

THE OLD AND THE NEW

TEMISKAMING A HISTORIC REGION REDISCOVERED.

Two Centuries Old—A Mine That Was Operated in 1744—The Quebec Side of the Lake the Home of Adventurous River Drivers—Magnificent Waterfalls—Conveniences of Civilization in the Backwoods.

One of the great highways of the northland is Lake Temiskaming, a magnificent sheet of water 76 miles in length. In this land where everything is new and primitive it comes as a pleasant surprise to one to see evidences of age and a historic interest surrounding a district, writes J. C. Ross in The Globe. For over two hundred years Lake Temiskaming has been the great highway for the trapper and fur trader, and for many years before that it was the happy hunting-ground of numerous Indian tribes.

In the fall down the lake one sees old Hudson Bay posts, old forts and Indian encampments, Jesuit missions established by the Oblate Fathers, quaint French towns with their tiny white-washed houses and large churches, well-tilled farms, mines and mining claims, lumber mills and rafts of logs—almost every variety of industrial life combined with the historic and the scenic.

Lumbering Everywhere.

The lake is the great outlet for millions of acres of timber limits. All the rivers and creeks which empty into it bring down their quota of logs and the names of the great lumber kings—the Gillies, the Booths, the Lumsdens, the Eddys, the Bronsons—are on every man's lips. All the logs which come into the lake are swept down in charge of the Upper Ottawa Improvement Co., and at the bottom of the lake this "drive" is subdivided, and men sort out those belonging to each company. The supply of timber seems to be inexhaustible, for on both the Ontario and Quebec sides there have been lumbering operations for 25 or 30 years without the supply being lessened to any extent.

The Prospector Far Afield.

With the recent finds near Cobalt prospectors have gone far afield in search of the precious metals, and the result is that many new finds are in evidence along both sides of Lake Temiskaming. All along the lake there are prospectors at work, and many good claims are being developed. At Point Fine a valuable silver-cobalt mine is in operation. Back of Ville Marie there are copper and nickel finds and even traces of gold. At the mouth of the Montreal River there are valuable traces of silver. At Quinn's Point there are galena and silver. One-half of Devil's Rock has already been sold for \$40,000. In fact, the whole of the mineral-bearing rocks, and that cobalt formation keeps cropping out in various places.

Magnificent Water-Powers.

Some most interesting sights are seen on the trip, such as the "Notch" on the Montreal River, where the great sweep of waters pour through a narrow rocky gorge sixteen feet wide and tumble into the lake. A little lower down the Kipawa River falls three hundred feet in nine miles, furnishing enough power to drive any kind of machinery. A score of rivers and creeks pour into the lake, and draw lakes teeming with many kinds of fish. The residents of Temiskaming claim that they have the best fishing ground in the world at their doors, and certainly the catches of black bass, speckled and lake trout, pickerel and pike make one believe that their claim is justified. On the morning of the writer's visit a 151-2 pound lake trout was caught.

A Hunter's Paradise.

And not only is there fishing, but there is splendid hunting as well. The famous Kipawa Lake country has long been known as the best moose country in Canada, and there are other districts nearby teeming with game of every sort. It is somewhat of a surprise to the tourist to find at Temiskaming a hotel perfectly modern in every respect. Within a few minutes' walk or paddle from the Bellevue you are in the wide and northern Canada, and yet there you find a hotel with electric lighting, hot and cold water, bowling alleys, tennis courts, golf links, and every adjunct of modern hotel life.

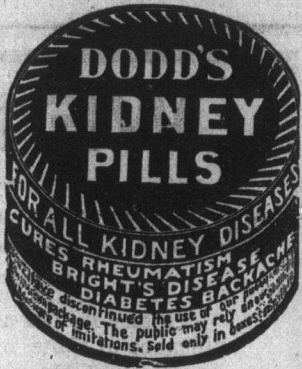
The Backwoodsmen.

Not only are there attractions for the man lured by the lust of gold and for the man who seeks wealth in pine forests, but there are nameless attractions for the lover of nature: the beauty of the lake, with its high, rocky banks; the dense forests, the wide stretches of woodland and water, the eternal blueness of the Laurentian hills, and the rapid falls that fall along the way. Then there is the historic side—the opportunity to study the quaint life of the habitant far from the influences of modern life. One sees the tiny, white-washed cottage, the well-tilled farm, the thrift and energy of the farmer, and with it you meet the old river driver, the type made famous by Dr. Hammond, the habitant poet:

"Aix dem along de reever, Ax dem along de shore, Who was de man best fightin' man From Managance to Shawinigan, De place where de best beag rapide roars—Johnnie Courteau.

"Same thing on every shainte Up on de Mackinac: Who was de man can walk de log Wen wole de reever she's black wit' fog And carry de beegest load on hees back?—Johnnie Courteau."

It would almost seem that the discovery of silver in the northland came at an opportune time. It will give everyone a chance to know something of the wonders and charms of our new north. Not only are we having a new and greater west opening up, but we have also a new and greater north giving to us its wealth of forest, mine, lake and river, and hand in hand with material wealth come the gift of health and an awakened interest in the scenic charms of the country.



MONUMENT TO POET.

Memory of Alex. McLachlan is Honored at Orangeville.

Orangeville, Oct. 25.—The monument erected in the Forest Lawn Cemetery here by public subscription, in honor of Alexander McLachlan, the patriot poet, who died at Orangeville in 1896, was unveiled in the presence of a large number of people by Miss Elizabeth McLachlan, a daughter of the poet.

Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Dr. Hamilton, of Toronto; William Algie, Alton; Dr. Kennedy of Toronto; W. T. Bailey, Orangeville, and Joseph F. Clark, Port Elgin.

The monument is of Aberdeen granite, and bears the following inscription: "Alexander McLachlan, Canadian Patriot and Poet—1818 to 1896. 'Untutored child of nature wild, with instinct always true, thy voice did weave songs consecrated to truth and liberty.'"

There is more Catharism in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catharism to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catharic Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Suicided in Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—William S. Steward, 30 years old, whose home was at 28 Wilcox street, Toronto, Ont., committed suicide Tuesday night by shooting himself at the Saratoga Hotel. Steward had been making a tour of the west with Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Cloud, of Rochester, N. Y.

ONE OF THE SADDEST STORIES.

First it was a cold, neglected, of course, and catarrh developed. Nothing was done and consumption followed. Watch the little cold, keep it from growing by using Catarrhazone. Nothing simpler than inhibiting the germ-killing vapor of this grand remedy. Colds and catarrh flee as before fire. Every trace of throat and bronchial trouble yields immediately. Catarrhazone is scientific and absolutely guaranteed for preventing and curing catarrh and kindred ills. Two sizes, 25c. and \$1 at all dealers.

The Beerd in Tunis.

In Tunis when a reigning prince finds it necessary to choose his successor he follows an odd custom. There the wearing of hair on the face is the exclusive privilege of sovereignty. When the prince selects a successor he sends the court barber to the fortunate individual to notify him that he may wear a beard. This intimation is equivalent to a formal announcement that he has been selected as the heir presumptive.

NINETY-EIGHT PER CENT.

There is a fascination about big profits to a business man. But the conservative and cautious trader prefers to have the lesser per cent. of interest and the larger per cent. of safety in his investments. There is no business man who would not consider it a sound proposition to invest in an enterprise in which absolute loss was impossible and which offered ninety-eight chances in a hundred of a rich profit. The statistics of cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery show that ninety-eight per cent. of cases of "weak lungs" can be absolutely cured. Almost, if not all, forms of physical weakness may be traced to starvation. Starvation saps the strength. The body is just as much starved when the stomach cannot extract nutrition from the food it receives as when there is no food. "Weak lungs," bronchial affections, obstinate coughs, call for nourishment. "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies that nourishment in its most condensed and assimilable form. It makes "weak lungs" strong, by strengthening stomach and organs of digestion which digest and distribute the food, and by increasing the supply of pure blood.

Too much humility is just as tiresome a quality as too much conceit. Politeness sometimes merely paves the way for a touch.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

HAIL, CANADA.

The North! The North! The rugged North! Queen of the North, fair Canada, Dear native land, thou gem of earth, We sing thy praises, Canada.

Hail, land of skies, whose colors rare Delight the eye, sweet Canada! Where in the world are skies so fair As those of our own Canada?

Her blues, those gorgeous blues so dark That dye our sky of Canada, Those colors rich, that gold, but bark! No words can paint thee, Canada.

There is no pen can paint thy hues: There is no pen, O Canada, No painter could the colors choose, But One, for thy sky, Canada.

Hail, northern land! Hail, beautiful land! Hail, thou, our native Canada, With skies of colors rare and grand, Those gorgeous skies of Canada!

The land of waterfall and lake, Of hero-men and deeds of state, Who would not peril for thy sake His life to guard thee, Canada?—Isabel MacKinnon.

LADY ERNESTINE HUNT.

Titled Lady to Ranch in Canada—Buys 30,000 Acres of Land.

With the arrival of the steamship Montreal at Avonmouth, London, from Montreal, came the news of an expedition supervised by the Marquis of Salisbury, the daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury, who are in the opinion of a much-maligned class.

"Since I was 20 years of age," added her ladyship, "I have been facing the battle of life by myself. As long as I can remember I had had a roving disposition and have been a fond of two things—horses and the sea."

"Three months ago I went to Canada with a perfectly open mind, but possessed with a vague idea of starting a ranch. The whole affair is in its infancy, and men of the Imperial troops at Esquimaux on the occasion of their departure from Canada in May last, has just been placed in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, in Whitehall. With the beaker is an album of addresses, signed by the Mayor, recalling the fact that for upwards of 150 years Imperial troops had been stationed within the borders of what was now Canada. Another interesting relic which has just been deposited in the museum by Gen. Sir Julius Baines, G. C. B., is the sword of honor which was presented in 1804 to Capt. John Hilton, of the 2nd Regiment Loyal London Volunteer Infantry, in testimony of his conduct as a gentleman and ability as an officer.

A Canadian Gift.

The massive silver beaker which was presented by the citizens of British Columbia to Lieut.-Col. English and the other officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Imperial troops at Esquimaux on the occasion of their departure from Canada in May last, has just been placed in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, in Whitehall. With the beaker is an album of addresses, signed by the Mayor, recalling the fact that for upwards of 150 years Imperial troops had been stationed within the borders of what was now Canada. Another interesting relic which has just been deposited in the museum by Gen. Sir Julius Baines, G. C. B., is the sword of honor which was presented in 1804 to Capt. John Hilton, of the 2nd Regiment Loyal London Volunteer Infantry, in testimony of his conduct as a gentleman and ability as an officer.

New Ontario Developing.

While everybody is aware of the rapid advance in land values in the prairie country, few stop to think that Northern Ontario, outside of the Temiskaming country, is opening up very rapidly because of the preparation for the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Hilbert tourist travel from Kenora has all been southward over the Lake of the Woods to Fort Frances, but now, owing to the Grand Trunk Pacific being surveyed across the Winnipeg River, the sail northward on the Winnipeg River, between Kenora and the "crossing," is the trip of the season. The return journey takes about a day, and the scenery is said to be very picturesque. The Kenora News states that the land about Hout Point, which is the crossing, has been largely bought up and it promises to become a great summer resort.

Causes of Insanity.

In England, where insanity that is excessive in a great civilization is to be found, the causes are many. Many special causes contribute to this, such as ill-assorted marriages, which engender hereditary insanity; hazardous and desperate speculations, the frequency of commercial crises, the increasing fluctuations of political life, the fastness peculiar to the rich, the abuse of fermented liquors, and lastly, the immense number of religious sects—London Hospital.

SELECT YOUR MEDICINE WITH CARE.

In debility and weakness medicine should be mild and far reaching. Many pills and purgatives are too harsh, are drastic instead of curative. Excessive action is always followed by depression, and knowing this, Dr. Hamilton devised his pills of Mandrake & Butternut so as to mildly increase liver and kidney activity, flush out the elementary canal, tone and regulate the bowels. Thus do Dr. Hamilton's Pills eliminate poisons from the body, restore clearness to the skin, bring strength and that sweet restorer of health—sleep. Best medicine on earth, 25c. per box at all dealers.

Called his name.

"What!" cried the brutal husband, "You gave that old overcoat of mine to a tramp? You should have asked me first! I had placed a hundred dollars in bills in one of the pockets of that coat, simply to have the money in a safe place until you should want to purchase some clothes." "William Henry Suddsworth," replied the fond wife, fixing him with a judicial eye, "you worked that game on me two years ago. I went through the pockets of that coat and found a worn-out glove, six cloves, five candium seeds, four matches and a suburban time card. I'm going shopping for my dress tomorrow."

The new Pure Food and Drug Law will mark it on the head of every Cough Cure containing Opium, Chloroform, or any other stupefying or poisonous drug. But it passes Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure as made for 20 years, entirely free. Dr. Shoop all along his bitterly opposed the use of all opiates or narcotics. Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is absolutely safe even for the youngest babe—and it cures, it does not simply suppress. Get a safe and reliable Cough Cure, by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's. Let the law be your protection. We cheerfully recommend and sell it.

C. H. Gunn & Co., Chatham.

Great Combination.

Suitor—I cannot boast of wealth, but I have brains. The members of my literary club will tell you that you'd have the smartest debater in town for a son-in-law. Father—And I can assure you, my dear fellow, that you'd have the greatest lecturer in the town for a mother-in-law.

Piles quickly and positively cured with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. It's made for Piles alone—and it does the work surely and with satisfaction. Nothing painful, procuring or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large, Nickel Cupped glass jars, 50 cents. Sold and recommended by C. H. Gunn & Co., Chatham.

One-eyed Giants.

Sir John Mandeville saw all sorts of queer things and wrote about them in his celebrated book of travels. It was in 1330 that the voracious John visited a certain group of isles (yles he called them) which was inhabited by a race of one-eyed giants. Of them he says: "In one of these yles ben folk of grante stature, as gantes, and they been hideous for to looke upon. An the han but on eye, and that is in ye myddyl of ye front." He also tells of another one of these "yles" inhabited by a race of one-legged dwarfs, each having three eyes.

A WELL-KNOWN MAN.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Dear Sirs,—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results. Yours truly, T. E. LAVERS, St. John.

Our deeds determine us as well as we determine our deeds.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is a wonderful tonic. It drives out all impurities. A good thing for the whole family. Keeps you well all winter. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. A. I. McCall & Co.

The poor excuses we have always with us.

If you would lose that dull old headache, as lively as a flea, Make haste to get Druggist's And buy some Rocky Mountain Tea. A. I. McCall & Co.

Our lives make the sweetest music when we are living at our best.

It's equal as a curative agent does not exist. So perfect is the medicinal action as to challenge the admiration of the medical profession. Such is Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents. Tea or Tablets. A. I. McCall & Co.

\$33.00 TO THE PACIFIC COAST

From Chicago via Chicago and North Western Ry. Tickets on sale daily up to October 31st at above rate to Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, B. C., Tacoma and Seattle, Wash., Portland, Ore., San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal., and other Western Points. Corresponding low rates from points in Canada. Special freight rates on Household Effects. Choice of routes and splendid train service. For berth reservations, illustrated literature and further particulars, write or call on B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont.

The innocence of some men is apparent in their countenance.

IN THE HUNTING FIELD

BLOODHOUNDS NOW REPLACE BREEDS FORMERLY IN USE.

Henry P. East of Chislehurst, Owner of the Holmleigh Kennels, Possesses the Finest and Most Celebrated Pack of Bloodhounds in Existence in England—His Sister, Miss Ida East, is Their Field Master.

The finest and most celebrated pack of bloodhounds in existence in England to-day is the property of Henry P. East of Chislehurst, owner of the Holmleigh Kennels. The pack consists of twenty-five bloodhounds, which Mr. East hunts regularly during the season, two or three days each week in his country, which lies between Southampton and Swindon, with headquarters at Andover. Mr. East has done more good in the proper breeding of bloodhounds than probably any other man in England. He has, at great loss, killed in four years no less than seventy-two



MISS IDA EAST, (Field Master of Holmleigh Bloodhounds.)

couples of weak and worthless hounds that were absolutely useless to breed from, so that all this bad blood is gone, and all those hounds of the strongest constitutions and the very best scenting qualities are left in his pack.

It is a pleasure to see these bloodhounds at a meet. They are big, upstanding black-and-tan hounds, on the best of feet and legs, the muscles standing out on their bodies like rope. They look ready to run fifty miles at any time without turning a hair. They have been trained to follow a man and to find him in the country without his boots being previously doctored by any artificial scent. In the very nature of the thing, to expect the hounds to do so in a thoroughfare through which countless thousands pass. The bloodhound, being trained in England to-day, however, is the most useful animal in Europe for the purpose of tracking, particularly in rural districts, where there are few people to disturb the line which he has to travel; for even if the wind blows the scent two hundred yards or three hundred yards out of its original course, the bloodhound has the power to discover this and keep his head down upon it wherever it has gone.

The home of Mr. East is only twelve miles from busy, bustling London town. Consequently many distinguished people are always to be found at his meet. A very interesting and quite unique fact regarding the Holmleigh pack is that the owner's sister, Miss Ida East, is the field master. Miss East also occasionally helps to whip in. She is very generally regarded as one of the most brilliant horsewomen in England, and is usually in the lead of the other riders at the "death." Fine riding and good hunting horses are exceedingly essential to success in a man-hunt behind the bloodhounds, as the pace the hounds travel in a good scent is, undoubtedly, the Holmleigh pack have galloped ten miles over country without a check in half an hour. Fox-hunters will be somewhat sceptical over these figures, because



THREE FAMOUS BLOODHOUNDS.

ten miles in anything under fifty minutes would be accounted an exceptional fast thing with foxhounds. At the same time, "hunting the clean boot" and hunting a fox are entirely different things. A foxhound and a bloodhound together on a strong scent that would afford a mutually fair and reliable test of their relative speed would be a most difficult task. At least it may be allowed that on a favorable one of the bloodhound can show extraordinary pace. Many a good horseman, with a thorough knowledge of the country he was riding over, lost sight of a well-trained pack.

Judging the bloodhound merely by his points, one would sooner believe in his ability to puzzle out a cold scent on "slow and sure" methods than he could drive along with all the speed and dash of the well-bred, clean-built

shapely, modern foxhound. Yet some wonderful feats have been recorded by followers of bloodhound packs to demonstrate the pace at which they can travel over a line on a good scenting day. Many hunting with bloodhounds as practiced in England is a sport in which the wealthy alone can indulge as the formation of a pack of good hounds is a most expensive process.

REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D. D.

General Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church.

At pathetic figure in the Methodist conference at Montreal recently was the venerable Rev. Alexander Sutherland, D.D., for nearly a third of a century general secretary of the missionary society. Dr. Sutherland was fighting against a division of the work of the missionary branch. A resolution was offered—and finally prevailed—proposing the appointment of two general secretaries, who should be of equal rank and independent of each other. Dr. Sutherland objected. He felt that he was being reduced to a rank in an executive head in case of additional assistance, and he moved many delegates to tears when he said, with all the fervor at his command,



REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D.D., General Secretary of Canadian Methodist Missionary Society.

"Whatever the missionary society of the Methodist Church is to-day, by God's help I made it, and let no man rob me of my boasting."

Dr. Sutherland was born in Guelph Township, on Sept. 17, 1833. He was ordained when he was 26 and at a first general conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, held in Montreal in 1874, was elected general secretary of the missionary society, a position he still holds.

No man in the Canadian church world is better known, better esteemed. At his advanced age he is still vigorous and contemplates an early trip to the Chinese field. All the higher honors of the denomination have been from time to time conferred upon him, and in national and international church circles he has a well-earned respect. The dignity, influence and strength of the Methodist Church of Canada. His courteous acquiescence in the wishes of conference in the matter of a division of missionary labor was graceful, and will still greater endear him to those who know him. He is regarded as the creation of his life's work.

One Kitchen to a Block.

A co-operative kitchen in the middle of every block to serve all the residents of that block is the latest solution offered every housekeeper, says a New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The plan seems feasible in view of the fact that the new Art club studios have a kitchen in common with the use of a small army of students who occupy bachelor apartments. It has been suggested by economists that a large kitchen be established in every block and that the place be under the direction of a chef, with several assistants. The housewife could take her food there to be cooked, thus saving the price of fuel and keeping the house free from the odor of cookery, and besides, in many cases, dispensing with the cost of dyspepsia tablets and peeps.

Tungsten in War.

The metal tungsten is remarkable for the great density of its alloys, and on this account, since the introduction of repeating rifles of small caliber, many attempts have been made to flatten the trajectory of the bullets by augmenting their density through the addition of tungsten. This fact has led to a singular situation with regard to the tungsten deposits found in the eastern part of France that have hitherto been exploited by a German company. The question is now seriously debated whether the French Government should not assume entire control of this supply of what may become an important material of war. Up to the present nearly all the tungsten of commerce has come as a byproduct from the tin mines of Wales.

Plucked by Machinery.

Chickens are now plucked in a wholesale manner by the use of pneumatic machinery. There is a receptacle in which the fowl is placed after being killed, and into this are turned several cross currents of air from electric fans revolving at the rate of 5,000 turns per minute. In the twinkling of an eye the bird is stripped of its feathers, even to the tiniest particles of down. The machine is ready for another—London Express.

What She Forgot.

The Gardener (tendering his resignation)—"No, sir, it's the missus I can't abide. She's got inter the 'abit o' talkin' for me jest wot she does ter you. She fergits I can leave when I wants ter."

RISKED HIS LIFE.

How an Enterprising Reporter Got the News For His Paper.

Undoubtedly the boldest undertaking on the part of a reporter to score a "beat" ever known in the history of American journalism was when Thomas B. Fielders of the New York Times leaped from a steamer in New York harbor at odds of about 100 to 1 of being drowned and brought in the first graphic story of the loss of the ocean liner Oregon. It is the custom of New York dailies to send reporters down the bay to meet incoming steamers, when it is known there is "big news" aboard. On the ground that it is better to be safe than sorry the editors dispatch the reporters by special permit on a government revenue cutter or else on a specially chartered tug with a view to catching the tug before the ship docks. It was known early one afternoon that a North German Lloyd steamer was not far out, and every city editor in New York laid plans for sending reporters to meet the incoming liner.

Fielders was one of these. He managed to get aboard the big steamer far down the bay and went among the survivors of the Oregon disaster and obtained some thrilling tales of escape. He took notes enough to write a book about the sinking of the ship, with minute details of heroic rescues and plenty of what newspaper men call "human interest" stories. Then time began to wear heavy on his hands. It was getting late at night and the ship had not yet passed quarantine. To make matters worse, the captain said that he would allow no one to leave the ship until she had made her way clear of quarantine. Fielders vainly pleaded that he was not a passenger and therefore was not amenable to the inspection of the ship by the health officers. His remonstrances were unavailing. The captain was obdurate.

Ten o'clock came. The city editor of the Times paced nervously around the night desk, repeatedly asking, "Where on earth is Fielders?"

Out there in the bay Fielders, wrought to a pitch of anger almost sufficient to impel an assault upon the exacting captain, looked vainly at the dimpling stream of light from his tug as she lay out in the darkened waters waiting for him. The captain of the steamer would not permit the tug to come any nearer to his ship. Fielders stood beside the rail, loudly remonstrating with the man commanding the big ship. He stealthily placed one leg over the rail, then the other. Then there was a splashing sound below and a chorus of shouts from the passengers. The reporter was overboard! Out in the rippling light his body was seen to rise, and as it did the daredevil began swimming toward his tug. His comrades had thrown out a line at a signal from him previously given, and he made for that line. Would he ever get it? Could they see him, a mere speck on the dimly lighted water? He gained a hold on the rope, was pulled aboard the tug and gave orders for her stern to be turned toward the Manhattan shore with all possible speed. The Times contained a full and graphic story of the loss of the Oregon the next morning—Remson Crawford in Success Magazine.

He who cannot bear humility cannot wear honor.

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The best MEATS that can be bought go to Merritt & Graham. We always have the BEST.

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REFERENCES GIVEN.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.