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written especially  
for the Advertiser.

# The Twentieth Century Canada

New Glimpses of the West Through Eastern Eyes.

BY FRANK YEIGH, TORONTO.

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The lake districts of Southern British Columbia are incomparably rich in their scenic beauty. Kootenays, Arrowas, Shuswap, Okanagan, reveal in turn, as they are sailed over, entrancing glimpses of blue-green waters, hemmed in by billowy hills and lofty mountain peaks; of orchards and farms, ranches and mines; of lonely cabins and thriving towns. One is impressed anew with the colossal scale on which nature exhibits her wonders in this our westland province.

Hundreds of miles in the aggregate are traversed by five steamers on the four great water stretches named, and on sunshiny summer days, with banks of fleecy clouds making friends with the snow-tipped summits, with cool and soft winds courting down the deep valleys, the journeys are ideal ones.

Bright, bustling Nelson, the water gateway of the Kootenay Lakes, boasts of daily papers, a street car line, and municipal electric lighting and water-works plants; while its citizens with eloquent over-Namnetian fervor, and wealth of the surrounding hills, and the fruit-growing possibilities of its bench lands. Nelson's fruit took first prize at the Royal Horticultural Exhibition in London last year. Thirty thousand crates of strawberries and apples were shipped to the Northwest in 1905. One fruit grower claims a net of \$1,000 from five acres of strawberries. This is matched by a dweller in the Okanagan Valley, who, it is said, made \$150 from the product of a single cherry tree.

Nelson has a bustling "20,000 Club" that never lets a traveler escape without hearing of the present business and the prospective greatness of the "Capital of the Kootenays."

The steamer sail from Nelson to Kaslo and Lardero constitutes a delightful day's traveling. The dramatic passage from the Narrows of the Kootenay River to the main lake makes a striking scenic picture, with the overlapping Selkirk narrowing in the northern distance until lost in a blue haze. The boat calls at smelters and mines, at prospectors' shacks and embryo towns, at summer pleasure camps and houseboat anchorages. What are not always an essential in this deep water country, the craft needing their bows on beach or rocks as necessity requires. In dear little Kaslo I found up-to-date waterworks and electric lighting, and heavily-laden fruit trees and riotous flower gardens.

Hills to the right, hills to the left, hills around one rise high above the lake—hills that are mineralized to a degree probably never dreamed of. Corundum and nickel seem to be the only mineral products that are not found in this highly metalliferous region.

The attractive exhibits to be seen on boats and in hotels, are eloquent of the mineral riches of Canada's Kootenay country.

In a newspaper interview with British Columbia's Minister of Finance, Hon. R. G. Tatlow, it was learned that the production of British Columbia last year totaled 50 millions—equal, as he put it, to \$2,500 for every one of the 40,000 white men in the province. "I am satisfied," he continued, "that every industry in British Columbia is only in its infancy. We have forests of illimitable extent; land in millions of acres for agriculture; and 7,000 miles of our shore line are washed by seas teeming with fish."

The cut lumber value for 1905 was \$7,500,000—all manufactured in the province. The mountain output was \$22,481,823 (making a grand total of 226 millions in the last 30 years), and yet only 25 per cent of the mineral area has been prospected. There are eleven smelters and one refinery in active operation, with a combined capacity of 1,000,000 tons of ore a day.

Agriculturally there is a gratifying increase in imports as the local yield increases. The 1905 produce of farms and orchards reached \$6,500,000, while \$2,000,000 worth of eggs, poultry and cheese were exported. Horticulture is also becoming one of the important industries of the mountain province. In 1905, 22,000 acres were thus under cultivation, and 40,000 is estimated for 1906.

Mr. Tatlow concluded: "Ten years from now a million population will be no idle dream, but probably an accomplished fact. There is room enough for all to come. New regions in the central interior of great fertility are being settled rapidly. Fresh discoveries of minerals are made every day; the surface of our mountains has hardly been scratched. Many parts of the world are looking to British Columbia for lumber, and there are countless millions of feet to meet this demand. Our fisheries are being developed more and more with the utmost success. We have the protection of the British flag and are an integral part of the Empire. Such being the case, I venture to state that ten years from now British Columbia will have attained the prominent place in the world that is hers by right."

On the Arrow Lakes trip, a ten-hour panorama of rare loveliness is unfolded. The waters of Columbia, with their hastening rush to the sea, pour into the lakes from the north, giving them a yellowish tint. On the benches of the lakes, fertile areas are found where bachelor ranchers live in lonely cabins. The term "ranch" is applied

in British Columbia to farms and orchards, no matter how small in area. Of one such rancher I asked as to his stock. "One horse, one dog, one cat," was his reply. His holding is comprised of a meadow and a small newly-planted orchard, but the prairie idea of a ranch is vastly different.

On the Arrow, as on the Kootenay Lakes, the scenery is of the finest description, ranging from the giants of the north to the lesser peaks of the south. At times, when the mists cling to the slopes and clouds form wreaths around the summits, the effect is most suggestive of Scottish Highland scenes. It only needs a little village of stone cottages nestling in a nook of rock, or the sight of a flock of sheep herded by a tartan shepherd to make the resemblance complete.

But this is a region of timber houses, some of them ready-to-put-up ones, located in Vancouver and shipped in sections. In the town of the Kootenay frame hotels and stores are afloat on rafts, and the rest of the houses cling to their eyebrows to the mountain sides. Nearby are two of the many great sawmills of the country, and yet the numerous mills, scattered from Vancouver Island and the mainland to the Crown's Nest Pass, cannot meet the ever-increasing demands of British Columbia itself and the adjoining prairie province.

The Okanagan Lake district is yet another Arcadia in this Canadian Switzerland. The scenic surroundings are not far from among its eastern lake neighbors. On the way to Vernon from Sicamous, the valley looks like a bit of Old Ontario lost in the far west, with the fields of ripening grain, the comfortable farmsteads and the general air of long cultivation and settled prosperity. The orchards, too, richly laden with fruit, duplicate the California scene; while the ranches in the connecting valleys are more on the prairie scale as to area and stock.

An old resident was on board the "Abendeen." "We never have thunderstorms here as you do in the east," he remarked. And so one thought as the eye rested on the peaceful sky and the resting lake, and felt the caressing breeze. But in half an hour a storm of intense fury was borne in the distant mountains. Down it swept through the valley cleft to the lake, shaking the waters into angry waves and making the hills reverebrate with the echoing thunder. When the smoke of battle was over, the old resident had disappeared, though it was not quite fair on the part of the elements to play him such a trick.

Along the beautiful sheet of water lie the new fruit growing centers of

Kelowna, Peachlands, Summerlands and Penttontown—musical names all. To be privileged to eat real apples from a British Columbia orchard, and to pick real rosy-cheeked peaches from a Peachlands tree; to see pear and plum trees laden to their limit and flourishing as for fruit in irrigated channels, was to realize that in this great timber and mining province of Canada, fruit growing is already an established industry where you may pay up to \$500 an acre for choice orchards. It was only in 1903 that the first carload of British Columbia apples was shipped to Glasgow—2,000 miles by land; 3,000 miles by sea, remember—and they sold well. Another shipment carried safely to Australia, while a third won a gold medal at the Royal Horticultural Exhibition in London. British Columbia need not, however, search for foreign markets for its fruit. The great plains stand open-mouthed and ready to devour all that is grown for many a year to come.

Rarely have my eyes rested on a fairer scene than that viewed from one of the Peachlands benches or levels. North and south for many a mile, lake and mountain conspired to make a Vancouver Islander's heart beat. Around the rich garden plots and the thriving orchards were backed by the green woods and flanked by valleys leading to other delectable regions. In truth, one of the many gardens of the Dominion is the Okanagan Valley.

The first three white men to settle on the site of Vancouver located 550 acres, at a dollar per acre—property now worth six millions. A single lot recently sold for \$45,000.

Vancouver's life really began when, in May of 1887, the first train entered it from the east. Just a year before occurred the great fire, which swept out of existence the little town of Granville, which sprang up and smoke and ash. Only one house was left standing. It is interesting to recall the story of the conflagration as told by an eyewitness, Hon. D. W. Higgins, ex-speaker of the British Columbia Legislature:

"While the struggle was going on between Vancouver and Port Moody, he says, 'for the terminus of the C.P.R. a terrible event happened. On the 13th of June, 1886, I was playing with my brother in the road near where Cambie and Cordova streets come together. Lots were being cleared and brush fires were burning. Suddenly a high wind sprang up and smoke and flames were carried directly toward the lightly-constructed buildings. The atmosphere grew so hot I could scarcely breathe, and a dense cloud of smoke swept along Water street. Someone cried 'Fire!' and there was a rush of

people towards the spot where we boys were playing. Then I saw a great tongue of flame shoot out of the cloud of smoke and cast itself like a fiery monster upon a small wooden hotel that stood in its way. The guests fled, barely escaping with their lives, leaving all their effects behind them. We boys were paralyzed with fear, and stood looking at the fire as it swept towards us, until a man dragged us away. Then we began to cry. Men were shouting and women wailing and shrieking. Some who lingered too long in their houses were burned to death. The hungry flames swept on, the frenzied inhabitants fleeing before them, and in less than three hours the town site was swept almost clean. Thirteen bodies were found on the streets or among the dying embers. Three men who had sought refuge in a store were burned to a crisp. A mother and her young son, whose retreat was cut off, descended into a well, but they were suffocated. Such a calamity would have paralyzed most communities. But not so here, for at 4 o'clock the next morning while the ashes of their buildings were still glowing, Pat Carey and Duncan Macpherson began to rebuild. Others followed their example. Relief was sent from all quarters, and the town soon recovered itself."

The spirit of enterprise that characterized Pat and Duncan twenty years ago, continues to be the spirit of this modern city of the west. One of its most prominent landmarks—a dilapidated frame building on the corner of its two principal streets—is being torn down to make way for a handsome stone bank structure. While the business section is putting on city airs, the excellent street car system is assisting in a rapid suburban expansion. The trolley line to Steveston, for instance, shows the battle that is being waged against forests and stumps by the makers of homes. On one lot will be seen a neat frame cottage, with a bit of lawn, a profusion of flowers and a kitchen garden, while adjoining it is the once fire-swept forest awaiting a more complete subjugation at the hands of man. More room! more homes for more people! is the cry of Vancouver.

The line to Steveston affords a most interesting hour's ride as it carries one over the north arm of the Fraser River and across the fertile fields of Lulu Island to the main channel of the great Salmon River. There one is landed in a strange town as all Canada can show. A down-at-the-heel Chinatown street, with erratic sidewalks on rickety props, runs towards the river, where, to right and left, stretch the rambling canneries, interspersed with masses of piling. Hauled high on

shore and above tide water are the elaborately carved dug-out canoes of the Indians. For two months of the summer the red folk of the coast flock to the salmon fisheries, the men helping in the fishing and their squaws serving in the canneries.

Long lines of rough huts and cabins house these children of the coast and if the Mongolian tenements were unattractive, those of the Siwash were even more so. The women were busy baking bannock, spitting, curing and smoking salmon, or making baskets, the men busily engaged in bossing the jobs. Enough of children thronged the swamped lanes between the dirty huts to suggest a substantial increase in the Indian population, but when I bought up a whole Sunday school of them for a snapshot group, a grizzly old Indian indignantly broke up the arrangement. No Evil Eye business for him!

As this is one of the off years in the salmon run, the catch is as yet comparatively light, and the canners are paying as high as 20 and 25 cents a fish in contrast with 6 to 10 cents in a big year.

In view of the Chicago stock yard revelations, the canners have decided to take even greater precautions than in the past to retain the high reputation the B. C. brands have won in the markets of the world. And it is satisfactory to the Canadian consumer to learn that a recent Government inspection of the canneries revealed a satisfactory degree of cleanliness and sanitary conditions.

In one of the Steveston canneries—the Scottish-Canadian—visitors are shown a wonderful invention by means of which three men are able to do the work of thirty! With almost human ingenuity, the machine cuts off the head and tail of the salmon, cuts it open and cleans it, and finally slices it ready for packing.

The sight of the salmon fleet with all sails set, scattered over the three river mouths and the gulf, is a striking one as seen from the deck of the Vancouver-Victoria steamer. One craft was discharging cured salmon from Victoria, another was shipping cargo for Skagway, a Frisco liner came next, followed by the Australian liner, the Aorangi, loading for Sydney. The Princess Victoria was crowded with passengers for Victoria, an Alaskan excursion boat was also black with passengers, and the Empress of India lay

quiet in all her whiteness, awaiting her sailing day.

Such a scene emphasizes the fact that the Empire is being bound together by cables of commerce as never before. Its steamships bridge every sea and vessels from Orient and Occident are anchored in the harbor of Vancouver—one of the King's great ocean gateways.

The pride of the man of Victoria in his city and island is inspiring to see. Indeed, one hardly dare conjecture the fate of the person who would deliberately berate or discount either the west as a whole or any part thereof. It was better for that man if he stays in the east.

It was eight years since my last visit to our island city by the sea, and on every hand marked improvements were discernible. The handsome Legislative buildings form a most pleasing architectural picture as they face James Bay and its stone embankment. The million dollar C. P. R. hotel is nearing completion, and other building operations are under way in every direction.

But the glory of Victoria lies in its harbor, embowered in flowers and enshrouded in foliage. It is a bit of Old England in New Canada, even to the laurel and hawthorn hedges, and the rule of the road to drive to the left. Nothing is more delightful than a ride through Vancouver's residential district and along a maze of lanes that start from everywhere and end nowhere. Again one is reminded of the motherland, and the resemblance would be even more marked if the Victorian kept his streets as tidy as his laws.

Entrancing views are had from the heights of the ever-attractive sea and the background of the Olympic Mountains range across the straits.

Later, we drove to Oak Bay, with its excellent sea bathing facilities, past the Moorland golf links and along the Ocean road to Beacon Hill Park. Glorious vistas are had at every turn and every mile is a traveler's delight.

Down at the long wharves, other scenes are being enacted: big shipments of oil, bone and fertilizers from the newly-established and successful whale industry. Herring from Nanaimo and cured salmon from other coast points point to the wealth of the fishing industry. Shipments of lumber and coal and other commodities make the harbor a busy one, and help to make Victoria one of the great maritime and trade centers of the land.

And yet Vancouver Island is only a part of the Great Dominion? It is a part of our heritage in this wonderful twentieth century Canada.

## RICHEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD YET CARE NOTHING FOR SOCIETY

Members of Rockefeller Family Prefer the Simple Life to That Usually Led by Those With Millions at Their Disposal—Greatly Attached to Their Homes.

To be the wife of the richest man in the world and care nothing for money—to be eligible to the highest rank among the queens of fashion and finance and care nothing for social prestige—to be able to outdazzle royalty by wearing the richest robes and the rarest gems in the world and yet be indifferent to splendor—this seems like the irony of fate. And this is Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, a lovable, gentle, Christian woman, a faithful wife and a devoted mother, untouched by the feverish life of modern millionaire.

And the virtues and quiet tastes of Mrs. Rockefeller are so far reflected in the lives of her daughters that, while John D. Rockefeller and his son have been assailed most bitterly and volubly, the women of the Rockefeller family have led the simple life, and little is known or said of these women who by their relationship to the sinister old kind, as well as by their own personalities, are entitled to rank among the most interesting women in the world.

### NOT PHOTOGRAPHED IN 30 YEARS.

It is said that Mrs. Rockefeller went for 30 years without having her photograph taken, and she appears in public so rarely and in so little known that she almost escapes the camera. The photograph shown herewith was taken recently to please the younger members of the family, who were anxious to preserve the likenesses of the mother to whom they are so devoted.

Mrs. Rockefeller's face shows none of that craft and power that has made her husband's pictures noted among students of physiognomy. There is no suggestion of cruelty or avarice about

her mouth. That she has been a loyal helpmeet for her husband is certain, but it is impossible to believe that she has inspired any of the darker purposes charged against John D. Rockefeller. It is said that she cares little for money or for what it will buy. She has no extravagant tastes and no ambition to shine. If her husband was a poor man—a clerk or a bookkeeper, or a mechanic, instead of being, as he is, the richest man in the world—Mrs. Rockefeller no doubt would be just as happy as she is today. There must be an extraordinary amount of common sense and an almost unperceivable strength of character on the part of a woman who was born and raised to plain living and yet who will not be stampeded by the possession of such enormous wealth.

### ARE SWEETHEARTS YET.

Mrs. Rockefeller was Laura Celestia Spelman, daughter of a Cleveland merchant. She was a school mate of Mr. Rockefeller, and they were sweethearts 42 years ago and have been sweethearts ever since. It is worth noting, and makes one think better of the oil magnate, that he has been faithful to his wife and that there has been no suggestion of scandal in his domestic life. Mrs. Rockefeller was a member of the Congregational Church at the time of her marriage, but she immediately joined the Baptist Church to be with her husband, and that act was characteristic of the devotion she has shown through her life.

It is a remarkable fact that the wife of the richest man in the world never for an instant has lost her belief in her husband's uprightness and honor. There must be a softer and gentler side to the man than the public has seen in order to hold the confidence and respect of a woman like Mrs. Rockefeller.

Mrs. Rockefeller is not a beauty—in fact, charming as they all are, none of the Rockefeller women have been famed for beauty—but she has beautiful hair. As it is made for her husband's baldness, she has a wealth of iron gray tresses which reach almost to the floor when she is standing. She keeps a maid who is a hairdresser, and this is said to be her one extravagance, for there are no costly London or Paris gowns in her wardrobe.

### WILL NOT RIDE IN AN AUTOMOBILE.

As to the usual costly whims of rich women, Mrs. Rockefeller views them with scorn. She does not like even the sight of an automobile, and cannot be persuaded to ride in one. She detests New York, where the family spends a considerable part of every year. She will not go about the streets or even to the shops unless it is necessary, and perhaps she knows less about the city than any other woman who ever remained in town a fortnight. If she had her way, the family would live in

Cleveland, but the old king—for some reason which might not be hard to guess—detests Cleveland. The choice of a residence has been one of the few things on which the Rockefeller family ever disagreed, and she gave up to him in this as she did in the matter of church.

Mrs. Rockefeller is stout and detests physical exercise. Apparently she does not care whether her figure is good, for her only exercise is in the carriage, which does not reduce flesh. She does not take kindly to frivolous things. She will not play cards and does not believe in it. There are no frills about her or about her housekeeping. But she has been a good wife and mother, and if she is a miser, she is the best of misers.

Ignored some of the graces of life within reach of the wife of the richest man in the world she has all the comfortable and homely virtues.

DANCES AN THEATERS BARRED.

Bessie Rockefeller, the oldest daughter, was the only one of the girls to go to college. She liked Vassar and had a good record there. But her mother must have objected to the effect of college training on young women, for none of the other girls was given the advanced courses. They were kept at home and led the life that most girls despise. They were not allowed to go to dances nor to the theater. Even the opera was barred before the girls married. Bessie, who is said to be the father's favorite child, perhaps shows more energy and strength than the other Rockefeller women. She is the wife of the Rev. Charles A. Strong, professor of psychology in Columbia University, and they live at Tarrytown, N. Y. She is an invalid and has spent much of her time in Europe, where she received treatment from the highest-priced specialists.

In the world, friends of the family say that John D. Rockefeller would pay millions of dollars to restore the bloom of health to his eldest daughter's cheeks.

The second daughter, Alta Rockefeller, is now Mrs. E. Parmelee Prentice. Her husband was not rich, but he was a successful lawyer, and his family is one of the best in the country. Mrs. Prentice has quiet home tastes and is an excellent musician. They now live in New York, and she devotes most of her spare time to church work. At the time of Alta Rockefeller's marriage, six years ago, it was charged and not denied—but then, the Rockefeller never take the trouble to deny anything—that she had been engaged to a widower, a clergyman, to whom her parents objected, and that she was not happy.

Miss Alta Rockefeller was famous about the time of her marriage on account of having her hearing restored by an almost miraculous operation performed by Vienna auroist. She had been partially deaf from infancy, and the famous doctor caused new drums to grow in her ears, so that she completely and almost instantly was cured.

It is said that Mrs. Prentice has strayed away from the Baptist fold to the extent that she frequently is seen at the more pronounced Episcopal services in New York. Her house is on Fifty-fourth street, a little distant from the Rockefeller residence, but she is not far from leading from one residence to the other. She is a dainty, small and elderly woman, of much charm, and devoted to her home.

Edith, third of the Rockefeller girls, is the beauty of the family. She is married to Harold F. McCormick of Chicago. She is a woman of real charm and goodness. Her little boy, Jack, was Mr. Rockefeller's favorite grandchild. When the little fellow died at Tarrytown, N. Y., three years ago, his grandfather was grief-stricken, and in order to help restore the little child he gave a sum of \$1,000,000 to be used in experiment and scientific research into the nature and cure of disease of children.

Mrs. McCormick is not a society devotee, yet on a few occasions when she has entertained her friends, the arrangements have been splendid and the dinner and the fete champagne given on the evening of June 2, 1904, at the McCormick residence, the Lake Shore Drive, was the most brilliant affair Chicago society ever had witnessed. At this "lawn party," for so it was called, there were flowers and foliage, and thousands of dazzling electric lights.

Even the daughter-in-law of the family, the wife of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., cares little for society, and is devoted to her home. She is the daughter of Senator Aldrich, and is a charming and beautiful woman, but in her simple and home-loving nature she is like the Rockefeller family, and she is happy.

It is to the Rockefeller babies, of course, that their grandmother is most devoted to them. She finds their greatest happiness in the little hours of the day when all the family, and the richest baby in the world, little John D. Rockefeller III., is with her. She is the only one of her grand-mamma's motherly heart.

CAN WOMEN UNDERSTAND MEN?

It was Thackeray who remarked: "I say that I know women, I mean that I know men." This exactly expresses my feelings about the opposite sex. I often try to deceive myself into believing that I understand men; I sometimes say that I do; but invariably, just as I have accounted for some peculiarity of the masculine temperament, a brand new inconsistency confronts me.

Most of my women friends profess to see through me with the greatest ease, and are amazed at my obtuseness. Why is it that a man will dare heaven and earth in order to win a woman, but once he has gained her he will calmly set back as though the fight was finished for all time to come, and no effort on his part were needed to keep alive the love that he has won?

Imagine a plant warmed and nourished into life by a compelling influence, but when the influence is withdrawn it withers and beauty, left without further nourishment, as though past attention could compensate for every day thereafter.

The inconsistency of woman! Could any inconsistency be more pronounced than that of the man who professes to love a woman with all his heart, soul and mind, who will not take the trouble to keep alive with her or to love her?

"Once possessed, always possessed," seems to be a man's motto in the matter of love, as though, indeed, love were

when overpowered with headache.

You want a good dose of Nervine. Wonderful the change it makes. Headache disappears, stomach is settled, and you feel better at once. Large bottles for 25 cents.

INDIAN BASS FISHING.

The mountain streams of Indian Territory, which abound in game fish, principally black bass, have been as clear as crystal for the last ten days, and the Indians have been having great sport gigging them.

In a mountain stream in the territory when the water is clear, a bottom can be seen through six feet of water, and this makes gigging a great sport for the Indians. They are experts with the canoe and the gig, and spin the finest fishing tackle in the way of rod and reel, as it is too slow sport for them.

It is interesting to watch a couple of Indians gig fish. With the long, slender reed, tipped and barbed with steel, one Indian leans over the prow of the canoe while the other with his paddle gently and noiselessly lets the canoe slide up to a big rock and around logs in deep water where the bass and catfish lie. The Indian carries his gig upright and ready to strike at any time.

With his face not six inches above the water, his keen eyes catch the bottom and he will locate a bass or catfish lying partly under a rock or log that would never be seen by the average fisherman. The stroke of the dexterous arm is like lightning, and in a flash the fish is speared through the gills and lifted into the air. There is no struggling to land him, no excitement of winding in the line, for the Indians hunt for game and not for sport.


An Indian seldom misses his fish when he throws the gig. And his motion is so perfect, and his balance so even that there is scarcely a tremor in the boat, while the amateur is likely not only to miss his fish two feet, but stand on his head in the water besides. Tahquah correspondence St. Louis Republic.

### HOW ANARCHISTS WERE FOILED.


The anarchist plot to assassinate King Victor of Italy by placing bombs on the railway at Ancona was frustrated in a remarkable manner. One day last week a well-known English mining engineer, who has several engagements in Spain, was riding on a motor omnibus down Tottenham Court road.

Two foreigners accosted and indulged in a heated conversation in the Catalan dialect of Spanish, a dialect the English engineer spoke perfectly owing to his long residence in Catalonia. He overheard the whole details of a plot to blow up the King of Italy's train at Ancona. Realizing the gravity of the situation, he alighted and took a cab to Scotland Yard, where he told his story.

At first the officials were inclined to laugh, but his gravity and credentials at length convinced them that there ought to be something in his statement. Eventually the Italian police were telegraphed to, the bombs were discovered, and the perpetration of a terrible outrage prevented. —Reynolds' Newspaper.



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Mrs. CHAS. WOODS, Waubesa, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my house for years, and I find it a splendid remedy for Diarrhoea and Bowel Complaints, especially in children teething."



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