AT GLASGOW.

Its Great Exhibition Most Satisfactory and Most Entertaining.

A Cape Breton Elder Whose Gaelic Led Him to Be Regarded as a Liar.

Canadian Exhibits Attract Much Attention—Picturesque Soldier Boys—Golfers on Their Native Heath.

(Special Correspondence of the Sun.)

"Here's tae Glesca' an' its smoke an' soot an' whusky, Hoots mon!" So runs the standard toast of this black evil smelling city, but this year Glesca's numerous visitors are turning their attention wholly to the magnificent exhibition and forgetting or ignoring the city proper of which Londoners say with an accent of well tinged irony—"A—a kind of second London, is it not?"

The parks, and few they seem to be, afford a measure of relief to the inhabitants of the tall tenement and apartment houses, in which the poor of the city live, and they are also the solace of the golfers, who, on this, their native heath, are not to be lightly regarded. As early as half-past six, the other morning, the enthusiastic players were astir in the nearest green, driving balls about with a vigor fine to see, but alas! most unpleasant for the flock of patient sheep who had been cropping the stubbly grass. It is said that the sheep frequenting the Glasgow parks are invariably lame and that the cause of this lameness is invariably the golf ball, but I will not vouch for the truth of this statement.

But to return, as we always do, twice or thrice a day, to the exhibition. I would say that Glasgow's great show is most satisfactory and most amusing too. The sight of the visiting throng is of itself a pleasure to the observant tourist, for excursionists, family parties and foreigners of all descriptions abound. The most picturesque figures are the kilted lads, from the Gordon Highlanders or the Black Watch. They have a delightful swagger to which their "braw" and undoubted good looks entitle them, and even we Canadians smile tolerantly when a Gordon indulges in an outrageous flirtation with some pretty Scotch lassie, for we cannot find anything but affection in our hearts for the lads, who fought so gallantly, side by side with our Canadian boys, in South Africa.

Then comes a group of Japanese—eager-eyed, interested in all that goes on, but not wholly enamored with the gorgeous coloring of the grounds and buildings; next, a couple of travelling Frenchmen, who reveal their nationality by poring over their guide-books. It is almost impossible for even highly educated Frenchmen to understand English, as "she" is spoken by Scotchmen, but, as they read the language easily and as the attendants are most obliging about finding the proper page of the guide for each exhibit, they make out excellently. Not so do the Russian visitors, who speak the language better than they read it, and yet are frequently at a serious disadvantage for want of knowing the proper word. Our own landlady came to us in distress one day, over the demand of a would-be lodger, a distinguished-looking Russian gentleman, who, though admirably suited with the room she offered him, would not agree to take it, unless she would also allow him the use of the "washing house." It seemed, from his further discourse on the subject, that he was inordinately fond of "be wash." Our good lady had never had so strange a request made her by a gentleman before, and was about declining to receive him as her guest, when a bright-witted Canadian girl saved the situation and secured the lodger for her. "I do believe he means a bath-room," she said, and truly enough, he did.

Then again in the throng one sees what has been aptly called, not the Russo-American, but the rushing American, for our Yankee cousins are here in numbers, and are, as a rule, the most indefatigable of sightseers. One jaded couple, who were worn out with the task of over-doing Europe and Great Britain in six weeks, and were genuinely homesick for the land of the "Stars and Stripes," were of special interest. The man, sullen and footsore, hobbled after his nervously-energetic wife, as she faithfully "did" the grounds during a rainstorm. To all her requests that he should show a little life and enthusiasm over the sights, to which she conducted him, he made but one response—"Maria, you know I can't be happy when I'm wet, and wet to the bone." And most unhappy must he have been indeed, ere his unwilling pilgrimage was over.

The Canadian exhibits both in the main building and in the Canadan pavilion, attracted much attention, and it was while standing before the magnificent grain trophy that a well known gentleman from Cape Breton had an experience which he will long remember. Two Highland farmers, evidently father and son, were examining the grain-filled glass pillars of the erection, and praising the exhibit most warmly in the Gaelic tongue. The Cape Bretonian, whose native speech was also Gaelic, at once joined in the conversation and laughingly claimed a share of his country's praise. So correctly did he speak that the Highlanders not unnaturally deemed him a son of the soil, and inquired how long it was since he had left "Auld Scotia" for a home beyond the sea. To this the Nova Scotian made a rather equivocal answer, which he justified to himself by some such reasoning as this: I was not born in Scotland, but my grandfather was, and came out in his young manhood to Cape Breton; ergo, if he had never come I would not be here today; ergo, I am in a sense a native of Scotland, and at any rate I will have some fun with my new friends.

"How lang did ye say?" repeated the older man with intense curiosity.

"About eighty-two years ago," replied the Cape Bretonian boldly.

The younger man looked at him in amazement, scanning the unwrinkled face and upright figure of the speaker. Then his eye, roving to the fine sheaves of oats, etc., above, he said, wonderingly, "Ah, but it maun be a fine country—oats like they, and mon like ye?" But the older Highlander, he of the keen eyes and long upper lip, drew his arm through that of his son. "Come awa, Sandy," he said, "the mon's leein," and before the astonished Cape Bretonian, who was an elder of the church and a man of spotless reputation, could explain himself, the Highland farmers had disappeared in the throng.

The art exhibit at the fair is, of a truth, one of the best of its kind ever got together. The building in which the pictures are hung is a handsome, permanent structure, and wholly fireproof. This being the case the owners of beautiful paintings have not hesitated to lend them, and canvasses from the brush of Millais, Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema, and many other famous British and foreign artists abound. At the head of one of the great staircases is a painting which has attracted much attention and admiration. It is the portrait of Mrs. Porteous and her children, painted by the president of the Canadian academy, Robert Harris. Three reasons are given for the undoubted popularity of this picture. The first is that Porteous is the name of a Scotch family of distinction; the second, the beauty of the mother, who, by the bye, was a Miss Drury of St. John; and the pleasing grouping of the children; and the last reason, the one which causes artists to congregate before it, is that is is exquisitely painted in the best manner of the Canadian, who has won, after years of hard work, full recognition of his artistic genius.

Though my space must be already used up, yet scarcely an idea can I have given of the great fair. Suffice it to say that Canada is well represented both in exhibits and in the excellent staff of officials, who are capable of explaining what they show; of giving exhaustive descriptions of our mining and agricultural resources; and which is indeed no light matter, of driving away the sweet-toothed Scotch children, who throng about the exhibits of Canadian honey and devour it many times over with greedy eyes.

We leave for the Highlands tomorrow, and our pleasant trip will soon be over, but after all, so far as we have seen, or indeed whatever we may see, Canada, the land of the maple leaf, will be the land of our strongest love and affection.

E. J. FRASER.

When you ask for Headache Powders be sure to get KUMFORT. Never accept a substitute. It is better to be safe than sorry and you may be sure that KUMFORT are the best. All Druggists in 10 and 25c. sizes.

CANADIAN PULP.

(London Free Press.)

Canada seems destined to become the great pulp and paper-making country of the future. Mr. Johnson, dominion statistician, names 35 mills engaged in the production of ground pulp, chemical pulp and paper, turning out in the aggregate 1,100 tons per day, and representing a capital of $15,000,000 or $20,000,000. "This development," he says, "has taken place not only because it has been demonstrated that Canadian spruce is the very best quality for the purpose, but also because Canada is the possessor of the largest spruce forest in the world, and, in addition to quality and quantity of material, possesses advantages in the wide distribution of water power and in the conditions of the labor market, all of which combined give her undoubted pre-eminence for the production of paper."

The Canadian spruce belt extends the whole distance from Belle Isle Straits to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and occupies 2,590,000 square miles. It varies in breadth from 250 miles to over 1,000; and a fair average, taken at almost equal intervals in that huge extent, gives an average breadth of 700 miles. We have thus in sight the raw material for 4,500,000,000 tons of wood pulp, needing nothing but the advent of capital and transportation facilities to exploit it. And we have scattered all through these forests and abundance of the water power necessary to convert them cheaply and economically into the finished material. And since the Canadian spruce reproduces itself in pulp wood sizes every thirty years, our forests can withstand all demands made upon them without fear of denudation in the course of time.

The progress of the pulp industry in Canada can be easily gauged by gradual increase in the exportation of the finished product during the past decade. The official figures furnished by the department of trade and commerce are as follows:

	G. B.	U. S.	G. B.	U. S.
1890	460	147,098	20,622	168,180
1891	.....	280,619	.....	280,619
1892	.....	355,303	.....	355,303
1893	1,640	454,253	.....	455,893
1894	178,255	368,256	706	547,217
1895	251,848	236,385	2,641	590,878
1896	113,557	557,085	5,135	675,777
1897	164,138	576,720	1,101	741,959
1898	676,100	534,305	16	1,210,421
1899	671,704	578,229	25,353	1,274,276
1900	934,722	937,330	65,155	1,937,207

The steady increase of our wood pulp exports is here very noticeable. Each successive year in the past decade has shown a steady advancement, and the growth of our shipments to Great Britain from a value of $1,640 in 1893 to $934,722 in 1900 is particularly worthy of comment. The evenness, too, with which the exports of pulp are divided among the various provinces, shows the wide extent of country available for its manufacture.

DIED AT MILLTOWN, N. B.

Miss Mary Atkinson, aged 12 years, of Sydney, C. B., daughter of Mrs. and Mr. Benjamin Atkinson, died at Milltown, N. B., on Saturday night, Aug. 24th. The little girl, although ailing for more than a year, had shown wonderful vitality and was always bright and cheerful until a fortnight before her death, when she was obliged to succumb to her severe illness and seek rest in bed, where she remained until the fatal hour was ushered in. Miss May was a favorite among her associates, and is now mourned by all, as the funeral gathering and floral donations testified.

The funeral took place from her parents' home on Pleasant street and proceeded to St. Peters' church, where appropriate funeral services were held. Rev. Mr. Robertson officiated. Mrs. J. M. Deacon presided at the organ, assisted by a select choir. The funeral was preceded by six little girls clad in white and drawn by a white horse. They all carried flowers, which were strewn about their little friend's grave in St. Stephen rural cemetery. General sympathy is expressed to the deeply afflicted parents.

CARRIE NATION,

The Kansas Terror, Pays a Visit to New York,

And Makes a Harmless Round of Barrooms and Dance Halls Including Croker's Club.

Crowd Cried Out Sock it to 'Em Carrie, But Carrie Knew Better—Arrested at Devery Four Corners, But Let Go.

(New York Sun, 2nd.)

Mrs. Carrie Nation came to town yesterday to lecture and be stared at, and the day furnished more excitement for her than any previous day she has had since she abandoned the saloon-smashing crusades that made her famous. While it is true that the only thing she smashed in yesterday's adventures was a house rule at the Democratic Club, she compensated by lecturing the bartenders of half a dozen saloons, visiting several dance halls, being placed under arrest and being released again before she reached the police station.

It was 10.30 o'clock yesterday morning when the Southwestern limited puffed into the Grand Central station, and Mrs. Nation, wearing a small-size reproduction of her famous hatchet across the front of her yellow travelling duster, stepped out and strode down the platform.

"Gee!" exclaimed the station policeman. It wasn't a minute before news of the arrival had spread through the station. Cabbies from all around the neighborhood ran to join those standing at the entrance and soon the familiar cries of "Keb, kerriage; keb, kerriage," were drowned by a swelling chorus of "Carrie! Carrie! Carrie!" The bane of the vineyard smiled her acknowledgments. She was driven to the Hotel Victoria, where her manager explained that she had returned from a short lecturing tour to College Corners and Danville, Ill., and that there were "packed houses," and "no damage" at both places.

"Why, that Lake Shore line's nothing but a regular barroom on wheels," was the first remark Mrs. Nation made after reaching the hotel. "The smell of whiskey and cigarette smoke was something awful. They drank all day and they drank all night. Why, they mixed their toddies right under my nose. Yes, I spoke to the porter about it, but that didn't do any good. I tell you I was strongly tempted to perform a little hatchetation on him. And cigarette smoke? Phew! There was a young man named Strauss who had a private compartment right next to me and he did nothing but smoke cigarettes—with the door open—all the time. I told him to stop, but he wouldn't. Then I got up and shut the door. He opened it and I shut it again. Finally I had to put my foot against it to keep it shut. Then he rang for a porter and told him to put me off the car. Of course the porter didn't do it. That young man had a valet along with him, but what he needs is a mother to teach him not to destroy his body and soul with poisonous cigarettes."

"I'm going to church this morning; will you come?" she asked her manager. He made his excuses as gracefully as possible.

"Conscience trouble you?" asked Mrs. Nation (shaking her finger at him in coy reproach). "Oh, well!"

When she appeared next she was gowned in a one-piece, white pique creation buttoned down the front. Over this was a white cape of the same material. Both garments were heavily starched and stood out as if bristling with aggressive virtue. A small black bonnet surmounted them.

"Well, where'll we go to church?" she asked, beaming upon the reporters.

"There's a Christian Science place," began one of them.

"Anything but that," broke in Mrs. Nation. "I'm afraid I'd raise a rumpus if I ever got in there. I'd be apt to stand right up and call the preacher a liar to his face. It's an insidious religion.

St. Patrick's cathedral was the church she decided upon, and she seemed highly pleased with the high mass at the cathedral. While she was walking down Fifth avenue afterward the Democratic Club was pointed out to her, and she promptly turned and ascended the steps. An attendant stopped her at the door.

"I want to see the club," she explained.

"No ladies on Sunday."

"Why not?"

"'Gainst the rules."

"Then they ought to be changed."

At this point the superintendent of the club took his stand alongside the attendant. The smasher in white stepped over the threshold and stood between them.

"There," she said, smiling triumphantly. "Now your rules are smashed. Why not let me all the way in? Is there anything inside that you're so ashamed of? I'd find it interesting."

"Oh, please go away," entreated the superintendent.

"Well, I want to see one of the members," said Mrs. Nation, trying a new tack.

"What's your name?"

"Carrie Nation of Kansas." This was said in a tone of triumph. The two men started, but stuck bravely to their posts.

"Can I get in tomorrow?"

"Perhaps—well—er—I'll think it over, madam."

"You're very unkind," said Mrs. Nation, and with a smile she left. The two trusty democrats very quickly closed the door.

An open saloon on the southeast corner of Seventh avenue and Fiftieth street struck Mrs. Nation's fancy and she boldly entered the family door. Half a dozen workmen were in the back room eating sandwiches and drinking beer. Mrs. Nation remained calm.

"Well, well, well," she began. "So this is the way you hard-working boys spend your hard-earned money for poison."

"It's the only pleasure we have, ma'am," said one of them. Mrs. Nation stepped to the barroom door. The bar was lined with men drinking. A crowd had followed her and many members of it pushed their way inside.

"Isn't this against the law?" Mrs. Nation opened up on the bartender. "Where are the police I'd like to know, that they allow such a criminal factory as this to keep open today. Aren't you satisfied to run six days in the week without selling your poison on the seventh?"

"Ah, mind yer business," said the bartender.

"This is my business. How would you like me to start smashing in here?"

The Kansas terror stepped around behind the bar and seized a whiskey bottle, but the hooting and jeering that followed this address brought the proprietor.

"Damn it," he yelled. "Git t'ell outer here!"

"Now, there you are cursing when you should say, 'God bless you.' Am I making you nervous?" said Mrs. Nation, turning to the bartender. (She evidently was.) "Do you know who I am?" The bartender wasn't sure.

"Well, I'm Carrie Nation of Kansas. But don't worry. I'm not smashing today," said the Terror and with one of her dimple smiles she withdrew.

She took a car back to the hotel. In the corridor there as she entered she noticed a marble statuette of Diana for the first time and stopped short.

"Wheres' the proprietor?" she demanded. There was no reply and the Terror hustled over to the desk, her skirt and cape seeming to stand out stiffer than ever.

"Do you know," she demanded of the clerk, "that there's a woman standing in your corridor without any apparel?"

When the clerk discovered who was the woman referred to he explained that that was art.

"High art?" cried the Terror. "Well, would you want your mother and sister to see it? Can't you put some clothes on it?"

The clerk expressed his regret that that would be impossible and Mrs. Nation subsided. She changed her clothes again for the afternoon, appearing about 4 o'clock in a well-starched buff creation cut on the same lines as her white one, but she kept the same black bonnet. Then at the suggestion of her manager and press agent she started out on a tour of the Tenderloin saloons. It was quite harmless in its results. A few bartenders were regaled with characteristic lectures upon the evils of rum, but that was all till Eighth avenue was reached.

As soon as Mrs. Nation left the crosstown car at Twenty-ninth street the word was pased around that "that's Carrie Nation," and immediately a crowd of two or three hundred persons gathered about her. The crowd increased as she and her corps of attendants made their way down the avenue, and there were cries of "Smash 'em, Carrie," "Sock it to 'em," and the like. The smasher glanced over the shades of some of the saloons and rapped on the doors of those which she saw were doing business, but she went no further than these playful touches.

At Twenty-eighth street she hesitated, little knowing that she was standing on Devery's corner and the crowd stopped too. That was too much for any cop to stand for. Three shocked bluecoats fought their way through the mob to her and one took her by the arm and told her that she was under arrest for causing a crowd to collect.

The smasher submitted gracefully and the whole crowd started off in the direction of the West Twentieth street police station. But after they had gone a block, the policeman began to suspect that he might be the cat'spaw in an advertising scheme and was anxious to get out of it. Upon the assurance of Mrs. Nation's manager that he could get her to her hotel without further trouble, she was set free and reached her hotel without further mishap.

Last night Mrs. Nation, wearing the white dress of good intentions, once more lectured on the rum evil to a fair-sized audience in Carnegie hall. An elderly Englishman, who has a theory that the drink habit is brought about by the injudious use of food, introduced himself to her before she went on the platform, and at the close of her remarks undertook to explain his views to the audience. After the lecture Mrs. Nation had promised "to do" the Tenderloin, but she said she was too tired. She is going to Coney Island today to perform there.

For the masses not the classes BENTLEY'S Liniment is the family medicine chest. Price 10 and 25c.

WEDDED AT SUMMERSIDE.

(P. E. I. Guardian, 4th.)

This morning Summerside loses another of its fair sex and the Northumberland's passengers will include a popular young citizen of Campbellton, N. B., with his bride, on a honeymoon trip to Boston, New York and Buffalo. The scene of the interesting event in which two hearts are made happy is at the residence of ex-Mayor and Mrs. Ronald Campbell, which their daughter, Miss Jennie, becomes the wife of Charles A. Alexander. The groom is supported by his uncle, Charles A. Alexander of Campbellton, and the bride is attended by her sister, Miss Maggie Campbell. The officiating clergyman is Rev. D. M. Campbell. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander will reside in Campbellton. The Guardian joins with their many friends in extending best wishes.

Before After. Wood's Phosphodine, The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package $1, six, $5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address. The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

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RECRUITS WANTED for CAVALRY.

THE 8TH HUSSARS will go into Camp at Sussex on 10 Sept., for Annual Training for twelve days.

Pay $1.50 per day. Uniform, saddlery, forage and rations furnished by Government.

Recruits must be between 18 and 40 years of age.

Every man must furnish a horse 15 hands high and free from all blemish.

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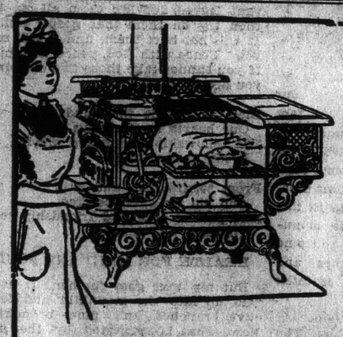

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"You see Jack got me one of McClary's

Famous Active Ranges

last week, and I've been testing it. All the roasting fumes escape through those little holes in the back of the oven, and so keep the air pure.

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NEW BRUNSWICK PROVINCIAL

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION

AND INDUSTRIAL FAIR

—AT—

Fredericton, N. B., September 17, 18, 19, 20, 1901.

A fine array of special attractions. Excursion rates from every direction.
All entries should be addressed to the Assistant Secretary, who will furnish prize lists and all further information on application.

JOHN A. CAMPBELL, M. P. P., President. A. S. MURRAY, Secretary

J. DARELL JAGO, Assistant Secretary.

FIVE ROBBERS

Held up a Train and Get Away with Much Plunder.

TEXARKANA, Ark., Sept. 4.—No. 1 Cotton Belt passenger train leaving Texarkana at 9.25 p. m. in charge of Conductor Armstrong and Engineer Henderson, was held up and robbed last night near Eylau, four miles south of Texarkana. The train was flagged by one of the robbers, who forced the fireman to go back and cut off the mail and express car, and returning forced the engineer to give up the management of his engine. One of the robbers ran the engine, mail and express cars about a mile away and forced the express messenger to open his car. The robbers then blew open the safe with dynamite, securing, it is said, a very large amount of booty. The exact amount is with-held by the railroad and the express people, but it is known that a very large shipment was made on this train.

The robbers next cut off the engine from the mail and express cars, and forcing Engineer Henderson to get off they took the engine, in charge of the robber-engineer, and went south at full speed. At 1.40 o'clock this morning the engine had not been found. No passengers were molested, though they were badly frightened.

The robbers were evidently in possession of all the facts concerning this particular shipment of money, together with a schedule of the train, as their scheme was successful in every respect. A suspicious character was seen to board the head end of the train on leaving Texarkana. Railroad employees here are confident that the robbery was committed by railroad men from the manner in which they cut off the cars and handled the engine. The gang numbered five.

The spot selected for the robbery was well adapted for this kind of work, being very wild and heavily timbered. The conductor and several passengers walked back to Texarkana, a distance of four miles. The sheriff and posse have been summoned to go in pursuit of the robbers. At this hour the passenger train stands in two pieces with the engine's whereabouts unknown.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 4.—A despatch from Texarkana says the hold-up netted between $10,000 and $15,000.

QUEBEC, Sept. 3.—There will be a big illuminated parade on the river on 17th Sept. in honor of the royal visit. An open air concert will be given each evening with a chorus of a thousand voices. Laval University will confer the degree of LL.D. on the Duke of York during his stay.

The Whole Story in a letter:

Pain-Killer (PERRY DAVIS'.)

From Capt. F. Love, Police Station No. 5, Montreal:—"We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps, and all afflictions which befall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand."

Used Internally and Externally.
Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Only vegetable oils—and no coarse animal fats—are used in making

"Baby's Own Soap"

Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing.

Doctors recommend it for Nursery and Toilet use.

Beware of imitations.

Albert Toilet Soap, Mfrs., Montreal.