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MEAT MARKET

cleanliness, sanitation and the
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We accord all our patrons fair
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Right stock goes out
the door

—OUR WAY—

We have a large
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Ribbed Pork,
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Sinclair's
Spare Ribs, the best.

J. J. St. John

Duckworth St & LeMarchant Rd

Wonders of Magellan's Strait

WILD and wonderful is the
scenery in the Straits of Mag-
ellan, which separate Pata-
gonia from Tierra del Fuego,
but comparatively few world travel-
ers ever get to that remote part of
the globe. In the Boston Globe An-
drew Sibbald gives this description of
the waterway and its shores:

Starting on a cruise from the British
settlement at Stanley, the chief
town of the Falkland Islands, and
after being tossed about at sea, we
sighted the cliffs of Tierra del Fuego.
As we went along the scenery was ex-
ceedingly lovely: from the open sea
and stormy winds it was a pleasant
change to be comparatively at rest
on nearing the land, and to look at
the quickly changing beauties of
Nature's panorama, like a trans-
formation scene not to be surpassed.

Fancy a small vessel alone, in a
region little known, with a landscape
of rugged grandeur all around, ap-
proaching what appears in the dis-
tance to be a chaos of wild and lofty
mountains, with no apparent outlet,
or, indeed, termination.

On ascending to the masthead one
could see the channel getting nar-
rower, and our onward passage
stopped, apparently, by a low range of
hills in the foreground; at the back,
jagged peaks and huge mountains in
all their solemn but barren sublimity.

On the left was Navarin island, in
some parts high, but not so lofty as
it seemed in the distance; on the
other side was also high land, but at
its base were several islands and wa-
ter passages leading by various gorges
to the Magellan Straits.

We now approached the narrows,
which are between clay cliffs; they
form the entrance to the Beagle chan-
nel, so named from the ship, whose
captain discovered it, and the tide,
which before had been gentle, now be-
gan to increase in swiftness: the pas-
sage through which we were sailing
began to develop more curves and
the depth of water decreased.

We had a gentle breeze as we glided
swiftly past the narrows and many
islets, all equally pretty: penguins
and other birds were seen in immense
numbers around us.

A little longer and a fresh bend in
the channel discovered new beauties
as different from what we had just
seen as possible; it reminded one of a
rapid transition from the plains of
Lombardy to the gigantic peaks of the
Rocky Mountains.

In Beagle Channel.

But it is almost impossible to do
justice to the scene: the effect of the
sun's rays as they glanced on the
snow-capped mountains before us, as
we quickly shot by the last projection
of the narrows and entered the huge
central canal which forms the Beagle
Channel, was magnificent. Glancing
at the clay cliffs in our rear, the pas-
sage seemed to have shut in behind
us, and left us no outlet save far
ahead.

In all these bold and lonely places
there was a mysterious quiet, which
gave the scenery around a truly al-
pine look; lofty mountains were on
view and those bounding our sight
ahead were quite bare and of a con-
ical shape. A very vivid imagination
could easily convert some of the
cupola-shaped mountains in front of
us, at the extreme verge of our view,
into so many cathedrals with their
lofty spires.

Those on our right were destitute
of verdure in many places, like the
bald spots on a man's head, but with
vegetation around such spots: on our
left were the Cedrington Mountains on
Navarin Island, dark frowning masses
with singular peaks, something like
sugar loaves; and the scene was di-
versified by the brown summits of
other mountains peeping up free from
the perpetual snow, their lower parts
clothed with a mantle of green.

By this time we had glimpses of the
natives, covering the rocks and beach,
closely watching us; they were uni-
versally naked, wild and shaggy look-
ing with long spears in their hands.

Their canoes on both sides of us
shot out from sheltered corners and
tried to overtake us, still shouting
with all their might. But our speed
was too great for them to get up to
us, for they only started from the
shore as we came abreast of them.

At no great distance ahead lay a
group of small islands, around which
we would have to turn to enter the
opening leading to Woollya.

Surrounded by Mountains.

Still keeping on our way, we reach-
ed the south arm of the Beagle Chan-
nel. Gigantic and lofty mountains
seemed to form the portals to a new
passage.

Cape Mitchell was rounded swift-
ly, and there appeared high, dark
cliffs, and what seemed all but per-
pendicular mountains towering up-
ward to the sky, their gloomy surface
diversified in a pleasing manner by

silvery cascades trickling down from
vast heights, and with lovely wooded
patches, interspersed with sylvan
caves and other pretty vagaries of
nature in ravines and cliffs and
arches.

It was a wild and superb gorge: one
could have stopped and gazed at the
varied scenes for hours, but it rapidly
passed from our view as we neared
the Murray narrows.

A little farther on the view became
more confined: four islets lay ahead
of us, one of them being Button Isle;
on our oblique right appeared the
bleak and rough mountains of Hoste
Island, and on our left the high peec-
ies of Navarin.

This passage through Beagle Chan-
nel, which I have been describing, was
discovered in 1830 by Captain Fitzroy.
At that time little was known of these
distant portions of the globe.

While stationary in Button Sound,
not far from Woollya, which is a land-
locked bay, with towering cliffs in
irregular peaks all round, the scene
was diversified by the natives, who
flocked around swarming and gesticu-
lating.

The most remarkable traits in a
Fuegian's countenance are extremely
small eyes, which are sunken, black
and restless; the nose always narrow
between the eyes, hollow in profile,
outline or almost flat; the mouth
coarsely formed; the hair black and
lank; it does not fall off, nor does it
turn gray till they are very old; they
would have a straggling beard, but
scrupulously pull out every hair with
tweezers made of mussel shells. Their
chins vary much; that of a Tekekena
is smaller and less prominent than
that of an Alikhoopik, in whom they
are large and very projecting.

The average heights of a Fuegian is
a little over five feet. His arms and
legs are less sinewy than those of an
American. Most of them are rather
bowlegged and turn their feet a little
inward in walking. They have a cus-
tom of sitting long on their heels,
which strains their knee joint so much
that when straightened there are con-
siderable folds or wrinkles above and
below it.

Natives Sometimes Cannibals.

They wear a small fillet round the
head, usually composed of sinews of
birds; in this they sometimes stick
feathers or any other trash.

Their favorite color is red, denoting
peace or friendly intentions. Red
paint, made with ochre is profusely
used. They add white to the red when
preparing for war, but black for
mourning. After the death of a friend
or relations they blacken themselves
with charcoal, mixed with oil.

Any sort of clay is used, if their
paint is scarce, to preserve warmth,
rather than as an improvement to
their appearance. They are often sub-
ject to a scarcity of food, and gladly
eat anything that comes to hand, even
their relatives, principally the old
women.

They live on seals, birds, fish and
particularly shellfish, edible fungus
eggs, etc.

Their only idea of a superior being
is that of a satanic character. They
make great lamentations at the death
of a relative, pulling their hair, beat-
ing their breasts, etc. They are su-
perstitious and fear a big man in the
woods, a spirit of evil, who is certain
to know every word or action.

Their manner of disposing of their
dead, when they do not eat them, is
to place them under a mound of
branches and leaves wrapped in skins.

Alarming Reports
From Trieste

Rome, April 24.—Alarming re-
ports from Trieste still are being
received from the frontier. Most
of the male residents of the city
are serving in the army and the
majority of those remaining are
said to have been arrested for
participating in anti-war demon-
strations. So many of them were
taken into custody that all of them
could not be lodged in the prison
and the chief of police asked per-
mission from the municipality to
transform a large school building
into a jail. The shops of the city
have been closed for fear of pill-
age. The mayor attempted to
quell the disorders by announcing
that sufficient bread would be
baked to supply the needs of the
population, and that potatoes
would be sold at 5 cents a kilo
(2.2 pounds). The situation has
been aggravated by the knowl-
edge that large quantities of sup-
plies have been stored at Pola in
preparation for a possible siege.

"De value of an education,"
said Uncle Eben, "is de same as
dat on a razor. It depends on
what you takes a notion to do wit
it."

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COME in to-day and look through our tweeds
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the piece you'll select will give you from two to
five years constant wear—you know how a well-
woven piece of pure-woollen tweed wears, better
than we can tell you.

When you call take your time and look
through the lot of eight hundred pounds, because
the very pattern you are needing may be at the
bottom of the pile—we'll wade through them and
help you to be suited—a piece large enough for a
man's pants may weigh 2 pounds and perhaps
much less.

Removal Sale Price a pound \$1.00.

Splendid pieces amongst this for suitable for
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We also have a special lot of Union tweeds,
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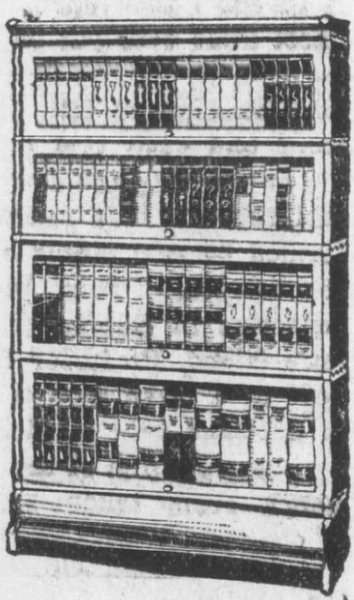
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