THE CRANBROOK HERALD.

VOLUME 2. CRANBROOK, BRITISH COLUMBIA, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1899. NUMBER 1.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

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

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $6,000,000.00.

A General Banking Business Transacted.
Deposits Received.
London Agents--The Bank of Scotland.

CRANBROOK BRANCH. J. W. H. SMYTHE, Manager.

TORONTO CLOTHING HOUSE.

Just Arrived — A full variety of Ladies' and Gents' rubbers, Boys' strong boots and shoes, high rubber boots, braces, shirts, collars and SPRING HATS.

Here in a Few days — The largest stock of Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats--white and colored, Cambric Shirts, Underwear, Necklies, etc., ever brought to East Kootenay.

Get our prices and see our goods before making purchases.
Take a look at our English waterproof coat with cape, for $5, easily worth $7.50.

REID & CO.

Just Opened....

The Cheap Cash Store

Goods at Eastern Prices...
Values never before thought of in....
Gloves, Mits, Underwear,
Tobacco, Cigars Cigarettes and small wares
Just Opened a few lines of SILKS....
A Trial will convince all. Opposite the Depot,
One door west of St. Charles Restaurant.

Cranbrook Hotel

Guests Comfort a Specialty
Good Stabling in Connection

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

RYAN & MORRISON
.....Proprietors

ROYAL HOTEL,

THOMAS WELLMAN, Prop'r.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

First Class in Every Respect.

CRANBROOK ST. CRANBROOK, B. C

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL

SMALL & MUSGRAVE, Proprietors.

This hotel has just been opened to the public. The building is one of the best in East Kootenay. The furniture is new and the table is first-class. We have every facility for pleasing the public and we propose to do it.

Warmed Throughout by Furnace Heat.

Rates, $2.00 per day.
Short orders day and night. Cranbrook, B. C.

Commercial Hotel...

Baker Street, Cranbrook, B. C.

Conducted on the European Plan

WELL APPOINTED CLUB ROOMS

Best Wines and Liquors at the Bar

H. L. Cummins, C. E.

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR

FORT STEELE, : : BRITISH COLUMBIA

J. H. KING
Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE—SHERLOCK BLOCK,

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

....At Leask Hall....

Fri. and Sat.
.....MARCH 24 - 25

The Georgia :: Minstrels

Cranbrook . . .

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NEXT WEEK

Two Merry Nights of Fun
Darker Than Darkies From Dixie
Latest Songs and Dances
Many Laughs and Many Smiles

Don't Fail to See . . .
. . . the $10,000 Cake Walk

Doors Open at 20:00 | Admission 50c
Overture at 20:30 | Reserved Seats 75c

An Easy Shave and a First Class Hair Cut

You'r Next

The Cranbrook Barber Shop . . . .

W. E. DeVol, Prop.

Cranbrook Hotel

Everything New, Neat and Up-to-Date
Give Me a Call.
My Work is My Advertisement.

Queen's Hotel

E. C. Clarke, Proprietor.

(Late of Royal Hotel, Calgary.)

BAKER STREET, : : : NELSON, B. C.

A Modern Hotel,

HEATED THROUGHOUT WITH HOT AIR

And Provided with every convenience.

Wood and Freight.

J. H. McMULLIN

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Is Prepared to Furnish Wood and Deliver Same Promptly on order. Well seasoned and cut to stove length.

FREIGHTING AND HAULING

Of all kinds will receive prompt attention.

New Stationery Store.

I carry a complete line of
Stationery,
Cigars,
Tobacco,
Novelties.

Also a circulating library. Good reading for little money.

Try Our 5c Cigars.

F. H. CROSSLEY.

Opposite Cranbrook hotel.

C. L. HILLIARD,

General Blacksmith

CRANBROOK, B. C.

HORSESHOEING, MINING WORK AND GENERAL REPAIRING.

WAGON WOOD-WORK

Promptly Attended to.

McVittie & Hutchison,
—Dealers in—

Mines and Real Estate,

Mines and lands surveyed. Insurance
CRANBROOK, B. C.

M. A. BEALE,

MINING BROKER,

Commission and Insurance Agent.

Fort Steele, - - British Columbia

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Nelson city council is figuring on paving the principal business street.

The Kaslo custom house collected $2,107.40 during the month of February.

The Vancouver city council has arranged to raise the salary of Mayor Garden from $1500 to $2,000.

The Nelson Tribune says there is a kick in that town against the prominent location of the "houses of joy."

The Nelson Economist says that gambling is increasing in that town. So far as known the ante remains the same.

Trail citizens are disgusted over the fact that the government gave no return for taxes paid, and will seek incorporation as a means of relief.

Greenwood City's assessment roll has just been completed and shows that there is $550,000 worth of property. This is $200,000 more than last year.

W. P. Robinson, the Nelson sheriff, is endeavoring to resign, but up to date has not succeeded, and strange to say, no one wants his job. It is all honor and no money.

What is the matter with Trail? The News of that town publishes the following: "Wanted—A nice, clean little mountain town where the ladies cease from gossiping to the wearied men at rest. Address this office."

The Chinese in Victoria have of late been endeavoring to put letters and postal cards in the fire alarm boxes. This results in turning in false alarms, much to the discomfort of the firemen and the uneasiness of the citizens.

The Nelson Economist has made a bold move for the "hats off" policy at the theatre by publishing the following: "It is noticeable at the theatre that all the handsome women remove their hats. Ugly looking females insist on keeping on their headgear."

Golden Era: A gang of 19 men has taken out under contract two million feet of logs at Blaeberry for the Columbia River Lumber Company this winter. A shoot has been built for half a mile and the logs will be shot into the Columbia river for floating to the Beaver bottom.

C. J. Eckstorm, formerly of Wardner, but now a resident of Cascade, has returned from Coeur d'Alene lake where he went to find trace of his brother Theodore, who is supposed to have been drowned while crossing the lake on the rotten ice. No clue was discovered except that the shack in which his brother lived was empty and had the appearance of being vacated temporarily.

The Toronto Telegram has the following to say about the editor of the New Denver Ledge: "It is an honor and a pleasure to welcome to this city's midst R. T. Lowery, of the New Denver Ledge. Mr. Lowery has upheld the flag of Canada in the brilliantly humorous writings which make the Ledge the brightest jewel in the crown of western journalism. There is genius enough in the Bret Harte of the Kootenays to make a dozen reputations such as the Canadian Society of Authors raves over."

Moyie.

Moyie Leader.

The lumber is on the ground at Palmer's bar siding preparatory to building a railway section house.

Farrell Bros. have purchased quite a large quantity of lumber from Finch Bros., and are moving it to the Lake Shore addition. The lumber will be converted into a magnificent residence before many months.

Joe Wilmshurst and John Bremner are doing good work on the California mineral claim, and have made an excellent showing for the time they have been engaged on it. With depth the vein is becoming stronger and more thoroughly mineralized.

The hop given by Messrs. Campbell and Clark of the Moyie hotel on the evening of St. Patrick's day was a most successful social event. The crowd danced to the sweet strains of Prof. Murphy's orchestra until about one o'clock in the morning. Ben Murphy officiated as ball room promptor. A splendid lunch was served at 12 o'clock.

The ore shipments from the St. Eugene mine this week was five carloads, or 106 tons. The road between the mine and the siding is breaking up at a rapid rate, thus rendering the hauling of ore almost impossible, and it is likely that the shipments from that property will be light until the roads are fit for wagoning, or the tramway is put in. However the condition of the roads does not in any way effect the Lake Shore and shipments from that property will continue as usual. The owners will ship another carload the first of next week.

The New B. C. Clothing House.

Messrs. Maggs and Hughes, of the B. C. Clothing store, have opened their stock, and are getting the goods in presentable shape as rapidly as possible. These gentlemen are hustlers, Mr. Maggs having been with the Hudson Bay company at Winnipeg for years and Mr. Hughes with the store department of the C. P. R. They are opening a fine line of goods and are marking them down to prices that will prove most pleasing surprises to the people of South East Kootenay. The gentlemen said they intended to do business in the country, and it is quite evident they meant it.

By the Way!

Have you used Goldsworth's Tea? Every package guaranteed.

FORT STEELE MERCANTILE CO.

A full line of magazines at Crossley's Book Store.

THE REPUBLIC MINE SOLD

A Montreal Syndicate Secures This Great Property.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT DULY OPENED

An Horrible Hotel Fire in New York and Many People Dead --Telegraphic Notes.

TORONTO, March 15.—A deal was consumated at Montreal a few days ago by which the Republic mine passed into Canadian hands. The Canadians interested are Robert Jaffery, president and largest stockholder of the Globe Printing and Publishing Company, Toronto, the organ of the liberal party in Canada; Clarence J. McCuaig, A. A. Ayer and C. Kingman of Montreal. The deal was put through by Patrick Clark, the former owner of the War Eagle mine, and the chief owner of the Republic, in company with Volney D. Williamson of Spokane, who with Mr. McCuaig, consummated the well known War Eagle deal some time ago.

The correspondent was shown the official returns from 4000 tons of ore sent from the Republic mine to the Tacoma smelter. They average over $100 per ton, or $400,000 in all. Out of that sum $120,030 was paid in dividends and the balance included the expenses of equipment and other necessaries. The par value of the shares of the original company was $1 each, the capital being $1,000,000. It is said that the new organization will have a capital of $2,500,000 and will at once take steps to transfer the head office from Spokane to Montreal. It is the intention of the new company to retain half a million dollars of stock in the treasury and the full balance will go to the present shareholders, thus giving two shares for each one now held. Already a large block of the new stock has been sold to private parties. The new company will make application for listing on the mining stock exchanges of Montreal and Toronto when the organization is completely formed. It is expected that the issue price will be $3, but the price already offered really exceeds that amount.

Canadians are congratulating themselves upon closing such a promising deal.

Canadian Parliament Opens.

Ottawa, March 16.—The fourth session of the eighth parliament of Canada was opened by his excellency, the earl of Minto, this afternoon. Precisely at 3 o'clock, his excellency proceeded in state to the parliament building, escorted by the Princess Louise dragoon guards. He was received at the entrance by a guard of honor from the governor-general's foot guards, with band and colors, and was met inside the main entrance by the general officer commanding the militia of Canada, and the officers of the headquarters staff. His excellency was attended by Major Drummond, military secretary; Lieutenant Lasceles, of the Scots guards, and Lieutenant Graham, of the Coldstream guards, aides-de-camp, and by Mr. Arthur Guise, comptroller of the household and by the honorary aides.

The prime minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the secretary of state, Hon. R. W. Scott, and the minister of justice, H. David Mills, received his excellency inside the senate chamber. Being seated on the throne the black rod was dispatched to summon the house of commons and parliament being assembled his excellency was pleased to deliver the speech from the throne.

A Horrible Fire.

New York, March 17.—Flames, which originated from the igniting of a lace curtain, burst forth from the second floor of the Windsor hotel at 47th and Fifth avenue, shortly after 3 o'clock, just as the St. Patrick's day parade was passing the building, and in a few minutes they had leaped up to the roof and enveloped the entire Fifth avenue and 47th street fronts of the hotel. Ten minutes later the flames were roaring through the interior of the hotel and all means of escape by stairways and elevators was cut off, and there was the wildest scene of excitement within and without the building. Hundreds of the guests and employes were in the hotel when the fire broke out, and for many of them, to escape with safety was impossible.

It is now known that fifteen people lost their lives, but there are still about fifty missing. Among the dead were Mrs. Leland, wife of the proprietor of the hotel, and their daughter, Mrs. Kirk and daughter, of Chicago, family of the well known soap manufacturer. It is estimated that fully $1,000,000 in jewels and plate were destroyed, and a guard is stationed to watch the workmen at the ruins, and each man is searched when he quits work for the day for jewels.

C. N. P. Railway Investigation.

Montreal, March 18.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier has addressed to the Trades and Labor council the following reply to certain requests regarding the hardship of laborers on the construction of the Crows Nest Pass railway, dated Ottawa, March 13: "On my return from Washington I considered the report of the investigation made by Judge Dugas into the manner in which work had been carried on in connection with the Crows Nest Pass railway. In your letter of January 3, and in that which you sent me on March 1, you ask that the government render justice to the laborers who had worked on the road, according to the report made by Judge Dugas.

"After having carefully studied the report, I fear you have been wrongly informed concerning what it contains. I find therein no recommendation that might apply to the laborers who had worked on the road. The report, after stating the facts, makes some recommendations for the future, which will be found in the translation herewith enclosed. I send you, at the same time, a complete copy of the report, and should be very happy to receive any representations which you may have to make after the consideration of this letter."

Telegraphic Notes.

The Manitoba legislature is in session.

The battleship Oregon has arrived at Manila.

The California legislature failed to elect a senator.

Joseph Medell, the venerable editor of the Chicago Tribune, is dead.

Carter Harrison was nominated by the democrats to succeed himself as mayor of Chicago.

A shooting scrape took place at Hot Hot Springs, Ark., due to bitter feeling over the mayoralty campaign. As a result the chief of police and four others were killed.

THINK WELL OF CRANBROOK.

Two Strangers Express Most Favorable Opinions of the Place.

R. E. Gosnell, formerly provincial librarian, was in Cranbrook several days this week. Mr. Gosnell is taking a trip through the Boundary country and the Kootenays. He was most favorably impressed with Cranbrook, and very much surprised to find such a thriving place. "You have a beautiful townsite here," said Mr. Gosnell, "and every evidence of a prosperous town, and your location should give continued growth in the future."

Mr. Tate, the Macleod jeweler, who spent several days last week looking over South East Kootenay, returned home fully convinced that Cranbrook enjoyed advantages that would make her a most prosperous place. "I have carefully looked over the situation," said Mr. Tate, "and I am now sure that Cranbrook has a great future. I was slightly prejudiced against the place before I came, but after looking over the field I can easily see that Cranbrook should be the coming town, as she enjoys every advantage in the way of location and railway facilities, and the country must have a central point for doing business, and Cranbrook is surely the place."

CRANBROOK WILL CELEBRATE.

Arrangements Will Be Made for a Big Time July 1 to 4.

Owing to the fact that Cranbrook is centrally located and on the railroad, it has been deemed proper by the business men and residents of this town that a large celebration should be arranged for July 1st and 4th, of this year. With this idea in view action will be taken without delay to appoint the necessary committees, with the membership to include representatives from all the towns in South East Kootenay. It is the desire of the Cranbrook people this year to hold a district jollification, in which all the people of South East Kootenay will be asked to participate. The railroad boys will take a prominent part in the work, and their work in a celebration is always well done. Suggestions and assistance in preparing a program will be asked of the neighboring towns, and it goes without saying that, with our neighbors co-operating in the work, everyone who comes to Cranbrook on those days will have a glorious time.

Windermere District.

Jack Taynton is back at Kaslo from a recent trip to the Windermere district, of which section he was one of the pioneers, says a Kaslo paper. In 1884 in company with others he left Calgary starting for the Peace river country. The party becoming discouraged turned back from the Saskatchewan river, coming southwest, prospecting until Toby creek was reached. Placer diggings were being worked on many creeks from there to the famous Wild Horse gulch. Jack left East Kootenay for the Ainsworth district in 1891, and has resided in Kaslo ever since. There are three towns in the Windermere district, Windermere and Columbia City, between Horsethief and Toby creeks, near the Columbia, and Athelmore. The two latter are new sites. Butte capitalists are exploiting some of the properties on Toby creek. A number of Kasloites are interested in the district among which may be mentioned G. O. Buchanan, Geo. Stark and partner, Wellington Kinnee, Jim Desmond, J. E. Bigham, Dick Gallop and Jack Taynton. Where the ground can be irrigated ranching is successfully carried on, while stock thrives in the foothills and valleys. Jack turned some stock loose on the range eight years ago, and without any care or trouble he found himself the possessor of a small herd on his recent visit. His brother had attended to the yearly branding of them.

The Metal Market.

New York, March 20.—Bar silver, 59¾; Mexican dollars, 47½.

Copper, easy, brokers', $17½; exchange, $16¾ to $17¼.

Lead, easy, brokers', $4.20; exchange, $4.40 to $4.45.

Tin, easier, Straits, $23.62½ to $23.75. Plates strong.

$300,000 FOR THE BRANCH

C. P. R. Directors Want That Amount for the North Star Road.

CRANBROOK WILL BE BENEFITTED

This Town Will Be Headquarters for the Construction and Operation---Other News.

The annual report prepared by the officials of the C. P. R. for presentation at the yearly meeting to be held early next month contains many things of interest. The one subject that is of special interest to the people of Cranbrook and South East Kootenay generally, is the request for an appropriation of $300,000 for the "construction of branches from the Crows Nest Pass railway to the mines." As the North Star branch is the only one in contemplation at this time, naturally it is reasonable to suppose that this appropriation is intended for this particular piece of work. Nothing official has been given out as yet, as to the starting point of the branch, but every circumstance and all conditions point to Cranbrook. In fact Cranbrook is the only point from which surveys have been made to the mines, and the only permanent location made so far is the one made by Engineer Richardson last fall, from Cranbrook north to Kimberly. A trial line was also run from Kimberly to the Stemwinder mine.

If however, some other point near here be selected, such as Fort Steele Junction, which is quite improbable at this time, the effect will be the same on Cranbrook. Under any circumstances the starting point must be at Cranbrook or within a very few miles of this place. The yards, headquarters, roundhouse, coal bunkers, etc., being located here, this would be the headquarters anyway, and trains on the branch would arrive and depart from here. In any event Cranbrook will be benefitted. She is placed in a position where she is bound to win, no matter what is done.

Railroad Notes.

Golden Era: Mr. McCready, the timber inspector for the C. P. R., has had his duties so increased that he practically lives on board the train. He has now to take the work of timber inspector for the company from Prince Albert to Salmon Arm, and has also had the Crows Nest road added to his territory.

John Breckinridge, who has a piece of work on the Nelson & Bedlington road, was in Nelson recently. He says that there are 45 miles of road under construction, and that 2500 men are strung along the work. He expects that the grade will be finished about July 1, and that trains will be running over it about a month later. The sub-contractors will not make much out of the Nelson & Bedlington. What there is to make will be secured by the chief contractors, Foley Bros., Larsen & Halverson.

GONE BACK HOME.

H. T. Brown Returns to Spokane to Remain Permanently.

H. T. Brown left this morning for his home in Spokane, having disposed of his interest in THE HERALD to his partner, F. E. Simpson. Nearly two years ago Mr. Brown and the writer formed a partnership for the publication of the Wardner International, and later came to Cranbrook. Day after day, and week after week, we were placed in close association with him, and the better that we knew him, the greater was our regard and esteem for him. Even tempered, big hearted, fair minded, and as square a man as the Lord ever placed on his footstool, Mr. Brown, in his quiet, unassuming way, won the hearts of his friends and the confidence of the people. We will miss him, and miss him sadly. He was true blue, through and through, and we can never hope to have business relations with a better man. And if everyone would get his just dues on this earth, H. T. Brown's share of the good things of the world would be a princely one.

Another Business Block.

V. Hyde Baker has let the contract to George R. Leask for a two story building at the corner of Baker street and Van Horne avenue, facing the passenger station. The building will have fifty-two feet frontage and a depth of forty feet. In construction it will be similar to the Eakin block at the corner of Baker and Cranbrook streets. The first story will be used for storerooms, and the second floor will be divided into rooms. Work on the building will commence at once, and when it is completed it will add very much to the appearance of Baker street.

Building Notes.

Work on the machine shops have been retarded the past week by the snow storm.

J. Ellenberg has completed his shoe shop and taken possession.

Sherlock & Bremner have built an addition to their already large quarters and now have buildings extending the full length of their lot.

Hello, There!

Have you used Goldsworth's Tea? Every package guaranteed.

FORT STEELE MERCANTILE CO.

CRANBROOK HERALD

THRSDAY, MARCH 23, 1899.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year $2.00
Six months 1.00

EDITORIAL NOTES.

This is No. 1, Volume 2, of THE HERALD.

The pipe editor has resumed work on the Fort Steele Prospector.

They are after Hon. Fred Hume's political scalp again, and he says that if they get it this time they are welcome to it.

The sale of the great Republic mine to Montreal capitalists pleases the Canadians and fills the hearts of the Americans with joy.

It does a man good to look at the improvements under way in Cranbrook. Confidence is written in bold letters on every street as building after building goes up.

The beef exposures in the United States will be a solar plexus blow to the packer's combine of Chicago. Any person who has read the testimony brought out in the war investigation will hardly relish canned meats bearing the Chicago trade mark.

The Winnipeg Free Press issued an interesting legislative supplement on the 16th inst., giving pictures of the legislative buildings and members, and the parliament buildings with pictures of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. Clifford Sifton.

There is a great boom throughout Southern British Columbia this year, owing to the great influx of capital. There will be more development work this season than has ever taken place before in this province, and that will mean a great step forward.

Right at this time, if there were twenty-five cottages in Cranbrook to rent at sums from $12 to $20 a month, every one would be taken in forty-eight hours. The demand for such buildings is increasing, and as a field for investment there is none that is better.

Richard Choate, the United States ambassador to the court of St. James, captured the British people by his speech at his first public appearance. His remarks were characterized by sparkling humor, depth of thought and breadth of views, while there was a total absence of gush. Choate will be a great favorite in the diplomatic circles in London.

Editor Lowery, of the Denver Ledge, has returned home after a sojourn in the east. He dropped bits of philosophy from Denver to Montreal, and when he started to read his exchanges found that he was famous. And yet, it is a twenty-to-one shot that he will insist that fame never paid the persistent collector. Lowry is a financier as well as an editor.

THE HERALD regrets that its esteemed contemporary, the Fernie Free Press, has taken umbrage at a little pleasantry in the these columns at the expense of the Free Press. THE HERALD is too good a paper to indulge in such child's play. Take a day off, Henderson, and come over to Cranbrook. We will make it pleasant for you and cause you to regret that you had not come before.

THE HERALD'S stock of poems on beautiful spring and kindred subjects has been carefully wrapped up in blankets and placed in the warmest corner of the office. We have come to the conclusion that there is no use in getting gay simply because one can see a few patches of green grass and hear a lone robin sing. It has been firmly impressed upon our mind that at this time of the year it may snow in the morning, it may snow in the evening, or it may be so warm that one drops rapidly into the first stages of spring fever. March is a peculiar month in the Kootenays.

Telegraph Line to Dawson.

Winnipeg Free Press: Among the passengers on the Pacific express yesterday was a party which is being sent out by the government to construct a telegraph line from Skagway to Dawson City. The party comprises 15 men and Mr. J. B. Charleson, of the public works department, is in charge Work will begin when the party reaches Skagway, and it is hoped to have the wires strung and in operation to Dawson by the 15th of November next. Mr. Richardson, assistant electrican of the C. P. R., and Mr. Grimes, of Ottawa, will have charge of the electrical department of the work. The government will decide this summer whether or not to lay a cable from Vancouver to Skagway to make connections with the Dawson line from the government line now in operation to Quesnelle, B. C. In the course of a few more days ten more men will follow the party that arrived yesterday afternoon. Definite instructions will be received by Mr. Charleson from Ottawa when he reaches Vancouver, where the linemen will be engaged. In addition to Messrs. Charleson and Tache, Messrs. J. Gobeil and A. Boyet are with them as assistant engineers.

Fort Steele.

Fort Steele Prospector.

H. L. Amme and Charles Farrell are doing the assessment work on the Alice mineral claim, near Fort Steele.

T. T. McVittie will build a handsome residence on Riverside avenue in the near future.

K. J. Higby will open a half way house in the vicinity of Sheep creek.

J. T. Sanders of Sandon, is at Fort Steele. He will work some of his mining properties this summer.

I still have some lots more of the Scotch Thany suiting left. Call and see them. John Leask.

The Herald

Has the best equipped office in the Kootenays. Its facilities for turning out first-class Job Printing are complete. Send in an order and become convinced of the fact.

WHEN MOTHER GETS THE TEA.

When on a Sunday afternoon
The children are away,
And wife and I at home alone,
She'll look at me and say:
"We'll let the servants all go out;
When only you and me
Are left—just as I used to do,
I'll get your Sunday tea."

And so we watch them as they go,
The maids in ribbon gay,
Butler and cook and all the rest
Depart in brave array,
And when the last has disappeared
I rub my hands in glee—
And say: "Now, Mary! for old times!"
And "Mother" gets the tea!

Stand back, each Jane and Bridget,
And hide your blushing face!
If you could only cook like this
You'd never "lose a place!"
Such oysters, and such omelets,
Chickens and toast—ah me!
How happy 'twas when, long ago,
She always got the tea!

Those good old days, when we were poor,
And boys and girls were small;
Since then the Lord has prospered us,
While they've grown strong and tall,
And think they ought to have "more style—"
Perhaps such things must be—
But still I'm longing for the days
When "Mother" got the tea.
—Louise Edgar, in N. Y. Independent

A FORESTRY IDYL.

BY M. S. PADEN.

The wide doors of the Forestry building at the great Columbian exposition were hospitably open to the sunshine and winds from blue Lake Michigan; they entered and played hide-and-seek about the place, not dispelling, but blending with and carrying about that sweet, pungent scent that seemed to discerning "wood lovers" the spirit-essence of all the free, wild forest lives concentrated here in this wild-wood citadel, in the heart of a city, amid the tramping multitude from all corners of the crowded earth.

Its living fragrance lingered around several hearts of giant monarch trees, gnarls from misshapen forest gnomes, birch bark fashioned into slender canoes, opulent slabs of warm mahogany or rosewood, polished, satiny surfaces, smooth as the mirroring waters over which the glad boughs once bent, or marked by nature's subtle mimicry with the bird's eye that peeped through the maple branches, the swirl of the curling eddy beneath the ash, or a *hundred kindred traceries; it stole from* the spicy growths of tropic climes, even from the cocoa-woven mats of the French pavilion and the odd little baskets and quaint souvenirs of the Japs.

It had perhaps long died out of the finely pressed, mounted, and encased exhibits of twig and leaf, flower and fruit, from the woods of the different states; but somehow the man standing spellbound among these scientific dry bones of the "wild woods of West Virginia" felt it sweep across the senses of his memory with a wave of olden fragrance that submerged all his later years, the struggles, the gains, the dignities that had made him what he was—one you would mark in a crowd as a leader, a man of great affairs.

How he had ever happened to get away from his crowding satellites, to be alone here among these mute reminders of days too sweet to be remembered without pain, he scarcely knew. No one recognized him; nothing broke the spell.

What a bewildering breath it was that blew over him from the old woods, holding the moist, spongy odor of the breaking spring soil, rich with last year's leaves; the strange, exhilarating whisper of growing, flowing life, of hidden violets; the deepening scents of summer; the etherealized airs of languorous fall; breath of spring burgeon and autumn fruitage in one magic, impossible whole!

He saw again the white dogwood blooms, the glory of the frost-kissed leaves, the red spiceberries. He saw them where he had placed them, crowning the dark locks of her proud little head, resting on her breast, encircling her round young throat.

The redbud's early spring glory showered about him again, as soft, as glowing, as her shy, light maiden kisses, but so far more generous!

"Witch-hazel!" Ah, that was his teasing name for her in those past days—the winning little witch, with her shining hazel eyes and nut-brown hair. And here was the "honey locust," with its soft white blooms, its sweets, and its stinging thorns; that was he, too, he had said angrily, but now he knew he had been a poor fool not to know that sweets unguarded by thorns are cheap; not to know that it had been his to crush those willful little thorns and store the sweets for all his life's seasons, instead of drawing away petulantly, with a hurt pride that seemed petty vanity now. What was the final quarrel, after all? He could not tell; but, far as were these juiceless, impaled "specimens" from the sweetness of hopeful youth and love.

There was the knotty "Hercules club" in the corner; here were the still glossy leaves of the laurel. Surely he had wielded one and won the other from the great world beyond the forest, as in those old days he had dreamed of doing. His name was a talisman. In the heat of the struggle and the glow of success his heart had grown calous to aching; he had almost forgotten the old dreams, the old days. Why did their charm come back and make the rest seem nothing? If the wisdom of the world was more than the impulses of youth, why did it drop away as nothing from the unsatisfied heart? Why does the keen essence of our enjoyment linger in the aftertaste of the undrained cup put away by our careless hands for others' draught or for the spilling?

He thought of his stately wife's blond, jewel-decked beauty—surely he had appreciated it—her gracious manners that had, people said, contributed much to his success. Why did the poise of that little brown witch's head come back defiantly to his memory, softening into a pliant droop of sweet yielding that his placid wife's had never known?

"Hazel!" he said, under his breath; it seemed to him that he would give his world to be standing under the old trees in his young manhood again, calling to her to let her know that he guessed her first at the tryst and hiding for maiden pride. Once he had come upon her, wearied with waiting and hiding lest he find her waiting, curled up in the coils of a wild grapevine, fast asleep, with the tears of tired disappointment on her long lashes. Oh to find her so *again, to take her in his* arms and kiss away the tears, and then go wandering through the sunset woods until it were time to step together over the edge into the dim world beyond!

"We chose the spot in the old graveyard at the edge of the forest," he recalled, "that should cover us both until the birds sang and the new leaves unfolded on the resurrection morning." Somewhere there was a costly marble that recorded the virtues of his wife's first husband—the love of her youth, doubtless: she would rest better there—but, room for him?

The face of his wife's brother struck on his vision across the crowd. Some men near were talking of a vast concern, enrolling many fortunes, yet whose future he held at a nod. Why should he feel old and as if life were over?

He was waking from his dream that she was near and that he might come upon her at any moment. He turned away, almost stumbling over those in his path. Unheeding his steps, save that he turned in the opposite direction from where his wife's brother stood, he was passing the North Carolina pavilion. Was he dreaming still? Who but one could be that small, brown figure, fallen asleep on the rhododendron settee, the quaint knots and gnarls that mimicked a carven back framing her figure as had the grapevine coil? Tears glittered on her lashes.

"Tired to death!" some one said, smiling and stepping away softly. He sat down beside her, took her hands in his, and quickly kissed a tear away, just as he had done—why, it seemed but yesterday.

"Another Columbian bride and groom!" tittered a group of young girls, quick to spy romance in a corner. It could not be so many years, after all, he thought.

She stirred and said something in the unintelligible language of the dream world.

The downcast lids troubled him, as the *resemblance of sleep to death* sometimes urges us to break the former. When she waked and he looked into her eyes, the past would live again. It would be like looking into one's own warm home fire.

He kissed away the other tear.

"Hazel!"

She awoke startled.

Oh, the dear, dead dreams of youth! Do they never come back, then? What was it, so like yet different? A fire like ours in a neighbor's house, or a home fire to which one returns forgotten?

She called him by the empty title men had given him, not by the royal name of the old, young love. She looked, not into his eyes, but at the locks waving above his forehead, and he felt their frosty whiteness against the brown of hers.

"You did remember her? And you knew she called me Hazel? I am so glad you spoke to me; anyone who knew her would know me. Or did Don—Mr.—your son tell you who I was? I saw you often, but was afraid to speak to you."

"Where is she?" he asked, his strong dreams and memories crystallizing, but the truth was vague at first,

"Mother"—the girlish brown eyes filled with tears—"is in the old graveyard—you will remember it—on the hill at the edge of the woods. We walked there often. She wanted to lie, she said, where the shadows and the leaves of the old trees would drift over her while she waited. It has been so lonely since she went. You know my father was killed by a falling tree before I was born, and so there were just she and I. She told me of you, but she thought you had forgotten her."

"Mine has been a busy life," he said, "among forests of men, not of trees." And he passed his hand over his brow. "I have forgotten much, but not—your mother."

"She said you had climbed far above her and the old days, and so she said *she would not have me tell your son of* the old friendship, since it would but strengthen your decision that a little country girl was no more a fit mate for him than she for his father. I met him in the college town, you know."

"You—you are Hallie Dean? I never knew that Hazel married. And I was spoiling Don's life, as I spoiled mine, in its sweetest part! But how did you come here? Does he know?"

"I came with the class from the college; I am teaching there. He found me here, but I—I had just sent him away. I thought she would have told me to, since you wished it."

"No. I have been lonely, too, and I think Don has; his mother has been dead for years. Won't you come to us and let us lose our loneliness all together, all three? I—I have not forgotten your mother; I think she would be happy to know of it, as she lies waiting there in the old graveyard at the edge of the wood, with the snows of its winters and the leaves of its summers drifting over her. She would be glad to know that you are my child now."

The air about them was sweet with the subtle, freed essence of those hewn and crushed, drained and dried forest lives of other days, in a new, exultant existence, and with who knows what of some subtler essence of human lives whose blossoming springs and summers were passed, yet for whose hacked limbs of hope and faded, scentless joys there breathed impalpable yet poignant assurance of resurrection promise beyond—beyond.—Lippincott's.

Rather a Damper.

He—A penny for you thoughts, Ethel.
Ethel—They're not worth so much.
"Really?"
"No; I was only thinking of you!"—Odds and Ends.

River Days Before the War.

MURRELL, the chief of Murrell's gang, took pattern after Mike Fink, Sam Gritty and "Col. Plug," and his depredations were as terrible and far-reaching as any of the pioneers of his profession.

Mark Twain, in his "Life on the Mississippi," calls Murrell a wholesale rascal to distinguish him from Jesse James' retail rascally deeds. "What are James and his half dozen vulgar rascals compared with this stately old criminal, with his sermons, his meditated insurrections, and wary captures, and his majestic following of 1,000 men, sworn to do his evil will."

Murrell seems to have been a most dexterous, as well as a consummate villain. When he traveled his disguise was that of an itinerant preacher, and it is said that his discourses were very soul-stirring and so interesting to hearers that they forgot to look after their horses, which were carried away by his confederates while he was preaching. But Murrell's most lucrative occupation was stealing slaves to sell them in another quarter. He had a peculiar way of managing that part of his business. One of his men would tell a negro, for example, to run away from his master and allow him to sell him to another, whereby he could secure half of the money paid for him. Then the negro was advised to run away the second time, return to the gang and be sent to a free state by them, where he would be safe. Many poor wretches complied with this request, hoping to obtain money and freedom. They would be sold in this manner three or four times, until the Murrells had realized $3,000 or $4,000 from the repeated sale of one man. After this, for fear of detection, the method would be to get rid of the only witness against them, which was the negro himself. He was murdered and his body thrown into the Mississippi river.

The general rendezvous of this gang was on the Arkansas side of the river, where they concealed their negroes in the morasses and canebrakes. Though it was well known that Murrell was the head of this gang of outlaws, it was difficult to obtain proof against him. A young man named Stewart finally gained his confidence, turned traitor and exposed the whole concern, bringing home sufficient evidence against Murrell to send him to the penitentiary for 14 years.

It was found that a good many men who bore respectable names in the sections in which they lived were connected with Murrell's gang, and every effort was made to discredit Stewart's statements. He was obliged to leave the southern states in consequence.

One of the most daring deeds of the notorious outlaw was the rebellion he incited in New Orleans, his object being to raise the blacks against the whites, taking possession of the city in the melee and plundering it at leisure. The story is told by Capt. E. W. Gould, one of the oldest river captains, now living in New York. Capt. Gould collected it from accounts furnished by the man Stewart, who vouched for its correctness, and declared that it was told him by Murrell himself at the time he was in his confidence.

"I collected all my friends about New Orleans," said Murrell, "at one of our friend's houses at that place. We sat in council three days before we got all our plans to our notion. We then determined to undertake the rebellion at all hazards, and make as many friends as we could for that purpose. Every man's business was assigned to him, and when all was ready the signal was given for the rebellion to break loose. The history of it is well known. Suffice it to say that we carried off thousands of dollars in horses, cattle, and other movable property, and killed people without number who were in our way."

Another noted outlaw in the early part of the century was Mason, the highwayman of the Natchez Trace, who infested the canebrakes near Walnut hills, from where they boarded many a boat, killing the crew and carrying off the cargo.

A story well remembered by old-time St. Louisans is that of the murder of young McKenzie on the steamer Nellie Rogers. Young McKenzie was the son of a prominent merchant of St. Louis, a most estimable gentleman, who was at one time an Indian trader on the upper Missouri. The elder McKenzie had married a squaw, Indian fashion, and raised a family of half-breeds, a part of which he took to the states and educated.

Young McKenzie, then about 30 years old, had returned to his tribe, the Crows, married and was living at Fort Peck. He, with his wife and young child, together with a large number of Indians of both sexes and of all ages, had encamped on the bank opposite where the boat was discharging. They all had access to the boat, and were constantly passing to and fro.

The bar on the boat had been closed by the order of Charles P. Chouteau, the owner of the line, and no excessive drinking was allowed. They had on board as a passenger all the way from St. Louis a Mr. Clark, formerly from Philadelphia, a quiet, gentlemanly man of education, who for ten or twelve years had been living among the Indians at Benton.

After the boat had been lying there for several hours Mr. McKenzie came aboard with others and stepped into the cabin. Just as he got abreast of the stove in the hall Clark came out of his stateroom, one of the first in the cabin, with pistol in hand, and without a word fired at McKenzie. The latter fell dead, shot through the heart. His wife, with her kindred and friends, was among the first to rush aboard. The excitement among the Indians became intense.

The crew and passengers, too, were badly frightened, apprehending summary vengence from the Indians, who were entirely masters of the situation. The fires were out, and no steam could be had to move the boat for several hours. All that seemed to stand between an outraged body of fighting Indians and the Nellie Rogers was Rev. Father De Smet, for many years a missionary and manager of Catholic missions among the Indians. He happened to be on board the boat, as he frequently was on expeditions of this kind. It was decided that Clark should be disposed of, for it was evident that there was no safety for the boat while he remained on board. Ponies were secured from the traders at Fort Peck, 12 miles distant, who had come to see the steamboat. Clark, with two or three others, who were anxious to get to Fort Benton, started with very little preparations. Before the Indians had got over their consternation, Clark, whom none of them knew personally, had got beyond the reach of their fleetest horses, and, through the influence of Father De Smet, they probably never pursued him.

Among the passengers on the Nellie Rogers on that day was "Tom Dorris," a young man from St. Louis, bound for the gold mines at Helena. He was one of Clark's companions in the Gilpin race. The riders traveresed the distance of 200 miles in three days. The cause for the murder of young McKenzie was never definitiely ascertained. It was believed that an old grudge existed that was to be settled in that way whenever the parties met. Nothing was ever heard of Clark afterward beyond a letter written by a gentleman living at Findlay, O., in 1889. The story here told was published in a Cincinnati paper at that time, and the announcement was made of Capt. E. W. Gould's forthcoming book. This gentleman, who requested that his name be not used, wrote that he met Malcolm Clark at Fort Benton in 1862. Clark, he said, was a man to be feared, but a gentleman when not angry. He was married to a beautiful half-breed girl, with whom he seemed to live quite pleasantly. She had a brother named Isadore, who made his home with Clark and hunted and traded with him. In 1865 Clark moved to Prickly Pear creek and located a ranch there. For some reason Clark became cruel and overbearing to his wife. After enduring it for awhile she appealed to her brother for protection. He and Clark had an altercation, in which Isadore shot and killed him.

On the 3d of January, 1844, the whole city of St. Louis was thrown into consternation and feverish excitement by the report that the steamboat Shepherdess had been wrecked in Cahokia bend, only three miles from the center of the city. Many lives were reported to have been lost. Several boats were immediately dispatched to the scene of the disaster, and the worst rumors were soon verified.

The Shepherdess, while ascending the Mississippi river on her way from Cincinnati to St. Louis, struck a snag at 11 o'clock at night just above the mouth of Cahokia creek. The night was dark and stormy. The concussion was severe, and several planks were torn from the bottom of the boat. There were between 60 and 70 passengers on board. Most of them had retired, but four or five gentlemen in the cabin were sitting around the stove, for it was cold, winter weather.

In less than two minutes after the boat struck the water rose to the lower deck, where most of the passengers in that part of the boat were asleep. The captain ran to the cabin occupied by the women and assured them that there was no danger. Then he returned to the forecastle and is supposed to have been washed overboard, as nothing was seen or heard of him afterward. One of the pilots attempted to descend into the hold for the purpose of examining the leak, but the rush of water quickly drove him back.

Shrieks of distress arose from the deck below, and several women who ran to the stern railing reported that they saw a number of persons struggling in the river. The water rushed in with tremendous rapidity, and before three minutes had elapsed it had risen to the floor of the upper cabin. Some persons on the upper deck saved themselves by getting into a yawl, which was cut loose and rowed to the shore with a broom.

The rapid rise of the water caused all those who could to seek safety on the hurricane deck. This position was not attained without great difficulty, for the bow had sunk so deep in the water that the only access was by way of the stern. Meanwhile the boat was drifting down the stream, and a few hundred yards below she struck another snag, which rose above the surface. This threw the steamer nearly on her beam ends on the larboard side.

Drifting from the snag, she again lurched to starboard. With every lurch several persons were washed off. Some of them reached the shore, but many were drowned. A short distance below, just above the first shot tower, the hull struck a bluff bank, which again careened the boat nearly on her side. The hull and cabin parted. The former sunk and lodged on a bar above Carondelet, while the cabin floated down to the point of the bar below that place, where it lodged and became stationary. As the cabin passed the steamer Henry Bry lying at the shot tower, its captain heard the frantic cries of the passengers. He went to their rescue in his yawl, but only a few at a time could be taken off.

Among the passengers was Col. Wood's famous "Ohio Fat Girl," who weighed 440 pounds. She was saved by the combined efforts of Capt. Robert Bullock, of Maysville, Ky., and several other men. The mayor of St. Louis, who personally assisted in relieving the sufferers, caused all who were saved to be taken to the Virginia hotel. It was estimated that 60 persons perished in the disaster.—St. Louis Republic.

MOYELLE!

This is the name of the new town at the foot of Moyie Lake.

Lots are being sold rapidly, and arrangements have been completed for a number of new buildings that will be erected without delay.

Lumber is on the ground for depot buildings.

For prices and terms see

W. N. BRAYTON,

Townsite Agent.

The Cranbrook Lumber Co.

Saw and Planing Mills

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—ALL KINDS OF—

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

IN STOCK OR MADE TO ORDER.

T. A. Creighton,

The Grocer.

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

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

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

The Purity Of our drugs and chemicals

The Accuracy With which our prescriptions are prepared, and

The Stability Of all our preparations, combined with fair dealing, are the sterling qualities on which we are building an honest business.

It pays to deal at the **Post Office Drug Store,**

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SHERLOCK & BREMNER,

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Fernie, Wardner, Cranbrook, Fort Steele, Moyie.

Calling Cards at The Herald Office.

UNLUCKY ILLUSTRATION.

No Wonder It Caused Poor George Nothing but Sorrow.

The boys ont at the Fourth precinct station are telling this story on one of their number. It appears that the hero of the tale has a sweetheart over on Cedar avenue. He has loved her long and truly, but up to a short time ago lacked the courage to tell her of his passion. But he finally mustered up all his bravery—it required more nerve than facing an ugly mob—and marched to her home.

"Mary," he said, "I love you."

Mary started slightly. She had been expecting this remark for some time. She blushed, however, and then coyly said:

"Ditto, George."

To her surprise and chagrin, George changed the subject and presently took his departure.

A few nights later he was on his way to his beat with two of his brother officers.

"Say, boys," he said, "I want to ask you something. You know I've been keeping company with a girl on Cedar avenue, and the other night I—well, I told her I loved her, and, say, all she said was 'ditto.' Now, what in thunder does 'ditto' mean?"

The brother officers laughed loud and long.

"Don't you know what that means?" one of them cried.

"No, I don't," said George.

"Well, it's easy," said the friend. "Look over the fence." They were just passing an east end cabbage patch. "What do you see?"

"Cabbages," replied George.

"Well, now look at that particular cabbage head right there."

"Yes," said George.

"Now look at the cabbage head next to it."

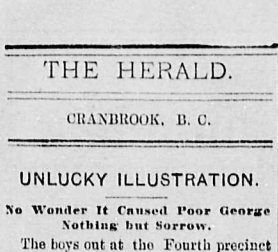
"Yes," said George.

"Well, that's it. The first cabbage head is a cabbage head and the other one is ditto."

"What!" roared the irate George. "Did that blamed girl call me a cabbage head?"

And he turned away and refused to be comforted.

A Hold Up.



"Mugsy, I got de drop on yer dis time, so gimme back my shirt dat you got on before I soak yer."—New York Journal.

A Depressing Influence.

"You ought to be happy," said the Chinese philosopher. "You have all that a man ought to wish for. All you lack is a few empty signs of power."

"Yes," answered Li Hung Chang, "I'm the richest man on earth, and I suppose I ought to be happy. But I'm not. I can't be comfortable when I realize that the empress dowager may at any moment take it into her head to use my peacock plumage for a feather duster and my yellow jacket for a mop."—Washington Star.

Green City Folks.

Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, I had some city boarders durin th' summer, but I didn't interdooce 'em around much 'cause I saw they wasn't fust class folks what goes out of the city every summer.

Neighbor—Oh! They showed they'd never been in the country before, did they?

Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, indeed. Why, the very fust meal they asked for cream. —New York Weekly.

One Exception.

"Yes," said the heavy set man with the thick neck and the blue black chin, "the old days were the best—the old actors, the old plays, the old scenery, the old audiences. Yes, I believe with the poet that old things are the best."

"Not eggs," said the watery eyed comedian in his high, shrill voice.

And a shudder ran around the room. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Jack Was "Sounding."

Recently on the Bubbling Well road, Shanghai, two tars from H. M. S. Algerine were disporting themselves by wabbling along on bikes. A collision took place, one of the men landing on his nose in the road, while the other disappeared, machine and all, into a ditch. The gentleman in the road sat up and failed to see his chum, so he yelled:

"Bill, where the blazes are you?"

"Sounding, boy, sounding," came the response as the individual addressed emerged into the road, coated from stem to stern with green slime and mud and dragging the machine after him by one wheel.—Nuggets.

He's Engaged to Two Others Now.

Harry—Say, old man, I'm in a horrible fix.

Fred—What's up?

Harry—I've gone and got engaged to two girls. How the dickens am I going to get out of it?

Fred—Oh, that's easy enough! Just contrive to get them together so that they can compare notes. — Chicago News.

Heredity.

"You keep your hand out o' them peanuts!" exclaimed the 5-year-old merchant who had set up a store in the front yard of the parental dwelling.

"I won't nuther!" replied the 5-year-old customer, helping himself again. "My dad's the p'leceman on dis block!" —Chicago Tribune.

Philosophy.

Nippen—I was sorry you didn't think to bring my umbrella back yesterday. I got wet through for the want of it.

Koolwun—Sorry, I'm sure, but I couldn't return it yesterday without getting wet myself. A man is bound to look out for himself first, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

BLIND TOM'S MOTHER

HER NAME IS CHARITY WIGGINS AND SHE IS 85 YEARS OLD.

Convinced That Her Famous Son Has Been Prejudiced Against Her by Persons Who Want to Control His Money—Where She Lives and How Spends Her Days at Columbus, Ga.

It is not usually known that Blind Tom's mother is alive, but such is the case. Her name is Charity Wiggins. She lives in Columbus, Ga., with one of her daughters.

Aunt Charity is 85 years old, and is one of the colored people who belong to the old southern regime. She is courteous, intelligent, deferential and wins the respect of her own race and the white race.

She is looked upon in the light of an oracle by the colored people in Columbus, for she has travelled far and wide with her son, the famous Blind Tom, musician.

Aunt Charity never gets tired of telling of her son Tom. If the northern visitor who frequents the Georgia resorts will go out to the suburbs where she lives Aunt Charity will receive the guest with courtesy and good will and sit and talk to her about her son, the genius of the age.

But Aunt Charity has a grievance, and she will tell you that as soon as she tells you anything about Tom. She says he is not writing to her as often as he should. Aunt Charity believes that the people he is living with at Highlands, N.J., have prejudiced him against her and that is the reason she rarely hears from him.

She probably has a good deal in her favor in this prejudice, for there is something very queer about Blind Tom's being kept so closely and guarded so secretly in that queer old hermitage on the coast of New Jersey.

The natives in that place say that it is as much as a man's life is worth to talk to Blind Tom; that he is guarded like a prisoner. If poor old Aunt Charity knew all about her son that the natives are saying, the old soul would be sorrier than she is now. It certainly is true that somebody has Blind Tom's money, and his mother has not a bit of it.

She travelled for nine years with Blind Tom, and that travelling was as near heaven as she will ever get this side

MOTHER OF BLIND TOM.

of the real heaven. The other heaven which she enjoys in this life is the exceeding astonishment she creates in her own race by talking to them for hours in the dusky southern twilight of the wonderful things she saw and the things she heard during these great nine years when she was north. However, old Aunt Charity always winds up with a shake of the head and says: "But I am mighty glad to be back in Georgia!"

Aunt Charity says the reason she has for believing that Blind Tom was prejudiced against her was the same reason that made her leave New York. She was there four years ago, and Tom came to her and said: "Mother, you must go home." "Tom, what put that into your head?" Then he put out his hands as if he would shove her away. He said: "If you don't go we will make you go," and he intimated that the people had told him to say this.

The people were evidently those shrewd ones who knew that if Tom's family had Tom's money there would not be much left for them. Aunt Charity gives it out as a fact that Tom is only 40 years old, whereas the world has always considered him to be a decrepit old man because he has gone out of its sight.

Aunt Charity is not only a character in Georgia as the mother of Blind Tom, but she is the mother of 20 other children. When you ask her the names of her children it is impossible for her to recollect all of them.

Nothing is more pleasant to the visitor to Columbus than to find Aunt Charity and to go out and talk to her about Tom's being imprisoned away from her and hear the stories of his great power.

She is as perfectly sure as she is of heaven that he is the only great genius that America has produced. With a great deal of interest she tells you of the first day when the little Blind Tom crept to the master's piano and played a tune.

Aunt Charity is in perfect health, is as fine as ever mentally, and expects to live to be more than 100, and has only one trouble—Blind Tom's behavior to her.

Happy Thought.

Miss Million—Oh, I have thought of a lovely way to help the poor striking tailors!

Mrs. Billion—What is it, dear?

Miss Million—I am going to make all my own gowns.—Town Topics.

She Gave In.

She—The man that I marry must be able to see beyond his nose.

He—And how many of your "noes" will he have to ignore?

Then she gave in and consented to be his.—Chicago News.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD

A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming
A moment's looking backward on the way;
To kiss my hand to long past turrets gleaming
To stand and think of life of yesterday!

A little time to dream of sunlit hours
Spent where white towers rise against the sky,
To tread again that path of too sweet flowers.
To hear again her greeting and goodby!

What is there, say you, in that faroff city
Of my past living and past loving left,
Wrapped in its golden haze, to stir my pity
And call the bitter sigh of the bereft?

The memory of a touch warm, trusting, clinging,
The memory of that touch gown cold as ice?
A voice hushed that was pure as wild bird's singing?
A love whose bright flame burned in sacrifice?

Only a grave? Life of today will touch me
Its stream fleets fast for sorrow and regret.
Beyond this turn its sweeping wave will reach me.
I must go with it, as we all go! Yet—

A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming,
A moment's looking backward on the way;
To kiss my hand to long past turrets gleaming,
To stand and think of life of yesterday!

—L. Marion Jenks in Donahoe's

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria.

TO WED A DUKE.

Miss Pauline Astor, Who May Become Duchess of Roxburghe.

When William Waldorf Astor removed himself and family to England, bought a town house, a castle and a London newspaper, he practically expatriated himself and became an Englishman, so the announcement that his only daughter, Miss Pauline Astor, is to wed one of the English nobility should cause no surprise. The Duke of Roxburghe, to whom it is said she is engaged, is a peer of ancient lineage and has an enormous fortune, so he is by no means a fortune hunter.

Miss Pauline Astor is a very pretty young woman of 19 of whom Americans have seen and heard very little. She went to live in England when she was a child, and now she would hardly be recognized even in the most exclusive Newport circles.

MISS PAULINE ASTOR.

She is probably one of the richest of American heiresses, for she is one of only three children, and her father's fortune is conservatively estimated at about $200,000,000.

Miss Pauline is the one daughter of this branch of the great Astor house. Her mother, before her marriage one of the most beautiful of Philadelphia maiden belles, was the lovely Mamie Paul, daughter of Admiral Paul, U. S. N. Miss Astor resembles her beautiful mother, although she is not so willowy as was the lovely Mamie Paul at the same age.

She was named Pauline to prettily perpetuate her mother's maiden name and inherits the lustrous dark eyes, olive skin, beautiful mouth and teeth which have made the Paul women for generations famous beauties.

Miss Pauline Astor will, like little Miss Cornelia Bradley Martin, and also like Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, step from her schoolbooks to the altar. She has never attended school but has received a careful education and many accomplishments through her governesses and tutors at Cliveden.

She has not been out at all socially, and except that she has presided with girlish grace and ingenuousness at the dinners and teas given by her father at his magnificent estate at Cliveden during the past year she is personally unknown to the smart world of fashion. The last time Miss Astor came to America her father brought her especially that she might be confirmed in the church so beloved by her mother.

YOUNGEST CONGRESSMAN.

Martin H. Glynn of Albany Will Have That Distinction.

Among the new members of the Fifty-sixth congress is Martin H. Glynn, a young lawyer and newspaper man, who represents the Twentieth district of New York state. He will be the youngest member of the next house of representatives. Although only four years out of college Mr. Glynn is a member of the Albany county bar and the managing editor of the Albany Times-Union. He is a self made man and has worked his way up in the world.

Born in the Democratic town of Kinderhook, N. Y., within the shadow of the old home of Martin Van Buren and only a few miles away from the natal place of Samuel J. Tilden, it is but natural that Mr. Glynn should be a Democrat of the Tilden and Van Buren type. His early days were spent on a farm and in the public schools of his native town. After completing his studies at the public schools Mr. Glynn worked as an accountant by day and studied the classics by night until he had acquired the means and erudition requisite for admission to college.

In the fall of 1889 Mr. Glynn entered Fordham college, and in June, 1894, was graduated therefrom at the head of a large

MARTIN H. GLYNN.

class, carrying off all the honors of his year and leaving on the annals of the college a brilliant record as a student, a writer and a speaker.

As a writer Mr. Glynn has gained considerable prominence by his articles in the leading periodicals of the country, while as an orator his reputation has been firmly established by his speeches on the stump, his lectures before different societies and his addresses at scores of gatherings. In the recent campaign he stumped his district from end to end, making two, three and four speeches a day and everywhere winning golden meeds of praise for his oratorical powers. The intensity of the campaign through which he went is shown by the fact that he defeated a man who was elected two years ago by over 5,000 majority.

Not Interested.

Mabel—You have been wanting some slippers. Here's your chance. A "gigantic slipper sale" is advertised in the paper.

Amy—You had better get a pair yourself. I don't wear gigantic slippers. —Nuggets.

Tested Him.

Butler—Oh, Mr. Toot, while you were out a gentleman called—

"Ah! Was he a big, strong man?"

"No, he wasn't very strong. I found no trouble in throwing him out."—New York World.

Exciting.

"Drat the bell! And just when I got to where the marquis poisons the duchess' beef tea."—Nuggets.

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

The Spanish Peace Commissioners.

No more with Parisian chefs may we roam
We'll take back our blue dishes and dollies.
We've had fillet of beef and champagne, but at home
They will probably give us tamales.
—Washington Star.

Sleeplessness.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for awhile and temporary relief. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

Advice.

"If you do not marry me, I shall hang myself!" exclaimed a lovelorn Denver young man.

"Well, if you do, please go down a block," was the cheerful response, "for I heard papa say he did not want you to hang around here."—Denver Times.

The Flagging Energies Revived.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the lagging energies.

Not Improbable.

First Brute of a Man—I saw in this morning's paper that a woman killed a dog that tried to bite her.

Second Brute of a Man—By Jove, you don't say so! I wonder how she did it?

First Brute of a Man—Probably she talked it to death.—Ally Sloper.

Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sabin, says: "My eleven-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the street railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

Wants a Creditable Showing.

"You said Buster was getting ready to fail."

"He is, but he hasn't got his liabilities big enough yet."—Chicago Record.

Regular.

"Little boy, do you attend church regularly?"

"Yes, sir, every Christmas, sir."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Rash.

"Why did the young doctor call it smallpox?"

"It was a rash guess."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Winter Complexions.

Mr. Richfello (in an "L" train)—What a lovely complexion that girl has!

Seaside Belle—Yes, she looks as if she'd been shut up in town all summer. —New York Weekly.

Dear Girls.

Bess—Oh, I know how I look! My looking glass always tells me the truth.

Kate—The looking glass doesn't show much tact, does it?—Boston Transcript.

Expressions.

Scotty—Oh, gang your ain gait!

Bowery—Oh, come off the gate!—Boston Courier.

A Night of Horror.

They trampled on their victim and
They tore him with their claws;
They swooped upon him in a band;
They pecked him without pause;
They stalked across his aching form;
They made him roll and shriek;
They swooped upon him in a swarm,
And ripped with claw and beak.
He rolled and tumbled all about—
At last he gave a scream
That in a jiffy put to rout
That horrid turkey dream!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CONSUMPTION.

What a Well-Known Medical Journal Says About the King of Disease.

"This is essentially an age of scientific progress, Science and invention go hand in hand. Thanks to a distinguished chemist consumption is robbed of its terrors, deprived of its destructiveness, and this insidious disease can first be relieved and then cured. But to accomplish a cure that is final and effective there must be constant persistency in treatment and right living. The sufferer must take the right medical relief, rightly administered. By the labor, skill and research of an eminent chemist, T. A. Slocum, consumption can be both relieved and cured."—Medical Tribune.

Three free sample bottles of the Slocum Cure will be sent to any sufferer from consumption, lung or throat troubles or general debility, if name, address and express office are sent to The T. A. Slocum Co., Limited, 179 King street west, Toronto, Ont. This is a genuine offer, and if the reader is—or knows a friend who is—a sufferer, send at once for the free samples and mention this paper.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

OUT OF DEATH'S SHADOW.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LADY WHO HAD GIVEN UP HOPE.

Tortured With Pains in the Stomach for Four Years—Doctors and Hospital Treatment Failed to Help Her—In Her Extremity Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Her to Health.

From the Pembroke Observer.

Wherever man is to be found there also, side by side with him, is disease and suffering. Those who have devoted their lives to the alleviation of the suffering and bodily weakness of human organization are surely benefactors of their kind, and deserve the praise of all mankind. For special honors in this line may be pointed out the discoverer of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Recently the case of Mrs. Maggie Brunette, of Chichester, Que., came prominently under the notice of the Observer reporter. He felt it to be his duty, on hearing of Mrs. Brunette's restoration from prostrate illness to health, to interview the lady and record her experience for the benefit of others who may need the healing influences of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mrs. Brunette's farm house was found to be very comfortable and even elegant, located near the base of an immense hill, an outguard of the Laurentian Mountains. The reporter was warmly welcomed and Mrs. Brunette said she was very glad to have an opportunity to testify to the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had conferred upon her. She is 32 years of age now. Her husband, the late Chas. Brunette, died 14 years ago, and after his death she worked very hard for some years, with the result that she became completely run down, so much so that, although quite tall, she weighed only about 90 pounds. After taking the slightest food she felt such distress that she was compelled to lie down for hours, being so weak that she was unable to sit up. At last she thought she must have been attacked by cancer of the stomach, so violent were the pains that constantly harassed her. She consulted the best physicians and spent more than a hundred dollars in treatment and medicine, in addition to which she spent nine weeks in the hospital at Pembroke. But withal she was ill four years and despaired of ever being well. Finally she decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and accordingly she procured six boxes. Although they benefited her almost from the time she began taking them, she kept on taking the pills until she had taken sixteen boxes, and then felt that she was completely cured, the pills accomplishing in three months what four years of medical treatment had failed to do. From that time, nearly three years ago, Mrs. Brunette has been in good health, needing no medicine. 'You can see,' said Mrs. Brunette, as the reporter was departing, 'that I am in perfect health, I attend to all my household work and the dairy and poultry, and have a large number of cows to milk. I never fail to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when I have an opportunity, for they did wonderful things for me.' Mrs. Brunette is a well educated lady, speaking French and English fluently.

Two Hearts That Beat as Two.

Isabel—So they are married! Are they still two souls with but a single thought?

May—Yes; how to be as disagreeable as possible.—Brooklyn Life.

A BRITISH SOLDIER

Tells how Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Conquer Disease.

Like the conquering armies of Britain, which are marching to victory in every quarter of the globe, Milburn's Heart

and Nerve Pills are everywhere triumphing over sickness, weakness and suffering.

Mr. David Walsh, of Carleton Place, Ont., a man who has served with distinction and credit in the British army, and is now an employee of the C. P. Railway, says, "While in the army I got broken down, and my nervous system was completely shattered.

"I was much troubled with liver complaint, loss of appetite, etc. My rest became broken and was disturbed by vivid dreams. This had been going on for 14 years, although I took a great many remedies to escape from the troubles which afflicted me.

"However, I got no relief until I started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I used together with Laxa-Liver Pills, and now after having used a few boxes, I am better than I have been for years. My nerves are restored to full force and vigor, I eat and sleep well, and my entire system has been toned and strengthened."

"Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, 50c. a box, or 3 for $1.25, at all druggists.

"Laxa-Liver Pills," says John Doherty, 35 North Street, St. John, N.B., "cured me of Constipation and distress after eating. Their action is natural and effective."

W. N. U. 1203

JUST A BAD COLD.

A sharp stinging pain in the back—you think it doesn't amount to anything—be all right in a few days—but it doesn't get all right—kidneys are not doing their duty, and the poisonous matter that they ought to remove is going all through the system—causing rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, headaches, backaches—all sorts of ills.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Cure the disease by removing the cause.

W. D. Popham, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I have for a long time had serious back and kidney trouble. My back was so stiff and painful that when I sat down I had to have something to assist me to get up. I have taken four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and they have taken the stiffness and pain from my back and enabled me to straighten up without pain or difficulty."

Price 50c. a box, 3 for $1.25, all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Official Pride.

"Gran'pa, what is the dignity of the ballot?"

"The dignity of the ballot? Why, it is the independent airs a man takes on after he is elected."—Detroit Free Press.

Unfortunate.

The Lady—You brute, you've pawned everything I ever had of any value.

The Brute—Just my luck. If I could 'a' pawned you and kept them, what a happy man I should be!—Pick Me Up.

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the Genuine can be purchased as easily.

The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT inform us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.

A Noble Young Man.

"I trust, sir, that you have not been indiscreet enough to speak to my daughter about marriage," said the stern parent to the youth who had just asked for his daughter's hand.

"I have not, sir," replied the youth, "but I was strongly tempted to do so last evening when she kissed me good night on the steps."—Chicago News.

Poor Blind Man!

Johnny—Pa, give me a penny for that poor blind man.

Pa—Well, take it.

(A wait.)

Pa—Did you give it to him?

Johnny—Well, not exactly, pa. I held it out to him, but he wouldn't take it, and so I thought I'd better keep it myself for his rudeness.—Pick Me Up.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Repaired Since.

A party of tourists went to visit a famous chateau on the Loire. On entering one of the rooms the guide remarked, "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the hall in which the Duke of Guise was assassinated."

"Pardon me," interrupted one of the tourists, "when I came here three years ago you told me it was in a room in the other wing."

Thereupon the cicerone replied, with perfect serenity, "Yes, but the chateau was then undergoing repairs."—Paris Figaro.

Down on Puns.

Mrs. Browne—Yes, we used to let Tommy sit on the dictionary when he took his piano lessons, but his father put a stop to it.

Mrs. Greene—Why so? 'Fraid it would hurt the book?

Mrs. Browne—No. It was too much like punning—playing on words, you know.—Boston Transcript.

$50 to $10,000 INVESTED CAN be doubled within one year. We do not invest it in Bucket shops or mining stocks, but in railroad shares selling at low prices, that we know are going to advance; we buy the scrip out and register it in the purchaser's name and send it to him. Twelve years established. Bank references and the most reputable people in Vermont. References throughout Canada. We have the largest business of the class in the United States. **KNOTT & CLOSSON**, Bankers and Brokers, Burlington, Vt., U. S. A.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills in this paper. The firm have also placed on the market Dr. Ward's Liver Pills, which have already proved to be a most excellent family medicine as a cure for constipation, dyspepsia, billousness, etc. They are sold at 25c per vial, or 5 for $1, or mailed on receipt of price by the Dr. Ward Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

WHITE STAR

Is now a Household word, and stands as a guarantee of PURE GOODS, HIGH QUALITY and LOW PRICE.

White Star Baking Powder

Is Absolutely Pure, keeps Fresh and Full Strength till used. . . . Try it.

THE DYSON-GIBSON CO

FILE UP!

WHY don't you use the best filing system in the world, when you can get . . .

The Genuine Shannon Fyle!

For 50c.

Don't miss this offer. Write for prices on Stationery, School Supplies, Law Forms, etc.

The Ford Stationery Co.,
407 Main St. Winnipeg, Man.

SAFES VICTOR SAFES
KARL K ALBERT - GEN'L AGT
407 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG,
Next door to P. O.

SNAPS FOR CASH.

Household Safes, small size, - - $12.00
Household Safes, large size, - - 30.00

Just the thing for a Christmas present. Both useful and ornamental.

Merchants' Safes, all sizes and prices; on easy terms or cash. Come and see them or write for quotations. Special prices during November and December.

ELECTRO PLATING.

Gold, Silver, Nickle, Brass, Copper, etc. Oxidizing and Lacquering.
ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING.
WINNIPEG PLATING CO.
531 Notre Dame Street.

W. R. ALLAN
General Insurance Agent.

FIRE Companies Represented:
Quebec Fire Assurance Co.
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Sun Insurance Office
Union Assurance Society

All classes of Insurances transacted and losses promptly and satisfactorily settled.

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES, NEW AND SECOND-HAND. BOWLING ALLEY AND SUPPLIES. Large catalogue free. THE REID BROS., 287 King West, Toronto.

SNAP For the Brain Worker.
STRENGTH For the Physical Worker.
STAMINA For Men, Women and Children.

D. WARD'S BLOOD & NERVE PILLS

READ THE PROOF!

GENTLEMEN,—I have for a long time needed something to make blood and build up my system. My blood was watery and thin, lacking strength and vitality. Last January a friend said:—"Why not try Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills? They will supply the oxygen your blood needs and give you health and strength." I told him I was very skeptical as to any benefit that could be derived from any proprietary medicine and had no faith in them. There the matter rested until four months ago, when reading so much about what Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done for so many people with impoverished blood, I concluded to give them a trial. I have taken four boxes and my unbelief so far as Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are concerned has been entirely removed. They are a splendid blood builder and strength restorer, and an invaluable medicine for weak, enervated people. This has been my experience, they having given me strength of body and strong healthy blood.

(Signed), PETER LAWRENCE WHYTE,
988 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.

All good druggists can supply you. If they won't, we will by mail. Price 50c. per box; 5 boxes for $2.00. THE DOCTOR WARD COMPANY, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Tastes differ about most things, but there are no two opinions about Blue Ribbon Tea

All who have tried it know that in strength, richness and every quality that makes a Tea perfect Blue Ribbon is far superior to all others.

ABOUT PEOPLE

Living in or Visiting Cranbrook, Whom We All Know or Should.

J. E. Hill, of Macleod, was in town Monday.

G. B. Rickman, of Sirdar, was in town Monday.

Solicitor Ross was a Cranbrook visitor Saturday.

F. J. McMahon, of Moyie, was a Cranbrook visitor Tuesday.

Rev. Dunn, of Fernie, occupied Rev. Ball's pulpit last Sunday.

James Cronin, manager of the St. Eugene, was in town Tuesday.

D. J. Elmer, of Moyie, spent several days in Cranbrook this week.

"Jimm'e" McNeil is now the artistic dispenser at the Cosmopolitan.

Messrs. Smythe, Hedley and Patterson visited Fort Steele last Saturday.

Julius Hurel, of the Royal hotel, is recovering from his seige of sickness.

M. A. Beale, of Steele, has been transacting business in Cranbrook this week.

A. McDougall, the well known contractor at Fernie, was in town this week.

Leroy Sage has returned from Creston and will remain permanently in Cranbrook.

James Black, of Moyelle, was in town Monday. He will soon have his store building there ready for occupancy.

C. J. Kettleson, C. P. R. storekeeper at Kuskonook, stopped over in Cranbrook yesterday on his way to Macleod.

E. Livermore, formerly of Fort Steele and Wardner, was in town yesterday. He has been in the Boundary country the past year.

A. B. Fenwick and wife returned last Friday from their sojourn in southern California. They expect to go to England this summer.

John Fink left for Spokane Saturday accompanied by his father. They will visit Republic to look after mining interests they have there.

Mr. C. Maggs expects to go to Macleod Saturday to meet his wife, who is coming from their old home in Winnipeg to join her husband here.

H. Allenberg, manager of the Equitable Life Assurance company, at Spokane, has been in Cranbrook the past week in the interests of his company.

Mr. Bremner, of the firm of Sherlock & Bremner, returned last evening from Lethbridge where he has been for the past week. He was accompanied by his family.

V. Hyde Baker, local agent for the Cranbrook townsite, left for Victoria Tuesday morning where he will join his father. He expects to be absent about three weeks.

Mrs. W. N. Brayton returned from Nelson last evening. She left her husband very much improved, and thinks it will only be a short time until he is fully recovered.

E. H. Small, who has been in bad health for the past few weeks, left Tuesday morning for Seattle, where he will remain until he recovers. He was accompanied by Percy Irvine.

W. G. Richardson, the engineer who had charge of the location of a line from Cranbrook to Kimberly, at the North Star and Sullivan mines, returned to Cranbrook this week. He has been in the east this winter enjoying life, but is back in the field again. He expects to take a run over into West Kootenay for a week or two before again entering upon his work.

Captain Miller, of the steamer North Star, was in the city Tuesday on his way to Windermere to look after the business for the boat his company will put on the upper Columbia next season. The captain is a veteran river man and one of the best navigators that ever handled a boat on mountain streams. He is in good health, and has been taking life easy the past winter in Spokane with his family.

J. R. Costigan, solicitor, is in Victoria taking the examination prescribed under the amendment passed at the recent session allowing solicitors from other provinces to practice in Brisish Columbia without the six months previous residence. Mr. Costigan will associate himself with Messrs. Ross and Herchmer, and will locate permanently at Cranbrook. He is a lawyer of many years experience, a successful practitioner, and will be a valuable acquisition to the well known firm of Ross & Herchmer.

LOCAL NOTES

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

Fifteen loaves bread $1 at North Star Bakery,

E. Hoffman has his hot beds in excellent condition.

Look out for the Georgia minstrels tomorrow and Saturday nights.

Don't put off that insurance against fever. See McVittie & Hutchison.

The capital stock of the Crows Nest Coal Company has been increased to $2,000,000.

The Golden Miner has suspended, and the plant will probably be moved to Windermere.

Howard's celebrated hard water toilet soap at Toronto Clothing house. Call and get a free sample cake.

Laugh and grow fat, smile and be happy at the Georgia minstrels Friday and Saturday evenings.

Overcoat made to order cheap to clear to make room for spring goods.
John Leask.

Why suffer with a cold, when one sweat bath is guaranteed to cure it? Only 25c, at McFarlane's barber shop.

I still have some lots more of the Scotch Thany suiting left. Call and see them. John Leask.

The Georgia minstrels are all right, and are leaving a lot of admirers behind them. Don't fail to see them.

The Cranbrook hotel is so crowded these days that it is impossible to find room for all the people who wish to stop there.

See those sewing machines at Miner's hardware store. The Expert and Eldridge B, the best made. Prices and terms to suit.

Harry Reineman, since selling his hotel at Fort Steele, is looking over the country for a new location, and is keeping a good eye on Cranbrook.

J. H. Willis has one of the best located restaurant buildings in Cranbrook. It is just opposite the depot. He will sell the place at a reasonable price. Call and see him.

Ben Theil came in from Cranston yesterday. He reports that all Sand creek properties are looking well, and says the Bishops and McBanes are pushing their tunnels at a rapid rate.

Reid & Co. have been busy this week arranging their new stock of goods in their enlarged store. They will have a very attractive place when their work is completed.

No hotel in East Kootenay should be without a crematory stove. For convenience and sanitary perfection they cannot be equalled. Call at Miner's hardware store and see one.

Father Coccolo will hold services in Cranbrook dext Sunday, that day being palm Sunday, at the residence of Thos. Kennedy. On Easter Sunday he will dedicate the new church at Fernie.

The London and Liverpool store has opened in the new building just west of the Cranbrook hotel, and have a large stock of goods displayed. H. H. Dunbar is in charge, and J. McDuff is his assistant.

It is stated on what seems to be good authority that Constable Barnes, of Fort Steele, has resigned. What he intends to do is not known at this time, but he is interested in an hotel at Kimberly, and may move there.

Albert Koester, of Fort Steele, has secured the dining room of the Cosmopolitan hotel. Mr. Koester is a caterer of long experience and will maintain the high standard acquired by the hotel for its tables and service.

Now is the time to insure against typhoid and mountain fever; $3.00 a year, $15 00 a week indemnity; also against accidents connected with railway and stage. Write for particulars to M. A. Beale, Fort Steele, B. C.

Mr. Boyers, of Colorado Springs, who is interested with English parties in a group of claims on Bull river near the falls, returned last evening. He says he will run 400 feet of tunnel this year, and show up what they have got on the property.

William DeVol's reputation as a first-class tonsorial artist is spreading rapidly, and as a result his shop in the Cranbrook hotel is rushed with business. "Billy" has a soft, artistic touch that is especially pleasing to a man with an hard beard and a tender face.

W. F. Tate, watch maker and jeweler of Macleod, and formerly of North Bay, Ont., was in town last week and made arrangements to open a first-class jewelry store in Cranbrook at once. Mr Tate will be watch inspector for the C. P. R.

Donald correspondence to Golden Era: T. Forrest has pulled down his gas plant and sent it to his new hotel at Cranbrook, and he will remove there as soon as possible. W. Caldwell, proprietor of the Nelles House, however, says he intends to remain.

G. W. Robinson spent a few days in town this week in the interests of the Mason & Risch Piano company, limited, Toronto. He has one of these well known instruments at the store of Sherlock & Bremner who are agents for this town. Those who have seen and heard it are still thinking of that simple pin block.

R. G. Shier has purchased the Venosta hotel at Steele, and will combine it with his well known place, the International. Mr. Shier will remodel the two buildings and make many improvements that will give him one of the finest hotel buildings in East Kootenay. The location is superior and Mr. Shier will do a great business.

"Jerry" Boyce, the man who discovered Humorist Edwards, of the Wetaskiwan Free Lance, was in town this week. Mr. Boyle had an hotel at Wetaskiwin, and Edwards was his bartender. The latter's wit and dry humor attracted some attention, and finally impressed "Jerry," so a small stock company was organized, the Free Lance brought out, and Edwards installed as editor. For months the little paper was one of the brightest sheets in Canada. The humor was original and enjoyable. But changes came, and today the Free Lance is only a shadow of what it was and Edwards is in Calgary writing according to the dictates of another man.

Wanted.

A good gardener to manage a garden. Apply at
CRANBROOK TOWNSITE CO'S. OFFICE.

Minstrel Parade.

The Georgia minstrels travel in their own special car and carry a brass band. They will give a parade on the streets tomorrow afternoon.

The Best of Bread.

Fifteen loaves for $1 00, three loaves for 25c. at the
NORTH STAR BAKERY.

Hudson Bay Company May Build.

C. C. Chipman, commissioner for the Hudson Bay company, is in the city. It is thought that he is here for the purpose of looking after tenders for a building on the company's lots, as it is understood that they had decided some time ago to ask for such tenders.

Good Morning!

Have you used Goldsworth's Tea? Every package guaranteed.
FORT STEELE MERCANTILE CO.

A Word to the Wise.

THE HERALD is often in receipt of correspondence to which no name is attached. It is the rule of this paper to pay no attention to communications of this kind. Sign your name so that we may know who you are. In the phrase known almost since the first newspaper, "not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith."

Fifteen Loaves of Bread for $1.00

At the North Star Bakery. Full weight and best quality.

For Sale.

A double tenement house on one of Cranbrook's leading streets. Apply at this office.

JOB WORK

At this office.

FORT STEELE CIGAR STORE,
R. H. KARATOFSKY, Prop.
Cigars, Tobacco and Cigars.
Wills Brand of Tobacco. Pool and Billiards.
Fort Steele, · British Columbia.

Canadian Pacific Railway
—AND—
SOO LINE.
The New and Direct Route from East Kootenay
—TO—
Toronto, Boston,
Montreal, New York,
Halifax, Philadelphia,
St. Paul, Chicago
...AND ALL...
Eastern and European Points.
ALSO TO
Pacific Coast, China, Japan and Australia Points.
.....First-class and Tourist Sleepers.....
—THROUGH FROM—
PACIFIC TO ATLANTIC.
CONNECTION TRI-WEEKLY via MACLEOD OR via KOOTENAY LANDING.
For rates, maps, etc., and full information call on or address;
W. F. ANDERSON,
Traveling Passenger Agent.
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Nelson & Fort Sheppard Ry.
Red Mountain Ry.
The only rail route without change of cars between Nelson and Rossland and Spokane and Rossland.
(DAILY.)

Leave 6:20 a. m.	NELSON	Arrive 5:36 p. m	
" 12:05 "	ROSSLAND	" 11.20 "	
" 8.30 a. m.	SPOKANE	3.10 p. m	

Train that leaves Nelson at 6.20 a. m. makes close connections at Spokane for all Pacific Coast points.
Passengers for Kettle River and Boundary Creek connect at Marcus with stage daily.
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It is the most modern in equipment. It is the only line running luxurious club room cars. It is the only line serving meals on the a la carte plan.
Through the Grandest Scenery in America by Daylight.
Attractive tours during the season of navigation on Great Lakes via Duluth in connection with the magnificent passenger steamers Northwest and Northland.
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Our stock is complete with staples, novelties and styles at prices unheard of before in East Kootenay. Money lost can be saved by purchasing your clothing from the B. C. Clothing and Gents' Furnishing house. We will sell at small profits for quick returns, thus getting our name before you for quality and cheapness. We must all spend money, but in doing so we should see where we can get the largest parcel for the least cash. We will guarantee to give it. Cash enables us to sell cheap, but Credit don't. You will be repaid by visiting us. We have the largest stock of Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes and Children's Goods west of Widnipeg and east of Vancouver, and all up-to-date styles.
Free Fare And for the opening month we will give you special inducements by allowing your Train Fare on way of 20 miles, or one way by Stage of 12 miles for a parcel of $15 or over, and return fare for a parcel of $25 or over. Strict attention given to our mail order department. Keep your eye on our windows. The following will give you an idea of some of our prices:
MENS' SUITS, latest styles, ranging from $7.50 to $15.00.
MENS SUMMER COATS, in linen, alapaca and imitation silk, $1.50 to $4.50.
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OUR HAT DEPARTMENT is second to none. Mens' fine Fedora hats, all colors, from $1.50 to $3.50 Best quality Cow Boy hats, $5.50. Extra large range of fine straw hats, all the latest styles, from 50 cents to $1.75. Fancy tweed caps, from 35 cents to 75 cents. The latest corduroy cap from 65 to 85 cents.
CHILDREN'S SUITS, very nobby, in sailor and other styles, from $1.95 up. PARENTS, you must see our lovely range of hats and caps, also in straw, for the little ones, from 30 cents up.
We wish to call special attention to our large and up to date stock of mens' Furnishings, Shirts, Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Links, Fancy Scarf Pins, Armlets, Half Hose, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Etc., AT PRICES THAT WILL ASTONISH YOU.
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Perdue Block Opp. Bank of Commerce .....Cranbrook, B. C.

Look Out For the Cars!
...They are bringing us daily such things as...
Fine Canned Goods,
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Liquors, Hay, Oats, etc.
We have left a few Windows and Transoms, also a small assortment of Shelf and Heavy Hardware and Nails, which we are selling very low as we wish to close out these lines to make room for other lines which we wish to enlarge.
Fort Steele Mercantile Co.
(Limited.)

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Nails . . .
Have advanced 65c per keg. Glass over 30 per cent, Oils, Paints, Etc., in proportion.
Our Prices Remain the Same . . . . . .
While the present stock last. A large stock of Stoves and General Hardware on hand. Tinsmithing in connection. All work promptly executed.

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Mr Shier has purchased the Venosta hotel and combined it with the International, and now has the largest and best located hotel in Fort Steele. Special attention given to the traveling public. When in Fort Steele stop at the International.
Sample Rooms for Commercial Men

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Plans and specifications furnished on application. Estimates made on buildings. Our work will be satisfactory in every respect. That is better for you and better for me. Call and see me if you are figuring on building.
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I have just completed a large brick oven and am now prepared to furnish the best of bread. I will deliver regularly throughout the town, and forward bread to any point on the line of road.

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