

MANLEY'S Celery NERVE COMPOUND CURES BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES

THE LAST OF MIA-WASSA. Near the outskirts of Harrietsville, Oswald Jackson owns a farm...

But on this farm of which I write, Lie the ashes of the past, And relics of the wild red man...

In early youth and manhood's prime, It was ever my delight To search the site of the red man's camps...

I have not sought a score of years Without a glimmer of hope, And now, if you like to listen, With the subject I will cope.

I have dug in the ashes of their pyres, Where the brands were still complete, I have dug up shovels of crockery That was broken in the heat.

I have seen the finger-marks on the pipes And the dishes they did own; I have picked up arrow-heads made of flint, And axes made of stone.

All over Canada, east and west, And every spot I know, These people of the past back lived Through the summer's heat and winter's snow.

Their fires were built upon the knolls, There are several on every farm, And there the "medicine men" of old Displayed their heathen charms.

But on this farm of Oswald Jackson, The walls of nature were there before Columbus was seen or known.

Within that mighty wall of earth, A harassed chieftain lay, With a thousand women out beyond That battlement of clay.

But twenty moons before, that chief Stood on a northern strand, Where the waves of Lake Superior Rrolled steadily and grand.

His people were not the warlike race That farther south was found; His was the nation that mined of copper in the ground.

That dug the mighty copper rock, And raised it from its bed; That made of it their axes, And their spear and arrow-heads.

But, alas! poor Mia-Wassa, One day in the early fall, Was forced to carry a fire And there forsook his all.

That forest fire was wide and hot, And everything fled dismayed, So Mia-Wassa and his band Were driven from glade to glade.

For hundreds of weary miles they fled, Before that fire of doom, Till they reached Lake Nipissing further south And there they found no game.

For the stifling smoke of that awful fire Had driven it further south, And now the winter's famine Was worse than the summer's drought.

That was the cause of the hazy time, Of the Indian summer blue; That winter was the hardest The tribe had ever known.

And when the spring did come, The elder braves were wan and sad, And the young men, all the aged chief, "For no meat is to be had."

"So let us move to the sunny south, Where the moose and bear prevail;" So on they went and formed the road That was famed as the old French trail.

Yet on they toiled for many moons, And game was scarce and dead, And many of the little ones, And grey-haired men were dead.

And now they found their peace was o'er, For the tribes were there and saw That the band from the copper mines were A match for the Iroquois.

And the bloody-minded Delawar, And the keen-eyed Delaware, And the Muncieys and Oneidas, Why, their foe was everywhere.

Not even the Chippeways gave them rest, So they often lost a man, Said the leader of the aged chief, "Make a tort while yet we can."

So on the farm of Oswald Jackson They set the squaws to work, While the boys and aged warriors helped And the men of valor lurked.

Through the brush and in the valleys, Where the foe was in hiding there, And many a wild war-whoop was heard, That sound beyond compare.

Within these walls of beaten earth, They dug wells for drink, And there the old chief's wigwam rose Almost upon the brink.

And again the winter found them With foes on every hand, Then followed a stubborn, tireless siege, Around that fated band.

No gun was heard in the morning watch, As the deadly arrow breached, Or those northern spears of copper Heaped the ramparts with the dead.

The ride of the pioneer Had never yet been heard, But the braves of Mia-Wassa Were reduced now to a third.

Upon that ridge of the south, And farther to the west, And the east and north was seen The foe in toughest rawhide dressed.

Besides their fires they ate their corn, And smoked their native pipes; With plenty to eat within their sight, The prisoners' awful hunger grips.

And thus it went, For 'twas a war unto the death, The tribe of Mia-Wassa Fought on while they drew breath.

There was no food to feed the babes Of that perishing, northern race; And 'twas cannibal fare that fed the braves Those braves of famine pressed.

Before the winter's snow had gone, The foe had crossed a breach, Oh! 'twas then the Mingo war-whoop Mingled with their dying screams.

But let us leave the battle scene, For now 'tis past and o'er; Oh! the walls of that old stronghold Were recking then with gore.

We have seen some copper weapons Used by that noble nation, And the watchword of that battled field It was—'Extremism!'

Harrietsville, Ont. ROBT. SADLER.

A Lucky Day.

Small Boy—Dick Dart is the luckiest boy I know. He is always having something nice happen. He went to the theatre last night...

A Woman Observes.

A positive cult has been reached in the service of ice cream. The caterer stops at no apparent obstacle in turning out appropriate designs...

CONSIDER THE DOG.

Man's Faithful Friend Would be Better Treated if Man Knew Him Better.

So great is the popular dread of hydrophobia that a slight rearrangement of the dog's nervous system is often mistaken for symptoms of rabies...

On no account allow one dog to see another in a fit. The suffering dog should be kept in a dark, quiet place, free from all excitement...

There is a curious romance interwoven into the life of the Bell family, best known for their connection with the telephone. Mrs. Bell is totally deaf...

A Young Actor's First Experience.

The audience contains an amusing account of a young actor's experience. "On Tour and My First Night"—"As it is essential for the budding Irving to gain some experience in the profession he has undertaken...

NEW SERUM FOR TUBERCULOSIS.

An Italian Professor Says He Has Discovered a Fresh Treatment.

An Italian doctor, Professor Maragliano, has communicated to the Medical Congress at Bordeaux the results of his researches into the use of a serum, forming the basis of a new method before the congress...

Where Space is Scarce.

A playground on the roof is proposed for a new school building, containing 10,000 seats. The additional cost of the structure being only \$4,000. This will be getting a large and handsome playground at a cheap rate...

INSECT AND WEED PESTS.

Prof. Fletcher, Dominion Entomologist, Returns from His Western Trip.

Winnipeg Tribune, August 20. Prof. Fletcher, Dominion entomologist, returned to-day from his trip to the coast. In British Columbia the fruit crop is larger than it has ever been in the history of the province...

Coming eastward, the most notable thing from his standpoint which Mr. Fletcher saw was the tumbling down of the Indian Head. This, so long thought harmless, is now known to be as bad a pest as any...

Some Novelties.

It is so much the fashion to decorate dinner tables with blocks of ice, with flowers laid upon or frozen in them, that silver trays are made especially for the ice. At a recent wedding in London the rooms were cooled by means of large, long blocks of ice covered with flowers.

A pretty hall in a commonplace temporary country home on examination was found to have been evolved from very simple elements. A width of dull red fabric got at an upholsterer's for a low price per yard, was set on the hideous carpet as a dapper, dark green, and trimmed with paper flowers, and little frilled subonnetts of pink, blue and white dimity, with small tin pails. One pair of arrows wound with gilt and silver paper.

THE WOMAN AT THE GAME.

He—Gracious, did you see him steal that base then? She—Where's the policeman?

MUCH IN A NAME.

Customer—Why, this is a new shade of red. Assistant—Yes, madam. That is the anarchist tint.

IN DOUBT.

"And then," read little Danny, "McCarthy got his eye on the ball and batted it out."

THE CRUEL EDITOR.

Contributor—Tell me candidly, is there anything original in that manuscript? The Editor—Yes, the spelling.

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

Blackville base ball captain (wrathfully)—See heah, yo, Jackson! whad fo' yo' put dat barb wiah on yo' fence? We doan't suppose toe lose a dollah on ebbery foul dat goes in yo' hand.

TRANSFERRED.

I press my suit, to call on her. My trousers are in creases; I call on her to press my suit. And find her soon increases.

Tom—Did you ever do any deep sea fishing? Emily—Well, I became engaged on an ocean steamer.

Wife—It's the little things that worry. Husband—Especially when there are six of them.

Swadley—Snaggs says he is a failure as far as success is concerned. Griffs—In other words, he's a success as far as failure is concerned.

"A fit husband for my daughter! Why, in the first place, she is half a head taller than you."

Eyes treated Paradise as though it were of little worth.

A Silence Explained.—Carry—Why was it, I wonder, my poor husband never said anything to me about remarriage? Anna—Probably you were not the person he wanted to warn.

THE SCARED HIM.

I see her turn the corner; I hear her manish tread. I feel an awful presence That fills my soul with dread.

Great Scott! she's drawing nearer; I'll vanish while I can.

IF SHE'S THE COMING WOMAN, THEN I'M THE GOING MAN.

TWO DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Minnie—I do think Chollier's little moustache is just heaven.

Mamie—And Chollier himself thinks that it makes him look real devilish.

THAT TERRIBLE BROTHER AGAIN.

Dobson, Jr., was making an evening call, when his adored one's little brother approached him and begged the loan of his whistle.

WHISTLE? queried Mr. Dobson. "I have no whistle."

"Well, papa says you have," said the little wingless angel, "and that you are always wetting it."

ACCORDING TO SCIENCE.

There was a man in our town (His name my memory slips) Who kissed ten thousand microbes Off his sweethearts' ruby lips.

ON THE BIAS.

THE DOUBLE STANDARD. A man is thin, a girl is slender; A man is fat, a girl is plump; Conduct which a charm doth lend her, Makes of him a woolly chump.

WIFEY SOLICITUDE.

Mr. McSwat—"Lebella! What are you making me up in the middle of the night for?"

Mrs. McSwat—"I want to know, dear, if the mosquitoes are biting you as badly as they are me."

THE DRAMA IN OKLAHOMA.

Tragedian (to fellow-conspirator)—"Hist! Now is the time to act!"

Voice from the Gallery—"Wal, w'y'nell don't you?"

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W. Fairbairn, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, OVER PRIDDIS BROS., Entrance through the store.

If within the business world You make yourself a hero, Let printer's ink the fact unfurl That you are on the earth.

Illsworth—"What did you mean by saying that that Boston girl got the old man sold?" Willis—"She kissed him twice and froze him stiff as an iceberg."

"Tain't de man dat makes de moos'fus' dat does de moos' business," said Uncle Eben. "De torpedo boat swims under watch an' doan do no 'flashin' whatsomever."

The Candy Butcher—"The glass-ear's got cholera morbus." The Zulu Chief—"Serves him right. He ought to know enough to let green bottles alone this time of year."

HATEFUL THING.

Nell—I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. Belle (sweetly)—You couldn't get into them, my dear.

PIONEERS.

Belle was asked where her little brothers, aged four and two years, were. She replied—"They are sitting on the doorstep talking over old times."

Maud—"I'm in a terrible dilemma," Marie—"What is the matter?" Maud—"I'm going to the ball to-morrow night and I can't make up my mind whether to wear a cut-away coat or a sweater."

"Is your son coming back to the farm when he completes his college course?" asked the minister. "I dunno," said the old man; "I dunno. The money he has to spend fer books an' board ain't goin' to leave no farm fer him to come back to, I'm afeerd, sometimes."

Russian official—You can't stay in this country, sir. Traveler—Then, I'll leave it. Official—Have you a permit to leave? Traveler—No, sir. Official—Then you cannot go. I leave you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do.

HIS OBJECTION IN SPEAKING.

He—Miss Perrynead, while I may not be the man of your choice at this moment, yet I venture to hope— She—I can only be a sister— "As I was saying, Miss Perrynead, while I may not be your choice, I don't want you to forget me when the time comes for you to look for a chance instead of a choice."

A GOOD DEFINITION.

"Papa," said Benny, Bloomhumper, "what does the word sophistry mean?" "Sophistry, Benny," replied Mr. Bloomhumper, "is the other fellow's argument."

A BRIEF ACQUAINTANCE.

Floa (at the seaside)—What sort of a fellow is he, anyway? Julia—I don't know. I've only been engaged to him since last evening."

SHE KNEW HIM WELL.

He (on the piazza)—It's so dark I can't see. Isn't that another couple next to us? She—Yes, and he is trying to kiss her. He—Can you see so well that? She—Oh, no; but I know who she is with.

CUT IT SHORT.

When you've got a thing to say, Say it! Don't take half a day. When your yarn's got little in a minute, Crowd the whole thing in a minute. Life is short—a fleeting vapor. Don't you fill an eight-page paper With a tale which, at a pinch, Could be scrawled in an inch. Boll her down until she simmers; Polish her until she glistens; When you've got a thing to say, Say it! Don't take half a day.