

STORY OF CORP. FIELD

2,400 MILES WITH A MAD MISSIONARY.

Fearful Trip Across the Snowy Wilds of Arthabaska With the Rev. Mr. Buckman.

The fearful story of Corporal Field, of the Canadian Mounted Police, who went into the wilds of the polar Northwest with a dog team, rescued a maniac missionary and by force carried him back over 2,400 miles of snow to civilization, rivals all fiction. In his duties as a Presbyterian evangelist in the vast territory bordering British Columbia the Rev. Mr. Buckman, of the Canadian Mission, travelled far into the north country, where the only inhabitants are savage Indians and Canadian halfbreeds in the employ of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, whose stations dot the frozen solitudes from Hudson Bay to the Arctic circle and beyond.

Leaving the last railroad station, Edmonton, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific's most northerly line, for the Arctic regions, Mr. Buckman reached Fort Chippewyan, a supply post of the Hudson Bay Company. Besides a handful of employees necessary to forward furs brought down from the north on Erskine dog sledges there were on duty there three members of the Mountain Police.

It was during the long twilight days of last summer that Mr. Buckman, exhilarated by the wonderful mountain air of the region, ascended the canyon trail of Peace River and journeyed westward toward the gold country. He finally went into quarters at Peace Station, another of the Hudson Bay Fur Company's depots. It consists of a long, low log cabin in charge of a halfbreed Canadian, the sole inhabitant of the place.

During the busy season, furs and supplies were coming through and being reshipped from point to point, the monotony was occasionally broken, and the missionary tarried there until

WINTER SUDDENLY CAME, in the charming month of October. The season of darkness came rapidly, bringing storms and wild blizzards of snow, hail and ice. The desolation was profound, and through the long nights the missionary had only Anton Ribeaux, the halfbreed, for a companion.

They were housed in a dark, smoky stinking building. Their food was bacon and cornmeal, with an occasional jack rabbit, and on this the clergyman lived in darkness and frost, with not a soul who could speak intelligible English to comfort him or speed the weary hours. In the intervals between blizzards, wolves howled round the door, and there seemed no possible escape for the missionary until winter broke, some eight or nine months hence.

Fortunately a squad of mounted police, making a forced march eastward, came that way and found the missionary growing insane. The halfbreed, who thrived well amid the darkness and storms of the Arctic climate, was well armed, but he could not stand the terrors of living with a wild missionary who was daily growing more insane. The police said they would see what they could do, and when the storm lessened a little they sallied forth, reached Fort Chippewyan in a few days and reported the case to the police in charge of the station.

It was considered a forlorn expedition, the attempt to carry a crazy man on a sled through snow and ice, hundreds of miles south to civilization. But something had to be done, and Corporal Field was selected as the one man available in all that country able to endure the fatigues of such a trip. He was detailed to proceed to Peace Station, take possession of the man, and carry him through the wilderness down the Athabaska River to the unfinished Klondike line.

Real Arctic winter had hardly begun. The darkest and most dangerous part of the season was yet to come when Corporal Field set out with a picked team of THE BEST TRAINED DOGS that money could buy. The strongest and lightest running sleds in the service of the fur company were loaded with provisions, cooking utensils, furs and clothing for the journey. A small tent and a few blankets were added—all a good load for the sled. It was considered extremely hazardous to undertake the trip, and many doubted if the feat could be accomplished, although Corporal Field was famous through the Northwest for his courage, physical endurance and sound judgment in emergencies.

It was November 14 when the corporal and his dogs started on their lonely journey to find the unfortunate missionary. The trail was deep under snow and no track visible. A few furs along Peace River, with compass and stars on clear nights, were the only guides. There were no settlements, and the little fur stations, of a cabin or two, were from fifty to a hundred miles apart.

On the sixth day after leaving the hut, the corporal and his dog reached the hut, which figures on the maps as Peace Landing. The missionary was no longer a babbling maniac, but a madman, and Corporal Field was to take him, single handed on a thousand mile journey. The route doubled back on the trail down Peace River, over which he had just come to within two days of Fort Chippewyan; thence the corporal was to leave the river and strike diagonally southeast across the country to the Athabaska River, along which course lay directly south to far away Edmonton.

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When clear the sky was as blue and transparent as the Mediterranean. Toward evening on such days auroras painted the sky in a thousand colors, and the whole world seemed fringed with fairyland and spectral fires. At four o'clock daily the corporal halted and went into camp near sheltering trees and a convenient stream. The small tent was used as a sort of shelter, and the sled was turned on side to keep off wind and storm. Cold meat, beans and tea usually made the meal.

Sometimes between storms the corporal managed to shoot rabbits and grouse or catch fish through the ice, but it was all forlorn and horrible, with the crazy man watching with panther eyes every movement, ever seeking to escape. At first the missionary refused to eat and would not utter a syllable, so they journeyed on in heart-breaking silence. The demented man glared at the dog team or at the sky for hours, and seemed like some horrible creature in a trance, with fear in his eyes.

On the afternoon of the fourth day the weather turned clear and the sun on the snow was almost blinding. It seemed to affect the missionary. He became uncontrollable and finally so violent that he burst his bonds. A clump of trees appeared in the bend of the river and the maniac ran screaming into the woods.

Fortunately the corporal was a famous athlete and managed to recapture the man before he could reach a tall tree he was heading for. A desperate struggle followed, but the missionary was finally secured, carried back to the sledge and strapped to it with the buckles fastened behind his back, so that he could not reach them. Again they proceeded, but the man refused to eat, and the corporal had to force food down his throat with a spoon to keep him from starving.

When the weather changed travelling was impossible for two or three days at a time. The snow not only filled the air with blinding mist, but the wind blew so fast and so hard that the corporal had to lash himself and the missionary to a tree which, being rooted twenty feet deep in the frozen banks of the river, could withstand any gale. Thus they waited day and night through the storm until it moderated enough for them to resume their journey.

It should be explained that during this fearful trip the corporal had travelled chiefly on foot, running through the deep snow with his voice and helping them in difficult places to pull the sledge through drifts and gulches. The cold was intense, from twenty to fifty degrees below zero by day and still lower in the long hours of the Arctic dawn. It was fourteen days after leaving the hut of the halfbreed, at Peace River station, before they reached the Athabaska River, forty miles south of Fort Chippewyan, whence the corporal had started weeks before on his trip to rescue the missionary. Still the journey had hardly begun. They were now to travel down the Athabaska for more than a month to reach their destination. The river is a long, winding stream for thousands of miles, carrying a flood from mountain torrents in the spring months. It is fringed with timber; in places it is broad and clear. When possible the corporal took to the ice where it was smooth, and

SO MADE PROGRESS. But new dangers confronted him. Wolves began to cry early in the afternoon, and by evening became numerous and threatening. For weeks he had been followed by these ferocious animals, but they were of a smaller breed, very wild, and they kept at a distance, but on the larger river, with more timber, bigger and bolder wolves appeared, and only fire kept burning all night around the camp prevented the wolves from rushing on them and making an end to the expedition.

Strange as it may seem, however, the thicker the wolves the more plentiful game became, and soon the corporal was bagging grouse, jack rabbits, caribou and smaller deer in abundance. This added to the variety of their food, but the missionary ate sparingly, and if he had had his own way would have died of starvation.

In speaking of the trip, Corporal Field says: "It was not the food supply that worried me, but the condition of the crazy man. He seemed determined on starvation if he could not escape. Had I once let him out of my sight he would have frozen to death in a few hours. As our journey increased the storms became more furious. All we could do was to increase ourselves in our sleeping bags of fur and fasten ourselves to trees with our backs to the upturned sleds, and the dogs huddled around us.

"The sheltered tent proved of little service in severe storms. Snow filled it and covered us in a blinding hurricane of pulverized ice and snow with a temperature far below zero. For three days we found cooking impossible, and we kept ourselves alive by nibbling pieces of bacon and some canned stuff which we had secured in our fur bags for emergencies. It was just like traveling in the Baffin Bay country or Greenland. After our last blizzard the madman tried to get free again. The exercise of tugging at straps and buckles was beneficial, however, for it kept his blood circulating.

eastern side of the long river, and I knew that one-half our long journey was completed. During the summer perhaps half a dozen persons live at Fort MacMurray, but we found only a single individual there, a halfbreed Indian. He did his best to make us comfortable, and after a rest of two days we took to the trail again, and much refreshed, journeyed on down the river.

"Fresh troubles were at hand, however. The missionary grew sullen and refused to eat. When food could no longer be forced down his throat I grew alarmed, and finally concluded to loosen his fastenings to give him exercise, hoping to restore his appetite. While I was gathering fuel for a fire he became violent, picked up a stick and attacked the dog. Then, springing me with my arms full of kindling wood, he made a dash for the open prairie. With all his fasting and confinement he had gained speed and soon outdistanced me. I kept on running, however, and soon found that he was too weak to go far. Presently I overtook him and fastened his arms and legs so that he could do no injury to himself or me. I am a strong man, but in the wind and numbing cold it was really a difficult task to carry him a quarter of a mile to camp. However, I got him there, and was well rewarded, for he began eating again, and his appetite grew better until we pulled into Edmonton, the Canadian Pacific Railway station, on January 6, fifty-four days from the time I left Chippewyan to rescue the clergyman at Peace Station."

On the corporal's recovery from almost fatal exhaustion their journey was resumed for another by rail of more than a thousand miles to Brandon, where the missionary was turned over to an institution, and his ultimate recovery is hoped for.

MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

Philip Sousa Has An Unpleasant Experience.

Sousa, the March King, had a creepy experience the other night. He was in England for some time, and in the open prairie with a M. A. P. had put up that night at a provincial hotel. Wary from the business of giving a couple of concerts, largely composed of encores, Sousa retired to bed at a pretty early hour, and concluded to try to get a good sleep that he even left untouched the sandwiches which, in obedience to his customary request, had been placed on a table in his bedroom. The dead of night he was awakened by what seemed to be the sound of a plate being pushed about among the glass and cutlery on his small supper table. He sat up and looked around, but seeing nothing in the dim light of the lowered gas, and concluding that he had been dreaming, hastily sought the warm valley of his pillow again—for it was bitter cold—and slept soundly until morning.

"Lor, sir, that a mess the room's in!" cried the man who brought Sousa's hot water in at nine o'clock. The March King turned over and looked at the room. It was soiled nearly everywhere with black footmarks, they were on the floor, the toilet and the chimney, and particularly the chair upon which Sousa had put his shirt and other underwear. "And it's all over the plate!" said the man with the hot water. And it was, moreover, the sandwiches laid out for Sousa, and so had the fruit, which had been placed at the side of them.

Putting on his dressing gown and slippers, Sousa helped the man in his search about the room for what they expected would turn out to be a hidden tramp or something hygienic like that, and it was not very long before the sharp, black eyes of the bronzed musician discovered that the footmarks seemed to have come from and disappeared to the great old-fashioned chimney top. "He's up the chimney, and he won't be when we have burnt a little paper this end of it," grimly observed Sousa, and the smoke from the faring torch of the morning News soon had the desired effect.

A large baboon covered from head to foot in soot, and trembling from and to the same extremes, descended into the room and stood quite quietly by the window, while Sousa and the hot-water man retreated into an adjoining apartment, locking the door behind them.

The baboon, it turned out, had escaped from a travelling circus the night before, and was last seen making his way in the direction of a deserted bit of ground at the back of the hotel. It was quite an informal call. Sousa says he is going to let a long time go by before he reads again the "shoaker" of his countryman, Edgar Allan Poe. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

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EFFECTS OF REVIVAL.

Business firms in Wrexham, Rhos, Llanelwedd, and other places where the Welsh revival movement is strongest, report that in many cases long-standing accounts have been paid by converts. Licensed victuallers are feeling the pinch, but the clothiers, grocers and shoemakers find that trade has improved. Boards of Guardians find parties responsible coming forward more readily to support aged relatives. Police Superintendent Morgans, of Bala, is working strongly for the movement, which, he says, has practically transformed his district.

ST. PETERSBURG BASTILE

FATE OF UNFORTUNATES IN RUSSIAN PRISONS.

Prisoners Driven to Insanity or Suicide—Slow Hangings.

Well may the inhabitants of St. Petersburg shudder as they glance beyond the Neva, at the dark fortress whence, each hour, the north wind brings across the river the discordant sound of its melancholy bells. Melancholy, indeed, for nothing but memories of suffering and oppression sit upon its granite walls, says the St. James's Gazette. Here Peter I. tortured and mutilated his enemies. Here he slew his own son Alexis, and to this dungeon, during the licentious reign of the Emperress, omnipotent favorites consigned aspiring rivals. And since then whole generations of men and women, for no other crime than love of their oppressed country, have entered these gates, often to leave them no more.

The horrors perpetrated within the fortresses of St. Peter and St. Paul and the Schlusselburg are typical of the prison system all over the Russian Empire, and in spite of official efforts to suppress the facts it has been possible to obtain the truth, both from former officials and from those who have suffered.

A special detachment of the Russian prison system in the case of political prisoners and suspects, who are not given a short shrift on the gallows or the block, is continued solitary confinement until, as in the case of the intellectual reformer Dmitri Pissareff, they can be reported as "harmless." Some prisoners here were relieved of their senses quite gently and almost politely. They were shut up

IN COMFORTABLE CELLS

well lit by electric light, and for mental pabulum they were supplied with only religious and technical works. Where insanity or suicide supervened, the appointed end had been secured.

But the doom of others presents even greater features of horror. Imagine a dark, damp cell, measuring about 10 by 6 beneath the level of the surrounding waters, in which the chained man or woman is condemned to lie in absolute idleness, studiously isolated from any intercourse with human beings. There is no bed, no sort of pillow, nothing whatever to rest the head upon, but a prisoner's gray cloak. The amount allowed for food is five farthings a day, which provides bread and water, and three times a week a small bowl of warm soup. For ten minutes every second day the miserable wretch is allowed to see the light and breathe the air in the prison yard.

For the rest, intolerable loneliness, absolute silence, occupation of not the smallest kind, no books, no writing materials, no instruments of manual labor. Madness comes upon such gradually with the passing years, not as it came to an unhappy young lady, a rising painter, who received such treatment at the hands of the British prison police that she lost her reason instantly. In the majority of cases the mind rots gradually.

THE ENFEEBLING BODY.

Suicide and madness are the two great weapons in which Russian autocracy puts its trust. Frequently, says one who has been a prisoner in one of these Russian jails, some Polish wretches will make a feeble attack upon a warden in the hope of at last being brought to trial. Shooting or hanging has been their lot. The scenes of suffering witnessed at a slow hanging, occupying at least half an hour, have been such as to make the heart sick.

Within the courtyard of the prison is a hand hoist for lowering ropes depending over a gallows. To these the victims are attached and then slowly elevated into midair to struggle and gasp till death relieves them from their agony. Should the Governor or a high official be desirous of getting through the business speedily a warden is ordered to seize the suspended victim's feet and hang on, swinging backward and forward.

On previous occasions when there has been a large number of political offenders insubordination has been deliberately manufactured to afford a pretext for judicial murder. From a Polish nobleman, the husband of an English lady now in London, I learned details of his experiences in such a case. "We never knew," he said, "I and those who had been taken at the same time, until after our morning parade in the prison yard who would return alive to his cell, or who would remain in the yard—upon his back on the stocks. Every morning we were subjected to the grim sport of a lottery. After being brought from our cells to the yard we were placed in line, and a certain number being drawn—say five—the number of men were told off from the right."

THE DOOMED FIFTH

was then marched with his back to the further wall and a file of soldiers did the rest. "I saw my own brother shot before my eyes one morning. I was eventually exiled to Siberia, and from there I managed to escape."

Do you know what it is to have your sentence of death commuted by the Czar? A little while ago Europe commented with satisfaction on the commutation by the Czar of three "fortunate ones" were immured in cells in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Not only were these dens dark for twenty-two hours out of twenty-four, but the walls were ruing with damp and pools of water had gathered on the floor. Neither books nor anything that might distract the mind was allowed, and one prisoner having been found designing geometrical figures with his bread had it removed by the jailer, with the remark that hard labor convicts were not permitted to amuse themselves.

Another calculated torture in these cells is the eye-hole, at which a warden or soldier is posted to watch the prisoner. By this means the quietest prisoner is soon moved to



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SPORT AT SEAT OF WAR

MANCHURIA CHUNCHUSE AND HIS PONY.

Chinaman's Peculiar Football—Game Little Chinese Pony.

Outdoor sports and pastimes such as arts prevalent among the English speaking races are fast growing in favor among the teeming millions of the East; and perhaps after another generation or so athletics, football, cricket, tennis and golf, will be fairly popular among the Orientals. As a rule John Chinaman, especially doesn't take to the sports of the English, but in the Straits Settlements and Hong Kong the Chinese youths play cricket and football in increasing numbers every year, and the aim of the player being to keep the ball travelling from foot to foot without touching the ground. This ball is made of leather and it is tipped around the edge with feathers, and half a dozen men are often seen to pass the ball from one to another for an indefinite period. It is even a common sight to see hundreds of men, women and children gathered together to witness the game, and the ball flies high in the air the spectators scream with admiration.

A clumsy player meets with considerable guffing, and his place is often taken by some one from the crowd, there being no rule to prevent a spectator from joining in if he wishes to do so. Often a game may start with three players, and there may be as many as fifty in it.

BEFORE IT IS FINISHED.

Writing recently, Ernest Brindle throws much light on it as it now exists in the Orient. "Expert horsemen are to be found in thousands in every part of the Chinese Empire," he says. "The mafoos, or native grooms, are accustomed to deal with that game little animal, the Chinese pony, from the earliest days of their youth, and they ride with a seat and firm forelegs, and an ever hopeful to emulate the Chinese saddle with its wooden pommel and short stirrup straps, is an abominable invention to the foreigner, but the Chinaman is quite at home in it, and he can ride all day without the least fatigue."

The mafoos is a keen sportsman in his way; during the training season for the spring and autumn races, which bulk largely in the social life of the treaty ports of China, he is a most zealous worker, and the ponies carried on the day of the race, with every quality of speed and staying power developed to its highest point of perfection. The mafoos' race, generally the last of each meeting, and ridden without the use of whip or spur, is usually full of surprises, and the result in it depends entirely on the horsemanship, though it is easy to conjecture an arrangement made beforehand whereby all the competing mafoos come in for a share of the prize. They have their own bets on each race ridden by their masters, and, as they receive some monetary consideration if the ponies belonging to their particular stable win, there is little fear of attempts at sharp practice. What the mafoos cannot do well is to groom a foreign horse.

THE AUSTRALIAN WALER

is a common object in the streets of Shanghai and Tientsin, but he disappears soon after his arrival in the land. Left to the care of the mafoos, he develops numerous vices, one of the most prominent being a hard and ironlike mouth.

The best mafoos is found in north China and on the wide plains and rolling hills of Manchuria, the home of the native pony. Last summer and autumn I spent several weeks in frenzied, and the slightest insubordination is at once punished by merciless flogging, if not worse. Thus it comes about that of the three men whose sentences had been commuted, one, after a year of these horrors, became a consumptive; another, a robust and vigorous workman, went mad; the third, also a man of powerful physique, was rotted with scurvy. Such is the "mercy" of the Czar.

the country between Shanhaikwan and Simning, west of the Liao River, and during that time saw something of the life of the chunchuses, the native bandits of Manchuria. These people ride the best ponies procurable and are some of the best riders I have ever seen in any part of the world. To this fact can be attributed their wonderful elusiveness when hunted by the Cossack and Chinese soldier. Even the far-famed Russian mounted soldier, at home as he is in the saddle, cannot surpass the chunchuse as a horseman. The chunchuse knows more tricks than any riding master of the circus ring and delights to show his skill to a friendly stranger.

"Capt. Boyd of the Tenth Cavalry, United States Army, was with me one day when I paid a visit to the chief of a band of chunchuses near Simning, and after witnessing their performances he showed them a few tricks. They were so pleased with what they saw that if the gallant Captain had asked for an escort to Mukden he would have secured one on the spot. The harness used was of Chinese make a year ago, but since the war started foreign bridles and saddles have become quite common possessions, indicating the success which has attended many a plundering raid on outlying Russian camps and deserted.

BLOODSTAINED BATTLEFIELDS.

From one end of the land to the other the Chinese pony is the medium of travel between places many hundred miles apart, and during his hard worked life he plays the game for his master who, whether he be native or foreign, rich or poor, enjoys many hours of sport in the swift dash over the track or on the road.

Bicycles are now quite common in all the countries of lower Asia and the wheel meets with a ready sale, particularly among the Chinese. Even motor cars have begun to find their way into the establishments of the rich, but the frightfully bad roads militate against their use except in the most limited way. "Outside of the army the Chinaman has not as yet had much practice with the rifle, but he is an apt pupil, and having discovered to his cost the marvellous power of the weapon he is making it his business everywhere to learn how to use it and how to keep it clean from dirt and rust. The gong will soon be a relic of the past, and the Chinaman himself will gaze upon it with curiosity."

BRITONS DO NOT MARRY.

Heaviest Slump in Matrimony in Twenty Years.

The figures of the decline in Great Britain's birth rate, which aroused such serious misgivings, now have been supplemented by some statistics, which would seem to point to the popularity of marriage being on the decline. The year 1904 was marked by a heavy slump in matrimony. Not only was there a decrease in the number of marriages as compared with the previous year, a phenomenon which has manifested itself continuously since 1899, but the rate of marriages based on the marriageable proportion of the community was the lowest for more than twenty years.

One of the most striking points about the return is the evidence it seems to give that the famous advice of Mr. Weller, Sr., to "beware of widows" has taken firm root in Great Britain. The number of remarriages among widows has been declining steadily for nearly thirty years, and in 1904 only 65,8 every 1,000 widows were called upon to take vows for the second or third time, as against 94 in 1879-1880.

One paper in commenting on this fact suggests that this is strong presumptive evidence for the firm hold which "Pickwick" has taken on the public mind.