

## FIGHT WITH A PANTHER

INFURIATED BEAST CHARGES A LUMBERMAN'S RAFT.

Logs Bumped a Tree on River Bank—Animal Was Asleep—Enraged at Being Disturbed Springs at Surprised Man—Is Tearing Him to Pieces—Companion Comes to Rescue With an Axe.

Henry Rogers, a stalwart lumberman not long ago closed a contract with a large mill concern to cut and raft the timber from a big area of virgin forest down the river to the company's sawmill. It was a big undertaking and Rogers was employed on the job for several months with a considerable force of men.

I had met him on a hunting trip and he invited me to spend a week or so with him at his camp, says a well-known writer. Of course I accepted. He was camped in one of the best hunting sections that could be imagined and I packed my kit, took a large quantity of ammunition and caught the first train for a small town on the lower river, where Rogers met me with a gasoline launch and conveyed my traps and me to his camp, thirty miles down the river.

The forces of men in the woods and the handling of the logs kept the game stirred up considerably and I had such a hunting trip as I had always dreamed of but had never before experienced. My bag included two bears, many deer and one or two wolves, to say nothing of turkeys, geese, ducks and squirrels without count.

Down River on a Raft.

About the time that my vacation was drawing to a close Rogers made ready an enormous raft of logs, which he intended to float down the river, and as he was to accompany the raft in person I decided to go with him, thinking that this would be a novel trip and possibly an exciting one, but my wildest fancy had not anticipated the adventure we encountered.

Several tents were rigged up on the raft, where we slept at night as snug as if we had been ashore. The cooking was done on open fires built up on boxes of earth. During the day I traveled generally in the gasoline boat, stopping along from time to time to visit a lake which Rogers told me of, and I had excellent sport. I could travel a great deal faster than the raft, of course, and I sometimes let it get five or ten miles ahead of me or I would run the distance down the river ahead of it and hunt until it overtook me or nightfall made me set out in search of it.

As a rule we tied up at night, especially in difficult portions of the river, where islands and shoals made navigation for the raft beset with dangers of grounding or of splitting it up on snags or the point of an island. However, as we suffered some delay and the contract time for the delivery of the raft at the mill was drawing close, Rogers decided to run as fast as possible at night, and that we tied up was not often the case. Nature favored us. The nights were almost as bright as day after the moon came up, which at that season occurred about 11 o'clock.

The Collision With the Tree.

There was good light after moonrise until morning, but between dark and the hour for the moon to make its appearance it was as dark as a pocket and the trail was beset with grave dangers. More than once on these occasions did the raft bump into the bank, driving the timbers together with a sudden, crushing sound.

One night, as we were traveling a most difficult stretch of water, a row of logs, which the great raft had nearly more than room to pass, I was standing out forward where Rogers and three others were working the sweeps, guiding the unwieldy mass of timbers through the narrow channel. We were navigating a difficult bend, a point that required the greatest skill in steering when the current got the upper hand and the raft was hurled toward the bank with a force that was amazing.

Just at this point a large, crooked oak tree hung low over the water and the raft swept beneath it. The extreme end of the foremost log struck the trunk with a shock that shook the tree as if it had been a reed.

The Panther Spring Upon Him.

I had braced myself for the shock the best I could, and I should have retained my legs if it had not been for a long, lithe object that projected itself out of the rank foliage of the tree straight in my face. It sailed through the air like a flash of light and with an unearthly scream it alighted upon my breast and its sharp claws tore through my heavy hunting clothes as if they had been the veriest gauze.

There was no mistaking what it was. It was a gigantic panther, and my heart turned sick within me as I realized it. The force of the leap threw me flat upon my back, but the enraged animal did not loosen its death grapple in the least. I could feel its hot breath burning my cheek and its sharp claws as they dug deeper and deeper into my flesh. It is a wonder that I did not become unconscious, but I was not to be so spared.

I thought every moment that the animal would seize my throat in its jaws and it seemed an age that I lay there helpless with its cat-like eyes glaring into my own, scarcely six inches away. I was utterly helpless and resigned to my fate.

It certainly was not more than three or four seconds that I lay thus, although it seemed an age before I saw Rogers approaching me with a heavy axe raised above his head.

His Rescue by a Companion.

He was running across the logs and once I saw him leap high into the air, but I did not then know why he did this. Afterwards I discovered that the raft had broken up and that I was upon a small portion of it that had gone on an independent cruise. Rogers had jumped across a rapidly widening space of water to my rescue and had missed his calculation of the distance his life might have paid the penalty. The panther saw him

approaching, and with a snarl of rage it sprang from my recumbent form straight for the approaching woodman. Rogers saw it coming and swung his axe above his head like some ancient conception of the god of battle. Just at this moment the raft swung around a bend of the river, which threw us out of the heavy shadow of the timber into the moonlight.

I have never seen a more inspiring sight than Rogers, standing with his axe poised and every muscle of his magnificent form tense, with anticipation of the shock, and the panther leaping straight for his throat. With a flash of light the axe descended just as the panther poised in air immediately before Rogers. The next instant the blade of the weapon crashed deep into the animal's skull and it fell, inert and lifeless, at the foot of my rescuer.

That panther's skin is the rug beneath my feet as I write, and plainly upon the top of its head is the scar of the blow that ended its life. The taxidermist who prepared it for me wanted to sew up the cut so that it would be invisible, but I would have none of it.

## A NOVEL TRIO.

Robin and Sparrow Keep House With

A sparrow, a robin and a rabbit have lived peacefully together in an old hollow log all winter and seem to be the best of friends. They took up housekeeping in the same abode to keep warm, and apparently have thrived without friction since the first snows came. The rabbit hardly needed feathered companions to add to his bodily comfort, as his kind are well protected by nature, but evidently he longed for companionship.

George S. Hixon, on whose farm the happy family have been sharing quarters, says that he has frequently seen the rabbit occupy the end of the log on cold days in order to keep his companions warm within. Sometimes he would keep his post for forty-eight hours without food, apparently for no other reason than to be sure that his pals within were shielded from the winter blasts.

Went Foraging.

When the weather was agreeable the rabbit, sparrow and robin would go foraging together, the former picking up a living by gnawing the bark of poplar trees and the latter by delving about for what edibles they could find. Several times Mr. Hixon has observed them trailing along back to the log in Indian file. On these occasions the birds either hopped behind the rabbit or fluttered close to the ground.

"I went out one morning after a severe storm to place food where the panthers could get it and found the log entirely covered," said Mr. Hixon. "As I neared the spot there was a disturbance of the snow and I hoped the rabbit. After him came the sparrow and robin. The birds looked about in a dazed kind of way and then nestled close to their furry companion. At the end of the log, near by trees, but as soon as I had retired all three assembled for the feast I left."

## TROUT STREAMS WANTED.

Fisheries Might Be Greatly Improved by Importation of Stock.

A correspondent of The London Times calls attention to the neglected trout streams in Great Britain, meaning the smaller tributaries of well-known fishing rivers. These brooks are overlooked by the angler chiefly because the fish are small, a condition which can be easily remedied by building occasional small dams. In the ponds thus made the fish may lie in hot weather, and every such expanse of water is a catch-all for trout. Such a policy, with proper stocking, would vastly increase the amount of fishing water available to the modest angler. These observations apply with considerable force on this side the water—not so much in the way of improving the smaller streams, which the Canadian small boys more enterprising than his British contemporary annually fishes to death, but in the way of suggesting the introduction of trout into waters now given over to coarser fish. Rather few waters are adapted to the fastidious aristocrat, our speckled trout, but the brown trout will thrive in almost any northern stream not hopelessly polluted. He will even maintain himself against the perch and pike kind, but not for long against the omnivorous black bass. There are many streams which now afford only a negligible kind of mixed fishing. Gradually, the riparian owners will realize first that they are neglecting a valuable utility; next, that, since the day of our splendid wilderness trout is passing, it is time to consider the claims of the trout of civilization, the river trout of Europe. It is not given to all of us to fish the great lakes and streams of Canada, but a little thrift would provide plenty of fly-fishing within a hundred miles of home. And with the brown trout will presumably come also such engaging sophistications as the dry fly, which go far to compensate for a light basket at nightfall.

Death of a Pioneer.

P. H. Bradt, a Fort Garry pioneer, died recently aged 93 years. He had been a resident of Winnipeg since 1873, and had had a remarkable career. He was one of the survivors of those who took an active part in the stirring events of 1877, having served with the Government against W. Lyon Mackenzie. He also wore the medal for Fenian raid services. The old man's memory was remarkable, and, up to the time of his death, delighted to tell of his experiences along the Niagara frontier in 1877. He was on duty on the night the steamer Caroline was sent over the Falls, and saw that occurrence, being probably the last eye-witness of the tragedy.

Bringing Her Up.

Little Willie, tired of play, Pushed sister in the well one day. Said mother as she drew the water, "Tis difficult to raise a daughter."

Responsibility often finds people too slippery to perch upon.

When a woman marries a man for money the job is worth all she gets for it.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

## SLIGHTS HIS END.

You often meet a gentleman Who likes to take a drink When some one says, "The round's on me."

And tenses down the chin. Without reserve or bashfulness He goes to the attack A very willing victim, but He hates the buying back.

He's always Johnny-on-the-spot At some one else's treat; He storms the bar without delay And gets there with both feet. He has a most consuming thirst, But he is not so dry Or anxious to repeat it when His turn rolls round to buy.

He gulps it down as though it were A favor done to you. A condescension just to come And take a drink or two. And when he thinks you have given up As much as you will spend He turns and curbs his thirst until He meets another friend.

It is not solely those who drink The bright and beady booze Who only try to cultivate Such friends as they can use. It is a weakness of the race, I'm sorry, too, to say, To pluck the flower of favors and To make a get-away.

But—  
Dodge Them Both.  
"Between two evils you should always choose the lesser."  
"But suppose, one is a bear, and the other a rattlesnake."  
"Then climb a tree."

A Polite Douma.

By locking up all prospective members of the douma who might not agree with him that blue is white or that yellow is a pale blue if he wanted it that way the czar hopes to have a body that will not do anything to injure his feelings.

After his somewhat painful experience with the last douma the czar feels that he cannot be too careful in selecting material for the new one.

Any man who thinks it was George Washington rather than the czar who discovered America would hardly do, as he might begin thinking out loud some thoughts that were not down on the programme.

We presume the czar knows what he is doing. Russia is a peculiar country, and it may require peculiar means to handle it, but we cannot see why he did not save time and expense by selecting some nice sewing circle and asking it if it could spare a few minutes in the spring to act as douma.

## Purely Mechanical.

"Robinson is striving every night to elevate his mind."  
"Reading Shakespeare?"  
"Oh, no; nothing so strenuous as that."

"What's his method?"  
"Sleeps on a high pillow."

The Spice.  
The wise may expurgate their bliss, But who with friend or stranger Would want a sanitary kiss?

The Fun Is in the Danger.  
Taking Them Seriously.  
"Hear of the band of girls who are sworn not to marry?"  
"Are they in earnest?"  
"I thought they were until I offered to buy them tickets to 'No Man's Land' and they wouldn't accept them."

Wanted to Know.  
"Come, uncle, let me shoot the chutes."  
And down the slide go scotching!

"All right, dear children, if we must, But why do they need shooting?"

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Pure obstinacy often looks like courage.

It is idle to talk about work to a person who regards this world simply as a rest cure.

Impertinence is most amusing when you are in no wise concerned.

Other people's interest would be more endurable if they did not conflict with one's own.

The bread of independence is often distressingly shy of butter.

Equality is an evanescent something that your superiors ought to observe and your inferiors ought to expect.

People who have no sense can't do the best they can.

There is not necessarily anything allied to honesty in real estate. Nevertheless, the possession of it often impels its possessors to pay their debts.

Sometimes when a man has been down to a turn the turn is awfully swift and the comeback extremely sudden.

Responsibility often finds people too slippery to perch upon.

When a woman marries a man for money the job is worth all she gets for it.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

## RED ROSE TEA

The Expert Tea Taster is the one who knows the real value of Red Rose Tea and uses it as a standard to judge other teas by. Wouldn't you like to judge it for yourself? It is the tea that has that rich, fruity flavor—just what pleases the expert tea taster. Ask your grocer to send you a package to-day.



## THE MARKETS.

Liverpool Wheat Futures Unchanged Chicago Closed Lower—Live Stock—The Latest Quotations.

Wednesday Evening, April 17. Liverpool wheat futures closed to-day unchanged to 1/4 higher than yesterday, and corn futures unchanged. At Chicago, May wheat closed 1/2c lower than yesterday, May corn 1/4c lower, and May oats 1/2c lower.

Winnipeg Options. Following were the closing quotations to-day on Winnipeg futures: Wheat—April 75c bid, May 77c bid, July 78c bid, 75c asked; May 35c bid, May 36c bid, July 36c bid, 35c asked.

Leading Wheat Markets. New York: May, 85c; July, 87c; Sept., 88c. Chicago: May, 80c; July, 81c; Sept., 82c. St. Louis: May, 78c; July, 79c; Sept., 80c. Duluth: May, 82c; July, 83c; Sept., 84c. Minneapolis: May, 81c; July, 82c; Sept., 83c.

Toronto Grain Markets. Brain: Wheat, spring, bush, 90¢ to 92¢; winter, bush, 88¢ to 90¢. Wheat, fall, bush, 87¢ to 89¢. Wheat, red, bush, 85¢ to 87¢. Barley, bush, 55¢ to 57¢. Oats, bush, 45¢ to 47¢. Rye, bush, 65¢ to 67¢.

Liverpool Grain and Produce Market. LIVERPOOL, April 17.—Closing.—Wheat—Spot No. 2 red western winter, steady, 4s 2 1/2d; No. 1 California quiet, 4s 11d; No. 2 California quiet, 4s 10d. Corn—Spot firm; American mixed, new, 4s 4 1/2d; American mixed, old, 4s 11 1/2d. Future quiet: May 4s 5 1/2d, July 4s 5 1/2d, Sept. 4s 5 1/2d. Bacon—Clear bellies easy, 47s 6d. Lard—Prime western dull, 42s 6d. Flour—Winter patents quiet, 30s 9d. Rye—Common steady, 10s 9d. Linseed Oil—Quiet, 23s.

New York Dairy Market. NEW YORK, April 17.—Butter—Strong; receipts, 9000. Steady; price, 12 1/2c per creamery, 3 1/2c to 3c. Official prices: Creamery, common to extra, 22c to 31c; bulk, common to extra, 20c to 30c; dairy, common to finest, 21c to 30c; renovated, common to extra, 18c to 20c; western factory, common to first, 15c to 22c.

Cheese—Steady, unchanged; receipts, 1500. Eggs—Quiet, unchanged; receipts, 25,000.

CATTLE MARKETS. Cables Steady—U. S. Markets—About Unchanged.

LONDON, April 17.—Liverpool and London markets are steady at 11 1/2c to 12 1/2c per lb. dressed weight; refrigerator beef is quoted at 9c to 9 1/2c per lb.

East Buffalo Cattle Market.

EAST BUFFALO, April 17.—Cattle—Receipts, 100 head; steady; prime steers, \$9.00 to \$10.00. Veals—Receipts, 250 head; active and steady.

Hogs—Receipts, 2000 head; active and a shade higher; heavy, \$7.10 to \$7.15; mixed, \$7.15 to \$7.20; yorkers, \$7.20 to \$7.25; pigs, \$7.25 to \$7.30; corned, 30c; prime sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6000 head; sheep active; lambs slow and low; western, \$6.75 to \$7.00; yearlings, \$7.75 to \$8.00; wethers, \$6.75 to \$7.00.

New York Live Stock.

NEW YORK, April 17.—Beef—Receipts, 2100; steady; choice heavy shippers, \$6.70 to \$6.75; light butchers, \$6.75 to \$6.75; others, \$6.75 to \$6.80; cows, \$6.25 to \$6.50; heifers, \$6.25 to \$6.50; bulls, \$6.40 to \$6.60; calves, \$6.75 to \$6.75; stockers and feeders, \$5.75 to \$6.00.

Exports, 2850 quarters of beef. Receipts, 2400; veals 25c to 50c higher; common to choice veals sold at \$5 to \$8 per 100 lbs.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 7470; sheep almost nominal but strong; lambs slow and a shade lower; western lambs, \$7.50 to \$8.00; prime, \$8.00 to \$8.25; yearlings, \$7.50 to \$7.75; bulk of males, \$6.75 to \$7.00.

Hogs—Receipts, about 27,000; market a shade lower; choice heavy shippers, \$6.70 to \$6.75; light butchers, \$6.75 to \$6.75; choice, light, \$6.75 to \$6.75; packing, \$6.20 to \$6.70; pigs, \$6.75 to \$6.75; bulk of males, \$6.75 to \$6.75.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, about 20,000; market steady to strong; sheep, \$4.25 to \$4.75; yearlings, \$5.25 to \$4.75; lambs, \$6.75 to \$8.00.

For Dinner—use WINDSOR TABLE SALT. Its fine purity adds a new delicious savour to vegetables, meats and salads. Never bitter.

In a promise, what you thought, and not what you said, is always to be considered.

I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST liniment in use.

I got my foot badly jammed lately. I rubbed it with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it was as well as ever next day.

Yours very truly, T. G. McMULLEN.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

## PULL SNAKE'S TEETH.

Eighteen Men Sit on Python While Operation Is Performed.

Feast day for Salome, the longest python in the Zoological Park, proved to be the busiest day the attendants have had for many months and the liveliest occasion in her career. After all arrangements had been made to feed a brace of rabbits to the twenty-four foot serpent the discovery was made that fourteen of the snake's teeth were decayed, and the intended feast, because of a tooth pulling.

Salome eats only once in a while. Her last feast was on New Year's Day, when the attendants forced five rabbits down her throat. A peculiar restlessness during the last few days led the attendants to believe that she was feeling the pangs of hunger again and plans were made to feed her more rabbits. Three were dressed and tied together, Salome was untangled and hoisted into a corridor and twelve sturdy men were instructed to range themselves along her coils. Dr. Dittmars stood by with a ten foot pole, to be used in placing the rabbits in the proper place, and at the proper moment the jaws were pried open.

A Patient Python. Up to this point Salome had been a patient python. She hadn't so much as opened her eyes. But when her jaws were forced she writhed and squirmed and kept the dozen bodyguards busy. Dr. Dittmars was surprised to find that fourteen of the forty teeth in the upper jaw were decayed and the whole mouth badly swollen.

Pincers of large size were obtained, and while eighteen men sat and stood on the snake, which made desperate efforts to switch its massive tail and wiggle out of the grasp of the impromptu dentists, Dr. Dittmars drew out the affected teeth.

Salome was left in a rather ugly mood, and no effort was made to force upon her the delectable feast that had been prepared. Instead she was carefully rolled up into the conventional coils and was carried back to her cage. Dr. Dittmars expects she will recover from the operation and will be an improved python.

In two or three weeks she will be fed—if her condition is normal. If the fever were deferred for several months it would not worry Salome, the attendants said. Eating is the least of her worries.

An Ancient Office.

Almost as ancient as the office of Lord Chief Justice of the realm is that of Master of the Rolls, to which Sir Herbert Cosens Hardy has just been appointed. The master has precedence over all the other judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature, with the exception of the Lord High Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice, next to whom he ranks alike in dignity and emolument.

One hears of the master of the rolls already at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and there is no doubt that in the origin he had charge of all the patents, and grants, and writs issued under the great seal, and that he often fulfilled the duties of the Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal during the latter's absence.

In fact, at one time he used to be known as the Vice-Chancellor. Formerly he was eligible to a seat in the House of Commons, but he was deprived of this privilege, enjoyed by no other member of the judiciary, by an act of Parliament passed in 1873, debarring all judges of the High Court of Justice, Court of Appeal, from sitting in the House of Commons. He has custody of all the national records, which date back for more than 1,000 years—since times prior to even the Norman conquest—and which, comprising Domesday Book, are preserved in a huge building known as the Rolls house, which opens on to Chancery lane through an arched gateway.

It is precisely on account of his keepership of the state records that the Master of the Rolls is more frequently consulted by the monarch than any other law officer of the crown on points concerning his prerogatives and duties as sovereign. He receives a salary of \$30,000 a year, which is \$5,000 more than the low justices, or the judges of the High Court of Justice, and is usually created a peer of the realm on his retirement or promotion, which latter fate has overtaken that genial Irishman, Sir Richard Collins, who now becomes Lord Collins, and who will be remembered in this country as one of the arbiters of the Venezuelan boundary controversy.

SAMUEL GELLER Proprietor Chatham Iron and Metal Yards

(Magnolia Hotel, near G. T. R. station, Chatham, Ont.) Highest price paid for Scrap Iron, Metal and Rubber, Phone 508.

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

## WILLING.

"We will not decline if it's offered to us," In chorus say Bryan and Taft. The business on hand they will gladly neglect If called to take charge of the craft. Each one will consent if it's offered to him At least by unanimous vote. It's nice and heroic and noble, but still We're most of us in the same boat.

When voters look round with their eagle eyes peered For one to take charge of the place A very undignified thing it would be To give the position a chase.

On candidates pushing their claims to the front The voters are apt to get sore: It's better to sit round receptive and wait Till the band wagon drives to your door.

A free for all scramble for anything less— A constable's job, we will say— A fight rough and tumble for something like that Might help it to amble your way.

But when you are out for the best in the land The honor and pay that attends It's better to be more retiring and shy And just in the hands of your friends.

But still when distracted and worried it is A comfort and puts us at ease To know there are ones who'll consider the job If we will come round and say please.

But still there are others who might be induced, Since rent for the White House is free, There's Tom, Dick and Harry and Charley and Bill; They should be consulted to see.

## In His Line.

"He is a man of small vices." "You wouldn't think it of him, would you?" "Yes, when you knew all the facts. He runs a hardware store and keeps a fine line of them for sale."

Get Out. She has been to cooking school; Measures everything by rule; Keeps her temper sweet and cool; That's the way at cooking school.

When you ask her will she rule In your kitchen sweet and cool, Then she tells you you're a fool— That's their way at cooking school.

Samsoness. "That is an awfully strong woman." "That little woman over there?" "You bet."

"She looks as if the wind could blow her away." "Nevertheless she always holds her tongue."

Spending the Surplus. "Brown's wife is a mighty correct dresser." "Yes; I've noticed it."

"Should you think he could afford it?" "No, but I guess his creditors can."

More Satisfying. "Where is Ethel? Soaring away on the wings of poetic fancy, as usual?" "I guess not. I saw her a few minutes ago gnawing away on the wings of a chicken."

Always the Knocker. "He's certainly a man of pleasing address."

"That may be, but he'd suit me better if he were a man of pleasing disbursement."

PERT PARAGRAPHS. Cold waves may come and cold waves may go, but the coal goes up in smoke over winter or shut.

Either the czar has 999 lives or the revolutionists are not as red as they are painted.

It is foolish to be dissatisfied with your lot. Put a shanty on it and settle down.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

## MEDICAL.

DR. J. P. SIVEWRIGHT. Office Opposite Grand Opera House. URQUHART BLOCK (Upstairs). Phone 236

## MUSICAL.

MR. JAMES GALLOWAY—Associate of the Royal College of Organists, Organist and Choirmaster of Christ Church, Chatham, receives pupils on the Piano-forte and Organ, and in Voice Production, Harmony and Counterpoint. Studio over Central Drug Store. Box 296, Chatham.

## VETERINARY SURGEON.

DR. DECOUW is prepared, as usual, to furnish first-class orchestra for concert and other entertainments at reasonable rates, any number of pieces furnished, also violin and cornet soloists. Pupils taken on violin, and all orchestral and band instruments. Studio, Centre St.

## LODGES.

PARTHENON LODGE, No. 25, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C. meets first Wednesday of every month in Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcome. J. M. PIKE, W.M.