# A Kamsack Sunday---Among the Indians and Doukhobors

BY CY WARMAN.

Kamsack, which is "Joyful" in Indian, is 300 miles Northwest of Winnipeg, by the Canadian Northern Railway, and it is here that the Presbyterian mission is making over Indians and the finished product they turn out is the finest type of American Indian I have ever seen.

The "Kamsack" Indian helps to bring up the average and equates in a measure for the shortcomings of the cadaverish red rascals who loaf along the main line of the Canadian Pacific farther south, and their less attractive brothers below the line.

Their reservation on the north bank of the beautiful Assiniboine is one of the garden spots of the Territories, and contains some of the prettiest, quiet rural scenes in all this wide Northwest.

On one side of the river are the Indians and on the other the wide domain of the Doukhobors.

It was Sunday in Kamsack on both banks. The mission folk were passing on the way to church, which is some three miles from the mission. Behind the carriage, carrying the white people came a democrat wagon drawn by a fine pair of horses, reined by an Indian under a Northwest Mounted Police hat, wearing a boiled shirt, duck trousers and baseball shoes.

He had a bit of red and white ribbon in his buttonhole; his wife sat beside him, and in the rather two seats his children—boys and girls—all well dressed.

While the family were evidently of the Astorbuilt brand, others in the train were well equipped, and clad in clean clothes and wore glad smiles, if Indians can be accused of showing happiness in their glances. Other Indians, travelers, hay-harvesters and freighters were camping about all the morning. I had been watching them as they brought their horses and oxen to the well for water. The well was only a water barrel under the railway standpipe catching the waste water where the farm horse quenches his thirst. All of those with whom I talked spoke English and many spoke fairly good English, even to "these and those."

Of course there is little liquor drinking among the Canadian Indians, but that is not their fault. The American goes after it as naturally as the honeybee goes after the sweet that is hidden in the heart of the clover, but when the Canadian Indian lifts the cup or the can that makes trouble, a Northwest policeman dashes it down.

To be sure many of them show the scars of civilization and many a wild Jaunita bears the whiteman's burden, yet, on the whole, the Northern Indian is doing fairly well considering his associates. While the Indian is dying out in the United States he is increasing in Canada.

On the south bank of the Assiniboine the Doukhobors have settled, and here in a near-by village we see them standing or sitting about in groups talking quietly. The entire town seems to be enjoying a quiet Sabbath—sleeping, as it were, in a sheltered vale, bathed in the warm northern sun. The clothes of the men are clean and so are the men. They are home from the week's work in the far-off fields, on the railway grade and from the forest. Their week's wages are also home, hence the unpopularity of the industrious Doukhobors with the hotel man, which is Canadian for "saloon-keeper."

In Canada there is always some sort of a hotel connected with the bar. Nothing is more creditable to the Doukhobor than the fact that he is industriously downed by the drink-seller and constantly sought after by the contractor and employer of labor. One road builder who hires them by the hundreds tells me that they are the best workers in the west. They give a good day's work and woe to the timekeeper who builds upon beating one of them out of a cent he has honestly earned. They are as shrewd as they are industrious, and as honest as they are clean, and when it comes to bathing they beat the English. All these men we saw lounging and resting about here have thrown aside their soiled, ill-smelling working clothes, have bathed and dressed clean this morning. And they are clean-minded, too, these men and women who are pioneering in the new Northwest. The severely critical will tell you that there is abroad photographic evidence of their immodesty. So there is, but no shade of evidence that they are not unusually virtuous. If a Doukhobor damsel dives off the bank of the Assiniboine before your eyes it is because there is water below. She is after a swim and means to have it. Set your curious face another road and try to hold your breath until she calls or beckons you back. She is not brazen. Neither is she ashamed, because to the pure in mind all things are pure. To be sure they will change in time. They note our sidelong glances. They have heard that a Northwest Mounted Policeman, who suffered himself to be photographed in front of a band of Doukhobor bathers, in the natural, got two years for his folly. They will figure that in some vague way it is not nice to be caught unclad with a native, and will cover themselves accordingly. The daughters of these damsels will bathe as we bathe and do as we do. The next generation will not shock us with their open air ablutions, but swim and sin secretly, and suffer the same as we suffer for our sins.

The change will come rapidly to these people. Only a few years ago some of them were destroying machinery. Today they are using steam plows that turn eight furrows. They will break 35,000 acres of wild lands this year. Only a few years ago they went by thousands in search of the Messiah. This year just 35 pilgrims started, mostly old men and women, and only a few finished. Already they are applying individually for work on the railway and you must settle on Saturday with each man for his work. Knowing all this, I like to look upon this Sabbath scene of quiet contentment. About the houses a few elderly women are seen. Two small boys are driving the cattle home—rolling fat they shuffle through the wild grass, drift down to the village street and into the common corral. Upon the slopes some splendid horses are feeding, unfettered and unafraid. They lift their heads and gaze at us standing belly-deep in the grass.

On the mesa above the village a flock of girls, gaily clad, are playing hand ball; the maidens are shy, but the horses come up, poke their noses into the wagon and hang their heads over the front wheels as if they would make us welcome.

The wild duck and the tame duck swim together in the pond; the chickens and prairie chickens play together in the lot, and far down at the end of the road near the river bank a house cat and a cotton-tail cut funny capers and kick up a dust. All things seem to dwell here in harmony and quiet contentment. It is as if the gentle Nazarine had come and walked here and written on the hills and vales and on the quiet sky that bends above, the one word "Peace."

So peaceful are these Doukhobors they say, that even the creeping things are disarmed and made gentle.

They tell of a woman who left her door ajar, as she explained to a visitor, so that "Eden" could get in and amuse the baby. The visitor, who happened to be a journalist, stepped back, when the woman was engaged in the garden, peeped in and saw "Eden." Eden was a rattle snake coiled close by the baby's feet. He was laughing and rattling his rattles to beat the tambourine girl, all to the joy and delight of the Doukhobor babe.


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### The Baconian Myth

Of all the frivolities and follies now epidemic in the present too general degradation of literary criticism, the monstrous myth of which Dr. Webb has constituted himself the apologist is by far the most mischievous. It is not merely that names which are the pride and glory of our country are becoming associated with the buffooneries of sciolists, cranks and fribbles, and thus gradually acquiring a sort of ludicrous connotation; but for the sane and intelligent study of our national classics is being substituted a morbid scrutiny for evidence in support of paradoxes, and an unsavory interest in hypothetical scandals about their private lives.

It is not so much by its absurdity as by the absence of everything which could give any color to that absurdity that the Bacon-Shakespeare myth holds a unique place among literary follies. Its supporters have no pretensions to be considered even as sophists. Their systematic substitution of inference for facts and of hypotheses for proof; their perverted analogies; their blunders and their misrepresentations; their impudent fictions; and their prodigious ignorance of the very rudiments of the literature with which they are concerned, could not, for one moment, impose on anyone who, with competent knowledge and a candid and open mind, had taken the trouble to investigate the subject.

What Judge Webb and the Baconians ask us to credit * * * is that a man, whose conceptions of love, of beauty, and of friendship found, as his whole character and career, as well as the rest of his writings prove, exact expression in his essays of those subjects, and in his "Essay on Marriage and Single Life," was the author of "Venus and Adonis," of the Sonnets, of "Romeo and Juliet," and was the delineator of Viola, of Portia, of Rosalind, of Hermione, of Imogen; that a man without a spark of genial humor was the creator of the "Merry Wives," of Falstaff, of Mercutio, of Touchstone, and of Dogberry; that a writer in whose works there is no trace of any dramatic imagination, of any light play of wit and fancy, of any profound passion, of any esthetic enthusiasm, transformed himself into the poet of the marvelous dramas to which all these qualities are essential and predominating characteristics; that the master of a style, the notes of which—in color, in tone, in rhythm—are unmistakable, became at will the master of a style in which not one of these notes is, even in the faintest degree, discernible; and lastly, that a man should by the very poetry of which he acknowledged himself the composer, refute all possibility of his being equal to the compositions of poetry of which he never made any claim.

And why this monstrous tax on our credulity? Because it is unlikely that the son of a burgess in a provincial town should possess the clasical knowledge, the knowledge of law, the knowledge of ancient and modern literature, of history and philosophy, of court and high life which the author of the Shakespearean dramas undoubtedly possessed. But of all the characteristics of the subtle and powerful intellect which informed and nourished the genius which gave us these dramas the most obviously striking is its marvelous receptivity. * * *

The moment, therefore, we come to inquire into the mystery of the Stratford burgess' son, we find that it simply resolves itself into the mystery of his unique constitution and temperament. What must forever remain inexplicable is not what puzzles the Baconians, his attainments, his culture, and his knowledge of life and men, but how it came to pass that nature should have created a man whose intellect and genius are, in their receptiveness, in their range, grasp and versatility, almost as miraculous as the suspension of natural laws. What the Baconians forget is that, even in its less extraordinary manifestation, there is no analogy between genius and talent. That a lad of seventeen, without education and in absolute solitude, should have produced the Rowley Forgeries; that a Scotch peasant, with nature only as his teacher, should have produced what is most exquisite in the poetry of Burns, are equally beyond the range of possibility under normal conditions.—John Christian Collins, in "Studies in Shakespeare."

## LIFE IN EDINBURGH A CENTURY AGO

**Taverns Played an Important Part in the Life of the Old Town.**

Within the tall "lands," in Edinburgh, built so closely together that the inhabitants of adjoining houses could often shake hands across the deep but narrow chasm that divide them, the inhabitants lived in the most confined quarters. Four, five, or at most six rooms constituted the apartments of the wealthiest families. Servants slept outside the house or under the kitchen table; beds were made up for the nurse and children in the master's study; turned-up beds with curtains drawn round them stood in the drawing-room. Naturally the entertaining that could be done in such apartments was of the smallest. My lady could receive a few friends over a cup of tea in her bedroom, but when her lord wished to dine or wine his friends, recourse was had of mere necessity to one or another of the taverns.

Taverns, in fact, played almost the same part in the social life of Edinburgh during the third quarter of the eighteenth century as coffee houses had done in London in Addison's time. They were the common meeting places of a race of men to whom home meant little more than a place to sleep. Doctors met their patients, lawyers consulted with their clients, over a mug of ale or a tass of brandy in the little rooms of a dark tavern half underground. Here the city magistrates were accustomed to meet, and here the ministers of the General Assembly were entertained. Even tradespeople attended to their business as much within the tavern as within the shop. As a result a greater part of the male population of Edinburgh drank steadily from morn till eve, and far on into the night. At 10 o'clock at night the drum of the city guard warned all God-fearing men to leave the tavern and seek their homes, in accordance with the provisions of an ancient law which closed all places of entertainment at that hour. But the law at this time was laughed at by the very magistrates sworn to enforce it. Scott's picture of Councilor Pleydell is but a faint sketch of the accomplished toper of the olden time. Even today the capacity of a well-seasoned Scotchman for his native drink is something to appal the untried foreigner; but if we may believe a tithe of the stories collected by such a creditable authority as Dean Ramsay, the Scotch of today are in this respect but poor and degenerate scions of a heroic race.—Booklovers' Magazine.


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### The Gentle Bulldog.

The modern bulldog is grossly libeled by his own appearance. His bloodshot eyes flattened nose, deep chest and formidable tusks give him an appearance of ferocity, and his naturally sweet disposition is overlooked save by the few who know and love him.

Take, for example, the eighty forbidding animals in the annual championship show of the London Bulldog Society, which opened at the Crystal Palace.

For all their ill looks, they allowed themselves to be pulled about and treated disrespectfully by everyone who passed.

Champion "Broadlea Squire," for example, came down from Manchester yesterday in a railway carriage full of children. The little ones poked their fingers in his eyes, put their hands in his mouth, pulled his tail, and took unheard of liberties. The champion did not like it, but was too much of a gentleman to protest.

There was an old gentleman at Sydenham who moved about disconsolately among the exhibits seeking for something that was not there.

"There's not a fighter among them," he said. "Not one of them would stand a moment's chance against one of my old dogs." He was listened to with respect, for he was Mr. "Teddy" Morgan, aged 71, a famous trainer of the old fighting breed.

"I had an old dog named 'Fiddler,'" he said, "that killed thirteen dogs in his time, but that was 40 years ago. At one great fight two dogs, Joe and Duke, fought for three hours before Joe was killed."—London Mail.

All Harvard men will be interested in the purpose of Professor Adams Sherman Hill, who is 72 years of age, to leave his professorship of rhetoric on Sept. 1.

## GRAVEYARD OF PACIFIC COAST

**AN UNTAMED SPOT WHERE TIME HAS STOOD STILL FOR MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS.**

**Crews Shipwrecked on Its Rocks Fall a Prey to the Natives—Vancouver Island Indians Fast Disappearing.**

The west coast of Vancouver Island is an untamed spot, where time has stood still for more than 100 years and where, owing to the topography of the country, there will be little or no advancement in the ensuing 100 years.

Vancouver, Quadra, Gray and Captain Cook all sailed along this coast and visited the numerous little harbors that make indentations in the forbidding shore line. They warped and towed their comparatively small craft around numerous islands and up canals and inlets, reaching far into the interior of the island, and in their wake came the fleets of traders who bought fish and fur from the Indians. Those were the two great staples of more than 100 years ago and they are still in the lead—in fact, are the only resources on which the degenerate remnants of the once powerful tribe depend for a livelihood.

Thirty-six hours' ride by rail and steamer from Portland, Ore., will land one in the heart of this, the wildest region to be found anywhere west of the Mississippi River.

White men are scarce along the west coast, about the only representatives being the storekeepers at the Indian villages. To supply the wants of these few white traders and to carry the mail the Canadian Pacific dispatches a small steamer every seven days.

INTERESTING TRIP.

For the last year the Queen City, Captain Townsend, has been covering the route, and a round-trip voyage on this craft is one of the most interesting trips that can be made in the same length of time anywhere in the West. More than half of the voyage is spent in cruising well inland on bays and inlets that run back from Barclay, Kyoquet, Nootka, Clayoquot, Quatsino and other "sounds" which lead out to the open sea. The steamer usually makes her first stop out of Victoria at San Juan, and then at Carmanah Point and Cape Beale.

The most important landing place in Barclay Sound is the new cable station at Bamfield Creek. This is where the Australian cable leaves the shores of North America, and there are about 20 men employed here, some of them being fortunate enough to have their wives with them. After leaving Bamfield Creek the Queen City steams up the Alberni Canal far inland to the old town of Alberni, where the ships from England loaded "timber" 50 years ago. The ruins of the old mill are still in evidence, but it has been many a day since a deep-water carrier sailed up this beautiful inlet.

HISTORIC LORE.

The west coast of Vancouver Island is rich in historic lore, and there is much tragedy mixed with the history. In Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, the Northwest America, the first vessel built on the Pacific Coast was launched by Captain Meares in September, 1788, the American ship Columbia, Captain Gray, being in the harbor at the time of the launching. Fifteen years later in the same cove almost the entire crew of the American ship Boston was massacred by the Indians.

At Chayoquot Sound the natives murdered almost the entire crew of the Tonquin, which had gone north from Astoria to trade. Then there were tragedies of the sea, almost without number, and in the early days the survivors of ships wrecked on the west coast frequently met a death on shore worse than drowning.

And over all this forbidding coast there rests a glamour of historic interest that will never be dispelled. The names of Gray, Vancouver, Meares, Quadra, Cook and a number of others will be remembered until the end of time, and it was from the bleak west coast that they set forth to explore what is now known as Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. The names which these leaders of civilization in a new world gave to the rivers and bays, sounds and mountains (Rainier excepted) are still in use and always will be. For this reason alone the west coast will always remain a locality of absorbing interest to both Canadians and Americans in the Pacific Northwest.

GRAVEYARD OF VESSELS.

"The graveyard of the North Pacific" is the somber and expressive name that was bestowed on the west coast of Vancouver Island so many years ago that the identity of the man who named it has been lost. Time has not changed the significance of that name, and the harvest of death and destruction of property still go on. Big square-riggers, schooners, barkentines, steamers and even men-of-war have all found a common grave on the shores of this wild stretch of coast line.

A few of these wrecks were of sealing schooners which were driven ashore in a fog, but the greater part of them were vessels bound in or out of Puget Sound. There have been many wrecks and a considerable loss of life along that death-haunted region between Cape Flattery and Grays Harbor, but there are so many stretches of beach and little coves along there that dead bodies and wreckage usually wash ashore in a condition that renders identification impossible.

With the exception of two or three good entrances, the west coast of Vancouver Island presents no such favorable front to the ocean. Rough, jagged rocks, sharp and cruel in spite of the everlasting beat of the surf against them, extend down to the water edge, and under the surface hidden rocks and reefs in many places extend out for miles. On these the staunchest ships ever built are quickly ground to pieces, and the unfortunate crew, seeking in the fog or darkness to effect a landing on the adjacent shores, meet with a similar fate.

Occasionally a wreck dodges the rocks which guard the entrance to most of these harbors or coves and gets in where it can be identified before it is pounded to pieces. In a great many cases, however, there is just enough wreckage left intact to excite speculation as to its identity, but not enough to offer a satisfactory clue to the vessel it came from.

EXIT THE INDIAN.

The Vancouver Island Indian seems to have suffered worse by contact with the civilization of the white than any other coast tribe. The advent of the white man found this island populated by many thousands of healthy, well-developed Indians, but bad whisky and greater evils that follow in its wake have caused the destruction of the race, and today there are certain tribes, notably along Quatsino Sound, where the cry of the native papoose will never again be heard, the youngest Indian in the district being five or six years old.

Large numbers of the men have been lost in seal hunting in recent years, and as the seal hunters have always been the flower of the tribe from a physical standpoint, the loss to Indian posterity has been very severe. In every Indian village on the island are numerous vacant huts that will never again be tenanted by the red men.

The destruction of the race, which is so largely due to the adoption of the white man's vices, cannot be regarded otherwise than with regret. In perhaps almost any other part of the West this regret would be softened by the knowledge that the passing of the red men presaged the advent of a higher civilization. Here there is no recompense for the disappearance of the race, which, even in its picturesques squalor, added interest to a section of the country where Nature was lavish in her gifts of scenery, but woefully stingy in passing out resources of greater intrinsic value. When the last west coast Indian passes over to the great beyond his place will not be filled by a superior order of being.

LONELY LIVES

The respectable white traders and missionaries who now lead lonely lives among them, having no more timber to work on, will return to civilization, and the few remaining specimens of man will be the cultus squawmen and their offspring, the latter in their development retaining all the evils of both white and red men and none of the good of either.

In justice to a scattering few hard-working prospectors and mineowners now trying to discover what the west coast of Vancouver Island was made for, the above statement should perhaps be qualified. There are numerous mines along the west coast and several hundred thousand good American dollars have been lost forever in an endeavor to make producers of them.

The Government, the Catholics and the Presbyterians have spent considerable money in schools and churches for coast Indians, but the results have been far from satisfactory. All of the religion that can be forced on an Indian in this country does not seem to diminish his love for lying and stealing, and the morals of both sexes are shocking. The girls born into the world with a handicap of environment and blood, are taken up by the well-meaning but misguided church people and taught just enough to make them understand that there is a higher civilization and a better life than that which they are leading. Their intellects are not exactly dwarfed, but through centuries of tradition and breeding diverted into channels which run not with ours, soon enable them to understand that an impenetrable wall of caste forever bars them from mingling closely with the better civilization of the outside world. —Chicago Chronicle.


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## THE FIREMEN OF THE PLAINS

**WHAT COWBOYS DO WHO ARE CALLED UPON TO FIGHT FLAMES ON THE PRAIRIES.**

**Systematic Plans Successfully Carried Out—Cattle Must Be Sacrificed to Save Cattle.**

The "firemen of the plains" work with a system—each man knowing what is expected of him and bravely executing it like firemen of the city. Cowboys are the "fire fighters of the plains," and burning grass is the material consumed.

We will take, for illustration, the great Espuela or "spur" ranch in the lower Panhandle country of northwest Texas, and go back a dozen years, when destructive fires were more frequent than they are now. Hundreds of cowboys were employed on that ranch, living in camps widely separated, covering the unsettled counties of Dickens, Crosby, Garza and Kent.

Great and very destructive prairie fires often occurred, and systematic plans were adopted to fight successfully the devouring element, which not only involved a great loss of grass, but of stock also. One of the most successful plans was the following: It was understood among the men at the various camps that when smoke was discovered ascending from the prairie, each and every cowboy must saddle his horse and gallop away toward the fire straight out in a line from his camp.

This had to be done at night also, the fire then being detected by its light; and the boys would come from every direction, striking the line of fire at many different points almost at the same time. If the fire had spread much, the men from the different camps would sometimes be many miles from each other, those from the same station going in a squad together.

If it was at night the scene would be one of wild and weird grandeur. The great line of fire, the galloping horses as the cowboys approached it, some from camps on opposite sides, their forms and those of their horses standing in relief in the bright glare of the burning grass. Herds of bellowing, frightened, stampeding cattle, made the scene more terrible and exciting as they ran before the pursuing, crackling, roaring flames. Above the din could be heard loud shouts of command from the leaders of the assembling men which would remind soldiers of a battlefield. The resemblance became more realistic when rapid pistol shots were heard far out on the prairie in the midst of the running cattle.

The men were not standing still on their horses; the fire was traveling, and they were going with it until ready to begin their attack. Cattle must be sacrificed to save cattle. As soon as an animal fell, four cowboys dismounted and sharp knives and hatchets were at work, and in less time than it takes to tell the slain animal was cut in twain. The halves were split so as to lay flat on the ground, and to each hoof the end of a rope was fastened, the other end being around the pommel of the cowboy's saddle. They dashed away to the line of fire, dragging the severed parts after them.

When they have reached this, two men would cross-plunge through the blaze. Tom tried it, but his horse wheeled and turned away from the blaze, snorting loudly and in terror.

"Give me your end of the rope, Tom," one of the other men said; "I can go over; Black Duncan will face it," and with a great plunge he cleared the line of fire.

One of the other two also crossed, and without a moment's halt and with scorched faces, they wheeled their horses and ran parallel with the fire, dragging the bloody half of the beef over it, smothering the fire out as fast as their horses could run and drag the weight. One man was then on one side of the fire and the other on the opposite, each with his rope to the foot of a beef, straddling the blaze and beating out the greater part of it.

They wore slick duck jackets and leggings upon which the fire could not easily take hold. It was hot work, however. They could get only the length of their ropes from the fire. The two men with the other half of the beef were going in the opposite direction, taking the other end of the line of fire. Suppose the fire was traveling south and the line extending east and west, two dragged east and two west, fast receding from each other, and every moment widening the black streak which marked the trail of the smothered flames.

While these four men were getting ready to do this work other cowboys were sitting on their horses near by, their faces lit up by the burning grass and cheering their companions, who were crossing the fire line to fight the main battle.

These, however, who were idle had their works to do. Each held a rolled slicker in his right hand, and when the breach was made in the fire line they divided their forces, and followed the boys who were sweeping the flames in order to extinguish effectually any which might be left. Unextinguished spots were left sometimes by the plunge of a scorched horse jerking the drag off the line of fire, or by its striking a great bunch of hard turf and jumping over a spot.

Very often cowboys that carry the drags had to hunt weak spots to cross, or else there would be danger of horse and rider perishing in the effort to get through.

Before the plan described was put in practice, wagons loaded with water and tow sacks were run to a fire, and the boys had to dismount and fight the flames with wet sacks. They were supplied with these by men galloping back and forth between the wagons and fire-fighters. The dry, hot sacks were carried back as fast as wet ones were furnished.

The other plan was the best, being more rapid and efficient. Horses would get crippled and men burned at times, especially when the wind was high—those on the windward side being most exposed. Some have been known to stay in their saddles during a long run until the skin would peel from the side of the face that was next to the line of fire.—Fort Worth, Texas, Record.


## First Dose Went Right to Spot

**Commercial Traveler Talks of Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

**Gives Valuable Advice to Those Who Use the Railroad Train Frequently.**

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 23.—Mr. J. H. Ireland, one of the oldest and best-known commercial travelers on the road, has come out with a statement for the benefit of his fellow-travelers.

"It is with pleasure," says Mr. Ireland, "that I indorse Dodd's Kidney Pills. While on a trip through the Maritime Provinces Dodd's Kidney Pills completely cured me of a severe pain in my back that had bothered me for some time. The first dose seemed to go right to the spot and removed the trouble so effectually that it has not and is not likely to return.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are just as advertised," Mr. Ireland concludes. "They cure to stay cured."

Travelers, railroad men and others who ride on the railway a great deal are subject to Kidney Troubles. They will find Mr. Ireland's statement valuable reading.


### The Enemy of Disease

The way to avoid contagion is to keep the mind pure and sweet, having due regard also for the body. Cultivate optimism and hopefulness and avoid gloomy thoughts and forebodings. Seek the society of those who are buoyant and helpful and if at any time you are overtaken with the realization that your lot is not what it should be, think of the condition of many who are not so fortunate as yourself, who are suffering from actual want. The woman who would avoid microbes will not fear them. Courage and the consciousness of right living and high thinking are the enemies of disease.—Editorial in Madame.

### Is "a Change" Needed?

Men and women in civilization retain many of the primitive instincts of animals, children and savages, and these get on quite well with what they are accustomed to day after day, and never worry because they cannot do something tomorrow which did not occupy them yesterday. Without going further back than a century, our forefathers got on very well with the minimum of change in their habits; they did not often take holidays for a change; they lived and died at a good old age without having worried themselves in seeking changes of scene. Old people's chances of life are increased by steady living in the same manner, and change would be the most likely thing to kill them. Women, in spite of their being the mutable sex, whose lives have a greater actuarial value than men's desire and take change less than men do.

In short, the lower you go in the scale of general intelligence, culture and refinement, the less desire of a change is found. Imperturbable sameness and not change is their ideal of pleasure and gives them most satisfaction. This is the explanation of their restricted range of eating and drinking. What are the delicacies to people of the more cultured classes are disgusting to them, and if they are offered to them are refused with the most perfect fastidiousness ever to be met with in matters of the table. Indeed a complete change of diet would be completely abhorrent to anybody, and this is equally true of the change of occupation which we call holiday-making.—Saturday Review.

### Sensational Religious Ceremony.

One of the most remarkable and sensational religious ceremonies in the whole of India takes place annually at Kulu, in the Himalayas.

From a cliff overhanging a precipitous gorge several hundred feet deep a rope is stretched, and fastened to a strong stake on the opposite side of the ravine, nearly 2,500 feet, and when it is strechted taut the upper end will be several hundred feet higher than the lower end.

Down this terrible incline the victim or performer slides, the precaution having been taken to wet the rope to prevent it from catching fire from the friction.

This descent is effected as follows: The performer sits astride on a kind of rough wooden saddle fitted with holes through which the rope is threaded, while to his legs are attached bags filled with sand, to enable him to maintain an upright position during his descent, and also to increase the momentum. The lower end of the rope is wound round with rugs and carpets in order to check the descent at landing, and prevent the sheriff, as the performer is called, from dashing his brains out against the pole to which the rope is fastened.

STYLE No. 777—A new model, distinctly in advance of any yet produced, possessing an exactness of fit never before equalled. Ample skirt to give the new drooping-hips effect, gored so as to taper the waist. Made in silk poplin cloth, silk stitched, trimmed with wide Valenciennes lace and satin bow.

By the adoption and continual wearing of an E. T. Corset beauty of form can be cultivated.

There is an E. T. Corset made for you that will give you the graceful curves of the fashionable figure.

Ask your dealer to fit you with the corset that suits your figure.

**E.T. Corsets**


The first few hundred yards of the descent is accomplished with lightning velocity, as is indicated by the stream of smoke which follows in his wake. The incline then diminishing, the pace becomes slower and slower, so that by the time he reaches the goal he is able to stop himself without danger.

The underlying motive of this curious ceremony is that if the flight is safely accomplished, prosperity is assured to the crops for that year. This sentiment naturally minimizes the danger of the feat, as it is to everyone's interest that it should be safely accomplished. Indeed, a similar motive is at the bottom of certain religious festivals in Roman Catholic countries.

A well-known example of this is the fete of the Scoppio at Florence, when a dove, albeit an artificial one, performs an aerial flight of a somewhat similar nature on a wire stretched from the summit of the high altar of the cathedral to an ox wagon filled with fireworks which is stationed at the west door. The Himalayan ceremony can be traced back for hundreds of years, and the men who perform the feat form a small, distinct caste.—Chambers' Journal.


## Read This, Rheumatics!

Just because your disease is deep-seated, the best of treatment is required. Only powerful remedies can reach your sore muscles and joints. Ever hear of Nerviline? It has been curing rheumatism for nearly 50 years; thousands have been restored by it. Even the King's physician can't find a liniment with more power over pain than Nerviline. You only have to use Polson's Nerviline to be cured. Get it today.


### Man Traps in England

We were reminded the other day of some of the incidents of country life of former years by the offering for sale at a London auction mart of a couple of man traps. These engines were, once upon a time, part of the chattels of well nigh every considerable landowner and every energetic gamekeeper. Another implement was the spring gun, which turned on a swivel and discharged itself as soon as one of the connecting wires was stumbled against, the muzzle of the gun turning in the direction of the trespasser as indicated by the wire, the guilty party generally receiving a coating of pitch, if nothing worse. The man traps sold the other day were probably the first some of the attendants at the sale ever saw, and were of the old formidable pattern; that is to say, they resembled a glorified gin. They measured 74 inches long and were just about three feet in height, so that they would catch a poacher well above the knee, and once nipped, there he would remain till his cries or the ordinary round of the keepers led to his release and capture. The spring gun gave its alarm and watchers were speedily in attendance. There was something very barbarous about the use of these engines, which were not so very long ago quite common; in fact, people need not be very old to have seen boards bearing the legend, "Beware of man traps and spring guns," and it is only about 30 years since the 24th and 25th Victoria made their use illegal.—London Field.


## WEARING AWAY YOUR LUNGS

Yes, and your strength, too. Stop coughing, get rid of your catarrh. Use Catarrhozone, which never fails. It cleanses and heals, helps nature to restore your sore throat and nose. Positively the only remedy that acts quickly and never fails. Get Catarrhozone today.


### Miss Anthony's Heroic Cure.

If there was ever any fad in therapeutics to which Miss Anthony gave attention it was the water cure. She has the highest regard for the virtues of cold water as a remedial measure. Many years ago, when she was lecturing in Plattsburg, N. Y., she happened to get her feet frost-bitten. She put them under a faucet in the kitchen to thaw out, which was successfully accomplished, but the next morning she awoke with a frightful pain in her back. She could scarcely get out of bed, but she insisted on keeping her lecture engagement that night. The next day, although she had to be carried to the sleigh, she drove seventeen miles with her knees doubled up to her chin, and lectured that night. Rising at 4 o'clock the next morning, she rode ten miles by stage, and then went by train to Watertown. At that city she engaged a room at a hotel, and took her case in hand. She institued measures that, to say the least, may be called strenuous. She called for several buckets of ice water, which she had a maid pour deliberately over her back. Then she wrapped up in hot blankets and went to bed. The next morning she awoke a well woman. —Woman's Home Companion.


## FITS CURED

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