THE CRANBROOK HERALD.

VOLUME 2. CRANBROOK, BRITISH COLUMBIA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1899. NUMBER 37

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.
FORT STEELE BRANCH. J. W. H. SMYTHE, Manager.

BEATTIE THE DRUGGIST.
Itpaystotradewithhim

The finest stock of stationery in Kootenay.

Buy Lots In Kimberley,

The Leadville of East Kootenay.

Terminus of North Star branch of the Crows Nest Pass Railway

OVER 200 MINERAL CLAIMS are situate within a radius of three miles.

Supply point for the rich upper St. Mary's River district.

Great Water Power. Sullivan concentrator will be located here

P. O., KIMBERLY, Via Cranbrook

CHARLES ESTMERE, Sole Agent

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

"The Emporium"

Sherlock & Bremner.

Arrived this week

Dress Goods, Ribbons, Trimmings,
Shirt Waists Linings, Satins,
Underwear.

A fine display of Dinner, Tea, Toilet and fancy sets.
A car load of choice groceries of the best brands.
Ladies' felt slippers, just the thing for comfort.

Toronto Clothing House

Fall ...1899... Fall

We are full of business but can attend to your order. The latest in Suits, no better made. Boots and Shoes, the best in the market. Underwear, Rubbers, Collars, Ties, Shirts. In fact, everything a man wears. Come and see us.

.....Reid & Co.

Fort Steele Mercantile Co.
(Limited.)

Wholesale and Retail

Men's Furnishings And Groceries

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Cranbrook Fort Steele Wardner

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES

Several Important Engagements Have Taken Place.

BULLER ADVANCES TO INTERIOR

Ladysmith Still Safe, But Help Is Needed---More Troops are Going Forward.

London, Nov. 30.—Gen. Methuen defeated Boers at Madder river, the flower of the enemy's army on the west side. It is said to have been the bloodiest battle of the country and the hardest fought in the annals of British wars. The Boers were strongly entrenched and were shelled by the artillery for several hours. Methuen's force then charged and drove the enemy over the bridge. Reinforcements will immediately be sent from Capetown. The casualties at Beacon hill sustained by Gen. Hildyard were 86.

London, Nov. 29.—Gen. Cronje has left the vicinity of Kimberley with three thousand men and is marching south to meet Gen. Methuen and his relief column. It is said he was at the battle of Gras Pan. Methuen has found the railroad broken up badly and has left it behind to march more rapidly to Kimberley and Mafeking. Four big battles are imminent, at Maddor river, Arundel, Stormburg and Colenso, the last stand of the Boers.

London, Nov. 25.—Britain is aglow with pride over the splendid victory of Lord Methuen's forces near Belmont. The Boers' artillery fire was well directed. They were strongly entrenched and in large numbers, but the British troops, in the face of a terrific fire, carried every position of the enemy, captured 50 prisoners and their langer. The engagement at Mooi river resulted in a loss of 47 to the British. The enemy was defeated and their equipment captured. Mafeking's position is regarded with anxiety as it will be some time before Methuen can reach the place. Ladysmith was quiet up to Wednesday.

London, Nov. 27.—There is more hopeful feeling in Natal owing to the arrival of Gen. Buller and the reopening of railway communication. Relief forces are joining hands and brisker action is apparent among the British divisions. Gen. Methuen had another desperate encounter with the Boers, north of Belmont. The losses were heavy on both sides, but the enemy was defeated and driven back. Gen. Joubert is retiring from Mooi river on Ladysmith. Telegraphic communication with Estcourt has been restored. Buller arrived at Durban looking in the pink of condition, and immediately proceeded up country. He was enthusiastically cheered by the people.

London, Nov. 28.—The total casualties of the naval brigade at the battle of Gras Pan were 105. The grenadiers and Scots guards lost 122 at Belmont. The feeling in Natal is full of hope. Colenso will be reached in time to cut off the Boers' retreat at Tugela river, where a big battle is expected. Gen. Hildyard's achievement at Beacon hill is recognized as one of the best successes of the campaign. Gen. Methuen's victory at Belmont is regarded as the first real victory of the war. The Boers are falling back to Warrenton, 50 miles from Kimberley, to give Mathuen another go. The whole situation in Natal has been distinctly cleared since the arrival of Gen. Buller, though doubtless the British will have many difficulties to overcome before Gen. White is released.

Get Your Freighting

DONE PROMPTLY BY

Sam Mitchell

P. O. BOX 25

..or..

MITCHELL'S RESTAURANT

Souvenir Spoons

Varied Designs, Local Application Fine Present

Work and Goods Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction.

W. F. Tate

Cranbrook ...JEWELER

Official Watch Inspector for Crows Nest branch

WAR

England vs. Transvaal.

Rossland vs. Fort Steele.

Just arrived, a carload of

Rossland Beer

In hogsheads, barrels and kegs.

The Finest Lager Beer in Canada.

JAMES KERRIGAN, East Kootenay Agent, Cranbrook

Drewry's Ale, Stout and Lager in pints and quarts. Bass's ale and Guinnesse's stout.

Wholesale only. Families supplied.

Fine Printing.

The Herald has just turned out some fine work that demonstrates that this office is well equipped for almost anything in the printing line. One is a seventy-two page copy of by-laws for the I. O. O. F. lodge, and another was a thirty-three page book of poems. Also two books of stock certificates for the Pay Roll Mining company. All this work was bound in a neat and attractive manner, and has won for The Herald office many words of praise for the excellent manner in which the work was executed.

There is printing and printing. There is the "country job office" style, and the modern, up-to-date style, done by men who have learned their art in large city offices. The Herald invariably turns out work of the latter class. It has the men, the material and the machinery to do it.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

Kid McCoy and Peter Maher will fight on the 29th of December.

Queen Victoria has decided to return Emperor William's visit.

The Canadian government's surplus for the past year is $4,838,000.

Russia has decided to establish a permanent diplomatic agency at Cabul.

The United States warships attacked and captured the Philippine port of Vigan.

The silver republicans will unite with the democrats in the presidential campaign.

A Philadelphia departmental store was destroyed by fire with a loss of $3,000,000.

Canadian hay for South Africa at Boston is being delayed owing to much of it failing to pass inspection.

Great Britain has protested to the United States government against the Transvaal expeditions being organized in the States.

The Canadian contingent have reached Capetown and were welcomed by the citizens.

Maher and Kid McCoy may fight on January 1.

Emperor William was given a rousing welcome at Woodstock, Eng.

Exhibits have been shipped from Brandon for the Paris exposition.

Michael Davitt was thrown from his carriage and terribly injured.

Ten thousand Russian troops will soon leave to reinforce eastern garrisons.

Eastern Canadians propose forming a salmon combine on the Pacific coast.

Five men and two women lost their lives near Ogilvie on the Yukon river.

Sittings of Manitoba full court of appeals will begin in Winnipeg Monday next.

The U. S. cruiser Charleston has disappeared into deep water from the bank on which it was resting.

Judge Street decides American purchasers must saw logs in Ontario. They cannot be exported unsawn.

Wesley S. Crittick, of Wingham, Ont., was asphyxiated in a Winnipeg hotel. H. Falconer, a companion recovered.

The Ontario government has suggested that the Imperial government should control the nickel output of the province.

The natives in Samoa started fighting again, and British marines were ready to land when the natives were pacified.

The U. S. government has cabled Consul Macrum at Transvaal to impress on Kruger the sacred duties he owes to humanity in the present war.

The Queensland ministery has resigned.

The anti-British feeling in Belgium has subsided.

The Sardinian is expected at Capetown today, Monday.

It is expected the British Transvaal relief fund will aggregate $20,000,000.

The Filipinos on the island of Mintanon has surrendered to the Americans.

Li Hung Chang has been appointed minister of commerce by the Pekin ministry.

The annual meeting of the Northwest Commercial Travellers association was held in Winnipeg.

When the final British division is dispatched to Africa, the Imperial army will number 130,000 men.

$75,500 IN COLD CASH

It Was Paid to Lake Shore Owners This Morning.

FORCE INCREASED ON THE EMPIRE

What Is Going On All Over the District In the Way of Development.

The largest mining deal ever consumated in this district, with one exception, was closed up this morning at the Canadian Bank of Commerce, when J. C. Drewry paid over $75,500 to the late owners of the Lake Shore properties, the balance of $82,000, the total consideration. C. C. Farrell, Thomas Rader and John Day, of Moyie, were present, with J. C. Drewry. On the whole payment, the division of interests was as follows:

C. C. Farrell, $20,000.
Thomas Rader, $20,000.
Martin Foley, $20,000.
T. B. Murphy, $11,000.
John Day, $11,000.

This closes up the deal, and places in the hands of men who worked long and hard to develope their property, a magnificent reward for the sacrifices made and hardships endured.

Empire Force Increased.

Mr. Estmere returned last Monday from the Empire mine near Sand creek. He reports a strike of clean chalco-pyrites in the upper tunnel. This tunnel is in a distance of 55 feet, and a crosscut is now being made to determine the width of this ore body. A crosscut tunnel is also being started near the west boundary of the Empire, which will tap the vein at a depth of 120 feet, when the course along the vein will give a depth of one foot in two. Six more men have been put to work on the property and work will be pushed all winter. The ore is being sorted and all shipping ore is being sacked. As soon as sufficient snow comes to rawhide the ore down the mountain it will be hauled to Cranston, on the main line of the Crows Nest railway, a distance of two and a half miles. Mr. Estmere expects to have the Empire in shape to justify the building of a concentrator by next spring.

Freight Rates.

The prosperity of any mining camp must be strongly influenced by railway freight rates, and it is therefore a matter for congratulation that the local rates in South East Kootenay are directly under the supervision of the government, for it is improbable that there will be, for many years, any competition which would keep down the charges for carriage. The bargain between the government and the Crows Nest Railway company contains the following clouse:

"So soon as the said railway is opened for traffic to Kootenay lake the local rates and tolls on the railway and on any other railway used in connection therewith, end now or hereafter owned or leased by or operated on account of the company south of the company's main line in British Columbia, as well as the rates and tolls between any point on any such line or lines of railway, and any point on the main line of the company throughout Canada, or any other railway owned or leased by or operated on account of the company, including its line of steamers in British Columbia, shall be first approved by the governor nor in council or by a railway commission, if and when such a commission is established by law, and shall at all times thereafter and from time to time be subject to revision and control in the manner aforesaid."

Good Words for Parker.

Rossland Miner: Mr. Frank Robbins, manager of the mining interests of Messrs. McKenzie & Mann, is in the city on a visit. He reports that he has just returned from the North Star mine in East Kootenay, where the work is making excellent progress under the able superintendency of Mr. J. L. Parker. The North Star has large reserves of ore, and as Mr. Robbins says, Mr. Parker is getting at the ore in such good shape that the output will be large. Mr. Parker, he says, is the right man in the right place, as his experience in mines both in Europe and this continent, eminently fit him for the position. Mr. Robbins is more than pleased with the results he has already attained. A tramway with a capacity of 60 tons in 10 hours is being constructed to the railway line. This tramway is a mile in length. The railway is graded up Mark creek, one of the tributaries of the St. Marys, to the end of the tramway. It is anticipated that steel will be laid within the next two or three weeks and then shipping from the North Star will be commenced.

Windermere Country.

Kaslo Kootenaian—

It is understood that some 1000 tons of ore will be rawhided from the Paradise group during the winter months.

It is rumored that there will be an opposition steamboat line on the Columbia river between Peterborough and Golden next season.

R. S. Gallop has discontinued development work on the South Side group for the season. This group is situated on the Jumbo Fork of Toby creek.

R. O. Jennings, representing the Kansas Smelting company, has secured the Paystone group on Horse Thief creek. It is understood that Mr. Jennings intends to make Peterborough his headquarters in future and will confine his attention to Windermere mines.

Messrs. Stark and Moore are putting up a large hotel at Peterborough, the new townsite. Johnson, Santo & Co., general merchants, intend moving from Windermere in the near future. The Fraser-Chambers syndicate have erected a large warehouse at Peterborough, near the steamboat landing.

Pedro.

A small force of men has been engaged under the supervision of J. H. Taylor, to strip the ledge on this property and prepare the way for the operations of the diamond drill in the spring. Shareholders of the Kootenay & Algoma will be glad to hear the company has at last secured a property that promises profitable returns for money expended. The Pedro can safely be said to be the best surface prospect in South East Kootenay, and development work will surely make a mine of it, so that a movement in Kootenay & Algoma shares is to be expected shortly.

St. Eugene Consolidated.

We hear that Mr. Cronin, the manager of this property, states that there will be four hundred men employed on the property of the company this winter. That number of miners permanently at work means a total population of over two thousand in the town of Moyie, which will be increased, undoubtedly, by the development of other mines in the vicinity. But this fact that a single large mine supports a town of two thousand people, may give some idea of the possibilities of the future in the matter of population in this district.

Horse Shoe.

Messrs. VanDecar and Melton have located a mineral claim immediately west of the Copper Crown in Isador canyon and have shown up a ledge fully seven feet in width, mineralized clear across with copper pyrites. This claim is known as the Horse Shoe and is only one of many of the enterprises backed by Mr. VanDecar, who is without doubt one of the most enterprising mining dealers in this district, and as such deserves the success that he is already meeting with.

The Mastodon.

The Mastodon Copper-Gold Mining company is making preparations to sink a thousand feet on the big ledge at the mouth of Perry creek, about eight miles from town. The shares will shortly be offered here through McVittie & Hutchison.

Mining Notes.

The road from the Pay Roll to the railroad track will be completed Saturday night, and the track in the tunnel laid. The ore will be sacked now and made ready for shipment.

John Fink is in town today. He reports everything in good shape on the Chickamun Stone. They are now sinking a winze 100 feet deep, and have some 550 feet of work done on the property. As soon as the roads are in shape ore will be hauled to Wardner for shipment.

KEAY AND HIS CHINAMAN.

The Genial Willie's Attempt At Instructing the Celestial.

Last Friday, W. S. Keay, who had charge of the ball given that evening, secured of Lee John, the Chinese Foo Bah of Cranbrook, the services of a Chinaman to assist in the rough and ready work in the refreshment room. The first work was to wash a big pile of dishes, and taking Ah Sing to the kitchen, Mr. Keay pointed to the chinaware, and in English-Chinese, said:

"You savey wash dishes?"

The Chinaman, with a face as expressive as the south side of a pumpkin, nodded, and went to work. He proved to be a daisy, for, after washing the dishes once, he started in again, and all that Keay could do had no effect. Keay kept protesting, but the Chinaman kept on washing, and when through started on the third round. This was too much for Keay. He took the Chinaman by the shoulder and pointing to an empty bucket, said in a voice loud and strong:

"Water! Water! Savey? Water!"

The Chink nodded his head, picked up a full bucket, walked to the door and threw it out, came back and started to wash dishes again.

Nearly exasperated, Keay took him by the shoulder again, lead him out doors, and walking with him part way to Lee John's, pointed to the bucket and said: "Savey? Catch 'em! Water! Water!! Water!!! Plenty drink," and returned to the hall. In about fifteen minutes the Chinaman returned empty handed, and again resumed his task of washing dishes.

Keay sat down and looked at the heathen Chinee. He wanted to say something but he did not know words strong enough to fit the occasion. Jack Hurley took the Chinaman back after the water, and found the bucket on the fence where the Chink had left it.

Keay says he no desire to teach a raw Chinaman the ways of civilization or the mysteries of the English language. He is through.

Mrs. Herchmer Dead.

Regina, N. W. T., Nov. 25.—Mrs. Herchmer, the wife of Commissioner Herchmer, N. W. M. P., who has been ill for some time, died this morning.

Mrs. Herchmer is the mother of Solicitor Herchmer, of Fernie, a member of the firm of Ross & Herchmer.

WILLIAM S. REID DEAD

Killed By the Falling of a Tree On the Railroad Grade.

TERRIBLE SHOCK TO THE COMMUNITY

He Was One of the Best Known Railway Contractors In Western Canada.

William S. Reid, the well-known contractor on the North Star branch of the Crows Nest Pass railway, was instantly killed last Tuesday forenoon while walking on the grade towards town, by a falling tree. The accident was particularly distressing, as he was only two miles from town and was hurrying from his camp to town to take the train that noon with his wife and son to spend Christmas at their home in Winnipeg.

Tuesday morning Mr. Reid sent one of his teamsters to Cranbrook, telling him to wait there and he would be in town between ten and eleven o'clock. Later he got on a wagon belonging to McDougal & Leitch's camp, and started to ride in with the driver. When the team reached a point a little more than two miles from town, and where the road crosses the grade, Mr. Reid jumped out, saying that he would walk into town on the grade. The driver drove over the hill at that place, and on to Cranbrook, never dreaming of the terrible fatality that had overtaken Mr. Reid within a few moments after he had left the wagon.

No one was with the unfortunate man, but the condition of his body lying crushed and bruised amidst the broken tree top scattered on the grade, told the story only too well. A strong wind was prevailing at the time, and the tree, a dry one, was standing on the west side of the grade. The wind had pulled it up by the roots, thus giving no warning, as would have been the case had it broken or stood where it would have crashed into other trees in its descent. It is evident that Mr. Reid had no intimation of danger until the tree struck him. The portion that performed the fatal work was near the top, and not over three or four inches in diameter.

A man named Adam Hall, who had walked out on the grade in the morning to one of the camps after some blankets, met Mr. Reid in the wagon. Later, on returning, he found the remains lying on the roadbed, and hurried to town to notify the authorities. Coroner Moffat, Constable Morris, Dr. King and J. Fink, with several others, hurried to the scene. In the opinion of the doctor, life had been extinct about an hour when they reached the body. The remains were carefully laid in Mr. Fink's delivery wagon and brought to the undertaking rooms of Maggs & Hughes.

The task of conveying the sad news to Mrs. Reid and her son, who had been waiting so anxiously for the husband and father, was not an easy one, but it was done as gently as possible, and although the shock was a terrible one, she bore up under it like a brave and true woman.

The deceased was an Odd Fellow and a Forester, and the members of Key City lodge, I. O. O. F., of this city, took charge of the remains until they were placed on the train yesterday for Winnipeg. Messrs. Gurd, Shaw, Joyce, Hilliard, Nichol and McDermot officiated as pall bearers. No funeral services were held here.

Mr. McKellop, of Portage la Prairie, an old friend of the family, happened to be in the town and will accompany Mrs. Reid until she is met by her brother who has been telegraphed at Winnipeg.

William S. Reid was well known throughout Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia. He was engaged in contracting on the Crows Nest line, and with Mr. McRae, had one of the largest contracts on the North Star branch. Personally, he was a prince. A thorough business man, but genial of disposition, kind hearted, with a frank, generous way of meeting his fellow man that won for him staunch and true friends on every side. The news of his sudden death, while in the prime of life, will carry sadness to many hearts, and the sympathy of this community is extended to the wife and son, who have been so suddenly bereft.

A Successful Ball.

The Bachelors and Benedicts ball given last Friday evening was a pronounced success in every way. There was a large attendance, and everyone present had a most enjoyable time. The patronesses were Mesdames Hutchison, Keay, Erickson, Morrow, Mansfield and Simpson, and to their efforts, and the management of Mr. W. S. Keay, the secretary, the success of the ball was due.

Back From England.

Joe Mitchell returned last week from a sojourn of several months in England. Mr. Mitchell says he enjoyed himself, but that he was glad to return to Cranbrook, and was more than pleased over the wonderful progress made by the town the past summer.

Postoffice at Kimberley.

A postoffice has been established at Kimberley, and Charles Estmere, the townsite agent, has been appointed postmaster. This will be a great convenience to the people of Kimberley and the mining men in that district.

CRANBROOK HERALD

THURSDAY, - NOV. 30, 1899

F. E SIMPSON, Editor and Manager.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One year - - - - - - - - - - - - $2.00
Six months - - - - - - - - - - - - 1.00

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

The proper place for the government offices of South East Kootenay is in some town on the railroad.

SMELTERS FOR THIS DISTRICT.

The Rossland Miner of the 28th inst. has an article on the probability of a smelter being built at Moyie next season by parties interested in the new mining company that has secured control of the leading properties on Moyie lake. This would be a big thing for Moyie, and a good thing for all of South East Kootenay. This district should have smelters, and if one is put up at Moyie and another at Cranbrook, it would give a great impetus to *mining in this district*. Let the good work go on. South East Kootenay has mineral enough for several smelters. A reasonable rate for treatment will cause millions to be taken out of the ground in this district during the next few years.

Capital continues to come into South East Kootenay and no one is dissatisfied with investments made.

The Winnipeg Free Press says there is a shortage of silver in every province in Canada. The Free Press is right so far as our pocket is concerned, and Christmas is only three weeks in the future.

Cranbrook grows and grows. Nothing can stop her her now.

The number of men working in the hills and buying their supplies in Cranbrook has greatly increased the past four weeks.

The Phoenix Pioneer is a new paper in the Boundary country. It is one of the neatest and best gotten up papers in British Columbia, and has a way of presenting its matter in an entertaining manner. The people of Phoenix are fortunate in securing a newspaperman like Mr. Wilcox, and they should extend to him a liberal support.

The New Denver Ledge says that in New Denver there are forty-two names on the school roll, and an average attendance of thirty-six, and says that such a showing should entitle them to a second teacher. Cranbrook has an enrollment of about seventy-six, and an average attendance of nearly sixty, and yet the government says that one teacher is sufficient.

The Herald still stands for Cranbrook and every town in South East Kootenay, and the people of South East Kootenay are giving substantial evidence that they appreciate this fact.

The attempt to tear down any other town in the district would be of no benefit to Cranbrook. If all towns cannot progress, Cranbrook cannot go ahead. Fortunately, however, all towns are prospering.

James Wardner, after whom the towns of Wardner, Idaho, and Wardner, B. C., are name, has written an autobiography, entitled, "Jim Wardner, of Wardner, Idaho, by Himself." As Mr. Wardner has been engaged in mining in nearly every camp in the world, the book should be full of interesting matter.

J. C. Drewry, who has now closed up his business in South East Kootenay for the present, will leave in a few days for California to spend the winter. Mr. Drewry says he is pleased with the outlook in South East Kootenay and expects to return here next spring to look after some other deals he has in view. He has been largely instrumental in interesting a great deal of capital here during the past few months, and has been a great benefit to the district.

Beats Newspaper Work.

Moyie Leader: It sometimes happens that journalism is the stepping stone to greater things. Such is the case with J. C. Drewry. Not many years ago Drewry was a reporter on a daily paper in Toronto. In the capacity of traveling correspondent he drifted to Rossland and secured interests in some of the leading properties of the camp. Stocks went skyward and Drewry found himself wealthy. Seven months ago he came to Moyie and secured mining property. Last week his syndicate amalgamated with the owners of the St. Eugene and the company was capitalized at $3 500,000. It is now said that Dreway's interests in this company alone are easily worth $500,000.

The Sco c nal was blocked to traffic owing to the foundering of two steamers.

It is rumored the minister of militia, Hon. Mr. Borden, will be knighted Christmas.

N. Tomny, of the C. P. R. stores, Moose Jaw, was killed while crossing the railway track.

The Boers have addressed a protest against the British to the foreign consuls at Pretoria.

Indications from all parts of Manitoba are very favorable to the Greenway government candidates at the coming elections.

The Manchester corporation steamer has been chartered by the British government as a troop ship.

The transports Scott and Bavarian have reached Capetown. There is no news from the Sardinian.

Do you want Good Job Work?

If you do come to The Herald office. That is the kind we do. Try us and see.

AN ADDRESS TO MARS.

Oh, Mars, please tell us truly, is it really
cool up there,
And can you somehow manage it to get a
breath of air?
And when it's night, by throwing wide
each window, vent and door,
Oh, can you sleep in bed or do you toss upon
the floor?

And is your brow as ours is, from morn till
evening, wet
With beads of perspiration which just common folks call sweat?
And is the air so very full of heat and dust
and dirt,
One day is quite enough to razzle-dazzle
any shirt?

And when the day is chilly does the iceman leave a lot,
And just a tiny bit of ice when days are
sizzling hot?
And when your brow is beaded with a hundred drops of dew
Dares anyone inquire: "Is it hot enough
for you?"

And is there real good fishing in your lakes
still unexplored?
And, by the by, what do they ask for first-class summer board?
We do not like the earth real well, its heat
is simply vile!
If you've a snap we'll all be glad to come
and stay awhile.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

JESS.

SOME eight or ten years ago John Mitchell was classed among the many prosperous farmers of Kentucky. Reverses came, however, and at the opening of my story he was, comparatively speaking, a very poor man. Out of the wreck he retained a few acres, which, assiduously worked by his own hands, were his only means of support.

His wife had been an invalid ever since Jess, their only child and daughter, left college. Upon her entering this institution her father paid for the full course in advance, fearing, as he said, that something might happen to deprive Jess of her one great desire—a college education.

Being capable of filling any position *that required sense and qualification*, Jess was forced to refuse the few which were offered her because her father would not leave the "old place" and move to the city and her mother needed her constant attendance. She tried her hand at story-writing, but the dozen or more that she sent out with so much faith in their availability came back.

The wealth and poverty of the surrounding country paid homage to Jess Mitchell. Whenever there was to be a gathering of any kind at Judge Hewling's mansion she would be among the invited. And Sally Doak, whose father was "the all-firedest poorest cuss in seven states," never thought of asking "the boys and girls" to come and have a *"time" at her house unless Jess* had promised to be there. Then Sally would make things lively around her little whitewashed home getting ready for the occasion. The night of the party would find everything as sweet and dainty as Sally herself.

Jess would always take her violin with her, for she knew that her musical gift gave these people genuine pleasure. She was never happier than when adding to the enjoyment of others.

Now, to be asked to Judge Hewling's "meant something," but Jess never felt the difference. She felt just as much honored in being a guest at the Doak cabin.

Sam Bruce had been keeping a watchful eye on Jess for many a day. He owned one of the finest stock farms in eastern Kentucky. This did not make him presumptuous as far as Jess was concerned, for he knew that dollars and cents cut no figure with her. Sam was positively ugly to look at. One of the "old-timers" said that he appeared like "he wuz half made, then furgut erbout, and jis natually slopped under."

This may have caused his timidity in approaching Jess, but it did not prevent him from giving her that great noble heart of his, that any true woman, no matter how beautiful or fascinating she might be, would be proud to be queen of.

Were anyone to tell Sam that Jess thought of him other than as her next-door neighbor he would not believe it. And although she was "oncommon kind to him in his last spill of sickness," the folk around about said nothing but "thet Mitchell gal would be kind to almost enybody." Jess "wuz a-gettin' on in years," according to their calculations, and as she "never hed a reg'lar beau she wahant likely to ever hev a man."

"Gettin' on in years" did not bother Jess. Time only added to her beauty. She had become perfectly reconciled to her humdrum existence and went about her household duties without a murmur. And when, one morning in the early part of April, her father was stricken with paralysis while loading the wagon with the vegetables that he had bunched the night before, she, being convinced that there was no immediate danger, took his place on the wagon, drove to the city and furnished his customers. When Sam remonstrated with her and begged her to allow one of his men to take her father's place, proud and independent to the core, she would not listen. Charity she could not accept.

Poor Jess. How Sam longed to take her to his heart and home and to comfort those who were dear to her. But he, too, was proud and couldn't brook a refusal, so kept silent.

On her way to the city Jess happened to think of a Mr. Williams, whom she had heard her father laud as an early riser. He was a wealthy land owner of Houston, Tex., and was stopping at "The Louisville." Every morning he and Jess' father would have a chat. People were wont to say that John Mitchell could not speak for five minutes on any subject without chiming in with "my daughter." Of course he made no exception to Mr. Williams.

Jess made for "The Louisville" first, thinking that she would beat the "early bird," for she did feel out of place in a vegetable wagon. It was hard to beat Jack Williams, however, and when Jess saw a portly, handsome fellow pacing up and down in front of the hotel she knew that it was he.

"Paralysis," Jack was saying, at the same time trying to pierce through the heavy veil that hid Jess' tear-stained face. "I trust that it isn't anything serious," he continued. "May I go to see your father?"

"Certainly," Jess answered, in a trembling voice; "I know that he will be glad to receive you."

"I will be out there Sunday. Good morning."

The balance of the week Jack was not to be seen. He knew that his presence embarrassed Jess, so he kept aloof. First, Jack was inclined to regard Jess as a "new woman," but he promptly changed his opinion and Saturday morning the porter handed her a note, which read as follows:

"Miss Mitchell: I have long been cherishing an ideal. I have accumulated wealth, hoping that some day this ideal would be a reality. I now lay my wealth, my heart and lifelong devotion at your feet.

"JACK WILLIAMS."

That evening Jess was later than usual getting home. Sam, who watched (on the sly) for her every evening, was frantic. He had heard of Jim Boswell's return. Jim was the leader of a gang of thieves and a sworn enemy of Sam's. This enmity was the continuation of a feud that commenced between both families long before Jim was born. Sam tried to make friends with Jim, but Jim said "he'd never rest until the last Bruce was off top of creation."

Sam feared that the gang would "hold up" Jess, so he walked down to meet her. He had not gone very far before he spied four masked men. He was under the impression that he was unobserved, so he hid behind a clump of trees to wait for Jess. Every second seemed an hour to him. At last he heard the sound of a vehicle, but it came so slowly that he felt positive that it was not hers. Or, great heaven! Could it be that old Cob was coming home without a driver?

Sam jumped from ambush and ran wildly down the road. Jim had recognized Sam from the first, but waited *to see what he was up to before letting* him know that he was around. When the gang saw Sam running they started in hot pursuit, thinking that he was trying to get away from them.

In the meantime Jess had been thinking deeply over the contents of the note she had received that morning. She had come to a decision. She would marry Jack Williams for her parents' sake. Seeing the lateness of the hour, she gave Cob the whip.

"Halt!" shouted one of the gang, rushing into the street and grabbing the bridle of her horse.

"What do you want?" Jess asked.

"Money or your life!" came from the masked desperado in a murderous hiss.

"You will get neither," Jess answered. "The little money I have my disabled parents need. I am Jess Mitchell."

On hearing the name the man took his hands from the bridle and passed aside without another word. Old Cob seemed to know that his friend was in danger, for he started up the road at such a break-neck rate Jess could hardly hold him. They had not proceeded very far when she heard the report of a pistol close by, then a groan and her name called. She stopped, alighted and went in the direction of the shot. She found poor Sam wounded almost to death and his enemy bending over him, watching *with glee for the last gasp.*

"Sam Bruce!" screamed Jess, "and you—Jim Boswell—his murderer!"

"My God! Miss Jess, what is Sam Bruce to you?"

"Everything, Jim—everything."

Jess got down upon her knees and tried to stop the flow of blood with her handkerchief. Jim knelt beside her; he put his hand over Sam's heart, looked closely at the wound and said: "He will not die, Miss Jess." He then whistled for his partners; he told them to divest themselves of their masks and to see that Sam was taken home. He himself went for the nearest doctor.

Sam wanted the elite at his wedding, Jess did not object, but she said not one of her poor friends should be slighted for the very greatest of them. The night of the wedding homespun and imported brocade "rubbed elbows." Jim Boswell was not forgotten, but he stood outside until the ceremony was performed. On entering the room he walked over to Sam and said aloud:

"Sam Bruce, you have won a noble woman for a wife. I, too, love her, but not as you do. The adoration and worship that a good Christian man would give his Creator I give her. The one that won my man's love now sleeps beneath the daisies. When she, Jess and myself played together as children, I loved both of them. When she, the one of my heart, left me, I *cared not for* my life, so went from bad to worse. All my old-time friends shunned me, but your wife always greeted me kindly and she was not afraid to grasp my hand in friendship and give a word of advice, which kept me from doing wrong many a time."

Jim took from his coatpocket a handsome jeweled watch and presented it to Jess, saying: "Take it, Miss Jess; honest money earned in the sweat of my brow and bought for you. Take it and God bless you and yours."—Chicago News.

A Plain Direction.

Canon Knox-Little told a good story once at a church congress. He said he remembered a lych-gate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door: "This Is the Gate of Heaven," and underneath was the large notice: "Go Round the Other Way."—Household Words.

—A woman's idea of a real good-natured husband, is one who will gather all the wild flowers she sees.—Washington Democrat.

A Word to the Ladies.

A printed or engraved card is the groper thing. The Herald prints them with type of the latest design. Call and see samples.

Christmas Printing.

Now is the time for merchants to get their Christmas printing. The Herald office is prepared to furnish anything in this line.

A HONEY BEE'S RESTLESS LIFE.

It Begins When Three Days Old and Dies at Forty-Five.

G. W. Reynolds, of Los Angeles, Cal., one of the oldest traveling men in the United States, is 71 years of age. Mr. Reynolds has a ranch, of which he enjoys telling even more than he does of the experiences through which he has passed during his half century upon the road. The ranch is near San Diego, Cal. The chief product is honey. This product is gained from two apiaries, which Mr. Reynolds visits every time his business permits him to go to southern California.

"In my apiaries, which are cared for by my son," said he, "there are 140 stands of bees. The honey season lasts from April to July. This season my bees yielded 40,000 pounds of honey, which sells in that country in bulk lots at four cents a pound. Two of the hives gave over 500 pounds each. For ten years I have been interested in bees in a small way, and I take greater interest in them every year. A hive or stand of bees is worth $2.50. In it are the queen, the drones and the workers, a total population of from 20,000 to 25,000 bees.

"This very good-sized colony," he continued, "resides in a hive or wooden box. In the hive are a dozen frames 13 by 7 inches. In these the bees make or deposit the honey, a foundation of wax having been first placed in each frame by the beekeeper, so that the bees may have something to build upon. The honey is taken out of the frames every other week during the honey season. While doing so there is little need of protecting the hands. The bees seem to be most inclined to sting one in the face. So, as a precaution, the man who is removing the honey from the hives wears a straw hat, from the brim of which is hung a silk veil, like they have to do up in the Klondike country to ward off the summer mosquitoes.

"The queen is an absolute monarch within her dominions. She is the undisputed boss of the job. An ordinary bee lives during the working season only 45 days. Young ones are being hatched out all the time. A bee goes to work at the tender age of three days, and hustles like a veteran for 42 days. Then it is just naturally all tired out, I suppose, for it dies. The queen lives longer, and when a young queen comes into existence in the hive she drives the old queen out. Her loyal subjects follow her in her banishment, and that is what makes the swarm.

"In southern California the bees make water-white honey when the black sage is in blossom. When the white sage is flowering the honey has an amber tinge. In winter the bees make no honey. Seventy-five car loads of the article are shipped out of San Diego county in good years."—Denver Republican.

CONVERSATIONAL PARESIS.

The Bore Who Talks About His Health or Ailments.

A group of men were talking in a hotel corridor uptown recently when a man with a dark beard and rather long hair entered. The members of the group began to scamper away instantly, and it was a curious fact that not one remained to exchange greetings with the new arrival, although they all knew him intimately.

Col. David F. Harbaugh, who came from Ohio and knows President McKinley and all the big orators and statesmen, explained why it was that they all avoided the man.

"That man is a gentleman and a scholar, but he is the most unmitigated bore that ever wore out the patience of his friends. He should read 'Don't,' which says: 'Don't afflict others with your troubles.' But he can be cured."

"What is the remedy?"

"It is drastic and may result in unpleasantness at first, but some close friend should do it. I had a friend whose mania was talking about his health. He looked strong, ate three or four meals a day, smoked big, black cigars, and yet his hypochondriacal monologues were unendurable. Every morning he came to my office and for an hour would tell me how many times he sneezed before breakfast, what he *took to prevent a repetition of the* sneezing, how he imagined that some day indigestion might overtake him, and a lot of other things not at all entertaining. I bore this for six months, until I lost my appetite and almost got sick. But one day I ran away and left him."

"Had a row, of course?"

"No; I advised him to stop talking about his alleged illness. I told him, which was true, that he was talented and entertaining on any other subject, and as a friend I begged him to cease being a bore. At first he was indignant, but he thanked me for my frankness finally and said he would reform. He belonged to a class of men who have *conversational paresis and who will* talk for hours without encouragement."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Three Queer Tennessee Farmers.

There is in Tennessee a family of three sisters which presents some of the most startling peculiarities imaginable. The three sisters live together on a farm, their sole means of subsistence, and work early and late to earn a livelihood. Two of them work in the field; the third does the cooking and other housework. There is but one period of the year when any member of the trio has anything to say to any other member. All during the winter, spring and summer they go about their business with the seal of silence on their lips. When fall comes and the crop is harvested they break the silence, and then only to quarrel over the division of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in getting all that she thinks possible, silence reigns again until the next harvest time. The sisters, as you may judge, have made a name for themselves. They are known far and near as the 'deaf and dumb triplets,' although such a title is scarcely appropriate.—Washington Post.

NOTICE.

Take notice that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 160 acres of land near the We come mine on the west fork of the St. Marys river in East Kootenay district, more particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a post marked T. G. Holt's southwest corner, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

T. G. HOLT.

Dated at Cranbrook, October 17, 1899.

NOTICE.

Take notice that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 160 acres of land near the Welcome mine on the west fork of the St. Marys river, in East Kootenay district, more particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a post marked D. W. Moore's southeast corner, thence west 40 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 40 chains to point of commencement.

D. W. MOORE.

Dated at Cranbrook October 17, 1899.

Certificate of Improvement

ENTERPRISE MINERAL CLAIM, (No, 3559.)

Situate in the Fort Steele Mining Division of East Kootenay District. Where located—South of and adjoining the "Welcome" on the south side of the west fork of St. Marys river, about five miles from Sawyer's Pass.

TAKE NOTICE that I, A. W. McVittie, Free Miner's Certificate B2870, acting as agent for Wm. Millican, Free Miner's Certificate B10,110, and Hugh McCool, Free Miner's Certificate A3,476, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvement for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under Sect on 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvement.

Dated this 15th day of November, 1899.

A. W. McVITTIE.

Certificate of Improvement

GREENHORN FRACTION MINERAL CLAIM.

SITUATE IN THE FORT STEELE MINING DIVISION OF SOUTH EAST KOOTENAY DISTRICT. WHERE LOCATED—ON HUCKLEBERRY HILL.

TAKE NOTICE, that we,

Walter Van Arsdalen, Free Miner's Certificate, No B9,633

Robert Dempsey, Free Miner's Certificate, B 9,857,

David Newell, Free Miner's Certificate, B 9,848,

Elgin E. Jones, Free Miner's Certificate, A39,727, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 7th day of November, 1899.

Signed WALTER VAN ARSDALEN,
ROBERT DEMPSEY,
DAVID NEWELL,
ELGIN E. JONES.

W. R. Ross. H. W. Herchmer

ROSS & HERCHMER

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers.

CRANBROOK AND FORT STEELE. Cranbrook Office 15 and 16 Hanson Block

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Contractor and Builder

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS FURNISHED FREE OF CHARGE

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

Cranbrook, British Columbia

Chas. Estmere...

Real Estate, Mining Broker

STOCKS

Black Bear... 3½c Empire..... 7c
Kimberley Consolidated, 10c

Kimberley, B. C
Via Cranbrook

T. W. LEASK

Planing Mill and Sash and Door Factory

...Manufacturers of...

Sash Doors Mouldings
Frames
Band Sawing Turning

Cranbrook

G. L. HILLIARD,

General Blacksmith

CRANBROOK, B. C.

HORSESHOEING, MINING WORK AND GENERAL REPAIRING.

WAGON WOOD-WORK Promptly Attended to.

The Cranbrook Lumber Co.

Saw and Planing Mills

:::AT

CRANBROOK, B. C.

—ALL KINDS OF—

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

IN STOCK OR MADE TO ORDER.

Commercial Hotel...

....J. F. & G. JOYCE, Proprietors

Baker Street, Cranbrook, B. C.

Conducted on the European Plan

WELL APPOINTED CLUB ROOMS

Best Wines and Liquors at the Bar

J. LEASK, THE TAILOR

The Best Stock, the Most Satisfactory Prices, and First-Class Work. Repairing Neatly Executed.

MAKES SUITS THAT FIT

B. C. Furniture & Undertaking Co.

Manufacturers of all Kinds of

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses.

We Sell Retail at Wholesale Prices.

Undertakers and Embalmers.

Perdue Block, Opposite Canadian Bank Commerce.

East Kootenay Hotel

T. T. Richards
Proprietor ::: :::

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

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

M. McInnes AND Co.

Wholesale and Retail...

BUTCHERS

Fernie, Wardner, Fort Steele, Cranbrook, Moyie.

Central Hotel ....FORT STEELE

Harry Drew, Prop.

The Central Hotel is open both day and night. The bar goods are first class, and the dining room is in charge of Thos. McCarson, and is second to none in the Kootenays. Free sample rooms and the best and quietest bedrooms in the town.

North Star Hotel ....KIMBERLEY

The North Star Hotel is the large and magnificent hotel at Kimberley that is just finished and is furnished new throughout. Everything in connection is first-class. When you visit Kimberley, don't forget The North Star Hotel.

THE HERALD.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

A CLEAR CASE.

Showing How Easy It Is to Twist the Meaning of Things.

I.

Time, honeymoon.

He—May I come in?

She—No; keep out of the kitchen. I am getting dinner for you. I wouldn't trust the servant to do it.

He—Can't I help you?

(Enter servant, who never thought much of him anyhow.)

She—No; I don't want to be bothered with you.

He—Don't be a goose. I'm coming in. (Forces his way past the servant.)

She—Now, go away. If you don't, I'll put flour on your face!

He—I won't let you. (Catches both her hands.)

She (struggling violently)—Now, let me alone, or everything will be spoiled!

He (playfully twitching a lock of hair which has straggled over her forehead)—You mustn't pass your hours over that hot stove trying to please me. I'll lock the place up and board if you don't quit it. Come, give me a kiss.

She (breaking from him)—There! I'll teach you to be saucy! (Puts her hand, which is covered with flour, on his face.) Now, will you go away? (Laughs at his discomfiture.)

He (perceiving some stove polish and rubbing his finger in it)—I'll pay you for that! (Puts a little of the polish on her cheek.)

She—Oh, you awkward thing! You will be the death of me! You almost put my eye out! And the dinner is burning!

He (trying to kiss her)—Never mind the dinner. Don't bother with the kitchen. We'll go down town and get dinner.

She—Oh, that will be fun! You are the dearest, best, kindest husband in the world! (Kisses him.)

II.

Time, after the deluge of tears and reproaches.

Her Lawyer—Did you ever hear your mistress express fears of personal violence at this man's hands?

Servant—Yes, sir.

(A buzz of indignation.)

Her Lawyer—Did you ever see him shake her and pull her hair?

Servant—Yes, sir.

(Murmurs of "Who would have thought it!")

Her Lawyer—Has he threatened to lock her out of the house?

Servant—Yes, sir.

(Exclamations of "The brute!")

Her Lawyer—Did he ever give her a black eye?

Servant—Yes, sir.

Her Lawyer—That will do.

Gossips (in chorus)—There, I told you so!

Moral.—Don't be silly before the servant.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

How a Drunken Husband Was Made a Sober Man by a Determined Wife.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

She writes:—"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Samaria Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness. And I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts, and everything else dear to a woman's heart, for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope, sent free, giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaria Prescription. Correspondence considered sacredly confidential. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

A Burglary Story.

They were telling "burglary stories" on the veranda in front of the grocery store in a down east town.

"The man's hand was thrust through the hole he had cut in the door," said the star talker, "when the woman seized the wrist and held on in spite of the struggles of the man outside. In the morning the burglar was found dead, having cut his own throat when he found escape impossible; but the brave woman had not known he was dead, and so had not released her grasp on his wrist all night long."

"Huh!" growled the skeptic in the corner. "Why didn't she feel of his pulse?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Iron Smelting In Africa.

Iron is smelted from a rich hematite ore in high blast furnaces, strongly built of ant heap mud and heated by charcoal. It is a trade confined to few families only, who have the necessary "medicines" for success and who know the rules which have to be observed. They are certainly very good tradesmen and turn out in hoes, axes and knives some very creditable work, but it is the "medicine" which gets the credit of the skill.

One of the missionaries once tried to smelt iron, and his attempt was watched with interest by the natives. He could not get up enough heat and failed. He might have had the correct "medicines" (crocodile gall is said to be one), but he did not observe the rules. Any tyro could have told him that it was impossible to smelt iron and continue to live at the same time with his wife.—Geographical Journal.

A Lofty Ambition.

"My dear," said the banker to his only daughter, "I have noticed a young man attired in a dress suit in the parlor two or three evenings each week of late. What is his occupation?"

"He is at present unemployed, father," replied the fair girl, a dreamy, faraway look in her big blue eyes, "but he is thinking seriously of accepting a position of life companion to a young lady of means."—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

THE BANK CASHIER.

His Interesting Story of How He Did Not Rob the Bank Vault.

"I was cashier of a bank in Pennsylvania a good many years ago," said the man who was traveling on a deadhead pass, "and after a couple of years I made up my mind that things were too slow for me. In other words, I decided to gobble up what money I could and skip for Europe and go into business on my own hook. I bided my time, and one night, when I knew I could lay my hands on about $90,000, I prepared to bid the town goodby. I had a key to the bank and another to the vault, and as we had no watchman inside I had no trouble in getting in. It was about midnight when I made my raid, and I hadn't opened the vault yet, when the bank door was unlocked, and the president entered. He had an empty carpetbag under his arm and got weak in the knees when he saw me. We hadn't passed a question when another key clicked, and the manager entered. He also had an empty carpetbag, and he also got weak in the knees. The three of us sat down, each with an empty bag at his feet, and looked at each other for a long time. It was the president who spoke first, and he said:

"I was worried about the funds in the vault."

"So was I," said the manager.

"So was I," I added.

"And hadn't we better see if they are safe?"

"I think we had."

"So do I."

"Then the president unlocked the vault, and the three of us stepped inside and assured ourselves that the funds were all right. As we came out and the doors were locked behind us he said:

"I found this old carpetbag on the street as I came along."

"And I found this," said the manager.

"And I found this," I added.

"There was an interval of painful silence, and we all walked out together. The outside watchman came up as we did so, and the president observed:

"Special meeting, you see, James. You'd better go inside for the rest of the night."

"Yes, inside," said the manager.

"Yes, inside, James," I added.

"James was locked in the bank," continued the ex-cashier, "and we bade each other good night and separated. It was an even up thing so far as it went, and it ought to have been so to the end, but the honest man is always the one to suffer. Next day I got the bounce. The president said that he and the manager had been thinking things over and had come to the conclusion that I had been tempted to rob the bank and would have got away with every dollar if they hadn't happened to show up. I was honest in acknowledging it and had to go, and I believe they had their salaries raised for their zeal and solicitude."—Chicago News.

The Alert Little Chipmunk.

An acquaintance surprised me the other day by the question, "What is a chipmunk—how does he differ from a squirrel?" I thought everybody knew this gay sprite of the roadsides. He is a true squirrel, about the size of the common red one and of the same reddish tone, which, like the brother of the trees, is much brighter in winter than in summer, when the long, warm, handsome fur, suitable for cold weather and the nuptial time, is replaced by a warm weather suit of a cooler, shorter and paler sort. His distinguishing marks are two white stripes along the side of the back from the fore shoulder to the root of the tail, each bordered by a black line, making him the prettiest of our lesser quadrupeds and giving to him, as with erect ears and trailing, bushy tail he scuds along the fence or scampers in and out of a brush pile—for he is a true ground squirrel, rarely going even upon the trunk of a tree—an air of dandy pride and alertness that is most engaging. In the far west there are four lined and checkered ones.

Our chipmunk is the familiar of the old stone walls, and where in some parts of the country these are disappearing the chipmunk is disappearing, too, while many a skunk and woodchuck also find themselves dispossessed.—Lippincott's.

Colds and Bare Hands.

Many people marvel why they suffer so frequently with cold in the head. The matter has puzzled even the omniscient doctor, and his only explanation was that some persons were constitutionally inclined that way.

Investigation shows, however, that it is all due to the hands. No matter how warmly you clothe the rest of the body, you readily catch cold if you leave the hands exposed.

The reason is very simple after all. Of course every one knows that the blood and blood vessels contribute a sort of hot water warming apparatus for the body. As the hands are more exposed than other parts, they receive a more liberal supply of the heating fluid. But this blood is immediately chilled and returned in an icy state to the lungs. Here it sets up inflammation, with the natural consequences of congestion, which is commonly called cold. If you take care to wear gloves on any day that is rather chilly, it is astonishing what a lot of colds you will ward off.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wanted a Run For His Money.

An Austrian, coming up on a recent steamer, fell in with two sharpers, who led him into many wagers. They were so invariably successful that he became suspicious that they were "fixing" the bets, but each new proposition was so tempting that he could not resist it. At last, as they approached the Golden Gate, he counted up the remnants of his roll.

"Gentlemen," he said to them, "I find I have just $22 in American money left. Now, I will risk it all if you will name this last bet."

The others were curious, and, knowing they could not lose much, consented, and asked what his proposition was.

"It is this," he said. "I'll bet you $22 that I can yell louder than the ship's steam whistle. Of course I'll lose," he added, "but, by jingo, I know the whistle can't be fixed."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Siamese Customs.

Siamese paupers and criminals are not cremated when they die, but taken to a temple, where their bodies are cut in three places and laid out in the temple inclosure, where they are devoured by pariah dogs and a flock of vultures kept there for that purpose.

The Siamese count their years by sets of 12, each year bearing the name of some animal. Persons born in years the animals of which are hostile must not marry. Thus a union between a man born in the year of the tiger with a girl born in the year of the rabbit would be very unfortunate for her.

DO NOT PAY CASH!

Pay in SCRIP for Dominion Lands and

SAVE A LARGE DISCOUNT.

For Prices and full information apply to

Alloway & Champion,

BANKERS AND BROKERS

Winnipeg.

Or to any office of the MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA, or the UNION BANK OF CANADA in Manitoba or the West.

ASTHMA PERMANENTLY CURED.

A Well-known Canadian Notary Public Suffered for 35 Years—Permanently Cured by Clarke's Kola Compound.

R. D. Pitt, Esq., Kamloops, writes: "I had suffered for at least 35 years from the great oppressiveness of asthma and shortness of breath. I had during these years consulted many physicians and tried all the remedies, until the doctor told me I might get temporary relief, but I would be always troubled. I tried Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound, and after taking the first bottle I became greatly relieved, and three bottles have completely cured me. I can now breathe as naturally as ever, and asthma does not trouble me in the least. I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the marvellous effect this remedy has had in my case, and would urge all suffering from this disease to try Clarke's Kola Compound, as only those who have suffered all these years as I have can appreciate what a blessing this remedy must prove to sufferers from asthma."

A free sample bottle will be sent to any person troubled with asthma. Address the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 21 Church street, Toronto, and Vancouver, B. C., sole Canadian agents. Sold by all druggists. When writing for sample mention this paper.

Clarke's Kola Compound is the only permanent cure for asthma; is now successfully used throughout the leading hospitals in England and Canada.

CROOKED RAILROADS.

As Described by Two Champion Liars Who Met by Accident.

Uncle Ebe Bingham came up from Hickory Corners a few days ago, and I do believe that he is the biggest liar that ever struck Chicago. Perhaps that statement is a little rash, but, at any rate, Uncle Ebe displays a great quantity of country grocery store training.

I was coming up from Springfield yesterday on the Illinois Central road, and when the train stopped at Hickory Corners Ebe took a seat which was partly occupied by a drummer and directly in front of me.

Ebe kept quiet as long as he could, and then, turning to the traveling man, remarked:

"Purty crooked road, this."

"Yes," answered the drummer "but I've ridden on roads more crooked than this."

"So huv I," said Ebe. "Rid on roads so crooked that at times the passengers could shake hands with the engineer."

At this the drummer gazed wonderingly at Uncle Ebe, who assumed a superior manner, which evidently nettled the man of grips. Finally the latter spoke.

"That's nothing. Why, I remember one night we were coming up through the mountains on the Pennsylvania line when a porter, who was making his first trip on the road, came running from the rear coach yelling frantically for the conductor to put on more steam. He declared that there was another train right behind us and that a rear end collision was about to occur. 'Her headlight is only a few feet behind us,' screamed the terrified porter.

"'Oh, go back to your coach,' said the conductor calmly, 'that's our own engine.'"

Ebe winced.

"Sure that wasn't the moon the porter saw?" he asked of the drummer. Then, without waiting for an answer and with malice aforethought, he related the following:

"Just so. That was a purty crooked road, but it was way back in the sixties that I rode on the crookedest gol darned road in the country. Yes, it was in the fall of '62 that Bill Holcomb and me went out west.

"Them wuz the days that trains used to make speed. No sich thing as crawlin along at 60 miles an hour. Never less'n 100 them days.

"Wall, anyway, we were crossin the Rocky mountains one night. Dark? Why, it wuz so dark that they had to put a double row of lights in the coach before we could see.

"Bill and me wuz sitting up purty late playing keards in the sleeper. Finally Bill says he guessed he'd go to bed, and that wuz the last time I saw him alive.

"I walked up into the smoker and hadn't no more'n got sot down when an awful crash came. I wuz knocked clear into the front end of the car. Winder glass rained all around me, and I cud hear the cries of the injered.

"Thinkin of Bill, I picked my way back among the broken timbers to the sleeper. Ye might think I'm a liar, but I'll be gol darned if our own engine wasn't stickin half way through the coach. Poor Bill had been struck by the cowcatcher and lay dead on the floor.

"Everybody said that the curve which we were goin around at the time the accident happened wuz too short, but I never could understand sich things."—Chicago Democrat.

Mystery of Gray Hair.

That a man's hair sometimes turns gray very suddenly is a fact well known to physiologists. Statistics, however, on this subject are very rare, and for this reason a famous German scientist recently requested a number of physicians to send him full details of all such cases as might come under their observation. As a result, Dr. Moritz, the well known authority on diseases of the throat, has published in The Archive a full account of such a case.

The subject, or victim, is a day laborer about 36 years of age. Some time ago he was very nearly run over by a railroad train, and naturally he received a severe shock. On the following morning a friend asked him what he had done to his hair, and, looking in the glass, he saw that there were two distinct patches of white on his head, one exactly in the middle and the other just above his right ear. Each patch of white hair covers a space of from three to four square inches.

The evident conclusion is that this sudden change of color was caused solely by the fright which the man experienced when the train flashed by him within a few inches of his body.

The Care of the Eyes.

On arising in the morning the eyes should be bathed gently in cold water—20 "passes" are said to be decidedly strengthening. While using them closely they should be rested at intervals of an hour or two, for the strain of constant reading or sewing is like that of extending the arms at a certain height immovable. Imagine, then, the taxing of the eyes, which cannot complain save after years of irreparable neglect.

When dust settles in the eyes, warm water will soothe them of any inflammation. Rose water is extremely refreshing, but it should be bought in small quantities, as it keeps but a short time. Five cents' worth will give a daily eye bath for several weeks. Tea leaves and alum water were the eye tonics which our grandfathers used, but in these modern days of absolute hygienic and antiseptic simplicity water, especially in a distilled form, is considered powerful enough.—

More Play Than Work.

A Baku oil refiner's daily routine would soon reduce a Chicago business man to a state of hopeless idiocy says a writer in the Pall Mall Magazine, describing "Baku and Its Oil Springs." He rises at 9 a. m., swallows a cup of coffee and hurries to the "shop," where he busies himself till 2 o'clock. Then follows a copious dejeuner a la francaise and a couple of hours' siesta. At dark he leaves his couch again and betakes himself to the club, where cards and billiards are pursued with ferocity till 10 p. m., which is the Baku dinner hour. The meal is taken at the club, and afterward play is resumed till late in the small hours.

ANIMALS WHO SHUN HEAT.

Where They May Be Found on a Scorching Day.

"Wild animals oppressed by heat are almost human in their actions," observed a naturalist. "They seek shelter from the sun, thirst much for water and fall down at last, sunstruck. The tigers of India and the lions of Africa seek jungles that are nearly impenetrable to man, where in pools they wallow for hours, chin deep, in the water rather than endure the intense heat of the sun driving through the mass of foliage overhead. Further than this, they may sometimes be surprised like deer in the water.

"In hot weather fishermen often see along the shores of the Adirondack and Maine lakes numbers of deer. These animals make frequent visits during the day to the water, where they nibble at a lily pod now and again and swim across to the islands or to the opposite shore to cool off their overheated bodies.

"Cattle seek the woods and shade spots when the sun begins to show its fury, but they are often driven out of such cool places by a more deadly enemy—the armies of bloodthirsty and keenly weaponed insects—and resort to the hills. Curiously enough, many insects prefer keeping in the shade to quenching their thirst for blood. When cattle seek the pools and streams, fishes gather around to snap up the flies killed by the tails of the beasts.

"The woodchuck retires to the moist depths of its burrow, the squirrel to its home tree. The hare lies in the long grass beside the brook in an alder bed."—Washington Star.

The Best Liniment for Horses.

Messrs. Ritchie & Co., the large ranchers of B.C., write: "We consider Griffiths' Veterinary Menthol Liniment unequalled for horses. One of ours had a bad sprain on its left leg, which was swollen to an enormous size. Griffiths' Menthol Liniment was applied two days, when the swelling and soreness entirely left it. We consider it superior to any other liniment." All druggists, 25 cts.

Ready to Emigrate.

"Marse Jim," said the old time darky, "is it true dat dem Boston folks is gadderin up de cullud race en givin um a trip ter Boston free?"

"Well, they have done so in one instance. But what's that to you?"

"Hit's a mighty heap, suh, dat what it is! You know I got one wife en 13 chillun, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, suh, I been wantin ter take de whole fambly off fer de summer dis long time, en hit come ter me dat ef de Boston folks'll des pay de expenses we'll go up dar en live on um twell fros' come!"

A PURELY VEGETABLE PILL.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded from roots, herbs and solid extracts of known virtue in the treatment of liver and kidney complaints and in giving tone to the system whether enfeebled by overwork or deranged through excess in living. They require no testimonial. Their excellent qualities are well known to all those who have used them and they commend themselves to dyspeptics and those subject to biliousness who are in quest of a beneficial medicine.

WAS OBLIGING.

But It Is Not Always Safe to Quote Poetry.

The young man who sings loud and long was interrupted by a tap at the door of his apartment.

"Excuse me," said the tall, thin stranger, "I am sorry to intrude. I occupy the flat under you, and I have come up to inquire if you are the gentleman who sings ballads."

"Yes," was the answer, with the air of a man who is modest, but cannot deny the truth. "Are you fond of music?"

"I don't know that I am what you call fond of it. At the same time I haven't anything particular against it. I am very much affected by some things I hear."

"That amounts to the same thing as being fond of it," was the answer, in a tone of soothing encouragement.

"I have been wondering if I caught the words of your favorite song correctly. Let me see:

"How often, oh, how often,
Have I wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
To the ocean wild and wide.

Is that right?"

"Yes; it's right, according to my recollection. Is that one of the pieces you are affected by?"

"Yes. I have been affected by that for hours at a time. It has drawn me irresistibly to you. It has filled me with a yearning to do something that would make you happier. And I called up to say that if you'll come down to the river with me any evening I'll pay your car fare and hire a boat and give you a good start on the first ebbing tide scheduled. And I don't mind saying that the farther out it bears you the better I'll be satisfied."—Washington Star.

20 YEARS TORTURE.

A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: "For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure.

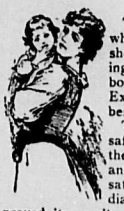
"She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent.

"I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past, and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS Cure constipation, biliousness sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

Save the Babies.

Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.



There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

There is no remedy so safe and so effective for the diarrhœa of infants, and none has the endorsation of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore speak with confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont., who says: "I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken with diarrhœa very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once."

THE LEARNED WAITRESS.

[A number of women schoolteachers have engaged as waitresses at the summer resorts.—Daily Paper.]

She must rank high in classic lore,
I know e'en writing's Greek to her;
Contemptuously she scans me o'er
As daring me to speak to her,
Then sniffeth she with great disdain
And falls into a reverie,
Until a howl of hungry pain
Awakes her from her lethargy.

The boarder withereth 'neath the glare
That glows behind her shining glasses,
And, trembling, asks the bill of fare,
Which, having pondered on, she passes;
This having duly studied out,
He turns to where his Ganymede is,
Feeling it sacrilege to shout
To such a person what his feed is.

But he's too late; she's off again,
Wandering in learning's mystic mazes,
Her eyes fixed on the window pane,
Through which persistently she gazes,
Till wrought at last to dire despair
The hungry man howls out his order!
Then soupward with offended air
Sweepeth majestically his warder.

He muncheth bread. The moments pass,
Anon essayeth he a pickle;
Of wine he swirgeth many a glass,
Yet lingers still that waitress fickle.
She comes at last with look of pain,
Bearing a tart as a beginner,
And all his arguments are vain
To prove he has not had his dinner.
—What to Eat.

Dear Sirs,—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years.

I have used three bottles of your MINARD'S LINMENT and am completely cured.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the use of your valuable medicine.

Two Rivers. ROBERT ROSS.

Could Not Down Him.

An old friend of an Australian's father was his cicerone in London and took him, among other places, to Westminster abbey. And— "There, my young friend," said the Englishman when they had explored the noble old building, "you have nothing like that in Australia."

"My word," said the colonial expert, "no fear! You should just see the Scotch church at Ballarat!"—The Cockney Columbus, by D. C. Murray.

The Tunnel Trick.

In going through a tunnel it is mean for a passenger to kiss the back of his hand with a loud, resounding smack. When daylight is reached, it causes the other passengers to eye each other with painful earnestness and dire suspicion.—Anglo-American.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences, as many have testified who have tried it.

Its Beauty Departed.

Wife (rushing toward shop window)—Oh, look here!

Husband—Well, I declare! There is one of the tete-a-tete lamps you were admiring at Mrs. De Style's.

Wife (suddenly stopping)—Horrors! It's marked "Only $2."—New York Weekly.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

The Story of Mignon.

The Goethe society of Vienna discovered the real story that lies back of Goethe's beautiful creation of "Mignon," which has passed into so many songs and even into an opera.

This story runs that in 1764 an Italian equilibrist named Caratta went to Goettingen with his troupe. In his company was a child, evidently of good family, who took her part with marked reluctance. The report soon spread that the child had been kidnaped by Caratta, but he fled and escaped all injury.

The fate of the 11-year-old Petronella, as she was called, caused a great sensation in Goettingen. Young poets of the town wrote on the theme, and Daniel Schiebler, one of the university students, collected these poems into a volume. Soon after Schiebler went to Leipsic, where he was thrown much with Goethe and told him the sad tale of little Petronella. A decade later this Petronella became one of the most charming of poetic creations—Goethe's "Mignon."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

TOWN TOPICS.

Citizens cannot pave streets with good resolutions.—Dallas News.

It would be far better to put electric wires underground than firemen.—Omaha Bee.

The number of "For Sale" and "To Let" signs increases daily on the houses along our streets and avenues. May 1 is no longer the popular moving day in New York. Oct. 1 has displaced it.—New York Herald.

It is now proposed to run the motors of street cars with alcohol. On some of the cars in St. Louis the supply would be continuous. At least it would seem so to judge from the exhalations from some of the passengers.—St. Louis Star.

Chicago is the only convention city in the country. It is the only city where conventions and the vast throngs who go where the conventions are held can be accommodated. For that reason the conventions will probably be located here.—Chicago Chronicle.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

I Must have the genuine, The imitations look very nice, but they hurt my delicate SKIN.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO'Y.

$4.95 Cut this out and send it to us with the name of your nearest express office and we will ship you this Violin with outfit by express, subject to examination. Examine it at your express office, and if you find it exactly as we represent it and entirely satisfactory, pay the express agent our special price, $4.95 and express charges. This is a finely finished, regular $20.00 Stradivarius model violin, richly colored, highly polished, powerful and sweet in tone. Complete with fine bow, extra set of strings and resin. A genuine bargain at the price. Buy direct from us and save the dealer's profit.

Johnston & McFarlane, Box W L, Toronto, Ont.

WRITERS AND PAINTERS.

Jerome K. Jerome takes his vacation on a farm, where he becomes one of the day laborers. He has studied agriculture, both from a theoretical and practical point of view.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, writes all his stories with copying ink. This enables him to take press copies and so obtain exact duplicates without the aid of a clerk or typewriter.

M. Zola has not yet settled down again to literary work, but is busy developing the photographs he took in England. They will, he hopes, be valuable, should he decide to write a work on London.

William M. Chase, the artist, says the greatest difficulty which the portrait painter has to encounter is to keep his sitter in a natural pose. No man, he says, will ever, when being painted, assume one of his own accord.

Carolus Duran says that his most severe critic was a dog whose portrait he once painted. The mistress turned up her nose at the result, "and," says the artist, "the dog looked once and then bit me in the leg. Yet it wasn't a bad picture, either."

SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure.

Bracing Himself For the Kick.

"Some men are hard to suit," remarked the real estate agent after a customer had left. "That man, now, will come back here in a week or two and tell me I have swindled him, although I've sold him a suburban lot at half price."

"What will he complain about?" asked the office lounger.

"He'll kick because when I told him he would be within 20 minutes' ride of the city I didn't tell him he'd have to walk 20 minutes to reach his train."—Chicago Tribune.

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm-killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

A Distinction to Be Made.

"We insist upon being a free country," exclaimed the Filipino chief.

"Excuse me," answered the man whose way of being humorous is very serious, "but I'm afraid you'll have to write that proposition out so that I can see it. I'm not sure whether you mean to insist on being a free country or a freak country."

And then he smiled a ghastly smile.—Washington Star.

Why Didn't the Publisher?

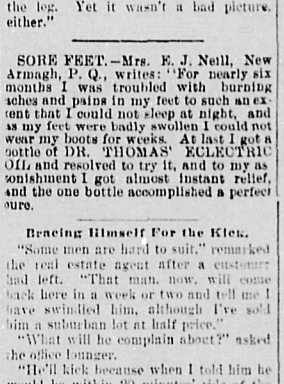
"When you returned my book you said you enjoyed it immensely."

"Well, I did, for a fact."

"I'm glad to hear it. But why didn't you cut the leaves?"

THEY NEVER KNEW FAILURE.—Careful observation of the effects of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and stimulate them to healthy action. There may be cases in which the disease has been long seated and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these pills have been known to bring relief when all other so-called remedies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pills, and medical men speak highly of their qualities.

Art or Industry?



"For heaven's sake, Johann, what's that awful noise?"

"It's either your wife, sir, playing a Wagner symphony, or else it's a street gang laying block pavement."—Heitere Welt.

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL, Importers of Groceries, Winnipeg. Write U. Hamilton, Ont. Circle Teas, L. S. & B. Coffees, L. S. & B. Extracts, L. S. & B. Spices

HIGH GRADE PLOWS, SEEDING MACHINES, Carriages, Wagons, Barrows, Windmills, &c. COCKSHUTT PLOW CO., Winnipeg.

CREAM SEPARATORS . . .

If you keep cows you cannot afford to be without a CREAM SEPARATOR, and if you want to have the best, most moderate in price, and on easiest terms, apply to

R. A. LISTER & CO., LTD., 232 King St., Winnipeg.

Dealers in Dairy Supplies and Produce, Gasoline Engines, Horse Tread Powers, Etc.

PARIS 1900 EXPOSITION.

Parties contemplating the trip are invited to write for particulars of personally conducted or independent tours from Winnipeg to W. HARDWICK HARRISON, Director of the "Gouin" School of Languages and Representative of Thomas Cook & Son, of London and New York.

Address, 375 Main Street, Winnipeg.

W. N. U. 242

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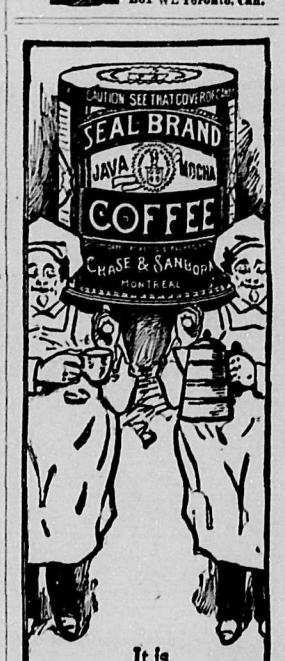
$3.95 Cut this out and return to us with name of your nearest express office and we will send this watch there for you to examine. It is an open-face, gold-plated, dust proof case, handsomely engraved, fitted with American lever movement, jewelled stem wind and set movement. Lady's or gent's size. It is a good time piece, equal in appearance to a $25.00 watch, and is just the thing for trading purposes. If, on careful examination you are convinced this watch is worth far more than we ask, pay the express agent $3.95 and express charges and it is yours. Toyo Watch Co., Box W L, Toronto, Can.



It is Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, reason enough why it is popular.

USE EDDY'S BRUSHES

THE MOST DURABLE ON THE MARKET.

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

F. E. Simpson, N.G. F. C. Rankin Sec'y.

LOCAL NOTES

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

Today is Thanksgiving in the States.

Constable Barnes was in town yesterday.

A. P. Bremner, of Moyie, was in town Monday.

Three weeks from next Monday is Christmas.

Hungarian, Glenora and Graham flour at Gilpin's.

Dan Horan left for Macleod today for a brief visit.

Evaporated raspberries, apples and apricots at Gilpin's.

Leo McDermot is now night agent at the Cranbrook station.

F. McMahon, of Moyie, was a Cranbrood visitor Monday.

Try Gil, in's for groceries Always a full and choice stock on hand.

Government Agent Armstrong was in Cranbrook several times last week.

Douglas Hope, of Moyie, was in town yesterday on his way to Fort Steele.

If you want crockery or a nice dinner set, try Gilpin's.

Charles Noble is now freighting for the Fort Steele Mercantile company.

W. Blinkhorn is now in charge of the dining room at the Commercial hotel.

G. H. Miner has put in a stock of hardware in his branch store at Moyie.

Moyie citizens have subscribed to a fund for the purpose of building sidewalks.

Frank Rankin is now in charge of the Fort Steele Mercantile company's store at Wardner.

Rev. Mr. Wallace, of the Presbyterian church, left today after a stay of two weeks in town

The first real snow of the season fell Tuesday night, and the storm continued all day Wednesday.

Tom McCarson will give one of his famous dinners at the North Star hotel in Kimberley today.

James Cronin remains as manager of the St. Eugene Consolidated, and J. C. Drewry retains an interest.

Joe Schmidt, for some time in charge of work at Moyie for Contractor Leask, has returned to Cranbrook.

For porridge you can get rolled oats, groats, rolled wheat, wheattles, middlings and corn meal ot Gilpin's.

The regular nominations for the election of officers for the ensuing term will occur tomorrow evening at the I O O F. lodge.

Miss Magee, teacher of music (piano), and painting. For terms apply Tuesday and Wednesday. 2 to 4 o'clock. Hanson avenue.

The sooner that sidewalk is built to Baker hill, the better will be the chances for The Herald editor to become a Christian.

A business proposition, pure and simple. You pay the premium, we protect your property against fire. McVittie & Hutchison.

W. H. Bullock-Webster, of the provincial police, with headquarters at Nelson, has gone to England on a vacation of two months.

Conductor D. Hunt left Tuesday for an extended trip to the east and England and Ireland. He will be absent three months.

It is too bad that the government failed to grade up that portion of Baker street that is on the government road through town.

A lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman was organized Monday at the I. O. O. F. hall. It was named the Crows Nest lodge.

Too late to insure your property when men are rushing to sound the alarm. The time to insure against fire is now. See McVittie & Hutchison.

M. McInnes has gone to Alberta again, leaving yesterday. He will meet Mrs. McInnes and children at Medicine Hat and bring them back home.

The wager between F. M. Medhurst and William Doble on the fine points in book keeping has not yet been decided, but the money has been drawn.

There is some sneak thieving going on in town these days. Several parties have lost small articles, and Pieper & Currie had a bolt of cloth stolen.

The Smily concert given at the Presbyterian church last Saturday night under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist church, was well attended and thoroughly appreciated.

Miss Mabel Marshalsay left last Saturday for Vancouver, where she will take a very good position as type writer in an office. Miss Marshalsay's departure is regretted by her many Cranbrook friends.

The Cosmopolitan hotel dining room is doing a big business these days, and is crowded during meal hours. The proprietors insist on giving their patrons the best the market affords.

Postmaster Cann and Harry McVittie were badly injured a couple of weeks ago by the explosion of an acetylene gas machine in the postoffice at Fort Steele. They were looking for a leak with a lighted match, and found it.

W. D. McKay, representing the Kootenay Supply company, of Nelson, was in town Saturday. He thinks South East Kootenay has a great future, and also that the Boundary country is going to develope some great mineral sections.

The St. Andrews society of Fort Steele will celebrate the day with an elaborate banquet and ball at the Windsor hotel tonight. The Scots of Fort Steele invariably have a good time on these occasions, and this will not be an exception.

George Stabler, of Wardner, passed through town yesterday for the Boundary country. He says he expects to go to the coast, stopping several places in the Boundary country to see old Wardner friends, and will then go on to Dawson City.

J. C. Drewry, of Moyie, passed through Cranbrook last week from Toronto, where he has been looking after the big mining deal that consolidated the St. Eugene and Lake Shore properties. He says Mr. Whyte assured him that Moyie should have a station at once.

The New Methodist Church.

The Methodist church will be opened on December 17, which will be followed on Monday evening by an old fashioned tea meeting, accompanied with a first-class entertainment.

A Christmas Idea.

A Herald man saw a happy individual on the street this morning. He was talking to a friend about Christmas, and was heard to say: "I have been puzzling my head what to get my folks for Christmas. A little while ago I stepped into the post office to mail a letter, and was surprised to see such a display of Christmas novelties on Mr. Beattie's counters. It is easy to select a gift there, and you can find something to suit any pocketbook of individual. Go in there while you have so many things to choose from. It will save you trouble and money," and the man went on his way smiling.

Wanted, a Baker

At once. Apply to the North Star Mining company.

General News Notes.

Fifteen miles of the Gilbert plains branch of the Dauphin railway will be operated before Christmas.

Messrs. Morine and Dawe have resigned from the Newfoundland ministry and the government is sure to be defeated.

The British forces defeated the Dervishes near Godid, killing or taking prisoners the entire army. The great Dervish chieftan, Khalifa, was killed.

Dr. Jameson has arrived in England.

The French government will establish an embassy at the Vatican.

La Banque Nationale, at Montmagny, Que., was robbed of $15,000.

Russian railway construction in Persia may be prolonged two years.

The wheat yield of New South Wales will total this season 13,000,000 bushels

B Repine, of Nashville, won the 48-hour bicycle race at Kansas City.

Robert Ellison, a C. P. R. fireman of Rat Portage, was killed in a railway wreck.

The Toronto memorial tablet to the Battleford will be unveiled on Sunday.

Jim Jeffords, of California, was knocked out in third round by Armstrong, of Chicago.

The United States government cannot accept British-German draft of the Samoan agreement.

Bills of lading on railway shipments from the United States to Canada will be taxed in future.

Gen. Castro has left Caracas, Venezuela, with a force of 45,000 men, to attack Gen. Hernandez.

Jos. Defoe, a storekeeper living at Canmore station, was found dead and murder is expected.

President Weir, of the defunct Ville Marie bank, was found guilty of sending *false statements to the government.*

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SURPRISE MINERAL CLAIM (No. 3560.)

Situate in the Fort Steele Mining Division of East Kootenay District. Where located—North of and adjoining the "Welcome" on the south side of the west fork of St. Marys river, about five miles from Sawyer's Pass.

TAKE NOTICE that I, A. W. McVittie, Free Miner's Certificate no870, acting as agent for Arthur Phillips, Free Miner's Certificate no12,-000, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvement for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvement.

Dated this 15th day of November, 1899.

A. W. McVITTIE

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William Stitt, Asst Gen. Pass. Agt, Winnipeg.

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