

Best Bargains Record

Licensed in a Wedding Cake.

quereest bargains im- to be "picked up" to use bargain-sale expression- at other bazaars, the novelty dities only being restrict- of the promoters' orig-

at a bazaar in the neighbor- tery, held not long ago, yet very appropriate, disposed of. This was or less than a wedding- ch was concealed a license winner to be married for twelve months. The cake of in slices of pd. each, y purchaser of the slice license took that docu- as the cake. As long as id out the demand was

ing-Cake in Kisses. iding-trale to kisses-per- sses to wedding-cake is the -is not a far cry, and in a single instance a roaring. has been done at a ba- function of this kind held so theatre, New York, the celebrated actress sold a ents. A dapper young gal- anted to buy something odd to the bargain, adding that the fashion her bevy of assistants would capture a t money for the fund. -s the lady, who is a matron- woman, spiritingly replied, cost you two dollars." She reduced the price to 50 cents, omer's assurance that that change he had. The trans- at once closed, and a merry up as the goods changed should we say like?

Expensive Drink. s, a cup is a pretty bizarre at a bazaar, but this was agant charge extorted at a charity bazaar held in th- tial last year. The lady nothing less, the other act- were the presiding god- the function being equally un-

charming lady whose be- ynes had driven the gilded Paris to despair atop of this occa- weaves were tiny boxes of af- ar, about the size of a wal- which she insisted on receiv- 24 ds. each. ther actress, ungallantly de- "the ugliest in Paris" would- ing less than bakelotes for candy, and another famous he stage disposed of lottery prices calculated to involve bankruptcy. Novelties in Stalls. ers some very bizarre fea- bazaar held by the connection- eleyen church at Hammer- begin with, all the fittings ations of the stalls was the mere male, and the selling sively in the hands of that

traperies upon which ladies conspicuous by their ab- each stall was made to rep- ordinary show-front in minis- articles on sale were of the- bazaar, being of a solid and- ful description. It included a butcher's shop, where it was- purchase the family dinner. the goods had been present- al tradesmen out of their own

A Trying Ordeal. a another bizarre bargain that- to be met with at a ba- one occasion a real live pork- ferred to the congregation of a- the vicinity of Leeds. The a were, however, somewhat- driving the pig home from the- Not only so, the fortunate- as to array himself in frock- silk hat for the undertaking,- compete with the porker in the- of sweet music on the jour-

HOW GALLIHER BESTED THE BRITISHERS

By John Nelson.

Whether Sir Wilfrid Laurier goes to the country this fall or delays his ap- pear for another year, he will not have sitting behind him in the next Commons the strapping member from the Koot- enays whom even casual acquaintances hail as "Big Bill." Mr. Gallihier is in- definitely out of politics. Had he chosen to again seek the suffrages of his people, there would have been no doubt of the result, for, despite certain errors, shared with the rest of our erring humanity, he is rich in those human qualities which are the key to men's hearts the world over. Had he chosen to re-appear readily than among the rough miners who form a large portion of his constituents.

Nature was unusually kind to Mr. Gallihier, for in addition to endowing him with a big heart, it encased said heart in a massive frame and topped it with a head and face which would com- mand attention anywhere. He was not only big and good to look on, but was an athlete of considerable renown, before he dropped outdoor sport for the more ennobling, and also more exact- ing game of politics. Of his prowess in the ring and on the green, many good stories are told, but we are not aware that the following has ever before been published.

Mr. Gallihier hailed originally from the county of Bruce, where twenty years ago the annual Caledonian games in the villages of Lucknow, Paisley, Tiverton, etc., were the local Olympics, for which every son of the old county who could develop athletic "form" as- siduously trained. Mr. Gallihier, who had no exception to the rule, and local pride in his achievements suffered no eclipse because of his non-Scottish com- plexion. Being a son of Bruce county, Mr. Gallihier must of necessity go west when scarcely out of his teens, and on taking up his residence in the prairies he further developed his athletic prowess until he had attained a more than local fame.

It was also inevitable that when Lord Wessely called for Canadian voyageurs to Egypt his force down the Nile in his famous Egyptian campaign, Mr. Gallihier would be one of the number. It is with an incident of that campaign that our story has to do. The fighting

was over and the force was assembled at Wadi-Halfa preparatory to the descent of the river. Men of all arms or the service were there awaiting the completion of transportation facilities; and for the joint purpose of passing the time and of celebrating the co-opera- tion of imperial and Canadian troops, a big two-day tourney was organized. There was a suspicion that the regulars had a rather selfish interest in the af- fair as the Canadians had been the spoiled children of the campaign, and the British brothers-in-arms were anxious to show the colonials what they could do in the sporting field. The work of getting out the Canadian com- petitors for each event was undertaken by Mr. Gallihier, assisted by his chum, Dave Carley, a man almost as well known throughout British Columbia as his friend, and a capital newspaperman.

Both of these latter events were set for the second day, and so Mr. Gal- lihier and Mr. Carley did not concern themselves very much over it, hoping that by the morning some of the voyageurs would undertake to represent their country. Meanwhile the sports went on, and, remarkable to relate, the Canucks were pulling down the prizes in almost all the events. The day closed in a slaying heat, but with Canadian coffers swollen with bob and shrapnel from the knapsacks of the "Tommys," and with sovereigns and half-sovereigns from the wallets of the officers, for before the day was over all advanced the Canadians had decided that the luck was all theirs and were stak- ing every penny obtainable on any man who said he came from the other side of Newfoundland.

There was a fly in the ointment, however, and that was the inability of the men from the Dominion to offer contestants for the hundred yards dash for the stars and stripes. Mr. Gal- lihier regarded as the premier event of the tourney. Just before the race was called, however, an Indian chief who had brought a number of his band with him to "the river, appeared. Mr. Gallihier. He had heard of the difficulty, and if his skin was copper he had the true instincts of the sports- man. "Look here," he said, "do you want a man for the race? I have a little buck here that can beat any- thing on the reserve, and if you like we can put him in."

The youngster was seized and rushed to the tape before he knew what was required of him. With the crack

of the pistol he was off like a deer and beat a janky artilleryman by an inch. The Canadians were delicious. Cheer after cheer rent the air, and the chaff and banter which only men under canvas understand was heard on every side.

"Oh, that's all right," the line men replied, "but if you barbarians are real sports, why don't you enter everything? We can give you odds of two to one that we can beat you on the jump."

This was a bluff which could not be called for it was well known that the regulars were reserving for this event Jimmy Corcoran of the 15th Royal Irish and the champion of India. Jimmy was already in his tent being rubbed down with oil and other lubricants, and presently he emerged resplendent in green trunks and shamrock adorn- ments, which he had donned in order to give the greater glory to the 15th. Lord Annesley, who was in command and who had hitherto taken no part in the banter, now approached Mr. Gal- lihier. "See, here," he said, "you men should enter everything in this event. You have had things your own way for nearly two days and you ought to be sports enough to give us a chance to lick you for once and get back some of our money." As he spoke Corcor- an, an amid a mighty cheer, made his leap and a triumphant shout went up from the regulars. "How's that, bun- chers? Why don't you try?" "Where's your plaventy Canadian now?" were some of the remarks which fell on Mr. Gallihier's ears and made him bite his lip.

Carley, who stood beside him, heard a mutter of impatience, and in another moment "Big Bill" was at the scratch. The great arms swung a moment to polish the magnificent trunk, and the next he was in the water. He struck it eighteen inches beyond the mark of the vaunted Corcoran. The latter essayed again and again to beat it, but without avail, and when he had struck up the task Mr. Gallihier, who had not removed his boots, or any other portion of his ordinary apparel, made a second jump which landed him several inches over his first mark. It was noticed by Canada for the next fifteen minutes, but when Carley had time to recover his breath he drew the big fellow down to him. "In the name of heaven, Bill," he asked, "how did you do it?"

"A depreatory smile passed over the other's features as he replied, "Didn't you know, Davy, that I hold the record for Western Canada, and whoever is best here takes the second place in any other corner of the world—best of all, among mummies."

LOSS OF WIND-JAMMERS INCREASED LAST YEAR

Lloyd's Returns Show How Vessels Disappear From Shipping Registers.

The statistical summary of vessels totally lost and condemned, which was issued by Lloyd's Register recently, shows that during 1907 the gross reduction in the effective mercantile marine of the world amounted to 888 vessels of 351,224 tons, excluding all those of less than 100 tons. Of this total 356, of 665,119 tons, were steamers, and 512, of 286,105 tons, were sailing vessels.

The following table shows the average percentage of vessels lost. It will be observed that while there is but little variation in the steam percentages on comparison with the quinquennial period 1902-1906—those for sailing vessels show a considerable increase.

Table with columns: Steam, Sailing, No. Tons, No. Tons. Rows for 1897-1901, 1902-1906, 1907.

W. A. GALLIHER, M. P.

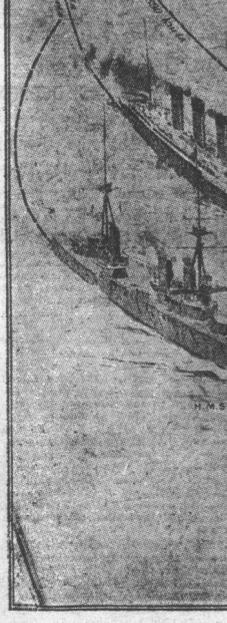
THE POET'S DREAM

A CITY FOR THE BLIND.

By the Queen of Roumania.

In the following beautiful fantasy the Queen of Roumania, herself a poetess, imagines the old Roman poet Ovid gaining forward into the future and seeing there the City of the Blind which the Queen has lately founded. "Plaining Heath" as the city is named, is open to the blind of all nations, though hitherto the Queen of Roumania has borne all the expense herself. The denizens of Vatra Luminoasa are taught useful trades.

Ovid, when in the full glory of his divine gift was banished to the far-thest confines of the Roman Empire, stood in a desert alone—alone before the thundering billows, in the snow- storms that came blowing down from the Asian steppes, alone in an unfriend-ly, strange world, on the shore of the dreaded Euxine. With brooding eyes and aching heart, he looked over the waves that sometimes glittered and smiled like the Mediterranean, then suddenly turned black as ink and wild as all the horses of the steppes together, thundering in a stampede on to the



The "Indomitable" compared with the Cunarders.

The world's record for speed across the Atlantic—H. M. S. INDOMITABLE.

The marvelous record of H. M. S. Indomitable, which succeeded in cross- ing the Atlantic with the average speed of 25.13 knots per hour, has been the talk of the naval and shipping world. This feat of the cruiser-battleship places her in the enviable position of being the fastest ocean-going ship in the world. She has succeeded in break-

ing the records of both the Lusitania and Mauretania, the two giant Cunarders which previously held the records of the sea. The warship accom- plished the record with a horse-power of 41,000 against the 70,000 horse-power of each of the Cunarders' possessors. On the other hand, the Indomitable is very much longer and heavier than the Indomitable. As will be seen by the above diagram the warship measures

530 feet in length whereas the two Cunarders both measure 790 feet, and both displace 33,000 tons in comparison with the 17,500 tons of the warship. All the three vessels are driven by four steam turbines which by this further record are placed in a victorious position in the engine world. Capt. Herbert King- hall, who commands the Indomitable, has just been made a commander of the Victoria Cross.

shaking earth, as if to rend and swallow it at the first upheaval. With fold- ed arms he stood and listened to the roar of the sea and the beating of his heart.

Ovid had a poet's soul, which means an exquisite capacity for suffering; he had a poet's eyes, which means a mar-vellous gift of seeing; a poet's brain, which means a timeless blending of past, present, and future into one great vision; a poet's heart, which means a rent and tortured thing, bleeding slowly and gaining strength from the intensity of the pain it endures. Not in vain had he written his Metamorphoses. To him earth was a constant changing from reality to dreamland, from heaven to hell; images were life to him, and life itself a pageant, as unreal as if he were only a spectator from Hades' shore.

Now his heart beat louder than the roaring sea; his eyes darker than the wild clouds that were dipping their garments into the waves.

Had he drawn his cloak around him that the wind was tearing away, and stood a statue of loneliness on the white beach where not a tree offered shelter, not a hut showed a human hearth; not only the wild birds, the sea-gulls, eagles, and cormorants, scraped their mourn-ful sounds into the unheavenly wind and waves. Melancholy indeed! The poet felt as though his heart were to go over the seas to parts of the world he had never heard of. "Books of the sightless," written by them? A deep amazement filled the poet's heart.

And yet he seemed to know it all, to understand what forces moved them. He tried to see, but failed to comprehend. Music and Dancing After Work.

Then he saw a kind of enormous dome, out of which there came presen-ly a chant of thousands of voices, in soft, sweet harmony, gentle and grand—something so powerful and so sweet that his eyes filled with tears with the ecstasy of that music. And all the people seemed to stream into the town and to swell the wonderful sound like a sea of voices. Crowds stood outside, listen- ing with clasped hands and bent heads as if in prayer.

know those lands beyond the ocean, to know the books that were carried there, to be at home in that wonderful city, as if he had never lived anywhere else or in any other time. His vision was timeless as the waves of the sea, as the head, it seemed to rise out of the wind; yet there was a port with thou- sands of ships going in and out where he had never seen but a solitary sail here and there going out to fish. Such waters, as though filling themselves with some heavy liquid.

Ovid wondered what that might be, as he watched thousands of cars thunder- ing into the haven and being unloaded into the ships. He could not under- stand; he could only see and wonder. Then he thought he saw a lady, veiled in long, soft garments, go noiselessly about, and the sightless knelt before her and kissed her hands, children felt for her and clung to her; then she turned her head, and he saw a face that life had written upon and hair snow- white. He thought he knew the face, but the sound of the voice was a north- ern one, not the ringing sound of the strong southern voices. He saw her

From that night Miss Edith began to take more interest in exact matters, especially in the department of bridge- building, and Mr. Havens, the engineer, sent in reports that seemed to necessitate his visiting Chicago more often than before. It was not that his daughter's interest had come to the surface, and her enthusiasm over the third ap- proaching trip so pleased him that he pat-tered her golden hair and feelingly observed:

"You are your own father's daughter after all. You will come back better posted on all other girls in America. It must take a very brainy man to construct such a bridge as I have heard you and Mr. Havens talking about?" she demurely suggested.

"It does, my dear—a very brainy man." "And one pretty certain to rise in the world?" "Um Y-e-s."

The Hon. John had risen in the world, and he took care to let the world know it. But he was rather op- posed to any one else rising, especially anybody employed on the P. & G. road, in reply to her question as to his profession," he reluctantly admitted, "but you must remember the social gulf now existing between us, I, or you and I, are the owners of the P. & G. road, Mr. Havens is an em- ployee."

Ten days previous to the start on the third trip the Hon. John discovered something that threw him into a fever. It must take a very brainy man to construct such a bridge as I have heard you and Mr. Havens talking about?" she demurely suggested.

"My dear girl, always remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road. "But if you can't get enough of the stock?" she asked.

A PROXY FATHER-IN-LAW

By C. B. Lewis.

It was reported of the Hon. James Sharpe that he had but two fads. One was the stock exchange, and the other was the P. & G. railroad, in which he owned a controlling interest. He knew every foot of the road and kept himself posted on all details.

His other fad was that his daughter Edith, having finished her school days, should interest herself in the P. & G. even as he had. She had been out for an old maid or a business woman she might have obeyed orders literally, but as it was she had to assume an interest she did not feel. The Hon. John was his father's pet, and his pet line was further wet. When tired of making money and fighting other lines on the stock exchange or by some sly coup, he would order the general superintendent or other official into Chicago to report details and plan improvements.

If it wasn't the general superintendent, it was an engineer, a division or civil engineer and bridge builder. He had them at his house, and his laugh- ter might hear and secure experience. And when they had departed he would go over the matter again with her to make sure that she understood.

When the civil engineer engaged in building the bridge over Centipede creek was called in, he and Miss Edith and the Hon. John were his father's pet that day. He had secured a fall contract over a rival line, and had been told that the bridge could be built for \$25,000 less than the estimated expense. He stretched his courtesy to invite the engineer to dinner, and to ask Miss Edith to play the piano afterward.

Then two or three things happened that he didn't take cognizance of, al- though he was rated a keen and ob- servant man.

"You are your own father's daughter after all. You will come back better posted on all other girls in America. It must take a very brainy man to construct such a bridge as I have heard you and Mr. Havens talking about?" she demurely suggested.

"It does, my dear—a very brainy man." "And one pretty certain to rise in the world?" "Um Y-e-s."

whom he depended had sold the stock at a sharp advance. This was the biggest setback he had received in five years. It meant a staggering blow to the P. & G. While he stamped and roared his daughter kept very quiet.

When he had got through smashing the English language he sat down hard and wiped his forehead and looked at the young lady with despairing eyes. "Father, I don't think we are beaten yet," she said in reply.

"But we are defeated. Those pro- xies are certainly in the hands of that infernal M. & W. gang, and they have got me tight. To think that I left it in the hands of Chilvers to betray me! Why, I deserve to be sent to an idiot asylum!"

"But the game may not be lost after all. You know you have been trying to make a railroad woman of me for a year past."

"But that miserable Chilvers sold out his stock on me!" shouted the father as he brought his fist down with a great bang.

"Yes, dear, but that's a part of the railroad business. If Chilvers sold his stock some one bought it, and some one has the right to vote it in the meeting of the stockholders."

"But the M. & W. gang has got it, of course!" "Perhaps. It's a part of the railroad business to find out. You didn't want me to stop at great sidings, switchbacks and bridge building, did you? My dear father, remember that the first principle of railroading is to get possession of the road; the next to keep track of stock and pro- xies."

"Girl, you know something," he said after a long look into her face. "Well, suppose the M. & W. gang didn't get that stock?" "He gasped for breath and turned pale. "Suppose that a gentleman interested in our road got it?" The honorable John sat with his mouth open.

"Suppose that a gentleman—a real nice gentleman—a gentleman interested in—you, got the stock with the idea of helping us out?" "By thunder, but I'd break his ribs hugging him! Out with it, girl. Don't keep your old dad on the hooks this way."

"Well, then, Mr. Havens is in the Pullman ahead. He had to come up to Santa Fe, to hurry the last of the bridge stuff down. As he knew how much you wanted control of that feed-er, and as he knew how interested I was in the railroad business, he—"

But the honorable John had sent the porter for Mr. Havens, and Edith skipped away to her stateroom. An hour later there was a knock on her door.

"Say, young lady, you think you're smart, don't you?" said the father as she appeared.

"I'm your daughter, you know."

"Um Y-e-s! Well, I've told Havens that that bridge over the Centipede has got to be finished before there is any further nonsense. After that he will be superintendent of the P. & G., and if you learn any more about the railroad business it will be from him. You are a little too apt for me."

MILLIONAIRE WORKS WITH PICK AND SHOVEL

Never Been to Civilization Since Locating at New Jerusalem Camp.

Seattle, Aug. 28.—A few days ago the city of Nome, Alaska, was startled by an announcement, which without an explanation sounds quite simple and commonplace. It reads as follows: "John Groth intends to take a holiday. He will visit the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle from June 1st to October 16th, 1909."

John Groth is probably one of the most remarkable men on earth. Certainly he has acted in a way that no other man on the continent of America would have acted under similar circumstances. The story has its hu- man side, too, and illustrates anew that a frontier country like Alaska has many odd characters within its borders.

When Nome was started seven or eight years ago one of the first comers was John Groth, a quiet man who at- tended strictly to his own business. He went out some miles to the interior country which has since been named New Jerusalem. It is on the Solomon river and within forty miles of Nome.

Like everyone else in the north, Groth searched for gold. And like too others, his search was successful from the first. Within a few months he struck it rich, and in a year's time he became a millionaire. He owned a million acres of land in the north- west, and he had a fortune of \$1,000,000.

That was seven years ago, and ever since Groth has become steadily richer. But every morning, just the same, he shoulders his pick, goes to his mine and works his eight or ten hours and yet, in the banks of the north and of the United States are great piles of yellow gold that stand in his name and that would open to him the treasures of America and the older world would buy for him luxury such as the kings of earth a hundred years ago did not dream in. In all that time he has not even taken a trip forty miles to Nome city. His average daily expenditure does not run over \$2 which, for the north- land, where office boys get \$125 and \$150 a month, is extremely low, and yet Groth is not a miser, for he has con- tributed largely on several occasions to public causes. Himself is the only one he stints.

But he is coming out at last to spend his gold. He knows what disappoint- ment in life he may have met with, who knows what has caused him, a millio- naire, to deny himself pleasures. But whatever it is or might have been, it when the train has pulled into Seattle, one of those present on June 1st, 1909, in Seattle, when the president of the United States will touch a gold button and flash across the continent the electric spark that will open wide the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

FIFTY-FOUR YEARS A VERGEN.

The death occurred at Stratford, Eng-land, recently, of Joseph Griffiths, who for fifty-four years was vergen at the parish church of St. Mary's, Griffiths, who was ninety-one years of age, kept a diary, in which he recorded the fact that during his sixty years' association with the church he remembered five bishops, five rectors, and five parviclerks.