

# READY-TO-WEAR HATS.

We have just opened a Large Assortment of  
**LADIES' and CHILDREN'S**



## Ready-to-Wear HATS

In all the Leading Colors and Styles of to-day, and would invite your inspection before making your purchase elsewhere.

# MARSHALL BROTHERS.



## My Most Amazing Adventures.

By SIR HENRY SETON-KARR.  
Who perished in the Empress of Ireland Disaster.

(The tragic death of Sir Henry Seton-Karr lends a particular interest to this article, which the famous sportsman and explorer wrote some time before his death. Sir Henry was a mighty Nimrod. He had hunted big game in practically every corner of the globe, and his career was full of excitement, peril, and hairbreadth escapes. Some of these he has graphically described in the following article. "They were really my narrowest shaves," he said, in his last letter to us.)

It necessarily happens during travels and hunting trips in wild countries that the hunter finds himself occasionally in tight places. This has happened to me on several occasions, as it has doubtless to all hunters and travellers. I have narrowly escaped death through slipping on a steeply sloping Norwegian snow-field above a precipice of great depth, while hunting wild reindeer. I have been lost in a mist all night in the heart of the Rockies, and, afraid to move for fear of falling over a precipice, have had to lie down beneath the shelter of the skin of a bear I had killed—cold, wet and hungry—until the morning.

I have had more than one narrow escape from an infuriated grizzly, when it was a fight to the death between us. On one occasion, I remember, while searching for mountain sheep in the Rockies, a grizzly who had been lying under a rock—a fact of which I was not aware—made a sudden dash at me.

Now, a grizzly, if interrupted or interfered with, gets exceedingly savage and, if he means business, does not hesitate a moment before rushing at you. And it must be remembered that in spite of their bulk and clumsiness in other ways, a grizzly is possessed of considerable speed, and can run as

fast as a horse. Consequently, one has to be very careful and quick in despatching him or getting out of his way. If he comes within striking distance you are done for. In this case the animal managed to get within five feet of me before I got a shot home and I broke his back.

"Touch and Go." On another occasion I had a rare "touch and go" with a grizzly. Through my binoculars I had, from the top of a hill, espied a bear about a mile and a half distant. I promptly went in pursuit, and after a ride of a little over a mile I came to an open glade in the centre of which lay a fallen tree. I was riding a little in front of my head hunter, Jack Roberts, when he suddenly whispered:

"There's a bear!" and a big grey head appeared over the fallen tree. I sprang from my saddle, and was getting ready to shoot, when we were startled by the appearance of an enormous grizzly—quite a different animal from the one we had been pursuing—who jumped on the trunk of the tree, behind which he had been feeding on a dead elk, as we afterwards discovered. With eyes gleaming and savage growls, he sprang down and charged straight at us, just as I pulled the first trigger. To my horror, the shot missed entirely, and we were rent to the sight of a savage grizzly, not thirty yards away, coming for us at full gallop.

Safety in Flight. And then an amazing thing occurred. My second bullet went home right in the centre of the animal's breast. Mr. Bruin promptly turned a complete somersault, and I was beginning to feel relieved, when, to my amazement, he lighted on his feet again and came straight on, appar-

ently uninjured. My next thought was for flight, for my rifle was now empty and there was no time to reload. I sprang into my saddle and my horse, that what perhaps was the best thing, in the circumstances—he bolted, the sight of the charging bear proving too much for his nerves. Bruin was only a few yards away, and was just rising to strike with his paws, one blow of which is enough to break a horse's back, when my animal started and got out of striking distance.

My horse flew up the hill, and the grizzly made a great effort to follow. But the express' bullet in his chest was now beginning to take effect. He stumbled and blundered along, and at last sank down. Noticing this, I managed to pull up my horse and, rapidly reloading, put two more bullets behind the shoulder of the bear, which finished him off satisfactorily.

Sir Henry's Narrowest Escape. But when I come to look back on those various escapades I am inclined to think that my most amazing escape was one from a danger that I neither saw nor appreciated properly at the time. It happened about thirty years ago, in a wild and little-known region of the Wild West, when the Red Indian tribes of North America, then but recently conquered by Uncle Sam's troops, were in the habit of intervals, of breaking out of their reservations and attempting to reconquer the white men who had taken their country from them.

The Red Indian, of the 'seventies gave no quarter when he fought his white aggressors. Prisoners of war had no meaning for him, except to provide victims for the torture of the stake. Woe betide the unfortunate white man who was captured alive by hostile Red men west of the Missouri River thirty years ago. Far better to die fighting on the spot and then be scalped in the ordinary fashion.

A Great Success. In 1878 a friend and I spent three months or so on a trip to a part of the Rockies in Northern Wyoming, where grizzlies and big-horned sheep were reported to abound. The trip was a great success. We killed a record number of grizzlies in a district never before hunted by Englishmen, and only previously visited by lone prospectors and old-time trappers. Two of our men were pioneers of this kind, and I noticed that as we got away from civilization and well into the heart of the happy hunting grounds they were always on the watch for signs of Indians.

All the various tribes of Wyoming, Idaho, and Colorado were, as far as we knew, quiet and friendly. The possibility of further Indian risings, however, was always there, and consequently our hunters were always on the qui vive for Indian signs, and in particular for unshed horse tracks. "The only good Indian," Jack Roberts was fond of saying, "is a dead Indian." After two months' hunting we found ourselves in the heart of the main divide, 200 miles north of the last ranch and white man we had seen. We were thinking of making our way back to civilization once more, when we were kept under canvas two days by a snowstorm. The day it cleared one of our men, who had been out trying to find one of our pack horses which had strayed, came back with the news that he had heard distant rifle shots.

On the War Path. My friend and I, in our youthful in-

solence and ignorance, thought nothing of this; but our hunters were obviously disturbed. Next day Jack Roberts and I went out to reconnoitre and about two miles from our camp were startled to find numerous horse tracks, moving west over the divide. The horses, about sixty in number, were unshod.

"Therefore," said Jack, "they were ridden by Indians. What looks worse," he continued, ominously, "there are no lodge-poles with them, which, when squaws are with the party, are tied to the horses in such a fashion that they trail on the ground; and no lodge-poles," he explained, "means that the Indians are on the war path. We must clear out of this." We returned hastily to camp, and the men began to pack up for departure with feverish haste. "The odds of ten to one in hostile Indian against us are not good enough," said the men; also we had some good horses, and this was a temptation no Indian war party could resist. Still I demurred at this hasty departure. I could not bring myself to believe in the reality of the danger, and I wanted some more grizzly skins. But Jack was inexorable.

"I guess we're off South to-morrow morning," was all he said. "You can stay if you've a mind to do so."

The Last Grizzly. That, of course, was an arrangement. I did not care about it; so early next morning our cavalcade started South. Towards midday I was riding ahead of the pack train, munching a simple lunch, when, riding round the shoulder of a hill, I came suddenly on a fine silver-tipped grizzly digging for roots in an open glade, 150 yards away. Without a thought of Indians, or anything but the bear, I sprang from the saddle and, with bridle over my right arm opened fire on the animal. My horse was restive and drew back, the result being that I shot badly and only wounded the bear.

I tried four or five more shots, but he managed to struggle up into the timber. I pursued him on horseback, however, and ultimately finished him after a half-mile chase and the expenditure of more ammunition. It took me some time to take the head and skin off, and when I had finished I found, to my surprise, that none of the party had followed me, although they were close by when I wounded the bear.

It was at least half an hour before I had packed the head and skin behind the saddle of my somewhat restive horse, and started off to follow the pack train. I followed the tracks of the party, and noticed with surprise that they had travelled unusually fast. When I caught them up at nightfall, as they were making camp, I was greeted with sullen looks by the men.

Something was evidently wrong. Ultimately it came out that they feared my rifle shots might have been heard by the Indians on the war path who would at once, in this case, have followed in their direction, and might even now be trailing us, preparatory to a sudden attack at dawn—the favorite time for an Indian attack.

Jack allowed no fire that night. The horses were all picketed close to the camp, and next morning at dawn we moved out, made a long ride south, and Jack only ceased to be more than usually profane and only appeared easy in his mind when he had put two long days' journey between us and the Indian war party tracks.

The sequel remains to be told. On our return, a month later, to civilization, we learned that a band of Indians had broken out of their reservation, crossed the range just where we saw the tracks, raided a settlement, fifty miles farther west, killed every man, woman and child in it, and returned the way they had come laden with scalps and spoil. A providential snowstorm that had covered our tracks, and the rapidity of the Indians' movements, which had carried them out of hearing of my rifle shots, had doubtless alone saved the scalps and lives of our party.—Tilt Bits.

## Marine Disasters' Fund

Already acknowledged \$278,708.73  
Government of the Dominion of Canada, for contribution voted by the Canadian Parliament, per the Hon. the Minister of Finance ..... 25,000.00  
New York Fund, additional subscription per Charles W. Downing, Hon. Treasurer ..... 10.00  
\$303,808.73  
R. WATSON, Hon. Treasurer.  
Sept. 15th.

## Britain's Marching Song.

"It's a Long Way to Tipperary," the Favourite Tune of the Army. "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" has become the marching song of the British Army, according to London despatches. It is not widely known in this country. The words are: Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day, As the streets are paved with gold, sure ev'ryone was gay; Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand, and Leicester Square, Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

Chorus. It's a long way to Tipperary, It's a long way to go; It's a long way to Tipperary To the sweetest girl I know, Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square. It's a long, long way to Tipperary, But my heart's right there. Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O', Saying, "Should you not receive it, If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he, "Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."

Chorus. Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O', Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, an so Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame. For love has fairly drove me silly, hoping you're the same."

Chorus.

## Lame Back Strengthened, Stiffness Taken Right Out

Was Relieved in an Hour, and Cured Over Night.

A lame back? Quite unnecessary. All you have to do is to rub on Nerviline. It's simply a wonder for backache—relieves after one rubbing. "Nothing possibly could cure an aching back faster than Nerviline," writes Mrs. Arthur Kohar, of Lower Chelsea, N.S. "I caught cold and was so prostrated with pain I could not bend over. We always have Nerviline at home, and I had the painful region rubbed thoroughly with this grand liniment. At once the pain departed. The lameness was rapidly reduced and in an hour I was able to be about my household. I was rubbed again just before retiring, and awoke as usual in the morning with out a sign of my back trouble."

There is no sort of muscular pain that Nerviline won't cure quickly. Thousands swear by it for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago. It sinks to the core of the pain—right through muscle, tissue and nerve—it penetrates where no oily, greasy liniment can go and invariably cures quickly. If you have an ache or a pain anywhere—use Nerviline—it will cure you. Family size bottle, very large 50c.; trial size 25c. at all dealers.

The woman who dresses well will no longer wear a black velvet hat made on the recent lines. Pannet velvet of a very supple quality and satin will be used for fall and winter hats. The new sash is made of chiffon or mouseline; it is draped in fan effect. In the back it is very simply knotted, and the ends which are cut diagonally hang exactly the same length on both sides.



FOG PREVENTS SHOOTING. — Owing to the South Side Hills being covered with fog this morning, there was no musketry practice for the volunteers at the rifle range.

## Sunday Services.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist—Holy Communion every Sunday at 8 a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 and 8 a.m.; and 12 noon. Other services at 11 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.

Saints' Days—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.

Other Days—Matins, 9 a.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.; (Fridays, 7.30 p.m., with sermon.)

Public Catechizing—Every Sunday in the month at 3.30 p.m.

St. Michael's Mission Church, Casey Street—Holy Communion at 8 and 12 on the 3rd Sunday of the month, and 8 on other Sundays. Other services, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.

Sunday School—Cathedral, at 2.45 p.m. Mission Church at 2.45 p.m.

Cathedral Men's Bible Class, in the Synod Building every Sunday at 3 p.m. All men invited to attend.

St. Mary's Church—Matins at 11; Evensong at 6.30.

Brookfield School-Chapel—Evensong at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 4 p.m.

St. Thomas's—Holy Communion on the third Sunday in each month, at noon; every other Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evening services at 3.45 and 6.30 p.m. Daily—Morning Prayer at 8 a.m.; every Friday evening at 7.30, prayer and sermon. Holy Baptism every Sunday at 3.45 p.m. Public catechizing third Sunday in each month at 3.30 p.m.

Christ Church (Quid Vidi)—Holy Communion second Sunday, alternate months at 8 a.m. Evening Prayer third Sunday in each month, at 7 p.m.; other Sundays at 3.30 p.m.

Virginia School-Chapel—Evening prayer every Sunday at 3.30 p.m. Public Catechizing third Sunday in each month.

Sunday Schools—At Parish Church at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quid Vidi, at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School-Chapel, 2.30 p.m.

Gower Street—11. Rev. N. M. Guy, M.A.; 6.30, Rev. D. Hemmion, B.A. George Street—11. Rev. Harry Royle; 6.30, Rev. N. M. Guy, M.A.

Cochrane Street (Methodist College Hall)—11. Rev. D. Hemmion, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh, M.A.; Wesley—11. Rev. C. A. Whitmarsh, M.A.; 6.30, Rev. Harry Royle.

Presbyterian—11 and 6.30, Rev. J. S. Sutherland, M.A.

Congregation—11 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. Thomas.

Salvation Army—S. A. Citadel, New Gower Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, Livingstone Street—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, George St.—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.

## The Name "Homestead" and Quality

are practically inseparable. It's a tea whose merit of Purity makes it permanent friends, whose list grows longer all the time.

It's QUALITY made, and maintains it as the favorite tea for home use.

HOMESTEAD TEA, 40c. lb.

## C. P. EAGAN,

Duckworth Street and Queen's Road.

## Fresh Fruit.

ex s.s. Florizel: Gravenstein Apples. Bartlett Pears. Preserving Plums. Tomatoes. Ex s.s. Kanawha: Fresh Supply Lea & Perrin's Wor. Sauce. Skipper Sardines in Tomato Spaghetti. Macaroni. De Roubaix's Parafin Candles. P. E. I. Potatoes, 1/2 brl. sax