

CANADA HOUSE.
Corner Water & St. John Streets,
CHATHAM
LARGEST HOTEL IN CHATHAM.
Every attention pa to
THE COMFORT OF GUESTS.
Located in the business centre of the town.
Stabling and Stable Attendance first rate.
WM. JOHNSTON

pump is first charged with water, which is done in an exceedingly brief time, and in a very simple manner by means of a siphon attached to the shell of the pump. When it has been charged, the

the suction pipe is then lowered into the coal, and coal and water are pumped up together and thrown out through the pump's discharge pipe in a continuous stream. A heat to preheat the coal

is made fast alongside the wrecking boat, and the coal from the pump is discharged upon a screen set at an incline between the two boats. The water runs through the screen and the coal

The suction pipe can be handled for the most part from the wrecking boat. If any handling under water is neces-

ary, a diver goes down for that purpose, and it may be that the diver brings within the power of the pump's suction remnants of coal left in nooks and crannies which it might otherwise

not have reached. When the boat has been emptied, if it is not too much damaged or water soaked or too firmly bedded in the mud, it will float of itself. If suction holds it to the bottom, it will

Pumps of this kind are made of from 2 to 60 inches in diameter.—New York Sun.

In the ordinary working of the brain one half is more active than the other and exercises a superiority on its neighbor lobe. This lobe—in ordinary per-

sons the art, of course—is the cerebral master. Heredity, education, or what we will—all the combined influences, in short, which mold human life—have tended, by some process of physiological

selection to place one lobe over the other in point of importance. The other (right) lobe is the servant of the left in a measure. Its education has been neglected, and it requires the control of

its better cultured neighbor in order that life may be conducted in a sensible and sane fashion. The most hopeless cases of insanity, Wigan would have held, would be those in which both

hemispheres were affected. If one was alone ailing, the other might exert more or less control over it, and the extent of the control would depend on which lobe exhibited the diseased ac-

tion. All degrees of insanity or mental derangement could thus be accounted for on this supposition of the relative control of one hemisphere by the other. The perfect life is that in which the

See-Treen Co.

not at this time into the eye. The

CHATHAM, N. B.

and our six, and he killed them all over

800 yards except one deer, which he shot on the run and about 150 yards distance, breaking its neck.—J. S. Jones, U. S. A., Retired, in Army and Navy Journal.

ELEPHANT CURIOSITY.

An Animal Which Stands With Its Feet Imbedded in Reeds.

On the Miles Wilbur farm, less than two miles from Palmyra, Wis., nearly

It is annually visited by large numbers of people, some of whom pronounce it a petrified elephant of monster size, but the theory most generally believed is that it was hewed out of the solid rock in which it seemed imbedded centuries ago by some prehistoric race.

As if to substantiate this latter theory, from time to time many valuable tools,

pelicans and implements unknown to the people of this age have been found about its base and in that immediate vicinity. It is about 20 feet long, 6 or 8 feet high, and is composed of a dark gray color and weighs hundreds of tons. The body only is above the level of the ground, its legs being down to the bottom, holding it firmly in a standing position.

A tradition believed by many is that around this huge stone the Indians gathered to offer sacrifice to the Great Spirit and burn their prisoners at the stake or make them the victims of slow torture known only to the Indians. It is a long established and generally believed theory that in this immediate vicinity the Indians practiced human sacrifices.

spring were some of their most famous
battlegrounds and hunting grounds. — Boston Transcript.

HIS CHECK WAS GOOD

THE STORY OF A RAGGED MAN AND A
GOTHAM HOTEL CLERK.

An Amusing Incident Which Demonstrates
How True It Is Not Always Wise to
Judge a Man by the Cut of His Coat or
the Size of His Trousers.

Dave Gelvin—it is pronounced Gal-
vin—of Matland Hotel, is one of the
cattle barons of Northwest Missouri, a
section of country which has a larger
number of cattle barons. As a hus-
band he is a failure, but as a cattle

and a plusher Dave has few equals and no superiors, and what he does not know about cattle would not be worth finding out.

Dave is always so busy looking after his cattle interests that he seldom has time to "dress up" in his company clothes, and at first sight a stranger would think of him as an innocent stranger, eager to buy a good brick or likely to blow out the gas.

Several years ago Dave shipped a lot of export cattle from Maitland and went as far as New York with them. When he arrived in New York, he looked like the ragged end of poverty, but he was too busy to secure a change of clothing and some business to transact that he intended taking a train for home the next morning. Dave is a lover of the

"All right, I'll take care of you," replied Dave. "You'll have to wait a moment while I get your things together. I'll be right back."

"Oh, I'll pay you in the morning," said Dave, turning to go to the elevator.

But the clerk knew a thing or two. He was not to be caught that way—no he.

"There is no deviation from our rules, sir," the clerk said politely but firmly. "You must pay in advance."

"Then I'll give you a check," said Gelvin, who was rapidly becoming angry.

He stepped back to the desk, filled out a check for \$500 and handed it to the clerk. But the clerk was not to be greenhorned. He was a New Yorker, and he was. He would not accept the check unless less certified.

By this time Dave was mad. He said a few words in Latin, or in a language that sounded like it was of a foreign origin.

The clerk called a messenger boy and dispatched him to the Chemical National bank, with a note asking if a check of \$500.00 signed by David Gelvin of Maitland had been cashed. Mr. Mc, was good.

The clerk knew it was not, but Dave was fighting mad, and the clerk realized the effort to ascertain the worth of the check would be worth it. While the messenger was absent Dave walked to the

The messenger returned with an answer. It read, "Mr. Gelvin's check worth \$500 is perfectly good."

The clerk at once became obsequious and said, "There was nothing too good for Mr. Gelvin of Missouri."

"Well, give me back the check," said Dave. "I'll go over to the bank and cash it myself."

The check was handed to the fraternal man, and he marched out and never returned. The clerk was evidently filled with curiosity about the Missourian.

For he sent a letter to Charley Donovan, cashier of the Metallind bank, asking if

Charley robe back that Gelvin's "good" for \$1,000 was perfectly good; his "bad" was good for \$10,000, for five times that, and then he would have a balance in the bank. "You don't blanked fool," he said, "I'll give you a check for \$10,000, and then you can buy your third rate washer, and then I'll give you a check for it, take it quick. It's as good as the gold."

Deave declares that the ambition of his life is to go back to New York some day and make a fortune out of the clock. He insists that when the time comes he is going to dress like a king, hire a corps of footmen, a dozen valets carry 37 trunks; travel in a special car and go down to New York and throw the clock back into the fire.

This will explain why Gelvin is miserly.

a tireless worker. He has enough to live on in luxury and ease all the rest of his life, but he has not yet accumulated enough to make that New York trip in what he considers the proper style. Until he does he will work harder than any hired man on his place.—Ymaha World-Herald.

What He Would Be.

"I regret to say," she said reprovingly, "that you do not always use words with a due regard for their exact meaning."

He bowed with becoming humility.

Now," he replied with much feeling, "for he had no great love for the dog, "he would not be mad; he would be dead."
—Chicago Post.

Some what True.

To err is human, and to stick to it till more so.—Chicago News.

