

ECCENTRICITIES OF DYNAMITE

DANGERS OF THAWING OUT THE PESKY STUFF—DON'T TRY TO CUT IT WITH A KNIFE.

Trio of Chicago Teamsters Who Are Daily Handling Loads of It—Past Masters of Caution.

There are at least three truckmen, or teamsters, in Chicago who are called "dynamiters." They have never blown up anything or anybody, and probably never will. They are too careful. They have been trained to handle the most terrible of manageable explosives and they are past masters of caution.

They're not a particle afraid, however. They are simply prudent and know their business, and they consider it safe enough to handle thousands of pounds of dynamite, so long as you don't monkey with it. These three dynamiters don't cut in all their dynamite with a knife, as some of the city limits. They are selected solely for the reason that they know the proper way to attend the more or less dangerous loads.

At freight stations and in some stores dynamite is handled with a gay abandon that would make a third person speechless with terror. That is because the freight handlers and the shipping clerks have become too familiar with an item of freight that they don't understand well. There are miners and farmers who think they know all about dynamite after they have blown up an acre of stumps or shot a few blasts in the tunnel. These are the men who wind up their earthly careers by cutting out sticks of dynamite in the kitchen or by leaving them around the barn for the children to play house with.

SOBER AND CAUTIOUS.

At the powder mills in which dynamite is manufactured the easiest way for an employee to lose his place is to show a sign of careless levity in going about the strict rules for the treatment of the explosives. The thoughtful, sober, cautious man, who knows all about dynamite, is the one in a hundred who never fools with it; who never departs from the scientific instructions set down in its regard; who, in consequence, never starts any trouble.

The manufacturers themselves, and they know about as much as anyone, are known about dynamite, are most eager and solicitous that everyone who uses or comes in contact with the explosive in any size or strength should be treated with respect and care. After years of experience they have decided that lightning and caution are the two factors that should be kept most remote from dynamite. Cutting and thawing frozen dynamite are the next most potent causes of danger; fire is the next and last is the least.

Under no conditions will manufacturers or informed dealers of dynamite permit the fulfillment of any cap necessary for the discharge of the heavy explosive to be kept in the same house, hauled in the same train with dynamite. The fulminating cap is infinitely more susceptible of premature detonation than is the more ordinary dynamite, and the possibility of a detonating fulminating cartridge is more likely to bring on a disastrous result from dynamite than is a fire.

BULLET CASES DISASTER.
A stray bullet once flying into a grocery store in the mining regions of Colorado set off a package of dynamite, which exploded, blowing the store to shreds and splinters of the house, and its occupants were never found.

On the other hand, miners who have tried to thaw out the frozen sticks by reaching in with a knife, have seen their houses blown to shreds, and have seen anything at all. Experts explain this apparent contradiction in the nature of the stuff in the ground, in touching a match to it only a small part is heated, while in exposing the whole mass to a simultaneous heat, the volatile nitroglycerine is given the temperature necessary to set it off. It is not a matter of metal, don't try to cut frozen dynamite. That is one of the standing prohibitions of the men who know. Don't thaw it in the house, and never near a fire. The only proper way to thaw it is to get it in a dry place, and sink the containing pail in a larger one, in which enough warm water has been placed to surround the explosive without touching it.

Some qualities of dynamite will explode under sudden concussion, especially if with some metal and if confined in boxes. And yet tests were made at Louisville in which sticks of dynamite were hurled from a bridge 100 feet upon the rocks below without producing an explosion. This, again, however, was a scientific investigation, and must not be imitated by the public. Out of town buyers who order dynamite face the danger of receiving at the same time are forever complaining that their orders are not all shipped together. The manufacturers and dealers, on the contrary, are trying to keep the shipment of caps as far away from the dynamite as possible, and the dynamite as possible, and the dynamite as possible.

HEAVY HEADACHE FOR FOUR YEARS

But Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cured It—They Are Known by Their Works All Over Canada.

"By their works ye shall know them," and if you know Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets by their works you must admit they are the greatest comfort producers of the present age. Here is some of their work. Mrs. A. Waddell, of 21 Simcoe street, Hamilton, says: "I was troubled with heavy headache for four years, caused by Dyspepsia. I doctored with the best doctors, but they failed to help me. I got one box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and after taking part of them I found I was cured. I can now eat in the morning, before I could not eat a bite."

Thousands of other Canadians relate similar experiences. In fact everybody who has used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets tells the same story—Indigestion and Dyspepsia cannot live in the same body with them.



"TWIXT THE JAP AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA."

HOW MATILDA GRAVES SECURED A HUSBAND

WOMAN BRONCHO BUSTER WHO UNDERSTOOD THINGS.

Matilda Graves, who owns and manages a ranch in the heart of the cattle region of Nebraska, where many curious and interesting types of men and women are to be met with and where society is neither so complex nor so conventional as it is in some other parts of the country, comprehended a husband for herself simply by mounting her cayuse and riding over the prairies and proposing to her eligible male neighbors until she found a man who would take her for better or for worse.

She saddled and bridled her cayuse and rode across the prairie to the ranch of her richest, and as it happened, her handsomest unmarried male neighbor, and without any apologies, excuses, or mincing of words, told him she wanted a husband and asked him to permit her to take him to her home. "I want a man of some account," she said, "and you will fill the bill. Come, now; what's the use of your living alone out here on these prairies when, for the payment of a few dollars, you can get a husband and a wife, and a home, and a place to live, and a place to be happy?" But he said: "No, I think I shall continue to go it alone. I'm a bachelor, and I have property." But it was a hopeless case, and after exhausting all her arguments, she gave up and departed. She had no more to say to him, and he never saw her again.

Returning to her home she took a few days to look around, and then again saddled and bridled her cayuse, and rode across the prairies to the ranch of her next richest unmarried male neighbor. She found him at home, and with the same directness that had characterized her first proposal told him that she had come for him. He owned that it was all so sudden he scarcely knew what to say. "Why, say yes, of course," he said. "Why not? I'm not an old, decrepit woman, I'm not a day older than you are, and I'm as old as I look. I have property." But it was a hopeless case, and after exhausting all her arguments, she gave up and departed. She had no more to say to him, and he never saw her again.

Is Your Liver To Blame?

Here Are the Symptoms Which Tell of a Jangled Liver, and Indicate the Need of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

The tongue is coated, the appetite is impaired, digestion is deranged, the bowels are constipated, and there are feelings of fullness and soreness about the liver.

You may have headache and dizziness, pains in the limbs, feverishness, yellowness of the eye and skin, depression of spirits, and irritability of the liver.

So great is the influence of the liver on the other organs of the body, that once it is deranged, the whole system suffers.

There are no means by which you can so quickly and certainly obtain relief from torpid, sluggish liver action as by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

One pill at bedtime, and the result is the health of the liver, and the result is the health of the whole system, and regularity for liver, kidneys and bowels.

No family medicine has been more extensively used in Canada than Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and not has such a reputation for reliability and certainty of action.

Enliven the action of the liver by this well-known treatment, and you insure good digestion and regular action of the bowels—the foundation of good health.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill at bedtime, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

IN A LAND OF CENTENARIANS

YOUNGSTERS OF NINETY YEARS OR SO ARE NOT UNCOMMON IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

Queer Things Seen by a Traveler Journeying Through Morocco and Algeria—Centenarians Are Common.

"I saw a lot of queer things during my wandering through Morocco, Algeria and Tunis," said a man who has recently returned to America from a long tour in the North of Africa, "but the queerest thing of all was the multitude of centenarians here in August, and a man or woman had to be at least 150 to enjoy any sort of local reputation."

It is quaint and refreshing to step aside for a moment from the bustle of modern life and make acquaintance with men whose lives are as long as the world's chronicle of the last two centuries. In the North of Africa, to frequent public squares where snake charmers, barbaric musicians and other story boys are nightly a commonplace, to meet a Cadi riding to court on a white mule, and to mix with people who tell you stories of djinn as if they were everyday occurrences.

All this, and more, you can enjoy in Morocco, Algeria and Tunis, though the French are doing their best to spoil the world's charm of the last two centuries. But of all the strange things I saw there, the strangest were the old people. There are so many of them, and they are so strenuous.

Every traveler in the Barbary States, as they used to be called, is impressed by this remarkable abundance of centenarians. A gray bearded old man of 70, who is trying to sell curios to a tourist for three times their value, exclaims: "By the beard of the Prophet, may I grandfather die if what I tell you is not true!"

Looking at his gray beard you think he is quite safe in calling down the curse upon himself, but when you make inquiries you find that he really has a grandfather living, aged about 110, and that the old gentleman is still going about doing business on market days. Life is not wearing in Moslem Africa. A man never does anything in a hurry there. Naturally, he does not even grow old in a hurry.

When he is 70 he is beginning to get over the first hot flush of youth; he is no longer a young man, but he is still a man, and he is at least 80 or 85 before he begins to feel the effects of old age.

But not until he is at least 90 does he expect people to pay honor and reverence to him as a veteran, and even then he must take a good deal of care to be deferential when the hale and hearty centenarians approach.

The Arabs and Moors of the Barbary States are strenuous only in their religious exercises. The excessive zeal of the various confraternities which give vigor to the Moslem faith in that part of the world must be very wearing. But even among these confraternities many very old men may be found who go through the exhausting ritual just as easily as a mere boy of 30 or 40 can.

Of all these confraternities the best known and most interesting are the Aissawa, who may be met with all through Morocco, Algeria and Tunis. Unlike most of the other societies, they delight to display their fantastic exercises in public, even to the unbelieving eyes of infidel dogs of tourists.

They eat snakes and scorpions, chew glass and transfuse themselves with blood. And many of these dancing dervishes, who whirl around like a top for a quarter of an hour and then swallow snakes and thrust swords through their bodies, are white bearded old men of 90 years or more.

Some are even centenarians. One would think that such fierce exertion would be fatal to them, and, indeed, their faces often times take on the ghastly pallor of death during their performance. But soon after it is over they are all right again.

Their fantastic emotions are very catching. An English resident in the city of Tunis once induced a number of them to perform at a garden party which he gave. Many of the guests, Europeans and Americans, confessed to a strange impulse to join in the various exercises of the Aissawa, as if they had caught something of the religious infection.

"One of the native servants was so far carried away," said a man who

Shakespeare and Scenery.

In the purely dramatic plays, our abuse of scenic effects has reached its climax. They were written for a stage that was open to the public on three sides, and of necessity had no prospecting arch, no wings and flies, and no such accessories as the modern stage could be quickly shifted.

The "two hours' traffic on the stage," of which Shakespeare speaks, must have been mainly a matter of the actor's dialogue. In modern productions, in order to give time for the "transcendent changes" of the scenery, the actors are mercilessly cut; and if this is not enough to dim the character of the play, the scenery is so changed that the audience is bewildered.

And when the scenery is revealed it impairs the effect of the acting. He is waiting. Duncanson, the Venetian painter and Roman archaeologist gave full heed to what Shylock or Coriolanus is doing.

The temple-haunting martlet, does an prove By his loved mansionry, that the Smells sweetly here; no jutting, frieze, Buttress or coign of vantage, but this bird Has made his pendent bed and profane crest cradle.

Could anything be in more beautiful and effective contrast with the dark fate which, as the audience well knows, is awaiting Duncanson within? But with the trivial image of the scene-painter stamped on the mind, it is possible to get the vision of the scene-painter's intention. Is it possible to feel their full emotional value? Instinctively the eye tallies off the items of the scene, and whether or not it sees the martlet's pendent bed and profane crest, the effect is equally fatal to a sense of beauty and foreboding.

John Corbin, in Scribner's.

Pipe dealers say that the meerschaum is a "dead one." No smoker nowadays appears to covet the once-prized article requiring patience and care and skill in the coloring. Women seem to be the principal purchasers, when they get the idea that they are doing the fine thing by a husband or a sweetheart. But these pipes are so relegated to the racks, while the briarwood affords enjoyment for its sweetness and durability.

The longest pontoon bridge in the world is at Calcutta, and is a permanent structure.



"Eat Plenty of Fruit."

That's what the Doctors say when one is constipated. Because fruit acts on the liver, causing it to excrete bile which aids digestion and increases the peristaltic action of the bowels, thus preventing constipation. But eating fresh fruit alone, won't CURE. The laxative principle is too weak and in too small quantity.

Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets

are the tonic and laxative virtues of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, many times intensified—by our secret process of combining the juices—and made into tablets.

"Fruit-a-tives" act gently and naturally—tone up the liver—greatly increase the flow of bile—effectively cure Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache and Constipation—build up and strengthen the whole system.

At all druggists. 50c. a box.

Manufactured by FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

was present, "that he suddenly fancied himself to be a camel, and retired to a remote part of the garden to eat cactus leaves."

But most of the graybeards of Barbary are very different from the juggling fanatics of the Aissawa. They are distinguished by a calm, courteous dignity which it seems impossible to ruffle—the dignity that naturally springs from the fatalism of Islam.

In the streets of Algiers, Fez or Tunis you have only to stand for a moment to watch an old Bedouin crossing the street in order to realize this. He may be a man of 90, who in America would have to be carefully helped across by the policeman, but in a Moslem city he never seems to make the faintest notice of traffic until he is absolutely obliged to do so. He will not step aside for horses and carts until they are on the point of running him down, and then only with utter unconcern.

It is the same even in business, as any one may see by a walk through the bazaars.

"The venerable merchant will sit and smoke in the recesses of his shop," said Herbert Vivian, an English traveler who knows the people of Tunis well, "satisfied that customers will come to him if so be that fate shall decree it. When they do come he requires much pressing to induce him to take the trouble to display his wares, though you may be sure that he will drive a very hard bargain before parting with any of them. He appears to be reflecting all the while that he would be far better induced to let him alone."

In the country districts the centenarians are even more in evidence than in the cities, and many of the tribes of the Berber and Kabyle tribes venerate their women to the plow with the ox and the ass, and the blood of the aged grandmothers and great-grandmothers being treated in this manner.

But they trudge along the furrow cheerfully enough, and the work is not really so hard as it appears, and they do not realize the degradation because they have never been used to anything else.

A Berber chieftain who was remonstrated with for putting his own aunt, a woman of over 90, to work in the fields replied calmly:

"Women are bestowed by Allah for pleasure and profit. When they grow too old and ill-favored to give pleasure we turn them to profit. This is the prevailing sentiment throughout North Africa, except with some of the Bedouin and Kabyle tribes, among whom there is a more chivalrous feeling towards women."

Many of the marabout, or holy men, who are to be found in the scattered shrines and tombs which are scattered so thickly all over the Barbary States, live to incredible ages. There is one at Marakesh who is said to be over 100. His body is shriveled up like a mummy's, his face is the color of ashes, and the skin is drawn tightly over his cheek bones like the parchment on a drum. Yet his eyes are bright and clear, and he walks unassisted every

The Benedict Arnold house, a revolutionary war landmark at New Haven, has been torn down. The front doors and some of the colonial windows have been given to the New Haven Colony Historical Society for preservation.

A CURE FOR COSTIVENESS—costiveness comes from the refusal of the stomach to perform its duties regularly from contributing causes, usually indigestion, dyspepsia, or other disorders of the digestive system. GIN PILLS, by removing their torpor and arousing them to proper action. Many thousands are cured with the dollar outfit; small size 25 cents; at all dealers.

The ostrich has been developed as a trotter, and can put a racing sulky along at so swift a gait that it leaves no room for a horse to sneer at it.

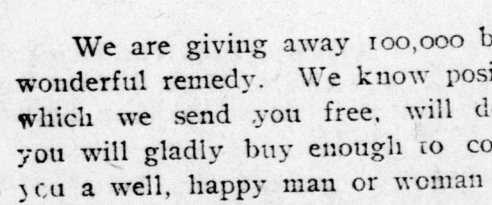
The statues erected to Buddha are the largest of their kind in the world. There are several statues in the far east of more than heroic proportions, although the most remarkable of these is the famous Kyaopin, 160 feet tall.

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We are giving away 100,000 boxes of GIN PILLS to those who have never tried this wonderful remedy. We know positively, that if you have any Kidney Disease, the sample which we send you free, will do you so much good that you will gladly buy enough to complete the cure, and make you a well, happy man or woman again.

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