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"Fruit-a-tives" cure Constipation because they are Fruit Juices in Tablet form.

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Fruit-a-tives
OR (FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

CHAINED TO BED FOR LEAVING WORK

MAN CHAINED UP IN ROOM FOR DESERTING HIS EMPLOYERS.

ENGLEFELT, July 18.—Chained to his bed in a small upstairs room in Wilson's restaurant John Kay has been a close prisoner since Sunday afternoon.

His crime is the same as that of thirty Russians who were arrested three weeks ago, for deserting their employers, Chandler & McRae, railway contractors at McDougall chute, some seventy odd miles north on the T. & N.O. railway. When seen yesterday evening he was lying on his bed, his right hand looked close to the seat by means of a pair of handcuffs. He could not stand upright nor take a single step in any direction. A prominent Hebrew here said last night, when discussing the affair: "You talk about Russia. I have lived there and know something of the doings of the authorities. They call this a free country, but the longer I live here the less difference I see between Russia and this part of Canada. The contractors and police appear to run things here to suit themselves. It is just the same in my country."

The Optimist

Little Talks on Life

"I see by the papers," said a friend to me yesterday, "that the New York paying teller who calmly packed away nearly a hundred thousand dollars in a suit case and then disappeared got a salary of $1,800 a year. Or maybe it was $1,500. One or the other."

"So I believe," I replied. "But either of those sums is sufficient for the ordinary man in such a position, is it not? Eighteen hundred a year is thirty-five a week, is it not? Any man who had only a wife to support, and who, by reason of his business was compelled to live in New York, and who was not obliged to dress better than the president of the bank which employed him, should be able to get along beautifully on such a salary. He even ought to save something every week."

"I can't get quite the same focus on the matter," replied my amicable companion. "New York is a very expensive place in which to live, you know, and then this man had a position which, while it did not require the expenditure of an abnormal amount of gray matter, did submit him to a large responsibility He handled many thousands of dollars daily, and upon his care in handling this money the bank was dependent for no small share of its popularity and prosperity."

"Yet, any one can handle money," I ventured.

"Quite true, but do you not think that when a man is weighted with such responsibility as was the case here—as is the case with thousands of paying tellers and cashiers all over the country—the remuneration should be more in keeping with the responsibility.?"

"My friend, you are trying to make me commit myself on the important question of salary increases. Pray spare me. I myself employ several hundred young men, and my petition in bankruptcy would have to be presented tomorrow if I said what is in my mind. Good day."

The last sentence of the above dialogue proves that the writer was not the party of the second part. No, the whole is intended to be taken as the report of a conversation that was actually overheard after the said paying teller had been found and arrested.

And not being an employer, I can say what I want to about this matter—one which makes or unmakes optimists, as the case may be, and which is of somewhat vital interest in these days when everything but salaries are going up.

I would not condone this man's misdoing with the fact that he did not receive enough in the way of salary to place him without the reach of such temptation as finally overtook and downed him. I would not even deal with his case as an example, for what manner of man he was is not within my knowledge, and his personality and tendencies might make all the difference in the world in reaching anything like a fair estimate, or one which could in any way be taken as an indication of a general rule.

But I will say that I am enough of a Socialist—if it be socialistic to be so—to cry out against certain practices regarding such matters as are in vogue today. I believe men should be paid well enough to preclude the possibility of their ever entertaining for a moment the advisability of reverting to underhanded methods, or even to larceny, for the satisfaction of their needs and wants.

I include wants, because all human beings have desires for things which cannot properly be classed under needs, and it is probably right they should have such desires, since the characteristic is so general among men of every race and condition.

I believe remuneration should be measured by more than a single standard.

Not long ago I had a spring lock put on the door of my study. If I had ever dreamed how rashly extravagant it was for me to send for a locksmith to do this job, I should have gone to my tool chest, taken out a bit and auger and a screwdriver and put in thirty minutes or so at the task.

As it was, I sent for another man to do this. That other man came. I think he charged for his time from the minute he got out of bed that morning, and he spent something over an hour with the lock and the door. Part of the time he was working on a schedule of wages, I believe, or else he was studying out some intricate problem in mathematics.

At any rate, when I got his bill the amount was $1.83. The lock had cost m $1.75.

I do not desire to say what I think about this charge, for I would not like to have my name put on the scab list.

As I said, however, I believe salaries or wages, or whatever one cares to call the weekly income, should be measured by more than a single standard.

And the measure of responsibility which a position entails upon the occupant thereof is certainly to be taken into consideration in the fixing of that man's remuneration.

We are living in the age of much money. Men and women by the thousands and tens of thousands are riding about in automobiles that cost from $2,500 to $10,000, and some of them, I hear, are not paying their grocery bills. But this may not be true.

It is true, however, that money flows fairly freely in some parts nowadays, and, furthermore, it is true that the average salary is just about where it was ten years ago.

Wages—bless me!—wages have increased until it takes a quarter of a day's brain labor to pay for having a lock put on the door.

But salaries are not measured as they should be, especially in the cases of those who, like paying tellers and cashiers, are subjected to undue temptation.

It would not make matters any worse, and it WOULD make matters a great deal better, if certain men who have within their power the regulation of such things should set aside a few moments for the serious consideration of the subject.

Not being a paying teller or a

Jail Breaker Found Guilty.

KENORA, July 18.—Lefevere, the prisoner suspected of having attempted to break jail last Thursday, was found guilty yesterday, further evidence making it quite plain that he had the largest share in the work done. The file and knife were both found, as well as a wrench made from a spoon. Judge Chapple put the case back until Friday, when his trial on a charge of forgery takes place, after which he will be sentenced.

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BEEF COMMISSION IS SATISFACTORY

INFORMATION GIVEN IS OF GREATER IMPORTANCE THAN WAS EXPECTED

EDMONTON, Alta., July 19.—"Are you satisfied with the proceedings of the beef commission?" Mr. Finlay was asked today. "Eminently so," answered Mr. Finlay. "Much valuable information is being secured. The people engaged in the beef and pork raising industries are taking every opportunity to present all the facts connected with their respective cases. I may even say that the information is of even greater importance than the government expected to secure. The commission should be in a position to present a strong report. I cannot of course say what action the government will take until the reports are presented."

Argentine Steamer Wrecked

SANDIAGO, July 19.—The Argentine steamer "Loro" has been wrecked. Seventeen persons are reported drowned.

Fire at Mount Shasta

YREKA, Calif., July 19.—The depot and the Depot hotel at the base of Mount Shasta were burned to the ground at an early hour this morning as a result of the explosion of a lamp. Miss Laura Savie was burned to death.

SOCIALIST WINS ENGLISH SEAT

VICTOR GRAYSON ELECTED AT HEAD OF POLL FOR COLNE VALLEY DIVISION

LONDON, July 19.—Socialists have gained a notable victory in the Bye-election for a member of Parliament for the Colne Valley division, of Yorkshire, to fill the vacancy made by the raising of Jas. Kitson to the peerage Victor Grayson, socialist candidate, was returned at the head of the poll. Colne Valley has been Liberal for many years, the votes of all the candidates this time being very close. The Liberal aspirant was only 153 behind the winner while the Unionist candidate was a good third.

REMEMBER THE DATES!

July 30, 31-Aug. 1, 2

REGINA'S BIG FAIR

TRAGIC SUICIDE AT INDIAN HEAD

YOUNG FARMER COMMITS SUICIDE BY DRINKING GOPHER POISON

INDIAN HEAD, July 19.—A tragedy occurred last night at Seibel's place, some 22 miles south of here, when Paul Seibel, a young man, 22 years of age, took his own life by drinking gopher poison. Seibel, who was farming on the Seibel's plains district, was apparently taking an afternoon nap while his wife was working in the garden. She went into the house and went upstairs, where he was supposed to be sleeping, and found him suffering intense agony. "My God, get me some milk!" he cried. She ran excitedly to get the milk, and returned to him in time to see him fall dead from the effects of a bottle of gopher poison which he had taken. Word was brought in to the police here at midnight. Sergeant Dubuque and Corporal Hunt went out this morning. After an inquiry the coroner decided that no inquest was necessary. The deceased young man was a son of Alex Seibel, and had only been marired about three months. He had been worried for some time over financial embarrassments.

A baseball match was played in the park this evening between the Fair Play team and team from the town. Chauncey Moore acted as umpire.

The game ended a draw, 14—14, after a contest that was full of exciting incidents, such as the phenomenal ball work of Fox and Bradley and Emery and Moore. Peter Scheiner, a little German boy, got badly laid out with a blow from a ball. No bones were broken though he got a severe shock.

The question was under discussion here last night as to whether or not the Philharmonic society would get an opportunity to go to Ottawa to compete for the prize offered by the governor general. More information will be sought in connection with the matter before any further steps are taken.

Wheat has now headed out in the Qu'Appelle valley which is usually earlier than on the plains. At the experimental farm the heads are just commencing to peep through.

It is reported that with the securing water from the town here, the railway company may establish a "Y" and a roundhouse at Indian Head. We have been unable to confirm the rumor more than to say that it has been under consideration. The town council has looked forward to the building of the new depot as a corollary to the water connection, but it looks as if both the water and the new depot may be delayed another summer.

SIR WILFRID'S WELCOME

QUEBEC, July 19.—Princely was the reception tendered this evening to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of the Dominion, by the people of the ancient capital. Seldom indeed has the old city presented such a blaze of light, such scenes of enthusiasm and such outpouring of people as was seen this evening. The city was lavishly decorated for the occasion and the streets through which the procession passed presented a scene of picturesqueness seldom excelled. Many leading buildings were completely buried in bunting, flags and other decorations, while at intervals along the route striking selections from speeches made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier during his remarkable career as a statesman blazed out in electric lights. The triumphal procession started from the Chateau shortly after eight o'clock and it was an imposing one. The long line of carriages contained men prominent in the public life of the Dominion and province. With the Premier rode J. B. Laliberte and Dr. Cote, M.P.P., president of the reception committee. Other carriages contained Aylesworth, Templeman, Patterson, Bureau and Lemieux of the Dominion Cabinet, and Premier Gouina, Turgeon, Weir, Provest and Kain of the provincial administration, as well as about fifty members of the Federal and local houses. There were seven bands in the procession, which was greeted all along the route by an elaborate display of fireworks. The chief feature of the route demonstration, however, was the undoubted remarkable display of enthusiasm with which the Premier was greeted. It was nearing ten o'clock when the procession reached the Square. The proceedings opened immediately with an address of welcome read by Dr. Cote. When Sir Wilfrid rose to reply there was another enthusiastic outburst. Other speeches were made by Aylesworth, Patterson, Lemieux, Bureau, Premier Gouin and Turgeon.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier on rising was greeted with loud and prolonged cheers. He was evidently laboring under considerable emotion as he faced his old friends from Quebec east and indeed from the whole province. His voice at first was weak but gradually he warmed to his task and soon his words rang out with the tones that were familiar to his friends in years gone by.

Sir Wilfrid then recalled his journeyings through England, France and Italy, and said that although those countries were rich with ancient history, resonant with industry and glorious in their scenery, he felt that in all these they were exceeded by Canada.

"This conference," he proceeded, "was undoubtedly a historic event, unique in the world's history—a page of history which has not yet been written. In that old historic city of London we met as the representatives of the governments of independent states, forming part of the British empire, united to discuss matters of mutual interest. Such a spectacle has never before been witnessed. First amongst these states was Canada, the ancient French colony, while the latest was that old Dutch colony, which not five years ago was at war with Great Britain, whose representative was her most illustrous general, who took up arms against the Empire, and today was working as a British subject for the full rights of the citizens of the Empire."

AUTOMOBILES CRASH TOGETHER

RUNNING AT EXPRESS SPEED—ONE MAN KILLED—TWO FATALLY INJURED

NEW YORK, July 18.—While rushing along at express train speed two automobiles filled with merrymakers returning from Coney Island, crashed head-on early today on the dimly lighted ocean parkway, and as consequence one man was killed and two others are fatally injured. The dead man, Thomas F. Donovan, of New York, was impaled on the spokes of his own machine. The injured are Chapman R. Opes, of Morristown, New Jersey, and an unidentified man. Donovan was trying to make a speed record with his machine, which carried no lights. Running also at 60 miles an hour Donovan determined to take the upper side of the road. He did not see Chapman R. Opes, driving a powerful machine approaching in an opposite direction, and running about 40 miles an hour. The two machines were upon one another before the drivers realized what had happened. With a fearful crash the machines collided and both were reduced to scrap iron. Donovan was thrown from his machine and the spokes of a broken wheel pierced his breast. R. Opes and his companion were found beneath the wreckage. Donovan died in the hospital. The physicians say that the two wounded men will probably die.

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TRAVELLING DAIRY IS SUCCESSFUL

FARMERS IN LARGE NUMBERS HAVE ATTENDED DEMONSTRATIONS

EDMONTON, July 19.—Hon. W. T. Finlay, minister of agriculture, returned last evening from the Cypress Hill country, in the southern part of the province, together with Dairy Commissioner Marker. Mr. Finlay was engaged in supervising the demonstrations of the Government's travelling dairy. The object of the Government in conducting these demonstrations is to instruct the farmers who are not extensively engaged in butter making and thus not in a position to establish a creamery, how they can realize most from what butter they make. Over forty people were present at the tests in Josephsburg on Monday and Tuesday. They came in from the country for miles around and evidenced great interest in the demonstration. The farmers in the south appreciate the government's efforts to instruct them in the art of butter making.

TRAINING ANIMAL TRAINERS

Some years ago when I presented a wild animal show at the Zoo in Baltimore, a big, rough looking man stepped into my office and abruptly said, "I want to become an animal trainer." I was somewhat taken back and at the same time a bit amused by the unconventionality of his address and the authoritative tone which he made a demand that usually came in the form of a request. "Do you think you have the necessary courage?" I asked.

"I'll show you," he replied, and without further ado grabbed a cigar that was lying on my desk, gritted his teeth, and jammed the hot lighted end into the palm of his left hand. When he removed the cigar after an interval of ten seconds, there was a hole singed into his palm. Triumphantly he held it out to me and exclaimed, "What do you think of that."

"I think you are a silly fool, was my truthful answer, and the next moment we were clinched in the corner.

Shortly afterward he landed outside on the walk, and I believe his ambition is still ungratified. The man would never have made an animal trainer, for he lacked one of the primary qualifications, common sense. Had he gone into the arena, within a week he would have been killed.

Reckless Men Not Wanted

Foolhardy, reckless men are impossible as trainers. It is true that a man must possess a certain form of courage to burn a hole in his hand with a lighted cigar, but it is the same kind of courage that is required to lie down on a railway track and wait to be run over by a train. It is the same kind of courage that is required by everyone who commits suicide, but it is not the kind which is demanded for making a successful animal trainer.

What a trainer needs is moral courage; the courage to do the right thing when the wrong seems easier; the courage to do the slow thing, when the quick, reckless, theatrical thing recommends itself. In seeking a trainer, I don't care for the man who would go to his death at the head of a reckless charge on the battle field; I rather prefer the man who would stand at a lonely sentry post under fire all night, without discharging his gun at shadows, or permitting himself to be rushed.

I never engage a man who has had previous experience as a trainer, unless I am thoroughly acquainted with his former career. Men who have trained are set in their metnods, which frequently oppose mine, and as the school I have developed has proved successfully I see no reason to depart from it. With few exceptions my trainers never had their hands on a wild animal until they joined my institution, and I trust I may be pardoned for saying that the great majority of the best trainers in the world learned their profession under my tuition.

The training of an animal trainer may be compared with the life of a young man who seeks admission into one of the more rigorous religious orders. As the Jesuit novitiate must rise with the sun, sweep the floors, and perform the general services of a menial, so must the budding trainer get out of bed at daybreak and steadily perform lowly service until his time to rest.

At a glance these duties may seem degrading, but they are not; they are disciplinary. The future priest is not taught to sweep as a branch of his theological studies; but because he has taken a vow of poverty and obedience and his superiors set him at this work to prove the earnestness of his promise. Some day he may be ordered to a plague spot, and then his previous experiences are of value. So it is with a trainer. If, when the occasion arrives, a man is not ready to swallow his pride and perform the most menial service for his animals, I don't want him in my employment. My father before me, who owned his own show, forced me to act as valet for my animals when I insisted upon following my own bent and his profession.

During the man's novitiate, while he is cleaning the cages, washing the floors, loading the trainer's revolvers, feeding the beasts, and doing the hundred and one things that he is supposed to do. I keep him under constant surveillance. On the day of his engagement one is notified that, rain or shine, he must rise every morning at 6 o'clock and be ready for his work an hour later. If this rule is violated the man is discharged unless sickness keeps him to his quarters.

Early rising is essential, as most training is done in the morning, before the distracting noises of the day begin to affect the animal's nerves. Early rising is also conducive to good habits, because the best way to make a man go to bed at night is to make him get up in the morning.

After a few months of menial service, the tyro is given a more important position, such as attendant to some particular group. He is no longer forced to do general work, unless an emergency arises, but must devote all his attention to the animals to which he has been assigned. He must study the animals as a class and then study them as individuals. He must learn that lions, tigers, leopards, and all other cats have five mouths, one in the head and one at the end of each leg in the form of great slashing claws. He must learn that it is possible to hurt a cat on the nose most, a bear on the feet, an elephant on the trunk, and so on. He must learn that almost any wild animal can break a man's neck with one blow and almost every wild animal is disposed to do so. He must learn that animals are like women, inasmuch as they are all unlike, and when he thinks he knows them thoroughly, he has barely made their acquaintance. Indeed, he must learn so many things that a thick volume would be required to enumerate them all.

Must Make his Decision.

When he has filled an under position of this nature for several months according to the progress he has shown, I take the man in hand and impress upon him the sacrifices and never ending application that mark the daily life of a real trainer. I inform him straight from the shoulder of the risks he will take and the possibly fatal accidents he must continually face should he decide to follow the career he has already begun.

There is only one answer when I have finished. The man says "Yes." When he has gone through the preliminary ordeal already described, it is logically certain that he will continue to the end. But how few survive the ordeal! I have never figured it out, but I venture to say that of every hundred men who apply to me for a trainer's position, only one has sufficient perserverance to stick to his work and qualify for the arena. And sometimes this one turns out a failure. When he fails to make good, he either remains an assistant for the remainder of his useful days or seeks other employment.

I have had one man with me for many years, and it was not until the recent summer season at Coney Island that he qualified for the ring as a trainer. This man has courage, pugnacious perserverance, common sense in some ways, and splendid habits, but he has ever been short of patience and sympathy. His industry is limitless, and hardly an animal lives that he would not try to train; but when his patience gives out he is a bull throated, bull headed brute.

When he entered my employment he was nineteen years old, well set up, willing, and earnest. I was glad to engage him. For two years he worked about the cages without a black mark against his character or conduct, saving two faults; he would not speak to the animals, and occasionally he was unnecessarily rough with them. Frequently I called his attention to these matters, with only intermittent success; he would not or could not correct them.

Animals must be spoken to. If a trainer passes his beasts without occasionally saying, "Hello!" they take it as an affront. When I was actively engaged in training I would no more think of walking past my cages without pleasantly greeting my various animals by name than I would think of cutting my friends in the street. There are many reasons for this. A morose man does not make friends with his own kind, and the same holds true with animals. Then, too, a beast must know his trainer's voice, as at any time a contingency may arise when a sharp word may save a man's life.

I have had several personal experiences of this sort, one of which occured in London some years ago. A broken door hinge had permitted a lion to escape into an unlighted passageway, behind the cages, through which I was walking. My first warning of danger arrived with a heavy paw that landed on my shoulder and sent me reeling to the floor.

"Back!" I cried in the very teeth of the beast, and he ran back at the word of command through force of habit.

I related this and similar experiences to the man; but they seemed to have no effect. Force was the only agent he recognized. He would rather whip than lead a beast to its work. Time and again I have stood before the cage and ordered him to talk his animals into a trick, but immediately I went away he would be at them with whip or club.

How a Human Brute Was Treated.

One day he was in the arena with the most tractable lion I owned. The beast was a bit slow in going to its pedestal, and the trainer smashed it across the nose with the butt end of the whip. Had the lion possessed a bad temper, Mr. Trainer's career would have probably ended on the spot. As it was the lion growled with pain and seemed greatly surprised. I witnessed the incident from a dark corner of the building, whence I advanced, and without any demonstration of anger, ordered the man to drive the animals back to their small living cages.

When he had them all caged and had closed the last door, I met him in the narrow passage behind the cages, and without a word of warning swung my fist to his jaw, with every ounce of force in my body behind it. He went to the floor, half stunned. I kept after him for a while longer and then dragged him out and revived him with a bucket of water. He demanded to know why I had struck him, and I called his attention to the treatment of the lion.

He resigned immediately, but returned within a fortnight, seeking his former position. I took him back and started him where he had begun when originally he entered my employment. He had been guilty of an almost inforgivable sin; for when an animal is struck without reason the trainer becomes a brute and the whip becomes useless as a disciplinary weapon.

To be perfectly frank, the beating this man received is the usual treatment for grave offences. Sometimes a man who has evidenced splendid traits slipped away for a lark and returns to the show tipsy and perhaps looking for a fight. It would be simple enough to call a policeman, but what is the result? He is thrown into a cell like a common vagrant with the scum of the city. His pride is hurt and he is ashamed to return to work. I lose a good man, and he loses a good job.

By the other method he merely receives a hiding that chastens his spirit and hurries him back to the straight and narrow path, which cannot be successfully followed by a man with the staggers. Should he repeat the offense, he is paid off, and goes out as wild animals quickly lose the respect for a man who permits inquiries to get the better of him, and kill him at the first opportunity.

The man who needlessly struck the lion is still in my employment. A few months ago he made his first professional appearance in the arena with the only trained animal group in the world composed exclusively of hyenas. These are the animals for which he is fitted. They have no sympathy; neither has he. They cannot be led; they demand flogging, and he gives it to them. He is the proper master for this kind.

On the night of his first appearance something happened to the electric lighting system on Coney Island, and my whole building suddenly went black and stayed so for several minutes. The eight hyenas and their trainer were performing in the big steel arena when the lights went out. Immediately the ravenous, grave-digging beasts filled the air with their fierce "laughing." There were fighting snarls and the snap of the trainer's whip in the darkness. Men with megaphones shouted over the din to the audience, "Keep your seats! There is no danger!"

After about five minutes had elapsed the crack of the trainer's whip had ceased. We feared the hyenas had him down. Some of the men ran for candles. Suddenly all the electric lights flashed into brilliance, illuminating the entire building and laying bare to the audience a remarkable picture.

Three hyenas with frothing mouths had closed in upon the trainer, who was backed against the bars of the arena. One of the beasts had him by the foot (they always attack with their muzzles close to the ground) and was attempting to drag him to the floor. With his left arm locked around the iron bar, the trainer was hanging on to save himself from being thrown. In his right hand he held a chair with which he was keeping off the other two beasts. He had not made a sound through the fight, and was as near to death as men can go and come away alive.

In a trice half a dozen trainers fought off the hyenas with long steel forks. Their injured master drove them back to their cages, his wounds were sewed up, and he was sent to bed for a few days. Had he accustomed these beasts to his voice, he might have avoided the accident.

When a man has overcome every obstacle and has qualified as an active trainer, he must go through one or more ordeals that test some natures most severely. It is publicity, the publicity that is absolutely essential to a big future, the strength of the press being indisputable. There are some men who cannot see their names in print and remain the same men. The most modest man is sometimes transformed into a strutting poseur when the public prints bring him into the lime light. I had this experience with a really competent young trainer at the Paris hippodrome. He became so puffed up by the public's applause that I had to let him go.

After all is said and done, it is apparent that the characteristics which make a successful trainer are practically the same that bring success in any other walk in life. If it was in any way possible to make a chemical analysis of a perfect animal trainer, the following elements should result: Courage, patience, good habits, common sense, and a sympathetic nature.

If a friend asked my advice whether he should enter the profession or not, I should tell him that I have a boy of my own, who may become a trainer, but not while I have any authority over him.

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