and salvation. This is the way Mack-

There came one day a runner from

through the White mountain interpre

was ready to go back to the reserva

tion, but that he must go upon his own

terms. And the chief stipulated, more

over, that one white man-one, along

and unguarded-should go to the hos-

tile camp and discuss those terms. If

a force attempted to come, he would

retreat with his braves and stay out a

Morley made answer that he had be

fear of the chief staying out all water

among the mountains when the agein

was so comfortable, but that if he is

the white man could stand it as long a

could be. Moreover, he said that not

of his soldiers had any intention what ever of walking into a death trap o

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have

"Get out," said the captain increde

"I mean what I say," said Mac

worth, "and I shall consider your pe

mission to go the greatest and the on

favor you can do me. Something me.

"Your death, that's all; and a lit.

The fleutenant shrugged his should

Morley considered, and he decided

that it might not be wise to refuse.

There was no knowing just what the

set faced boy might do. So they par-

leyed together for a time, then Mack-

worth mounted his horse and went. He

did not expect to come back, and the

officers and men did not expect to see

After four hours they came to the

mouth of a narrow canyon. The runner

had given no sign or sound, and the

fixed look had not gone from Mack-

hobbled their lean little ponies, the

squaws were gathering wood and the

cedar tree. Four of them rose and

slouched forward. There was a pro-

end the chief spoke. The runner dis-

played for the first time his under-

standing and interpreted. Mackworth

made answer with decision, offsetting

his own terms. The bucks scowled, and

the chief began to argue. The white

man with the unflinching eyes would

not compromise. "Tell him," Mack-

worth said, "that this is my will. If he

will not do this, I go back to the sol-

diers and we follow you and kill you

all, man and woman." The face of the

chief grew black, a growl rose from

the crowding bucks, and the watching

squaws began to chatter in voices

The chief stepped suddenly forward

and caught the bridle above the curb

shanks. Not so much as an eyelash

of the stern, white, young face quiver-

ed, and the heart of the red man was

filled with admiration. One move-

ment of fear would have cost Mack-

worth his life then, but he was not

afraid, not though he knew that tor-

ture might await him. He sat looking

colly down at the lowering, cruel

he bucks, and there was a growl of

protest. The squaws joined with a

shrill little chorus scream. But the

chief flung away the Eridle with a force

"He do same you say. He go back to reservation today. He say you

ukishee quick," said the interpreter.

Mackworth turned deliberately and

ukisheed, with no show of haste and

He reported his success and went to

his tent. His look of stolid wretched-

ness was unchanged. Morley began to

self and found the lieutenant writing

a letter by lantern light. It was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so

the captain, being filled with misgiv-

ings, trumped up an errand and sent

him off on it. Then he looked at the

letter. It was to Mackworth's mother.

Morley did not read it, but he guessed

the whole thing in a flash. He took

up Mackworth's carbine and slid it un-

der the tent flags into the outer dark-

had been thrown down upon the bed-

ding, and put the cartridges in his

pocket. Then he replaced it in the

holster and, going out, picked up the carbine and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and

Morley snoring loudly across the tent

Mackworth groped under his pillow

and brought out the revolver. He cock-

ed it and waited a moment, then he

placed the barrel well in his mouth and

pulled the trigger once, and then again

At first call for reveille Morley

awoke. Mackworth was already up.

and, turning, he studied his captain's

face with the faintest and most unwill-

ing of smiles twitching the corners of

his mouth under the beard. It was the

most natural and healthy look his face

"Well," answered Mackworth,

should like my carbine and the loads

Morley's face broke into a broad grin.

Will you be good if I let you have

"I'll be good," promised the lieuten-

and again.

had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley.

of my Colt's, please."

them?" he asked.

ant.-Argonaut.

ness. Also he broke the Colt's, which

be nervous. He went to the tent him-

hich made the horse back.

without a backward look.

The chief turned and spoke to

set as the tinkle of glass bells.

longed scrutiny upon both sides.

ders. "Shall you let me go?"- be in

"I wish to go, Captain Morley."

winter.

he said.

cusly

he effected by it."

him again.

oreilminary torture."

"Not by a long sight."

#### REVOLVER SHOOTING.

SOME ADVICE WHICH MAY HELP YOU TO MASTER THE ART.

How to Practice With and Handle Your Weapon In Order to Become an Accurate Shot-The Various Calthers and Their Uses.

Americans are generally supposed to be the best shots in the world with a revolver. As a nation they probably are, and more individuals among them are doubtless better acquainted with the possibilities of the weapon than among other races. But it remains true, nevertheless, that the ordinary man who buys a re-

ing with one. The cardinal principle in handling revolvers is never to point the weapon in the direction of any one, whether the revolver is loaded or unloaded-not ever when it is being cleaned.

The next thing in order, if you wish to become a first class shot with a revolver, is to get a good one. The cheap ones are liable to get rusty and out of order, clog up, refuse to revolve, fail to explode the cartridge and in various ways prove unertain and unavailable.

If mere accuracy in target shooting is sought for, the heavy framed revolver of 22 caliber is easiest to become expert with. The recoil is slight, and the tendency to overshoot is greatly lessened. But target shooting with these heavy, long barreled, small caliber weapons is mere gallery practice. It is not of practical use and must remain simply as an exhibition of indoor skill in a particular branch of revolver shooting. Target shooting with the 44 caliber revolver. when practiced in the open and at distances up to 50 yards, requires great skill. All such shooting is done offband by the experts. These large weapons cannot, of course, be carried except in a belt. A soldier, expert in their use, would be doubly effective against an enemy at close quarters, for the shooting rules, giving comparatively brief space between shots, tend to produce quickness as well as accuracy in the marksmen. The men who are skilled in this kind of shooting can plant 44 caliber bullets into a space the size of a man's body at 40 or 50 yards in rapid succession with rarely a

The long barreled revolvers, 6 inch, 6½ inch, 7 inch and 7½ inch, give greater accuracy than the short barreled weapons. Being heavier, they do not "throw up" so much and are capable of being held steadier. But the difference between shooting with them and with the short pistols is so marked that excellence with either is a separate and distinct art. To shoot well with a 21/2 inch, 3 or 31/2 inch barrel off hand and at ranges from 20 to 50 yards distance is a very uncomm accomplishment. By shooting well I mean shooting quickly and with a fair degree of accuracy for nine shots out of There is nothing very difficult in , taking one of the short barreled revolboth hands and making good scores at targets. This can be learned by practice

But the ability to shoot off hand with the short barreled "guns," holding the weapon in one hand, is a science. It is not to be mastered by simply thrusting out the revolver, aiming and firing. Most revolvers of this kind, and even the long barreled ones, are built with a rib above the barrel and a high, coarse sight above the rib, to make up for the tendency of the weapon to raise or "throw up." In deliberate target shooting by the novice so much time is generally taken to get aim that the hand of the shooter "wabbles," and his shots go wide and high. The first thing to do after getting a good revolver is to clamp it in a vise between two pieces of wood and find out if it is absolutely accurate. If its five or six bullets all go about in the same spot when the revolver is fired, the "gun" is all right. Next go to a first class gunsmith and have him reduce the trigger "pull." Nearly all revolvers pull

too hard on the trigger.

A hair trigger balance is of course to be avoided, but a moderately easy pull is highly desirable for the sake of accuracy. The next thing to do is to apply the principles of "snap shooting" with the shotgun or archery practice to your shooting with the revolver. Shoot with both eyes open. Don't try to drive tacks with a bullet, but do try to get so that you can hit a spot as big as a saucer at 10, 20, 30 or 40 yards. Practice shooting at all angles, up and down, sideways, quartering shots, on the water, straight up in the trees or directly down hill.

Learn your weapon thoroughly. Find Learn your weapon thoroughly. Find out just how much it throws up and instinctively allow for that "raise" as you pall the trigger. Don't use a revolver that shoots to either one side or the other. Shoot by intuitive judgment, not by er firmly and getting the angle with both eyes, as a wing shot does with a gun or a skilled archer does with a hoot a squirrel out of a tree or even duck on the water a good, long distance

It takes the using up of quite a lot of entridges to attain even tolerable proficiency as a revolver shot with the short barreled "guns," but, once acquired, it is a useful accomplishment. You may happen to have occasion for your skill more than once or twice in a lifetime, but when you do need it you are apt to need it bad. To be a good all around shot with a revolver in a practical way is to have a knowledge which necessarily takes a man into the woods and fields and gives him outdoor tramping which will be of lasting benefit to him. The greatest care should be taken while using the revolver in these wanderings not to shoot in the direction of live stock or people. The least settled portion of or people. In the best for practicing in. Shooting rapidly with the double action or self cocking revolver is not productive of accuracy, but quite the reverse, and a double acting pistol, even of the best anake, will sometimes stick and refuse to revolve, which might make it awkward in some cases. It is better to trust to cocking the weapon each time, even if you have a double acting arm, and fire one shot at a time rather than grind out all of the charges in Gatling gun fashion. ner than a grist of them over, around or

The carrying of revolvers as a practice The carrying of revolvers as a practice by men who are not habitually in peril breeds cowardice and crime. But as a sport, whether at the target or in the epen, it can be made as fascinating and as manly an exercise as rifle shooting, and a nation which has generally become proficient in the use of the revolver and the rifle is one which commands respect.

Ergest McGaffer

# Tight Cough

ples with the bronchial tubes and reaches for the lungs. There is a way to

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A Military Man Who Opened the Window in the Tept.

In Old Soldier's way of Securing Venti

lation When in the Field "I never pull down the Window at the top to let in a little fresh air when I go to bed," said the old soldier, "without thinking of how we used to open the window in the tents in the army in wartimes. An A tent, seven feet square at the base and running up, wedge shaped, to a ridgepole seven feet above the ground, made comfortable enough quarters for four men if you could leave the tent open, which was equivalent to leaving off the front of the house, but if it were cold or rainy and the wind blew on the front of the tent so that you had to close it, why then you wanted ventilation somewhere, and you got it by making an opening in the back of the tent.

"There was a seam, overlapped, running down the middle of the back of the tent from the ridge pole to the ground, and we used to cut the stitches along that seam, up near the top of the tent, and spread the sides apart by putting in a stick six or eight inches long across the middle, making there a diamond shaped opening about a foot long, which served the purpose ad-

mirably. "The men's guns stood at that end of the tent, butts resting on a piece of cracker box, the barrels held in some sort of a holder secured to the tent pole. If the wind changed on some rainy night and came around to blow against the back of the tent, the rain would come in on the guns and on us, and then somebody would get up and shut the window-that is, take the stick out and let the canvas come fogether again there and then open the tent a little at the other end, at the

front. "This all used to seem kind o' strange, then somehow, though practically it was just what I would have done in the old house at home and just what I'd do here now."-Chicago Inter

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#### THE IRON OF REMORSE.

How the First Fright Of Battle Troubled a Young Officer.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

It is never well to be too sure what you would do under given circumstances until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you-when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age-may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If any one had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there and have reflected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated, too, but being a right minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horatius that the molten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge. So he very properly chose the cavalry, and heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sigh for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land and still struggling to be masters of it, and when a woman was truly a blessing of the gods and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the department. But as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadetswhich is not to be taken seriously-Mackworth had not let woman enter into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win the approval of the war department and the gratitude of his country was to avoid wire pulling and to kill Indians. Therefore he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chatto took the Chiricahuas on the warpath, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho and his mess chest prety well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things then-though before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring skepticism. And this was how it came about:

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines in the Mogollons. The fight began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his boyhood, which had fostered an unconquerable fear of the dark; it may have been some lurking instinct, or it may have been just blue funk which overcame him. Anyway, he hid behind a bowlder, crouched and cowered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him "What are you doing?" ne ed. He was an Irishman and a soldier of the old school, but he did not swear. Mackworth knew from that how bad it was. He scrambled up and babbled. "Get out of there," the captain said. He would have used a better tone to

one of the troop curs. Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer afraid, only ashamed - sickeningly ashamed-beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smoking cigarettes and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get under cover," he suggested. "You are taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes and did not answer. His face was not only white aow; it was gray and set, like the face

of a corpse. Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself, and it is unhappy out of all proportion." And presently he went to him again. "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted.

"No," said the lieutenant, "I won't." The captain swore now, flerce oaths and loud. "I order you back under cov-

Mackworth glanced at him and went on smoking. Morley did not fancy his own position, arguing with a green boy, fully exposed to an invisible enemy. He knew that wasting officers is pretty, but is not war. "I shall order you to the rear under arrest unless you get back there with the men immedi-

Mackworth retired, with a look at his superior for which he should have been court martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts, being a chase of the intangible, up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you; down them, when he slid atop of you; across malpals and desert, from the level of the mesquite and the greasewood to that of the pine and the manzanita. Chatto's band was at the north, to the south, to the east and west, but when the troops got to the spot after forced

marching there was nothing. It went on for two months, and all the while Mackworth's despondency grew. The weight of years was upon his yet barely squared shoulders, the troubles of a lifetime were writ upon his face. And it was a pitiably young face despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his beautiful baritone in song be the camp never so dull. Only his captain knew why of course, and he didn't tell. Nei-

HORSES. thought the remorse healthful, and he knew besides that in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusion

worth eventually tried to work out his: Trade this Year as Usual. the hostiles-a dish faced, straight lock-The Falling off Seems to be due to ed creature of sinews-who spoke Dearth of Suitable Animals for ter of the troops and said that his chief

There has Hardly been as Large a

Export

There has hardly been as large an export trade this year as usual if one may judge by appearances without any figures to guide the opinion. And may judge by appearances any figures to guide the opinion. And this falling off seems to be because of a dearth of suitable export animals. The export of horses from Canada and the United States grew in five years from 2,000 animals to 30,000 and from a value of \$700,000 to \$4,800,000. The continent of Europe took of the 80,000 less than 7,000 of which rather over half went to Belgium and the lesser half to France, Germany and Holland. France took a class of "cabbers." The bulk of all the others were draft horses, in fact of those going to Great Britain 90 per cent. were draft ani-Britain 90 per cent. were draft ani-mals, 7 per cent. were high class coachers, and 3 per cent. were road-sters and trotters. Those rated draft, are animals weighing 1,500 lbs. or over. It costs from \$30 to \$40 per head to send a horse from Chicago, Toronto or Buffalo, to the market in Europe and another \$10 or so to put him in shape there for sale, as it takes some time for the horse to recover from the

time for the horse to recover from the effects of the sea voyage.

The charge for a cheap horse is just as great as for a first class animal so that it pays to buy and export the best class. From this it will be readily seen how important the Draft Stallion is to the export trade in horses. And the value of a draft, horse increases largely with size. Horses waighing largely with size. Horses weighing 1,700 lbs. are much more valuable than those weighing 1,500 lbs. Over the former weight a good quality of horse flesh is valuable; it has been estimated that over 1,700 lbs. it is worth 50c per pound. Good, well made draft stallions are more needed now than ever before if we are to keep and increase our export trade in

Canada's Paris Exhibits,

The Canadian Commissioners for the Paris exhibition have decided to re-commend that the exhibits be sent by regular steamer instead of by one of the government vessels as was first worth's face. Well within the canyon the hostiles were in camp. They had proposed. The only vessels available from the government fleet were the Newfield and Stanley. Both are combucks were squatting upon the ground or playing monte with cards of painted paratively slow boats, but the greatest drawback was the fact that their carrying capacity was very small. Hence it has been decided to acquire hide, around a cowskin spread under a space on the steamship line running The chief waited for Mackworth to to Antwerp and send the exhibits on begin, but the white man's instincts from Antwerp to Paris by railway were good. He beat the sullenly silent A large collection of mineral exhibits for Paris has reached Ottawa. redskin at his own game, and in the

The Eoly Stairs.

The Santa Scala, or Holy Stairs, at Rome, were brought from Jerusalem along with the true cross by the Empress Helen, and were taken from the house which, according to popular tradition, was inhabited by Pontius Pilate. They are said to be the steps which Jesus ascendeed and descended when brought into the presence of the Roman Governor. They are held in the greatest veneration at Rome. the greatest veneration at Rome. At its sacrilegious to walk upon them. The knees of the faithful must alone touch them in ascending or descending, and that only after the pilgrims have reverently kissed them.

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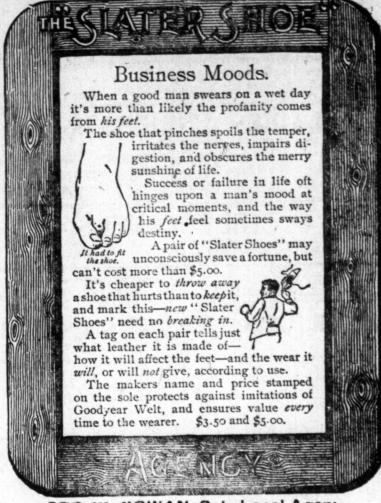
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