THE CRANBROOK HERALD.

VOLUME 4. CRANBROOK, BRITISH COLUMBIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1901. NUMBER 26

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

HON. GEO. A. COX, President. B. E. WALKER, Gen. Man.

Paid Up Capital $8,000,000.00
Rest 2,000,000.00
Total Resources 65,000,000.00

A General Banking Business Transacted.
Deposits Received.
London Agents--The Bank of Scotland.
CRANBROOK BRANCH. HUBERT HAINES, Manager.

For Winter Comfort

STOVES, BEDDING, FURNITURE

McCLARY'S STOVES

Are Canada's best and cheapest. We sold all our heaters last year and have just received an entire new stock. With the stove a nice Chair, Lounge or Table is in order. We are continually receiving and selling the latest designs in furniture.

BLANKETS AND COMFORTERS

Bedding is one of our best lines and we have a fine stock

DRY GOODS

Fall stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Carpets, Etc., arriving every day.

...GILPIN'S...

Ladies' Blouses
At Half Price

.....RIED & CO.

Winter Vegetables

We are in position to quote prices on car lots of vegetables delivered at your station. We can give you figures just as close as the best. Why not give us a trial.

Fort Steele Mercantile Co. Limited

J. P. FINK MANAGER

Plumbing and Heating.

Now is the time to have your furnace put in, and get ready for the winter. ESTIMATES GIVEN FREE.

Rifles and Shotguns

Shooting season is at hand. Buy your supplies and amunition from

G. H. MINER.

Improving On Nature

Is one of the functions of the tailor. By his art he makes up for deficiencies of shoulder, chest, etc. It is our business to do that, and more. We not only make perfect fitting garments which set off a good figure and improve a poor one, but we put material in our suits which some tailors would not think of selling at less than double our price.

Leask & Henderson

The 20th Century Tailors, Cranbrook, B. C.

MARYSVILLE ALL RIGHT

Engineer Says That It Is an Ideal Smelter Sight.

ANOTHER STRIKE ON NORTH STAR

Large Quantities of Rich Gold Quartz and Placer Ground on Perry Creek.

MINING NEWS OF THE DISTRICT

Last Saturday, Messrs. G. W. Hull, of Toledo, Ohio, L. D. Goodshall, of Wyoming, and F. P. Hogan, of Spokane, arrived in the city to investigate further the smelter proposition. It was the intention of the party to go to Kimberley and the Sullivan mine that afternoon, but unfortunately Mr. Hogan was taken ill and had to be conveyed to the hospital. Messrs. Hull and Goodshall were therefore forced to make the trip without Mr. Hogan. The party visited the mine, and then went to Marysville, the proposed site of the smelter. Mr. Goodshall, who is a smelter engineer and expert, took measurements of the water flow and the ground, and expressed himself as well pleased with the location, saying that it was almost an ideal one for a smelter.

Sunday morning Mr Hogan drove to Marysville, accompanied by Mr. E. C. Smith, By the time they reached there Mr. Hogan was suffering severely from a second attack of his malady, and he hurried back to Cranbrook and took the train for home.

Messrs. Hull and Goodshall returned that evening and left on Monday. Mr Hull said that he expected to return to Cranbrook in a few days' time.

Charles Early Gets Contract.

A dispatch from Northport says that Charles Early has received the brick contract for the new Sullivan smelter, and that he will take the machine used at Trail to Marysville. The capacity is 2200 brick per day.

Surveying the Sullivan Spur.

Lumsden, C. P. R. engineer, has been engaged the past week in running lines for the Sullivan spur to connect with the North Star branch at Kimberley.

Strike On North Star.

A report was brought in this week that another good strike had been made on the North Star property, and at some distance from the present workings. It is said that the strike shows the existence of another large body of ore that adds largely to the value of the property.

On Perry Creek.

Oliver Burge came in last Saturday from Perry creek. He says that Thompson and Banks had a clean up on their placer grounds last week and got nearly $300 in gold, the average being $14 a day to the man. Naturally they feel very good over the results, as it confirms the theory they have held that depth on that ground would yield good returns. The gold is of a fine, coarse quality and is good to look upon.

Gold Quartz on Perry Creek.

Mr. Munroe, who is interested with Hank Eller in the rich gold property on Perry creek, made the following statement to the Fort Steele Prospector last week:

"It is true that we have struck it rich, we have a considerable amonnt of quartz sacked that is very rich in gold. The shaft is now down 22 feet, and we think it is improving with depth. The lead is from 40 to 50 feet in width, the ore chute that we are sinking on is a gray decomposed quartz and seems to be the full width of the shaft. Gold can be panned from any portion of the rich lead. On the small ledge which is about two feet in width we have sunk two shafts, one 8 and the other 12 feet, we have also run an open cut of 20 feet; this lead pans well with considerable coarse gold plainly to be seen in the rock. We expect to return in a few days and further develop the property. You might say that if we were looking for big assays, we have samples that would run $10,000 in gold."

Has a Good Thing.

C. M. Keep came down from Windermere last week and went on to Spokane, where he expects to interest capital in his Silver Belt property in that section. He has sacked a car load of ore which he is shipping before the close of navigation, and says that the returns on the bunch will put him on velvet and pay for the development work he is going to do this winter.

The Pretoria.

J. P. Bailey has returned from the east and resumed work on his claim, the Pretoria, located about 10 miles west of Cranbrook, right on the line of railway. Mr. Bailey has sunk his shaft 26 feet, and has four feet of as pretty galena as can be found in the district. There is a small showing of copper, but no change is taking place in the character or width of the galena lead as depth is secured. An assay shows a total value of $70, $16 in gold, $15 in silver, $5 in copper, balance in lead. Mr Bailey will continue to push development work this winter, and he has every chance to make a valuable property.

Two Drug Stores Didn't Go.

Mr. Willson, who opened a drug store in the Cranbrook hotel block a few weeks ago, concluded that this was not a good town for two drug stores, and closed up and went to Elko. Mr Willson is a thorough gentleman, a good druggist, and had a good stock, and under more favorable circumstances would have succeeded. But Cranbrook is well supplied in this line. R. E. Beattie, who opened about the first store in the town, has kept ahead of the demands of the town, and in consequence carries today one of the largest stock of drugs and druggists' sundries to be found in any interior town in British Columbia. The people throughout the district as well as those in Cranbrook, have traded with Beattie and are satisfied, and under existing conditions it seems useless for any other druggist to open up business in Cranbrook.

BABY SHOW

The arrangements for the Baby show at the Cranbrook fair are as follows:

Two classes—

1 All babies under 1 year old.
2 All above that age.

Competitors with attendants to be on exhibition for one hour in the afternoon on September 26, in a special tent which will be comfortably arranged for the purpose.

The prizes will be allotted by vote. Each visitor to the tent will cast a vote in each class and the result announced at the end of the hour, which will be from 4 to 5 o'clock.

Prest, the photographer, will donate as a prize one-half dozen photographs of the baby receiving the largest number of votes in each class.

A. W. M'VITTIE,
Sec.

THE KOOTENAY PRESBYTERY.

It Has Been in Session in Cranbrook This Week.

The Presbytery of Kootenay met in Knox church, Cranbrook, on Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. McKee, of Slocan, moderator, in the chair. In all there were twelve members present: Messrs. Murray of Midway, Millar of Phoenix, Robertson of Grand Forks, Furguson of Sandon, McKee of Slocan, Merzies of Kaslo, Wright of Nelson, M. Call of New Denver, Ried of Fort Steele, Gordon of Fernie, Camp of Trail, and Fortune of Cranbrook. A great deal of routine business was gone through with the first afternoon. Rev. A. A. Wilson, of India, being present a public meeting was hurridly arranged for. The address of Mr. Wilson, illustrated by one of the Hindoo gods, with his wife and child, and cradle for the infant god, was richly enjoyed by all who heard it. The boys and girls in particular received instruction through the object lessons they will not soon forget. Business was resumed Wednesday morning. The resignations of Messrs. Camp, of Trail and Merzies, of Kaslo, were taken up and accepted of. Mr. Ferguson, of Sandon, asked for leave of absence for six months, which was granted, and Mr. Millar, of Phoenix, was appointed clerk pro. tem.

Presbytery resumed business on Wednesday morning, The main business was the hearing of reports from home mission fields, and grants passed for the past half year.

At 5 o'clock Rev. D. L. Gordon, of Fernie, led the Presbytery in a discussion on the "Ideal way of dealing with problems in the west." The address and discussion were most helpful to all present. In the evening the church was about two-thirds full to hear addresses from Messrs. Millar on "Worldliness in the church," Robertson on "Intemperence," Dr. Wright on "The need of consecration." The addresses were concise, logical and masterly, and a great uplift was given to the ministers present by the helpful addresses of the above mentioned gentlemen. It is a pity the church was not filled, as a treat was missed by those absent. *

Tenders for Liquor Booth.

Sealed tenders for liquor booth privileges at the exhibition will be received at my office up to 12 o'clock noon, Saturday, September 14.

A. W. M'VITTIE,
Secretary.

New Dairy Firm.

R. Lounsburg and A. Jolliff have entered into partnership in the dairy business. These gentlemen have added several cows to their stock and will in future devote their whole attention to this line.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE

An Anarchist Shoots to Kill at President McKinley.

TWO BULLETS BURIED IN HIS BODY

Attack Made at Buffalo Exposition Before Thousands of People.

PRESIDENT IS SURE TO RECOVER

The latest reports say that President McKinley will recover. He is mending rapidly and the physicians are confident. He will probably carry the bullet in his back to his grave, as it will be left alone.

Story of the Crime.

Buffalo, Sept. 6.—President McKinley, the idol of the American people, the nation's chief executive and the city's honored guest, lies prostrate, suffering the pangs inflicted by the bullets of a cowardly assassin, while his life hangs in the balance Out on Delaware avenue, at the home of John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American Exposition, with tearful face and heart torn by conflicting hopes and fears, sits the faithful wife, whose devotion is known to all the nation.

It was a few minutes after 4 p m., while President McKinley was holding a public reception in the great Temple of Music on the Pan-American grounds, that the cowardly attack was made, with what success time alone can tell. Standing in the midst of the crowds, numbering thousands, surrounded by every evidence of good will, pressed by a motley

Throng of Polyglot People

showered with expressions of love and loyalty, beseiged by multitudes, all eager to clasp his hand; amidst these surroundings and with the ever-recurring plaudits of an admiring army of sightseers ringing in his ears, the blow fell, and in an instant pleasure gave way to pain, admiration to agony, folly turned to fury, and pandemonium followed.

It was just after the daily organ recitals in the splendid Temple of Music that the dastardly attempt was made. Planned with all the diabolical ingenuity and finesse of which anarchy or nihilism was capable, the would-be-assassin carried out the work without a hitch, and should his designs fail and the president survive, only to Divine Providence can be attributed the beneficent result.

The president, though well guarded by United States secret service detectives was fully exposed to such an attack as occurred. He stood on the edge of the raised dias upon which stands the great pipe organ at the east of the magnificent structure. Throngs of people crowded in at the various entrances to gaze upon their well beloved executive, perchance to clasp his hand, and then fight their way out in the good natured mob that at every moment swelled and multiplied at the points of ingress and egress. The president was in a cheerful mood and was enjoying to the full the hearty evidences of good will which everywhere met his gaze. Upon his right stood Jonn G. Milburn, of Buffalo, chatting with the president and introducing to him especially persons of note who approached. Upon the president's left stood Mr. Cortelyou.

It was shortly after 4 p.m. when one of the throng which surrounded the presidential party, a medium sized man of ordinary appearance and plainly dressed in black, approached as if to greet the president. Both Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn noticed that one of the man's hands was swathed in a bandage or handkerchief. The reports of bystanders differ as to which hand. He worked his way amid the stream of people, up to the edge of the dias, until he was within two feet of the president.

President McKinley smiled, bowed and extended his hand in that spirit of genuity the American people so well know, when suddenly the sharp crack of a revolver rang out, loud and clear above the hum of voices, the shuffling of myriad feet, and the vibrating waves of applause that ever and anon swept here and there over the assemblage. There was an instance of almost silence, like the hush that follows a clap of thunder or momentary silence that ensues after the discharge of a bomb shell.

Then Came a Commotion.

With the leap of a tiger three men threw themselves forward as with one impulse and sprang toward the would-be assassin. Two of them were United States secret service men who were on the outlook and whose duty it was to guard against such a calamity as had befallen the president and the nation. The third was a bystander, a negro, who had only an instant previously grasped in his dusky palm the hand of the president. As one man the trio hurled themselves upon the president's assailant. In a twinkling he was borne to the ground, his weapon wrested from his grasp, and strong hands pinioned his arms. Then the great multitude which thronged the edifice began to come to a realizing sense of the awfulness of the scene of which they had been unwilling witnesses.

A Murmer Arose,

spread, and swelled to a hum of confusion, then grew to a babel of sounds and later to a pandemonium of noises. The crowds that a moment before had stood mute and motionless in bewildered ignorance of the enormity of the thing, now with a single impulse surged forward to the stage of the horrid drama, while a hoarse cry swelled up from a thousand throats and a thousand men charged forward to lay hands upon the perpetrator of the dastardly crime. For a moment the confusion was terrible. The crowd surged forward regardless of consequences, men shouted and fought, women screamed and children cried. Some of those nearest the door fled from the edifice in fear of a stampede, while hundreds of others from the outside struggled blindly forward in the effort to penetrate the crowded building and solve the mystery of excitement and panic, which every moment grew and swelled within the congested interior of the palatial edifice. Inside of the slightly raised dias was enacted within those few feverish moments, a tradegy, so dramatic in character, so thrilling in its intensity, that few who looked on will ever be able to give a succinct account of what really did transpire. Even the actors who were playing the principal roles came out of it with blanched faces, trembling limbs and beating hearts, while their brains throbbed with a tumult of conflicting emotions which left behind only a chaotic jumble of impressions which could not be clarified into a lucid narrative of the events as they really transpired.

The Wounded President.

But of the multitude which witnessed or bore a part in the scene of turmoil and turbulence there was but one mind which seemed to retain its equilibrium, one eye which gazed with unflinching calmness, and one voice which retained its even tenor and faltered not at the most critical juncture. They were the mind, the eye and the voice of President McKinley. After the first shock of the assassin's shot he retreated a step, then as the detectives leaped upon his assailant, he turned, walked steadily to a chair and seated himself, at the same time removing his hat and bowing his head in his hands.

In an instant Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn were at his side. His waistcoat was opened, the president meanwhile admonishing those about him to remain calm and telling them not to be alarmed.

"But you are wounded," cried his secretary. "Let me examine."

"No, I think not," answered the president. "I am not badly hurt, I assure you."

Nevertheless his outer garments were hastily loosened and when a trickling stream of crimson was seen to wind its way down his breast, spreading its telltale stain over the white surface of linen their worst fears were confirmed.

The president was removed to the home of Mr. Milburn at 7:25 p.m. The prisoner is locked up in jail.

As soon as the crowd in the Temple of Music had been dispersed sufficiently, the president was removed in the automobile ambulance and taken to the exposition hospital, where an examination was made. The best medical skill was summoned and in a brief period several of Buffalo's best practitioners were at the patient's side. The president retained the full exercise of his faculties until placed upon the operating table and subjected to anesthetics.

Upon the first examination it was ascertained that one bullet had taken effect in the right breast just below the nipple, causing a comparatively harmless wound. The other took effect in the abdomen, about four inches below the left nipple, four inches to the left of the navel and about on a level with it. Upon arrival at the exposition hospital the second bullet wound was probed. The walls of the abdomen were opened but the ball was not located. The incision was closed, and after a hasty consultation it was decided to remove the patient to the home of President Milburn. This was done, the automobile ambulance being sent for the purpose.

Arriving at the Milburn residence all persons outside the medical attendance, nurses, and officials immediately concerned were excluded and the task of probing for the bullet which had lodged in the abdomen was begun by Dr. Boswell Parke. When the news of the crime was telephoned to the home of President Milburn, where Mrs. McKinley was resting, immediate steps were taken to spare her the shock of a premature statement before the true condtion of the president should be ascertained. Guards were stationed and no one was permitted to approach the house. When it was decided to remove the president from the exposition hospital to the Milburn residence the news was broken to Mrs. McKinley as gently as might be by the members of the Milburn family. She bore the shock remarkably well and displayed the utmost fortitude.

Rooms Wanted.

Secretary McVittie, of the Exhibition, would like to have those who have rooms to rent during fair week to notify him at once.

A GREAT CELEBRATION

The Opening of the Town of Frank a Huge Success.

OVER 1000 PEOPLE WERE PRESENT

The Day Was Devoted to Sports and the Evening Was Spent in Dancing.

EVERYONE HAD A GOOD TIME

For lavish expenditure, unceasing effort, successful fulfilment of hopes and open handed hospitality, the celebration given by Mr. S. A. Gebo at the new coal mine town of Frank last Tuesday, equalled anything of the kind ever attempted in Canada or the United States. The company that Mr. Gebo represents, which owns the townsite and the coal mines, was the host, and the people gathered from Crankbrook on the west to Lethbridge on the east, 1000 strong, were the guests. And what a happy, jolly day it was. The storm clouds of the morning had cleared away, the rain ceased falling, and Old Sol broke forth in all his glory and smiled a benediction of warmth and welcome to the hundreds as they poured into this place that has arisen like a palace in fabled story, a monument to the genius, enterprise and confidence of that Montana syndicate headed by H. L. Frank, of Helena, that has carried on its operations in Alberta under the direction of Mr. Gebo, a man of unlimited energy, keen judgment and thorough business experience. Eight months ago there was nothing there but the frowning mountain and a flat covered by a dense thicket. Now there are 25 neat cottages, a large boarding house, foundation laid for a magnificent hotel, a tunnel 1000 feet long and large enough to drive a team and wagon through, and what is said to be one of the greatest veins of coal on the American continent. Not a lot has been sold, not a business house established, but from now on the town is open to the public and there will follow in consequence a great rush for choice property.

The trains from the east brought in about 350 people, and the special from the west over 300. They arrived about 12 o'clock and soon dinner was announced. With 1000 hungry mouths to feed that means something, but notwithstanding that the crowd was much larger than had been expected, a fine meal was served and everyone was supplied.

In the afternoon came the sports, and the crowd, led by the Macleod band, marched to the grounds.

The 100 yard dash was won by Harry Navin, of Cranbrook, with Alex Stafford, of Macleod, second.

In the putting the shot contest James Boyd, of Lethbridge, took first with 39 feet, 1 inch to his credit, and H. Lyons, of Blairmore, second, with 34 feet, 9 inches.

Pincher Creek won the foot ball match over Blairmore, and Lethbridge the lacrosse match over Fernie.

The running broad jump was won by H. Lyons, of Blairmore, 16 feet 7½ inches, with J. L. McIntyre, of Fernie, second, 16 feet, 2½ inches.

D. Robertson, of Frank, won the boys race, with Steve Blayton, of Fernie, second.

At the close of the sports the multitude sat down to another feast, after which the dining room was cleared and the dance begun, lasting until 11:45, when the trains pulled out with a tired but well satisfied lot of people.

H. L. Frank, after whom the town was named, missed his train at Creston junction, but that didn't stop him. He simply hired a special and caught his train further up the road.

Mr. Gebo and his able secretary, Mr. Drumm, never rested a minute during the day, their entire time being devoted to the comfort and pleasure of the guests, and that they made a success of their work is a fact readily accepted by all.

BREAD PRIZE

The following prizes will be given for the best bread at the Cranbrook fair:

1 Best loaf of home made white bread, not less than 1 pound. 1st prize, $2 00; 2nd prize, 50 cents.

2 Best loaf of home made Graham bread, not less than 1 pound. 1st prize, $ 200, 2nd prize, 50 cents.

3 Best 2 pound loaf white bread, professional. 1st prize, $2.00; 2nd prize, 50 cents.

A. W. M'VITTIE
Sec.

Don't forget the Odd Fellows excursion to Moyie tomorrow Train leaves at 8:30.

CRANBROOK HERALD

Editor and Proprietor

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.

AN AWFUL DEED.

The world was shocked at the news of the attempted assassination of President McKinley last Friday, and people in every country said, "What ruler is safe now?" The simplicity of his life, the quiet dignity of his manner and the good fellowship of his bearing toward all, would seem to be suffi ient to protect the president from the fanatic, but this event proved that such is not the case. And, what is more, there was no crisis at hand, with McKinley as the central figure, like when Booth killed Lincoln and Guiteau shot Garfield, which shows beyond question that the brooding of the anarchists listens not o reason or justice.

* * *

That shot, fired last Friday at the Pan-American exposition, has shown the strength of the ties that bind the Anglo-Saxon race. The Saxon may live under different flags and different rulers, but when it comes to suffering or trouble, the unity of their sympathies and the bond of blood is quickly and emphatically demonstrated. With the American flag at half mast and the American heart bowed in sorrow and fear, awaiting the fate of the president, there came from every clime where the Union Jack floats, messages of sympathy and echoes of prayers for the life of America's ruler.

* * *

And, another lesson has been taught by this most unfortunate tragedy. It is in England and America where the greatest personal liberties are enjoyed, that the anarchist raves the loudest over a fate that binds him to a cruel world. It is in these two countries that these human reptiles have been allowed to meet and discuss their nefarious schemes, and plot against the lives of men. The time has arrived for a change, and henceforth both countries should treat the anarchist the same as they would leprosy or the bubonic plague. Future safety demands radical measures, for the success of a fanatic whose desire is blood, presages sorrow for countries and peoples.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is hard to tell what the result of the new cabinet deal at the coast will be. Joe Martin seems to be in the ascendency at present, and it is now a puzzling question whether the Dunsmuir government swallowed Martin or Martin the government.

South East Kootenay is sure to have a smelter. The time has arrived and the conditions are ripe.

The papers of British Columbia, the western states and eastern Canada are now full of the prospects of South East Kootenay.

South East Kootenay is to have a smelter, and it will be of incalcuable benefit to the whole district. Let the knockers seek their holes. The men who intend to build the smelter know their business. The "wise men" should let them alone.

The knocker is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord.

A man who would express joy or gratification over the assassination of a ruler of a country like the United States or England is unfit for association with civilized beings. He belongs either with the brutes of the forest or the inmates of an insane asylum.

The Herald gives the news of the district. This fact is being amply demonstrated these days.

The anarchists will have to go.

The United States authorities will exercise greater caution in the future with that class of people known as anarchists, that are to civilization like a cancer to the human body. Radical measures is the only remedy.

All Canada is in sympathy with the United States in the attempted assassination of President McKinley.

The strike at Rossland is still on, and Editor McDonald is still saying through the columns of his paper that Manager McDonald is all right.

The Lord loveth not the knocker.

The people make a mistake when they fail to pay their ministers enough of a salary to permit them to visit other towns as men, instead of being staked out to board with families who nine times out of ten look upon the plan as an imposition.

No Doubt of It.

Nelson Tribune: The Tribune has it on the best of authority that the owners of the Sullivan group of mines at Kimberley, in East Kootenay, will immediately begin the erection of a smelter and refinery near the mines, at a site where adequate water power can be developed for all purposes. Slowly, but surely a change for the better is taking place.

MOYIE

News Notes From the Mineral City

From the Moyie Leader.

MINERS' UNION ELECTION.

Last Tuesday evening the Moyie Miners' Union elected the following officers to serve for the ensuing term: President, John McDonald; vice president, George Reed; financial secretary, P. T. Smyth; treasurer, John Blackburn; recording secretary, S. J. Marsh; conductor, W. Gallept warden, M. Nugent.

BOARD OF TRADE MEETING.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of trade was held at the court-house Wednesday evening with President Macdonald in the chair and Lewis Thomson as secretary. Amongst the other business transacted it was decided to make an effort to have the streets cleaned up and repaired this fall, and to ask the government to render financial assistance.

MR CRONIN RETURNS.

Manager James Cronin, of the St. Eugene, returned to Moyie this morning from his trip to Seattle and California points. He says there are no new developments with regard to the working of the mine, and that there were yet no contracts in sight.

THE WATERWORKS.

Work is going ahead nicely on the Moyie waterworks. New trenches are being dug and the pipes laid. Johnston Bros., of the Moyie hotel, were the first to get the water into their place, and they now have it in their kitchen, bar room and washroom.

GENERAL NOTES.

Sten Hansen has been painting his buildings in the Lake Shore addition which adds greatly to their appearance.

John McDonald and Cameron Clark are practicing for the rock drilling contest which will take place at the Cranbrook exhibition.

At the school meeting last Tuesday L. A. Rickers was elected to fill the vacancy in the board of trustees, caused by the resignation of Fred Pollard.

Hill Bros (four in number) were visiting in Moyie last Sunday.

W. Tope had a narrow escape from drowning while working at Park, Mitchell & Co's mill last Tuesday. He was out on the log boom when he slipped and fell through, and not being able to swim it was some little time before he was discovered and fished out. The water was about 12 deep where he went in.

Robert Campbell returned this week from his trip to Scotland. He had a very enjoyable trip while away and saw many interesting sights. "Bob" returned alone, having evidently left the Highland lassie behind, but the kids gave him a charivari the night of his arrival just the same, presumably on general principles.

A. T. Clark came over from his farm this morning with a good lot of produce raised on his place. Mr. Clark is well satisfied with his experiment as a rancher and expects to branch out on a larger scale from year to year.

Kootenay Central Railway.

The first annual meeting of the shareholders of the Kootenay Central railway was held on Monday of last week at Fort Steele, and directors and officers elected as follows:

Directors: R. L. T. Galbraith, J. A. Harvey, J. T. Laidlaw, A. C. Nelson, Dr. J. H. King and Dr. Hugh Watt. Officers: President, Dr. Hugh Watt; vice president, R. L. T. Galbraith; secretary, J. T. Laidlaw; treasurer, A. C. Nelson; solicitor, J. A. Harvey.

The Premium List.

Canterbury Outcrop: We have received a copy of the prize list of East Kootenay's First Annual Mineral, Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held in Cranbrook, September 25, 26 and 27. The list is a big one and a credit to The Herald print. It should be the means of attracting a large crowd.

EXHIBITION NOTES.

Applications are coming in to the hotels for rooms during the fair.

The Mineral exhibit will be a good one. Walter VanAredalen will have charge of the territory around Fort Steele, and a better man could not be found for the work.

The baby show will be a big attraction.

Word is coming in from all over the district and western Alberta that the people are coming to Cranbrook for the exhibition.

Get ready to decorate for the exhibition.

It will be a busy time from now on around the fair grounds. Secretary McVittie has his hands full and is pushing the work in good shape.

There will be some good horses here to take part in the races at the exhibition.

Notice.

Take notice that I shall apply to the Honorable the Commissioner of Lands and Works, to purchase the following described lands, situated in South East Kootenay district, Province of British Columbia, and described as follows: Commencing at a post about 40 rods westerly of the line of the Crows Nest Pass branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and about two and one half miles westerly of the town of Wardner, and described as follows: Running thence west 40 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 80 chains to place of beginning. Said tract to contain 320 acres.

Dated this 27th day of August, 1901.

D. V. MOTT.

Firewood

George Laurie has wood of all lengths. See him before buying.

FORESTRY EXHIBIT.

Canada's Display at the Pan-American Is Principally a Commercial One—The Principal Exhibitors.

(Special by Martha Craig.)

The Canadian Forestry Exhibit is a purely commercial one. Mr. C. Swanson, who has been a shipper and buyer of fruit and timber for seventeen years, is in charge. Mr. Swanson is thoroughly acquainted with the timber business. He has traveled extensively from the Atlantic to the Pacific and through the British Isles.

Prominent amongst the many exhibits is that of the Columbia Handle and Timber Company of London, Ont., who have a very fine display of the different kinds of wood and tree sections from which they manufacture the varied products of their immense factory, a few of which are tree sections of hickory, basswood, white ash, red oak, white oak and hard maple. They also show eighteen samples of dressed lumber as follows: Black ash (curly), white ash, black ash, red oak, white oak, white oak (quartered), soft maple, hard maple, walnut, sycamore, rock elm, soft elm, basswood, peppermage cherry, beech and chestnut. Along with the above they have a very fine display of manufactured articles, such as hockey sticks, base ball bats, dumb bells, Indian clubs, ax handles, hammer handles, shovel handles, and in fact all kinds of turned work. They are large exporters to the British market.

The next thing that catches the eye as you pass on is some fine specimens of furniture — two chiffoniers, one of red birch (mahogany finish), the other of yellow birch (natural finish), and a dressing table of the latter made by Thomas Bell, a manufacturer of Wingham, Ont. There are two handsome canoes on exhibition—one made by Wm. English of Peterboro, a popular canoe maker, and the other by H. L. Bastien of Hamilton.

Just a word of comment on the latter. It was decorated by E. Aileen Domville Heming of Hamilton, and is without exception the finest piece of work of its kind ever exhibited. The work is called pyrography or etching by fire. On one end on top there is an Indian Chief's head and the other a maple leaf, and at one end on the sides there is the picture of a deer and at the other end the pretty Indian name Nenenosha.

There is also an inlaid Baptisimal Font made by W. H. Morgan of Huntsville, Ont., which is worthy of notice.

Mr. Booth, the lumber king of Ottawa, also contributed some tree sections of white pine, red pine, white spruce, and silver birch.

The British Canadian Timber & Manufacturing Company, Kearney, Ont., have tree sections of red birch, yellow birch, and black birch. Mitchell Bros., Berkley, Ont., have a nice exhibit of hardwood (dressed). F. Lally, Cornwall, Ont., has a very fine exhibit of Lacrosse sticks, which attracts no little attention. The Lyn Last Company, Lyn, Ont., have an exhibit of hard maple shoe lasts. In the background of the exhibit is displayed all the different kinds of lumber that grows in Ontario, showing each piece in three different stages of finish. The lower portion is simply planed, the centre oiled, and the top highly polished. There are in all twenty samples, viz., white pine, green finish; white pine, natural finish; white birch, natural finish; white spruce, natural finish; red birch, natural finish; chestnut, natural finish; basswood, natural finish; butternut, natural finish; sycamore, quarter cut; red pine, natural finish; cherry, natural finish; hard maple, natural finish; hard maple birdseye, natural finish; hard maple quarter cut, natural finish; red birch, mahogany finish; black ash, natural finish; white elm, walnut finish; red birch, natural finish, and basswood, carriage finish.

The exhibit of John B. Smith & Sons, Toronto, Ont., is composed of one very handsome quarter cut oak newel post, one birch and two Balm of Gilead, the sections of flooring 3 x 6 feet, very neatly put together, of birch, beech and hard maple, and three panel doors, one of which is quarter cut oak and very handsome.

The North American Bent Chair Company, Owen Sound, have a very interesting exhibit of chair parts in the rough. The next exhibit is that of Southerland Innes Company, Ltd. of Chatham, Ont., who have branches in Liverpool and New Orleans, La. They have tree sections of red oak, white oak, basswood, black ash, white ash, and a mammoth white elm, which measures five feet in diameter, barrel staves, hoops and bark.

The Algoma Commercial Company have some samples of pulp wood and two very fine specimens of birch (squared) one red and the other yellow.

The E. B. Eddy Company, Ltd., have samples (rolls) of Manila, brown, and white drug paper, exhibited on one of their improved combination paper cutters. They also show samples of the different articles they manufacture from pulp wood, such as pails, tubs, berry boxes, etc.

The Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper Company have a large exhibit of pulp as it is before being made into paper.

The Standard Chemical Company, Toronto, Ont., have samples of crude and refined wood alcohol, wood tar, iron liquor, tar oil, wood pitch, and charcoal.

The collection of stuffed animals is also worthy of mention, being as follows: One moose calf, from the Algonquin National Park; one caribou head, the finest ever exhibited, from Mr. Newman L. Steiner, the Honorary Commissioner for Ontario; one young deer, five moose heads, eight deer heads, one wild swan, one bear cub, and one cariboo head, from Messrs. John Bidgood & Co., Sudbury, Ont.

There is a fine specimen of Canadian Black Beaver and a silver birch log partly prepared, either for a dam or a beaver hut.

John W. Wolf

Boot, Shoe and Harness Maker

Old shoes made new. All kinds of repairing. Give me a call.

HOPES FULFILLED.

After the rain, then the sunshine again;
After the night the dawn,
And a sweet release and abiding peace
After the pain has gone.
But over and over this lesson stern
The fickle and careless old world must learn:
Under the beauty and bloom of the rose,
In hiding, the sharp, cruel thorns repose.

He only knows of the sweetness that flows
From nature's purest rills
Who, weary, mounts to the life giving founts
Far up among the hills.
But over and over this lesson stern
The fickle and careless old world must learn:
Under the beauty and bloom of the rose,
In hiding, the sharp, cruel thorns repose.

After the fear and the sad, bitter tear,
Cometh the hope fulfilled;
After the clouds, then the prospect sublime,
As the Good Father willed.
But over and over this lesson stern
The fickle and careless old world must learn:
Under the beauty and bloom of the rose,
In hiding, the sharp, cruel thorns repose.

—Los Angeles Herald.

LADY LIGHTFINGERS.

By M. Quad.

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The start of the whole matter was the lodging of a complaint at Scotland Yard by a well known jeweler doing business on the Strand. He had missed two diamond rings from a tray he had been exhibiting to several lady customers, but unfortunately for him the gems had been gone an hour perhaps before he knew that deft fingers had purloined them under his very eyes. He could recall the names of four or five ladies, and he headed the list with the name of a marquis' wife, but the inspector on duty might well smile and turn away at that. Had the jeweler not been in such a perturbed state of mind he would never have included that name. Indeed, before he left the place he apologized, partly to himself, for having given any names at all, as it was utterly absurd to suspect any of

BY A TREMENDOUS EFFORT SHE PULLED HERSELF TOGETHER.

the owners of having taken the rings. He seemed to feel it a duty to report his loss, however, and after being quietly advised to have an eye on his employees and unknown customers he was dismissed with the promise that the matter would be looked into. As a matter of fact, no assignment was made on the case. Some flash chap had "lifted" the jewels without even his call being remembered, and it was no use to hunt for a needle in a haystack.

It wasn't three days before another case was reported by another Strand jeweler. This time it was a diamond sunburst, and he was positive that he had shown it to only three ladies before he missed it. He was reluctant to give the names, but when pressed to do so that of the marquis' wife again headed the list. The others were almost as far above suspicion, and the inspector looked at the complainant in a way to make him feel like a culprit. This time I was put on the case, but I shall be honest enough to say that it was a mere matter of form. It was more than any official's head was worth even to hint that one of the three ladies mentioned might have carried the ornament away in a moment of absentmindedness.

It was about five days after this that the third case was reported. This time a jeweler had lost a pair of valuable diamond earrings, and he had to be hard pressed by the inspector before he would admit that the loss was detected almost immediately after the marquis' wife had left the store. She had greatly admired the ornaments and had partly decided to purchase them at a later date. Not for one instant, not on his life, did the jeweler suspect the lady of title of even taking the jewel away in a fit of abstraction, but somehow he felt it his duty to report the case. The inspector didn't bluff this third tradesman quite as heavily as he had the first and second, and he looked grave and thoughtful when I was given the case and he related particulars. I was told to go my own way about it, but if I made a blunder Scotland Yard would see me no more as a detective. That wasn't at all encouraging, you see, but I had to go ahead and make a start. Much to my surprise, after thinking the matter over I came to the conclusion that the marquis' wife might possibly be guilty of shoplifting. The idea almost took my breath away at the first go off, but when I came to recall the many rumors about the marquis being a gambler, hard up, a man of miserish habits at home, and so forth, there looked to be something in it from a detective's standpoint.

The lady was well known to me by sight. She was past 45, much faded, and her face always carried a fretful, worried look. I simply waited until she appeared on the street in her carriage, as if bound on a shopping tour, and then followed her. It was a week after the third case was reported that she came out, and she went directly to a Bond street jeweler's. I followed her into the store, where she was known and received with great servility, and when a tray of jewelry was placed before her I felt sure that the next half hour would clear her of all suspicion or complicate the case still further. Her manner was that of lofty condescension. She slowly and languidly inspected the jewels, and now and then the proprietor of the store, who was waiting upon her in person, had his attention attracted for the moment elsewhere. My lady finally decided to call again and was bowed out, and she was hardly clear of the door when I revealed my identity to the jeweler and asked him to be sure that there was nothing missing from the tray. He was at first inclined to administer a snub, but when he found the finest ring of the lot conspicuously absent he almost fell over in a faint. There was no room to doubt that the lady had "lifted" it, but that only made the case worse in a way. For a tradesman and a detective to charge a lady of quality with shoplifting was as bad as treason against the crown. A mere word would bring financial ruin upon the jeweler, and he was ready to stand the loss ten times over rather than speak it.

Twice more within the next fortnight I followed the lady into jewelry establishments and morally convicted her of shoplifting. This made six cases in all, and, no matter how the victims felt, we of the Yard were quite determined that something ought to be done. I had been on the staff for ten years, and my work had given good satisfaction, but I was selected as a sacrifice. I mean by that that I was ordered to secure an interview with the lady, inform her of my discoveries and take the consequences. I must take all the burden on myself and clear the Yard. There could be but one ending, and before making my call my resignation was written out, and I had arranged to go with a private agency. One morning I appeared at the residence of the marquis and boldly asked for my lady on important business. I was kept waiting until she was satisfied that I was neither a process server nor a creditor and was then admitted to the presence of a very slipshod looking woman who showed me scant courtesy when she said:

"Well, sir, you are here, and now what is it?"

"It's about the jewelry, my lady," I replied.

"What do you mean?"

"The finger rings from Black's, the sunburst from Brown's, the earrings from Green's. You carried them away and forgot to return them."

My lady's face went white as snow, and she gasped for breath, and I expected to see her faint away. By a tremendous effort she pulled herself together, and as the color came back to her cheeks she hissed at me:

"You dog, you! The marquis shall see that you get your just deserts! Leave the house at once!"

I left, and within an hour the marquis was at the Yard to say that he would uproot the whole system if I was not promptly bounced and an apology rendered. The Yard apologized, I was bounced, and my lady had a story for her friends about attempted blackmail. There were no more thefts, however, and as a private detective I even recovered some of the stuff from the shops where my lady's maid had pledged them to raise cash for her mistress.

"Sweating" Bees.

The process known as "sweating" is not confined to human beings. It is applied to bees by some up to date keepers.

The natural tendency of the bee to work and its great dislike to idleness are made use of to the fullest extent. Honey is a product that yields a good profit, so the beekeeper brings the flowers as near as may be to the hive and induces his insect gatherers to work hard to collect the honey from them.

An expert beekeeper gives the following idea of what they will do. Seventy-five acres of land planted with white clover or sanfoin will keep 100 hives busy during the three summer months. The yield of honey for each fine day is ten pounds per acre, and as the plant flowers twice and remains in bloom for a week very often the total yield is 10,000 pounds.

Combmaking is lighter and less dangerous work than gathering honey, so the young bees usually perform this task. But the keeper wants them all to work and work hard, so he provides the base of the comb in natural size and pure wax. That leaves less work to be done at home, and the bees go out immediately there is nothing more for them to do inside. The keeper also takes care to constantly empty the combs, so that the bees shall always be laboring to fill it.—London Standard.

A Tired Man.

Once there was a man who complained constantly because it required so much toil for him to make a living. He declared that he would rather be buried than work for a living, and so his neighbors started out to gratify his wish. A stranger, seeing them about to entomb a living man, inquired why they were doing so. On being told that the man complained of having to work for a living and preferred to be buried, the stranger's heart was moved, and he offered to give the complaining man ten bushels of corn. "Is it shelled?" asked the discontented soul, and when informed it was not he remarked, "Well, then, let the burial proceed."

Too Much For Him.

Witness—He looked me straight in the eye and—

Lawyer—There, sir, you've flatly contradicted your former statement.

Witness—How so?

Lawyer—You said before that he bent his gaze on you, and now you'll please explain how he could look you straight in the eye with a bent gaze.

Witness faints.

Harry Williams,

CONTRACTOR.

Will take contracts for digging cellars, trenches, etc., anywhere in the district, at reasonable rates.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

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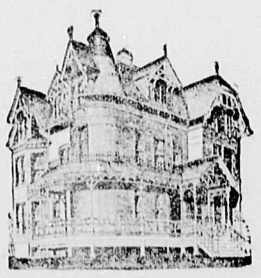
Good work, Good Material and the price.



Have you talked with anyone about building? Come and see me or let me see you. It may do us both good.

G. R. LEASK

Contractor.

James Kerrigan & Co

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Hay Grain and Produce

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Car lots a Specialty.

Cranbrook, B. C.

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Matt Lockenhart, N. G. F. R. Simpson, Sec'y.

Cranbrook Lodge, No. 34 A. F. & A. M.

Regular meetings on the third Thursday of the month.

Visiting brethern welcomed.

W. F. GURD, Sec'y.

J. R. COSTIGAN, Q. C.

Barrister Solicitor, Etc.

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Perry = reek HOTEL

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Good accommodations for the public. Best of liquors and cigars. Come and see the famous Perry creek district. Quartz and placer mining. 8 miles from Cranbrook.

W. F. GURD,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

Cranbrook, : : British Columbia

Notice.

Take notice that I intend to apply to the Honorable the Commissioner of Lands and Works, to purchase the following described lands, situate in South East Kootenay district, Province of British Columbia, and described as follows: Commencing at a post on the south line of the right of way of the Crows Nest Pass branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, about five miles westerly of the town of Wardner, running thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains to place of beginning, said tract to contain 160 acres, less right of way of the Crows Nest Pass branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Dated this 27th day of August, 1901.

GEORGE R. C. TAYLOR

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60 Day Limit
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Through Sleeping car Kootenay Landing to Toronto, one change to Buffalo.

For time tables and full information, call on or address nearest local agent.

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C.E.COLEMAN, Agent, Cranbrook

J. S. CARTER, D. P. A., Nelson, B. C.

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The only all rail route between all points East, West and South to....

ROSSLAND, NELSON and Intermediate Points.

Connecting at SPOKANE with the

Great Northern, Northern Pacific and O. R. & N. Company.

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Contractor and Builder

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Something Interesting

In Photographs. Our agent will will tell you all aboutt it. Look out for him. PREST.

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All work guaranteed. See us before you build. It will pay you.

Cranbrook, B C

The Herald

Gives all the news of the district all the time. It will cost you only $1.00 for six months. Try it.

The Best of Job Printing

Will always be secured when you get your work at The Herald office. Try it and be convinced.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Not yet are dreds fruition of my thought,
Nor is this body wrecked of my soul,
For evil ever in this life is wrought
That shuns the will and its divine control.
Surely I shall not be forever weak,
Halting and stumbling on the closed way,
Blinded by the pure and perfect light I seek,
Upon the threshold of eternal day.
I do not mourn dis redit to my time
Who smile at time and his crumbling shores;
'Tis this provokes the burning blush of shame:
The flesh still grovels, though the spirit soars;
But my heart's anguish, who can understand
Or stay my folly with a reeling hand?

—Peter McArthur in Ainslee's Magazine.

The Return Of Mary.

By W. R. ROSE.

The air was growing chill in the early twilight when Mary Hamerton opened the little garden gate and went swiftly down the path to her father's house. How familiar everything looked! How few changes 15 years had wrought! No doubt the greatest change was to confront her within the old home. She slipped through the unlocked doorway into the kitchen. There was a young woman there, a young woman who looked up with startled eyes when Mary entered. But Mary explained her presence in a few words, and the young woman, whose heart was tender, listened with a suspicion of tears in her eyes and gladly seconded her suggestions. And Mary learned that the young woman was the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who had come over to care for Gilbert Blair and his home. No; the old man was not, as Mary had feared, in failing health. He was feeble, it was true, and kept to his chair and his reading more, but he was not ill. Yes, he was in the sitting room now in the old rocker by the fireplace. The young woman had just fixed the lamp for him, and he had taken up his book. Would Mary go to him now? No, Mary would wait a little.

As she looked about the familiar room memories rushed upon her that filled her eyes with tears—the gentle mother who had passed away when she needed a mother most; the aunt whose rigid rule had embittered the child's life; the father whose iron will had found in her a will fully as strong and whose harsh words had driven her from his door and into the great world beyond. Perhaps she had been wrong to brave him as she did, but her soul rebelled against the narrow limits of her life in the dull little hamlet. She wanted knowledge; she wanted society. There had been a wordy strife, and she had gone forth.

Later on, when she had established herself in the city by the lake and the cruel days of the early struggle seemed passed, she had written to him, but he had not answered. She wrote again. Her letter was returned. He was very hard and very unforgiving. Occasionally she heard of him in indirect ways. Once she met a man from the neighborhood, and he told her that her father never spoke of her and never permitted her name to be mentioned in his hearing.

And so the years passed, 15 of them, and then a great longing to see her father came to her. It came to her after the death of her child. And so she was here.

Mary put a huge apron over her traveling dress and went to work. She had not forgotten her cunning. The abiding places of the dishes came back to her; the recipes of long ago were swiftly recalled. The young woman watched her quick movements with fascinated eyes. Mary wanted to prepare the evening meal alone, and she had her way.

Presently she glanced a little anxiously at the clock. Then she smoothed down her apron and went forward to the sitting room door. The old man did not hear her approach. She looked at him a moment before she spoke. No; he was not greatly changed—grayer and thinner; that was all.

"Father," she said.

He looked around.

"Why, it's Mary," he said. "I was just dreaming of you. I had fallen asleep. So you have come back?"

Mary did not move from the doorway.

"Yes," she said. "I have come back." A whimsical smile fluttered across her face. "Do you want wheat cakes for supper tonight, father?"

The old man stared a little. Then he nodded and turned and looked closer at his prodigal daughter. But she did not wait for him to speak.

"Very well," she said and vanished.

She laughed as she came back to the kitchen. There was a suspicion of sadness in her merriment, but she nodded as if satisfied with her reception.

"It is the right way," she said.

She was busy with her cakes when a slight noise in the doorway drew her attention. She turned and saw her father looking at her.

"I dreamed just now that you came to me and said you had come back," he cried in a querulous tone.

"Yes, I have come back," returned Mary as she bent again over her cakes.

"It's really you, Mary, is it?"

"Yes."

Muttering softly to himself, the old man turned from the doorway and sought his accustomed place by the fireside.

As he seated himself a smile crept over his features. It was a smile of triumph.

When Mary had the meal quite ready, she left affairs in charge of the young woman and sought her father.

He looked up as she paused in the doorway. He had been nodding at the fire. The smile of triumph still lingered on his wrinkled face.

"So you've come back, Mary?" he said again, as if he loved the sound of the words.

"Yes, father."

"I knew you would," cried the old man. "I knew you would! I told you you'd be glad to come back."

"I am glad to come back, father."

The old man nodded as if with satisfaction.

"It's a bitter world, Mary—a bitter world for those that disobey and rise against their elders and flaunt their foolish pride."

"The world is very much what we make it, father."

"And what have you made of it, Mary?"

"I have tried to make the best of it, father."

"And you have come back?"

"Yes, father."

The smile of triumph deepened and widened.

"You have come back, as I said you would," cried the old man. "You have had your day of pride and folly, and you have come to the husks and the humiliation. Then you thought of the dear old home, the one place where you would find a welcome and a shelter, and you have come back. I knew it; I knew it all these years. I knew the punishment of the prodigal would break your haughty spirit. I knew you would come back."

His voice had risen as his vehemence increased, but it dropped at the closing words, and he sank back in the chair.

Then Mary went around the little table and faced her father.

"Father," she said, and her voice was clear and calm, "you are quite wrong. Your dream has been a false one. Look at me, my father." And she drew herself up before him, and his smile faded as he gazed up at her with troubled eyes. "Do I look like the prodigal supplicant? Do I look like one whom the world has cast off? No, no, father; I am an honest woman and a good woman, and there is naught in my past of which I should be ashamed. It is not the story of a prodigal that I am about to tell you. It is the story of a woman who went out into the world and fought her way upward and kept herself unsmirched through the struggle. Your dream was all untrue, my father."

She paused and leaned her hand upon the table. "When I went from you," she resumed, "I was determined that I would not return until I had shown my independence. You called it a wicked pride, but it was that that kept me up and spurred me on. The great city seemed cold and forbidding, but I did not despair. I found a place where honest work was honestly rewarded. I was faithful and loyal, and my services were appreciated. I made friends as I rose, one of them a young man in whose ambitious hopes I became deeply interested. Perhaps it seemed foolish, but we fancied we could be of greater help to each other if we were married. Now we know that we were right." She paused again. "Your dream was all untrue, my father."

The old man's smile had quite faded, and there was no tenderness in his voice.

"Your pride is still your master," he said. "But you are a married woman?"

"Yes, father."

"You have a home?"

"Yes; a beautiful home."

"Children?"

"I had two, but God took one from me. It was that, I think, that turned my thoughts to you. We have a boy, a sturdy fellow of 12. Do you care to know his name? It is Gilbert Blair Hamerton. Some day you shall see him."

The old man winced a little.

"Your husband's name is Hamerton?"

"Yes, father; Philip Hamerton."

The old man nodded his head.

"I shall not forget the name," he muttered. "It is the same as the new senator's."

Mary smiled.

"The same name and the same man, father."

The old man started up.

"Your husband?"

"Your son-in-law, father."

"Your husband," the old man murmured; "the idol of the public, the man who may be president?"

"Yes, father," said Mary. "And when he comes he will tell you that in all he has accomplished I have been his adviser and his faithful helper."

"Coming here?" cried the old man.

"Yes, father. I left him behind at Judge Northmore's, with instructions to follow me in an hour. He will soon be here."

The old man clutched the arms of his chair and stared at his child. The scales were dropping from his eyes. The blindness of prejudice was gone. He saw that she was a beautiful woman, straight and supple of figure, clear of eye, with dignity and character expressed by every movement. A warm wave surged across his old heart.

And as he caught her glance a tender smile overspread her face.

The old man dropped his gaze. His hands trembled.

"Mary," he murmured, "it was a wicked dream—a wicked dream!"

She was on her knees by his side in a flash, with a loving hand caressing his gray locks.

"Yes, my father," she softly said. "It was a wicked dream, and, like all wicked dreams, the sooner we can forget it the better. But, father dear, let me have the prodigal's kiss of forgiveness."

"Mary!" the old man brokenly murmured.

"There!" she cried as she arose. "And now for the supper—the supper that is to show you that I haven't forgotten the lessons I learned in those early years. Hark! There is Philip! I hear his footstep on the graveled walk."

The old man arose as she turned and hurried to the door. There were tears in his eyes.

"Mary has come back," he murmured very softly.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE UNSEEN CORD.

There is an unseen cord which binds
The whole wide world together;
Through every human life it winds—
This one mysterious tether.
It links all races and all lands
Throughout their span allotted;
And death alone unites the strands
Which God himself has knotted.

LAUNCH AT DUNDEE.

A Vessel Built for the Canadian Lake Trade.

There was launched from the yard of the Caledon Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited, Dundee, recently, a steel screw steamer built for the Canadian lake trade to the order of the Midland Navigation Company, Ontario. A large number of persons were present at the ceremony. As the vessel left the ways she was christened Midland Queen by Mrs. W. H. Featherstonehaugh. An adjournment was then made to the drawing office, where "Success to the Midland Queen" was pledged. The dimensions of the vessel are as follows: Length, 255 feet; breadth, 42 feet 6 inches; depth, 23 feet 8 inches; with a gross tonnage of 1,900 tons a carrying capacity of 110,000 bushels of grain. The vessel, which has been built under special survey for the highest class in the British Corporation Registry, will, when completed, be one of the best equipped in the service. Ample accommodation fitted up in a most comfortable style has been provided for owners, officers and crew, as well as provisions for a few first-class passengers. Two large steel deck-houses have been placed amidships, where a suite of rooms for the captain has also been erected. A large deck-house, containing dining saloon, staterooms, etc., has been built aft. A saloon and staterooms are also to be erected under the forecastle, while the crew are to be accommodated under the spar deck. Six large hatchways, which have been so constructed as to be suitable for the working of grain elevators, will provide access for the stowage of cargo. The arrangements for the quick mooring and towage of the vessel are also most excellent. The engines, which are being supplied from the Caledon Shipbuilding and Engineering Works, are of the triple expansion type, with cylinders 18 inches, 30 inches and 50 inches diameter, with a stroke of 36 inches, steam being supplied by two large steel boilers with a working pressure of 170 pounds per square inch. During construction the vessel and machinery have been superintended on behalf of the owners by Captain W. H. Featherstonehaugh of Toronto, and Mr. F. Piercy, Superintendent Engineer to Messrs. W. Peterson & Co., Newcastle.

Sir John Murray.

Although Sir John Murray has already done what, for many men, would constitute a life's work in science, having won most of the rewards which learned societies and universities can bestow, from the famous Prix Cuvier down, he is still in the prime of life, a man not yet grey, of robust physique and unbounded energy. Besides the deep-sea work, in every minute development of which he is interested, he is now working on a bathymetric survey of the Scotch lochs, and promoting a Scottish Antarctic expedition, it being his firm belief that a thorough survey of the sea bottom in the regions of the South Pole will yield profoundly important scientific results, especially as regards scientific knowledge of deep-sea life.

Murray was born in Canada—but he has lived nearly all his life in Scotland. His home is just on the outskirts of Edinburgh on the shore of the Firth of Forth, where he can always hear the sound of the sea. It is a fine old stone building, pillared in front and surrounded by wide green lawns and ample grounds. He calls it "Challenger Lodge." He is a world-wide traveler—a broad thinker, and a most entertaining talker—a man whom it is good to meet.

No Great Canadian Actor.

Canada has so far produced no great actor or actress, writes Lally Bernard in The Globe. I speak of that greatness which is universally recognized, and it is possible that the rather undisciplined nature of our people forbids that self-abnegation which moulds a successful apprentice. Then, again, we have no school in which great traditions are to be followed, as in France, where the Academy of Letters governs the pronunciation of a word, and the Theatre Francais controls the tradition of "geste." But perhaps our lack of dramatic power may be traced to a deeper source. For several generations we have been occupied by the struggle for purely material things; neither great poverty nor great riches have been our portion, and events which stir and deepen the emotional side of a people's character, cannot be said to have been ours, and the question is, whether in these days of rapidly shifting events and widely diffused interests any permanent force can be generated by emotional epochs, such as that which has so lately stirred the heart of the empire, and which is not sufficiently a matter of the past to show us the ripened fruits of its upheaval.

Gallantry on Kootenay Lake.

The Royal Humane Society's medal has been awarded, under unique circumstances, to Captain Kurtz, for saving life at Kootenay Lake, British Columbia. The tug Proctor was taking a barge loaded with cars across the lake, when one of the three men in charge was accidentally knocked overboard. A strong gale was blowing, and there was a heavy sea. The man was unable to swim, but he held the tow line, and kept his head above water. Captain Kurtz sprang into the water and lashed the man to the line, the remaining man steering and keeping the tug moving so that the cable was taut and the men were kept afloat. After a heroic struggle lasting over an hour, Captain Kurtz managed to pass the man along the line to the tug and rescue him.

Canadian Pacific Railway Lands

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company control a large area of the choicest farming and ranching lands in the Kootenay District. The prices range from $1.00 to $5.00 an acre, the latter being for first-class agricultural lands. These lands are readily accessible by the Crows Nest Pass Railway.

Terms of Payment

The aggregate amount of principal and interest, except in the case of lands under $2.50 an acre, is divided into ten instalments as shown in the table below; the first to be paid at the time of purchase, the second one year from date of the purchase, the third in two years and so on.

The following table shows the amount of the annual instalments on 160 acres at different prices under the above conditions:

160 acrs at	$2.50 per acr,	1st instalment	$59.95	9 equal intal'ts at	$50.00
"	3.00	" "	71.90	"	60.00
"	3.50	" "	83.90	"	70.00
"	4.00	" "	95.85	"	80.00
"	4.50	" "	107.85	"	90.00
"	5.00	" "	19.85	"	100.00

Lands under $2.50 per acre are sold on shorter time.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH

If the land is paid for in full at the time of purchase, a reduction from the price will be allowed equal to ten per cent on the amount paid in excess of the usual cash instalment.

Interest at six per cent will be charged in over due instalments.

The Company has also lots for sale in the following town sites in East Kootenay: Elko, Cranbrook, Moyelle, Kitchener, Creston and Kimberley.

The terms of payment are one-third cash, and the balance in six and twelve months.

Kimberley is the business and shipping point for the North Star and Sullivan mines.
BEAL & ELLWELL, Townsite Agents.

Cranbrook is the divisional point of the Crows Nest Pass Railway and the commercial centre of South East Kootenay.
V. HYDE BAKER, Townsite Agent.

For maps and further information apply to Agents as above or to

F. T. GRIFFIN, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg.

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.

Markets in all the Principal Towns in British Columbia.

P. Burns & Co

Successors to
M. McInnes & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail
Meat Merchants
Fresh and Cured Meats Fresh Fish, Game and Poultry.

We supply only the best. Your trade is solicited.

LUMBER

Robinson & McKenzie.

Saw and Planing Mills

All Kinds Of

Rough and Dressed Lumber

The...

One of the Most Comfortable Hotels in East Kootenay.

Refitted Throughout **Royal** Newly Furnished

L. B. Vandecar, Prop.
Cranbrook, B. C.

...Hotel

The Prospectors' Exchange

No. 4 K.-W.-C. Block, Nelson, B. C.

Gold, Silver-Lead and Copper Mines wanted at the EXCHANGE. FREE MILLING GOLD properties wanted at once for Eastern Investors. Parties having mining property for sale are requested to send samples of their ore to the EXCHANGE for exhibition. We desire to hear from prospectors who have promising mineral claims in British Columbia. Prospectors and mining men are requested to make the EXCHANGE their headquarters when in Nelson. All samples should be sent by express, Prepaid. Correspondence solicited. Address all communications to

Andrew F. Rosenberger, Nelson, B. C.

Telephone No. 104. P. O. Box 700.

Cranbrook Hotel

Guests Comfort a Specialty
Good Stabling in Connection

Nearest to railroad and depot. Has accommodations for the public unequalled in Cranbrook.

JAMES RYAN
.....Proprietor

The Western Supply Co.

Late Hill & Joll

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in.....

Cattle, Dressed Meats And Provisions.

Head Office, Cranbrook. E. JAMES, Manager.

EAST KOOTENAY HOTEL,

Wm. Matheson, Proprietor.

The hotel has been reopened and is now ready to cater to the public. First class dining room service. The best of wines and liquors at the bar. ROBERT SHAW, Manager.

A. T. Vroom,

Blacksmithing,
Horseshoeing,
Repairing,
Wagon Making,
and Painting.

All kinds of work given prompt attention, and we will guarantee satisfaction to our patrons in all we do. Yours for trade.

A. T. VROOM.

BRICK

We have a stock of
Common Brick,
Pressed Brick,
Fire Brick
and Tile

Those wanting chimneys, fire places, boilers lined, or any job work in the brick line call on

Geo. R. Taylor.

Do You Sell Liquor? ? ? ?

If so, don't buy until you see.. **PELTIER** The Only Wholesale Liquor Dealer in South East Kootenay. Write for Prices

Cranbrook, B. C.

PELTIER is also agent for

T. LEBEL & CO. Wholesale and Retail **HAY AND OATS**

This is the supply point for South East Kootenay.

Cheap Bed Room Sets

If you desire to furnish rooms in an hotel or residence for little money, see us. We have them at prices that will surprise you. This line looks neat and tasty and is substantial and well made.

Parlor Sets
Dining Room Sets
Chairs and Rockers

Most Complete line of Furniture in East Kootenay.

The Kootenay Furniture Co., Limited

Bremner's Old Stand

Sportsmen ! The Season Is Here Now

LOADED SHELLS

We make it a point to meet the demand of the man behind the gun. Just look at this list. Can't we suit you?

22 short, 22 long, 32 short, 38 long, 32 Smith & Wesson center fire, 38 same, 38-40, 44-40, 41, 44, 45 Colts, 30-30 30-40, 38-55, 40-60, 40-65, 45-60, 45-70, 45-70, 45-75, 45-90 Winchester, 44 Henry, Snider shot cartridges, Mauser and Borchardt cartridges, 44-40 shot cartridges

All kinds of Shelf and Heavy Hardware **McBride Bros.**

Call or drop us a letter.

LOCAL NOTES

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

Odd Fellows' excursion tomorrow.

Keep the streets clean for the fair.

Odd Fellows' excursion tomorrow.

M. McInnis visited Moyie yesterday.

Fresh fruit always on hand at McConnell's.

Mr. Ryckman is building a residence on Baker hill.

For rent—Two rooms, inquire at the Herald office.

Don't forget the Odd Fellows' excursion tomorrow.

Johnnie get your gun, the game season is now on.

Mr. Elwell came down from Kimberley Monday evening.

Edward Logan, of Rossland, was in Cranbrook yesterday.

It is about time to start the incorporation ball rolling again.

Alex. Goyotte, formerly of Cranbrook, was in town yesterday.

Joe Lindsey, of Moyie, was a Cranbrook visitor yesterday.

W. W. Doble and his son Willie went to Macleod Wednesday.

Miss Ryan has gone to Spokane to attend the Inter-State fair.

Mr. Pooley, of the bank, has returned from his trip to the coast.

Mrs. Rookes gave her music pupils a picnic and ride last Saturday.

J. M. Carroll, of Kimberley, spent several days in town last week.

Manager Haines, of the bank, spent Saturday and Sunday in Nelson.

Born to Rev. Bowering and wife, on Friday, September 6, 1901, a girl.

Take a day off tomorrow and join the Odd Fellows' excursion to Moyie.

Miss Jennie Richards is now teaching school as substitute for Miss Dyker.

Magistrate Ross and Alex. Watson came over from Fort Steele yesterday.

Victor Rollins is taking a vacation at the Loop and other places along the line.

G. R. Lersk is getting the material on the ground for W. T. Reid's new residence.

There are a lot of preachers in town this week, but no one has lost any chickens.

Word received from Rev. Beacham would indicate that he will not return very soon.

Miss Watt returned Friday from Morrisey after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Breckenridge.

Reports say that Julius Hurel is doing a good business with his hotel at the Boundary line.

Mrs. G. R. Leask and son have gone to Spokane for a visit with relatives and to attend the fair.

J. J. Hunter, of the bank, left Wednesday for his vacation trip to his former home in the east.

William Hamilton and Ben Riley, of Moyie, were confined to the hospital the past week by illness.

Butter is going up in price. Better leave your order for a box or tub of fresh dairy with G. T. Rogers.

Mr. Sydney Arnold is enjoying a visit from his mother and sister, who recently came over from England.

For rent—furnished or unfurnished room in comfortable residence on Baker hill. Apply at Herald office.

George Nelson, of the government office, came over Monday and left Tuesday for Elko and Tobacco Plains.

Read McBride Bros. new ad. This firm will have something to say to you each week that will pay you to read.

Do you want to ride on the lake and have a good time. Join the Odd Fellows' excursion to Moyie tomorrow.

Remember the excursion to Moyie tomorrow. Take your wife or best girl and be on hand. Train leaves at 8:30.

Mrs. Malcolm Leitch expects to start for her home at Oak Lake in a few days. She will visit relations in Calgary on her return.

You supply the building, either house or hotel. Gilpin can supply from stock everything needed for its complete furnishing.

Superintendent Bury and Mrs. Bury left last Monday for Montreal, Mr. Bury being called east on important railway business.

E. L. Chudley, one of the train dispatchers, has returned from Medicine Hat, where he spent his vacation with Mrs. Chudley.

The large addition to the Leask & Slater mill is nearing completion. It will be a great improvement over the former arrangement.

The Herald is now satisfied with the rain received in response to the last advertisement, and is now desirous of three or four weeks of pleasant weather.

Mrs. James D. McBride returned Tuesday from the east where she has been spending the past summer for her health. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Edith.

Tom Wellman has returned from a trip to Chicago, where he attended the races at the Hawthorne track. He intended to get an automobile while there but changed his mind.

Fred Frith, of the International hotel at Moyie, was in town Monday. He says that there are a few Moyie miners who are coming up after the prize money in the rock drilling contest.

The Herald is in receipt of a neat pamphlet from the Toronto Globe, entitled "How to see Toronto in a day." It is an interesting collection of views and information, and a good thing to have around the office.

C. B. Winters, of the Nelson branch of the Bank of Montreal, stopped in town Monday evening as the guest of Mr. Haines, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Mr. Winters is on his way to Regina and the happiness of a benedict.

The report that Hon. Clifford Sifton would pass through town yesterday evening brought several of the faithful to the station. When the train stopped C. P. Hill, the Kitchener iron magnate, was the only distinguished gentleman who stepped off.

George J. Mass, of Nequame, Mich., spent several days last week in town. He was accompanied by his wife and her sister. Mr. Mess is heavily interested in iron mines in his native state and says that he may return here to take up a bond or two on some quartz properties that he investigated while here.

There was a wholesale holdup at Kholt last week, and among the victims were Mr. and Mrs. Kaiser, formerly of Fort Steele, who were the heaviest losers. The robbers got about $400 in cash, three gold watches, a diamond breast pin, a a diamond ring, four bottles of champagne, two bottles of whiskey and two of beer, and then ordered Kaiser to remain inside while they departed.

William J. Twiss, general agent in South East Kootenay, B. C., for The Mutual Life of Canada is in town this week. He is here on a tour of inspection and appointing agents throughout East Kootenay for his company. Mr. Twiss has appointed Ross Palmer as local agent, who will be glad to give all particulars regarding the many liberal plans and options given by The Mutual Life of Canada, which was formerly The Ontario Mutual Life. In this issue can be seen a card giving the company's standing since first organized in 1869 which is worth examining.

THOUGHTS .....AND FANCY

When the parties interested in the smelter deal were in town last week an incident arose that gave all of them an insight into the sporting proclivities of the Kootenay Indian. The owners of the Sullivan mine in the purchase of several horses last year acquired title to "Homely Hank," a horse without a pedigree that had won quite a reputation as a racer. In fact, the animal had cleaned up considerable money for his backers on numerous occasions, and among those who became intensely interested in his history, and rather proud of his partial ownership, was B. W. Layton, a heavy Sullivan stockholder, and sergeant at arms of the United States senate. On their return from the mine one afternoon, Mr. Layton, United States Senator Turner and Col. Ridpath were seated in front of the Cranbrook hotel, whiling away the time until the train arrived. Mr. Layton and Col. Ridpath were discussing the merits of "Homely Hank," when two Kootenay Indians came along. The Siwash is a sport, and will bet his last cent on a horse race. They all know "Homely Hank," and only recently bought a California horse of Tom Wellman that had displayed enough speed to clean up a big bunch of money for the Indians at the recent Windermere races. Layton had heard of this, and scented some fun. Using an idiom that was pretty close to Siwash English, Mr. Layton accosted one of the Indians as follows:

"You sabe 'Homely Hank?'"

A grunt of acquiesence was the reply.

"You catch 'em horse run against him?"

Another grunt.

"You run for money?"

"Yes, me run for money," replied the Indian.

"You run half mile or mile?"

"Me run mile."

"You no fooling, you run for money?"

A grunt and a nod of the head answered in the affirmative for the Indian.

The play had gotten to the stage where Mr. Layton proposed to spring his grand finale, and with a very determined air he said to the Indian:

"You run your horse for $50?"

The Indian shook his head.

"For $25?" queried Layton.

The Indian straightened up, then threw back his head, and with a look of pride and indignation, replied: "No! me no run $25 or $50. Me no cheap man. Me run for $500 or $1000. Me got the money. Me no talk. Me bet."

The wind was knocked out of the man from Ohio, and while Senator Turner and Col. Ridpath broke out into a hearty laugh, the red man of the Kootenays gathered his blankets around him and walked down the street with a majestic tread.

Mr. Hull, who represents large interests in the Sullivan mine, has a mark of distinction that follows him wherever he goes, and that his remarkable resemblance to President McKinley. During his brief visit in Cranbrook this fact was commented upon by quite a number of people, who were familiar with the well known features of President McKinley. Mr. Hull is an Ohio man, like the President, and during the World's fair had charge of that state's mineral exhibit at Chicago. At the dedication services he occupied a seat in one of the carriages in the parade to the grounds President McKinley was governor of Ohio at that time, and was present with his staff. Already a great favorite with the people, he was always greeted with cheers. On that occasion the crowd saw Mr. Hull, and taking him for the illustrious governor, hailed him with cheers all along the line. Mr. Hull enjoyed the joke and cordially lifted his hat to the enthusiastic but mistaken people.

Last Friday it was supposed that the boat race between Town and Gaudaur would be pulled off. It wasn't, but that didn't make any difference to Chief Dispatcher Walker, who fixed up the following bulletin and sprung it on the town through Tom Rookes, who officiated as public reader:

Water cleared at 3 o'clock for Gaudaur and Towns. Both oarsmen cheered by 12,000 people when they stepped into their shells to row for the championship of the world. Gaudaur smiling and looks confident, while Towns looks serious and appears nervous. In the warm up Towns shows up to better advantage than the champion and was at once installed as favorite in the betting. Several thousand dollars changed hands with Towns favorite and bets of $1000 to $700 were made every few minutes. One Rat Portage man has already bet $19,000 on Gaudar. At one minute to 4 o'clock a great shout went up from 12,000 throats as the gun was fired for the start. Both men got away on even terms. Water was choppy, and at the end of the first quarter Towns was nearly a length in the lead and rowing 39 to Gaudaur's 37. At the half mile Gaudaur made a grand spurt and came up on even terms with Towns, and the crowd became so excited that men, women and children cried, shouted, laughed, and at least 100 fell over the bank into the river. On the home stretch Towns was five lengths in the lead, when he stopped to save an old maid from drowning. She was among the 100 who fell into the river. Gaudaur came in ahead, but judges decided the old maid was a winner.

Superintendent Bury and the Strike.

The closing of the trackmen's strike has brought to the front one fact, on this division, and that is the excellent manner in which the train service was handled. Superintendent Bury adopted plans radically different from those followed on some of the other divisions. He allowed the men to continue to live in the railroad houses, he permitted them to continue to enjoy certain privileges granted them while at work, and in consequence, during the entire time of the trouble Mr. Bury retained the respect and good will of the striking men on this division. There never was any trouble on this part of the road, and trains were run promptly on time. Mr. Bury is deserving of no little credit for the manner in which he handled affairs, and his good judgment will no doubt be appreciated by the company.

Compliments the Herald Job Printing.

The Herald is in receipt of the following letter from Mr. P. T. Smyth, secretary of the Miners' Union of Moyie, that shows how the work of The Herald job office is appreciated by the people of the district:

Mr. F. E. Simpson, Publisher Herald
Cranbrook, B. C.

Dear Sir—The letterheads which I ordered from you have arrived. In ordering them I specified that I wanted an extra neat job; and indeed I got it. The work from every point of view is excellent. The type used shows the very latest faces, and the design is strictly up-to date. I consider it one of the most artistic pieces of job printing I have seen in the country. It reflects credit both on your establishment and on your workmen.

Sincerely,
P. T. SMYTH,
Sec'y Miners' Union.

An Artistic Piece of Work.

A. R. Turner, who has the contract for painting M. B. King's handsome new residence, is receiving many compliments for the tasty manner in which the work is being done. The colors are of varying shades of slate, and so artistically blended that the effect produced is harmonious and exceedingly pleasing to the eye. Of course tastes do not all agree when it comes to selecting colors for a residence, but no matter whether one prefers the striking combinations or those of milder hue, all agree that Mr. Turner is doing an excellent piece of work on Mr. King's house. He is painstaking and careful, and one of the best recommendations he has in his work is the fact that patrons come to him again when more work is wanted.

Rooms Wanted.

James Ryan, of the Cranbrook hotel, desires to arrange for rooms in private houses during the fair. Those having rooms will please confer with Mr. Ryan, so that your names may be on his list.

The Mutual Life Of Canada

Formerly the Ontario Mutual Life

A Company
OF POLICY HOLDERS
BY POLICY HOLDERS
FOR POLICY HOLDERS

Insurance in force	$30,000,000
Assets over	5,000,000
Accepted new business for year ending Dec. 31, 1900	4,671,712

Largest volume secured in the DOMINION by any Canadian Life Company.

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA is noted throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion for

Favorable Rates
High Dividends,
Honorable Dealing

It pays. Remember, death stops your salary

"Defer not till tomorrow to be wise
Tomorrow's sun to thee may never rise."

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA, is the only purely MUTUAL NATIVE LIFE COMPANY IN CANADA. It is owned and controlled by its policy holders, who alone participate in its dividends and surplus earnings.

For rates and information apply to
William J. Twiss, Kaslo,
Gen. Agt. Southeastern B. C., or
C. R. Palmer, Dist. Agt.,
Cranbrook

C. R. Palmer

General Agent for East Kootenay for the Singer Manufacturing Company's Sewing Machines, Oils, Needles and Accessories

Agent for Crown Tailoring Company, of Toronto. High-class Made-to-measure Clothing, Suits, Overcoats, Ladies' and Mens' English Rain Coats and Fur Lined Coats.

CRANBROOK

"It Pays to Deal With Beattie"

We Sell Soap

Not fresh, rancid impure soap, such as will injure the skin and complexion, but pure, clean, old, well seasoned soap, that will improve and beautify. Made by reliable makers, and at prices to suit the times.

R. E. Beattie, The Druggist

Just Coffee....

Coffee that is coffee, no adulteration, just the pure bean, guaranteed by Chase & Sanborn. We sell no other. Ask for samples and try it.

G. T. Rogers,

Fancy and Staple Groceries and Crockery.

The Weather is Dry

The pasturage is gone, but do not think the Feed is gone, or let your dairy or cattle shrink, or hens or chickens go hungry, for KING has just unloaded a car of Flour, Wheat, Wheat Chop, Bran, Shorts, Graham Flour and Oats.

The above can be had in any quantity. Don't fail to consult his prices before buying. Best creamery butter in stock

Call and See us **KING** The Grocer

WALL PAPER

Get ready for your fall wall-papering. We will sell wall-cheaper than it has ever been sold in the district.

PIEPER & CURRIE.

Moyie's Leading Hotel

Hotel Kootenay

The best of accomodations for the traveling public.

McMAHON BROS., Proprietors.

In Fabled Story

A wild boar was whetting his tusks against the trunk of a tree. A fox passing by asked why he did this, seeing that neither hunter or hound was near. "True," said the boar, "but when that danger does come, I shall have something else to do than to sharpen my weapons."

Putting on fire insurance is sharpening your weapons. When fire comes you can't do it.

SEE HUTCH TODAY

East Kootenay's First Annual Mineral, Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition

Cranbrook, B.C., Sept. 25 to 27, 1901

Three Days of Instruction, Interest and Enjoyment

MINERAL EXHIBIT, BUCKING CONTESTS
AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT, HORSE RACES

The best program ever seen in the country. See posters and circulars for further particulars. Specially low return railway rates from all points.

A. W. M'VITTIE
Secretary

Home Made Bread

That is what ours is like. Try it.

City Bakery.

Our buns, bread, cake and tickets for sale at G. T. Roger's grocery store.

An elegant line of Cranbrook Souvenirs

High Grade Watches Choice Selection in Jewelry

Reliable quadruple plated silverware, clocks, spectacleware, etc.

W. F. Tate, The .....Jeweler

Cranbrook, B. C.

Official Watch Inspector for C. P. R., Crows Nest Pass Division.

Cranbrook Livery

GEARY & DOYLE, Proprietors

Teams and drivers furnished for any point in the district.

HARRY FAIRFIELD Manager

East Kootenay Bottling Co.

Aerated Waters

Of all kinds.

Syrups, Champagnes, Ciders, Ginger Ales, Etc.

Soda water in siphons. The most economical way to handle it.

CHARLES P. CAMPBELL,

Undertaking And Embalming

Graduate of Champion college of U. S.

Office and store, Aiken block, near Canadian Bank of Commerce, Cranbrook, B. C.

Upholstering and General Furniture Repairing
Will attend to any work in the district

Drink Home Beer

It is Pure
It is Healthy
It is the Best

Ft. Steele Brewing Co.

Saddle Horses and Sale Stables

Stable South of Herald Office

Chas. S. Tripp, Cranbrook, B. C.

J. H. KING

Physician and Surgeon.

Office at Residence, Armstrong Ave.

OFFICE HOURS:

Forenoons	9:30 to 11
Afternoons	1:30 to 3:30
Evenings	7:30 to 8:30

CRANBROOK, : : : : : B. C

No. 182

Certificate of the Registration of an Extra-Provincial Company.

"COMPANIES ACT 1897."

I hereby certify that the "Clover Leaf Mining and Milling company," "non-personal liability," has this day been registered as an Extra-Provincial company under the "Companies Act, 1897," to carry out or effect for any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the Company is situated in the city of Spokane, state of Washington, U. S. A.

The amount of the capital of the Company is $75,000, divided into 1,500,000 shares of 5 (five) each.

The head office of the Company in this province is situate at Cranbrook, and John Ryan Costigan, barrister at law, whose address is Cranbrook aforesaid, is the attorney for the Company.

The time of the existence of the company is fifty years. The Company is specially limited under Section 56 of the said Act.

Given under my hand and Seal of Office at Victoria, province of British Columbia, this 6th day of August, 1901.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of joint stock companies.