

COMFORT SOAP

Most Popular
With Most People
For Most Purposes
COMFORT SOAP.

POSITIVELY the LARGEST SALE in CANADA

Chased by an Ostrich

(By J. Alden Loring.)

Probably the most amusing incident that happened to any member of the Roosevelt African Expedition occurred to me before we had been in Africa a week; I was chased by an ostrich. The ostrich was not a wild one, for the wild birds are far too cunning to do anything so adventurous. We saw them feeding in pairs and small groups on the veldt, but they were too shy to be easily approached.

The ostrich that gave chase to me was a huge bird that belonged to an English settler by the name of Percival. It was a member of a fine flock he had reared from eggs brought him by the natives. He valued the old birds at \$400 each.

At night, Percival kept the ostriches in a kraal—brush enclosure,—and early each morning let them out to feed on grass, while a Kikuyu boy stood guard. The native was armed with an eight-foot pole, at the end of which was a wide croch. This stick he used to protect himself when an ostrich became ill-tempered and attacked him; he would push the fork against the bird's neck, and hold the creature off it until became discouraged and was willing to "be good."

A cock ostrich when peevish has a disagreeable habit of running up to a person, bowing him over with a blow of his foot, and then dancing on him.

Unless a man has one of those forked poles when he is attacked by an ostrich, he is likely to be seriously injured by the bird's powerful kicks. In such a case the best thing to do is to lie flat on the ground, and let yourself be trodden on. You may be pounded black and blue, and badly bruised, but even that is better than having a fractured skull, broken ribs or limbs, or great gashes cut in your flesh by the bird's strong feet.

It is the duty of safari managers to warn greenhorns of the danger from tame ostriches, and as one of Percival's birds was noted for its truculent disposition, our party had been properly cautioned.

Unpacking our outfit at Kapit, where we made the first camp, we remained there only long enough to put things in working order, and then rode across the veldt for half a day to Sir Alfred Pease's ranch.

All along the route we saw thousands of animals. It seemed impossible that in this age there could be any spot on the earth where animal life was so abundant. Herds of zebras, hartbeests, Thompson's gazelles and wildebeests, in separate bands and sometimes mingled together in one great herd, were feeding on all sides.

The wildebeest is a remarkable animal. Some herds are so shy that it is almost impossible to stalk them. Others seem full of spirit of playfulness, and will caper about a hunter as if trying to induce him to join them in a frolic.

Doctor Mearns was once pursuing on horseback a wounded animal, when a herd of wildebeests joined in the chase, and for half a mile ran by his side, tossing their heads in the air and bucking and kicking as if they were thoroughly enjoying the hunt.

It was a gently rolling country, and was a scarcity of water at Sir Alfred's place and his shooting box was too small to accommodate us all, Doctor Mearns and I and most of the porters camped at Potha River, about four miles away.

Three-quarters of a mile behind the camp was Percival's place. In the evening of our first day at Potha, he came down and asked us to visit him and see what a typical East African ranch was like. On the way I noticed numerous small earth mounds that looked as if they had been blown up by our Western pocket-gophers.

Now, my special work with the expedition was collecting small mammals, and naturally when I discovered these mounds I became interested. Early the next morning I shouldered a bag of steel traps and, with my rifle and shotgun, made for the spot where I had seen the gopher workings the evening before. I wore a green shirt, which was supposed to serve the double purpose of being invisible to animals and of tempering the rays of the powerful tropical sun.

We arrived at the spot, a-out four hundred yards from Percival's house, and I began digging into a burrow

with a long case-knife, with the intention of setting a steel trap in the underground passageway. The animals live a subterranean life, and appear above ground only when in the course of their work they break through the surface in order to push out the earth that they have excavated.

It was a gently rolling country, and the only trees in sight were the scattering ones along the edge of the river where our camp was pitched.

I had set one trap and was on my knees, digging into another mound. My gun-bearer, wondering, no doubt, what new kind of white man I could be, stood by, watching my actions.

Glancing up from my work I noticed the Kikuyu boy driving the flock of ostriches from the enclosure and starting them off to pasture.

Presently I heard him shout, and I saw that an enormous cock bird had left the kraal, and was heading in our direction in a very significant manner.

Of course I had a gun and a rifle with which to protect myself, but the \$400 that I would have to pay if I killed the bird made me reluctant to kill it.

I jumped to my feet and looked in some perplexity at the gun-bearer. "What shall we do?" I said. "Run!"

Although he could not understand English, he must have known by my tone that I was asking a question, and so he replied with the only English word he knew: "Yes."

I did not wait to pick up the bag of traps, but snatched the shotgun. The gun-bearer grabbed the rifle, and off we started. It was fully half a mile over the gently rolling veldt to camp, and it seemed that the great bird would easily overhaul us before we could reach it, but the thought of the \$400 stimulated me to my top speed. Yet I did not dare to throw away the shot gun.

We had a lead of three hundred yards. At intervals I looked back over my shoulder, and saw the ostrich swinging over the ground at a graceful trot; his wings were half-raised, and at every step his body rose and sank as if it were resting on springs.

A herd of about twenty-five wildebeests were just ahead of us; when they saw us bearing down on them they divided to let us pass. Then they lined up on each side, about a hundred yards away, and dashed along parallel with us, tossing their heads, bucking and frisking, and evidently taking a deep interest in the race.

It was plain that the ostrich was not exerting himself. Perhaps he thought it would be more fun to run us down and tire us out than to end the race by a sudden burst of speed. With each stride, his feet reached out like those of a race horse, and as he drew near I saw that his bill was half-open. With his extremely small head mounted on his snake-like neck, his open mouth gave him an idiotic appearance.

When he was within forty or fifty yards of us he suddenly began surging back and forth, and it seemed that I could read his thoughts: "I've got you. You can't get away!"

And he did have us. But the ridiculousness of our position, together with a nearer view of the green shirt that I wore, seemed to intoxicate him with ecstasy; the foolish old bird threw himself flat on the ground, lifted his wings over his back, and began rocking from side to side, and twisting his head and neck about as if he were ready to burst with laughter.

How long he continued to act so I do not know; I was too busy watching for the green covers of the tent, to

loom ahead. But I do know that we put two hundred yards between us and the bird before he again started after us. We were so near the camp that the wildebeests had veered off, and now stood watching from a safe distance the finish of the race.

When at last we came within shouting distance of the tent, I tried to call, but I could hardly make a sound. I turned to the gun-bearer and by signs made him understand that I wished him to attract attention. He shouted long and loud.

The porters came swarming from their tents, and the uproar of laughter that broke from the crowd still tings in my ears. Not one of them offered to come to our assistance, they just stood there and laughed. Cunningham, however, darted back into his tent, and reappeared with a large towel. Running toward us, he waved the towel in front of him as if to flag the bird, or to announce to us that the race was over and that we had won the prize of \$400.

As we entered the camp, amid the uproarious mirth of the childlike porters, the ostrich trotted up to within twenty yards of the tent, threw himself on the ground again, and repeated the antics that he had gone through a few minutes before. Finally he tired of it, and, rising, went to feeding about the veldt as if nothing had happened. Soon his keeper appeared and drove him back to the flock.

During the rest of the trip I was constantly reminded of that experience, and time and again was obliged to tell the story. But what wounded my sensitive feelings most was to have Sir Alfred Pease, in a ludicrous cartoon the episode, and ask me to inscribe beneath it my feelings at the time and then to sign my name.—Youth's Companion.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

An eminent scientist, the other day, gave his opinion that the most wonderful discovery of recent years was the discovery of Zam-Buk. Just think! As soon as a single thin layer of Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or a sore, such injury is insured against blood poison! Not one species of microbe has been found that Zam-Buk does not kill!

Then again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, or a cut, or to skin diseases, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. They care nothing for the science of the thing. All they know is that Zam-Buk stops their pain. Mothers should never forget this.

Again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. This forming of fresh healthy tissue from below is Zam-Buk's secret of healing. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literally casts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why Zam-Buk cures are permanent.

Only the other day Mr. Marsh, of 101 Delorimier Ave., Montreal, called upon the Zam-Buk Co. and told them that for over twenty-five years he had been a martyr to skin disease. His hands were so sore that he could not even hold a pen. He had tried everything, but he had no trace of any relief of the disease.

All diseases of the skin, such as eczema, or we will send you will tell if you send this advertisement and a 1c stamp (to pay return postage). Address Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

A GREAT DOG TOWN

The greatest dog town in Great Britain, if not in the world, is Haverfordwest. There are a great many men in the town who live wholly and make a good living by breeding, buying and selling dogs. Although the population is only 6,000, at least 6,000 dog licenses are issued annually, and there are also a large number of exemptions. Almost daily there are more dogs than people in the public streets, though valuable animals are never allowed to run loose.

Haverfordwest dog breeders are known for their working terriers, show terriers, pointers, setters and spaniels, which are daily traded for big sums through the fanciers' journals and go everywhere. It is the home of the Sealyham breed of terriers, the origin of which has puzzled the keenest sportsmen. One fancier's kennel recently sold by auction realized £200 but £250 is not an unusual price for a single dog, while £60, £70, and £80 are almost common. The quaint old town, with its mixed Welsh, English and Flemish population, is almost the hub of the dogs universe.—Fur News.

Fight With Enraged Moose

(Moncton Transcript)

John O'Neil, the well known Moncton merchant, left for a hunting party to visit his old hunting grounds and try his luck for deer and other small game. He was armed with a number 12-inch double barrel shot gun, and went into the woods on Tuesday afternoon, down to the Kouchibouguac river, where he deer go to drink. Thinking that he might be fortunate enough to see a deer, he loaded his gun with two bullets, the only two he took with him from his pack.

He stayed at the river till dusk. On his way out he had to cross a small spring brook, where he refreshed himself with a drink of water. This rivulet he knows well, having often filled his water bottles there when on his many fishing and hunting excursions. Around this brook for a distance of some yards there is a dense growth of young alder trees and other small bushes. Before coming to this brook Mr. O'Neil heard a tremendous breaking of trees, branches and ram-pikes about five hundred yards away where stands a much larger growth of trees. In all his twenty-five years hunting Mr. O'Neil declares he never heard such cracking of trees by moose. He was unable to define the cause, as he could hear no call. An old portage road leads from the river to the railroad track. Three men, one of whom was Mr. Warran, the game warden of Kent County, had passed along the road about five minutes ahead of Mr. O'Neil. They saw a big bull moose, and not being armed, they tried to frighten him off. The moose was a good distance away but seemed to show fight, and the men immediately left the vicinity. Mr. O'Neil was hurrying along the road so as to get a glimpse of this denizen of the forest, as by the cracking of the trees he considered him to be a formidable beast. When close to the other big bull stepped out of the thicket on to the path, about fifteen yards from Mr. O'Neil. This was the big bull seen by the three men referred to. He was greatly enraged, apparently wanting to try conclusions with the other big fellow that was rushing his way. Seeing Mr. O'Neil, he roared, as only an enraged bull can, tossed and poised his immense antlers, preparing to charge. It was a battle to the death, Mr. O'Neil having no rifle to kill big game, was in a very precarious position, being alone, and not even a large tree in sight. He fired and luckily hit the moose directly back of the ear, and felled him to the ground. The bull soon regained his feet, still roaring, and charged again, when Mr. O'Neil fired his second and only bullet, which passed through the monster's lungs. The animal fell a second time, but regained his feet and hobbled away into the thicket. Lighting a match O'Neil looked among his ammunition for a stray bullet, but could find nothing but cartridges.

Undaunted, he dropped his gun, and armed with a small hunting knife, he gave chase. He had only the light of the moon to guide him, and after several minutes search he saw his victim on the ground in a position as if to rise again. On looking closer, Mr. O'Neil saw that one of its front feet was thrown back in such a way that the moose could not quickly rise. Mr. O'Neil then sprang on the animal's back, grasped the immense antlers and quickly dispatched him with his hunting knife.

The antlers have a spread of fully fifty-three inches in width, with twenty-three points, which are now on exhibition in Mr. O'Neil's great furnishing store, 511 Main Street Moncton. The carcass, when dressed and viewed by old moose hunters, was declared one of the finest ever seen in that section of the country. Mr. O'Neil having already secured several moose heads, only brought back the antlers from which he intends to have made a unique chair.

WINTER AND SPRING

Sick headache is caused by a disordered stomach. Take Chamberlain's Tablets and correct that and the headaches will disappear. For sale by all dealers.

NEW STORE

Call at S. H. EAGLESON'S for all kinds of Harness work and Boot and Shoe Repairing. Second door west of post office 18 3 mo

Bridgetown Meat Market

Having purchased the Meat Market conducted in the past by Mr. Joseph Moses, I am now offering to the public a choice line of

Meats, Fish, Etc.

I will continue the cash system introduced by Mr. Moses and will therefore be in a position to sell at lowest prices.

THOMAS MACK

Preserving Season is Here

We have a splendid line of

Fruit Jars

Mason Improved Jem Perfection Seal in Pints, Quarts and Two Quarts

A fresh stock of

Pickling Spices and **Pure Cider Vinegar**

J.I. FOSTER

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Highest Reward on PIANOS

There were no prizes offered or given at the Provincial Exhibition just closed at Halifax, but the unanimous verdict of people who examined our stock was that if there had been prizes we would have been entitled to the first place.

Our stock of Gerhard-Heintzman, Gourlay, Brinsmead, Bell and Martin-Orme Pianos and Player Pianos, and the Bell Organs with the pipe tone, were pronounced by competent judges beyond all praise, and we made a large number of sales.

We still have quite a lot of this stock carried over, which will pay you to get prices on WITHOUT DELAY.

The Johnson Piano Co.,
168 Hollis Street, - HALIFAX, N. S.

Ammunition of all Kinds

Winchester, Remington, Eiley's and Dominion

Shot Guns, Rifles, Game Bags and Belts

Everything that is needed to take to the woods to make the trip a success.

See our window display of the above goods. Come in and get our prices.

Crowe, Elliott Co., Ltd.
THE HARDWARE FIRM, Bridgetown, N. S.

Tailoring

All the latest cloths now in stock, English Cheviots, Tweeds, Vicunas, etc. STYLE AND FIT GUARANTEED.

T. J. MARSHALL.
Queen St., Bridgetown, N. S.

FLOUR AND FEED

including Purity, Ogilvie's Royal Household, Rainbow, King's Quality, Goldie's Best and Star, Bran, Middlings, Feed Flour, Linseed Meal, Cornmeal, Cracked Corn & Chop Feed all of which will be sold at finest figures for cash.

ALSO A COMPLETE LINE OF

Groceries and Crockery

C. L. PIGGOTT

FINE GROCERIES

We are offering some

HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES

A substantial discount will be given for 30 days on

CHINA AND GLASSWARE

J. E. LLOYD

Phone 56-3 Granville St.

Professional Cards

O. S. MILLER
BARRISTER,
Real Estate Agent, etc.
SHAFNER BUILDING,
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and other professional business.

OWEN & OWEN
J.M. Owen K.C. Daniel Owen L.L.B.
BARRISTERS AT LAW
Annapolis Royal
Office Over Bank of Nova Scotia
Office in Middleton open Thursdays.
Office in Bear River open Saturdays.
Money to loan on Real Estate Security

CHAS. R. CHIPMAN, L.L. B.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
COMMISSIONER ETC.
Shafner Building, - Bridgetown
AGENT FOR CALEDONIAN INSURANCE CO. Insure your buildings in the largest and strongest company.
MONEY TO LOAN
Telephone 53.

Roscoe & Roscoe

Money to Loan on first-class real estate security.
W. E. ROSCOE, K. C., D. C. L.
BARRY W. ROS OE, L.L.B.
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries and Insurance Agents
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
Offices in Royal Bank Building

C. F. Armstrong

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR
Blug Printing, etc.
Transit Work, Levelling, Draughting,
MIDDLETON, - N. S.
PHONE - 79-21

Dr. F. S. Anderson

DENTAL SURGEON
Graduate of the University Maryland
Office: Queen Street, Bridgetown.
Hours: 8 to 5.

Arthur M. Foster

LAND SURVEYOR
BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA
Chas. F. Whitman
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR
Draughting and Blue Prints
Carleton Corner, Bridgetown.

Leslie R. Fairn

ARCHITECT
Aylesford N.S.
G. E. BANKS
PLUMBING
Furnace and Stove Repairs
Bridgetown, N. S.
TELEPHONE NO 3-2

W. E. REED

Funeral Director and Embalmer
Latest styles in Caskets, etc. All orders will receive prompt attention. Hearse sent to all parts of the county. Phone 76-4.

UNDERTAKING
We do undertaking in all its branches
Hearse sent to any part of the County,
J. H. HICKS & SONS
Queen St., Bridgetown, Telephone 4
H. B. HICKS Manager

Now is the Time to Enter
Full staff of skilful and experienced teachers. Up-to-date courses of study, light, airy, cheerful rooms, complete equipment. Over forty years experience of the needs of the public, and of success in meeting those needs. Catalogue mailed to any address.
S. KERR,
Principal

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use

DYOLA

The Guaranteed "ONE DYE" for All Kinds of Cloth.
Clean, Simple, No Chance of Mistake. TRY IT! Send for Free Color Card and Booklet. The Annapolis-Bridgetown Co., Limited, Montreal.