

A BUFFALO DUEL.

Patriarch of the Herd is Still Absolute Monarch at Silver Heights, Manitoba—An Interesting Yarn.

Yesterday an understanding was arrived at in the buffalo family, says The Winnipeg Free Press. Silver Heights might have been the scene of a deadly battle between the old patriarch of the herd and young McCreary, but discretion evidently struck young Bill as the better part of valor, in this case, and he accepted the part of second fiddle without showing fight.

The question which has been decided is a momentous one. It was whether there was to be absolute monarchy or not, and now it is decided that there will be absolute monarchy, and McCreary, the four-year-old bull, who until yesterday considered himself capable of managing the affairs of the household has accepted the fact that he has to submit to the old bull's ruling in matters of state. All summer the old bull, for several reasons which will be enumerated, has been locked up in a stronghold. The walls of his cell are of heavy logs and are ten feet from the ground. It was built none too strong, for the old fellow would have broken loose from any place less secure. The reason for this means of close captivity arose from a domestic squabble in which young McCreary aided in a small way by Horace Wilson, the other baby bull, on the one side and the old patriarch, who is one of the original herd in Lord Strathcona's time, on the other side, upset the quietude of the herd and made it impossible for the five cow buffalo to know just exactly who was boss.

McCreary was not strong enough to go in and give the old bull a licking, though he had lots of courage, but Horace Wilson hadn't the nerve to even lift his voice against him. To show that he was boss the old bull made himself very objectionable and would bellow and roar himself into a fury of excitement to put fear and trembling into the hearts of the younger bulls. So far as Horace was concerned he succeeded and McCreary was left without an ally and sulked by himself.

The old bull at last got so dangerous that he was locked up. Then McCreary was chief and Horace Wilson good naturedly, or from a faint heartedness, took second place. It was thought that by keeping the old bull locked up his spirit and temper would be broken. His temper, however, did not have a chance to improve for young McCreary would pass the morning, afternoon and evening of the night roaring at him through the logs of his cage. He called him many bad names, and dared him to come out and fight. The spirit of the old bull was not broken, and he would rush wildly at the walls of his prison to get at young McCreary. The walls were too strong and when McCreary saw this he took even more delight in torturing his superior by bellowing.

Not long ago owing to McCreary's taunts the old bull broke out from his prison. McCreary must have made himself scarce. There was no fight, but when Mr. Preston, who has charge of the herd for the city, came to look after them on this particular day he found the paddock, usually occupied by the big bull empty. Bellowing about in a sulky way was young McCreary, but the others were nowhere in sight. Horace Wilson was gone, too. The herd were traced and found eighteen miles away at Champlain Lake, near La Salle. The old patriarch had led them away and they had stampeded with him in the lead over hill and down dale, caring for no obstacle. It was with some difficulty that they were got back.

For the rest of the summer the old bull was left in his paddock, and young McCreary grew and became stronger and more ready to fight. There was only one way in the mind of Mr. Preston to settle the question, and this week he decided the time was ripe for it. McCreary had been exercising all summer and the old bull had no chance to get it. It was thought that McCreary could at last prove to the satisfaction of the herd by licking the old man that he was the rightful master. Mr. Preston sent word to Aid, McCarthy and obtained permission from the buffalo committee to allow the duel to take place. It was to be a great fight, and though means were taken not to allow it to be a finish, still it was expected that a good deal of blood would be spilled.

The day for the duel was fixed for yesterday. Several of the city aldermen were to attend, but owing to the muddy condition of the road to Silver Heights, they did not go out.

A Free Press reporter, who learned of the event, drove out in order to record the fight, and furnish to the public the details of "The Buffalo Battle, of Silver Heights."

It was a moment of intense excitement when Mr. Preston threw open the gates of the old buffalo's yard. Young McCreary, who had watched the preparations and seen the ropes ready to lasso the buffalo who conquered, and was in the mood to extract the death penalty, seemed to know there was something expected of him. He separated himself from the herd and eyed Mr. Preston at the gate.

The gate was thrown open. With a new, angry bellow the old bull walked out. Fire glinted from his eyes, set deep in the shaggy mass of hair. His mane became rigid and his tail curved like a piece of iron. Mr. McCreary looked at him and the fire in his eyes seemed to die out. The old bull walked up to him with determination in every step. He did not stop until their two noses were close together. Young McCreary never moved, but winked weakly, and though he too, crooked his tail and tried to look fierce, he showed no desire to fight. The two bulls blew into each other's nostrils for several seconds, and then the old fellow calmly turned his back to McCreary, walked off and the herd followed him. Horace Wilson included. Young McCreary stood still a few seconds longer and then fell in line and brought up the rear as the herd made slowly for better feeding grounds.

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FOR CONSTIPATION.
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Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood*
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The Other Man.

"Dar am two sides to a victory," said Uncle Shad. "Dar's de pint ob view ob de victor and de pint ob view ob de man dat gets licked. Mos' every victory means defeat for de under chap."—San Francisco Bulletin.

His Egg Sauce.

"Well, my man," said the visiting physician of a Dublin infirmary to a patient, "how do you feel this morning?"

"Purty well, sorr," was the reply. "That's right. I hope you like the place?"

"Indeed and I do, sorr," said the man. "There's only wan thing wrong in this establishment, and that is I only get as much mate as wud feed a sparrow."

"Oh, you're getting your appetite, are you?" said the doctor. "Then I'll order an egg to be sent up to you."

"Arrah, doother," rejoined the patient, "would you be so kind as to tell him at the same time to send me up the hin that laid it?"

GOOD NEWS FROM NEW ONTARIO
W. J. Dixon Cured of Rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills

He Could Hardly Walk or Sleep, But Is Now Strong and Hearty Once More.

Barwick P. O., Rainy River, Feb. 16. (Special)—The hardships endured by the settlers of a new country so often bring on Rheumatism that any well authenticated cure is eagerly discussed and carefully investigated in this neighborhood.

The recent cure of William John Dixon has created a sensation. He was a familiar figure limping around with his stick, and his cure was so speedy and complete that it is little wonder people are looking on Dodd's Kidney Pills as something to swear by.

"I had an attack of Typhoid Fever," Mr. Dixon says in telling his story, "and after I got over it and started to work Rheumatism set in. I had pains in my back and in my right hip so bad that I had to use a stick to walk and I had no comfort in sleeping. I could no more than dress myself for nearly two months, and for three or four months I could not lace my right shoe or put my right leg on my left knee."

"A brother of mine advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and after taking three boxes I began to walk around and do my work and lace up my shoes."

"Six boxes cured me completely."

Not Worried by Them.

Mamma—Johnny, when you told me that that Sever boy threw stones at you you did not tell me that it was after you had thrown stones at him.

Johnny—I wasn't afraid of the stones I threw at him, ma. It was only the ones coming my way that I was scared of.—Boston Transcript.

When a horse picks up a nail in his foot what does the driver do? Does he whip the limping, lagging animal and force him along? Not unless he wants to ruin the horse. At the first sign of lameness he jumps down, examines the foot and carefully removes the cause of the lameness. What is called "weak stomach" is like the lameness of the horse, only to be cured by removing the cause of the trouble. If you stimulate the stomach with "whisky medicines" you keep it going, but every day the condition is growing worse. A few doses sometimes of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will put the disordered stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition in perfect condition. Ninety-eight times in every hundred "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure the worst ailments originating in disease of the stomach. It always helps. It almost always cures. To cure constipation use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're sure.

They're getting rich, aren't they? Yes; they're just rich enough now to have trouble with their servants. Is that so?

Yes, they're trying to keep an English butler and an Irish cook.

THE NEW NORTHLAND.

How Settlers Make a Living in the Temiskaming District—Work for Everybody Who Deserves it at Good Wages.

The New Laskard correspondent of The Toronto Globe writes: What is a settler without capital to do to make a living for himself and family during the first couple of years of settlement? is a question asked naturally by every seeder after land who comes into the Temiskaming country. "Go lumbering" is, perhaps, the shortest answer to such a question, but the man on the outside will have a better idea of what he may expect if he is told what the settlers are at present doing, and have been doing for some seasons. It is impossible, of course, for a man without capital to go in and make a living off his farm at once, and it is the amount of outside work offering that ensures him a safe and steady income while clearing up his land. In this country the man who wants to work need not remain a day idle.

There is an instant demand for his services, and for hundreds more like him if only they were here. The settler as an outside source of income can either clear his own land of the timber and sell it to the lumberman, or work for jobbers who are cutting for the lumbermen. He can go into the lumber camps, or obtain steady employment on the Government roads. Wages last winter in the camps ran from \$28 to \$30 a month, with board, while the Government is paying on the roads \$1.25 a day with board, and \$1.75 without board. In the camps this winter the rate will run from \$25 to \$30 a month.

When the settler takes up his land he has to do his clearance duties and erect a shanty on it in order to fulfill the Government regulations. After that he is at liberty to work any place he likes. Where the land is close to water or a good road he can haul his timber to the banks of the river and be paid for it there by the lumbermen. If the river or road is not accessible he will have to wait till he obtains the road to make his timber valuable, and in the meantime he works for some of the jobbers. The latter make contracts with the lumbermen to bring out pulpwood, boom sticks, cedar ties and telegraph posts, engage a number of the settlers and put in small camps for the winter. By this means the settler obtains steady work, even where he cannot profitably handle the timber on his own lot. A farmer with several sons working this way is reasonably sure of a nice little sum when the spring comes and his accounts are settled with the lumberman.

The operations of the latter are extending every year now, and this winter will be heavier than ever. By this is meant their operations with the settlers, and exclusive of what they are doing on their regular limits. The growth of the lumber business with the settlers may be judged by the statement that while five years ago the Eddy Company could purchase only 500 cords of pulpwood in this district, they took from the settlers last year 12,000 cords, paying \$2.25 a cord. The settler, too, has the satisfaction of knowing that while he is selling his timber to the lumberman he is at the same time clearing his farm and getting it in shape for cultivation.

It is estimated also that J. R. Booth last year paid out nearly \$100,000 to settlers for their timber, so that between these two firms there was expended last winter somewhere around \$125,000, nearly all of which went into the hands of the settlers.

There are probably very few settlers in the district to-day who are able to live entirely off their farms. The country is too young for that, and there is besides so much outside work going that not as much attention is given to the cultivation of the farms as under different circumstances there would be. It is the exception to see a thoroughly cleared field with all the stumps taken out. Most of the settlers content themselves with taking out the smaller stumps, and in the meantime sowing among the larger ones. The necessity of earning money to support their families prevents many from working their land while there are others whose sole business is lumbering, and who only sow enough roots to keep the family through the winter. The genuine settler, however, gives all the attention he can to his farm, and these are making good progress.

As yet the settler has to purchase nearly all he consumes, and with the prices prevailing this is no inconsiderable tax on him. While he has any farm stuff to sell, however, his lot is a happy one. Hay last winter ran as high as \$16 to \$18 a ton, and for oats 65c. to \$1 was paid early, and later on from \$1.10 to \$1.25 a bushel. Potatoes were \$1.15 per bag, and peas \$1.25 a bushel for seed. All roots and coarse grains bring a high price, and while in some lines prices were higher some time last winter, there is abundant reason to believe that everything that can be grown will for some years to come bring what would be considered in old Ontario big prices. The demand from the lumbermen, from the new railroad while that is in course of construction, and from the farmers themselves as they gather more stock about the place will insure a sale at remunerative figures for everything produced, and the farmer with cleared land cannot but be prosperous.

The Asbestos Deposit.

Mr. Wellington Mackenzie, Toronto, who discovered the asbestos deposit on the shore of Lake Temiskaming on October 5, has arrived home. He brings with him a sample which shows the fibre to be unusually long and clean. This is the only known deposit of asbestos in Ontario, he says, so far as the Bureau of Mines is aware. Mr. Mackenzie has filed his claim and intends to develop it at an early date.

The man who grows and feeds hogs to the full capacity of his farm is always prosperous.

Nervous Prostration

Mrs. Edwards was a mere skeleton of skin and bone, nervous, irritable and weak, had heart palpitation and suffered dreadful pains.

Brantford's best physicians failed to help her.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food built up flesh and weight, restored nerve force and made her strong and well.

An extraordinary case that is worthy of investigation.



MRS. EDWARDS

Mrs. R. W. Edwards, 33 Murray St., Brantford, Ont., describes her case as follows:—"For five years I have suffered more than words can tell from nervous headaches, nervous dyspepsia and exhaustion. The pains in my head would at times almost drive me crazy. I could not sleep nights, but would walk the floor in agony until I fell exhausted and unconscious, and my husband would have to carry me back to bed.

"Sometimes I could take no food for four days at a time, and experienced terrible gnawing sensations in the stomach, had bad taste in the mouth and coated tongue. I was pale, nervous, irritable, easily exhausted, was reduced to a mere skeleton of skin and bone, and my heart would palpitate as though it was about to stop beating. My greatest suffering was caused by the dreadful pains in my head, neck, and back, and all this was in spite of the best efforts of three leading doctors of this city.

"For the past nine months I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and for a considerable time I have not experienced a headache, or any of the symptoms mentioned above. From a mere skeleton this medicine has built me up in flesh and weight, and now I am strong and well, do my own housework, walk out for two hours without feeling tired, and am thoroughly restored to health. I can only wonder that words fail to express my gratitude for this remarkable cure? You can use this testimonial for the benefit of other sufferers."

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

gets away down to the very foundation of nervous troubles and cures thoroughly and well by forming new, rich blood, and creating new nerve cells. This food-cure is unique in its method of building up the system and adding new flesh and weight, not fat, but natural, firm tissue.

The Foundation of Health and Strength.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD is bound to be of benefit to every pale, weak, nervous, exhausted man, woman or child who uses it. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. At all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.

The Woes of Cupid.

"Men is sho' fickle," said Miss Miami Brown. "Dey goes back on you on de slightest provocation."

"What's been happenin'?" asked Miss Olinia Jefferson Tompkins.

"Mr. Rastus Pinkley come aroun' tryin' to kiss me, an', so as not to seem too willin' an' audacious, I smashed 'im wif a flatiron, an' jes' fob dat he jilted me."

Rung Her In.

"And when you marry," she softly said, "I hope you'll remember to invite me to the ceremony."

He looked thoughtful. "It will be awfully crowded, no doubt," he said, "but I think I can ring you in somehow."

And a moment or two later she declared the ring was an astonishingly good fit.

A Black Eye.

Provided there is no abrasion or cut of the cuticle, a black eye can be removed in one night by an application of an ointment of black hellebore. Rub some black hellebore powder up with some lard and apply, leaving it on all night. In the morning the discoloration has all gone and the swelling also, only leaving a slight wrinkle, which soon disappears by cold water applications.

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Saturday, Feb. 21,

Next. It promises to be larger by far than any preceding delivery. **Meal and Feed Tickets**, good at any hotel in the city, will be supplied to farmers coming in for machinery. The loading will be well and carefully attended to by experienced hands.

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