of stuff, lad, abaht a girl—thear's generally a woman at bottom of moast things; and ye seemed to be terribly fond of this un. And then yo called out 'Murder!'—ay, 'Murder!' and spoke of a glass dagger, or some such silliness. Then ye seemed to be running away, and it was as much as the three of us could do to hold yo in the bed."

Fenton started up excitedly. "Good God!" he cried. "I am lost!"

"Lay ye down ag'in, lad," said the farmer, pushing him back with rough gentleness. "Whativver ye've done, I'll not be the man to give yo away. I had a lad of my own once, and I reckon yo're some mother's son."

Fenton grasped the farmer's hand in dumb thankfulness.

"Nay, nay, lad—it's nowt. Yo must go to sleep now, and think ye're in yer own bed at 'oam."

But even as the farmer spoke there was a sound of tramping feet, and a voice thick with drink was heard protesting:

"Noa, noa, Ward; I didn't tell ye owt. Tak' yerself off before t' mister comes."

"Don't be a fool, James. I must go up stairs and look at him," said an authoritative voice.

The farmer started toward the door, but before he reached it the big form of a policeman was in the room. He gave a quick glance at the man on the bed, and then said, with bustling importance:

"George Fenton, I arrest you for the murder of Harriet Staples!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MOYIE LEADER.

MOYIE, B. C.

HOW RAISINS ARE MADE.

The Methods of the Grape Growers of Southern California.

The gang of workers moves in a bunch, clipping off the translucent clusters of muscatels, arranging them upon the trays, to shrink and shrivel under the rays of the sun into the concentrated delicacy we know. Behind them the lines of trays lie, a basking array of shimmering fruit, and some one interested is shoving the clusters together, that the tray shall be honestly filled, for the workers are paid by the tray.

After two weeks' exposure to the dry heat the filled trays are ready to be turned so that the grapes may be cured evenly. This is accomplished by two men, one on either side, placing an empty tray over the full one, dexterously reversing it, then, carrying the upper one with them, repeating the process on down the row. It is at this stage in the curing that the grape is most delectable.

The amber is changing through ruddy stages to amethyst, and the sun warmed pulp is drops of honey—double distilled, so sweet they make you long with a great thirst for the red water tank shimmering in the sunlight 40 acres away, but you must eat and eat, and go on eating even while your palate is cloying with the sweetness.

In another week the dried grapes are ready for the sweat boxes. These wide, open boxes contain from 150 to 160 pounds, and as the raisins become sufficiently cured they are sorted from the other and placed therein, the large, perfect clusters, and the inferior, broken pieces in separate boxes. These are usually carried to a sweating house, a closed structure, in which they soften and moisten evenly, the drying having made the stems exceedingly brittle, or simply stacked in one corner of the packing house to await the grading and packing.

Free and easy expectaration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

His Three Woes.

Visitors in the Presbyterian cemetery at Dover, Del., may see in a distant section of the cemetery, some 40 feet apart, graves of three young women. They are the wives of Alexander McClyment, a former assemblyman and well known citizen of years ago.

On the slab of Sarah, who died in 1811, aged 21, is inscribed:

"Oh, monster! My heart is torn asunder by this ghastly wound."

In 1816 Elizabeth, the second wife, died, aged 22, and her tomb contains words even stronger:

"Insatiate archer! Would not one suffice?"

But in 1825, when Elizabeth, the third wife, died, at the age of 25, the sorrow stricken husband wrote:

"Thy shaft fell thrice, and thrice my peace was slain!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

His Job.

"Well, if you work for the government and are in hard luck here is a dime for you."

"Thanks, madam, a thousand thanks."

"Now tell me what you do."

"Certainly. I help keep the money in circulation by spendin all I git at once."

And the deceiving creature departed for the nearest saloon.—Cleveland Leader.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

How a Drunken Husband Was Made a Sober Man by a Determined Wife.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

She writes:—"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Samaria Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else dear to a woman's heart, for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

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

Gretna Green.

Gretna Green is a parish in Scotland, just "over the border," where marriages used to be performed according to the law of Scotland. The ceremony was binding performed by a layman in the simplest form, when, being registered, the parties, in the presence of witnesses, were declared man and wife. The first person who officiated at these strange unions was George Scott, who began "his unlicensed ministry" about the year 1753.

His Foresight.

"There's a man who is always looking ahead, and yet he doesn't seem to be getting rich any faster than some of the rest of us."

"Who is he?"

"The local weather prophet."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A PROMINENT VANCOUVERITE.

Permanently Cured of Asthma, Clarke's Kola Compound Cures.

Mr F. J. Painton, the well-known proprietor of Painton's Music Store, Vancouver, B. C., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from asthma in its worst form for over four years, very often having had to sit up nearly all night. I had consulted physicians both in England and Canada without obtaining any permanent relief and tried many remedies with the same result. A friend who had been cured by Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound advised me to try it. And three bottles have entirely cured me. It is now nearly two years since my recovery, and asthma has not troubled me since. I feel very grateful to Dr. Clarke for introducing this wonderful remedy. I have frequently recommended it to others suffering as I was, and do not know of a single case where the required number of bottles have been taken that it has failed to cure. See that you get Clarke's Free sample bottle sent to any person. Mention this paper. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C., sole Canadian agents.

Very Persevering.

"How's my daughter getting on with her music?" asked Mr. Cumrox as he sat down and pulled his trousers up over his knees so as not to spoil the creases.

"All she needs is patience," said the teacher.

"Then she's all right. If there's anything she possesses, it's patience. She's been six weeks looking all over the piano with both hands for 'The Lost Chord,' and I'm willing to bet bank stock against chewing gum she won't quit till she finds it."—Washington Star.

A Suitable Profession.

Pater (sadly)—I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical schools and still keeps at the foot of his class.

Perrins (promptly)—Make a chiropodist of him.—Tit-Bits.

THE DAIRY INDUSTRY.

Interview With R. A. Lister, Who Has Just Returned From a Tour of Inspection—He Compares the Dairy Industry of Denmark and Manitoba—Scarcity of Hogs in Manitoba.

R. A. Lister, president of R. A. Lister & Co., limited, manufacturers of cream separators and other dairy machinery whose Winnipeg branch has since its inception three years ago been under the able management of Wm. Scott has just completed his annual tour of inspection and returns to England this week. Being requested to give his opinion on the dairy industry in Manitoba he said: "Until the farmers go in more for milk and stock raising the country will never be on a sure and certain road to prosperity. This continuous wheat raising is like an unthrifty man who lives on his capital instead of his interest, and if he lives long enough the poor house alone awaits him. Take the farmers throughout the world and you will find the man who mills cows in addition to other branches of his business is the best off; he has the best home, the cheapest and best table, and the most ready money. In fact, he has not all his eggs in one basket. This is specially important in Manitoba, where the wheat crop has been and will be subject to certain climatic risks and where the home demand for the product of a dairy farm is increasing both in this province and British Columbia. Milk, cream, butter, cheese, pork, calves, are all in active demand.

"When I compare this province and Denmark, both with long and severe winters, I am struck with the scant provision for keepin stock in the winter. In Denmark the cow stables are long, cheaply constructed, yet warm buildings with straw thatch roofs adjoining the farm house at one end. The door from the house does not open on the cows, but into an intermediate room used for sorting all things required. The cows are in two rows back to back, with sufficient room for cleaning out and sufficient room in front of the mangers for feeding from a barrow or trolley car. The ventilation is from the apex of the roof and the temperature kept at about 65 degrees Farenheit. The milkers have not to go out in the cold on a winter morning. It is a general practice to put all milk cows in the stable from October 20 to May 20. The Danish dairy farmer is as a rule, fairly well off, and lives well; they mostly own their own farms. Hand skimming or deep setting is now unknown, the cream separator is universal; their butter is the finest in the world, and commands the best price in England. They also feed a very large number of hogs on their separator milk, barley and corn—the latter they import.

"I think the scarcity of hogs in this province is a matter that cannot be too forcibly urged on the farmers, although fine pork and bacon can only be obtained where skim milk is available to mix with barley, corn or damaged wheat. Many of these things, I am aware, have been told before—but old truths will do with repeating.

"My firm started a creamery at Brandon this year and made 65,000 pounds of butter; the farmers have been paid in cash for their cream every month. For November we shall pay them 19 cents per pound. We purchased the old court house at Morris, equipped it as a creamery, and put a gasoline launch on the river to collect cream from the river side farms. This we have done with one object only, viz., to establish the business on a sound basis for the cream gathering system, and provide the farmers with a ready cash market for their cream. I am glad to hear from the patrons I have met that our efforts even this first year have been successful and much appreciated

"At the present moment Manitoba is not taking full advantage of her great opportunities for supplying the western market with choice dairy products. The ready demand for fine fresh butter, and the satisfactory prices such an article commands should be an incentive to farmers to increase their herds, to develop the production of milk the year round, and to provide all the facilities for making butter of first quality, and in quantity commensurate with the requirements of the market."

THE SEASON OF FAIRS.

This is the season for fairs, by gosh! Oh, this is the season for fairs!
They're thicker than spatter.
But what does it matter?
They scoop up the cash, but who cares?

From now till October they'll swallow the change,
These state fairs and town fairs and county and grange.
But apples blush brighter arrayed on a plate,
And the cattle look scrumptious in dignified state
Enthroned in a stall and a-gazing with scorn
On the chaps going by without ribbon or horn.
And the trotters and nags of the blood royal strain
Are a-furnishing fun for the people of Maine,
While prouder than princes they prance to the band
And egle the ladies arrayed on the stand.
Ah, every exhibit in stall or in hall,
From hooked rug to hoofflesh and pumpkin and all,
Takes on a new meaning, assumes a new light
And is for the moment a wonderful sight.
The people hang over the stuff that's displayed,
They swig up whole barrels of red lemonade
And hark to the fakirs and tumble to snides
And treat all the young ones to merry go rides.
They sit on the grand stand, mad crushed against man,
All shouting acclaim to the track's rataplan,
And all the delight is as fresh and as bright
As though the big crowd had not seen that same sight.
And the people flock home with the dust in their eyes,
But with hearts all afire with fun and surprise.
The girls are a-humming the tunes of the band,
And dads are relating the sights from the stand;
The dames are discussing the fancy work part,
While the kid hugs the Midway scenes close to his heart.
The palms of the men folks still glow from a grip,
And the women are thinking of lip pressed to lip,
For all of the folks in the loud, happy throng
Have met with the friends they've not seen for so long.
A hall and salute from the press of the mass
Too brief, as the crowd jammed, impatient to pass,
A moment—that's all—to renew the old tie,
A hand grasp, a lip touch, "Hello!" and "Good-by!"

Oh, this is the season of fairs, by gosh—the season to lay off your cares!
Each fair is a wonder
They're thicker than thunder—
Hooray for the season of fairs!

—Mahnan F. Day in Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Great Rheumatic Remedy.

Mr. H. E. West, Water St., Vancouver, writes: "I had been suffering from a very painful attack of rheumatism in my right shoulder, and could not attempt to raise my arm, so great was the pain. Griffiths' Menthol Liniment was applied, and in less than four hours the pain entirely left it, and I could use my arm freely. It is truly a wonderful remedy."

As He Understood It.

"What's his name?" whispered the chairman of the mass meeting, who was slightly deaf.

"Smith," replied the secretary in a low tone, "of Chicago Lawn."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the chairman rising, "we will now hear the voice of labor. I have the honor to introduce as the next speaker Mr. Smith, the well known Chicago laundryman."—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Paring Hoofs of Sheep.

Many farmers are keeping sheep this year for the first time in many years. To all such it may be wise to suggest paring the hoofs early in the spring, or before they are turned out to pasture. In the barnyard, always treading on soft, fermenting manure, the sheep's hoofs grow too long and develop foot rot if it is pastured on low, wet land. On rocky, high and dry land, the sheep wears off its hoofs on the sharp edges of the rocks. It is probably instinct that teaches the sheep at night to seek a high and dry place to sleep upon.

THEY ARE NOT VIOLENT IN ACTION.—Some persons, when they wish to cleanse the stomach, resort to epsom and other purgative salts. These are speedy in their action, but serve no permanent good. Their use produces copious chills, and if persisted in they injure the stomach. Nor do they act upon the intestines in a beneficial way. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills answer all purposes in this respect, and have no superior.

Planning a Day's Campaign.

"You don't want to ask fur no cold victuals today," said Tuffold Knutt, who had picked up a stray paper and was looking over the market reports.

"Why not?" asked Badleigh Mildude.

"'Cause you won't git nothin but green cantlopes. They wuz sellin at 4 cents a basket yisterday."—Chicago Tribune.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"Most men," said the platitudinous boarder, "are more amenable to ridicule than to reason."

"Yes, they are more easily goyed than gaided," said the cheerful idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

All Aboard For Philadelphia!

"Rich and poor alike follow my humble calling," remarked the train announcer as the crowd in the waiting room rushed aboard the Lonelyville accommodation.—Philadelphia Record.

Hale Old Age.

Sad to see people advanced in years suffering from Backache, Lame Back, Urinary Troubles and Kidney Weakness. A hale old age, free from pains and aches, can only be attained by keeping the kidneys right and the blood pure.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

befriend the aged by freeing them from pain and correcting all Disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary System.

Mr. Thomas Ash, an old resident of Renfrew, Ont., spoke as follows:

"I am 72 years of age, and have been troubled for a number of years with pains across my back. When I would stoop over it gave agonizing pain to straighten up. I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I have taken many kinds of medicines, but got nothing to help me. Being recommended to try Doan's Kidney Pills I got a box. After taking three doses I noticed a great change for the better, and I can now get around as smart as a cricket. I can split my own wood and am, in fact, just like a new man."

The three great vital factors of this body of ours are the heart, the nerves and the blood.

It is because of the triple power possessed by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills of making weak, irregular beating hearts strong and steady, toning up run down, shattered, nervous systems and supplying those elements necessary to make thin, watery blood rich and red, that so many wonderful cures have been accredited to this remedy.

Here is the case of Mrs. R. J. Arnold, Woodstock, N.B., who says:

"I was troubled for some time with nervous prostration and general weakness, feeling irritable, debilitated and sleepless nearly all the time. My entire system became run down. As soon as I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I realized that they had a calming, soothing influence upon the nerves. Every dose seemed to help the cure. They restored my sleep, strengthened my nerves and gave tone to my entire system. I think them wonderful."

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills

HIGH LIGHTS.

Wise Sayings Condensed For Very Busy Readers.

Society contains many women who have good jewelry and bad manners.

Frequently it is better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all.

If you regard all annoyances as wholly impersonal, life is no chore at all.

When a small boy gets big enough to run to a fire he considers himself grown up.

Only first class people can hold the respect and admiration of their second class friends.

Before a woman goes away for the summer she always plans what she will do when she gets back.

When some people get into society they are too busy to attend the church which gave them their start.

It is sometimes so hot that even the vainest woman doesn't care whether her nose looks shiny or not.—Chicago Record.

Badleck, June 11, 1897.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for NEURALGIA.

It removes at once.

A. S. McDONALD.

Highly Accomplished.

"Is your friend an expert handwriting witness?" inquired one spectator at Rennes.

"No," answered the other. "He doesn't confine himself to handwriting. He's an all round expert. He can testify on any side of a case."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Not Essential.

Because a man has been a friend of the poor once in his life that is no reason why he should forever remain poor, just to show his sympathy.—Dallas News.

Summer Colors.

"Look at that girl yonder with a red percale waist."

"Yes, and a red percale complexion."—Chicago Record.

Any One Can Do That, of Course.

"Well," said the old gentleman to his son, "you have failed in every line of business I have set you up in. Is there anything you think you can do?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the boy carelessly. "I could probably write a play."—Chicago Post.

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE.—Biliousness which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

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The uncertain rewards of literature were never more clearly set forth than in the following (as the poet assures us) "original lines, which were dashed off between meals:"

Many a man on the road of life succeeds where
another fails;
Johnny is writin stories, an Billy is splittin
rails;
Johnny is makin a name an fame, he says, while
the years roll on,
But Billy is makin money, an Billy's supportin
John!

—Atlanta Constitution.

"Bah!" Said the Victim.

"So your neck pains you?" said the physician.

"Yes, terribly!" wailed the patient.

"Sorry, sir, but I can't help you. I'm not a specialist in rubber."—Detroit Free Press.

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"We are surely not going into battle with such a small amount of ammunition as this!" exclaimed the new recruit.

"Certainly," answered the Filipino. "There is no use of carrying any dead weight. We get as close as possible to the enemy and shoot once, and then we run like mad to tell Aguinaldo about our victory."—Washington Star.

These two desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.

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"Uncle Josh, don't you know you are standing in your own light when you oppose the good roads movement? In the saving of horseflesh and convenience in getting your produce to market when you can sell it for the highest prices good roads would pay what they cost, many times over."

"Mebby so, young man; mebby so. All I know about the roads is that I'd like to have 'em rough enough and muddy enough to keep the durn caudidates from comin out here and bother in the life out of me."—Chicago Tribune.

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A cup of coffee may be made very nourishing for an invalid if a well beaten egg is stirred into it and a little cream added. Mix together the egg, sugar and cream, then pour in the hot coffee gradually, whipping it with a silver fork. Taken in this way, the coffee is almost as good as a meal for an invalid.

Australian savages eat the green ants raw. They stamp upon an ant hill until the ants run up their legs, when they scrape them off as fast as they come up and transfer them to their mouths.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1899.

When the people of Moyie say they have the biggest silver-lead mine in British Columbia at their doors it is no idle boast.

"Plain beefsteak, $1.50. Coffee and doughnuts, 50 cents. Three eggs, $2." The foregoing extracts from a Cape Nome restaurant bill of fare indicate that the necessaries of life command fancy prices in that much talked of district.

It sometimes happens that journalism is the stepping stone to greater things. Such is the case with J. C. Drewry. Not many years ago Drewry was a reporter on a daily paper in Toronto. In the capacity of traveling correspondent he drifted to Rossland and secured interests in some of the leading properties of the camp. Stocks went skyward and Drewry found himself wealthy. Seven months ago he came to Moyie and secured mining property. Last week his syndicate amalgamated with the owners of the St. Eugene and the company was capitalized at $3,500,000. It is now said that Drewry's interests in this company alone are easily worth $500,000.

Taking all things into consideration it is no doubt beetter that the companies controlling the St. Eugene, Lake Shore and Moyie and Queen of the Hills mines have consolidated, thus putting these big silver lead producers into the hands of a company which is the largest of its kind in the entire province. The St. Eugene and Moyie and Queen of the Hills are so situated that they can in time be worked to better advantage through the tunnels of the Lake Shore, and the Lake Shore is greatly enhanced in value by being amalgamated with the other two properties. Therefore it was to the mutual benefit of the companies to consolidate. Another good feature of the deal is that the camp at the St. Eugene will eventually be abandoned and all operations will be carried on from the town in which case the hotel keepers and merchants will be greatly benefitted and the town will be materially increased in population.

RESULT OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

For the benefit of any young persons in Moyie afflicted with that malady known as love, the LEADER republishes the following from the New Denver Ledge:

The philosopher tells us that early weddings are the parents of early divorce, and this is undoubtedly true where divorce is the easy and accepted remedy for all matrimonial stuffions. America is afflicted with sentimental influenza. Sentiment is a good thing; so is vanila, but they are both nothing but flavors. All cake and no bread will not do. Rose water is sweeter than Limburger cheese, but the cheese is more useful. Look at that young pair making love in a luxurious parlor. Are they thinking of the future? See those two spooning and turning their stomachs into ice cream freezers. Are they dreaming of what is to come? Young people should be made to do their courting in a retail grocery. The hams, bacon, tea and coffee would keep in view the practical and more enduring side of married life—the grocery bill. Sentiment hinges on digestion. You may as well try to be intellectual with an empty head or respectable with an empty pocket. We should prescribe for love sick young people an extended diet of sauerkraut. We attribute the proverbial happiness of German married life to this union of perfume and cabbage. When single, stay so or economize for the future. In time of peace prepare for war. Will "what will keep one keep two?" Certainly it will keep them—hungry. Love is not a heart affection, it is a brain disease, an insanity whose asylum is too often a stuffy, little, third story, back room with horse hair furniture, a "God Bless Our Home" on the wall, and no visitors but babies and collectors.

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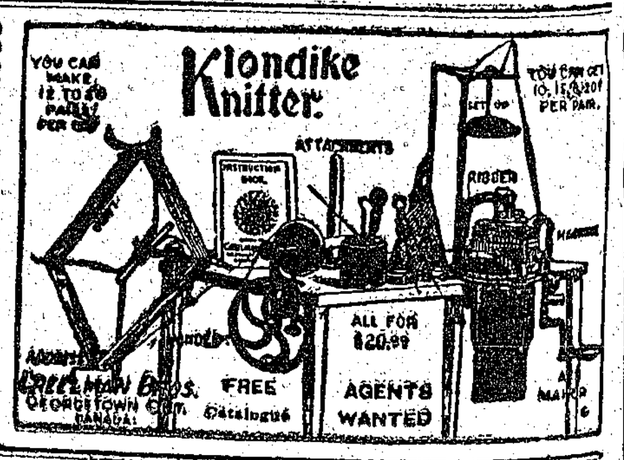

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