HUSBAND'S HEROIC STRUGGLE USELESS

Sprang Into Seething Water of Niagara to Rescue Wife, but in Vain.

Niagara Falls, N.Y., June 6—A most thrilling tragedy and attempted rescue took place in the river between the first and second Sister Islands this afternoon when Mrs. Sarah Cohen, 28 years old, the wife of Louis Cohen of Buffalo jumped into the river between the Islands as her children and husband looked on. Mr. Cohen quickly jumped to her rescue and in a minute the husband and wife swept down under the little bridge, between the two islands, the swift current bobbing them along like corks. Here Cohen seized the woman, but her body was jammed betwen a rock and a log and he could not lift her to the surface. Those who saw him in the water did not know what brought him there. Only his head and shoulders were to be seen. Nobody knew anything about the woman having been dragged under by the current. It was twenty minutes before a rope was brought from the main shore and cast to Cohen and he managed to hold it until he was pulled to the Island exhausted. As he was hurried away he asked if his wife had been rescued. She had not been seen. He insisted that she was there. Men hurried back just in time to see her body float to the surface and start down stream. They ran to the foot of the Island and caught it as it came down with the current. It was turned over to Coroner Cot tonight. Cohen can give no reason for his wife's act.

DIAZ OBJECTS.

But Concessionaires Say They Will Go On With Game.

Los Angeles, June 5.—Word has reached here that President Diaz of Mexico has decided that he will not sanction the proposed race track at Tia Juana, because such action might be construed as an unfriendly act to California, a state of a friendly power. This authoritative statement was made at San Diego by a member of the Masonic party which escorted the "Silver trowel" to Mexico City. The attitude of Diaz was revealed by a remark of a high Mexican official that Diaz would do nothing to encourage a sport on the Mexican border which had been barred by the United States. Despite this news those interested expect no trouble in going ahead with the plant and conducting racing as planned. L. Cohen who with attorney Wm. Anderson, Earl F. Low, and Clem Creveling hold a concession from the Mexican government said "We have a concession signed by the Vice-president of Mexico permitting us to operate a race track at Tia Juana for a number of years. This document was signed with the consent of President Diaz. We will stand on this concession and go ahead with our plans, unless something else turns up."

CIRCUS DELAYED.

And Calgary Sad—Floods Tie Up C.P.R. Main Line.

Calgary, Alta., June 6.—The disastrous floods continue among the Rocky Mountains and traffic is completely tied up at places on the main line of the C.P.R. There has not been a train through for several days and a large number of both east and westbound passengers are unable to reach their destinations. Between Sycamous and Revelstoke serious floods have been caused by a log jam in the river, which has caused the water to flood the track for over a mile, and several transcontinental trains have been held on either side and their hundreds of passengers are being housed and fed at the expense of the railway company. Those from the west are being fed in dining cars, while those from the east are being cared for at the Revelstoke Hotel. Among the trains held up on the west side of the flood is Norris & Rowe's circus train. It will, however, be about the first rushed through, as many of the animals are suffering from want of proper food. Washouts have occurred at other points along the line, but these have all been repaired, and as soon as the blockade of logs can be removed from the river near Revelstoke and the floods abate the train service will be in operation again.

ALBERTA FAIRS.

Edmonton—June 29 and 30, July 1 and 2.
Calgary—July 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10.
Camrose—October 6 and 7.
Innisfail—July 12 and 13.
St. Albert—August 3.
Fort Saskatchewan—August 4.
Olds—September 13 and 14.
Claresholm—August 3.
Macleod—August 4, 5 and 6.
Lethbridge—August 10, 11 and 12.
Leduc—September 21.
Daysland—September 22 and 23.
Sedgewick—September 24.
Lloydminster—September 27.
Innisfree—September 27 and 28.
Vegreville—September 29.
Vermillion—Sept. 30 and Oct. 1.
Viking—October 5.
Raymond—September 16 and 17.
Nanton—September 20 and 21.
Pincher Creek—September 22.
Magrath—September 23 and 29.
Cardston—September 28 and 29.
Taber—September 30.
Irvine—October 1.
Didsbury—October 5 and 6.
Ponoka—October 6 and 7.
Lacombe—October 7 and 8.
Three Hills—October 12.
Priddis—October 14.
Alix—September 29.
Milverton—October 6.
Wetaskiwin—October 30 and Nov. 1.

Marksmen Abroad.

Bremer Haven, June 8—The steamer Main arrived here today from New York, bringing 200 members of the National Schuetzen bund, who will take part in the international shooting contests to be held at Hamburg beginning July 19.

THE GATEWAY OF THE EAST.

The Land of the Pharoahs in the Days of the Khedive.

Cairo, Egypt, May 9—Egypt is the gateway of the east. Entering it, the Occidental is bewildered and delighted by its strange confusion of color and its nameless spell. Looking out of it, the Oriental gazes with indifference, tinged with contempt, upon the curiously dull and conceited west. Here is Egypt, the cradle of civilization, the fountain of both western and eastern law and religion, the twentieth century finds the gate between the two worlds. Here the most enlightened Moslems are making the last great stand for the revival of Islam. Here the missionary from Wisconsin is battling for the ultra-Protestant type of Christianity. Opposed to both are the reactionary and non-progressive Moslems and the ancient Coptic church, most conservative of Christian bodies.

Here the patriotic Egyptian nationalist is making a fight for the political reform of the Ottoman Empire, and from here was directed, in part, the bloodless revolution which gave Turkey a constitutional government, later confirmed by the dethronement of Abdul Hamil. And here is England, indulging the native patriot in his dreams of reform, and at the same time ruling him and keeping a firm grasp upon that real and tangible gateway to the Orient—the Suez canal.

Here is a country nominally subject to the Sultan of Turkey and nominally a part of the Ottoman Empire. Under the power it is nominally autonomous and is nominally ruled by the Khedive of Egypt. He in turn is nominally circumscribed by a sort of constituted government which gives the people a nominal voice in the nominal government. And back of all this is Sir Eldon Gorst, his Britannic Majesty's consul- general, who rules the country actually, although nominally he has nothing whatever to do with it.

Here one sees parading the streets a well drilled and well set-up regiment of soldiers. It is a part of the Egyptian army. It is officiated by Egyptians, for the most part, and owes allegiance and fealty to the Khedive. It is a respectable army.But, an hour or so later, there is another regiment. Instead of the khaki and red tarboosh of the Egyptian, here is the scarlet coat of Tommy Atkins. It is a part of the British army of occupation. That army has been here more than a quarter of a century. It came with the professed intention of staying three months, but probably will stay as long as Britannia continues to rule the wave.

The Occidental has always looked upon the Orient as a topsy-turvy land where everything is done backwards. We know that the Orientals begin to read and write from the right side of the page instead of from the left. We hear of strange customs which offend our own. We learn of habits of thought which strike us as impossible, and here in Egypt, at the threshold of the east, one finds himself already in the "Land of Paradox."

Here was the first civilization, the first written history, the first code of morals, the first law. The evidences of the greatness of this early empire are found on every hand in the magnificent monuments which have withstood the ravages of forty centuries. The tombs of the ancient Egyptians are inhabited by the living Egyptians of today—miserable creatures to whom civilization means nothing and who look at the great monuments not as a means of bringing tourists in whom there is the hope of bakshish. If there is a new house in Egypt one of two things is true of it—either it is built of mud or it has been built by a European. The grandeur and glory of Egypt is departed.

Yet here is the River Nile bringing the floods of Ethiopia to make fruitful this richest of all farming lands. The crops are certain and bountiful, and are repeated several times a year. The English have begun to restore the splendid irrigation facilities which existed in the time when Joseph ruled over Egypt. The Nile is being cared for and its waters soon will enrich many more acres than ever before. It is difficult to comprehend it, yet it is true that the peasants are living in luxury compared to their condition before the British occupation.

On every side one sees the evidence of the meeting of the east and the west. The Oriental, in his red farboosh, corrupted by western Christian nations, sits in front of an imitation Parisian cafe and sips an alcoholic liquor, despite the prohibition of the Koran. The Occidental pokes his way through the narrow passage-ways of the bazaars and bargains and haggles and quarrels as if he had never been in a "one-price store" in the west.

The educated Oriental delights in the society of the wealthy Occidentals who make their winter homes in Cairo hostelries. The American girl stopping here is quite as much interested in the Persian poet she meets at the hotel dance as she is in the mummified remains of the great Rameses in the museum. Even the museum is a paradox, for the bodies of the ancient Pharaohs and their priceless crown jewels are exhibited in a building the exterior of which suggests nothing but modern Italy.

Cairo and Alexandria are built after Italian and French patterns and even the immutable law of the prophet has been bent that the parks might have ornaments in statutes of great Egyptians. The well-paved streets, the good street car service, the excellent police system—all these things are of the west western. Ten minutes walk in any direction will take the wayfarer into a quarter where the streets are paved only with ten centuries of dirt, where the donkey and the camel are the sole transportation agencies, and where the law of the Prophet is the only police regulation needed. These are of the east eastern.

The Khedive lives in splendor, but it is Occidental and not Oriental splendor. His palace is European, there is but one wife in his harem and he speaks French or English with his most intimate associates. Not so westernized is the Arab boy who serves you in your hotel room—an extra dollar a month or an unusually liberal tip will justify him in taking another wife to his bosom, thus enlarging his harem.

One sees a black man in gay dress with three deep scars in each cheek—he is a slave. Slavery still exists in Egypt despite the conscience of England, but in a form which emphasizes the paradoxial character of the country. Any slave may have his freedom by asking for it. There is no other requirement whatever. Strange to say there are many slaves who do not make the request.

THE DOWNFALL OF ABDUL THE CURSED

Abject Appeals to His Former Ministers and Military Chiefs for Help.

Constantinople, May 3.—Apparently Abdul Hamid fell without putting forth a hand to save himself. In reality, however, he fought very hard for his throne with the only weapons which he knew how to use.

For instance, when the Macedonians were at Tchataldja he sent General Yussuf Pasha into Albania in order to create there a movement against the Young Turks. But the Macedonian leader at Tchataldja sent two soldiers to watch this emissary. Yussuf was arrested at Salmanli, and his trunk, on being searched, was found to be full of medicine boxes labelled "Pills," but containing neat rolls of gold pieces.

When the army came nearer, the Sultan sent out hundreds of 'hodjas' and 'softas' to stir up the fanaticism of the Moslem element in the oncoming army, but such of those ecclesiastics as lived to tell the tale brought back a disheartening account of Macedonian contempt for the Khalifa.

If Abdul Hamid ever thought that the troops would refuse to fire on their Padishah he was undeceived, when he heard what happened at Beyukdere, on the day that the Macedonians seized those forts at the Black Sea end of the Bosphorus. It was a scorching hot day and the Macedonians were tired and thirsty when they reached the town. At their earnest request they were conducted to a fountain.

"This," remarked their guide, "this is the Hamidian fountain. It is so called because it was erected by our Padishah."

"Then we'll never soil our lips with the water of that kafir, (infidel), said one of the Macedonians, all of whom then went to seek water elsewhere.

Most disheartening of all to Abdul Hamid was the way in which his trustiest weapon thus failed him in the hour of need, the way in which his best sword thus snapped in his hand like glass. For verily, the Macedonian Moslems had no more respect for his religious authority than if they were infidels and Franks.

The present writer has seen Albanians march "hodjas" to jail with as little ceremony as if these holy men were dogs of unbelievers. In fact, hodja-hunting seems to have been the principal amusement of the invaders ever since they took the city. Some of the hojas are dressed in emerald green, but even if they wrapped themselves in the green mantle of the Prophet they would not be secure against arrest and search.

On Monday a most imposing specimen of the hodja tribe with a green turban, green cloak, baggy green trousers, and green walking-stick was brought to the Shishane guard-house by two young students of the Military chool, who seemed to be quite proud of their brilliantly colored captive. On being interrogated by the officer in charge, the hodja took a high attitude and began to pray in Arabic for his captors, whereupon the officer cut him short, saying:

"I thank you for your prayers, but I think you have more need of them than I have at the present moment."

This lack of reverence for the clergy is partly explained by the fact that on the persons of the hodjas who have been so far arrested £12,300 in gold pieces and bank notes have been found, and that, rightly or wrongly, this money is supposed to have come from Yildz. The Young Turks have certainly broken with the old palace hodjas.

On his way to Constantinople Niazi Bey, one of the heroes of the July revolution, made his train stop for an hour at Gumuldjina, where palace-paid hodjas had been trying to get up some excitement. Going straight to the nearest mosque, he mounted the pulpit without unbuckling his sword and addressed the assembled hodjas as follows:

"I know that there are people here who want to make trouble for the Young Turks. I have no time at the present moment to find out who these people are, for I must go to Constantinople, but on my return I will stop here, and if I then find that these people are still trying to create trouble I will have them hanged to the trees on the roadside."

Since that time the reactionaries at Gumuldjina have been extremely quiet.

On the morning of April 24, when the Macedonians closed in on the city Yildiz attempted for a moment a feeble offensive. The palace troops advanced, but, on catching sight of 1,500 Macedonian infantry and three batteries on a hill at Shishli, they fell back again. After that there was no need to reconnitre, for the Macedonian cavalry screen on the distant hills was visible from the upper windows of the palace.

When night fell on Yildiz it was found that the water and gas and electricity had been cut off and that all supplies of food had been intercepted. Famine soon made its appearance; therefore, for Yildiz was provisioned daily, and there are many mouths to be fed, to wit, chamberlains, secretaries, body guards, and aides-de-camp, (350 persons, ladies andslaves, (370 persons, sons and daughters of the Sultan, with their respective suites (160 persons) eunuchs in the service of the harem (127), the personnel of the kitchens (390), the personnel of the stables (350), doorkeepers and other servants (250), troops forming the immediate palace guard (1,450). On Sunday evening these 4,000 persons had absolutely nothing to eat and, when night came, the place was in utter darkness, for the candles had been all used up on the preceding night.

More unnerving however, than want of food and drink was the want of a master to inspire confidence in this herd of dependents. As every soldier in Mahmud Chefket's camp had in him something of his great chief's certainty of success and firmness of purpose, so every slave in Yildiz shared his Padishah's indecision and panic fear.

Abdul Hamid was not visible or accessible, and in horrified whispers his people asked one another if perchance he were drugged or in a fit or dead. These whispers reached the soldiers who gradually lost confidence and deserted.

* * *

In proportion as the palace was thus denuded of its guards, who streamed away from it unchecked, like blood from an unbandaged wound, the panic increased among the helpless inmates of the harem, into which the eunuchs carried from the outer world exaggerated accounts of the danger in which Yildiz stood.

These 400 hapless ladies believed that the palace might at any moment be stormed by a licentious soldiery. Some of them fainted, some fell down in hysterics, and all the rest began to scream until the palace seemed like bedlam. Sunday night was as still as death, and these screams were, consequently, heard by some of the Macedonions, 10,000 of whom, with a powerful artillery, now surrounded the palace. They must, therefore, have also been audible in the imperial kiosk, but no sign was made, and mystery continued to brood over that mysterious retreat.

There is something tragic in the spectacle of a strong man, with thousands of people dependent on him, collapsing utterly and forever, and it must be confessed that, with all his faults, Abdul Hamid had in him some of the elements of strength and of greatness, otherwise he would not have been able to master a whole empire in the way he did, and to concentrate all power in his own hands to an extent that no modern despot ever dreamed of. Nothing in his own palace was too minute to escape his vigilant attention, so that this sudden collapse came on the 4,000 inmates of Yildiz like an eclipse of the sun.

With our tradition of freedom and self-reliance, we Westerners cannot understand the feelings on such an occasion of this army of ignorant, clinging women and slaves who had been taught all their lives to regard the Padishah as the impregnable rock whereon their lives were based, as to quote one of the Sultan's official titles) "the Shadow of God on Earth."

The doomed Khalifa passed this awful Sunday night in a small room of the Thit-Kiosk, without any other company than that of his little boy, Prince Abdurrahmin. He wore the gray military overcoat lined with chain armor which he has been for years in the habit of wearing at the Selamlik, and in the breast pocket of which he always carries a revolver. His sword and an oil lamp were on the table.

The little Prince wept all night, and when the Macedonian officers visited the Sultan next day the poor lad's eyes were still red and swollen. His father did not weep, but, nevertheless, his sufferings must have been intense.

* * *

Much as we hate the man, we can almost find something pathetic in the last struggle of this desperate gambler and adventurer and unprincipled intriguer. It was a struggle in which he was handicapped not only by his old age, his infirmities, and his unmilitary disposition, but also by his superstition, for some kind friend had reminded him a few days before that a venerable sheik of Kurdistan had prophesied that he would only reign thirty-three years, and, as everybody knows, he mounted the throne in 1876.

What frightened the Sultan most of all was the way in which his most trusted councillors were deserting him. On that very day Nadir Agha, the eunuch, had tried to flee. Twenty years ago Nadir Agha, then a child five years old, was bought from a slave merchant in Egypt for 150f, and in course of time he developed a political ability and a diplomatic talent which amazed even Abdul Hamid, whose most trusted adviser he had become when the revolution broke out in July last.

When Nadir was arrested in his headlong flight and brought before his master, for whose worst crimes he is partly responsible, the Sultan staggered to his feet, glared at his eunuch with blood shot eyes, and then spat in his face. "Dog!" hissed Abdul Hamid, "you might at least have remained by me so long as I am alive." From which phrase it is clear, by the way, that the Sultan's reluctance to surrender was due to his convction that the Macedonians would put him to death.

To his own intense surprise, Nadir Agha was allowed to leave the imperial presence alive and to retire to the harem, but he has since found that the Macedonians are in some respects sterner judges than Abdul. At the moment of writing he is under sentence of death, and tomorrow morning may see his body swinging on a gibbet at the Stamboul end of the Galata Bridge.

He would have been among the thirteen who were hanged yesterday were it not for the fact that he promised to reveal the secret receptacles in Yildiz wherein Abdul Hamid concealed important documents and large sums of money. In order that he may make his promise good he has been accorded another day of life, and has been sent back under a strong escort to the deserted palace.

(He has been hanged since this letter was written.)

Not only did men flee from Abdul as if he had the plague, one of them, Marshal Shakir Pasha, his first aide de camp, even committed suicide so as to avoid being taken alive with his master, Memdouh Pasha, commander of the Yidiz garrison, entered into communication with Mahmoud Chefket on Saturday night and offered his personal submission ,but could not answer for the garrison. As already stated, however, the garrison had been melting away.

Since Friday, Abdul Hamid had been making frantic appeals to his Grand Vizier, to his Cabinet Ministers and military chiefs to come to the palace, and on Sunday when they came his Majesty formed a council, in which, however, he found himself to be the sole partisan of resistance a outrance. As a matter of fact, Tewfik Pasha, the Grand Vizier, and Nazim Pasha, the commander of the Guard, had already come to an understanding with the Macedonians (as is shown by the fact that the former was afterward the first Grand Vizier and the latter the first Grand de camp of the new Sultan), and did their best during their visits to the palace to discourage everybody and to bring about a surrender.

Abdul Hamid was now surrounded by men who ardently desired his downfall, and he would have been made prisoner by them at once were it not for the fact that there were still in the barracks a few desperate soldiers who were frantically devoted to the Sultan, and who were numerous enough to make trouble.

On Monday evening the Macedonian leader advanced on Yildiz and thrice summoned the troops to surrender, threatening in case of refusal to begin the bombardment. The Sultan cajoled and negotiated with all the feverish brilliancy of Napoleon before the abdication of Fontainlebeau. He wanted to call together the Cabinet and all the military leaders. He strove hard to gain time.

But he found Marshal Chefket Pasha as hard as his own shrapnel. "Unconditional surrender in one hour," was the Macedonian leader's only answer to all the Sultan's arguments and entreaties.

"Never in all his life did Abdul Hamid put forth such powers of cajolery, did he talk so brilliantly, so persuasively, so sweetly. Never did he pour forth such an abundance of suggestions. He would resign in favor of his son, Prince Abdurrahmin. Look at him! Could that innocent and gentle-faced boy make such a bad ruler! And as the young Prince bursts out weeping, the circle of greyheaded statesmen—now tools of Mahmoud Chefket—every man of them, and traitors to their nominal master—feel their hearts moved.

Abdul preceives his advantage and pushes it with consumate skill. He gently pats the Grand Vizier's arm. He promises that he will exercise no undue influence over Abdurrahmin. He swears by the beard of the Prophet that, once the boy has girt on the sword of Osman, he, Abdul Hamid, will never look upon his face again. He himself is an old man, a feeble old man. (And, as a matter of fact, he looks during these last few days as if he had suddenly become twenty years older, owing not only to the mental torture that he has undergone, but also to the fact that he has forgotten for some days to dye his hair and beard, smooth out his wrinkles, paint his withered cheeks, and 'make up' his countenance generally, as, after the fashion of a vain old beau, he had been persistently doing for the last ten years.)

He will not live long. He desires to spend his last years in seclusion. Tewfik Pasha knows that he (Abdul) several times broached the subject of changing the succession in favor of his son Abdurrahmin Effendi. (The Grand Vizier nods confirmingly.) Well, his object in doing so was to open to himself a way of escape from all these worries of state. His sole desire now was to spend his last days in the Tcheragan Palace, where he had been born and where he hoped to die.

And, as Abdul Hamid, the Sultan, looked out from his open window on that lovely palace, whose foundations are washed by the Bosphorus—the glorious, blue Bosporus glittering in the warm May sunlight—he decided in his inmost heart that if he carried his point he would really keep his promise this time, be good, get out of politics, and lead a life of calm, pastoral peace. But, meet punishment for a life of duplicity and deceit, he now found it impossible to make his entourage believe him when for the first time in thirty-three years he really meant what he said.

Never had he known nature to look so lovely. Never had the sun shone so brightly on the green trees of Yildiz, on the broad Marmora, on the distant Asiatic mountains. A bee buzzed in through the open window, and the distracted monarch absentmindedly followed it with his eye as it circled around the room and they flew out again.

But alas for all the Sultan's eloquence! It might as well, for all the effect it had, have been addressed to a tidal wave as to the Macedonian leader. It would have more chance with a milestone than with the man of iron, the military dictator outside, to whom it was duly conveyed. With a grim smile Marshal Chefket Pasha listens to paraphrases of it as he sits on horseback behind the batteries commanding Yildiz. His answer is short and to the point:

"Unconditional surrender within one hour."

And, looking at his watch, he turns his head and ride slowly down the line of frantically cheering soldiers. For on this day of days he has taken command of the vanguard himself, as he knows Abdul's little tricks and is resolved to take no chances.

The Padishah hears that cheer, and soon after, he gets the curt message of the Marshal. For an instant his face works with rage, the helpless rage of the ruined gambler whose hard, sarcastic faced opponent holds all the cards and trumps every time with slow, deliberate cruelty, with exasperatingly superhuman knowledge of the game, seeing through every bluff with the perfect vision of a man who knows all his opponent's hand by heart, mercilessly defeating every humble attempt to prevent it at least from being a grand smash, and slowly prolonging the agony with the inhuman zest of a Torquemada.

Then new entreaties. A fresh flood of eloquence. A last message to Marshal Chefket Pasha. The Marshal's answer is the same as before, save that the time is now reduced to half an hour, instead of an hour, and that there is added to the original message a clause which the Sultan's envoy hesitates to repeat. Out it comes at last, "This is my last message. Bombardment of the palace will take place within half an hour, and the blood of all those in it be on your head, Abdul Hamid!"

It was the first time that such a message had ever been delivered in Yildiz Kiosk, and it had the effect of a bombshell. The Sultan's servants hastily quitted the Presence without asking permission. The reason of the aged monarch himself seemed for a moment to totter, and, seated on a divan, he drivelled incoherently and interminably.

Whether or not he gave the signal to surrender will never be accurately known, but, after this, things seemed to drift on without him, and, before the hour had elapsed, all the troops in Yildiz had gone out and laid down their arms. Scarcely had they done so when a battalion of Macedonian infantry marched into the palace garden.

Abdul Hamid, the Red Sultan, was in the power of his enemies.—New York Times.

K. of P. Officers.

Portarge La Prairie, June 9.—Early this afternoon the Knights of Pythias elected officers for the year as follows: Grand chancellor, J. G. Riley, Winnipeg; vice chancellor, John Fullton, Portage La Prairie, G.K.R and S. James A. Wilson, Winnipeg; master of excequer, Thomas Montgomery, Winnipeg; grand prelate, W. H. Bates, Brandon; grand master at arms, B. A. Pickle, North Battleford; grand inner guard, A. R. MacKenzie ,Dauphin; grand outer guard, J. M. Wessels, Regina; grand trustee, (for three years) A. W. Bowen, Morden; supreme representative (for four years), F. J. G. McArthur, Winnipeg; supreme representative (for two years) J. T. Huggard, Winnipeg; alternative for four year term, A. G. Carter, Winnipeg; alternative for two year term, W. M. Benley, Winnipeg; grand tribune, W. A. Elliott, Brandon. The work of the convention will conclude today.

Ire Hot Cooled by Injury.

Chicago, Ill., June 8.—Miss Emma Gallagher, who had four thousand five hundred particles of skin grafted on her body twelve years ago as the result of buns received while cleaning clothing with benzine, will resume her fight Wednesday in the Superior Court against the Singer Sewing Machine company, to secure damages on the charge that she was slandered by the company's agents. Former Mayor E. F. Dunne is her attorney. The suit came up for trial a year ago and Miss Gallagher was given judgment for $50,000 on the ground that the judgment was excessive. Judge Wright from the country district who heard the case set the verdict aside. Miss Gallagher who is crippled, declares she will fight the case to a finish. "My terrible experience of five years ago has not in the least affected my fighting qualities," she said.

"Wireless" Surgery.

London, June 2.—Surgery by wireless is the basis of a new treatment for warts, rodent ulcers, birthmarks and skin cancers demonstrated by Dr. Horace Manders before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. The apparatus consists of an ordinary surgical knife, to the blade of which is attached a wire leading to a storage battery. The current, obtained from the ordinary lighting wires, is converted by an invention of Dr. Manders into oscillations of electricity similar to those used in certain systems of wireless telegraphy. When brought into contact with the flesh, these current waves cause a destruction of the tissues. This electric cutting, according to Dr. Manders, differs from electric cauterization in that there is less shock or tendency to bleed after the use of the "wireless" current.

SIMPLE WASH CURES ECZEMA

Why Salves Fail While a Simple Liquid Has Accomplished Thousands of Cures.

It is now thoroughly established among the best medical authorities that eczema is purely a skin disease, due to a germ, and curable only through the skin. It is not a blood disease at all; in fact, thousands of people suffer with skin disease and are perfectly healthy otherwise, and thereby prove they have no diseased blood.

Smeary salves cannto reach the germs because they do not penetrate the skin. The only way to reach the germs is by means of a **penetrating** liquid.

Such a liquid can be obtained by simply mixing ordinary oil of wintergreen with thymol, glycerine and other healing agents. This compound, known as D.D.D. Prescription, stops the itch instantly—and the cures all appear to be permanent. In fact, it took thousands of cures ,case after case, before the best scientific authorities were convinced of the absolute merit of this remedy. D. D. D. Prescription kills the germs in the itching skin. Its effect is seen within one minute after the first application. The cure is even quicker if .D D. D. Soap is used in connection with the treatment.

For free sample bottle write to The D. D. D. Laboratory, Department B. W., 23 Jordan St., Toronto. For sale by all druggists.

Wedding Among the Bloods.

London, June 9.—King Edward, Queen Alexandria and Princess Victoria attended the wedding at St. Margarets, Westminster, this afternoon, of Viscount Bury the Earl of Albemarle's heir to Lady Wyne, Carrington, Earl Carrington's daughter.

Settled Cheap.

Niagara Falls, Ont., June 4.—It is said that the settlement out of court in the action against the Electrical Development company brought by the Niagara Construction company for flooding its plant consisted of payment by the Electrical Development people of $15,000. The construction company claimed $100,000.

Cleminson Appears Today.

Chicago, Ill., June 8.—Dr. Cleminson, the young physician accused of having killed his wife by poison ten days ago will be formally arraigned on a charge of murder this afternoon before Municipal Judge Bruggemeyer in the Sheffield avenue court. Benedict J. Sort, States Attorney Wayman's chief assistant will ask that the prisoner be held to the grand jury which convenes for its June session one week from next Monday.

LAMENESS from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone or similar trouble can be stopped with

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CANADA CA

Naturally an agricultural com coming from such a place as Se where live stock raising and f has reached its very highest de ment and forms the most imp part of the farming practice, wo particularly interested in the a of prominence given to live stock ing in Canada, the character pure bred herds and of the co run of stock, and the suitabil the country to the requirements livestock industry. When, in ad to this natural interest as stock added the additional fact that S contributes more largely than any country—not excluding England—foundation stock of Canadian a further strong cause for inte this branch of Canadian agri is evident.

The importance of the industry warranted the expenditure of erable attention upon it by the ish agricultural commission in investigations last fall, so in the these three strong reasons it surprising to find one quarter of report devoted to the treatment branch of their subject. It is remember, too, that although th stock interests are largely shadowed in the west by the growing interests such is not th throughout Canada and in some the commission found fully as emphasis placed upon beef prod dairying and kindred subjects as any other branch of agriculture.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Attention is first paid in the to cattle and they are discusse vince by province in the order in these were visited by the comm ers in their itinerary. The M provinces may be lumped togeth the commissioners found no es difference in conditions as betwe province and another. As all an annual rainfall of about 35 and vegetation of all kinds is pl luxuriant and succulent, it is not surprising to find the emphasis upon dairying in these three pro It is universal experience that th a very vital relation between and butter production. They that the farmers of these Provin not pay much attention to beef mation and all cattle incline dairy type. There is, however, much breeding in evidence as should be, and a lot of cows of bl brindle type were seen. In Prin ward Island, particularly, the bu dustry is not as flourishing now was a number of years ago when farmers finished from four to six each season; many now do not any but enough themselves excl to dairying. In Nova Scotia horns were found to predominate would point to the ultimate develo in that province of a class of suited to the requirements of a of mixed farming in which bot production and dairying were attention. In New Brunswick the ber of cattle is smaller, but the p tion of beef animals is greater. all provinces the farmers are re help from their local governments t the improvement of their herds t the introduction of pure bred s proper type to replace the too pr "scrub sire."

In the province of Quebec the missioners noticed a different st farming and a different atm about the farm life to that fo any other province in the Do They characterized this atmosph 'domestic" and commented up fact that many of the French Ca farmers have no ambition to p beyond the requirements of their The commercial instinct is domin there is consequently less pus energy displayed and more tim thought expended on the home side of farming.

Ontario they characterize as eminently the mixed farming p and the cattle were seen to con more largely to the dual purpose Pure bred herds of all the p beef and dairy breeds abound their quality the commissioner with particular reference to th breeds:

QUEBEC AND ONTARIO.

"Of the breeds, pure Shorthorn good class, replenished from t time by the best the old count produce, are most frequently me and the breeders of these, alon those who favor Herefords and Angus, are in many ways nothing breeders of the same class at Commenting upon the well know that Canada exports her best and est beef while reserving that of quality for home consumption th missioners say: "It may be presu to suggest that much of the bee sumed in Canada might be imp But the fact remains that even in t hotels both the beef and the are not of first-class quality."

MANITOBA AND THE WEST.

Passing to the consideration cattle industry in Manitoba the recognized that with the prog westward the emphasis upon raising as an adjunct of farm less noticeable. But the reas this is also apparent to these ant Scotchmen. "The dry, sunny mer, which is so good for the grower, is not altogether in fa the stock raiser on the barer regio * * * there are many parts world, with a greater or at least evenly divided rainfall, and mild ters, where cattle can be raised und favorable conditions than on the of Manitoba." Of the pure bred h this province two were visited b members of the commission—t John Barron, of Carberry, and Sir Van Horne, at East Selkirk—b which the visitors characterized a "well known to Shorthorn fanc over the world."

Saskatchewan and Alberta a sidered together and this appears somewhat superficial policy, as no comparison between the two p from the standpoint of dairying stance. While dairying in Alber been steadily on the increase recent years, in Saskatchewan it h almost at a standstill. The comm ers note that such conditions as th of shelter and running water, th mer drought, high wages of far lack of fences, ignorance of livi on the part of many farmers whi farmed elsewhere and know no be to the advantage of the indu Canada, some think it would g cattle being shipped to England ev

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