

A WICKED LOOK IN HIS EYE

That Cursed Fortune to Smile on the Actor, E. H. Sothorn.

People who have succeeded always like to put their finger on the spot where their success began, as people who miss the train which later runs into an open switch like to think that their lives were spared because they stopped to take a second cup of coffee. "If it hadn't been for that cup!" they say. The spot from which Mr. Sothorn dates the turn in his fortunes is situated on some part of Broadway. Mr. Sothorn was going down this thoroughfare one day in a dejected and discouraged spirit; managers did not seem to want him, the public had not learned to know him well enough to forget him, and even the papers left him alone. In this desperate frame of mind he met a friend who asked him to come and hear a man read a play. The fact that Mr. Sothorn did go to hear this play reads shows how desperate his condition was. The play was very bad, and Sothorn, on being asked his opinion, said so to the author. A year later the author succeeded in getting the play placed upon the stage, and telegraphed wildly over the United States for Mr. Sothorn, who was then traveling, to drop his present engagement, to return to New York, and play the villain in the piece. This Mr. Sothorn did, not because he thought he could not receive any salary for twelve weeks. On his return Sothorn asked the author why, of all people, he had chosen him to leave one company and come east to play the villain in his. The author replied that on the afternoon of the day when he had first met Sothorn, and when he had read him his play, he had noticed "a wicked look in his eye," and had said to himself in consequence, "That is the man to play my villain in my play." Accordingly, a year later, when he was about to cast the play, he had made it a point to discover the whereabouts of the young stranger with the wicked eyes, and had offered him that part. It would make a much better story if I could now add that Mr. Sothorn made the hit of his life and the sensation of the day. This, I regret to say, I cannot do; for, though I never saw him in the part, he assures me he was very bad in it—so bad, indeed, that Miss Helen Dauvray's manager, after seeing him play the villain, promptly engaged him to play low comedy in her company."—Harper's Weekly.

Cheap Candle Light.

A fish frequently seen in the district around Vancouver is the candle fish. Technically the name is *Thaleichthys pacificus*, a remarkable species of the family Salmoidae, strictly a sea fish approaching the coast to spawn, but never entering rivers, says the San Francisco Call.

The specimens measure a foot in length, and have somewhat the appearance of an eel, except the head, which is pointed and conical. It has a large mouth. The color is greenish on the back, passing into silvery white on the sides and belly, which is sparsely spotted with dirty yellow.

The Indians of Vancouver Island and vicinity use the fish both for food and light. It is the fattest or most oleaginous of all fishes and, it is said, of all animals. It is impossible to either boil or fry it, for the moment it is subjected to heat it turns to oil.

The Indians, who use the fish for food, take them, and, without cleaning them, run a skewer through the eyes and suspend them in the thick smoke that arises from wood fires. The fish acquires the flavor of the wood and the smoke helps to preserve it. When the Indians want to make a meal of the fish they heat them, reduce them to oil and drink the oil.

When they want a light they take a dried fish, draw through it a piece of rush pitch or a strip from the upper bark of the cypress tree, a species of arbor vitae, as a wick, a needle of hard wood being used for the purpose. The fish is then lighted at one end and burns steadily until consumed.

Forestry.

Every society or individual that is engaged in popularizing a knowledge of forestry is rendering a valuable public service.

A knowledge of the uses of our forests is calculated to check the barbarous and ruinous habits of our predecessors, which have already destroyed much of the possible ornamentation of our streets and fields and threaten to affect injuriously those sanitary provisions which nature bounteously provides for our protection.

The ruthless and uncalled-for destruction of the native growth of our forests, the savage scalping of our hill-tops of those "arboreal" locks which wreath their heads with pride, the grubbing-up and burning of the scented hedges-rows along our roadsides and the needless destruction of even our swamp thickets, whose dense shadows have, with as much scientific exactness as poetry, been called the "protecting parents of our murmuring streams"—all this wanton waste of a benign natural provision for our health and happiness has not only deprived the face of the country of its original beauty, but is changing for the worse the character of our climate and even imperiling the water supply.

We are thus compelled to acknowledge even on this continent that what is called by us civilization can be carried to a point by human effort at which it ceases to be improvement and becomes simply destruction.

Recent Inventions.

Reviving an old project, a French company proposes that lightships connected by telegraph be stationed at intervals of 200 miles across the Atlantic.

A new invention is a saw-horse with a toothed dog for holding the piece of timber in place, the device being pivoted at the cross-logs and operating under a spring tension.

A recent invention is a bicycle tire consisting of an endless closed rubber tube filled with hollow rubber balls of the same diameter as the inside diameter of the tube.

The perpendicularity of a monument is visibly affected by the rays of the sun. On every sunny day a tall monument has a regular swing leading away from the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side on which the rays of the sun fall.

A new electric appliance for surgeons is intended to serve as an extension to the fingers, nerves, and all. It is a hard rubber tube, inclosing a number of small wires, and it is to be attached to the finger tip in internal operations, its design being to transmit substantially the sensations that would be experienced if the finger were in contact with the same surfaces.

ICE-BOATING ON TORONTO BAY.

An Exhilarating Though Perilous Pastime that is Very Popular.

The lightning-like swoop of the toboggan with all its danger and excitement is nothing when compared with the swift mile-a-minute rush of an ice-boat on Toronto Bay. And yet, despite the perils that encompass this great winter sport, it is growing in popularity quite as rapidly as the Queen City of Canada grows in population and commercial greatness.

Readers, usually are familiar with the skate-like construction of an ice-boat. More than once this form of vehicle has been pictured.

The ice-boat fleet on Toronto Bay is a very large one and the situation of the harbor is peculiarly suited to the formation of a comparatively smooth sheet of ice and plenty of it. On ordinary days there are scores of ice-boats scurrying hither and thither and the scene is strikingly characteristic of the Canadian people. Since Edward Hanlan, the ex-champion oarsman, has settled down to comparative quiet in his Toronto home he has taken enthusiastically to ice-boating, and his chiefest delight is to unchain his steel-shod flyer and take his American visitors for a spin. Eddie Durman (Hanlan's nephew), who is looked upon by Hanlan as the champion oarsman of the world, is also a skilful pilot and can round an air-hole when he sees it with as much skill as an ordinary skater can. There are many others who practice ice-boating on the Bay who are equally ready with the sails and to whose tender mercies the novice may safely entrust himself without first making his will, although the latter is always a wise and proper precaution.

Ice-boating is particularly adapted for just such winter weather as we have been treated to since late in December, when the temperature is down almost to the lowest peg, when the wind is blowing at the rate of 30 miles an hour and the air is filled with frosty flakes as fine as dust, then is the time to indulge in the glorious sport. To be warmly dressed is of first importance. Bundling up well in furs and woollens serves a double purpose sometimes. One is then partially protected from the piercing air which penetrates the thickest of furs, and providing there is a collision or other accident one is less liable to broken bones. With a gale blowing, and good ice, an ice-boat's speed is simply terrific, and when this is cut short by accident, the occupants are hurled as from a catapult.

Happily, there are few of these accidents. Once in a while a boat diving into a hole in the ice and those following are likewise precipitated into the cold embrace of the icy water, but so much not often happen, and there is so much joyous exhilaration, so much genuine sport in this northern pastime that people brave the dangers take the chances, and live.—Buffalo Express.

CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.

The Imprint of a Human Face Fixed Upon a Baby's Hand.

The little hamlet of Horseburg, S. C., is to the fore with a curiosity which is ahead of all others. This is a 3-week-old baby whose right hand bears the imprint of a human face. The face occupies nearly the whole palm, says the Philadelphia Times, and is as clearly outlined as if drawn on porcelain. It is the countenance of a little child about 3 years old lying asleep, with the eyelashes drawn in fine dark lines on the full cheeks. The mouth seems to be slightly parted and the lips are delicately tinted.

The baby whose palm contains this singular portrait is the child of Clarke Osborne, a thriving merchant of Horseburg, and Mrs. Osborne declares that the face in the infant's palm is that of a little girl she lost about three months before the baby's birth. Relatives and intimate friends also profess to be able to see a strong resemblance to the dead child.

When the baby was first put in its mother's arms she looked at the hands, and, with a loud cry, fainted away, but on coming to herself exhibited the little creature's hands to the attendants, who saw at once the strange likeness to the dead and gone sister. Mrs. Osborne was at first much frightened over the singular circumstance, but at last became convinced that this strange portrait was sent to comfort her. Physicians say, however, that the mother's carcases of the dead child impressed the unborn infant, who merely repeated her mental pictures of the little girl as she last beheld it.

The image on the palm was much clearer the first few days of the infant's life than now, and it is thought to be gradually fading away. The family are very sensitive on the subject and have refused to show the child except to relatives and most intimate friends, but a dime museum manager has already made propositions which have been declined.

A Mad Ride.

Capt. A. Wheeler and engineer Lyle took a steamer through the Cataract Canyon of Colorado River the other day, a feat never before attempted and heretofore deemed impossible. The boat was the twin-screw launch Major Powell, built at Green River, Utah, to be used in transporting passengers to the San Juan gold field.

The Captain and engineer donned cork jackets and threw fenders over the gunwales. When Cataract Canyon was reached the engines were reversed, but the launch fairly flew along, being quickly veered to port or starboard and barely missing great jagged rocks. After passing through nine miles of seething cauldrons it had smooth sailing for a few miles, and with an ever-increasing velocity went down one of the maddest torrents ever attempted by pilot.

Twelve miles below, in a comparatively insignificant rapid, a snag caught the port propeller, breaking two blades. The launch swung to the left, striking a big rock and stoving the bows badly. She was safely beached and will be repaired.—New York World.

A Costume of Rattlesnake Skin.

Peter Gruber, the Rattlesnake King of Venango County, has had made the most unique costume any man ever wore. It consists of coat, vest, trousers, hat, shoes and shirt, and is made entirely of the skins of rattlesnakes. Seven hundred snakes, all caught and skinned by Gruber during the past five years, provided the material for this novel costume. To preserve the brilliancy and flexibility of the skins in the greatest possible degree, the snakes were skinned alive, first being made unconscious by chloroform. They were then tanned by a method peculiar to Gruber, and are as soft and elastic as woolen goods. The different articles for this outfit were made by Oil City tailors, shoemakers and hatters, and the costume is valued at \$1,000.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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