THE CRANBROOK HERALD.

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

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Cranbrook and Moyie

The Herald For JOB Printing

THE LION AND THE LAMB

Fort Steele Came to Cranbrook to Hold a Joint Jubilee.

THERE WAS ALL KINDS OF OLD MUSIC

Eating, Drinking, Toasting, and After-Dinner Eloquence a Feature.

AFTERMATH OF A WARM CAMPAIGN

At about 8:30 p. m. last Tuesday night about 100 citizens of Fort Steele arrived in Cranbrook in rigs and on horseback, *preceded by the Fort Steele brass band* on top of the old Golden-Fort Steele Concord stage coach, who were led by three horsemen, two bearing a banner inscribed with "Roberts and Pretoria *and Smith and Victoria," and the third* with a big Union Jack and were received by the townspeople with loud and lusty cheers.

The occasion was that of a celebration *by the friends of Mr. Smith, the newly-*elected member for South East Kootenay, in honor of his victory. There were Smith men from Fort Steele, from Moyie, from Fernie, from Kimberley, *and these, with Mr. Smith's friends in* Cranbrook, were determined to give all comers a good time, and they did it. Until about 10:45 p. m. Baker street wore quite a metropolitan appearance. On the balcony of the Cosmopolitan hotel the Fort Steele band, under the leadership of Mr. Barnes, discoursed sweet music, while on the sidewalk the people of Cranbrook, Fort Steele, and other towns promenaded to and fro, evidently *enjoying the gay scene presented.*

At 10:45 Mine Host E. H. Small informed all hands that the banquet awaited their attack, and about 200 or more sat down and did ample justice to the good things provided. Owing to the large number present the supper was served at a first and second table. When the second table had satisfied the inner man, everyone gathered in the handsome dining-room of the hotel, and with Dr. King as chairman and A. E. Beattie as vice, the toast list was taken up.

The first toast on the list was, of course, "The Queen," which was drunk most heartily, all joining in the singing of the National anthem and was replied to by W. S. Keay in his usual happy vein.

The next toast, proposed by Dr. King, was that of "Our Guest." The doctor referred in glowing terms to Mr. Smith, and emphasized the fact that the campaign *just ended was the cleanest he had* ever seen.

Mr. Smith, who was loudly cheered, responded in a few well-chosen words. He said that as he was now the servant of the people, the poorest man in the mountains had as much right to consideration from the member as the richest dwelling in the towns, and that he would get it. Mr. Smith resumed his seat amid cheers.

The next toast was: "To Our Late Opponents," and was responded to first by Mr. Costigan, and afterward by Mr. Leitch. Mr. Costigan was received with cheers, and said that although he occupied rather a curious position—that of the vanquished celebrating the victory of his opponent—he felt, speaking for himself and friends—that Mr. Smith would receive loyal support as the member for the district, and that it was the duty of every good citizen to do all in his power to strengthen his hand. He congratulated Mr. Smith most heartily, and said that in view of the insinuations that had been cast on Mr. Martin as to his Manitoba career, he would read a letter *from a prominent* politician in that province who was opposed to Mr. Martin. The letter was read and proved conclusively that the less said about Mr. Martin in Manitoba by his opponents the better for them. This act of justice on the part of Mr. Costigan was received by many and prolonged cheers. At the conclusion of Mr. Costigan's address Mr. Smith shook him warmly by the hand. Mr. Leach then in a few words told the boys that although he would liked to have been a winner, still he could take a licking and not squeal.

The next toast was proposed by Mr. Medhurst, that of "Our Leader, Joe *Martin." In proposing the toast Mr.* Medhurst said that a short time ago there was only one Martinite in Cranbrook, and the result of the election showed that now there were at least 122 and called upon Mr. Beattie, the original Martinite, to respond. Mr. Beattie said that he could never, on any account, refuse to reply to the toast of Mr. Martin, and gave as his reason for being a strong admirer of that gentleman that he had lived for a number of years in Mr. Martin's constituency in Manitoba and had seen what he could do and what he did *do for the good of the country.* And that, although Mr. Martin did not carry the country at this election, he would rise up again, and again, and again.

"Our Common Interests" was next proposed and responded to by Mr. McBride, of Fort Steele, and D W. Robinson, of Cranbrook. Mr. McBride said toat this election had cleared away any ill feeling that existed between Fort Steele and Cranbrook, and that from now on both towns would work for the interests of the district. Mr Robinson, *in a few words, expressed the sentiment* that Cranbrook, like Fort Steele and other towns, should put aside all little local prejudices and work for the district.

Mr. Kershaw, of Fort Steele, then spoke and said that one of the greatest pleasures he had had during the evening was hearing Mr. Costigan speak. He said that his speech showed honesty and good breeding. He also said that the greatest enemy Fort Steele had was a paper called the Prospector, and proceeded to roast the editor of that journal. Mr. Kershaw concluded his speech by singing the following lines, composed by himself:

Cheer, boys, cheer, for Bobs is in Pretoria,
Cheer, boys, cheer, for Smith is in Victoria;
All the people's interests will now protected be
Fort Steele and Cranbrook and East Kootenay.

The next toast was to "The Real Workers." The chairman said that there were a number of men who worked for Smith at the election whose names were not often seen in print and who were perhaps not so well known to the public as others, and to these, in a great degree, the success of the election was due. This toast was responded to by Messrs. Mitchell, Howrie, Ross and Laurie, each of whom said a few words.

The next toast was to "The Beardless Boys," which was responded to in an able manner by *J. Langely, of Fort* Steele.

"The Press That Was Neutral" was next proposed, and in his remarks the chairman said that the Cranbrook Herald had shown its good sense in refusing any paltry $200, $300 or $400 bribe, but remained neutral throughout the campaign and had thus lost no friends, but on the contrary had made many new ones. Unfortunately neither Mr. Wentworth or Mr. Rockendorf were present to respond, but The Herald got cheered just the same.

"Those Whose Hearts are Always With Us" was next proposed, coupled with the names of Messrs. McKenzie, Caven and Hutchison. Messrs. McKenzie and Caven were absent from the room at the time, but Mr. Hutchison said that all would agree on one thing—that "East Kootenay Was All Right."

The next toast was "Kimberley, That Told the Tale." Messrs. White and Carrol responded to this toast and impressed *on their hearers* that without Kimberley's majority Smith would have been in bad shape.

Next, "Moyie, *True Blue,*" was proposed, but owing to the train having already left, there was no Moyie representative to reply, so cheers were given for the Lucerne of East Kootenay, and the toast of "The Ladies" was proposed, answered by Messrs. McDermot, Sly and Parker in their usual good style.

Mr. Medhurst then said everybody knew that Mr. Small and Mr. Orchard were "Jolly Good Fellows," and then he begged to propose a toast which he asked everybody to drink in silence, that of "After the Heat of the Battle—Peace." This was done and "Home, Sweet Home" was sung, and the supper ended with the singing of "God Save the Queen."

The one feature of the evening which must have impressed itself on the minds *of all present was the statement of al*most every speaker that, although the election had been fought hard, there had not existed during the campaign, or does not exist now, that it is over, any ill feeling or ill will on the part of any one on any side of the contest, and the fact that those who have already had experience in elections claimed this to have been the cleanest election they ever seen.

Tuesday night, June 12, 1900, was one of the pleasantest nights Cranbrook has ever seen, and it will be remembered for *years.*

"HUTCH."

WILL HAVE TO EAT CROW

The "Only Paper of Influence" in Southeast Kootenay Proves Its Powers.

Was He?

Here is some of the Prospector's barren float:

"Smith will be hopelessly defeated in Cranbrook, sacrificed by those who promised to support him."

Did He?

"Henry Kershaw has seriously injured *Smith's chances. But then a fellow will* occasionally get it in the neck in the house of his friends."

This Was a "Hop" Dream.

"It is now positively known that Wm. Fernie will be the representative from this riding at the next sitting of the *legislature on July 5th.*"

Should Have "Coppered" This.

"Smith won't be able to get a majority at a single voting place in the district."

Go to Fernie on Saturday.

The Cranbrook football team will go to Fernie Saturday to play off the tie game of the 24th. The boys will line up as follows: Frank Rankin, goal; John Hurley, Vic Rollins, backs; George Leitch, A. E. Watts, —Ross, half-backs; *Vincent Liddicoatt, Bob Coughlin, Harry* Liddicoatt, J. J. Hunter, Archie Leitch, forward line.

At the Hoskins Group.

A. T. Pollett, superintendent of the development work in progress on the Hoskins group, near the head of Perry creek, by the B. A. C. Co., was in town Tuesday. He says good progress is being made on the work on the lines mentioned in a recent issue of The Herald. He says a large, strong lead is being developed, but as they have been making *no assays* he is not prepared to say anything regarding values.

CAMPAIGN OF SURPRISES

That Is What the Late Election in South East Kootenay Was.

POLITICAL SOOTHSAYERS A FAILURE

And an Unrighteous Combination Turned Down by Voters Who Would Not Be Herded.

"THE SILENT MAN" IS VICTORIOUS

The election in South East Kootenay, just passed, has been full of surprises for the political wiseacres. Not one prediction made by the old political war horses was realized.

Early in the season—before the campaign was fairly opened—Messrs. Harvey, Galbraith and Grace made a deal with Mr. Fernie whereby Mr. Fernie, if elected—and they had him surely elected on paper—was to exert his influence in the legislature in behalf of Fort Steele. The latter part of this proposition Mr. Fernie honestly admitted to the editor of the Herald in a brief interview a few weeks before election. Under this condition of affairs Cranbrook, Moyie and the outlying camps felt that they would practically be without representation if Mr. Fernie was elected, and cast about for some other candidate to support.

On party lines the voters of Cranbrook are almost entirely straight liberals or conservatives, and the votes would make it appear that the liberals are in the ascendancy. Consultations were held between the local leaders of the parties *and a committee appointed to select a* candidate upon whom Cranbrook and outlying towns could unite practically solid. After much discussion the committee decided upon Dr. King, a Martin liberal, than whom there is no more popular man in South East Kootenay. It was thought for a time that the question was settled, but after sleeping over the proposition the doctor wisely concluded not to sacrifice his professional interests for the benefit of his countrymen, and declined the highest honor that his fellow-citizens could confer upon him.

Steps for union of local and political interests having thus failed, the field was open and John R. Costigan, in party matters a conservative, announced himself as an independent candidate in opposition to the government; in this course he had the encouragement of some of the most respected and substantial citizens of this district, and it can be truthfully said that no riding in the province would have had more able representation than South East Kootenay if Mr. Costigan had been sent to Victoria. Mr. Costigan was to have had substan*tial aid from the coast in his campaign,* but through influences not necessary to discuss here, it was finally withheld; *it is an old saying that "all happenings* are for the best," and it seems to be so in this instance for it has since transpired that Mr. Costigan's candidacy in reality strengthened Mr. Fernie, and with increased financial resources would probably have encompassed the election of the latter.

The Martin liberals, led by a number of young men who find in a warm political campaign one of the greatest pleasures of their lives, now began to cast about for a candidate after their own heart, and in union with the better and *more broad-guage element of Fort* Steele, brought out Mr. E. C. Smith, a mining and ranching man, an old citizen and highly respected by all who know him. Nor is he without claims to having done something for the advancement of the district, as a little more than two years ago he went to Spokane and closed the deal whereby the present Sullivan Group Mining Company was formed; it is not necessary to comment upon the benefits conferred upon this country by that company. Without the North Star, St. Eugene and Sullivan mines there would be no Cranbrook, no Moyie, no Kimberley, no North Star branch railroad, and possibly no C. P. R. road west of Fernie.

Mr. Smith was dubbed by some of his opponents "The Silent Man;" he may prove an illustration of the old proverb "Still waters run deep." At any rate all citizens of Cranbrook feel that Mr. Smith is a just and honorable man, and that to the best *of his opportunities* and ability he will do all possible to impartially advance the best interests of South *East Kootenay. He is said* to be unfettered by ante election promises.

For a somewhat warm campaign there probably exists less sores and scars than ever before resulted from a political fight. The victors have been generous and the defeated, like manly men, have accepted their reverses with grace and without bitterness—at least this condition applies to Mr. Costigan and his supporters.

"All is well that ends well."

IN SOUTHEAST KOOTENAY.

The Prophets' Calculations Were All Upset When the Returns Came In.

The total number of ballots cast falls several hundred short of that registered, but that is not to be wondered at, as in a country like this—a land of magnificent distances—where the voting-places are miles apart and where, in many instances, the voter would have to travel a whole day over rough trails, to deposit his ballot, the only wonder is that the vote was not still lighter.

Below will be found the complete returns from South East Kootenay, with the exception of one small district, *which can not materially affect* the result as below announced:

	Smith	Fernie	Costigan
Moyie	69	29	31
Cranbrook	122	9	75
Wardner	10	3	8
Elko	6	7	10
Tracy Creek	3	3	0
Fort Steele	92	79	5
Fernie	43	202	27
Michelle	14	5	31
Wasa	6	8	0
Cranston	7	3	4
Kimberley	56	5	6
Total	428	351	197

The result has demonstrated that no one can often accurately foretell the result of an election where the voter is free and untrammeled. In such instances, like horse-races and base-ball matches, "'lections is mitey unsartin."

Through Sleeper.

With the inauguration of the "Imperial *Limited*" service the Canadian Pacific will operate a through sleeper between Arrowhead and Vancouver for the accommodation of the Kootenay business. This will be a very great convenience to the traveling public.

76 Carloads of Ore

...An average of 7.6 carloads per day, 22 tons to the car---have been shipped from the North Star mine and Sullivan group during the ten days ended last night.

This is not a "spurt," but steady shipments which are increasing, and will continue to so with greater rapidity when the Sullivan bucket tram is installed.

The Herald has what it deems authentic information to the effect that net returns of the first shipment of Sullivan ore was $13 per ton, which considerably exceeded expectations.

What's the matter with "Happy Cranbrook" and South East Kootenay?

POLITICAL SNAP SHOTS

Taken Around Town by the Horse Editor Since the Counting of the Ballots.

"*Hutch*"—We can take our *medicine* gracefully, I hope.

Eric Small—Well, old man, the hoodlums won, didn't they?

Heard from a very saintly old man in Fort Steele—Well, by G—!

Arch. Leitch—There are just 86 beautiful Sons of Annanias in Cranbrook.

Although Costigan had a scrutineer at Wasa, *he did not receive a vote there.*

Hyde—Costigan don't give me a bit of consolation for losing a bet of $100 on him.

Charley Edwards—I thought I had landed 40 Fernie votes in Cranbrook, but somehow or another 33 flopped off.

"*Hutch*"—*It made my heart ache and* brought the tears to my eyes to make Edwards and Beattie take the Book.

McDermot—The Prospector is an "influential paper" beyond all question; it *has never failed to beat any man it sup*ported.

Archie Leitch, Jr —I spent nearly two weeks with an old sinner before converting him, and then learned that he had *no vote.*

Medhurst—There were just three Martin men in town at the opening of the campaign; "Doc" King, Beattie and myself. On Saturday there was 122.

Archie—Well, Hanson how's Costigan going to do up here? Hanson—All right, that's all right—you leave all that with me; I'll take care of that—and he did. Costigan's name did not appear on a solitary ballot.

J. R. Costigan: I have regrets, of course; largely because my own town gave me so light a vote, but had it have been otherwise Fernie would have been elected; as the general result now stands I would rather be defeated than to have been elected with Martin endorsed. I *believe now* that if I had notbeen a candidate that Mr. Fernie would have lost his deposit, as it is very probable that *Mr. Smith would have received 90 per* cent. of the vote given to me.

[Scene, Fort Steele; time, just after the close of the voting booths on Saturday): Fernieite: Now Mr. Costigan*ite*, the labor of the day is closed, let's set down and see who's the best guesser as to the result; now, what do you think Cranbrook *has done? Costiganite: Oh,* that's dead easy, Mr. Fernieite; Costigan will get 120, Smith 76, and Fernie 10. Fernieite (arising angrily): Well, if you are going to talk like a blankety blank fool, we'll quit; I know of 40 sure in Cranbrook! (And the ballots showed that Mr. Fernie's lieutenants could claim 33 Son's of Annanias in Cranbrook, but 7 Fernie votes being cast.

VIEWS OF AN EX-MINISTER

He Expresses Himself Regarding the Political Muddle.

LEGISLATURE SHOULD BE CONVENED

It Would Result in a Vote of Want of Confidence in the Government.

POSSIBILITIES WHICH MIGHT FOLLOW

Col. Baker, the founder of "Happy Cranbrook," and for many years a cabinet officer of British Columbia, is home *for a two weeks rest,* before starting for England, where he will rejoin Mrs. Baker for a vacation, but in the meantime looking after Cranbrook's advancement. The colonel is looking hale and hearty, and appears to be growing younger, rather than older.

Thinking the veteran's views regard*ing the present muddle in British Colum*bian politics would prove interesting reading, he was asked by a Herald re*porter:*

"What will be the outcome, colonel, of the political conditions existing in this province?"

"In regard to that it might be well to go back a few months to the conditions which led up to the calling of an election in the province. When the governor called upon Mr. Martin to act as premier, that gentleman was absolutely without a following in the house; consequently he had to go to the *country for* endorsement by the people, and the people have declared in the strongest terms *that they will have nothing to do with* him. Of 38 members but 7 are elected as his supporters. The remaining 30 members are distributed between three factions, but whom nevertheless were elected upon the issue of Martin or anti-Martin, and will under no conditions lend themselves to Mr. Martin to aid him in the formation of a government. The issue can only be determined on the meeting of the legislative assembly, which in decency should be called together with the least possible delay. A vote of want of confidence in the government will then be put and carried. This will be a condemnation of the lieutenant governor and force Sir Wilfred Laurier to take action—either in dismissing the present lieutenant governor and appointing another, or by suspending him and calling upon the chief justice to act *temporarily in his place.*"

"What, in your opinion, would follow, Mr. Baker?"

"In that event, which will certainly occur, the governor or his representative will call upon someone else to form a government—either a member of the house or an outsider. With a good, strong man for a leader a powerful government can be formed—one such as this province needs to successfully foster its rapidly increasing importance as a mining, agricultural and manufacturing *country.*"

"And if a failure to organize follows?"

"Another election would occur within 12 months."

STOLE A BALLOT BOX.

Dan Stadtlander Has Gotten Into Very Serious Trouble.

Last Sunday night at about 10:45 the Wasa ballot box was stolen from the *office of* the custodian of ballots, Thomas Ede, at Fort Steele, while he was in an almost helpless state of intoxication.

A short time before that hour Constable Barnes took Ede into a hotel and left him there. It is alleged that a few moments later Dan Stadtlander, a prospector by occupation, came into the hall and took Ede to his office. Soon after, it is said, Stadtlander was seen with the missing ballot box in his possession, having it partially concealed under his coat. What became of the box afterward had not been reliably learned by Wednesday.

Stadtlander was arrested and on Monday was given a preliminary examina*tion before* Gold Commissioner Armstrong. He was defended by Attorney Harvey, who, upon Mr. Armstrong stating that unless *the defendent could show* more evidence than had been produced in his favor he would commit him for trial, secured an adjournment until today in order to allow the prisoner to "sober up."

It is alleged by the prisoner's friends that the box was taken simply as the drunken feat of a man not in his senses, and that no crime was intended. Whether this is a fact or not, it is very *liable to prove a most serious affair for* the prisoner, as the laws bearing upon the commission of such crimes are very *severe.*

John R. Costigan, upon receipt of a request from the government, went to Fort Steele this morning to appear for the prosecution.

Barker Is Found.

W. W. Barker, the engineer who had charge of the installation of the North Star tramway, and who so mysteriously disappeared nearly three months ago, has been heard from by his wife. It *seems that he wandered away in a fit of* temporory aberration, and when he came to a full realization of conditions he *found himself in the state of Wash*ington, and notified his family of his whereabouts. At the time of his disappearance he was having much trouble with the construction of the tramway, and it is presumed the affair preyed so upon his mind as to throw it off balance for the time being.

CRANBROOK HERALD

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year $2.00
Six months 1.00

The Herald desires to give the news of the district. If you know any about your town your mine or your people, send it to this office.

WAITING.

Far away, by the jasper sea,
Three forms are walking, side by side,
And now and then they bend to gaze
Over the ocean wide.

And three of us but walk and pray
Beside a dark and boundless sea;
We cannot pierce the radiant glow
That folds the other three.

They watch above the rolling world,
Waiting till one, at God's command,
Shall cross the space that lies between
This and the further land.

And, oh! I long for the years to pass;
And, oh! I cry for the time to be
When they who are watching with eager eyes
Shall bend and beckon me.

So sang I but few weeks ago,
When, through the silence, a message came,
And one of us passed to the distant three,
Hearing with joy his name.

Four walk now by the jasper sea,
Turning earthward their radiant eyes,
Where two of us now, with yearning hearts,
Look ever to Paradise.

—Anna B. Bensel, in N. Y. Home Journal.

PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Mrs. Silvester Dean Leveen was polishing her brass knocker. Her long, thin hands rubbed and rubbed till the little white curls on her forehead danced like street children. Yet the labor had no perceptible effect. The metal shone like light, but so it did when she began to clean it. It had shone like that yesterday and the day before, and, indeed, every day for 60 years. There was a smooth circle all around the knocker where her delicate hands had worn into the hard, black wood of the door. Nevertheless the old lady rubbed away just as she had done every morning since the spring of 1833, when she was brought, a bride, into the house. She was the pride of Greenwich village then, and she meant to be still.

On this particular frosty morning Mrs. Leveen tarried longer than usual at her task. After the lion's head was satisfactory even to her sharp eyes, she worked on. But it was evident in the glances she shot across Bank street that her attention was not given wholly to the work of her hands. Neither was it diverted to her customary inspection of the neighbor's knockers. Theirs glistened like hers, and, besides, every time she looked up her eyes turned to but one door, that of the house in front of which stood two sturdy horses and a truck.

Pretty soon the door opened and a young man in a carter's blouse came out. He saw the old lady across the street, though he pretended not to. He busied himself ostentatiously about the horses' heads for a moment and then turned back to the truck. Mrs. Leveen had seen him. She bent herself earnestly to the knocker and in a few strokes finished it off. Then she faced towards the street and fixed the truckman with her eyes till he had to look up.

"Good morning, Aunt Martha," he said, as he doffed his cap.

She beckoned to him to come to her.

"Good morning, Percy," she answered pleasantly, as he approached her, cap in hand. "Come in a moment. I wish to speak with you."

The interview he had dreaded for weeks was upon him now. He knew from the first it was inevitable, but day after day he had put it off, omitting his usual calls on his aunt, and avoiding her sight and summons. Now that she had caught him he was glad. As he followed the old lady into her prim, comfortable sitting-room he made a pitiful figure of humility, but in the meekness of his soul there was the cheerfulness of finality.

"Sit down, Percy," she said, in the sweet-toned voice he loved.

He took the chair she indicated, and she seated herself in her old rocker.

"Percy, dear," she began, "is this true that I hear; you mean to marry this girl?"

"Yes, Aunt Martha. I was going to tell you, but knowing as you were agin it—knowing that you would not like to have me do so—I was afraid to come to you about it."

"Don't twirl your cap, my dear; gentlemen don't do that, you know."

He stuck his cap between his knees.

"I am sorry, Percy, you felt that way. It is my intention always to be kind and sympathetic. You should have been quite sure I would have heard your story through with understanding. Now, tell me everything. She is the daughter, I am told, of a German in Hudson street."

"That's right, aunt. Her father has the biggest corner grocery over there, and he has made his pile—I mean has made money since he's been there."

"How long has he been here?"

"Going on 25 years. He's almost an old Ninth-warder now. He's some in politics, and his family is right in it."

"Percy! I never knew them."

"I know, but you wouldn't. It ain't my fault. I wanted to have them all over to mother's so as you could be introduced to them."

The old lady looked as though she would answer this, but she did not. She was silent a moment before she proceeded.

"So her father is a grocer?"

"Yes; like Mr. Jamison, who you like well enough."

"Mr. Jamison is a gentleman, my dear. The misfortunes of his family can never alter that. The Jamisons are of the oldest Greenwich families on both sides. He is a grocer by necessity. This person of whom we are speaking is one by choice."

"Well, Aunt Martha, it's as good as being a truckman, and better."

Mrs. Leveen winced.

"You might have been a judge, like your father, or a senator, like your grandfather. I wanted you to enter political life."

"Politics is pretty low down these days," Percy remarked. "It ain't what it was. Besides, I tried to get an office from Mike McNamara, but he said I wouldn't do in any where the pay was as much as the trucking pays. And I guess that's about so."

The last sentence was cheerfully spoken. Mrs. Leveen looked at her nephew's ruddy cheeks and sighed.

"I do wish, Percy," she said, gently, "that you could have found some one in Greenwich. That part of Hudson street where these people live is way beyond the outskirts of the old village, out where the hog fields were till the immigrants began to settle around us."

"But what's the difference, Aunt Martha? It's all one now. There ain't no Greenwich any more. It's all just New York city, so what's the use of pretending?"

The impatience in the young man's tone amazed his aunt almost as much as the sentiment he uttered. Never before had he failed to show her respect. On the contrary, the humbleness of his demeanor had been a grievance to her; it did not become one of her own blood to manifest the same awe before her that an ordinary Ninth warder did.

The old lady straightened in her chair, the lines about her mouth stiffened and her eyes glistened like her knocker as she answered:

"Percy Dean! You forget to whom you are speaking. You forget yourself, sir, and your good breeding is evidently suffering from the associations you permit yourself."

Percy was frightened. The last time he had been rebuked in this temper by his aunt was when he was a boy. He meant no offense.

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Martha," he murmured.

Mrs. Leveen took her knitting from the table and worked busily at it till she was quite calm. She looked up after every few thrusts of her needle, indignantly at first, then coldly, and finally the habitual expression of kindness returned to her face.

"I dare say you are in a hurry to go to town, Percy, and I shall not detain you much longer. You may tell me something about this young—this girl. How old is she?"

"She is going on 19, Aunt Martha."

"Is she cultivated, educated? Come, Percy, tell me all about her."

"She went through the grammar school, I think, but she had to work after that? So she can't play the piano or sing, but she is a nice girl and can tend the house and cook, now that her mother is dead."

"That's right; she ought to be able to manage her husband's household. But tell me more about her. Is her voice soft, are her manners gentle, is she modest? Describe her to me, my dear. Is she pretty?"

Percy was encouraged by the few words of approval he had won.

"Aunt, she's a beaut', that's—"

"What do you say, a what?"

"I mean she's a beauty. She's got blue eyes and blond hair and the nicest, biggest, reddest cheeks. She ain't what you would call quiet; she's more livelylike. You ought to hear her laugh when we're down on the docks nights with the rest of the crowd. I'll bet you could hear her across the river in Hoboken. And jolly? If she gets a mug as is too fresh she can jolly him along to beat the band. But she's on the level, too. She does the square thing by her old man every clip. The housework has to be done before she's in for the game. And she slaves for her little sisters and brothers—just slaves for them, and yet she does it as willing. But then she's good to everybody; always ready to help out with work when neighbors are behind or sick or have company, and she sticks up for horses and cats and all like that. You wouldn't believe she was that way, though, to see her at a ball or dancing on excursion boats up the river. She's a good looker and a good dresser, and when she's out in full rig—well, say, she's a sight. The other fellows don't do nothing when we're out—"

Percy stopped short. Mrs. Leveen had risen suddenly, and she stood erect before him, tall and white and proud.

"Why, Aunt Martha!" he exclaimed.

"That's enough, Percy. Thank you. I see I have been wrong, all wrong, in this matter from the first. You shall have your way, for it is right. I consent."

"Oh, Aunt Martha!" he cried, springing up and seizing her hand to kiss. "I am so glad. But I knew you would after hearing about her. And say, aunt, you ought to see her once. You couldn't help but like her and admire her. Everybody in the ward does. Why, do you know what they call her, the men down at the Grapevine? The way you looked then made me think of it. They call her the Pride of Greenwich Village."—N. Y. Post.

Why He Died.

In 1827 Mr. Zea, Colombian minister in England, died suddenly. He was insured in various offices, and rumor said he had shot himself. A meeting of one of the insurance boards was held, and the directors were talking the matter over, when Dr. M—— appeared, who was the company's medical referee as well as Mr. Zea's own physician.

"Ah! now you can tell us the true cause of Zea's death."

"Certainly I can," said the doctor, solemnly, "because I attended him."

Here he paused, and was surprised to find that his merely preliminary remark was hilariously received as a solution of the whole question.—London Household Words.

He Was Chief of the Snobs.

Sir John Brown, the cutlery manufacturer of Sheffield, owed his title to a visit to that city by the prince of Wales while Sir John was mayor of Sheffield. That he is a snob of snobs the following story proves: On the occasion of his visit the prince leaned his head against a wall in the billiard-room in his host's house, leaving a stain on the delicate paper. This stain Sir John had covered with glass and surrounded by a gold frame, placing an inscription below which related that the stain was made by the head of England's future king.—Boston Globe.

A. W. McVITTIE, D.L.S., P.L.S. JOHN HUTCHISON, Notary Public

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Mines, Mining Stock, Real Estate

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I. O. O. F. Block Cranbrook, B. C.

DO NOT DECIDE

On letting your contract until you have seen

G. R. LEASK

Late of Toronto

Contractor and Builder

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED FREE OF CHARGE

Those contemplating building will do well to let me figure on the contracts.

Cranbrook, British Columbia

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I, George Hilliard thirty days after date, intend to apply to the chief commissioner of lands and works for permission to purchase 320 acres of unsurveyed land situated about one and one-half miles west of Cranbrook, adjoining Wales and Parson's purchase on the west side, commencing at a post planted at the northwest corner of Wales and Parsons purchase, thence running south 40 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 80 chains to starting point.

GEO. HILLIARD.

Dated at Cranbrook, May 14, 1900.

LAND NOTICE.

Take notice that one month after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post marked "A. K. Leitch's S. E. corner post," planted at the southwest corner of lot 2873 in group one (1) Kootenay district, thence west 80 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 40 chains to place of beginning, containing 320 acres situate one and one-half miles southwest of Cranbrook.

Dated this 6th day of June, 1900.

A. K. LEITCH.

H. L. Cummins, C. E.

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR

Fort Steele, B. C.

Are you going to build?

Greer & Co.

THE CONTRACTORS

Are prepared to furnish plans and specifications for all kinds *of building.*

See us for Prices.

Cranbrook B. C.

Cranbrook Bakery

Chartrand Bros., Props.

We have just moved into our new bakery on Hanson avenue, and with the largest and most modern brick oven in East Kootenay are now prepared better than ever before to turn out first class work. A full line of

Graham and Rye Bread, Pies, Cookies and Fried Cakes

Baked fresh every night.

Orders for Wedding and other Fancy Cakes will receive prompt attention.

J. H. KING

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE—SHERLOCK BLOCK,

CRANBROOK, : : : : : : B. C.

W. R. ROSS. H. W. HERCHMER

ROSS & HERCHMER

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...MISS M. McCALLUM...

PROFESSIONAL NURSE

Graduate of Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York U. S. A.

Apply at McVittie & Hutchison's Or at J. Hutchison's Residence

When in Kimberley Stop at the . . . . .

KIMBERLEY HOTEL

Wellman & Hurel, Proprietors.

New Building, New Furniture, and Everything first-class. Our object is to please our patrons.

East Kootenay Hotel

Hugh Cameron Proprietor ::: :::

This hotel has been refitted and refurnished. The table is the best. Satisfactory rates given regular boarders.

Baker Street :-: :-: Cranbrook, B. C

LUMBER

Robinson & McKenzie:

Saw and Planing Mills

All Kinds Of

Rough and Dressed Lumber

T. A. Creighton,

The Grocer.

Have you seen his stock? It includes the best of everything, fresh and up to date.

Notions, Furnishings, etc.
Fruit, Fish and Oysters.

The housewife and the bachelor should deal with him, It will pay them.

Central Hotel ....FORT STEELE

North Star Hotel ....KIMBERLEY

Harry Drew, Prop.

The North Star hotel at Kimberley is one of the best equipped hotels in East Kootenay. It is plastered throughout and furnished in first-class shape. The Central hotel at Fort Steele has always been a popular house.

CHARLES P. CAMPBELL,

Undertaking And Embalming

Cranbrook, B. C.

Graduate of Champion college of U. S.

Successor to Maggs & Hughes in this line. Will attend to any work in the district.

G. L. HILLIARD,

General Blacksmith

CRANBROOK, B. C.

HORSESHOEING, MINING WORK AND GENERAL REPAIRING.

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Promptly Attended to.

Saddle and Pack Horses

....For Sale or Rent

J. H. M'MULLIN

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Cranbrook, : : British Columbia

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Fire, Life and Accident Insurance
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G. Johnson....

Assayer and Metalurgist

Cranbrook, B. C.

Cranbrook Livery

GEARY & DOYLE, Proprietors

Regular Stage to Kimberley

Teams and drivers furnished for any point in the district.

ROBERT SHAW *Manager*

Canadian ...Pacific

"Imperial Limited"

Service for the year 1900 will be commenced June 10th. The "Imperial Limited" takes you across the continent in four days without change. It is a solid vestibuled train, luxuriously equipped with every possible essential for the comfort and convenience of passengers. Ask your friends who have travelled on it, or address

E. J. COYLE, A. G. P. A., Vancouver, B.C.
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...HOTEL...

MANITOBA

WELLMAN & HUREL Proprietors

Open Day and Night

.....Best of Table Board

A first-class cook has charge of the culinary department and the lodging accommodations are not excelled in Cranbrook.

"The Early Bird Catches the Worm"

The "Early Closing" Storekeeper Should Catch Your Patronage

We can "suit" you, "boot" you, and "outfit" you in a strictly up-to-date style. Come early

LEASK & RANKIN

ROBSON & ROGERS,

MEAT MARKET.

Four lots north of the Methodist church.

Wholesale and retail dealers in all kinds of . . . .

Fresh and Salt Meats.

Oysters, Fish and Game in Season.

Orders called for and promptly delivered.

The...

One of the Most Comfortable Hotels in East Kootenay.

Refitted Throughout **Royal** Newly Furnished

VanDecar & Son, Props.
Cranbrook, B. C.

...Hotel

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Wholesale and Retail . . .

BUTCHERS

Fernie, Wardner, Fort Steele, Cranbrook, Moyie.

The Cranbrook Lumber Co.

Saw and Planing Mills

:::AT

CRANBROOK, B. C.

—ALL KINDS OF—

Rough and Dressed Lumber, Dimension Lumber, Shingles and Mouldings.

IN STOCK OR MADE TO ORDER.

Fort Steele Beer

Is the best. Patronize home industry

THE HERALD.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

THE DRESSY WOMAN.

Tailor made silk coats, jackets and basque bodices are highly fashionable both here and abroad.

Ribbon entre deux of lace and clusters of fine tucking form some of the pretty dress sleeves seen on evening toilets for debutantes.

The natty Eton and bolero jacket styles rival the belted, round waisted models among spring tailor costumes being made ready for Easter and post Easter wear.

The handsomest of the new lace flounc-ings in duchess point, renaissance, venise, *honiton or other choice or fancy pattern* are shaped in circular form for both skirt and bodice garniture.

The stylish fancy belt girdle and expensive chatelaine accessories keep the round waist very prominent among favored modes. They are youthful looking when worn by graceful and slender women.

A transparent black hat is trimmed with large black *ostrich plumes and an* expensive gold buckle dotted with faceted onyx stones. Round the crown is a roll of folded heliotrope tulle delicately veiled with black point de gaze lace.

Light colored gloves are introduced this season, which in a great degree will supersede the pure white ones which have so long enjoyed the stamp of universal approval. Biscuit, doe color, sage gray, nickel, a pretty shade of tan, a light tint of sable brown and one of lilac are among the new colors.

The newest ornamental buttons for silk, satin or chiffon draped waists are those of French brilliants of various small sizes. They are either surrounded with *a mere threadlike line of black* enamel or else with no setting whatever. They fasten to the bodice by means of gold shanks and rings.

A WOMAN'S BURDEN

THE STORY OF A WOMAN ADDRESSED TO WOMEN.

It Tells How Those Weak and Despondent Can Obtain New Health and Strength at a Small Expense—The Facts Fully Verified by Investigation.

From the Mail, Granby, Que.

The reading public have evidence put before them almost every day of the healing powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is sometimes asked whether these cures are permanent, and in reply to this we would say that a case which recently came to the attention of the Mail indicates that the results following the use of this medicine are as lasting as they are beneficial. Some years ago Mrs. Robert Webster, who is well known in Granby, passed through a very serious illness in which her condition very nearly bordered upon collapse. Her blood appeared to have almost turned to water She was very weak, her appetite fickle, and she suffered from severe headaches. Mrs. Webster had the benefit of excellent medical advice, but apparently without avail, as she seemed steadily growing worse. The least exertion would fatigue her, and finally she was for a time unable to do her housework and was confined to bed. Her husband suggested the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and purchased a few boxes. Mrs. Webster had not been taking the pills long before she found herself growing stronger. Her headaches disappeared, her appetite improved, new blood appeared to be coursing through her veins, and her nerves again became strong and active. After using the pills for a couple of months she felt as well as ever she had done in her life, and could do her house work without feeling the fatigue that had formerly made her life so miserable. This, as already indicated, happened some years ago, and in the period that has elapsed Mrs. Webster has enjoyed the best of health. She says that if she feels at any time a little run down she takes a few doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and is soon all right, and she thinks there is no medicine to equal them Mr. Webster, speaking of his wife's cure, says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did her a thousand dollars worth of good, and friends who knew her condition before she began the pills and saw the effect upon her, say the same thing. There are a number of others in this vicinity who have used this great medicine, and so far as the Mail can learn the results have always been beneficial.

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Webster did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People". May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Economical Thought.

Wife—My canary is dead, dear.

Husband—You don't seem to be very sorry about it.

Wife—I'm not very. You see, I can have it stuffed for my Easter bonnet, and then you'll not have to pay quite so much.—Philadelphia Press.

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

REDEEMING TRAITS OF MOTHS.

Their Only Wicked Trick Is Devouring People's Clothes.

Every housewife knows only too well of what extraordinary mischief these little insects are capable and how even in a few weeks' time clothes which have been carelessly put away will be perforated in a score of places by the hungry caterpillars, whose tracks are plainly visible running from hole to hole. But no creature is without its good points, and even the troublesome moths have something to be said in their favor. They are really very *beautiful little insects in spite of their* dingy coloring. Somber though their hues may be, one has only to place a clothes moth under the microscope in order to perceive its beauty.

Only a short time before these lines were written I caught one of these moths *in my study, says an entomologist, and,* wishing to examine it, damped a strip of glass and pressed the moistened part gently against the surface of its wings. When I looked at this through the microscope, the sight was really a most exquisite one. In the center of the little gray patch were thousands upon thousands of tiny scales, each shaped like a battledoor deprived of its handle and marked by *five delicate ridges running along it from* base to tip, while all around were thousands more of much longer and more slender scales, each of which split up near the extremity into three hairlike plumes. And over all these scales, as the light shifted, rainbow tints were *playing.*

Beauty by itself, however, would be but a small recommendation, and the clothes moth can lay claim to usefulness as well. In our houses it is a nuisance; out of doors it has a work to do and does it. What becomes of the hair which is woven into so many birds' nests when the nests themselves are deserted? The clothes moths destroy it, and the nests, which otherwise would cumber the branches of the trees for years, are enabled to fall to pieces. What becomes of the wool which sheep rub off upon thorns and bushes? The clothes moths destroy it. What becomes of the plumage of dead birds and the hair on the skin of dead an*imals? The clothes moth destroy them.* These little creatures have their uses after all. They belong to the great army of nature's scavengers, whose task it is to remove all dead and useless matter, and it is only when they trespass into his dwelling that they become the enemies of man.—Church Monthly.

HAD TO PART WITH BILLY.

His Love For the Sheep Was Great, but He Chose the Other Pen.

There *once lived an old curmudgeon* whose wealth consisted principally of his flock of sheep and his two sons. Now, one of the latter was a noble, generous, whole souled fellow, whose kind impulses led him into company and to acts of kindness, and he evidently set little store *by wealth. The other was a grip all,* just like the father. The old man, being upon his deathbed, called the latter and said:

"John, you know your brother is a good natured, easy fellow and when he gets his share of the property will squander it away. But never mind, John, do you divide it all fairly with him." To which John assented, and the old man died.

With haste John proceeded to make division. In a great flock of sheep there must, of course, be many indifferent sheep.

These John carefully selected and placed in one pen, and with them an old ram *known as Billy. The best of the flock he* placed in another pen. Between the youngest son and Billy the warmest affection existed, dating back a great many years, and by this affection the crafty John calculated to work off all the indifferent and valueless portion of the flock upon his brother.

"Brother, our father is dead, and he charged me to divide everything fairly with you, and I have tried to do it. Brother, there is one pen, and Billy is in it, and there is another; take which you choose."

On seeing Billy, he gave a shout and jumped into the pen, commencing his usual playful tussle, and when he had fairly fatigued himself stopped short and *thus addressed him:*

"Billy, you and I are old friends. Many a rough and tumble we have given each other, many an hour we have spent together. Billy, I love you like a brother. Billy, it would almost burst my heart to think of separating from you, but" (looking all around), "Billy, you are in bad company, and I must bid you farewell! Brother, I'll take the other pen!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Delicate Girl.

A young man spent Sunday with his best girl over on Pipe creek somewhere and noticed she did not eat much for dinner or supper. He asked her with a kind smile if she was sick, and she replied by saying she seldom ate much at any time.

On Monday morning he met the girl's little brother going to school and asked him how his sister was. The little boy told him that "she was just awful sick, that mamma told her that she had eaten too much pumpkin pie, cold cabbage and fat bacon last night after you went *home.*"

The young man asked if a doctor had been called.

The boy said: "No. Sis is afraid to send for Dr. Aplin for fear he would find out what made her so sick and tell it to her friends."—Minneapolis (Kan.) Messenger.

Two Musical Performers.

The late Dr. Spark, the Leeds corporation organist, was often engaged for recitals and "openings" of organs in the east riding, and his blower followed him about with a devotion which would have been pathetic if it had not been so amusing. The blower would generally be first at the church, so that he might be sure of displacing the ordinary man, and when Spark arrived he would remark with the greatest sangfroid: "It's all right, doctor, I'm here; and there's sure to be a good performance between us."—Longman's.

Too Much of It.

Greene—How does it happen that you don't trade at Cleaver's any more? You used to brag about the nice cuts of meat he always sent you. Is it because he wouldn't give you credit?

Gray—On the contrary, it is because he did.—Boston Transcript.

Not Surprising.

Mr. Shrickeno says he is always nervous when he gets up to sing."

"I don't blame him," answered Miss Cayenne. "He has heard himself before."—Washington Star.

Gently Spoken.

Smith—Is your new clerk a good man?

Jones—Never saw his equal. He works just like a charm.

Smith—But I was under the impression that charms seldom work.

Jones—Well, you heard what I said. —Chicago Record.

In Many Battles.

Smith—Gruet claims to have quite a war record.

Jones—Yes; he has been married three times.—Types.

TWO ELUSIVE MINES.

LEGENDS OF THE BLUE BUCKET AND LOST BASIN BONANZAS.

Gold by the Bucketful Found by Early Argonauts and the Mine Then Lost to View Forever—A Golden Ledge That Was Seen but Once.

"There are two interesting legends of lost mines that are famous all over the *northwest," said a Spokane mining man* recently. "Many a prospector has outfitted at Spokane for a search for the Lost Basin and the Blue Bucket mines, propositions that have hitherto eluded all efforts to find them. The Blue Bucket mine lies somewhere in Oregon, on a line drawn from the big bend of the Snake river, where it sweeps northward on its way to the Columbia, and extending to Yreka, Cal.

"It was some time in 1850, I believe, that a party of home seekers struck off in the foothills of the Rockies on the Oregon trail for the northwest, intending to work down into northern California. They were farmers, pure and simple, and *the news of the discovery of gold in Cali*fornia had never reached them. They had left the bend of the Snake river some days—unfortunately the story is not definite as to the number of days—behind them, and they camped one evening on the banks of a stream, where they *rested their oxen and horses* for a couple of days. While the men of the party hunted the surrounding country for fresh meat and the women spent the time in washing clothes, the children wandered about in the vicinity of the camp picking berries, carrying with them, as the story has it, 'one of those old fashioned blue buckets.' Old timers say that the blue bucket was an important part of the Argonaut's outfit in those days.

"One day at noon the children hurried into camp, two of them struggling with the weight of their bucket, the bottom covered with a number of pieces of yellow metal. They said they had tried to dig out of the ground some deep rooted *bush bearing a flower that pleased them,* intending to plant it in the bucket and take it along, and they had found the pieces of metal in the ground. Everybody gathered about the find, and nobody could make anything of it. The metal couldn't be of brass, of course, they knew, but it might be some kind of native copper, as it could be beaten out flat with ease. The pieces varied from the *size of a pumpkin seed to an egg.*

"The argonauts had no use for a single pound of useless weight, and when the party started off all the metal was thrown away but a few pieces which the children were allowed to keep for jackstones, and heavy jackstones they were *too. Of course when Yreka was reached* the playthings were recognized as gold. Then there was a stampede over the Oregon lava beds for the Blue Bucket mine, but snow had fallen east of the Cascade range, and the track was lost. Two or three of the party spent their lives looking for the lost placer ground and died in poverty. The others settled down to farming and succeeded at it. Every few *years some prospector takes a notion to* make his fortune by finding the Blue Bucket mine, but no gold has since ever been discovered in that whole stretch of southern Oregon.

"The lost basin is a legendary quartz proposition hidden in a beautiful basin in the Bitter Root mountains of southern Idaho. A packer who was employed by one of the expeditions that made a preliminary survey of the Union Pacific railway made the discovery in the romantic way that is characteristic of the finding of all lost mines. Several mules got away one night in the wildest part of that mountain range, and George Harvey—that was the packer's name—was detailed to find them, having first been supplied with a horse to carry his bedding and grub. He was instructed to hurry along as soon as he had found the mules, as the engineers in charge of the expedition had decided that as the country was impracticable for a railroad they *would lose no time in pushing westward* to the main camp, where various surveying parties were to meet.

"Harvey started back on the trail early on the morning of the breaking up of the camp and found the mules in a little valley grazing. He secured them without trouble and decided to camp, as night had fallen. In the morning he looked around. A peculiar rock formation 20 feet wide protruding from the ground a foot and extending 100 yards to the edge of a stream arrested his attention. The rock was soft, and Harvey chopped up a yard or more of the surface. A yellow glint caught his eye, and he picked up a 'string' of pure gold a foot long and *weighing half a pound. There was plen*ty more of the valuable metal in that spot, and after chopping up the surface at various places on the rock Harvey satisfied himself that he had discovered a great free milling gold ledge big enough to make him a millionaire several times over.

"Concealing several pounds of gold about his person, he moved out of the *valley, after impressing the narrow en*trance upon his mind. He soon found the surveying party had hurried along so fast that they had left no marks, blazes on trees or otherwise to indicate the way they had taken, and as he had to depend on the intelligence of his horse and the mules to find the way he disregarded all the landmarks. He finally arrived at the main camp, saying nothing about his discovery and working at his job until the next summer.

"Finally he made a confidant of 'Old Jim' Henderson, whose eyes bulged when he saw the evidence in pure gold of Harvey's discovery. Both men put their savings together—they were afraid to try to *dispose of Harvey's gold, as then the* secret would have been theirs no longer—purchased an outfit and started for the basin or valley. Of course they never found it. Rocks and peaks and streams were no landmarks to Harvey, for he had neglected to notice them on his former hurried trip to the main camp. The two wandered through the mountains all summer and came out as winter set in. At the settlement where the flourishing town of Boise now is they took others into their confidence, who were convinced of the truth of Harvey's story by a sight of the gold which he still kept. Many an expedition was organized, but the basin was lost for good, apparently. Even today *an occasional prospector makes search* for the lost basin."

Flora's Turn Next.

Flora—George told me last night that he believed I could break a man's heart with my smile.

Laura—George was talking nonsense. A man's heart is not like a mirror.

All In the Title.

"Who is this Russian prince you have imprisoned here?" asked the visitor.

"Oh," replied the keeper of the jail, "that's Krapotsky, the prince of dynamiters."—Philadelphia North American.

A Fair Imitation.

"What is perpetual motion, Uncle Jim?"

"It's the way some politicians run for years and never get an office."—Chicago Record.

WARS OF THE CENTURY.

Turkey Has Had the Most and Denmark the Least Fighting.

Although the existing war in the *Transvaal has been protracted in an* unusual degree, it is not the longest struggle in which Great Britain has *been engaged during the century.* Napoleon declared war against England in May, 1803, the previous war be*tween the two countries having only* terminated by the treaty at Amiens in October, 1801. The war of 1803 lasted until April, 1814, when Paris surrendered to the allies and Napoleon was sent as prisoner to Elba, where he arrived on the 4th of May. He escaped from Elba in March, 1815, and recommenced the war, which finally terminated with Napoleon's defeat at the battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815, having lasted nearly 12 years. Napoleon was sent as prisoner to St. Helena, where he died in 1821.

The European power that has been most at war during the century has been Turkey—38 years of it, as against 62 of peace. The second on the list is Spain, with 32 years of warfare, not counting her last fatal campaign. Then come France with 27 years, Russia with 24 and Italy with 23. Great Britain has had no less than 21. Germany, not counting Prussia, follows with 14, Sweden with 10 and Denmark with 9.

Our own country during this century has escaped with three foreign wars, one civil strife, the Philippine insurrection and a baker's dozen of Indian campaigns, the longest of which was the Seminole war.—Chicago Chronicle.

Width of a Bolt of Lightning.

Some of our foreign contemporaries contain the interesting information that the width of a lightning flash has been measured recently. On Aug. 23 last, according to a German journal, George Rumker of the Hamburg observatory obtained a photograph of a bolt of lightning which struck the tower near the observatory. In this case the point struck was known and consequently its distance from the observer, which was 500 meters. Knowing the focal distance of the objective of the camera and the field illuminated, as shown by the negative, it was possible to calculate the breadth of the gassy mass rendered incandescent by the current. Comparative measurements with the image of the tower showed that the discharge had a breadth of about five millimeters (about one-fifth of an inch). This result closely concurs with that obtained by Piltschikoff at Odessa in 1895, obtained in a similar manner.—Western Electrician.

A Wonderful Fire Alarm.

A fire alarm recently invented is a combination of the graphophone and telephone. In the use of the talking *alarm one of the graphophone ma*chines is placed on each floor of a building and connected with the telephone fire alarm system. For each machine a record is prepared. For instance, the graphophone on the second floor of a building would contain the record, "There is a fire on the second floor," etc. This record is then adjusted so that these words are repeated into the telephone by the expanding of a thermostat whenever a fire occurs. In this way the origin of a fire is located immediately and automatically. The alarm also lights the electric lights in the building, sets a red light blazing in front of the building to guide the firemen and sounds the alarm into the street through a giant megaphone—so we are told.—Science Siftings.

Glass Houses.

If glass building stones become popular, people may yet "live in glass houses." The stones were invented in France and are now being made in Germany. They are hollow, are filled with rarefied air and permit the entrance of daylight, at the same time diffusing the sunlight. They are not transparent, however, and one on the outside cannot see what is going on within. The walls may be readily washed. The experiment has been tried with success in an operating room at the Elizabeth hospital of the Sisters of Mercy in Cassel, Germany.—New York Tribune.

A Mammoth Dredger.

The largest dredger ever built was designed by a Chicago man and handles 7,800 cubic yards per day. Now comes a new type of excavator which almost walks through the earth. The machine consists of a series of projecting blades or cutters which revolve around a cylindrical conduit of sheet iron. Within this conduit revolves a screw conveyer which carries the material to the upper end of the conduit, where it falls to the belt conveyer and is carried away. The machine is operated by three engines.—Philadelphia Press.

Pulleys Are Disappearing.

The economies and convenience of distributing power through a factory in the form of electricity rather than by pulleys and belting are becoming more apparent every day, and in towns like Buffalo, where electric power is supplied on a large scale, it is said the pulley men have ceased to push their wares very vigorously. Still, the old power transmission system's representatives pretend that their business has not yet been hurt appreciably.—New York Tribune.

The Boer Gun Puzzle.

What do the Boers do with their guns? They never seem to surrender them even when defeated, and they cannot break them into little bits. Do they send them away before they surrender or do they bury them in the sand of their rivers? The plan of burial is the one adopted by the hostile races in India, and it is not so fatal to the guns as might be imagined.—London Spectator.

Do Not Pay Cash

PAY SCRIP FOR DOMINION LANDS AND SAVE DISCOUNT.

A very large saving can be made. We can furnish the exact amount for any payment.

Write for particulars and price.

ALLOWAY & CHAMPION, WINNIPEG

THE COOKBOOK.

The tomato is now definitely assigned a place as a tonic among foods. A noted physician has made extensive experiments with the juice as a medicine and says as a health preservative it is unequaled.

A fairly good substitute for whipped cream, when the genuine cannot be had, is prepared thus: Beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, add one cup of milk *(one spoonful at a time), sweeten to taste* and flavor with vanilla.

Beef and pigs' livers are less strong if soaked in cold salted water ten minutes, and any liver is less hard and dry on the edges if dipped in boiling water and the skin pulled off and veins removed before cooking. Wipe dry, roll in flour and fry quickly in hot fat.

THE ROYAL BOX.

Tsou-Hsi, the empress dowager of China, is a mysterious woman, sometimes called an Agrippina and styled by others a Maria Theresa.

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, granddaughter of George III, receives an annual income of $15,000 from the English government.

Spain, in all her poverty, manages each year to give her boy king $1,400,000, of which the prudent queen regent is able to *lay aside more than one-half.*

Why He Has Started.

"I notice that Gabber, the great pro-Boer man, is off for the Transvaal at last."

"But he probably won't get there until the fighting is all over."

"Of course. That's what finally induced him to start."—Chicago Post.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

A Counter Blow.

"I believe you only married me for my money," he remarked bitterly.

"Well, you took good care to make the money one of the leading items in your proposal," she responded.—Philadelphia North American.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

A WASTED JOKE.

He Meant to Worry His Wife, but He Didn't.

"I don't think I'll try any more practical jokes on my wife. They don't pan out well."

"Elucidate!"

"You see, she has a habit of hoisting the window in our room every night. As I usually go to bed last she depends on me to hoist it. Sometimes I forget it, and then there's a wild squabble. Frequently she wakes me up in the night and asks me to see if it is open. If I don't, she nags at me until morning.

"A night or two ago I resolved to give her a hard scare. I rolled up a lot of old newspapers into a long bundle and laid the package down by the window. Of course she was asleep and didn't hear me. Then I opened the window a little way and crept into bed. Some time after midnight she nudged me and said:

"'Jim, I'm sure you didn't open that window. It's like a bake oven in the room. Get up and see.'

"So I got up, went to the window and threw the sash as high as it would go. As I did so I gave a little shriek and then flung my bundle down to the walk below. It struck with a dull thud, and I dodged behind the curtain to await developments. The room was very dark, and I couldn't see my wife, but I heard her raise herself to a sitting posture. Then she spoke.

"'Poor old Jim!' she quietly said. 'He's tumbled out of the window in his raggedest nightshirt. What a spectacle he'll be when they find him in the morning!' Then she lay down again and went to sleep."

"*What did you do?*"

"Stood there shivering for a minute or two and then sneaked into bed."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Talks as She Looks.

Tess—She's too fond of talking behind her back.

Jess—What do you mean? Behind whose back?

Tess—Her own. She's a regular rubberneck.—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Additional Testimony.

"Well," *granted the prominent citi*zen of Mafeking, laying down his knife and fork after another struggle with *the mule steak, "General Sherman was* right. That's exactly what war is!"—Chicago Tribune.

SOMETHING MORE THAN A PURGATIVE.—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills only weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

By a Farmer's Wife.

"Oh, give me the life of a farmer's wife"
In the summer hot and bright,
Mid creaking frogs and barking dogs
And dreadful fleas that bite,
To rise in the morning half asleep
When the farmer blows his horn
And watch the weeds as they go to seed
All over the yard and lawn!

"Oh, give me the life of a farmer's wife"
When the rain begins to pour,
When the driving breeze shakes leaves from the trees
And whirls them in at your door!
The rats go scampering through the walls,
The ants in the closet roam,
Your friends drop in when the larder is thin
And the servants are gone from home!

"Oh, give me the life of a farmer's wife"
When he's mad as an old March hare
And rips and tears and rants and swears
And acts like a two legged bear,
When he bangs the door and kicks the dog
And treads on the tail of the cat,
And you feel like the comet had struck the earth
And knocked it perfectly flat!

When cold it grows and winter snows
Are pouring thick and white,
When the bread won't rise and the baby cries
And the fire goes out at night,
And wood is scarce and kindlings wet
And water turns to ice,
Just try the life of a "farmer's wife"
And see if it isn't nice.

—Richmond Times.

A TONIC FOR THE DEBILITATED.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

One or the Other.

"Doctor, what ails my daughter?"

"*Before I answer that question* let me ask if you have reason to think she has had a love disappointment of any *kind.*"

"I know she has not."

"Then, madam, your daughter has the grip."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Everybody Else Does.

"Old fellow, lend me a dollar."

"Certainly. Why should I seek to gain a reputation for eccentricity?"—Chicago Tribune.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Diphtheria.

JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.
French Village.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure Croup.
Cape Island. J. F. Cunningham.

I know MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.
Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. SNOW.

His Idea of the Scots.

"*Say, pa.*"

"What?"

"The Boers could have an easy time *coming out ahead if they had any brier* patches down there in Africa."

"Why? What would brier patches *have to do with it?*"

"Nearly half of the soldiers fighting against them have their legs bare. *How could they do anything in among* a lot of brambles?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

APHORISMS.

The retrospect of life swarms with *lost opportunities.*—Taylor.

An extreme rigor is sure to arm everything against it.—Burke.

Opposition inflames the enthusiast, never converts him.—Schiller.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.—Joubert.

Those who never retract their opinions love themselves more than they love truth.—Joubert.

There is merit without elevation, but there is no elevation without some merit.—Rochefoucauld.

Most persons would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.—Longfellow.

If a man has any brains at all, let him hold on to his calling, and in the grand sweep of things his turn will come at last.—W. McCune.

Whoever is mean in his youth runs a great risk of becoming a scoundrel in riper years. Meanness leads to villainy with fatal attraction.—Cherbuliez.

The Nervy Drummer.

"Look here! I'm getting tired of this. I've fired you out of here three times, and still you come back."

"Ah, yes, but I represent a different firm now!"—Fliegende Blätter.

Hotel Balmoral, Montreal. Free Bus. Am. P. $1.50 up. E. P. $1.00 up.

Great Chance For Him.

"I see by the newspapers," said the casual caller, "that there is a man in Canada with three lungs."

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" exclaimed the baseball fan enthusiastically. "What a 'rooter' he would make, wouldn't he?"—Chicago Post.

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

No Chance For Success.

"What do you think of his new theatrical venture?"

"Won't do; won't do at all. It's not up to modern requirements."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"He has neither an immoral play nor *an immoral star.*"—*Chicago Post.*

An Early Start.

"That Blinkersdorf girl is the promptest young woman I ever had the pleasure of escorting."

"She comes by it honestly. Her father was a car starter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LA "TOSCANA," RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

FARM LANDS

For Sale in All Parts of the Province. Write for Lists.

NARES, ROBINSON & BLACK,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

ROSA LINDA CIGAR

Manufactured by THOS. LEE, Winnipeg.

OXYDONOR.

Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.

One Oxydonor will serve a family. You are to do the curing yourself. Fully tested in all diseases. Oxygen is nature's greatest cure. Sure cure for La Grippe, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Dyspepsia, etc. Dr. P. Emmons, of Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I wish to give you particulars of a few from many cases which have been effected by the Oxydonor 'Victory' in my practice." He especially mentions cases of Pneumonia, Bowel Trouble, Erysipelas, Asthma, Rheumatism, Diptheria, Measels, Neuralgia, etc. Particulars can be seen at my office. Subdealers in every district wanted. For descriptive booklet and particulars address Wm. T. Gibbins, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG Business College

SPECIAL SUMMER COURSE IN ALL BUSINESS SUBJECTS

No midsummer holidays. Now is the time to prepare for a situation in the busy season. Full particulars on application.

G. W. DONALD, Sec.

N. B.—We assisted over 100 of our students to positions during the past five months.

DO YOU USE SHOE DRESSING?

IF YOU WANT A DRESSING THAT WILL KEEP THE LEATHER SOFT AND PLIABLE TRY PACKARD'S

FOR MEN FOR WOMEN

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU OF ITS SUPERIOR MERITS

L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Religious Pictures, Statuary, and Church Ornaments, Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal

W. N. U. 271.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea and "Transplanted Mocha and Java Coffee" should be in every home where there is a good housekeeper.

Good Clothes are not expensive, it is the common kind that costs most in the end.

Shorey's Clothing

must be good as **every garment is guaranteed** and money will be refunded if it is not as represented.

All seams are overcast.

The Cloth is sponged and shrunk.

The Linings are good.

The Buttons match.

The inside, which you cannot see is as good as the outside which you can see. It is sold by reliable dealers only. Made to Fit — not made to Order.

Shorey's Forbes worsted Trousers Retail at $3.50 Tailors get $6.00

LOCAL NOTES

Picked Up About the City by Asking Questions of Many People.

Fresh eggs and fresh butter at McConnell's.

Want to build? See McVittie & Hutchison.

Jake Berkman, of Phœnix, was in town Tuesday.

All kinds of small fruit received daily at McConnell's.

Money to loan for building. See McVittie & Hutchison.

John Cardell, master mechanic C.P.R. was in town yesterday.

W. P. Walker, of Spokane, registered at the Cranbrook Sunday.

Archie McVittie went east Tuesday *morning, on a fishing excursion.*

E. S Pollard, of Moyie, was reading signs in Cranbrook last Friday.

Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Macleod, were guests of the Cranbrook recently.

A. Stronach, of Winnipeg, C. P. R. car inspector, was in town this week.

William Hudson, of the C. P. R. auditing department, was in town recently.

J. R. Martin, of Nelson, government timber inspector, was in town recently.

P. D. Hope, of Beattie & Hope, druggists, Moyie, was in Cranbrook Sunday

Lewis Thompson, Moyie's solicitor, was in Cranbrook Tuesday and Wednesday.

Julius Hurel, the same old Adonis of Kimberley, was shaking hands in town yesterday.

Dr. Barber, the Nelson dentist, was in town today, and left this afternoon for Kimberley.

Johnny Murphy, the T. Eaton of Moyie, was a business visitor to the metropolis yesterday.

G. H. Miner has received a large new fire and burglar proof safe, which is now installed in his office.

John Fink came over from Fort Steele with the crowd Tuesday evening, and remained in town Wednesday.

Now that the election is over think of your own business and insure against fire. See McVittie & Hutchison.

George Hilliard has completed a whim for W. C. McInstrey, to be used in developing a claim on North Star hill.

The Fort Steele foot-ball team has accepted the challenge to come here and play the Cranbrook team on the 2d of July.

The ice cream social held in the Methodist church last evening was a great success in every way, a very large crowd attending.

For sale—a Mason & Risch piano Nearly new, having been in use less than six months. Sold on very easy terms. Inquire at this office.

The Herald was in error last week when it stated that Corpus Christi would be observed at the Mission last Sunday, as next Sunday will be the day.

C L. McRay and W. Meacham laid over here a day this week with 10 carloads of cattle, the property of "Pat" Burns, enroute to West Kootenay.

Tom Cavin, the popular conductor of the North Star branch, has been transferred from that run, much to the regret of all doing business over that road.

W. F. Anderson, C. P. R. passenger agent, Nelson, and W. G. Coyle, district passenger and freight agent, Vaucouver, were guests of the Cranbrook today.

Gordon Small, a "small" nephew of Enie Small, arrived in town Saturday from Charlottetown, P. E. I., and will in future make his home with Enie.

Louis Blue and Henry Dias, of the Lion brewery, Rossland, were in town today and their visit may result in the establishment of a branch brewery in Cranbrook.

Mrs. M K. Henderson and daughter, Miss Henderson, of Barrie, Ontario, are *visiting with Mr. and Mrs Harry McVittie.* Mrs. Henderson is Mrs. McVittie's mother.

The Forrest hotel has been sold by Mr. Forrest to V. Hyde Baker, who will lease it to parties at present undetermined. There are a number of applicants for it.

Mrs. Thomas Drummond, accompanied by her four little children, left for Calgary on yesterday's train, where she will place the children in the convent school at that place.

Cranbrook has shown a great deal of enterprise in almost every direction, but there is one thing it has overlooked—the establishment of a good brass band. It is a "long-felt want" and should be supplied soon.

D. L. Betchen, F. I. Moore and Dr. Higgins came over from Moyie early Sunday morning on an "Irish local" and joined with a few who had forgotten to go to bed in their enthusiasm over Smith's victory.

A feature of the Smith celebration last Tuesday night was Tom Wellman's band, which alternated with the Fort Steele band in entertaining listeners. Tom's band paraded the streets until a late hour, and were enthusiastic and earnest players.

A. D. Grant has the contract for M. McInnes' new residence which will be located on the McInnes-Murphy plot of ground in the southeast part of town. The building, when completed, will be one of the largest and most modern dwellings in the city.

Jake Fink, of the Fort Steele Mercantile company, is having the small storehouse in the rear of the store torn down, to make room for a large addition which will be of the same breadth and hight of *the present store building, and 30 feet* long. When big companies like this enlarge their places of business, it is a pretty sure indication that the town is progressing.

Jimmie McNeil drove over to Steele last night, where in future his smiling face will be found behind the prescription counter of Harry Reineman's new hotel Jimmie was accompanied over by Alex McDermot, George Meyers, J. G. Patterson and Tom Callahan, and from the melancholy looks the boys are wearing today the parting at Steele must have been painful in the extreme.

Sunday will be observed as memorial day by Key City lodge I O O F. All members of the order are cordially invited to meet with the local lodge at the hall at 2 p m, from which place the procession will march to the little cemetery west of town, where the Odd Fellows' beautiful service will be held over the grave of Brother James Mills, who lost his life by an explosion in the Lake Shore mine at Moyie last October, and was interred in this city. A large deputation is expected from Moyie.

Oliver Burge has quit at Howser and is sojourning for a brief time in Cranbrook. Mr. Burge says the suspension *of railroad operations in that vicinity* has caused all business enterprises to come to a standstill, and stopped the investment of capital in prospects and mines. If any one else had told The Herald so, the story would not have been given credence, but he says that mosquitoes up there are so large and plentiful that they are often mistaken for blackbirds, and that the prospectors when "grub" is getting shy, convert them into blackbird pies

KNIGHTS OF THE GRIP

Who Have Been Doing Business in Cranbrook This Week.

G. H. Brown, Victoria.

W. H. Ripley, Lethbridge.

J. Fyfe, woolens, Montreal.

J. J. Doran, dry goods, Montreal.

J. Ross, boots and shoes, Toronto.

J. Balfour, Lennoxville insurance.

J J. Thorley, dry goods, Montreal.

F. W. Godfrey, dry goods, Toronto.

George Wilson, Winnipeg, stationery.

James Callaghan, pianos, Vancouver.

Harry N. Cooper, dry goods Vancouver.

W. G. Fowler, rubber goods, Winnipeg.

A. P. Jeffrey, druggists' sundries, Winnipeg.

William Hargreaves, hardware, Winnipeg.

F. L Kahn, jewelry and notions, Toronto.

W. G. Damer, boots and shoes, Toronto.

E. C. Davidson, California Wine Co., Nelson.

George C. Hinton, electrical supplies, Vancouver.

Fred Thayer (accompanied by wife and son), drugs, Toronto.

AT EMPIRE CITY.

Prospects Being Developed and Settlers Coming in Rapidly.

George Douglas, a prospector from the vicinity of Empire City, was in town Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Douglas has two claims, the Bluebell and Bluebird, which adjoin, in that vicinity, and have two ledges traversing the entire length of each, one being 2½ feet wide and the other 20 inches; no assays have been had as yet, although the quartz is generously spotted with galena and there is some indications of copper and gold. Mr. Douglas says they have been throwing out considerable stuff resembling carbon*ates, and it is to be tested by assays.*

Further over the "Bishop Boys" are working their claims; they have been drifting alongside the lead and are now crosscutting, or about to do so, the appearances at the present time, it is said, being quite satisfactory.

Many prospectors are coming in either to search for mineral or work their assessments. The same conditions also apply to the Sand Creek district.

Many settlers are also coming into the country, at least one or two ranches per week being taken up The outlook for the entire country in every way is said to be very encouraging.

NUGGETS FROM A PARSON'S WORKSHOP

Fame is like a magnifying glass.

Unmerited honors never wear well.

Prudence is the true court of exchequer.

Friendship multiplies joys and divides griefs.

Point not at another's spots with a foul finger.

Common sense is the growth of all countries.

Let the shipwrecks of others be your seamarks.

Measure your life by acts of goodness, not by years.

Contention comes by pride and is supported by envy.

Good government is the greatest security of freedom.

A man that breaks his word bids others be false to him.

Fair and honest dealings seldom fail to bring their due reward

Disunion is the parent of animosity and the friend of confusion.

Follow the perfections of your enemies rather than the errors of your friends

Self respect and self denial will forever remain the crowning virtues of manhood.

A pleasant voice, a cheerful countenance and a good record will introduce you anywhere.

A Wealth of Beauty,

Is often hidden by unsightly Pimples Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, etc. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will glorify the face by curing all Skin Eruptions, also Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Ulcers, and worst forms of Piles. Only 25 cents a box Cure guaranteed. Sold *by R. E Beattie, druggist*

I. O.O.F. Key City Lodge No. 42. Meets every Friday night at their hall on Baker street. Sojourning Odd Fellows cordially invited.

James Greer, N.G. J. P. Fink, V. G. A. L. McDermot Sec'y.

..All Kinds of..

Fireworks

..At..

..... BEATTIE'S .....

Post Office Building.

IS THERE ANIMOSITY AT FERNIE?

Do the citizens of Fernie cherish ill *will toward Cranbrook on account of the* result of the recent election?

It is so reported, but The Herald cannot believe that any such condition prevails, unless it be on the part of a small minority, whose hopes and ambitions have been blasted.

Mr. Fernie and his friends expected a much larger vote for that gentleman in Cranbrook. Likewise, Mr. Costigan and his friends expected many more votes for that gentleman in Fernie than he received; still, while they were disappointed, they are not "sore." The fact of the matter is, if there is any one who has a cause for complaint against Cranbrook on account of his treatment by its voters it is Mr. Costigan. He is one of its most respected citizens, and in point of ability is the peer of any man in East Kootenay; still his fellow-citizens turned him down for a man who is very rarely within the limits of the town and in no way identified with it locally. Yet Mr. Costigan and his friends accepted their defeat gracefully, attended a banquet given by the victors on Tuesday night, and made the best of what was their misfortune.

If Mr. Fernie and his friends have any occasion to feel disgruntled with any *one, it is with the people of Fort Steele* with whom he made a deal for his support, and who did not "deliver the goods"—"could not deliver the goods" would probably be the better way to put it, as there can be no doubt of the sincerity of their intentions.

Mr. Fernie's experience during the past campaign will probably be of value to him. He has acquired an experience entirely new to him and others have been well paid to let him acquire it. They were not Cranbrook people, and as Mr. Fernie and his friends are men of intelligence and worldly judgment they certainly will not harbor any ill-feelings toward Cranbrook for not giving what was not here for, or promised to them.

PROVINCIAL NEWS NOTES

Mrs. Tina Lester recently died at Lester as the result of a surgical operation.

The head office of the Crow's Nest Coal Company is to be removed from Fernie to Nelson.

The night-train running between Rossland and Spokane is well patronized and so far has paid expenses.

The proposal to hold the Dominion Day trades procession at night in Nelson does not meet with general approval.

The coast papers are giving some attention to a challenge issued by Johnston of Vancouver, offering to row Hackett of Seattle *for $500 a side.*

Mr. M B. Bridgford, of the Rossland baseball club, has received a letter from the management of the Stanford, California, baseball team, requesting a date on July 1.

A letter received in Nelson from Capt. Blanchard of Victoria states that when "A" company of the first Canadian contingent left Bloemfontin 16 men were left behind who were unfit to march.

John Worley, who left Nelson as acting *corporal in charge of the recruits for* the contingent to join the Esquimalt garrison, has met with great success in the profession of arms, having been rapidly advanced, step by step, until he is a senior non-commissioned officer.

MOYIE LEADER MORSELS

Pete Desaulnier of Gem, Idaho, is visiting his brothers.

Father Welch, now stationed at Rossland, has been visiting at St. Eugene Mission and at Moyie.

Charles Diamond has left and joined Martin Foley at Spokane. They will spend the summer in prospecting near Sumpter, Oregon.

The first annual meeting of the district board of the miners of British Columbia will be held in Moyie Monday, June 18 h, when all subjects of importance concerning the organization will be discussed.

J. J. Murphy has purchased the Iron Mountain mineral claim from O. L. Shanklin. The Iron Mountain group is located about one mile from the south end of Moyie lake, and consists of two claims. The work done consists of an 8-foot shaft, and there is now a three foot ledge in sight. A recent assay showed a value of $24 in lead and silver. Mr. Murphy intends further developing the property.

A Monster Devil Fish,

Destroying its victim, is a type of Constipation. The power of this malady is felt on organs, nerves, muscles, and brain. But Dr. King's New Life Pills are a safe and certain cure. Best in the world for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Only 25 cents at *R. E. Beattie's Drug Store.*

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

WHERE?

Oh, you remember the fire at New Westminster, don't you? Well, there hasn't been any fire at G. H. Gilpin's general store, but to judge by the

...Immense Bargains in Dress Goods...

that are being offered you would thing that there had been. Friday morning commences our

" Monster Give-away Dress Goods Sale "

This sale will last for Three Days Only, and every yard of Dress Goods in stock, during Friday, Saturday and Monday, will be sold at a Tremendous Reduction.

Come early on Friday morning and secure a Dress Length.

G. H. Gilpin's General Store

Opp. Bank of Commerce James Gill, Manager

Kimberley is Relieved

From Litigation.

As KIMBERLEY is bound to be the MINING TOWN OF EAST KOOTENAY, being situated in the center of the strongest mineral zone in British Columbia, containing such mines as the North Star, Sullivan, Quantrell, Buckhorn, Stemwinder, Black Bear, Kootenay Consolidated, etc. Now is the time to purchase lots, as there are only a few left, and as the C. P. R railway arrived in town this week, a rush for lots will leave somebody in the cold.

Buy early, buy often, But buy, buy, buy. Lots from $125-$400

Apply Fort Steele Development Syndicate,

N. A. Wallinger, Mgr. Fort Steele, B. C.

Heated by hot air throughout.

The dining room is first class.

Every convenience for travelers.

Cosmopolitan Hotel

E. H. SMALL, Proprietor.

The best of liquors at the bar.

All the rooms neatly furnished.

Rates, $2.00 per day.

...PIEPER & CURRIE...

House AND Sign Painters

Paper Hangers Decorators

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