Library Legislative Assembly

THE MOYIE CITY LEADER.

VOL. 1, NO. 28. MOYIE CITY, B. C., OCTOBER 22, 1898. $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 CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

Hon. Geo. A. Cox, President. B. E. Walker, Gen. Man.

PAID UP CAPITAL, $6,000,000.00

Accounts of Corporations, Merchants and Individuals received on favorable terms.
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Drafts and credits issued, payable at all points. Exchange purchased.
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The Central Hotel.

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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 Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, — — — MOYIE CITY, B. C.

LAKE SHORE HOTEL

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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 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.

JOHN M. McMAHON DEAD

Succumbed to an Attack of Fever.

DIED LAST TUESDAY AFTERNOON

The Funeral Services were Held at the St. Eugene Mission, Where the Remains were Laid at Rest.

"John McMahon is dead!" The news was flashed from the St. Eugene mission by telephone Tuesday evening, leaving consternation and sorrow in its wake. The news struck the town like a thunderbolt and the residents of Moyie gathered in knots about the streets and discussed the sad and sudden calamity.

One week prior to his death he was strong, hale and hearty and was attending to business in his usual good natured way. In fact he would be the last man in Moyie one would suspect death to overtake. He was powerful in stature and his physical appearance was perfect. Last week he was taken suddenly ill with the prevailing fever, and was removed from his home to the St. Eugene mission in order that he might be in the hands of trained nurses and a skilled physician. Every care possible was given him, but the dreadful disease had gained too strong a hold, and it was soon realized that his case was a hopeless one. His wife and brother Frank were hurridly summoned and arrived at his bedside about an hour before he expired. He was rational to the last and, although not able to utter a syllable, apparently understood every word spoken to him.

The funeral took place at the mission the following day, and his remains were laid at rest in the Catholic cemetery close by. Quite a large number of mourners were present, many being there from Fort Steele and Cranbrook as well as from this place. The box containing the casket was hermetically sealed in order that the body might be exhumed and shipped in a short time to Grand Forks, North Dakota, the home of his aged mother and his sister.

John M. McMahon was born in Ontario in the year 1870, and was a few weeks over 28 years of age when he died. While yet a boy his parents moved to Grand Forks, and there he received the greater portion of his early training, and when grown into manhood was associated in business in the same town for a number of years. On the 28th of June, 1893, he was united in marriage to Miss Aglia Rose. Since then two children, a boy and a girl, were born to them and added to their happiness.

In the spring of 1897 the three brothers, John, Frank and Patrick, arrived in Moyie City and immediately made large purchases of real estate and commenced the erection of a big mercantile house. Patrick soon left for California where he had other interests and John and Frank conducted the business. Their venture was successful from the start. Last spring they built the largest hotel in East Kootenay, their old accommodations having become too small for the rapidly increasing business.

John, or "Jack" as he was familiarly known throughout the length and breadth of East Kootenay, was a man of most excellent business qualifications, untiring energy, and enjoyed a personal popularity that is accorded comparatively few. Prompt in business matters, jolly and public spirited at all times, generous to those in need, he was a man who was ever a credit and a benefit to a town in which he lived, and whose death is a heavy loss to the community and a source of great sorrow to the people generally.

The LEADER, with the host of friends of the deceased in East Kootenay, extends its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved wife and relatives.

A Card of Thanks.

We wish to kindly thank the people of Moyie for the kind manner in which they assisted us during our recent bereavement. MRS. J. M. McMAHON.
F. J. McMAHON.

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.

James Ryan of the Cranbrook hotel was a Moyie visitor this week.

W. H. Murphy has returned from a successful prospecting trip on Goat river.

H. B. Thompson, representing the Turner, Beeton company of Nelson, was in town the fore part of the week.

A. P. Blandy of the Hall Mines Co., Nelson, was here to examine the Moyie and Queen of the Hills mines this week.

Engineer W. S. Cranston and wife left this week for Ottawa to spend the winter. They will return to Moyie in the spring.

Nelse Beaulieu has sold his hotel at the Logging Camp to Odlin Desaulnier, and will soon depart for his home in Montreal.

J. M. Simpson, who has been a resident of Swansea for some time past, left last Wednesday for Cascade City, on the new Robson-Penticton road.

Colonel W. N. Brayton, the well-known C. P. R. townsite agent, was here this week looking after the clearing of the new townsite at the foot of the lake.

Among those attending the funeral of John McMahon from Moyie were J. P. Farrell, Joseph Neiderstadt, Joe Shae, D. J. Elmer, Joe Wilmshurst, Ben Murphy, Geo. Bassett, J. E. Musgrave, W. J. Tierney S. A. Scott, C. J. Rose, Mrs. J. M. McMahon Frank McMahon and F. J. Smyth.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

The total distance from Macleod to Kootenay lake is 161.9 miles and the distance from Cranbrook to Kootenay lake is 83 miles.

In the Hall Mines the experience has been that with depth the yield of copper has diminished. In the case of the Le Roi the condition is exactly the reverse.

If present plans are carried out it is expected the evacuation of Cuba will be completed December 31 and the new year will see American colors raised all over the island.

The New York Ledger, which in its palmiest days reached the enormous circulation of 400,000 copies a week, under the personal management of Robert Bonner, will cease to exist after the first of next month.

Preparations are being made at Nelson for the launching of the new C. P. R. steamer Moyie from the local shipyard. The Moyie is a flat bottomed craft of 160 feet length and 30 feet beam, with powerful up to date machinery. She is intended to ply between Nelson and Kuskonook in connection with the Crows Nest railway.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase one hundred and sixty acres of land in Southern Division of East Kootenay District, viz:—

Commencing at a post placed at the North East corner of Lot 3001, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains. J. McKENZIE.
Dated October 13th, 1898. 1-28

IN ALSACE.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Salome stood on the bridge which spanned the foaming stream, and gazed dreamily at the mountains beyond, and then at the meadows. Salome's cows were slowly coming homeward. In the pasture she could see her sister, Frederika, making the hay. The girl was not lazy, only dreamy. Presently Salome was by her sister's side. Then each one took a bundle of hay and carried it to their father's outhouse, for old Dominic was the forester.

The girls worked on, when Salome's bundle of hay was seized and carried for her. The girl turned surprised, and there was Morand, the young forester. She knew he had come, for her father had expected him. Dominic was to teach him forest ways.

"I thought it was Cousin Joseph," cried Salome, with a smile, and then Frederika laughed. "We were expecting Cousin Joseph; you know he is shut up for weeks in his factory. Joseph cares less for the grand forest and its wild beauty than he does for gardens and their flowers."

"I do not admire his tastes," answered Morand.

Then homeward went the two girls, and the man followed, and as they passed the window of their little house, there was the old mother, and Salome kissed her. Frederika stood a little in the background. She now turned back and sought a new bundle of hay. Then Morand ran after Frederika and took her bundle and carried it for her.

Then the father joined the three young people. Now Frederika, who was the practical sister, went into the house to prepare the evening meal.

"Come along, Morand," said the old forester; "the soup will get cold, and we must milk the cows before we go in."

Morand looked in despair; he had never milked a cow in his life. "I have much to learn," muttered he, piteously.

"Supper is waiting," said Frederika. As they hastened on, Salome noticed that Morand had stuck in his buttonhole a bunch of flowers. They were crocuses.

"So you like crocuses, M. Morand?"

"I thought you did, Mlle. Salome," he said.

So, for a time, Morand lived with the forester. The harvest was gathered and there was a good stock of potatoes. The winter was coming along, and a cold one, but the family were prepared to face it. Salome's mother required the girl's constant attention.

Morand watched Frederika from morning till night, engaged in her household cares.

"The time will come," he said, softly, to himself.

One night the moon shone in through the frosty windows. Salome sat at the foot of the bed, watching her sleeping mother.

"She looks less pale than yesterday," thought Salome. "Perhaps father is right; she will revive in the spring."

Morand and Frederika were laughing together—sometimes even her father, too—but Salome only sat and watched her mother.

"Take care, my child, take care," the mother feebly murmured, as the listless hand dropped, and over the beloved features came a solemn, terrible beauty. Salome uttered a sharp cry and lost consciousness.

When she came to herself she was beside the kitchen, Morand alone sitting near her.

"Thank God, my child, your mother was not alone when she died!" she heard her father say.

Morand at once found the means of sending the sad news to Joseph, and Joseph came at once. It was a bitten cold day when the forester was buried in the village graveyard. It was terrible work, making their way through the deep snow. It was Joseph who gave Frederika his hand, and Morand supported Salome.

"Why, why," Salome said to herself a thousand times, "did my poor mother bid me 'take care?'"

Father Dominic seemed to take now next time his way to the forester's cottage. Streams long frozen came tumbling down the rocks or filtering through the ground, the murmur of waters was heard on every side.

Salome stood at the house door, watching the sudden thaw. Her father was away. She knew Joseph was coming, and she felt, she knew not why, glad for that. Then she saw Joseph. She felt like scolding him for having loitered so long. He met her and he laughed; he had been gathering the first spring flowers, but Salome did not laugh.

"You will walk with me, Salome?" he asked. "We may meet your father," and now chatting, the two went toward the glen.

They reached the stream. Then Joseph stopped horrified. It was a roaring torrent. Dominic was not there. The water was tearing down the mountain side.

"For the love of God!" cried Salome, "let us hurry up. Close by here there is a cottage; a poor woman and her child live in it. They will be swept away."

"How brave and strong is she," thought Joseph. He was certain now that he heard a cry of distress. Yes, there at the window he saw a woman, a child in her arms, and the house was shaking. It would topple over in an instant, and the torrent had to be crossed if they were to be saved. A moment after Dominic was by Joseph's side. The forester at least was safe. Then Joseph, in a loud, clear voice, bade the woman come down. She did so and shrieked when she saw the raging torrent.

Salome fell on her knees upon the bank. Her father stood by her, shouting out advice to the brave fellow, who was already fighting with the torrent.

"That round stone is not firm! There is a hole in the bed of the stream! Brave lad! That stupid woman! She clings to him! She will hinder his getting ashore!"

But Joseph's feet were firm on shore. He was able to make a sign to Salome that he would go straight home with the woman and child.

"Let us hurry back and see that there is a good fire and wine and food!" cried Salome.

Meantime Joseph, carrying the child and helping the woman, had succeeded in getting home first. He had not yet changed his clothes, but he had made up the fire, placed the woman in Father Dominic's armchair, and wrapped the child in a rug, where it lay, warming its little feet in the hearth and smiling up at its preserver.

Salome stood an instant to watch the pretty sight, then took the child in her arms. "Go, Joseph; get yourself dried in father's room. You have done enough for one day. You will be ill yourself."

"Then will you nurse me?" and he took her hand.

"Anything you like, if you will only go and change your clothes."

Some months after Joseph and Salome were walking along the banks of the stream. It was Sunday and the little waves seemed singing a Sunday psalm.

"What a transformation!" said Salome, "since the day when you saved that poor woman and her child! How contented she is now! This stream is not more changed than her life, poor soul! thanks to you."

"And our life, too," said Joseph, tenderly.

"Yes," answered Salome, pressing her husband's arm, "our storms are passed; the stream flows peacefully on. I understood to-day that one may yet be happy."

"I understood it a little before you did, perhaps," said Joseph, smiling.—Leisure Hour.

CRISIS IN CHINA.

THE POWERS MAY DECIDE UPON OCCUPYING PEKIN.

German Warships Sail for Taku—The British Foreign Office Discredits Reports of Emperor's Death.

London, Oct. 3.—The British foreign office has no news of the death of the Emperor of China, and discredits the report.

Shanghai, Oct. 3.—The dowager empress has issued an edict in the name of the emperor, declaring that Kang Tu Wei, the Cantonese reformer, headed an attempt on the life of the dowager empress, and conspired to subvert the Manchu dynasty, in both of which he had been detected and his plans failed. Therefore, he and his partisans were traitors, and worthy of death.

London, Oct. 4.—The Pekin correspondent of the Daily Mail, telegraphing on Sept. 29, says that the emperor vainly tried to escape from the palace, but was arrested by the dowager's people. The correspondent also says that Chao Shu Chao, vice-president of the board of punishment, has been appointed to succeed Chang Y. Hunt as director of the board of mines and railways.

London, Oct. 4.—A special dispatch from Shanghai says that telegrams from Pekin have been detained two days. The last telegram received according to this dispatch announces that the foreign ministers held an emergency meeting. The German warships at Kiau Chau, it also stated, had started hurriedly for Ta Ku the day before.

Marquis Ito, who it is understood, is visiting China for the purpose of arranging an offensive and defensive alliance between China and Japan owing to the impossibility of prosecuting the negotiations during the crisis, has left Tien Tsin for Shanghai. The foreign ministers, it is said, forbade any foreign resident going to Pekin. It is expected in Shanghai that the crisis will result in a joint occupation of Pekin by the powers.

The Tsung Li Yamen has demanded that Sir Claude Macdonald, the British minister, shall surrender Kang Yui Yamantzu, leader of the rebellion in the Sze Chuen province, has issued a proclamation ordering the extermination of all foreigners.

Tricolor Insulted.

London, Oct. 1.—Vanity Fair's correspondent with the Nile expedition writes that General Kitchener says that a French flag was sent to the Khalifa at Omdurman, but, it appears, its reception was most undignified. The Dervish leader gave it to his Arab slave, who used it for cleansing himself before prayers.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Saturday, Oct. 8.

General Kitchener arrived at Cairo.

Turkey will evacuate Crete forthwith.

The Molson's Bank robbery is still a mystery.

Spain is sending reinforcements to the Philippines.

Another large flour mill is to be built in Winnipeg.

Selkirk county gives a majority of 349 for prohibition.

General Leo will command the Cuban army of invasion.

It is proposed to establish a match factory in Winnipeg.

The revenue increased nearly a million dollars in September.

The steamer Ganges is a total wreck off Ferrole Point, Nfd.

Sixty thousand strikers in Paris threaten a revolution.

The Indian outbreak at Leech Lake, Minn., has been quelled.

The first carload of Crow's Nest coal is received in Winnipeg.

A British company will establish pulp mills on Sturgeon River, Ont.

A prisoner named Greenwood escaped from Portage la Prairie jail.

A brother of Mrs. (President) McKinley was murdered at Canton, Ohio.

An investigation into charges against Yukon officials has been ordered.

Over a square mile of Hankow, China, was burned, with great loss of life.

Gordon Hunter, of Vancouver, is appointed gold commissioner for Yukon.

Prospectors report that the gold on Peace River is not in paying quantities.

British, Russian and German troops occupy Pekin to protect the legations.

The Central Trades and Labor Council declared a boycott against Slater & Co.

William Delorme, of Ottawa, is committed for trial for the murder of his wife.

Albert E. Lewis, the missing Montrealer, has been heard from at Yokohama.

It is reported that the relations between Great Britain and France are strained.

The Quebec conference will adjourn on Monday to reassemble at Washington on November 1st.

It is assumed that Mr. Gibson, Ontario commissioner of lands, will be returned by acclamation in East Wellington.

The United States has notified the commissioners that Cuba and Porto Rico must be evacuated without further delay.

Friday, Oct. 7.

Yellow fever is spreading in Louisiana.

Commissioner Herchmer, N. W. M. P., is severely ill.

The Statistical Year Book for 1897 is published.

Ottawa's population is now estimated at 56,000.

Macdonald gave 1,933 majority for prohibition.

The Grenadier Guards arrived at London from Egypt.

The Georgia state elections were carried by the Democrats.

An anti-scalping league has been formed by U. S. railway men.

The power of the Dowager Empress of China is fully established.

Several Manitobans are returning from Yukon with considerable gold.

An Austrian proposes crossing the Atlantic in an air ship in four days.

Central New York and portions of Vermont are badly damaged by floods.

The grain standards board have selected the principal wheat grades.

A C. P. R. employee named McKnight was killed in a collision at Indian Head.

Dawson City gamblers were apprehended and fined by order of Mr. Ogilvie.

The question of a C. P. R. freight differential is to be left to arbitration.

There are no further important developments in the Molson's Bank robbery.

The East Lambton election case against Pettypiece has practically failed.

Major Wilkinson and six men were killed by Indians in the fight at Bear Island, Minn.

Canadian sealers' large catch disproves the U. S. contention that the herds are diminishing.

The Ontario Anglican dioceses have determined to separate from the ecclesiastical province of Canada.

Thursday, Oct. 6.

The wheat grades for 1898 have been fixed.

General Wolfe's statue has been stolen at Quebec.

A hundred lives were lost in the storm in Georgia.

Mr. David Laird is appointed Indian commissioner.

Sickness is increasing in General Kitchener's army.

Heavy snowstorms are reported from Minnesota points.

A railway is to be built into the Cariboo district, B. C.

The Winnipeg branch of Molson's Bank was robbed of $62,000.

Major Walsh has presented his Yukon report to the government.

The Dreyfus case has been entered for trial on the court docket.

Marquette gives 1,165 majority for prohibition and Provencher, 55.

Queen Victoria narrowly escaped injury in a runaway at Balmoral.

Senator Quay and others are held on a charge of appropriating state funds.

Stories of hardships on the Ashcroft trail are said to be much exaggerated.

Ten U. S. soldiers were killed by Indians in a fight near Bear Island, Minn.

Le Soleil, of Montreal, claims that prohibition is defeated by over 9,000 majority.

Lake of the Woods Milling company declared a dividend of 8 per cent. for the year.

It is estimated that there are 20,000 tons of provisions at points on the Yukon river.

During a fight in a north end hotel last night a young man was slashed with a razor.

Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy have demanded the Turkish evacuation of Crete.

The triennial council of the Protestant Episcopal church of the U. S. opened at Washington.

Mr. A. E. Forget, Indian commissioner, is appointed Lieutenant Governor of the Northwest Territories.

Wednesday, Oct. 5.

Two Indians were drowned in Rainy river.

A Yukon miner reports the finding of mineral.

Yellow fever is epidemic at Jacksonville, Fla.

Lord Herschell was banqueted by the Quebec bar.

A Kingston boy stabbed another in a dispute over some nuts.

Winnipeg inland revenue collections for September exceed $40,000.

It is reported that a revision of the Dreyfus case is assured.

William Delorme, of Ottawa, is charged with murdering his wife.

The Tradesmen's National Bank, of New York, is in difficulty.

Mr. Dryden was renominated by the Liberals of South Ontario.

The evacuation of Spanish troops from Porto Rico is almost complete.

Mrs. Sparling, of Shawville, Ont., is accused of poisoning her husband.

Over twenty-five per cent. of the U. S. soldiers in Porto Rico are sick.

The Crow's Nest Pass railway has been completed to Kootenay Lake.

The United States battleship Illinois was launched at Newport News, on Tuesday.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, were entertained at Quebec.

One hundred people were drowned in the Indus river, India, by the capsizing of a ferry.

Hackett beat Johnson, the Vancouver oarsman, easily in their race at Rat Portage.

A conflict between Indians and U. S. troops at Bear Island, Minn., is hourly expected.

The Dominion Alliance will urge the Dominion government to enact prohibitory legislation.

It is reported that Great Britain and Russia have reached an understanding in the Chinese question.

The general convention of the Episcopal church of the United States will open at Washington to-day.

The Bear Island (Minn.) Indians refuse to surrender and a fight is imminent.

Bones and tusks of mastadons.

Tuesday, Oct. 4.

A heavy fall of snow is reported at Birtle.

Typhoid fever is prevalent at Ottawa.

The Quebec conference is making good progress.

Lord Herschell was banqueted by the bar of Montreal.

Hon. Mr. Sifton says no charges against Yukon officials have reached his department.

Winter camps of instruction for the U. S. army will be established in the Middle States.

Alphonse Leclair was murdered on the Teslin trail by Xavier Lauzon, and the murderer was killed by his companions.

The British foreign office discredits reports of the death of the Emperor of China.

It is rumored that Senator Dandurand will be appointed lieutenant-governor of the Territories.

Sir William Van Horne arrived in Winnipeg on Monday, en route to the Pacific coast.

Yukon miners at Ottawa are asking for a rearrangement of the royalty on gold.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery company, of Boston, are visiting Quebec city.

A fight between Indians and U. S. troops is expected at Leech Lake, Minn.

Two U. S. warships have been ordered from Manila to China.

A lottery company has been inaugurated at Montreal.

Prospectors on Peace River have failed to find pay dirt.

Barbadoes will require £20,000 for immediate relief of distress.

An insane woman burned her four children to death at St. Severin, Que.

Canadian cigar makers are asking for higher duties on imported cigars.

The Chinese crisis may result in the occupation of Pekin by the powers.

Latest plebiscite returns make the total majority for prohibition 11,636.

Henry George Jr., declines nomination for governor of New York.

A clearing house has been established at Vancouver.

Montreal customs receipts increased $754,000 during the past three months.

A Tennessee vendetta resluted in the killing of five men.

The rules regarding foreign decorations do not apply to papal medals.

A new reduction works is being built at Norman, Rat Portage.

Matthew Quay, U. S. senator, is charged with misusing state funds.

The Free Press' London correspondent reports intensely hot weather in September.

TESLIN MURDER.

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY ENACTED ON THE TESLIN LAKE.

The Assassin in Attempting to Escape Is Shot by His Pursuers, Among Whom Is His Own Brother.

Victoria, Oct. 3. — An Englishman named C. Way, who returned on the Dirago from an unsuccessful prospecting trip up the Hootalinqua, brings news of a murder and lynching on that river amongst a French Canadian party hailing from Quebec. The party, which went over the Stikine trail last winter, had got as far as about thirty miles below Lake Teslin, where they were encamped, about eight weeks ago when the tragedy occurred. The murderer, Xavier Lauzon, lost considerable money in playing cards with the man who afterwards fell a victim to his knife, and alleging cheating on the part of the winner, he swore to be avenged. The night following he crept to where his victim lay asleep and plunged his jackknife into the prostrate body several times. When the other members of the party awoke next morning they found Leclair, the murdered man, lying in a pool of blood, dead, and Lauzon missing. After a chase of about three hours they captured him. About ten minutes after his capture he endeavored to elude his captors and run, but they riddled his flying form with bullets, and leaving his dead corpse lying on the river bank, returned and buried their murdered comrade, marking his grave with a little wooden cross. Among the party who lynched Lauzon, according to the Englishman's story, was his brother, Henri Lauzon. The Lauzons were, it is said, formerly merchants in Point Levis. Leclair hailed from Three Rivers. It seems strange that if such a crime had occurred it has not hitherto been reported.

REVISION ENSURED.

The Procurator General Sends a Report to the Court of Cassation.

Paris, Oct. 5.—It is semi-officially that M. Mansu, the procurator-general, has sent a report to the court of cassation, which ensures a revision of the Dreyfus case.

Paris, Oct. 4.—M. Godefroy Cavaignac, who recently resigned the portfolio of the war ministry because of his opposition to a revision of the Dreyfus case, was questioned to-day as to whether, in the event of the court of cassation ordering a revision, the trial of Dreyfus would be open or secret. He replied that it must be secret for three reasons, the essential one being the material impossibility of communicating the dossier.

Berlin, Oct. 4.—The Cologne Gazette, upon semi-official authority, positively contradicts th statement that Herr Von Bulow, minister of foreign affairs, has been commanded by the emperor to furnish information as to the role of Col. Schwarzoppen, formerly German military attachee at Paris, in the Dreyfus affair. There is no intention on the part of the government, the Gazette says, to depart from the attitude of complete reserve, which has been observed from the outset.

MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY.

Molson's Bank, Winnipeg Branch, Robbed of $62,000.

Winnipeg, Oct. 6.—Sixty-two thousand dollars have disappeared from the treasury of the Molson's branch of this city. Two men slept in the bank at night, five lock combinations had to be known and a key possessed in order to obtain the money; no one man employed by the bank knew more than one combination, yet the entrance was obtained and the money taken.

The problem who committed the robbery, is a hard one, and its solution will require some skilful detective work. Every member of the bank staff has declared his innocence; all appear to be bewildered at the occurrence, and all feel that until the matter is cleared up they will be under a cloud of suspicion, for on the face of things it would seem that the money was taken by some one employed in the bank, or by some one who was in collusion with an employee who knew the combination of the vault and treasury. From the information that has so far been forthcoming the police authorities can take no other view of the case.

The money, $37,000 in ordinary bank notes, and $25,000 in clearing house certificates was in the treasury on Wednesday, the 28th of September, the last time the treasury was opened prior to the discovery of the theft on Tuesday, Oct. 4th at 4.30 o'clock in the afternoon. On the 28th the money was seen by those in charge; it was not counted, but by its bulk it appeared to be intact. Tuesday afternoon last when the treasury was again opened for the purpose of making a deposit, the compartment was empty. The lock combinations of the vault and the vault itself presented no signs of having in any way been violently tampered with in order to gain an entrance to the treasury, and it was realized that some person or persons who knew the combinations had committed the robbery. The chief of police was notified immediately and all the facts and circumstances known laid before him. Every member of the staff was questioned but each in turn stoutly denied that he had any knowledge of the robbery or that he had in any way betrayed the confidences of his position that would enable outsiders to gain access to the vault and treasury. The police have not the slightest clue to work on.

Fatal Fire in a Mine.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 2.—Four miners were burned to death in the Midvale slope of the Lehigh Valley Coal company's mine at Midvale yesterday. A fire broke out in the slope about noon. At the time there were 150 men in the mine. All were gotten out but four.

WHEN A WOMAN LOVES.

By Beatrice Mareun.

CHAPTER II.—A GRAND RECEPTION.

Mrs. St. Clair had passed the days of her widowhood at Deepdale, a charming country residence on one of her estates, situated about one-half day's journey from San Francisco. It is a grand old place, with extensive, highly cultivated grounds, shaded by magnificent old forest trees. The situation is a most picturesque one, taking in as it does a grand panorama of hill and dale, sea and sky. The distant hills lie bathed in misty light, through which a glimpse of their ever green foliage can be discerned by the naked eye from the broad veranda of Deepdale, while nearer appears a broad expanse of ocean, dotted here and there with white sails as ships come and go upon its vast waters, while the waves of the incoming tide creep up the white, gravelly beach, almost to the gate of the grand entrance, and then break with a gentle murmuring sound as they recede to the bosom of the mighty deep.

The house had been erected by the late Mr. Southworth, and of all his vast possessions this place had been his favorite and pride. The house is built of grey stone, with marble front and wide massive balustrade, excelling in architectural beauty, and resembles in appearance a grand English castle and home of some lordly peer.

The elegant, quiet and seclusion of Deepdale, has been especially grateful to the depressed spirits of the widow, which shrunk painfully from all turmoil and gayety. Here her children found her on their return home from distant schools, and here in one of the sunny parlors, perfect in all its appointments, we have looked for the first time upon the fair widow and her affectionate children.

Beatrice St. Clair is a tall, beautifully formed girl, with eyes as blue as the summer skies, and hair that ripples back from her white forehead in shining golden waves. Hers is one of those sunny dispositions that garner happiness everywhere. She was a great favorite at the school where she has passed the last two years, and was very happy there also; but since her return to Deepdale a vague, indescribable longing has come to her heart to see something of the gay fashionable world, to which she as yet is a stranger.

Her brother Raphael's features partake of the same blonde type of beauty as her own. He is tall and straight as an arrow, and is blessed with robust health. He is devoted to his mother and sister, and has grown up under their refining influence, without being the least spoiled by wealth, as many a young man of his prospects would have been. He is generous and frank, and possesses a deep, studious, thoughtful mind. He has chosen the medical profession as his own, and in a few months hence will go to Germany in company with his old tutor to finish his medical education.

The result of the family counsel, to which Mrs. St. Clair has called her son and daughter, is that a few days later sees the hospitable doors of Deepdale closed for the winter, while those of the long closed family mansion in the city are thrown open to receive the widow and her children, with their retinue of family servants. The house, with all its beautiful belongings, is in perfect readiness for the family, all details having been skilfully arranged by Mrs. St. Clair's trusted business manager.

Three weeks are devoted to shopping and consultations with the most renowned modistes of the city, and then cards are issued for a grand reception at the family residence. The evening of the much talked of reception has arrived, and Mrs. St. Clair, with sparkling eyes and a flush on her usually pale cheek, stands between her young son and daughter, gracefully receiving her many guests, who number the very elite of the city.

She is attired in rich, heavy brocade and silk velvet of the late Parisian style, and rare creamy old lace lends a softness and beauty to her delicate features. Truly this excitement was what she needed to bring back the glow of health to her cheek and life to her form; for all the weary languor which had depressed her spirits during her solitude at Deepdale, has vanished. Who would think that this charming hostess, smilingly receiving her guests to night is the same woman who a few weeks since shed bitter and rebellious tears at the thought of re-entering society? Ah, the human heart! what a puzzle it is.

Beatrice St Clair looks regally lovely in cream-colored satin, with her beautiful neck and arms uncovered and sparkling with diamonds; and as she leans on the arm of her noble looking brother, assisting in the duties of hostess, the beauty worshiping guests congratulate themselves and each other over this new acquisition of beauty, wealth and grace to their charmed circles.

Just before supper is announced, a stout elderly gentleman, with a good-natured florid face, and gold-rimmed eyeglasses, makes his way to Mrs St. Clair's side. He is dressed with scrupulous care, in the height of fashion. He is an old friend of Mrs. St. Clair's and after engaging the lady for a few moments in pleasant conversation, remarks:

"Presuming upon our long-standing friendship, my dear lady, I have brought with me to-night a friend of mine, who has recently come from his home in England, and is my guest. He is a much traveled and highly cultivated man, and I beg that you may pardon the liberty I have taken, and permit me to introduce him to yourself and children"

"I shall be most happy to know any friend of yours, General Dale," she answers, sweetly, extending her hand to the old gentleman.

"Thank you, my dear Madame; I flattered myself that this would be your answer." He presses the small hand, and hurries away, and a few moments later he returns to her side, accompanied by a tall gentleman of decided commanding appearance and slightly foreign air, who in acknowledgment of the introduction given him by General Dale, bows low over the widow's fair hand, which she extends to him with charming grace.

Captain Horace Lennard is the name of the new guest and friend of General Dale, and as he raises his head after gracefully acknowledging the introduction, he looks straight into Mrs. St. Clair's blue eyes and doll-like face, his large black eyes fairly scintillating with that potent subtle force—magnetic power.

There is nothing in the look that a by-stander might notice, except polite reverence. Still, in spite of herself, Mrs. St. Clair feels an indescribable thrill pervading her being, and after her hand has lain for one brief instant in the warm firm one of her new acquaintance, she feels an exhilaration creeping over her, like one who has taken a draught of rare old wine.

The band strikes up the Supper March, and it sounds to her ears far off, plaintive and sweet. She mechanically takes General Dale's proffered arm and leads the way to the dining-room, like some one half-entranced. The guests follow in order, and the sound of some gay repartee from the lips of Beatrice as she enters the grand dining-hall, leaning on the arm of Captain Lennard, recalls Mrs. St. Clair to herself, and enables her to recover her self-possession, and lady-like composure.

What could have been the cause of this strange and unusual feeling? she asks herself. The result, no doubt, of her long seclusion, and she makes a successful effort to dismiss thoughts of it from her mind.

It is near noon of the day following the reception at the St. Clair mansion. Mrs. St. Clair, and her son and daughter, are seated at breakfast in the cosy breakfast room. The ladies are en deshaille, and look slightly pale from fatigue and late hours. They are discussing the events of the last night's reception, as they languidly partake of the choice viands of the breakfast table.

"How do you like General Dale's friend, Captain Lennard?" asks Raphael, as he leisurely sips his chocolate from a tiny shell-like cup.

"I am not favorably impressed with him myself," answers Beatrice, leaning back languidly in her chair. "He makes me feel uneasy and uncomfortable when he is conversing with me What coal black glittering eyes he has! Did you notice what an odd way he has of looking at one, mamma?"

"I did not notice it particularly," answers her mother. "I think he has a very distinguished air, and makes a fine appearance in a drawing-room," and a faint color overspreads her pale cheek.

A servant enters bearing the morning mail on a silver tray, and presents it to his mistress.

"One letter only for you, Bee," tossing it across the table to her daughter, and then she proceeds to open and glance over her own letters, while Ralph opens the Morning Call, and glances lazily at its fresh, damp columns.

A joyous exclamation from Beatrice causes the others to look up from the reading and across the table toward the girl, from whose face all weary languor has fled, to be replaced by a bright, radiant look of anticipated pleasure.

"Oh, mamma!" she cries, "such delightful news! Helen Pendleton is coming to spend the winter with us. Won't that be splendid?"

"Oh! carry me to my peaceful gallows!" sighs Ralph, in mimic tones of tragic despair. "Two young ladies in the house at once who are 'just out.' There will be no rest for a fellow, then. Mother, when may I start for Germany?"

"Right away, sir, if you wish it," returns his sister, laughing saucily. "It would be a sad fate to remain longer at home and be made a martyr of by the two young ladies who are 'just out.'"

"Now seriously, Bee," says Ralph, throwing a tiny bread crumb ball at his sister, "come, tell us what this bit of feminine perfection looks like, and how soon she is expected to arrive, and perhaps I may conclude to make a noble self-sacrifice and remain at home a few weeks longer."

"She is on her way here now, and may arrive any day; and as for a description of her looks, that is quite beyond my power. Can one describe a sunbeam, or lovely, floating, fleecy summer cloud, and do it justice? Well, neither can I describe Helen Pendleton. But have patience; you shall see her for yourself."

Her mother and brother laugh at her enthusiasm, as they leave the breakfast room together.

Late in the afternoon two cards, bearing the names of General Dale and Captain Lennard, are brought in to Mrs. St. Clair, and the callers are shown into the parlor where the ladies and Ralph are seated.

General Dale, smiling and good-natured as usual, soon has Beatrice and her brother engaged in an animated discussion, while Captain Lennard devotes himself to Mrs. St. Clair.

When they part half an hour later, it is with a feeling of mutual regard, and the widow recalls the words spoken by her daughter in the morning concerning Captain Lennard, and thinks that so far from his presence making her feel uncomfortable or nervous, it inspired her with a sense of restfulness and peace.

Two days later Beatrice and Raphael St. Clair drive in the family carriage to the wharf to meet Helen Pendleton, who is expected to arrive by steamer this afternoon.

The elegant steamer has just touched her pier as the carriage arrives at the wharf, and the young people alight and make their way through the motley crowd to the gangway. They descend the cabin stairs and soon Beatrice is clasped in the affectionate arms of her school friend, Helen Pendleton, while Raphael stands by, hat in hand, mentally laughing over this demonstration of joy at the meeting on the part of the girls, and calling it "school girl gush." At last Beatrice extricates herself from Helen's clasp, and says, as she hurriedly wipes the tears of joy from her cheeks:—

"Helen, dearest, permit me to introduce my brother, Mr. Raphael St. Clair; Ralph, my dearest friend, Miss Helen Pendleton."

Young St. Clair bends low over the little plump brown hand, which is extended to him in friendly greeting, and his fair boyish brow flushes with pleasure at the sight of his sister's friend's charming face.

"Bee was right," he thinks. "This girl is lovely beyond description."

After a few moments spent in polite inquiry concerning her journey, all of which she answers with charming grace, he leaves the two friends seated in affectionate conversation in the grand salon of the steamer, and goes to look after the visitor's luggage. This he soon finds and orders transferred to the family residence. Coming back to the steamer's salon, he takes a girl upon each arm, and leads them to the waiting carriage, and assists them to enter; then giving orders to the liveried coachman, he springs lightly into the carriage, and they are whirled away through the splendid streets of the Gate City, toward the St. Clair mansion.

While Beatrice is introducing her young friend to her mother, and doing all in her power to make her guest happy and at home, we will give a brief description of the girl and her history, whose coming has filled the heart of Beatrice St. Clair with such unfeigned delight.

Helen Pendleton is a native of New Orleans, La., and an orphan. Before the late civil war, her parents had been wealthy, but her father had rendered up his life in defense of his country and his rights, while gallantly leading his men in one of the great battles just before the close of the strife, and her mother had found herself, in common with thousands of life sufferers, a broken-hearted, penniless widow. Hers was a weak, fragile nature, and having all her life long been sheltered from every rude blast of adversity or care, small wonder it was that this double blow proved her death-knell, and with a shuddering sigh she closed her eyes forever on the world, which now presented naught but a dreary, barren waste to her terror-stricken vision.

Her only child was two years old at the time of her mother's death, and had received but little care except that given her by her devoted old black "mammy" who had nursed her mother before her. True, the young mother had given the child the whole wealth of love of a mother's heart, but she had been too delicate to assist in rearing the babe, whose black mammy was her all.

Mrs. Pendleton had one brother, who bore the name of Hugh Titus, and was a confirmed old bachelor. He had fought through the whole of the war, having been in the bloodiest battles and amid the deepest scenes of carnage and strife; still, strange to say, he had escaped unscathed and unscarred, other than the deep and never-to-be effaced scars left on his affectionate heart at seeing the once lovely home of his boyhood laid in devastated ruins, his kindred and friends in unmarked graves, while his colored people—whom he had regarded more in the light of his boyhood friends than as slaves—were scattered from the old plantation, (which had been the scene of contentment, peace and happiness), wanderers like himself, homeless and penniless in the wide world.

The only tie left to bind him to life was this little orphaned waif left by his sister, who looked up at him from beneath her finely arched brows with her mother's dark passionate eyes, and clung to his hand with her baby fingers, as that of her only friend and protector except the faithful "mammy."

It was this child and the thoughts of her helplessness and unprovided-for future, that saved Hugh Titus from despair. For her sake he did what he never could have had the courage to have done for himself alone, and commenced the battle of life anew.

(To be Continued.)

HOSTILITIES AVERTED.

War Talk Makes Trouble Between Two Old Sea Dogs.

"One of the liveliest brushes I have witnessed since the opening of hostilities," said one of the representatives at the recent meeting of the credit men, "took place in a quiet New England village of my state. Both participants had passed their threescore years and ten, but were still vigorous in mind and body, and especially vigorous in language, for both had been followers of the sea.

"One of these old fellows espoused the cause of Spain, declaring that she had been jumped on because she was little and that this country was playing the part of a great big bully. After they had exchanged hot shots for a few minutes the champion of the government got things to going his way by shouting that the other fellow came honestly by his principles and was bred a traitor.

"'What do you mean, you old shrimp?' said the advocate of Spain.

"'Durin the war with Great Britain the British entered the harbor and burned the town of New London, didn't they?'

"'Course they did. What of it?'

"'Why, somebody piloted 'em there and when he come home his pockets was full of British gold, paid for his dirty work, and his neighbors, hearing of what he had done, got ropes and made him an evenin call. He scudded by the back door and never stopped till he got to Bermuda, and he never had the cheek to come back.'

"'What you tryin to git at?'

"'That there pilot was your grandpap,' and it took a dozen bystanders to keep the two old sea dogs from clinching."—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Knew It.

A certain English theatrical manager, though in other respects a thorough business man, could neither read nor write, but kept a private secretary, who had strict injunctions not to betray the secret. One day the manager was dining at the hotel when a gold watch was raffled for. Each of the guests staked 2 shillings, wrote his name on a scrap of paper, and threw it into a hat. Our manager, when his turn came to sign his name, pretended to write, rolled up the blank piece of paper and threw it into the hat along with the rest. As chance would have it, this very paper was drawn. Great was the astonishment when it was found to be blank. But B——, the low comedian, who was present, asked to have it shown to him, and when he had examined it carefully, he gravely exclaimed: "That is our manager's handwriting. I should know it among a thousand!"—Nuggets.

Lincoln's Pioneer.

Abraham Lincoln's western pioneer, always on the lookout for danger and ready to magnify it beyond its true proportions, is only one of a large class of people who use up in one way and another a good deal of vitality which might be profitably applied.

Mr. Lincoln's old backwoodsman had very heavy overhanging eyebrows and wore big spectacles with brass rims. One day he came rushing into his cabin and seizing his rifle aimed it carefully through a crack of the door at a great oak tree that stood near and fired.

"What is it?" whispered his wife.

"A wildcat, Sairy, the orneriest wildcat you ever see, an I missed him!"

He hastily loaded and fired again and then again.

"Now, hold on, Joshua," said his good wife. "Let me look at you. Why, hawks-a-daisy, it's nothin but a little bug on one o' your eyebrows?"—Youth's Companion.

Moyie City Leader.

MOYIE CITY, B. C.

STAGE GLINTS.

"La Poupee" is to be given in Australia.

Effie Shannon's grandfather was a clergyman.

Denver's new theater will be opened next season.

Del Puente and Robert McWade of "Rip Van Winkle" fame are in vaudeville.

Jane Harding will play Josephine in Coquelin's production of Emile Bergerat's drama, "Plus que Reine."

Lillian Russell can cook, Mme. Modjeska is a great housekeeper, and May Irwin delights in going about her house dusting, with a towel about her head.

It is predicted that before the year is finished there will be a new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan. The two can make no success apart, and the gossip of London is that they have joined hands again.

It is said that the Princess Chimay, who is now about the best advertised individual in the world, has learned to do a sensational wire act and will make a tour of the European cities introducing her new specialty.

In "The Devil's Island" 150 supers will be used in the scene derived from the Dreyfus case showing the public degradation of the hero. Maurice de la Tourne, Cora Tanner and William Harcourt will be in the cast.

Kathryn Kidder has been engaged by Wagenhals and Kemper to replace Mme. Rhea in the three star combination that has been announced as James-Rhea-Wardo. She is to play Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, Portia, Desdemona and Lady Teazle.

The tax on theaters in the war revenue bill seems to open the door to litigation between the owners and lessees of theaters to determine which shall pay the tax of $100 levied on theaters. By the terms of the bill the "proprietors" of theaters are named as the persons who shall pay, and lessees and managers will no doubt therefore consider themselves free from the exaction.

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

In the flowery kingdom of China the horses are mounted from the right side.

A full brother to Carlyle Carne will start in races of the Oregon circuit this year.

Boone Wilson, 2:13, who broke a number of Indiana state records several years ago, is once more in training.

Palo Alto's recent addition, Atalanta, sister to Beautiful Bells, will be bred to Monaco, sire of the 2-year-old Idolita.

Tuty Wilkes made a new state record of 2:11¼, pacing, over a half mile track at the Jackson (Mich.) meeting last week.

Walter Maben had one of his wrists broken in a collision at the Oakland (Cal.) meeting June 28. He was driving Polo at the time.

Joseph Bailey, the Texas congressman, has sent a 5-year-old bay mare, by Guy Wilkes, to Dick Curtis, who thinks she will make a breadwinner.

Crumpy Coe, a Welsh bred pony owned by Peter Clapham, Manchester, England, won the handicap at Liverpool June 20. The winner is a thick set cob.

F. Hutchinson Galloney, Berwyn, Pa., captured two blue, three red and one yellow ribbons with his geldings Silvertown and McKusick at the Devon (Pa.) horse show.

The opening day of the Michigan and Indiana circuit at Jackson, Mich., Billy H. lowered the track record from 2:14¼, made last year by Cleveland S, to 2:13½ in the 2:14 pace.

Iquique, by Clay, in Al Hutchings' stable, seems to have the making of a really fast trotting stallion in him, judging from the way he finished at Columbus a close second in the 2:40 trot in 2:16½.—Horseman.

The American Way.

The Father—Always aim high, my son, and you are sure to succeed.

The Son—That theory is out of date now. You want to aim for the water line.—New York Journal.

He Disagreed.

"But yours is such a narrow life," said the summer boarder.

"Oh, I dunno," said the farmer. "It's spread out over 320 acres."—Indianapolis Journal.

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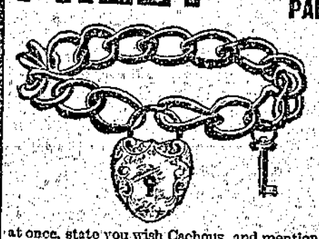

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Send us your name and address on a Post Card at once, state you wish Cachous, and mention this paper and we will send them (do not wait till others get in the field ahead of you). No money required, we take all risk. Goods returnable if not sold. This is a clean business proposition by a company of high financial standing.

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AN AFFLICTED MOTHER.

NURSING HER DYING CHILD HER HEALTH GAVE WAY.

Anæmia Followed by Neuralgic Pains Racked Her System—Her Friends Feared That She Could Not Recover.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N.S.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Diehl, who live about one and a half miles from Bridgewater, are highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Diehl has passed through a trying illness, the particulars of which she recently gave a reporter of the Enterprise, as follows —"In the spring of 1896 my health gave away. In addition to my ordinary household duties I had the constant care day and night of a sick child. In the hope of saving my little one, it did not occur to me that overwork, loss of sleep and anxiety were exhausting my strength. Finally my child passed away, and then I realized my physical condition. Shortly after I was attacked with neuralgic pains in the shoulder which shifted to my right side after three weeks and settled there. The pain in my side grew worse and after a few days I became unable to leave my bed. In addition to my bodily trouble I became melancholy and was very much reduced in flesh. My friends regarded my condition as dangerous. I remained in bed several weeks; to me it seemed ages. It is impossible to describe the agonies I suffered during that time. A skilful physician was in constant attendance upon me. He said mine was the worse case of anaemia and general neuralgia he had ever seen. After some weeks he succeeded in getting me out of bed and after a few more weeks I was able to do some light household work. But I was only a shadow of my former self; my appetite was very poor and that maddening pain still clung to my side and also spread to the region of the heart and lungs, darting through and about them like lances cutting the flesh. Every few days I had to apply croton oil and fly blisters to my chest, and had a bad cough. My friends gave up, thinking I had consumption. I, too, really thought my end was near, fearing mostly that the pains about my heart might take me off any day. During all my illness I had never thought of any medicine other than what my doctor prescribed. It happened, however, that in glancing over the Enterprise one day my eye fell upon the statement of a cure made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case resembled mine in some respects. I read and re-read the article. It haunted me for several days notwithstanding I tried to dismiss it from my mind. At last I asked the doctor whether he thought these pills would help me. He looked at me a moment and then remarked "well, perhaps you had better try them. I believe they do work wonders in some cases and if they do not cure you they will certainly do no harm." That remark opened to me the door of life, for had he said "no" I should not have used the pills. When I had used two boxes I began to feel better, my appetite improved and there were less of those pains about the heart and chest. The cough too was less severe. I kept on till six boxes more were taken and to make a long story short, I was myself again, appetite good, spirits buoyant, pains gone and I could do my own work with comfort. I have been well ever since and have no doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and restored me to my family. I am ever ready to speak their praises and in my heart am ever invoking God's blessing upon their discoverer.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build and renew the entire system. 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. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

THE LISTENER.

Cardinal Parrochi, who is spoken of as the probable successor to Pope Leo III, is a great reader of the newspapers and was himself a newspaper man in his younger days.

Major Jerome A. Watrous, the new paymaster of the army for the district about Boston, is a well known newspaper man and has served in the Wisconsin state legislature.

Forty-six years ago Bishop McLaren was a reporter on a Cleveland paper, and, with one assistant, had to cover the entire city in every way. He was succeeded by Artemus Ward.

A letter from an officer on the Brooklyn says that everybody on the ship, high and low, is wearing a Schley beard, and they intend to introduce the fashion when next they go to New York.

James W. Collins of Philadelphia, who was run over and killed the other day by a train in Maryland, was known as the "Tomato King" because of the extent of his dealings in tomatoes.

John Y. McKane, who was the "King of Coney Island" before he went to Sing Sing prison, and who when he came out was supposed to be a pauper, has just sold some real estate at Sheepshead Bay for $140,000.

Governor Hogg, who is very much opposed to extravagance in dress, recently gave a reception, in the invitations to which he requested guests to come dressed simply and cheaply. He himself wore a $4.50 suit.

Mr. Gladstone was once 5 feet 11 inches in height, but with the weight of years his frame had shrunk, and when he was prime minister the last time he was only 5 feet 9 inches. The smallness of the coffin at Westminster hall struck everybody.

A western paper says that Colonel W. F. Cody received the name "Buffalo Bill" from the fact that he had the contract to supply meat to the men who were constructing the Kansas Pacific railroad and that he almost always gave them buffalo meat.

The dedication of a religious work recently written by Theodore F. Seward, the "Don't Worry man," indicates that he has a touch of humor and a possible leaning toward heresy. It reads as follows: "I dedicate this book to my fellow sinners in and out of the churches."

When Colonel W. P. Hepburn of Iowa first ran for congress many years ago, he tired of the close contest and had about made up his mind to give up politics forever and go home when he was told that he was winning. Since then he has served seven successive terms and has always been nominated by acclamation.

The Marquis de Castellane and his son, Boni de Castellane, who married some of the Jay Gould millions, are opposed both politically and personally. The former is a Royalist and the latter a Conservative, and the son refuses to allow the father any benefit from the wealth he gained by marriage.

PERT PERSONALS.

Hobson appears to have as much control of his tongue as he has of his nerves—Pittsburg Times.

Captain Eulate says he was much struck with the battery fire of the Brooklyn.—Detroit Free Press.

Every time Joe Leiter looks at bearded wheat he will be reminded of his own close shave.—Pittsburg Post.

Admiral Dewey continues to maintain his reputation as the greatest news condenser of the age.—Rochester Democrat.

A description given of Blanco by one who knows him says that he is an enthusiastic fisherman. That accounts for it.—Boston Herald.

Zola's departure for Switzerland to avoid arrest was a sensible move. This is a practical age, and the discomforts of martyrdom are to be considered as well as its glories.—Baltimore American.

52 BOILS

"Three years ago I was troubled with boils, and tried several remedies recommended by friends, but they were of no avail. I had *FIFTY-TWO BOILS* in all, and found nothing to give me relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle I took made a complete cure and proved so very satisfactory that I have recommended B.B.B. to many of my friends who have used it with good results." A. J. MUSTARD, Hyder, Man.

Any one troubled with Boils, Pimples, Rashes, Ulcers, Sores, or any Chronic or Malignant Skin Disease, who wants a perfect cure, should use only

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT-OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY AND SUMMER COMPLAINT.

Price 35c. at all druggists.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES, THEY ARE DANGEROUS.

Singular Coincidence.

"In 1884," says the Detroit Free Press, "just after Commodore Schley returned from rescuing the survivors of the Greely arctic expedition, the Massachusetts Humane society presented him with a handsome medal for his achievement, and Benjamin W. Crowninfield, one of the Bay State's great orators, was sent to Washington to make the presentation speech. On the way to the capital Mr. Crowninfield fell in with an old and prominent resident of Boston, who took the privilege of asking the orator what his mission in Washington was. In reply the old gentleman was shown the medal and told what was to be done with it.

"'Strange coincidence,' mused the venerable gentleman from the Hub. 'Forty-four years ago, in 1840, I rode over this same line and met General Winfield Scott. I was as inquisitive then as now and asked him where he was going.' He said that a son of his friend, Mr. Schley, had been named for him and that he was going to Maryland to see the baby. Nearly half a century is past, and now I find you going to Washington to carry a medal to the man that General Scott visited when the man was an infant.'"

Some Lawyers' Bills.

A London solicitor recently tendered a bill in which the last item was thus stated: "To dining with you after the case was lost." A Gotha lawyer once threw a peasant out of doors because he did not wish to take up his case. He afterward sent him a bill for 2 marks "for his trouble." Another, on receiving the present of a hare from one of his clients, wrote to thank him and then charged 4 marks for the letter. On the Hamburg exchange a stranger once asked a lawyer, "Is this ducat worth 10 shillings?" "Yes," replied the lawyer as he put the coin in his pocket and took out 8s. 4d. "Here's your change; 6s. 8d. is my regular consultation fee, you know."—Chicago Post.

His Inspiration.

Among the many traditions concerning William Lee and the stocking frame is one that he was expelled from the university for marrying, and that, being very poor, his wife was obliged to contribute toward the housekeeping by knitting. It was while watching the motion of her fingers that he conceived how to imitate those movements by a machine.

A Study In Dimensions.

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You never hear the poor man who has lost a fortune say anything about riches being a curse.

More women would be interested in the female suffrage movement if it was something that could be decorated with ribbons and hung up over the mantel.—Chicago News.

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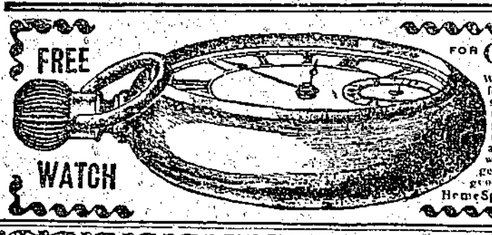

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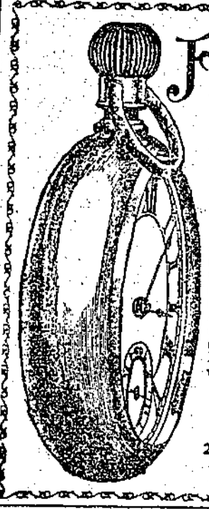

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

AN INJUSTICE TO MOYIE.

By the action of the C. P. R. in building the siding and depot at the foot of the lake, two and one-half miles from this place, an irretrievable injustice has been done Moyie. Not being able to secure its unreasonable demands in this town, the company will endeavor to start a town of its own, and has already secured land and complied with all other necessary requirements for that purpose.

Notwithstanding the well earned reputation of the C. P. R. for making its own towns, it is safe to say that this latest venture will prove an exception to the rule and be a dismal failure. Moyie was built on the strength of the mines which immediately surround her. Upon these she depends for her support, and will continue to do so. The town was well under way and the mines were pretty thoroughly developed before the railway was built. Both have grown into prominence simultaneously, and they are now so closely allied as to be inseparable.

The proposed town at the foot of the lake will be backed by a depot, and by a depot alone—nothing else. The proposition is simply this: One town is backed by shipping mines with a payroll of at least $10,000 per month; the other will be backed by the princly salary drawn by the station agent, which, we are told, anounts to about $60 per month. Business men may come from afar to settle in the new town, but when they carefully consider the proposition they will gladly take their chances in the town already established—the town with mineral backing. A man of good judgment before entering into business first considers the source from which he expects to receive his support. He is also aware of the fact that the closer he locates to that point of business the better chance he stands of getting his share of the same. Why then should he locate at the foot of the lake, two and a half miles away from the mines, in order to derive the benefit of these mines?

True, a depot is in realty a necessary adjunct to a town, and no small inconvenience will be felt by its absence. But this inconvenience will not be of long duration. Boats will ply the lake between Moyie City and the depot and passengers and freight will be given every accommodation. In fact to the passengers, after a long and tedious journey on a railway train, the fifteen minute ride on the lake will be both invigorating and delightful, and will only add to the pleasure of their trip.

A spur will be built at Moyie for the accommodation of the mine owners and all the ore will be shipped from this point. This will only leave the passenger traffic and merchandise to be handled from the foot of the lake.

The business men and residents of Moyie are not in the least alarmed over the recent turn of affairs—they are depending on the mines, not the depot, for their support. They have invested their money here, put up good substantial buildings and have established homes. They will remain where their interests are, and will not be carried away by the alluring inducements offered in this new townsite (with nothing to back it) which is owned and controlled by a greedy and spiteful corporation, whose only object is to endeavor to crush Moyie City because she did no submit to its unjust demands.

Sir Wm. Van Horne is said to have made the statement that "he feared the Great Northern company would be found at Ottawa at the next session of parliament seeking legislation that would enable them to build into British Columbia, and thus divert business from Canadian centers." A little railway competition is exactly what British Columbia needs, and it is sincerely hoped that the Great North- will secure such legislation.

A Brush With Apaches.

BY P. WILBUR SHOOP.

THE long string of pack mules wound down through the dark, narrow ravine of the Hasayampae river canyon, and crossing the dry bed of the stream disappeared behind a ledge of rocks jutting out from the overhanging cliff. It was a lonely spot. Ten miles below a quartz mill had been erected, and five miles up the river was a sheep ranch. But here no sign of life appeared, save the sinuous line of mules wending their way across a stretch of alkali plain to the foothills just beyond. The alkali dust, dry as tinder, crushed under the feet of the animals and was wafted away in little puffs at each successive step.

The straps fastening the load to the back of one of the animals became loosened, and I stopped to fix them. The other mules filed past and left me about a quarter of a mile behind. As I was tugging away at the straps, with the mule occasionally looking back at me with a quizzical expression showing plainly on its face, I heard a sound as of some one slipping over the rocks above. The mule looked up, sniffed the air, gave a sudden lurch, wrenching the straps from my hands, and dashed madly off toward the animals in the lead, probably now a mile ahead, and already on the summit of the nearest foothill. The tin buckets, provisions, etc., that formed the contents of its load, were strewn over the ground quite promiscuously.

The other animals in the train, who previously had been walking along in a sleepy, mechanical way, and only twitching their ears and swinging their tails to vary the monotony, seemed to be infected with the terror of the animal that had broken away from me, and joined it in a mad disorder. I stepped back under the overhanging ledge of rock, and gazed after the animals, wondering as to the cause of their sudden fright. Just then a sharp report rang out. I felt a stinging sensation in my right ear, and could hear a distinct "ping." I clapped my hand to my ear; it was bleeding. Then the reason for the mad fear of the mules came to me. A mule that has been used where Indians are around soon learns to tell by intuition, it seems, whenever one is near and, as they have an inborn antipathy toward them, never lose any time in getting out of the reach of their rifles. This one had fired at me through a crevice in the rocks, but had done no damage save to clip off the tip of my ear.

We were not then expecting an outbreak. A few months before Gen. Cook had gathered in the hostile Apaches and placed them under military control. The former horrors were forgotten, and we were at ease and off our guard. The only weapon I carried was a navy revolver, a poor instrument to cope with a rifle in the hands of a bloodthirsty savage.

I glanced up through the break in the rocks and saw an Apache, in full war dress, peering down to ascertain the result of his shot. As I kept still, he thought he had finished me, and so, losing his caution in his cupidity for scalps, he ventured out from behind the rocks and began climbing down. This was my opportunity, and I drew my revolver and fired at him, and had the somewhat gruesome satisfaction of seeing him fall across a rock. His rifle dropping from his hands, bounded down the rocks and fell at my feet. I picked it up. I had previously supposed him to be alone, but now a dozen or more yells burst from among the rocks, and I knew that I was in for it.

Keeping close to the rocky cliff and dodging from bowlder to bowlder, I ran for some distance up the dried-up bed of the river unperceived. I hid as best I could, and looked back. There were 50 or more warriors, it seemed to me, examining the place where I had been when the shot was fired.

Apparently there was no time to be lost, and taking advantage of their searchings, I ran as rapidly as the rocky ground would permit me. I gained the shelter of a ravine that ran down the river. I clambered up the sides. I was not now more than a quarter of a mile away from where I shot the Indian, and I could easily hear their yells when they realized their prey had escaped. To my relief, their cries grew fainter and fainter, and in a few minutes they ceased altogether. They were looking in the wrong direction for me, and had passed down instead of up the river. This gave me some relief, but I was still in a dangerous locality. For aught I knew, other bands were in the vicinity and anxious for the scalp of anyone who might appear.

Accordingly I carefully and cautiously picked my way along, creeping most of the time and always keeping close to the protection of a rock or large tree. Seeing no signs of Indians, I lost much of my fear and ran openly across the hills. I ran on for some distance, and was finally brought up sharp by fairly running into a camp of the Apaches. They had built a small fire and were devouring the provisions that our excited pack of mules had spilled. All were so busily engaged in eating, however, that I was unperceived. I retreated carefully, but a sentinel that they had posted saw me and sent a rifle ball whizzing in my direction, much too close for comfort, I can assure you. I ran madly along, stumbling over logs and rotten stumps. I had a good start, and kept in advance of them, quite out of gunshot. Several shots were sent after me, but all apparently fell short. I continued running, scarcely knowing how or where, and at length came out upon the alkali plain. I had run in a circle of about six miles in circumference, and had arrived at the place where the mules had stampeded. I was so exhausted I could scarcely move.

I was now in desperate straits, indeed. I could still hear the yells of the Indians, although their cries were becoming weaker. I looked over toward the foothills, expecting to see some one coming, and to my intense relief I saw, partly obscured by the flying dust, a troop of cavalry from the fort. I could make out the tints of their uniforms, and nothing I have seen, before or since, was as pleasing as that army blue. The fort was only about 20 miles away, and word had been received that afternoon that a portion of the Apache tribe had escaped and were on the warpath, and this troop had been sent to intercept them. I guided the soldiers to the Indian camp, where the Apaches had all returned, having given up their search for me.

When they saw they were surrounded by the soldiers, they submitted without a struggle. Their arms were taken away from them, and they were forced to return to their reservation, very sullen, it is true, but without further hostilities.

Thus ended my first experience with the redskin warriors, and I am perfectly willing to let it be the last. At that time I was so much so, in fact, that I resigned my position as pilot of a pack-mule train and returned to a civilized region.—Peterson's Magazine.

STORY OF A CAPTURE.

Wit of a Wife Saved Her Husband from the Officers.

"If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," said the old forty-niner, "I wouldn't be a tellin' it. In our camp we had got kinder civerlized and unless a feller was strung up immediate fur liftin' dust what didn't belong ter him, or ridin' off with a hoss not havin' title ter th' same, we locked him up and held him fur a fair trial. We had a reg'ler officers an' guards an' the convicts had ter work gettin' in wood an' cleanin' up 'round camp.

"One fine-lookin' feller came in there with his wife, an' she war finer lookin' nor he was. I never knowed yet whether he done it or not, but it war charged that he was caught crawlin' out from a tent with his pardner's swag. We caught him an' put him inter th' workin' gang till the gran' jury could set on him. He had a mighty fine hoss that a lot of us wanted ter buy, but his wife wouldn't sell an' took care of him as good as a man could do.

"On a Saturday night that feller broke guard. While we was chasin' 'round a Chinerman notified us as how th' man was at home with his wife. They must have heerd us comin', fur there was a rush from th' back door, there was as purty a spring into the saddle as you ever see an' all of us went clatterin' after th' big hoss while his rider waved a hat an' mocked at us. We follered fer miles, droppin' out one by one till me an' th' sheriff had th' trail. We could change hosses, but fur ten hours that there big black kept th' road an' showed us his heels. Then his rider jist coolly got off and set down on a log ter wait fur us. We gallopeil up with guns in both han's an' ordered a surrender. Durn me if it wasn't th' purty woman, an' we never see either of 'em again."—Detroit Free Press.

DANGERS OF NERVES.

By Which the Women of To-Day Are Beset.

It used to be a matter of faith, years ago, that we possessed nerves, for we were unconscious of them. Nowadays, however, they have become of most vital importance; they are, so to speak, "household pets." It seems that "temper" has gone out of fashion; so far, at least, as we are concerned, and, though it is possible to admit that our neighbors may suffer from attacks of temper, we never do—no, we have "nerves." There is a sort of necessary dignity about the possession of nerves, though we own they cause us trouble. We speak in quite a reproachful way of "a woman who has no nerves," just as if this meant the same as that she is without refinement and tenderness.

Nerves are, however, dangerous pets, for they are apt to become our masters. Indeed, to nerves are ascribed the unwholesome craving for excitement, the morphia habit and the excessive use of stimulants among women, as well as a variety of other evils. Nerves, no doubt, would be kept in check better if only we were simpler. Japanese women are charmingly serene and good tempered, and their freedom from nervous troubles may be largely ascribed to the absence of small worries in matters domestic. They are saved worries about dress, for the fashion of their costume never varies, and the absence of draperies and crowds of ornaments economizes money and greatly saves labor, as any housekeeper could tell who knows the fret and irritation of keeping these things pretty and free from dust in an "under servanted" establishment.—Boston Budget.

He Was Willing.

She—I have been shut up in boarding school so long that I feel very awkward and timid in company. I do not know what to do with my hands.

He—I'll hold them for you.—Boston Traveler.

A Reminder.

Husband (off for a journey)—Do you often think of me when I am gone?

Wife—Indeed I do. It takes me a week to get the smell of smoke out of the house.—Tit-Bits.

—The lady manager of one of the leading insurance companies in California receives £2,000 a year.

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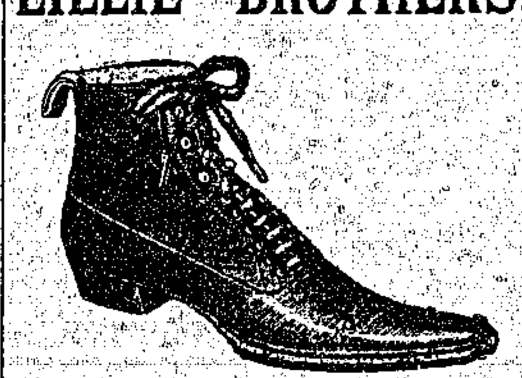

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To whom it may concern: I have this day transferred all right, title and interest in the MOYIE CITY LEADER to F. J. Smyth and J. E. Musgrave, who will hereafter conduct the business. All bills due the LEADER will be collected by them, and all bills against the LEADER will be paid by myself. D. R. YOUNG, Manager Slocan City Pub. Co.
Moyie City, B. C., July 25th, 1898.

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