

THE MOYIE LEADER.

VOL. 2, NO. 23.

MOYIE, B. C., SEPT. 23, 1899.

\$2 A YEAR

HERE! HERE! HERE! HERE!

At last it has arrived,
our enormous stock of

Clothing, Clothing,

Tailor made and choicest patterns.
Call early and get first choice.

GROCERIES!

A fine lot of shoulder hams being cleared out at
15 cents per pound. We have the best 35 cent
coffee in the market.

REID, CAMPBELL & CO.

LATE MOYIE SUPPLY COMPANY.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.

Paid Up Capital, \$3,000,000.

CRANBROOK BRANCH.

J. W. H. SMYTHE, MGR.

B. C. FURNITURE and UNDERTAKING CO.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Bedroom Sets	\$12.50	Mattresses	2.75
Bed comb, bedroom sets	11.50	Arm chairs, well upholstered	5.75
Comb. springs and mattresses	6.50	Lozenges upholstered in best jute	6.75

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

Undertakers and Embalmers

MAGGS & HUGHES.

The Central Hotel.

V. DESAULNIER & CO., Props.

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

Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, MOYIE, B. C.

The Lake Shore Hotel

F. W. FRITH, Proprietor.

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

FIRST CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS.

MOYIE, B. C.

MOYIE HOTEL.

G. CAMPBELL, A. T. CLARK.

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

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL
AND MINING MEN.

MOYIE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MORE NEW BUILDINGS

Several to Be Started Without Delay.

ALL ARE BUSINESS BLOCKS

Reid, Campbell & Co. and McInnes & Co.
Will Call for Tenders and Begin
in a Few Days.

The good work in the building line
goes merrily on, and a glance at Vic-
toria street now as compared with one
of three weeks ago reveals a wonder-
ful change in appearance.

M. McInnes was out to Moyie last
evening making arrangements for
having his new meat market erected.
This building will be built on south
Victoria street across the street from
the City bakery. It will be 24x40 and
two stories in height. Tenders for
the building will be called for at once.
Park, Mitchell & Co. have been
awarded the contract for the lumber.

As will be seen in another column,
Reid Campbell & Co. are calling for
tenders for the erection of a store
building on their lot facing Victoria
street, the one upon which Wm.
Hamilton's barber shop now stands.
This building will be 26 feet wide and
30 feet long and two stories high.

The McGregor block is nearly fin-
ished and ready for the painters. The
hall on the second floor will be fitted
up so that it can be used for meetings
of secret societies as well as for other
purposes. An effort will be made to
open the hall with a grand masque-
rade ball.

The first and second story of the
Farrell block is up. It will have a
flat roof. When finished this will be
one of the finest and best located
buildings in the town. The lower
floor will be occupied by Hope &
Beattie's drug store and Maggs &
Hughes' store, and the second story
will be fitted up for business offices
and private rooms.

The foundation and cellar for J. C.
Drewry's boarding house is completed
and a good portion of the lumber is
on the ground.

The handsome office building for
the St. Eugene mine now looms up.
The St. Eugene buildings are so close
that they can well be considered a por-
tion of the town.

M. L. Hollister's building is nearly
finished.

MacEachern & Macdonald are mov-
ing into their new building today.

Carpenters are now adding another
story to the back portion of the Cen-
tral hotel.

C. Kanfman is making some im-
provements on his hotel.

Mark, Your Mother Wants You.

If Mark Neumayer sees the follow-
ing self explanatory letter, he will
know his poor old mother in Portland,
Oregon is wanting him. Mrs. Neu-
mayer says she has every reason to
believe her boy was in Moyie last
winter and perhaps is here at the
present time:

For a long time I have been seek-
ing information as to the fate of my
son, Mark Neumayer, whether living
or dead. To all who have ever known
my son; to his boyhood companions;
to friends of later years, I appeal for
information as to when, and where,
last seen or heard from, no matter
how long ago.

To the newspaper proprietors every-
where, who are willing to assist a dis-
tressed mother to clear the mystery
of her son's disappearance, I appeal
with a request to publish this article.

MRS. L. NEUMAYER,
Portland, Oregon.

Board of Trade Meeting.

At the regular meeting of the board
of trade Tuesday evening, the new by-
laws were read and approved, and
other matters were taken up and dis-
cussed. In the absence of President
Drewry, Vice-president Farrell occu-
pied the chair. H. Holter, manager of
Spokane Industrial Exposition, has
extended an invitation to the Moyie
board of trade to be present on inter-
national day, October 10.

McMAHON BROS.

MAMMOTH RETAIL EMPORIUM.

HARDWARE,

GROCERIES,

PRODUCE.

ALL KINDS OF

Tin Work

— DONE —

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

— PROPRIETORS OF —

CLOTHING,

Gents' Furnishings,

BOOTS and SHOES.

THE EAST KOOTENAY HOTEL,

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Cor. Victoria St. and Moyie Ave.

MOYIE, B. C.

LOCAL NEWS.

W. F. Gurd is in town.

S. A. Scott was in Cranbrook yes-
terday.

R. Campbell was in Cranbrook yes-
terday.

Constable Lindsay was in Fort
Steele Monday.

P. T. Smyth was out from Cran-
brook on a visit this week.

Go to LaRonde Bros. for fresh east-
ern apples and bananas.

J. E. Musgrave stopped over a day
in Moyie on his return from Nelson.

An additional lot of steel track for
the Lake Shore mine arrived here yes-
terday.

G. Johnson of Cranbrook attended
the dance at Moyie Wednesday
evening.

It is rumored that the Fort Steele
Mercantile Co. intend putting a
branch store in Moyie.

Miss Leah Carduff and Miss Mc-
Killop of Cranbrook were visiting with
Mr. and Mrs. Bremner this week.

Tom Rader returned home Thurs-
day morning from an extended trip
through Oregon and Washington.

John Day came down from the
Society Girl this morning, and says
the property is looking fine.

For men's working gloves, socks
and underwear you could not do better
than see LaRonde Bros.' stock.

Miss Annie Carduff arrived from
Renfrew Ont., this week and has
opened a dressmaking parlor in Cran-
brook.

The Moyie Clothing Co. have closed
out their business in Moyie, and
LaRonde Bros. have leased that por-
tion of the store.

Mrs. L. M. Mansfield of Cranbrook
is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Neitzel
at their home on the west shore of the
lake.

Park, Mitchell & Co. have purchased
the timber on the Moyie townsite
and are rafting it up the lake to their
mill near here.

There will be service in the school
room on Monday evening conducted by
the Rev. G. E. Smith. A hearty in-
vitation is extended to all.

Last Monday evening F. E. Simp-
son and wife and L. M. Mansfield and
wife came out from Cranbrook to
Moyie and attended the dance given
at Mr. and Mrs. McCracken's resi-
dence.

Rev. H. Young preached to a good
sized audience at the school house
last evening. A meeting will be held
there tomorrow at 2 o'clock for the
purpose of organizing a Sunday school
class.

Mrs. S. T. Allen of San Francisco
arrived in Moyie this morning and is
visiting with Mrs. Farrell and Miss
Farrell at the residence of J. P.
Farrell.

Drewry Now a J. P.

J. C. Drewry, managing director of
the Canadian Gold Fields syndicate
with headquarters at this place, has
been appointed a justice of the peace
for South East Kootenay. His ap-
pointment reached here Thursday.

Dreyfus Is Pardoned.

Paris, Sept. 20.—Captain Alfred
Dreyfus, convicted by court martial
on the charge of treason with extenu-
ating circumstances, has been par-
doned.

With this announcement comes the
news that M. Scheurer-Kestner, form-
er vice president of the senate and
champion of Dreyfus, is dead.

Up to six o'clock this evening the
utmost calm prevailed throughout
Paris. The decision of the cabinet to
pardon Dreyfus seemed to have passed
unnoticed. The only remark was:
"We expected it."

The official announcement was
made in the form cabled to the As-
sociated press in order to avoid dem-
onstrations of any kind at Rennes and
in Paris. But the pardon of Dreyfus
is not merely imminent. It was
actually signed this morning.

Measures have been taken in Rennes
in connection with it, and it will have
a good effect generally. The news-
papers now publish the first semi-
official announcement of the cabinet's
decision without comment.

Two Social Events.

Moyie's amusement season has
started in earnest. Two dances took
place this week. One was a surprise
and was given at the home of Mr.
and Mrs. J. N. McCracken in the
Lake Shore addition Monday evening.
This one was well attended and was
real lively while it lasted.

The one given by Mr. and Mrs.
A. P. Bremner at their hotel at
Moyie station passed off most pleas-
antly. The people of Moyie turned
out in full force and several persons
from Cranbrook were also present.
Mr. and Mrs. Bremner spared no pains
in making the affair an enjoyable one,
and indeed they were successful in
the fullest measure.

Weddings at the Exposition.

Again Manager Bolster of the Spo-
kane Industrial Exposition is arrang-
ing to have one and possibly more
weddings at the exposition which
opens on the 3rd of October. It is
not every couple that can have their
wedding march played by a \$7,000
band of 40 pieces, brought across the
continent for that purpose, and al-
ready two or three young men have
applied to Manager Bolster and have
intimated that they would like to
start their married life under such
favorable circumstances. Mr. Bolster
proposes to make the ceremony as
pretty as possible.

Kootenay Produce and Supply Co.

J. N. McCracken, manager of the
Kootenay Produce and Supply Co. of
this place, returned from a trip to Cal-
gary and the Northwest Sunday.
Mr. McCracken while away purchased
several carloads of supplies for his
store and has already disposed of a
good share of the same.

Metal Quotations.

New York, Sept. 20.—Bar silver
59 cents. Lead, unchanged, \$4.60 @
\$4.62. The firm that fixes the sel-
ling prices for miners and smelters
quotes lead at \$4.40 at the close.

Post Office Moved.

This week Postmaster Hope moved
the Moyie postoffice and effects from
Reid, Campbell & Co.'s store to his
quarters on north Victoria street.
This move is only temporary, how-
ever, for as soon as the Farrell block
on the corner of Queens avenue and
Victoria street is finished it will be
transferred to the quarters which will
be occupied by Messrs. Hope and
Beattie as a drug store. A brand new
postoffice outfit, including lock boxes,
etc., is now in Cranbrook and will be
shipped here and installed as soon as
the building is ready for it.

The daily mail service for Moyie
went into effect the first of the week
and is giving excellent satisfaction.

Oddfellows and Others Met.

Oddfellows and others had a meet-
ing at the Lake Shore hotel last Mon-
day evening. The matter of taking
steps towards organizing a lodge in
Moyie was discussed. It was decided
to ask the Cranbrook lodge to assist
in the work, which its members have
kindly consented to do. R. E.
Beattie, Noble Grand of that lodge,
will be here tomorrow and will give
all information necessary.

In New Quarters.

Messrs. MacEachern & Macdonald
can now be found in their new quar-
ters on north Victoria street. They
now have one of the neatest store
buildings in Moyie and one of the
best stocks of goods to be found in
South East Kootenay.

A Call for Tenders.

Tenders will be received by Reid,
Campbell & Co. up to September 26
for the erection of a two story build-
ing 26x50. The lowest or any tender
not necessarily accepted.

Moyie's Leading Store

Immense Arrival of Clothing.

We propose to lead the van
and are in position today to
show you a magnificent range
of clothing brought from To-
ronto's leading manufactur-
ers. Men's fine pants in
great variety. Men's heavy
working pants.

Underwear, Underwear

Made of pure wool, ranging
in price to suit the times.

Top Shirts! Top Shirts!

MacEachern &

Macdonald

MOYIE,

B. C.

An Awful Blunder.
At a Rosenthal recital in Seattle a young pianist of considerable social prominence sat at a stage box and followed the performance by means of the scores of the several morceaux which composed the programme. She was evidently deeply interested, and stopped at intervals to exchange notes with a companion who sat behind her. All went beautifully until the artist came to the last piece, a tremendously heavy Liszt. In the midst of an intricate passage, the lady, much excited, rose in her box, holding out the roll of music toward the stage. "That's wrong! That's wrong!" she cried. "You should have crossed your hands there."

SAIRY SPENCER'S REVOLT

By CARRIE ELAKE MORGAN.

Abraham Spencer came up the lane from the fields, carrying his discolored old straw hat in his hand and mopping his face with a red cotton handkerchief. He walked stiffly and slightly bent forward from the hips, as do most hard-working men who have passed the half century mark, but he set his heavily shod feet down with a firmness that bespoke considerable physical vigor as well as mental decision.

He scanned the house sharply as he approached, and his shaggy brows were drawn almost together in a frown. It was the middle of a sultry August afternoon, yet the doors and windows were all closed and the green holland blinds were drawn down.

"Nevertheless he came down the steps and went around the house to a chamber window, where he parted a tangle of hop vines and rapped sharply on the sash.

"Sairy!" he called. "Sairy! Are you to home?"

There was a slight sound from within, as of a creaking board beneath a careful footstep; then the shade was lifted at one side and a thin, startled, elderly face looked out.

"What on earth is the matter, Sairy? What's the house all shut up like a jail for?" demanded Abraham Spencer in a high pitched, irascible tone. "Don't you know the Rhynearsons've been here and gone away again?" he went on. "I saw 'em from the north meadow, and I've come clear home to see what's the matter. Was you asleep? Didn't you hear 'em knock?"

Mrs. Spencer rolled up the shade and lifted the sash with hands that trembled.

"Come now, speak up quick," added her husband impatiently, "for I'm goin' after 'em and bring 'em back, and I want to know what to tell 'em."

"No, no, Abraham, don't go after 'em," Mrs. Spencer dropped on her knees and leaned her arms wearily on the window sill. She spoke pleadingly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "Oh, Abraham, I keep 'em out a purpose."

"You—what?" Abraham Spencer's tone implied that he was forced to doubt the evidence of the ears that had served him well for nearly three score years.

"I keep 'em out a purpose. I knowed you'd be mad, but I couldn't help it. I'm just too mortal tired and miserable to care what becomes of me. I ain't able to get supper for you and the hands, let alone all that Rhynearsons gang. I've worked so hard today, and I didn't sleep much last night for my rheumatiz, I'm gettin' old fast, and breakin' down, Abraham. I can't hold out much longer if I don't slack up a little on hard work."

"Well, why in thunder don't you slack up, then? What's to hinder you from goin' to bed after breakfast and stayin' there till dinner time?"

"Now, Abraham, that's what you always say, and it's so unreasonable. Who'd do the work if I went to bed? Who'd feed the chickens and pigs, and milk the cows, and churn the butter, and clean the vegetables, and bake the bread and pies, and keep the whole house in order? You'd come out slim if I went to bed, Abraham."

"Well, slim or no slim, I want you to either go to bed or else shut up your complainin'."

"Now, Abraham, if you only would be a little reasonable. All I ask is that you let me slack up a little bit in ways that I can. There ain't no sense in us havin' so much company now since the girls are married and gone. Company makes so much hard work, specially town company. Them high flyin' town folks don't care a snap for us, Abraham. They just like to be cooked for and waited on, and kept overnight and over Sunday, and fed on the best of everything, from spring chicken to water-melons. Now, them Rhynearsons!"

"Them Rhynearsons to my friends," sternly interposed Abraham Spencer, "and so long as I have a roof over my head my friends 're welcome under it. I wouldn't 've b'lieved such a thing of you, Sairy. I hain't any doubt you're tired, I'm tired myself most of the time, but I don't make that an excuse for slightin' my friends."

"But you don't have to cook for 'em and wait on 'em, Abraham, when you're so tired and worn out that you can't hardly drag one foot after the other, and—"

"Don't begin that old tune all over again. I've heard it a many a time already. You're gettin' so you're always complainin', and if there's anything I hate it's a naggin' woman. Now, understand, I'm goin' after the Rhynearsons. I'm goin' to make 'em come back if I can. Am I to say you was away from home or asleep or what? It won't do for me to tell 'em one thing and you another, so just tell me what to say, and be quick about it."

"Tell 'em anything you like, Abraham. I don't care what. All I ask of you, if you're bound to go after 'em, is that you'll stop at Selwood's and get Sairy-

my to come over and do the work while they're here."

"What, hire her?"

"Why, of course. You wouldn't ask a poor girl like Sophrony to work for you for nothin', I reckon."

"My land, Sairy, how often 've I got to tell you I can't afford to pay out money for help in the house? If you once begin it, you'll be always wantin' help, and there's no sense in it. Why, there was my mother!"

Mrs. Spencer staggered to her feet. She was a tall, stoop shouldered, weak chested woman; her scant hair was iron gray, her hands were hardened and swelled at the joints with years of toil, and her face was deep lined and sallow. Just now it was as near white as it could be, and a sudden hunted, desperate look had come into it, a look that stopped the words on her husband's lips. He broke off abruptly and looked at her in stern surprise and displeasure.

"I never knowed you to act up so cranky, Sairy. I can't see what's gettin' into you. Now, I've got no time to fool away. I'll tell Mis' Rhynearsen you was asleep and didn't hear 'em knock, shall I?"

"Tell her anything you like," was the reply in a strange, still voice that suited the look in her face. "I won't contradict you."

"But how do you know you won't? We ought to have a clear understandin'. What you goin' to tell Mis' Rhynearsen when she asks you where you was?"

"She won't ask me."

"Well, now, I'd like to know how you know she won't?"

"Because I'm not goin' to give her a chance."

The window sash slid down to the sill, and the shade dropped, back to its place. Abraham Spencer let go the hop vines and watched them cluster together again with a slightly dazed look in his deep set gray eyes.

"Now, what in blazes could she 've meant by that 'last?' he meditated un-

easily. Then his flat, straight cut lips closed in a hard line, and he added as he turned shortly away: "But I ain't a-goin' to ask her. When a man can't be master in his own house, it's time for him to burn it down or blow his brains out."

Mrs. Spencer heard his heavy heels resounding on the hard beaten path as he went around the house, and each relentless step seemed to grind its way into her quivering nerves. Ordinarily she would have taken timid note of his movements at the edge of a window shade, for her husband's anger had always been a dreadful thing to her, but now she opened the outer door and stood there, watching, while he brought a horse and wagon out of the barn and drove rapidly away. When he had passed out of sight, she exclaimed bitterly:

"I'll not stand it! I'll hide myself! I'll get out of this before he gets back with that gang if I drop dead in my tracks!"

As a first and very womanish step in the execution of her resolve she sat down on the doorstep and cried. Her meager frame shook with dry, convulsive sobs, such as are born of wornout nerves, aching muscles, a lonely heart and a starved soul.

She did not heed approaching footsteps and scarcely started when a neighbor paused at the foot of the steps and spoke to her.

"Why, Mis' Spencer, what's the matter? I hope nothin's gone wrong?"

Mrs. Spencer's sobs ceased and her face hardened as she met the woman's inquiring eyes.

"It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, Mis' Howard. I've about got to the end of my rope; that's all. I'm tired of livin' and wish to heaven I was dead this minute."

Mrs. Howard held up her hands. "Don't say that, Mis' Spencer," she remonstrated. "Now, I don't know what's gone wrong, and I hain't the least notion of tryin' to find out. I only beg of you not to wish you was dead. It's such a fearful wish. We don't any of us know what death is."

"We all know it's rest, and that's all I care to know," said Mrs. Spencer. She leaned her chin on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with red rimmed, unlovely eyes.

"No, we don't even know that," said Mrs. Howard, with impressive earnestness. "That's just one of the things we've been taught, and we like to think it's so. We don't know the first thing about death, Mis' Spencer, except that it turns us cold and stiff, and fits us for the grave. We don't any of us know what goes with the livin', thinkin', sufferin' part of us. Sometimes I think maybe it stays with us in the grave, so that we hear and know things, same as when we was livin'. I shouldn't wonder if we could lay in our graves and hear the birds sing and the rain fall and feel the sun shinin' above us. Now, c'povin' you was in your grave, out there in the little buryin' ground in the

meadow, and a'povin' you could hear these little chicks chirpin to be fed at sundown and you not here to feed 'em, and the cows comin up the lane to be milked and you not here to milk 'em, and your husband trudgin' home, slow and tired and hungry, and you not here to get supper for him, do you reckon you could rest then, Mis' Spencer?"

(To be continued.)

A Sure Winner.

A buzzard, who found a freshly killed hare and was about to bear it away to a tree top to be eaten at leisure, was addressed by a fox who came running up with:

"Ah, now, but I mistook you for the eagle and wanted a word with you."

The buzzard was flattered and offered the head of the hare. As she did so the wolf came up and observed:

"Well, well, but who ever saw the buzzard looking so fierce and so proud as today? Really, now, but I took you for the condor."

That tickled the buzzard again, and to show her good will she divided the body of the hare with the wolf. She had said that she must be off, when the jackal came trotting up and exclaimed:

"Upon my word, but I must have dust in my eyes. I was sure that my friend here was the ostrich, and I was going to ask her for a feather. Mrs. Buzzard, my compliments!"

The buzzard grinned and giggled and tried to look shy, and meanwhile the jackal ate up the other half of the hare.

"Here—how's this—where's my part?" exclaimed the buzzard, as she got to see what had happened.

"Oh, we took the meat and you have the tail!" replied the jackal as he licked his chops and walked off.

Moral—When craft will not avail and argument goes for naught, flattery will always win.

The Influence of the Flat.

The flat has made its mark on the conditions of modern life. A good illustration of this fact is the following story of a bright Kenwood youngster "going on 63."

The boy heard a visitor say to his grandmother, "Well, I suppose you feel very proud these days, with three of your sons married and settled?"

"Only two," corrected the boy, who was not supposed to understand anything at all about the subject. Just to see what his idea was his grandmother and her visitor cross examined him. The conversation ran like this:

"Why do you think only two are married, John? There's your Uncle Jim—he's one."

"Yes ma'am. And he lives in a flat."

"What's that got to do with it? And there's your Uncle Fred—he's two."

"Yes ma'am. And he lives in a flat too."

"Why, yes; certainly. And there's your own father—he's three."

"No ma'am," cried the youngster triumphantly. "My papa isn't married. I know he isn't, 'cause he lives in a house."

Bear Baiting in Olden Days.

So popular was bull baiting in olden days in England that riots followed the attempt to suppress it in the large towns. Bear baiting was more popular still, if that could be. In various places, Liverpool especially, it made part of the festivities at the election of the mayor, being held before his worship started for church. Ladies commonly attended in great numbers. There was a famous bear at Liverpool, which showed such grand sport in 1782 that certain fair admirers presented it with a garland, decked it with ribbons and carried it to the theater, where a special entertainment had been "commanded," which Brum's sat out in the front of their box. But of gossip about bull and bear baiting there is no end. Enthusiastic lovers of Shakespeare read with interest the petition of the royal bear warden, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in 1595, complaining that his licensed performances had been neglected of late because every one went to the theater.

Indignant Womanhood.

When quiet had been restored, the delegate in pink organdie, with a parasol to match, resumed:

"Mum, Chairperson," exclaimed the delegate earnestly, "I feel the force of all that has been said concerning the necessity for us, the women of the nation, to nominate a clean candidate. I have the honor to present to you the name of such a candidate—one who was never known to wear the same shirt waist more than three days at a stretch!"

Here all was again confusion, delegates crying out that the money power was trying to control them.—Detroit Journal.

Contrariety of Human Nature.

She has gone away for rest and quiet, which the doctor said she needed, and the following is an extract from her first letter home:

"This place won't do at all. Why, there's nothing to do."

The World.

I scarcely trust the teachers, though they ought to know. World's a sphere, they tell us. Don't believe it's so. Seems more like a pancake. Circular and neat. Takes a lot of cookin'. Fore it's done complete. Want to know what makes it? Dark at night an' cool? That's 'cause it's a-cookin' 'Gordin to the rule. Seen my mother do it. (Spelled it when I tried). You must flip a flapjack over. So's to brown the other side. —Washington Star.

No Wonder They Quarreled.

Maudie—What the quarrel between Alice and Kate?

Ethel—Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her.

Maudie—Yes?

Ethel—Kate told her.—Tit-Bits.

GUINEY PIGS.

Guinea pigs is awful cute. With their little crumpley snout. Sniffing at the grass that We bring 'em to nibble at. Looks like they're so clean an white. An so dainty; an polite. They could eat like you an me When they's company!

Tiltin' down the clover tops Till they spill, an over drops The sweet morning dew—don't you Think they might have napkins too? If a guinea pig was big As a shore an certain pig. Nen he wouldn't be so fine When he comes to dine.

Nen he'd chomp his jaws an eat Things out in the dirty street. Dirt an all, an men lay down. In mud holes an waller round. So the guinea pigs is best 'Cause they're nice an tidest. They eat 'most like you an me When they's company! —James Whitcomb Riley.

GIRARD'S WIFE.

She Returned From the Dead to Comfort Her Living Husband.

Gerard Girard is regarded by people who don't know him as a freak and by those who do know him as a person to be avoided after dark. Girard is not his name, but it is so much like his name that those who care to do so may identify the gentleman and establish to their own satisfaction whether or not he is justified in his extraordinary beliefs. One man in this town, a bon vivant of the clubland cult, felt himself attracted to Girard because he found out that Girard believed things no man dared credit if he valued his own peace of mind and, moreover, that he was ready to demonstrate the correctness of his theories to any one sufficiently interested. The man about town interested himself in Girard because the talky fellows of his own set told queer street stories that savored of Boccaccio, but lacked in that raconteur's artistic motifs.

Gerard, on the other hand, seldom talked at all unless directly addressed, but when he did tell a story one evening it made everybody creep and uncomfortable, because Girard's mode of expression is horribly convincing. His diction is deliberate—almost ponderous, in fact. He makes no effort whatever to convert others to his convictions. Indeed, he appears utterly indifferent to skepticism. Open scoffing is impossible where Girard is concerned, because he never permits himself to be engaged in conversation unless by those with whose characteristics he is somewhat familiar. There are various ways of avoiding persons who wear diamond studs and frock coats at 10 o'clock in the morning, and Girard manages his social affiliations with infinite skill.

The story Girard told at the club was about his wife, who died four years ago, but who still lives with Girard in the big house he built when he came here from Chicago. Girard, and his wife were companions in the sense that few married people are. She was frail and he was strong, yet until the very day of her death he had not contemplated the horror of a separation. He failed of a proper regard for the carefully worded preparatory phrases of his medical adviser and understood only when conventional euphemism was abandoned and the plain truth stared him in the face that the woman whose future he had built and planned in common with his own would be dead in an hour. Then he went and sat beside the bed and stared at the little white face, at the darkly circled eyes closed in fitful sleep. He realized then that the deep lines between the brows were fearfully deep; that the gasping, shortened breathing might cease at any instant; that nothing on earth could stay the inevitable loss of her, his idol.

He stroked her hair, and the tired eyes opened. She smiled and faintly whispered his pet name. He bent over her and wept—such great, heaving sobs as come from the breast of a strong man in mortal trouble, but the dying woman smiled through her tears and bade him grieve no more.

"I shall be with you always," she said. "Always in the evenings we will sit together, you and I. We shall be comrades ever."

When Girard raised his head from the pillow, he realized with a calmness that surprised him that his wife was dead. He closed the weary eyes, crossed the thin hands, kissed the bloodless forehead and went out. Three days later they buried her, and people remarked that Girard didn't seem much affected. He even indulged in one or two sedate jokes on the very day of the funeral. That evening also Girard dined as usual at the little table where he and his wife had dined tete-a-tete every evening during their two years of married life.

"You will understand," he said to the servants, "that Mrs. Girard is still here—that dinner will be served every evening for both of us as usual; also that Mrs. Girard's apartments will be maintained in their usual order." From that time to this Girard has referred to his wife not as one dead, but as the constant companion of his daily life. For those who shrug off his assertions he has merely a shrug of his big shoulders. One or two men have dined with Girard since his bereavement, however, and these gentle-

men do not care to talk about their experiences. Only one man has had the courage to go twice and thrice to the Girard table. That man is the bon vivant. He has found something that interests him, and men with whom he was formerly a hail fellow well met, for want of better diversion, say he isn't half the decent sort he used to be. Last night I asked the bon vivant to tell me the story he had told to one of his friends about having spent the evening with Mrs. Girard. The friend repeated the story, and those to whom he told it said that the bon vivant had wheels.

"Look here," he said, "what do you want with this story? If you propose to make one of your feeble jokes out of it, you will merely write yourself down an ass. If you will print the bare truth as I tell it, both you and I may be accused of lunacy by a coterie of lunatics. But what does that matter? As for Girard, he is totally indifferent to public opinion concerning either himself or his beliefs. Now here are the facts:

"I am 35 years old, in sound health physically and mentally. My father and mother both died when I was a child. I had no brothers or sisters. I have never experienced anything which could possibly be characterized as a great grief. I have been known from my boyhood as an individual of imperturbable temperament. I have never loved a woman well enough to marry. I have no shattered ideals. There is mighty little superstition in my nature. My friends say I am cold blooded and cynical. They are wrong. I am merely analytic. So far so good. Now for the rest of it.

"You remember the snowstorm last Saturday? Girard asked me to spend the afternoon and evening with him. He's a most interesting fellow—has a magnificent collection of old books and manuscripts. I always was taken with that sort of thing. I reached the house at 2 p. m., and we lunched at 2:30. I had lunched there a dozen times before. Mrs. Girard's place was always set at the head of the table, and Girard told me his wife was there. He conversed with her in my presence, made comments to her on remarks of mine, laughed heartily at comments she made in return and repeated them to me. I never could see anything, but it occurred to me from the first that if Girard was merely acting he was the most consummate actor I had ever seen on or off the stage. Almost unconsciously I came to treat the vacant chair at the head of the table with deferential reverence to its supposed occupant, but to me it was never anything but an empty chair. I had not known Mrs. Girard in the life, but Girard insisted that some time or other I should be able to see her. There was something uncanny at first in the spectacle of a man deferring in every point of conversation to an invisible third party, but in time I became used to it and lost my sense of discomfort in the spiritual presence. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Girard received a telephone message, it related to some important matter and necessitated his going at once to the West hotel. I wanted to go with him, but he wouldn't hear of it. 'I'll be back in an hour,' he said, 'and we'll have a quiet evening together.'

"To tell the truth about it, I didn't care about being alone there. Ordinarily I am the reverse of timorous, but I had witnessed such strange proceedings in that very room that the idea of remaining there alone in the twilight was disquieting. I believe Girard read my sensations, for he said, 'You're not afraid of Margaret, are you?' "Margaret was Mrs. Girard. Of course I was not afraid of her, and I told him so. A moment later he was gone. The house was quite empty. The servants were all out. The coachman has apartments over the stable. The clocks ticked more loudly every moment after Girard had left. There is a big clock at the head of the main staircase, and it has a disagreeably audible halting tick-a-tack that seems always on the point of stopping. There is a smaller clock in the front parlor and a still smaller one in the library. There seemed to be a jealous rivalry between them that afternoon.

"Dark was gathering, and I parted the curtains to size up the weather. A terrific snowstorm had set in. Already the walks were heavily covered. It occurred to me that Girard would never get home in a street car. He would have to take a hack. As the storm increased in violence I doubted whether he would find a hack even.

"Oppressed by the loneliness of the place, I lit a cigar, pulled Girard's light leather armchair up to the blazing log fire and sat there smoking. It didn't occur to me to light the gas until hearing all three of the clocks strike 7. I was about to make a light, when the door of the room opened, and a woman entered. At first I supposed one of the maids had returned, but immediately the impression was corrected. Instinctively I knew that Mrs. Girard stood before me. She crossed the room hesitatingly, apparently embarrassed in the presence of a man she did not know. It may seem odd to you, but from that instant I had no sense of fear. A more attractive woman I have never looked upon. She carried herself like a princess after the first few steps in my direction. I rose from the chair in which I had been lounging, bowed to her and introduced myself.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I know you quite well. I should not have intruded upon you," she added, "but Mr. Girard has met with an accident. The car upon which he was returning has been snowed in and is now standing on the track at Fifteenth street. The storm is so violent that I am afraid he will not reach home tonight unless—"

"I'll go after him immediately," I said.

It never occurred to me that there was anything supernatural about the transaction.

"If you would tell John to harness the bays to the light cutter, I believe they could get through easily," she said. "I am ashamed to ask it of you, but it is, oh, such a storm!" and I saw her shudder as she walked to the window and looked out.

"I made for the stable with all haste, told the man to hitch up and went in for my coat. Mrs. Girard was nowhere to be seen. I did not await her return, but started immediately. I found the street car precisely in the position she had indicated. Girard was on it. He boarded the cutter without comment, and we started home. I didn't say anything, because I was thinking. After a time he spoke:

"Did Margaret send you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

"John," he called to the driver, "push along, Mrs. Girard will be alarmed." I dropped out at Twenty-fifth street because it was close to my house, and since that I haven't seen Girard. Wasn't that a fright of a snowstorm though?"—Seattle (Wash.) Intelligence.

Couldn't Work Armour.

One day a man carrying a fuzzy little poodle dog under one arm entered the office of Philip D. Armour in Chicago and tried to talk him into buying it. The price was exorbitant—\$200 for a useless toy poodle. Mr. Armour looked at the man, then at the dog and back again at the man, and said: "No. The sausage business must pick up considerably before I can pay so much for small dogs. Bring around a mastiff, and I'll talk to you."

On another occasion one of those self-confident young men who believe that all wealthy men have a tender spot for the man of nerve and who do not hesitate to approach even the busiest men made Mr. Armour a decidedly bold request, which was promptly denied. Summoning up all the haughtiness at his command, the young man said in a tone that was meant to crush Mr. Armour: "Well, all I can say is that you are no gentleman." "Young man," with a cold, calculating smile, "I am a butcher."—Chicago Tribune.

She'll Say the Rest.

"It's awfully late," I remarked to my friend after a long whist bout at the club. "What will you say to your wife?"

"Oh, I shan't say much, you know," was the reply—"Good morning, dear, or some thing of that sort. She'll say the rest."—Luxbury Gazette.

A Summer Dream.

How would you like to be sailing now On an iceberg broad and high, With tons of snow On the decks below. Neath an icicle bordered sky? How would you like to be sailing, I say, On an iceberg far away?

Sailing away to a frozen land, Where the sun is feigned with ice, With mountains of snow In a ghastly glow— Now, wouldn't that trip be nice? How would you like to be sailing today On an iceberg far away? —Atlanta Constitution.

Appearances.

"I guess her husband left her a large fortune."

"Why, so?"

"She tells me she has already received several offers."—Detroit Free Press.

A Wee Complaint.

I wish the strike were over, I'd be again in clover. I'm craved beneath the feet of crowds that stand about and stare.

I don't know what they're doing, Nor why the trouble's brewing—I'm just a little blade of grass that grows upon the square. —Cleveland Leader.

Weighing His Love.

"And you doubt his love after he has given you such a lovely ring?"

"But the stone is at least half a carat under the one he gave to his former fiancée."

The Poor Pedestrian.

He went to cross the boulevard When something fouled his heel. He backed himself just half a yard And grazed a blazer's wheel. He heard a mighty warning shout. He tried to clear the track. A run, a leap, a wheel about. Just missed a horseless hack. He hears a yell and starts to flee. But stops and calmly waits. A whoop, a fall, he failed to see The kid on roller skates. —Chicago News.

A Great Truth.

"There's poetry in everything," observed the poet.

"You're right," replied the editor, "for instance, there's a stove full of it."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Fashionable Fiction.

When I go to call on Bella. To the kitchen door I stray— 'Cause all the family at the seashore Is supposed to be away. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Easy Inference.

McSwatters—I wonder where a "too million" originated? McSwatters—It must have started in the Klondike.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 23, 1899.

The change wrought in the mail
service over the Crow's Nest Pass
road during the past year is pleasing
to note. A year ago the people con-
sidered themselves in luck if they got
one mail a week, while now they re-
ceive it daily. Still it is a noticeable
fact that when the mail is an hour or
so late a good healthy roar goes up,
and frequently by those who had a
taste of the service of a year ago.

The premium list for the Spokane
Industrial Exposition is out. It is a
handsome illustrated souvenir book,
which will be prized by every one who
can secure a copy. The front page
cover is beautifully illustrated with a
cut of the goddess of plenty, Miss
Jean Goldie Amos of Colfax, and with
typical scenes. The entire premium
list is full of illustrations and besides
general information about the expo-
sition, and the premium list itself,
there is information concerning the
history of the fruit fairs of the past,
something about the resources of the
great country known as the Inland
Empire, and other information which
will be valuable.

Nelson Miner, Moyie and Cran-
brook are both complaining that Fort
Steele is getting more than its share
of road and street expenditures, of
course at their cost, for if Fort Steele
got only its due there would be more
left for the others. This is only one
example of the jealousy that exists be-
tween those places. Usually this
jealousy is deprecated, but it is a
healthy sign. A place that is stag-
nating is not hated as a rival by other
places. We gather from the mani-
festations out on the Crow's Nest that
Moyie Cranbrook and Fort Steele are
all prospering. May the prosperity
continue.

Undoing of Julius Caesar.

One day when Caesar was leaning
up against a wooden Indian in front
of Brutus' cigar store, half way
between the Forum and the republi-
can central committee headquarters,
he was accosted by a bunko steerer
with a green grip and the finest set of
blacs that ever split the breeze.

"Hello," said the bunko steerer.
"haven't I seen you before?"

"I don't think you have, Jo Jo,"
said Caesar, who was dead on. "I
never was in the penitentiary myself,
and if I ever saw you outside of the
bustle it's a mighty good thing for
you I wasn't a policeman. You look
a good deal like a local option senti-
ment in a German village. How
much will you take for a slip from
that foliage plant on your face to seed
my lawn with?" Caesar was one of
the greatest jokers in Rome at the
time, and it tickled him to guy the
rube, although he saved his graft all
the while.

The bunko man pretended not to
notice that he was a josh mark and
dropped his grip on the sidewalk.
"Ain't you Polonius Applesedus,
from over at Pompey's Crossing?" he
asked. He didn't know Caesar from a
fever blister, but he thought he might
make the graft stick.

Caesar enjoyed the whole thing
more than a Judy show. "Not on
your little red shawl," said he. "I'm
the ice man. You're on the wrong
sidetrack, uncle. You'd better con-
sult an oculist. Here's an egg that
some chicken laid in your hair," he
said, handing the bunko man
an egg that he carried round to
use in slight of hand tricks that he
frequently did for the boys.

The bunko man saw that he had
struck a dead game sport and passed
on. Caesar went into the cigar store.
"See me jolly the rube?" he said,
dropping a nickel in the slot and win-
ning a handful of perfectos.

Brutus laughed fit to kill, and put
another handful of stogies into the
perfecto box.

"While you were jolly the easy
mark," he said, "he touched you for
your watch."

Caesar looked down and saw that
it was so.

History does not record what he
said, but it was hot stuff.

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