

## Disease, Drought and Forest Fires in Europe.

**Crop Shortages Reported Everywhere--Military Charged With Breaking Truce--France Will Send Troops to Silesia.**

### THE DROUGHT IN EUROPE.

LONDON, July 25. All Europe burns to-day in a drought which brought with it forest fires, crop shortages and threat of plagues. Huge fires swept through forests in Northern Britain, cutting a ten mile swath in the Aberdeenshire not only destroyed the woods but threatened many famous estates. There was fear that the harvest this year will fall far below the average. Wheat suffered especially. Only in a few sections there were light rains not sufficient to have any effect on the general situation. As a result of heat drought German scientists have been experimenting with dry farming but with little hope of success. Crops in Spain are reported to be withering in the fields, owing to lack of rain. Italy has been the victim of forest fires brought on by drought.

### FRANCE TO DISREGARD BRITISH DESIRES.

PARIS, July 25. Disregarding Great Britain's desires, France will send additional troops into Upper Silesia. It was reported today that Germany's claim that

France is not entitled to send troops through German territory, unless all the Allies request it, will be met by the statement that the Allies mission in Silesia asked for more troops, its action constituting an Allied agreement.

### JAPAN ASKS REPORT.

TOKYO, July 25. The Japanese Foreign Office, it was announced today, will take no action in connection with the recent deportation of Japanese workers from harvest fields at Turlock, California, beyond requesting an investigation and report on the incident.

### AUTO RACING.

LE MANA, France, July 25. "Jimmy" Murphy of Indianapolis won the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France here to-day. Ralph de Palma and Jules Goux, in French cars, were second and third. Murphy led in a majority of thirty circles of the course, making 323½ miles in four hours, seven minutes and ten seconds, an average of 78½ miles an hour.

## Thrilling Experiences of Iowa Wolf Hunter.

**Early Pioneer Tells Stories of Chase of Pack Across the Virgin Prairies.**

(By W. M. DOOLEY.)

PRIBOU, Iowa, July 15. No branch of the lupine family is so well known as the wolf. The word is a word of awe and portentousness to many at once to the mind of a sense of dread and fear. In the early days of Iowa, the wolf was a familiar sight, across the broad prairies of virgin plain. The appalling cry of a famished pack giving chase at night, often stampeded the deer herd, and once beyond the question of their rude corral, the pack was at the mercy of the gaunt, voracious man.

Like Mr. Osborn, an early Iowa wolf hunter, still lives on his first homestead in Cerro Gordo county, where he came in 1859. He is one of the few remaining pioneers of Iowa and possibly the last survivor of the noted wolf hunters of the state.

He has bagged more wolves than any other man in Iowa. On a recent Sunday morning, the day after his birthday, he was out with him in his home at the edge of Hungry Hollow, an attention while the venerable old hunter told of days gone by. In the early days of the morning, he told a wolf story. Instantly he became alert and his keen hunter's eyes were fixed on the wall, like a hawk's on a mouse.

"A wolf story," he exclaimed, "that would be incongruous in my age. The wolf belonged 'way back yonder where the snow was deep and the winter's cold quickened the pace of the track runners."

His old trailer, he still keeps a set of dogs—came up and placed a muzzle on his master's knee. "The dogs have changed," he went on. "I stroked the battle-scarred jaw of my pet, 'since I came to Hungry Hollow. Wolf talk is a subject of the past. I came here in '59, the state capital was fixed at Ames. Up until that time, I lived with my parents in Jackson county."

The worst ravages by wolves in Iowa were during the severe winter of '77. I was only a young boy at the time, but I can still recall some of the tragic event.

Extensive Deer Herd. The snow fall had been excep-

tionally heavy. On the leeward side of the thickets and in the hills, the drifts were many feet in height, while on the level prairie it lay almost waist deep. Sunshine days had followed the storm, causing a thin crust to form on the surface of the snow. This crust afforded sure footing for the long swinging gallop of the wolves; but the deer, bounding through at every step, became entrapped in the treacherous drifts and were soon overtaken by their relentless and ever-hungry pursuers. The awful slaughter continued throughout the length of the winter, and when spring came the deer were utterly exterminated. With their passing, the wolves also left the state.

"Not until thirteen years later did the deer return to Iowa. In 1869, great forest fires somewhere in the north woods drove them south again and their coming marked the return of the wolves. It was about this time that I secured my first pack of dogs and took to wolf hunting, not for the remuneration it afforded, but for the sheer love of the sport."

"I usually began my spring drives in May—about this time of the month. The young wolves are now about four weeks old and have left the den, though still under the guardianship of their elders. With a good pair of hounds and a fast horse, the experienced hunter will have no difficulty in bagging the entire family, once the dogs have taken the trail in the vicinity of the lair."

"On my third spring hunt, as I recall it now, starting here in Hungry Hollow and ending in Kosuth county, I killed 71 wolves, old and young. During the winter drive of the same year, I killed 76, making a total of 147 for the year. While this was not my big-

gest kill, somehow I have always considered it my successful hunt. "Dogs never worked better than did my trailers on this trip. No wolf was too fast for this pace and nothing threw them off the scent excepting an occasional burnt-over strip of prairie. The deep-throated voice of Blucher—he was the leader of my pack—was never more melodious than on this drive as he ran neck and neck beside the silent greyhounds who never sing the song of the chase."

"Yes, I have hunted with many noted Iowa men. William Beardsheer, at one time of the State College at Ames, often came out for a spring drive through the timber-belt bordering Lime Creek and along the Minnesota line."

"Ever attacked by wolves?" He repeated my question and laughed heartily.

"No, never attacked," he replied, "and I'll tell you the reason why. The wolf is a dangerous animal only in the romantic pages of natural history and to the nursery fables of our childhood. The sharp sting of the rifle-ball, the smell of gun powder, the deadly grip of the steel trap, and trained dogs to run his tracks, have made him a consummate coward, whatever his reputation for courage may have been in ages past. He never defends himself unless cornered. But when his escape is barred—just look out, for there is more fight wrapped up in the grey hide of a prairie wolf than in any animal of his size and weight."

"I have been speaking of the prairie wolf. The great timber wolf of the north woods is a different creature. The lone hunter encamped for the night is none too safe when the latter is abroad. I have met with them in northern Wisconsin, but never in this state. There is no sound in all nature, I believe, so unearthly and weird as the night-howl of a black timber-wolf giving answering tongue to a distant pack. At the first terrifying sound of the eerie howl, the stoutest hearted wolf dog will dart into the tent; and not even the last will induce him to return out till daylight appears."

Mr. Osborn has long been known as a leading Iowa sportsman; in his wolf-hunting days he was the owner of the best track-running pack of dogs ever brought to the state. He has killed more wolves than any Iowan now living. For many years he served as a state deputy fish and game warden. His home lies near the picturesque retreat known as Hungry Hollow, a place that is rapidly coming into prominence as a tourists' camping ground.

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## Drop in Sugar.

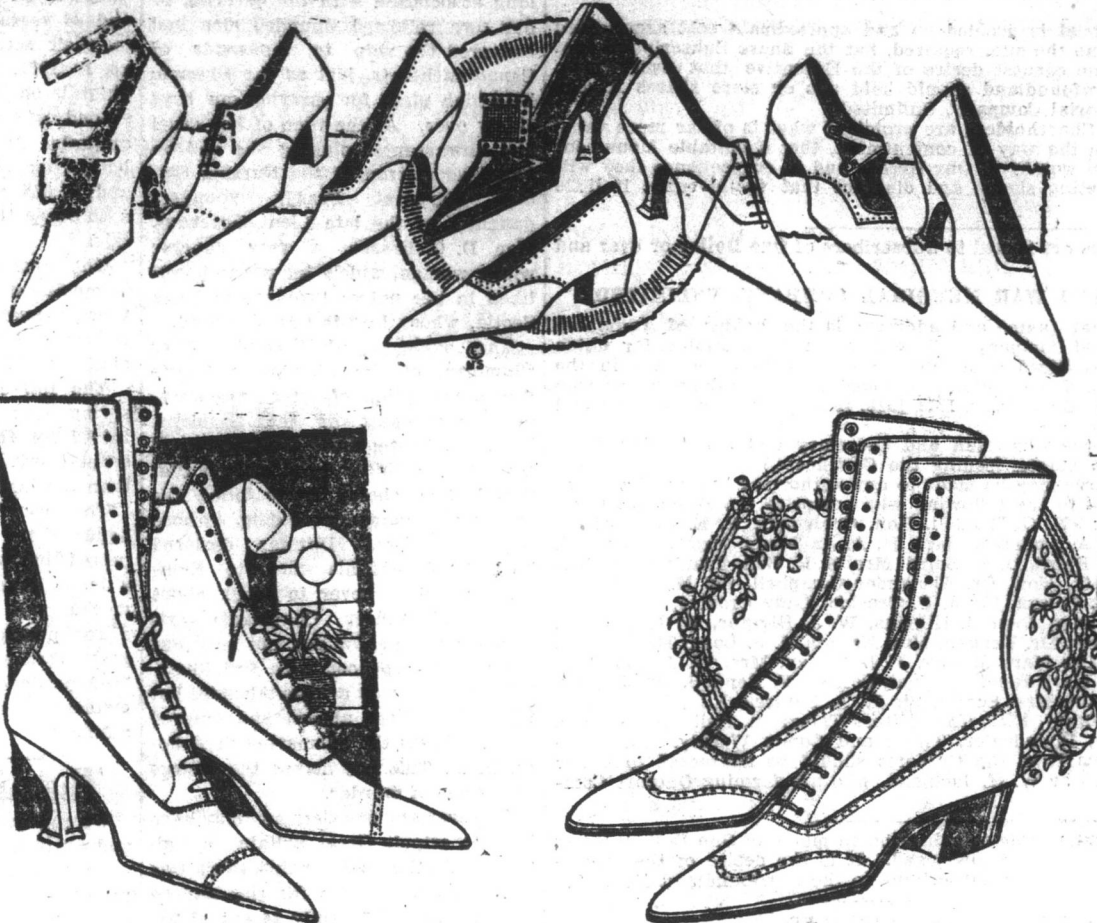
A drop in sugar prices occurred in Ottawa Thursday in conformity with a decline in the wholesale price on the Montreal market. The price in Ottawa is now \$7.97 per one hundred pounds, as compared with \$8.35 Wednesday. This means a reduction of half a cent in the retail price, bringing the prevailing price to 8 cents.

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## Wedding Bells.

HAINES—FROST.

An event which has for some weeks past been by many persons looked forward to with interest, took place at 8.30 on Tuesday evening, when Miss Gertrude R., eldest daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Geo. W. Haines, Yarmouth South, was united in marriage to Capt. C. Sydney Frost, M.C., son of Mrs. A. M. Frost, of Sand Beach. Rev. S. A. MacDougall, pastor of the Temple W. B. Church, officiated, and the ceremony was witnessed by about sixty of the immediate relatives and friends of the young couple. Owing to the incapacitation of Capt. Haines, the bride was given in marriage by her brother, Judson D. Haines. She was beautifully gowned in a dress of white duchesse satin with silver lace trimmings, and carried a shower bouquet of roses, carnations, and sweet peas.

Mrs. G. Graydon Miller, assisting as matron of honor, wore a handsome dress of orchid satin, also trimmed with silver lace. Her hat was of orchid shade to match her gown, while her bouquet was of pink carnations and white sweet peas. The bridesmaids were Misses Annie and Fannie, twin sisters of the bride. Their gowns were of pink crepe de chine with overdress of tulle, and they wore black picture hats, while their bouquets were of pink roses and sweet peas. Mr. G. Graydon Miller, very skillfully performed the duties of groomsmen. Some days previous to the wedding a number of young lady friends of the bride took possession of the home and with abundance of foliage and flowers, very cleverly converted the interior into a bower of floral magnificence. The ground scheme throughout was green, while different colored flowers were used in the several rooms. In the bow window of the parlor, where the ceremony

took place, the design was particularly appropriate, and gorgeously arranged with white flowers, while from the ceiling was suspended a massive floral bell, from which was festooned long white streamers. The drawing-room was done in white flowers, dining-room yellow and white, while the hall was in yellow. All contrasted beautifully, which with the handsome gowns presented a scene of much splendor. Following the service, Mr. and Mrs. Frost received the best wishes of the several guests for many years of happiness and prosperity. After refreshments were served, the young couple left on a week's camping trip, and they will later proceed to St. John's, Newfoundland, where Mr. Frost is employed with the Bank of Nova Scotia.—Yarmouth Telegram, July 15.

Boys' Brown Canvas Shoes, size 5½ only, \$1.40 at SMALLWOOD'S.—Jly16,t

Black cre leaves mark the waist line of a black-and-white crepe frock. Rose-petal taffeta is charmingly used over seal-brown crepe Georgette.

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Yours truly, W. E. McPherson, Secretary Armstrong High School Baseball Team.

—By Bud Fisher

## MUTT AND JEFF

AMBITION IS ONE THING, BUT SLEEP IS SOMETHING ELSE.

