

Library Legislative Assembly

THE MOYIE LEADER.

OL. 3, NO. 22.

MOYIE, B. C., SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

\$2 A YEAR

Underwear, Blankets, Mackinaw Coats.

Examine our stock men's underwear
" " " " oil coats
" " " " top shirts
" " " " fall suits

DRY GOODS

See our large assortment of blankets
" " " " ladies' underwear
" " " " wrappers
" " " " dress goods
" " " " of carpets

GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES.

REID, CAMPBELL & CO.

LARGEST PAYROLL YET

That of August Exceeds
all Others.

WAS NEARLY \$80,000

That of the St. Eugene Alone Amounted
to \$27,323. Distributed Amongst
266 Men.

The August payroll of the St. Eugene Consolidated Mining Co. was the largest sum yet paid out by that company to its employees in a single month. The amount was \$27,323, distributed amongst 266 men. With the various smaller payrolls about town, it is safe to estimate that during the month of August at least \$80,000 was paid out.

Met With a Serious Accident.

A Stephensen, a local contractor, met with a serious accident last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Stephensen was working on the roof of the new brewery when he lost his footing, slid down, striking the scaffold, and fell to the ground, a distance of fully 20 feet. He was picked up by D. J. Elmer, who was close by at the time, and was taken to his home in the Lake Shore addition, and Dr. Higgins, summoned. It was found that he had his right arm broken in two places and was otherwise more or less bruised and injured by the fall. He is now resting easily and getting along very nicely. Joe Fregolia, who was also working on the building at the time, had a narrow escape from falling.

LOCAL NEWS.

J. J. Murphy was in Cranbrook Thursday.

M. A. Beale of Fort Steele was in town yesterday.

A. T. Clark was in Fort Steele the early part of the week.

Look at the latest fancy vests at Murphy's store.

Wm. Burns, inspector of provincial schools, is in town.

Johnston Bros. got in another carload of Pabst beer this week.

John Hutchison was out to Moyie from Cranbrook Tuesday.

Go to Murphy's and examine the celebrated English braces.

Go to Murphy's and look at his new stock of clothing at low prices.

Rev. Mahon held divine service in the school house Thursday evening.

Miss Eva Hill departed last Tuesday morning for her home in Winnipeg.

V. Desaulnier, D. J. Elmer and Thos. Pogue were in Fort Steele last Monday.

Andrew Johnston spent a portion of the week at Goatfield hunting and fishing.

Mrs. D. J. Elmer is spending a few days at the Bennett farm near Fort Steele.

Miss Ethel Bennett returned to her home in Fort Steele today accompanied by W. J. Watkins.

There was born to the wife of J. H. Hawke last Tuesday morning a daughter.

It is said that Dr. Green of Cranbrook intends coming to Moyie to locate permanently.

Postmaster Hope has had several improvements made in his store during the past week.

Go to Murphy's and examine the Boss Raw edge brand of Stetson hats.

F. W. Frith and N. A. Mackenzie, two of Moyie's leading hotel proprietors, went to Cranbrook today.

C. W. Vedder, of the firm of Allenberg & Vedder, representing the Equitable Life Insurance Co., was in Moyie this week.

The Moyie Quadrille club will give a ball in the Oddfellows' hall next Friday evening. Tickets \$1.00. No supper.

A portion of the lumber for the Farrell block is on the ground and work on the building has been commenced.

The Armstrong residences are being plastered and painted and will soon be ready to occupy.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery have moved to their new residence near Park, Mitchell & Co's sawmill.

Miss Daisy Jaquish of Moosomin, N. W. T., arrived here this week to join her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lindsay.

Dr. C. P. Higgins has received the appointment of justice of the peace for Moyie. The appointment is considered a very satisfactory one.

Tim Farrell went to Trail this week to make arrangements with the smelter management for the treatment of the Society Girl ore.

Late reports from the Society Girl property are to the effect that the big showing still continues to hold its own and now seems to be permanent.

Ira Townsend has purchased the lot to the south of M. L. Hollister's residence in the Lake Shore addition and will soon begin the erection of a cottage.

Que King, foreman at the St. Eugene concentrator, left last Saturday for a three week's visit to his old home in Joplin, Missouri.

Chas. Farrell of Fort Steele, one of the pioneer prospectors in the Moyie camp, was out this week looking over his stumping ground of early days.

In giving a list of the newly elected officers of the Miners' union last week the name of A. G. Monkhouse, recording secretary, was unintentionally omitted.

On Sunday next a mail-car will be run on the Crow's nest branch, which, of course, includes a mail clerk, thereby facilitating the forwarding of mail.

The St. Eugene concentrator is being fitted with steam pipes and radiators in order that the coming cold weather may not interfere with its operation.

Rev. W. G. Mahon will preach in Moyie school house on Thursday next at 8 p. m. Subject, "The Brotherhood of Man." All are most cordially invited to attend.

Miss Alexander of Fernie, who was out to Moyie on a visit this week, returned home yesterday. She was accompanied as far as Cranbrook by Miss Louise Henderson.

A large consignment of overalls and jumpers has arrived at Murphy's.

Chiu Ying, usually a well behaved and law abiding Chinaman, happened to get his skin full of red licker last Monday afternoon and then started out to do the town up right. He ran up against several snags and then against Constable Lindsay, who after considerable difficulty, placed him on ice, where he could cool off and meditate.

The New Station.

The frame work for Moyie's new railway station is up and a good portion of the building is boarded in. The upstairs will be fitted for living apartments. A 200 foot platform will be built in front, the portion in front of the station to be 10 feet, the balance eight feet. Mr. Mansfield, the agent, expects to be able to move in about one month from now.

The Bravery of Women.

Was grandly shown by Mrs. John Dowling of Butler, Pa., in a three years' struggle with a malignant stomach trouble that caused distressing attacks of nausea and indigestion. All remedies failed to relieve her until she tried Electric Bitters. After taking it two months, she wrote: "I am now wholly cured and can eat anything. It is truly a grand tonic for the whole system as I gained in weight and feel much stronger since using it." It aids digestion, cures dyspepsia, improves appetite, gives new life. Only 50c. Guaranteed, at Hope & Beattie's drug store.

GALVESTON DISASTER

List of Dead Run Into
Thousands.

BURYING THE DEAD

The Safety of the Living Is the Paramount Question, which Is a Perplexing One.

Galveston, Sept. 12.—All attempts at burying the dead have been utterly abandoned, and bodies are now being disposed of in the swiftest manner possible. Scores of them were buried today and hundreds were taken out to sea and thrown over board. The safety of the living is the paramount question, and nothing that will tend to prevent the outbreak of pestilence is being neglected. This morning it was found that large numbers of the bodies which had been previously thrown into the bay washed back upon the shore, and the situation was thus rendered worse than before they were first taken into barges and thrown into the water.

It will never be known how many have lost their lives in this awful catastrophe. Mayor Jones thinks the dead will amount to several thousand, and others whose opportunities for judging are less than those of the mayor place it as high as 10,000. Relief committees from the interior of the state have commenced to arrive, and as usual, they are too large in numbers and to a certain extent are in the way of the people of Galveston and an impediment to the prompt relief which they themselves are so desirous of offering. Some of the relief expeditions have had Committees large enough to consume 10 per cent of the provisions which they brought. Two carloads of provisions and ice arrived this morning from Beaumont.

The great trouble now seems that those in greatest need are the last to receive aid. Many of them are so badly maimed and wounded that they are unable to apply to their relief committees, and the committees are so overwhelmed by direct applications that they have been unable to send out messengers.

The wounded everywhere are still needing the attention of physicians, and, despite every effort, it is feared that a number will die because of the impossibility to afford them the aid necessary to save their lives.

Miners' Union Elections.

Nelson Miners' Union No. 96 elected officers on Saturday night, the appointments being as follows: E. F. Blewett, president; James Devine, vice-president; Henry Smythe, warden; Roy D. Watson, conductor; James Wilks, financial and corresponding secretary; R. Gaskill, treasurer; Thomas Jerome, Richard Gaskill, and Thomas Ryan, trustees.

The Rossland union held an election last week with the following result: President, W. O'Brien; vice-president, Dan McGilvery; financial secretary, Frank Woodside; treasurer, Walter C. Preston; recording secretary, John Hand; warden Fort Colestro; conductor, Cass Davis; Executive committee, A. L. Houston and Rupert Bulmer.

Cranbrook Fair Abandoned.

Editor Leader: Will you kindly allow me through your paper to announce to the public, that the proposal to hold at Cranbrook on Sept. 24th and 25th a Mineral, Agricultural and Industrial Exposition has been abandoned owing to the failure to secure railway rates satisfactory to our association. Yours, etc., A. W. McVittie, Secretary.

Hewitt Bostock's Assignment.

Hewitt Bostock, M. P., has assigned his real and personal estate to C. J. Holliswell, accountant, for the benefit of his creditors. Mr. Bostock realizing that necessary large sums were not available ready to satisfy immediate demands, thought the safest and best way to satisfy creditors was to assign and thus insure full returns for those who had claims against him.

CRANBROOK ITEMS.

Cranbrook Herald:

Archie McVittie departed last night on a business trip to Rossland. It was in connection with the fair.

Last Sunday night an unfortunate cayuse fell into the "turn-table" pit at the round-house, losing his life in consequence.

Among the Cranbrookers starting for Calgary Tuesday morning to attend the races were George Wentworth, James Ryan, Arch. Leitch, Tom Wellman and William McKenzie.

A Cranbrook mother, a few days since, cooked and served dinner for a number of people, was confined in the afternoon, washed and dressed her new-born child and was about to go about preparing supper when her husband arrived home and caused her to desist.

"Billy" Doble arrived in Cranbrook last Monday morning, from Victoria, where, it will be remembered, he and Mr. Shier arrived several weeks ago. Mr. Shier has since departed for Dawson City, where he will engage in mercantile business. Mr. Doble being interested with him. Mr. Doble has resumed his old position with M. McInnes.

A telegram was received at this office Monday from F. E. Simpson, dated Seattle, Sept. 10, saying: "Just arrived; will be home in several days. F. E. Simpson." That was all, but it was good enough to know that he had safely returned to civilization.

Returned From Nome.

P. J. McMahon returned to Moyie from Cape Nome last Sunday. He was accompanied by his wife from Spokane. Mr. McMahon was well pleased with his trip to the land of the midnight sun and has strong faith in the future of that country. The people of that country were handicapped during the past season from the fact that their was a lack of water with which to work the various claims, and also on account of so many mining properties being tied up in litigation.

Mr. and Mrs. McMahon will spend the winter in Moyie, and may decide to make this their permanent home.

Visited Moyie and the Mines.

A party consisting of J. C. Drewry, F. W. Peters, district freight agent C. P. R., Mr. McInnes, general freight agent C. P. R., Capt. Duncan, of the Granite mine, Nelson, T. G. Proctor, of Proctor City and H. W. Wagner, ore buyer for Guggenheim Bros.; Chili, was in Moyie this week. The party inspected the St. Eugene mine and visited the town and had a good time generally. They went to Kimberley after leaving here to look at the North Star and Sullivan mines. Mr. Drewry accompanied the party as far as Cranbrook and then returned.

Lord Minto Passes Through.

Lord and Lady Minto, returning from their tour of the northwest and British Columbia, passed through Moyie on the fly Thursday morning on their special train. A few curiosity seekers were at the station, but failed to get a glimpse of any of the distinguished party.

For a New School Building.

Notices are out calling for tenders for the erection of a school building for Moyie. The building is to be 28x40 and will be built on the modern plan of architecture. Tenders will close Sept. 22. Fred Pollard has the plans and specifications.

Metal Quotations.

New York, Sept. 13.—Bar silver, 62 3/4 cents. Lead, price for miners and smelters, \$4.00 at the close. Copper, brokers' price, \$16.87.

FOR SALE.—Good business lot, near Central hotel. Apply to D. L. Bettchen, Moyie, or A. E. Watt, Cranbrook.

Lots for Sale. Money to Loan.

Lots for sale in all parts of town. Money to loan. Agent for Kern and Williams pianos. Have other special bargains. Before investing see Box 17. D. J. Elmer.

The Central Hotel.

V. DESAULNIER, Prop.

Large sample room in connection with house for commercial men. Best of accommodations.

Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, MOYIE, B. C.

We sell suits to men that will wear.

We sell boots and shoes for men at

lowest prices.

We sell hats and caps for men,

colors, correct styles.

We sell hose for boys made of

the finest Angora wool.

We sell boots and shoes for boys and

unequaled for price in the city.

We sell knee pants for boys that

are made of wool.

We sell more goods than any two

stores in town.

We sell ready made skirts for ladies

made from New York styles.

We sell hosiery for ladies with

spliced heels and toes.

We sell hosiery for girls in all sizes.

We sell the best under vest for

ladies ever offered for the price.

We sell flannelettes, prints, art

muslins, art satens, Val laces, ging-

hams, table linen.

We pay cash for goods and buy

them cheaper than others.

MacEachern

Macdonald.

THE MOVIE LEADER.

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

P. J. SMITH & CO., Publishers.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year, \$2.00

SATURDAY, SEPT. 15, 1900.

It now looks as though the Society Girl would be the next to "make her debut" before the mining world.

The great Chinese wall is 1,500 miles in length and largely in ruins. It was begun 214 B. C., and took ten years to build.

Over 50 exchanges reached this office during the past week, and out of this number over 30 contained mention in one way or another of Moyie and the St. Eugene mine.

The Alaska Treadwell mill at Douglas Island, Alaska, is a splendid evidence of the improvements of machinery and the advance of science in quartz mining. Its mill tailings assay but 12 to 15 cents to the ton.

Since the first of September work on the new station has been started, tenders submitted for a new school building, a payday has passed on which over \$25,000 were distributed amongst the people, several new mineral discoveries made, and three babies were born to residents of the town. Verily "business is picking up."

The Barbers' Union of Spokane, represented by its secretary, has won the suit brought by it against William Miller, to recover the union card, which it was claimed Miller had continued to show in his shop after he had been notified not to do so by the union. In rendering the verdict Justice Leonard held that the Barbers' Union was the sole judge of the conduct of its own members, and that the court had no right to set aside any conclusions it might have reached and therefore the union was entitled to the possession of the sign.

A good story comes from Vancouver, where the Japs are becoming British subjects by wholesale. Three years' residence is required, and as that is the only subject of inquiry, every Jap is able to answer, although it may exhaust his English vocabulary. A stranger at the railway station asked an intelligent looking Jap how long it would be till the train would leave, and was surprised and annoyed at the prompt reply: "Three years." The Jap has learned his naturalization lesson.

THE MINERAL TAX.

The boards of trade in the Kootenays are filing emphatic protests against the doubling of the tax on the output of the mines, says the Rossland Miner. It is held that the metalliferous mines are already contributing more than their fair share to the provincial treasury. The real estate tax, personal property tax, provincial revenue and all the other forms of general taxation are borne by the miners in common with the other taxpayers of the province, while the different forms of mining taxation falls upon them exclusively. The mining industry is just recovering from a long period of depression, brought on by the war and other causes, and the present time is most inopportune for doubling the tax on the outputs of the mines. Outside of this consideration, in our judgment, the provincial authorities are making a serious mistake in overtaxing mining. It is an industry which should be fostered and so built up, and the province would show wisdom if it depended more upon the incidental advantages which would accrue to the commonwealth and less on a direct tax. It is an admitted fact that one of the greatest needs of the province is money from abroad with which to develop the wonderful wealth in the virgin mineral ground. The more royalty exacted from the miners and the larger the taxes and restrictions placed upon them the less the chance of capital coming in. Other things being equal the mining investor will go where there is no tax to be paid on the mineral which he extracts from the earth. The outcome of legislation of the character proposed is certain to keep capital out of the country, and without outside money the develop-

ment of the mineral resources will come to what is practically a standstill. It is not a good nor wise policy, therefore, to increase the present tax, which is large enough.

Special Days at Exposition.

A number of special days already have been assigned at the Spokane Industrial Exposition, which opens on the second of next month. These days which have been asked for and granted thus far, are:

Wednesday, October 3, Fire Chiefs' Day and Fireman's tournament and parade.

Thursday, October 4, Fruit Growers' day.

Friday, October 5, Red Men's Day.

Saturday, October 6, Press Day.

Wednesday, October 10, Elks' Day.

Friday, October 12, Druggists' Day.

Tuesday, October 16, Spokane Day.

Besides these, others have asked for special days which have not yet been determined upon, among them being the Eagles, the Knights of Pythias the Woodman of the world, the Foresters and the traveling men.

Assessment work Contracts Taken.

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

S. A. SCOTT.

LIGHTNING'S STRANGE FREAK.

How It Tore a Scottish Army Officer's Clothing to Fragments.

A most remarkable example of the terrible effects of a lightning stroke is described in the London Graphic. Maj. Jameson, formerly of the Scottish Rifles, accompanied by his father and mother, went into a meadow to pick mushrooms. Maj. Jameson was some distance in front, and there was a single clap of thunder and flash of lightning, which frightened Mrs. Jameson, and she and her husband went into a wood and returned to the house, expecting that Maj. Jameson would follow.

About half an hour later Maj. Jameson was found by a game keeper, lying on his face in the field quite dead. Around him, in a radius of several yards, were his clothes and boots, which had been torn and scattered about in an extraordinary manner. The lightning appeared to have struck Maj. Jameson on the right side of the head, tearing the cap he was wearing to pieces, and burning his hair off. It then passed inside his collar, down the front of his body and both legs, into his boots, which were torn to atoms, and then passed into the ground, tearing a hole about 18 inches in circumference and three inches deep.

The deceased man's collar was torn into 100 pieces, none larger than a sixpence, the front of his jacket was rent into ribbons, and the jacket and under-vest literally torn to shreds, and the knickerbockers he was wearing were stripped off and scattered on the ground. Maj. Jameson's stockings and gaiters were similarly torn in pieces, and on the boots the lightning had a remarkable effect.

PROFESSIONS IN THE WEST.

In the Good Old Days a Man Had Several.

In the life of a modern business community a man must beware of too much wisdom, says the Chautauquan. The specialist is the man who succeeds and having once set his hand to an occupation one dare never leave it under penalty of failure in what he has chosen as his life work. In the west all this was different. Versatility was a necessity. The successful man must know how to do many things. The gleanings of any one field of activity were too small to afford a living of themselves. This fact was accepted by the citizens of the country, sometimes with a grim humor which marked the west.

A young lawyer in a western town had out a sign which read: "John Jones, attorney-at-law. Real estate and insurance. Collections promptly attended to at all hours of the day or night. Good Ohio cider for sale at five cents a glass." A storekeeper had on his window the legend: "Wall paper and marriage licenses," thus announcing two commodities for which there was a very small demand. One of the prominent citizens of such a town was a gambler, a farmer, a fighter and a school teacher all in one. There seemed to the minds of the inhabitants of the country nothing incongruous in this mixing up of occupations, it being taken for granted that a man would endeavor to make a living in the ways for which he seemed best fitted.

FOR THE CHOICEST BRANDS OF

CIGARS

CALL AT THE

Cabinet Cigar Store

J. I. MCINTOSH, Prop.

QUEEN'S AVENUE.

MOYIE, B. C.

J. E. COSTIGAN, Q. C. McVittie & Hutchison,

OFFICE: Bank of Commerce Bldg.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Harvey & McCarter,

PORT STERIE, B. C.

Harvey, McCarter & Alexander,
FERNIE, B. C.

Barristers & Solicitors.

LEWIS THOMSON,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ACCOUNTANT, COMMISSION AND INSURANCE AGENT.

Moyie, B. C.

W. F. GURD,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

C. P. HIGGINS,

Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE—FARNELL BLOCK.

MOYIE, British Columbia.

BOATS

FOR SALE AND RENT
OR MADE TO ORDER.

Apply to
M. L. HOLLISTER, Moyie.

D. L. BETTCHEN,

JEWELER,

MOYIE, B. C.

UNION BARBER SHOP

AND BATH ROOMS.

T. E. COLLINS, Prop.

MOYIE, B. C.

EAST KOOTENAY BOTTLING CO.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Artreated Waters of all
Kinds.

Orders Solicited.

Soda Water and Syphens.

A. L. McKILLOP,

ASSAYER,

NELSON, B. C.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Repaired and Made to Order.

R. A. SMITH, Moyie.

NEXT DOOR TO BLACKSMITH SHOP.

THE

COSMOPOLITAN

HOTEL.

Fire and Life insurance. Min-
Brokers, Land Surveyors and
Conveyancers, and Notaries
Public.

Have Orders at Lander Office, MOYIE.

City Shaving [Parlor,

CENTRAL HOTEL.

WESLEY CLINE, Prop.

MOYIE, B. C.

James Kerrigan & Co.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Wholesale Grocers

AND

General Agents,

Home and Foreign Bonded Ware-
houses.

Whiskey, Wines, Beer,
Cigars, Produce, Fruit,
Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

SILVERWARE

Just received a fine Assort-
ment of Meriden Britannia
silverware.

WATCHES

High grade movements in
gold, gold filled or silver
cases.

W. F. TATE.

Official Watch Repairer for C. P. B.
CRANBROOK, B. C.

AT G. H. MINER'S

HARDWARE STORE

You will find a full stock of

General Hardware

AND GENERAL SUPPLIES.

Just received a carload of

STOVES.

A Call Solicited.

TINSHOP IN CONNECTION.

Moyie, B. C.

THE POST OFFICE

DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE.

Patent medicines, toilet
articles, office stationery
and school supplies.

LENDING LIBRARY: If you want a book
ask for it and it will be procured for
you without delay.

IT PAYS TO DEAL WITH

HOPE & BEATTIE,

Chemists and Druggists,
MOYIE, B. C.

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

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

European plan. Open day and night

E. H. SMALL Prop.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

The Lake Shore Hotel

F. W. FRITH, Proprietor.

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

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS.

MOYIE, B.

MOYIE HOTEL.

JOHNSTON BROS.

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.

AGENTS FOR PABST'S MILWAUKEE BEER.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL
AND MINING MEN

MOYIE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

J. J. MURPHY & CO.

Clothing, Gents' Furnishings,
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Gloves, Etc.

COME AND SEE US.

VICTORIA AVE., MOYIE, B. C.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

WM. MILLS, Proprietor.

Miners headquarters. Good accommodations for travelers. Best wines
liquors and cigars kept in stock.

Lake Shore Addition

MOYIE, B. C.

FOR FURNITURE AND COMPLETE HOUSE

Furnishings, Stoves, Hardware,
Clothing, and Groceries,
Call on

G. H. GILPIN

CRANBROOK.

Agent for the Hamilton Powder Company, and Sherrin Williams' paint

L. A. RICKERS & CO.

MOYIE B. C.

Are Now Open and Ready For
Business With a Full Line of
Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES.

You are Invited to Inspect Stock.

FOR FINE

Wines and Choice Brands of Cigars.

ADDRESS

California Wine Co.

NELSON.

TRUE SOLUTION OF LABOR PROBLEM.

BY A CRANBROOK CLERGYMAN.

To a citizen of British Columbia no argument is required to prove that union is strength. But union is strength, only when it is systematic and through. The trades union of today is too exclusive, and is surrounded by too many restrictions to become general. And yet if labor is ever to gain its just rights, it must be united. Strikes are bad, whether successful or not; strikes tend to create ill feeling between the employer and the employed.

In these days of close competition some trades are fully as well paid as the profits of the business will allow. It is amongst the employees of trusts and corporations that low wages and long hours prevail. Not contented with screwing their workmen down to the lowest notch, employers as well as workmen suffer from corporate tyranny, and anything that tends to antagonize them, should if possible, be avoided. The wage earner has very little to expect from the great political parties. The so-called leaders are capitalists themselves and nearly all legislation is in their interest. Occasionally some measure of relief is passed by the legislatures; but is given for the same reason a burglar gives a watch dog a bone. The British Columbia people are neither blind or foolish; they see how arrogant capital is apt to become, especially when combined with political power. Yes, the people are in the galleries, but their is no reason why they should remain there. Let them try their hand at nominating, as well as voting, and then we should see the laborer assume his true place in nation of laborers. Call it by what name we will, labor party or peoples party, or nationalist party, the crying need of the hour is a new party which will guarantee to the producer the fruits of his labor. From time to time, for seeing patriotic men utter notes of warning, only to be feared and laughed at by the very men individuals they are trying to serve.

Meanwhile trust and syndicate grow apace regardless alike of law or public opinion, knowing that whether the government be "right" or conservative it will certainly be capitalistic. The British Columbia workmen have a double edged weapon with which he can fight, viz. union and the ballot. Thus armed, and properly officered the great army of labor should be invincible. The combinations of capital must be met by similar combinations of labor. Let the various unions come into one great federation. Capital does not monopolize the brains and intelligence of the country. There are hundreds of men working in our mines and at the bench, capable of governing provinces or making laws, and these are the men who will come to the front to lead and guide you when the time comes. If the wage earners would only do a little serious thinking, they would see that they have a remedy in their own hands. The government is of their own making, for the majority of votes cast at an election are cast by working men, and yet they allow themselves to be played one against the other, by unscrupulous politicians, who care nothing for them except what they can gain by their votes.

The true solution of the labor problem lies in the unification of all wage earners in one great combination and political union will naturally follow. The working men's friend,

D. Holford, B. D.

Endured Death's Agonies.

Only a roaring fire enabled J. M. Garretson, of San Antonio, Tex., to lie down when attacked by Asthma, from which he suffered for years. He writes his misery was often so great that it seemed he endured the agonies of death; but Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption wholly cured him. This marvelous medicine is the only known cure for Asthma as well as Consumption, Coughs and Colds and all Throat, Chest and Lung troubles. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Guaranteed. Trial bottles free at Hope & Beattie's drug store.

Lots for Sale. Money to Loan.

Lots for sale in all parts of town. Money to loan. Agent for Kama and Williams places. Have other special bargains. Before investing see Box 17. D. J. Elmer.

WIBURN'S LUCK.

Charley Wiburn and I are cousins, but somehow, I scarcely seem to belong to the family at all. We had no end of relations, and he was a general favorite with all, even some he had never seen, for they would die and leave him legacies. He was constantly getting some little "windfall" of this kind, till at length Charley Wiburn's luck became a general catchword among us—a synonym for all that was lucky and fortunate.

One morning at breakfast—we were artists and shared the same rooms and studio—he received a black-edged letter, which, upon opening and reading, he cast down with a discontented look. "Another funeral to go to," he grumbled, "and here are my pictures unfinished and next week is sending-in day!"

"Who is it now?" I asked. "Another legacy, I suppose, eh?"

"Very likely," he returned, indifferently—he was so used to these things he scarcely took any notice of them now. "It's Uncle Alexander Stephen. Did you know him?"

I shook my head. "Have heard of him; never saw him," I said.

"I hardly knew him myself," Charley explained—"at least, not since I was a boy. It's a rare bother, this, coming just now. Such a long journey into the country." I say, Jack, you have done your pictures and sent them in and have nothing to do for a spell—couldn't you go down for me?"

"What, in your name?" I exclaimed. "Yes, why not? It's years since I was among any of the set. This letter is from a Mr. Parchly, the solicitor to the will, I suppose; he doesn't know me. You are Jack Wiburn—it's only a difference of a Christian name, and it's all in the family, you know."

To cut the matter short, I had to consent—as I generally did where Charley was concerned.

I took the lawyer's letter, as a sort of credential, and set out, grumbling a good deal at what I considered Charley's "cheek" in thus making use of me. If I had finished up my work before he had it was only because I had worked at it more constantly, and now, instead of reaping the advantage in the shape of a few days' rest, he made it an excuse for sending me off on a legions mission like this; and Charley would, no doubt, have a good legacy, too, out of it.

"I don't suppose it's much," he said to me. "Perhaps a hundred or two—hardly worth going down for, you know!"

So I had to go—with no legacy in view at all, small or large! However, as I have said, I set out for the place—it was Devonshire—and in due course I arrived at the little town, and put up at a hotel for the night. The funeral was fixed for the following day, and on inquiry I learned that the house I had to go to was only a short distance away.

The next day, therefore, saw me among the assembled guests. I found out Mr. Parchly and silently showed him his own letter. "Ah," said he, "you are Mr. Wiburn. Very good. Glad to see you." I did not reply, so he concluded that I was Charley Wiburn, without having said anything one way or the other.

But when, after the funeral, the will came to be read, I found Charley was down for \$5,000. That made me think it harder lines than ever that I should have had to come down in his place. The weather was atrociously cold; the March winds strong and blustering, with showers of sleet and snow, and I felt cold and miserable. At the end of the reading of the will I was making my way out to get back to the hotel, when some one said: "Mr. Wiburn, I believe?" I looked around and saw a stiff, military-looking old boy regarding me with a smile through his spectacles. "Charley," said he, "don't you remember me?" I thought to myself: "Oh, how I'm in for it. Here's a nice mess—all through trying to serve Charley. Just my bad luck." This feeling did not grow less when he said: "Milly wants to speak to you. She has been looking at you, and says she can hardly recognize you for her old playfellow." ("No wonder," I thought. "It would be strange if she did.")

She came up and shook hands, and the moment I looked at her I simply fell helpless over head and ears in love then and there. She seemed to be the loveliest, most adorable creature I had ever seen. A sudden resolve came into my mind. Rather than run the risk of losing the chance I now had of speaking to her I would say nothing about my not being "Charley," let the consequences be what they might.

"Don't you remember your little playmate, Milly?" said she, with a blush and an entrancing look of her beautiful eyes. "Well, it's not so surprising, for I should never have known you, either, if Mr. Parchly had not pointed you out to me."

Before I exactly realized what I was doing I was whisked off to Maj. Rainfield's house—as I found the name of Milly's father to be—to dine, calling at the hotel for my evening "togs" on the way.

I found the major's house a neat, quiet-looking little place on the outskirts of the town. He lived alone with his daughter (his wife being dead), a housekeeper and one servant. Though everything was comfortable, there was that indescribable air that gave one the impression that they were not too well off as regards this world's goods.

Since I was not too well off, either, this would not have troubled me, but for that legacy of \$5,000 I was supposed to have come in for. "Was that the secret cause of this sudden friendliness?" I asked myself. But when I looked at Milly, and saw the frank glance of her truthful, honest-looking eyes, I felt ashamed of myself; nor, when I regarded the major, and noted

the open, manly look the fine old soldier gave back to me, could I bring myself to think of him as a scheming old fortune-hunter.

Such good friends did we three become that I lingered on in the place for a week, during which time I grew daily more uncomfortable at the part I was playing. At last I sought out Milly one day, alone, and confessed the truth to her.

"I am not surprised," she said; "I thought you were not much like the Charley I used to know. But I am sorry for you—sorry to think your cousin should have got that \$5,000, while you were not even so much as mentioned."

"Ah!" I said, with a sigh, "that is Charley's luck—and mine. It is always the same—always has been, and always will be, I suppose."

I was thinking what I dared not say—that, if that \$5,000 had but been mine, I could have asked her to be mine, too; whereas, now, with my poor prospects—well, of course, it was folly even to dream of such a thing.

I watched her narrowly after that, but could see no difference in her treatment of me.

I had written to Charley, telling him of his good fortune, and that I was going to stay on down here for a few days; but beyond a brief note, expressing wonder at whatever attraction I could see there at that time of the year, he had said nothing and written no further; not a word of thanks or of reference to his \$5,000 legacy.

Another week slipped by, and I still stayed on. At the end of that time I was in such a state of mind that, one day, finding myself alone with Milly, I blurted out my hopeless love for her, and said I should go away at once, for I felt that I could not possibly stay on there any longer. Milly, always quiet and self-possessed, remained silent awhile, and then said, looking down: "I think you had better speak to papa."

"What!" I rapturously exclaimed; "do you really bid me hope, Milly? Do you really think there is a possibility of your father?" I stopped and shook my head. "Alas, no!" I said, "such a thing could not happen to me. It would be Charley's luck, that—not mine."

"Well," said Milly composedly, "they say you never know your luck till you try; but if you are too faint-hearted to try, why, of course—"

"I'll go off and find the major and have it out at once," I burst out. And I saw him accordingly, and told him the whole story, humbly apologizing for daring to ask for his daughter's hand, when, as I was bound to tell him, I was not Charley, but Jack Wiburn, and I had no \$5,000 legacy, and no prospects in particular, and "no luck!"

"H'm," said the major, "how is it Master Charley comes in for all the 'luck' in this way?" "I don't know, sir," I answered, dolefully. "He goes about more and makes himself more liked, I think, while I—"

"While you stick at home and work. Is that it?" he asked.

"Well," I returned, "I try my best. You see, I have nothing else to rely on—or hope for—like Charley. It's his luck—and mine!"

"However," said the major, "I have been told you get your pictures hung, and sell them, which is more than he does. Is that luck, too?"

To this I made no reply. I could not see its relevancy.

"Now, look here, Jack Wiburn," the major went on. "I knew you were not Charley Wiburn." (I looked up in surprise.) "Milly told me; and I have made certain inquiries of my own, and I have something to tell you. The late Alexander Stephen Wiburn was a very old and intimate friend of mine, and had long ago set his heart upon Milly's marrying Charley" (here I jumped up excitedly, but he waved his hand to me, as a sign to be quiet). "But he was determined that, if it came about at all, it should be spontaneous, and not through any compulsion or unworthy motive. But in that will you heard read the other day there was something you did not hear—it was mixed up in another matter; but it comes to this: That if Milly married 'his nephew,' he and she were to have a certain sum between them to begin housekeeping. I have consulted Mr. Parchly upon this matter, and he agrees with me that, as Charley's name is not expressly mentioned, and as he would not take the trouble to come down himself, even to the funeral of his poor old uncle, who had been so kindly disposed to him, if Milly likes you well enough to have you, you and she will be just as much entitled to the sum set aside as if Master Charley had married her, and I am sure I shall not object to the situation. In the will the only condition is that Milly shall marry 'his nephew,' and, of course, you are as much his nephew as Charley is. Therefore I leave it with Milly; if she says 'yes,' I say the same, and you will both have something to set up housekeeping with."

No need to tell the joy with which I heard the unexpected news, or the heartiness with which I thanked the kind-hearted major.

"I'll go off and tell Milly at once," I said; but I had not gone far when he called me back.

"You don't ask how much you will have to start housekeeping upon," he said.

"What matter, sir, since you think it enough?" I answered.

"I'm; but you may as well know. You might not think it enough."

"How much is it, then?" I asked.

"Fifty thousand pounds," said the major.

And this is what Charley lost and I gained by that journey—Milly (worth more than all) and \$50,000.

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ried—and he says I merely took advantage of him; but I say, as I used to say before, it is all his luck—and mine.—Gentlewoman.

He was smiling. She—I have been shut up in boarding school so long that I do not know what to do with my hands. He—I'll hold them for you.—Boston Traveler.

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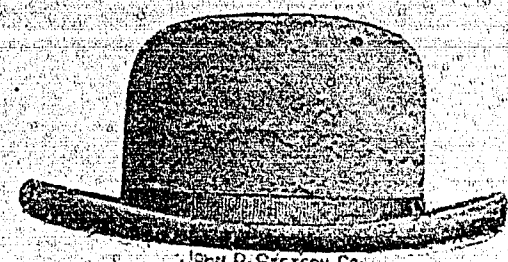
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