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The Express

SMOKE THE
TERMINUS CIGAR
CLEAR HAVANA FILLED

VOLUME II. NORTH VANCOUVER, B. C., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1906. NUMBER 22.

CHAS. COX SUICIDES

And Leaves a Written Statement.

Yesterday afternoon Chief Constable Dick was notified by the Mission Indians that a dead body was found near Third street, back of the church. The corpse had become unrecognizable, and was removed to Centre & Hanna's undertaking parlors. Between his legs was discovered a new Smith & Wesson revolver with two chambers discharged Close by, on a log, was a penknife.

This morning on investigation the body was found to be that of Charles Cox, a jeweller, a former employee of B. R. Whitely, of Richards street. He was last seen on the ferry St. George, on the 2:15 trip, on June 16 last. He had asked for a week's holiday, and received his wages by cheque. The cheque lead to the clue. On his person were found a watch, $2.80 in cash and a box of cartridges. In an insurance diary the following was with difficulty decipered, as it had been written with an indelible pencil and got wet. Where the periods appear the words could not be made out:

To the *World*, Toronto:

I do not wish my sister to grieve over me for doing this. B—— will not bother you now with his long list of bad records. But do not . . . when he is going to do the right thing. If the world is too good for brother to live in, why then the best thing for him to do is to get out of it. I do not know what I have done to be ridiculed . . . or abused, that I should be treated thus. I have asked this infernal dope machine to be stopped, or else I would do this; but it doesn't mean . . . If I ever done a wrong thing to anyone, I am only too willing to make it good. But I do not believe in thrashing a child, then give it another thrashing because it . . . and keep on. If a criminal does anything wrong he suffers. Then it is over. I am willing to do the same if I have done anything . . . If I am made believe a thing and go wrong then . . . it is no fault of mine. I hate nobody, never did. I was not brought up that way, or inclined that way. You may know my fate . . . But I am not ashamed of it. I think this is enough. You will not have any more pranks to play upon him or any other kind of games. He will not bother you. B——

P. S.—I do not prefer this to blessings that man was put on this earth for, or which I intended to stear clear . . . But not when I am forced that way. The next subject, try what is right first, then if not successful do the wrong thing, but not before the right. I give my body to the medical students. Good bye, all.

From all accounts he was a young man of about 27 years of age with a good character and unmarried. Lately, however, he appeared to be dispondent, and laboring under some unknown hallucination. He had $134.20 to his credit in the bank.

An Appeal to Naturalists

To the Editor of THE EXPRESS:

Sir,—the Natural History Society has undertaken the work of establishing a wild flower garden in this city. We have secured a most eligible site in Beacon hill park, and the city authorities have promised to make us two small rocky ponds. Our aim is to secure a representative collection of the many beautiful wild flowers and shrubs native to this province. We now appeal to anyone who is interested in the flora of his particular locality to help us. We want this fall only those subjects that will thrive on rocks and in dry situations, as we shall not have water until next season. Our funds are limited and we cannot offer to pay for plants, but will gladly pay freight charges. It is a labor of love on our part, and we shall be glad to hear from anyone able and willing to help us in the good work.

EDW. ALEX. WALLACE,
President.

Victoria, B. C., July 19, 1906.

Straight Streets.

Workers in the moral paths and by-ways of humanity hope on the strength of the bible to have all the crooked ways made straight. The task of correcting the many twists and zig-zags incident to the frailties of human nature is sufficent to daunt the zeal of the most optimistic reformer. The problem is simpler, though, in the domain of municipal improvement. Here we are dealing with something definite and concrete. Whilst it may be a difficult matter to straighten out the imperfections of character, it should not be a hard problem to make the side lines of all the streets in North Vancouver continuously straight. Jogs in a street are most unsightly. North Vancouver aspires to be the leading tourist resort on the Pacific coast. Such an aspiration imposes responsibilities that cannot be shirked. The streets should be made as attractive as possible. No one will take any objection to such an elementary proposition in rendering a town popular with the travelling public. The travelling public is rather critical, and is fond of publishing its opinions far and wide. Who has not heard of the streets of Philadelphia, or the avenues of Detroit? In the same way, North Vancouver should look far ahead and strive to earn the cordial appreciation of the many visitors who will soon be whirled along the streets and avenues by the cosy cars of the B. C. Electric Railway Company. The aim should be to provide wide streets with green boulevardes and avenues of shade trees. Not only this, but each street should be of uniform width. In respect to future sub-divisions, the council has it in its power to insist on all new thoroughfares being of the required width. This is a recent statutory provision and a most welcome enactment, which should put an end to anything in the nature of an alley masquerading as a street.

Lonsdale avenue is one of the principal thoroughfares of North Vancouver. It is provided with a line, and with its one hundred feet of width should not only be equal to the demands of traffic but also fulfil the conditions required to make it a street pleasing to the eye. It is of uniform width as far as Twenty-first street, where it narrows to eighty feet. If the patriotism of the owners of the land above Twenty-first cannot be prevailed upon to donate the twenty feet required to continue Lonsdale on lines of uniform width, it should be a duty of the municipal council to take up this question without further delay. It should not present any great difficulties. There are no buildings on the street line to be removed. Now is the time to cure a defect, which if allowed to remain as an eye-sore, will be a source of constant annoyance and regret.

Appreciative.

THE EXPRESS Printing Company:

Gentlemen,—I am enclosing $1 for year's subscription to THE EXPRESS, a copy of which I have received. I also received the souvenir booklet, and thank you for it. You certainly have struck the location. Success to you.

Yours respectfully,
C. RASBACH.

Herkimer, N.Y., July 11, 1906.

Church Notices.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, SIXTH STREET.

Services on Sunday at the usual hours, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

In the morning the service will be conducted by Rev. Dr. McLaren, of Toronto.

In the evening the pastor will preach.

Sunday School, 2:30 p. m.

Christian Endeavor on Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Everybody welcomed to all services.

Pastor: Rev. J. D. Gillam, M. A.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CORNER OF SEVENTH AND THIRTEENTH STREETS.

Sunday—HOLY COMMUNION at 8 o'clock.

Weekly services as announced.

Pride of North Vancouver.

Camp Echo, just east of Lonsdale gardens, was all agog early last Sunday morning. The occasion was the launching of the Pride of North Vancouver, owned and built by Geo. M. Wilson. She left the ways without a hitch and glided gracefully into the waters of Burrard inlet, the band playing "Sailor's Delight." Before doing so, however, Wallace Law delivered an oration and enthusiastically proclaimed her to be the greyhound of the bay. He also read cablegrams of congratulation from King Edward and Lord Lipton, the latter challenging Mr. Wilson to sail him. President Roosevelt, Premier Laurier and Minister of Marine Brodeur also chipped in.

Mrs. McKelvie dedicated and named the craft, which was decorated with the flags of all nations. Among the fixings are modern life preservers.

Among others present at the affair were A. McKelvie, Mr. and Mrs. Rothwell, R. and S. Brown and Miss L. Campbell.

The following public paean of congratulation, composed by Professor P. Y. Rothwellarce, was read by the author:

The kind of boat that's sure to win
Has her prow turned up and her poop turned in.
This boat we have here so neat and trim.
Has her bow turned up and her poop turned in.

The air is fine, the day is great.
She'll cut the water at a terrific rate
And it's dollars to doughnuts she's going to win,
For her prow's turned under and her poop's turned in.

The other boats will turn in disgrace.
The pride of North Vancouver has entered the race.
And all the rest she's sure to skin,
For her prow's turned under and her poop's turned in.

Steady, admiring friends, don't show a grin.
The Pride of North Vancouver is going in.
How do we know she's good for the tin?
Why! Her prow's turned under and her poop's turned in.

MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

The municipal council held its regular bi-monthly meeting on Wednesday night. All present except Councillor Morden.

D. Wild et al., petitioned to have First street, west of Lonsdale avenue, graded and put in shape to use. Referred to the board of works.

W. E. Flumerfelt, secretary of the Vancouver Tourist Association, wrote requesting the council to keep the Grouse mountain trail in repair. Left to Councillor Cornish to report.

J. B. Bressey wrote regarding the disgusting state of the ditch on Second street, opposite his property. Board of works.

Dr. H. E. Langis wrote asking that Elder street, block 169, be improved. Board of works.

William McNeish wrote requesting permission to put a fence across that portion of Delbruck street, west of the Indian reserve school garden and south of Keith road. Referred to Councillor May to report.

S. McHugh and six other civic employees petitioned for an increase of wages from $2.25 to $2.50 for nine hours. Laid over.

E. A. Haswell, secretary of the ferry company, wrote re building a sidewalk to Lonsdale gardens. On motion the council decided not to grant request.

W. Snider, contractor, requesting payment of his bill for extra work on his First street contract. Laid over.

Chief Constable D. H. Dick wrote regarding readjusting his duties, and also for a raise of salary. Laid over.

R. H. Sperling, general manager of the Vancouver Power Company, wrote re fire on the corner of Lonsdale avenue and Fifteenth street last June and expense therewith. Laid over.

Mr. Elder submitted a plan of sub-division of lot 265 and Bewick avenue. Left to reeve.

Plan of sub-division of 6 and 7, of 39 and 648 was submitted by Allen & Burgess. Approved.

Plan of sub-division of lot 43, submitted by Mr. Houlgate. Approved.

Plan of sub-division of lots 8 and 9, of 41, of 547 and 271 submitted by Allen & Burgess. Approved.

The reports of the board of works and water committee were read and approved.

The license by-law was laid over.

The scavengering by-law was referred to the health committee.

The reeve recommended that the new Anderson nozzle be purchased. Agreed to.

The council then adjourned.

A New Photo Studio.

Geo G. Nye, the pioneer photographer, has opened a photo studio at the corner of Sixth and Chesterfield avenue. He has a fine collection of local views, as well as a good collection of souvenir post cards of the Dominion day celebration, which are for sale at reasonable prices. He also enlarges portraits and is open for engagements. Mr. Nye is well and favorably known hereabouts, having been a resident of the town for a number of years. We wish him every success in his new venture.

A hat renovatory should do a good business here. Blockheads supplied.

A Distinguished Party.

A. B. W. Hodges and party are the guests of J. M. Holland at Camp Idle Hour, just west of Lonsdale gardens. Mr. Hodges is the general superintendent of the Granby Consolidated Mining, Smelting & Power Company. This concern employs over 1,000 men—400 or more at the smelter at Grand Forks, and 600 at the mines at Phoenix. Mr. Hodges, although just past 40, has had an eventful mining career. He has resided at New York, St. Louis, Puebla, Colorada, San Luis, Potosi (old Mexico). He has executed many important commissions for leading operators on the continent and elsewhere, including the Harrimans. Mr. Hodges has always felt kindly towards his employees, and on more than one occasion championed their interests. Every man in his employ works the eight-hour day, including the surface men. Mr. Hodges has noticed wonderful changes on Burrard inlet since he went into Dawson a year ago with his mining engineers. As a consequence he has made some good purchases in the realty of the Ambitious City.

Mrs. Hodges is a very charming lady, whose acquaintance is deeply esteemed by a legion of lady and gentlemen friends, who formerly resided in the upper country. Her graceful manner will make her popular where ever she goes.

The rest of the members of the party are the Misses Marion and Daisy Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. C. Smith, all of Grand Forks, who are well and favorably known.

Next week a cruise will be taken up the coast in a substantial yacht, jointly owned by Mr. Hodges and Mr. Holland, who will spend a month or so on the coast.

A Serious Accident.

Last Monday evening Miss Gladys Peacey, the ten-year-old daughter of School Trustee Peacey, met with a very severe accident. She lost control of her wheel on Chesterfield avenue and went at a terrific speed down the sidewalk to First street, where she struck the newly-laid car track, which stands above the level of the sidewalk, with awful force. The young lady was hurled some 30 feet and fell to the ground in a senseless condition. A passer-by saw the accident, but leasurely went on down to the wharf, where he informed Constable Dick of the affair. Mr. Dick was promptly on the spot and carried the unfortunate girl to his father's office on Lonsdale avenue. Dr. Power was summoned from the city and soon arrived, and ordered her to be taken on a stretcher to her home. She is improving as well as can be expected.

Concert.

A grand orchestral concert will be held in Larson's pavilion, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 1st, under the auspices of the North Vancouver volunteer fire brigade. The musical director is Prof. E. W. Cunningham, of Vancouver The orchestra will consist of 20 pieces, and will represent the best talent on the coast. The programme will be varied, a quartette rendering several selections; also a number of duets and solos will be given. The tickets may be obtained from members of the local fire brigade or at Mr. Cunningham's, 510 Hastings street, Vancouver. Admission, 35 cents.

LOCAL.

John Shields, Ashcroft, was here this week.

The electric light is promised by August 16th.

Chas. W. Dickson, Kingston, was in town on Sunday.

Five hundred feet of box drain is being laid on Second street.

A scow-load of hay and feed arrived this week for Brackman & Ker.

Mr. Franklin Wheeler is building a fine residence on Second street.

The pound was well filled this week. Fifteen cows and two bulls were taken in.

Gilbert Smith, Ottawa, was a guest at the Hotel North Vancouver this week.

The Western Corporation will lower Russell's store on First street east to the new grade.

Frank Wright, Edmonton, Alberta, was registered at the Hotel North Vancouver on Monday.

Work on Mr. Reda's new hotel has been considerably delayed of late. A scarcity of brick was the cause.

The staff of the *Daily World* held an enjoyable social hop in Larson's pavilion on Monday night.

Mark B. Lundy, Portage la Prairie, paid the town a flying visit. He reports business brisk in the Northwest.

If the present proposed loan by-law does not go through, the rate of taxation will likely be placed at 20 mills.

A meeting of business men will be held on Wednesday evening in the municipal hall to form a chamber of commerce.

On Tuesday morning the ground men of the B. C. Electric Railway Company struck for an increase of 50 cents a day. Up to the present they are still out.

The water has been turned on from Tenth street, south along St. George's road to Keith road, thence east along Keith road to near Ridgeway avenue to Dawson's. The wooden pipe laid extends half a mile and is 4-inch in diameter.

The fire brigade tested the new Anderson nozzle on Monday night, The nozzle did all that was claimed for it. The municipal council on Monday night decided to purchase it. There was a large crowd present to witness the test, including the reeve and council.

A camping party from Arlington, Wash., is located on the waterfront, just west of Chesterfield avenue. It comprises Dr. and Mrs Edwards, Mr. and Mrs G. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. E. Pautzke and Mr. C. Morris. Mr. Murphy and Dr. Edwards were former Dawsonites. The doctor and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Pautzke returned home today, the others remaining.

Master Charlie Cates, son of Capt. C. Cates, of Fourth street, was attacked by a huge eagle on Tuesday morning while picking berries, near Fifteenth street. The little fellow, with presence of mind, run under the bushes, thus preventing the huge bird following him. He was hit several times, but was not hurt very much, his elder brother coming to his rescue. It is thought that there were young eagles close by learning to fly.

THE EXPRESS

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GEORGE BARTLEY,
Managing Editor

A. BURR GIBBONS,
Advertising Manager.

CHAMPION OF HIS RACE

CHIEF SARK, MICMAC INDIAN, OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Magnificent Specimen of Manhood Who Aims to Be to Canadian Indians What Booker T. Washington Is to the Negroes of the United States—Won His Recent Re-Election Through Pure Reasoning.

What Mr. Booker T. Washington is to the negroes of the United States Chief John Sark of Prince Edward Island is trying to be to the Indians of Canada. Well educated for one of his race, of pleasing manner, and the possessor of unusual shrewdness, Chief Sark is beginning to be recognized throughout the Maritime Provinces as one of the most public-spirited men of his race. Though only forty-seven years of age, the chief has exercised his immediate authority over the Micmacs of the Island Province for more than ten years, and as there are more than three hundred of these full-blooded "Americans" under his jurisdiction

CHIEF JOHN SARK,
(Of the Micmac tribe of Indians, Prince Edward Island.)

it will be seen that his position is no sinecure. Recently some ultra-democratic members of the tribe began to air their "republican" ideas in the Government reservation at Lennox Island, claiming that it would be better for all concerned if the chieftainship were abolished. Such a course would necessarily be fatal to the national existence of a roving people, and this danger Chief Sark so successfully explained that he was immediately re-elected for another term. Though only the actual head of the Prince Edward Island Micmacs, the subject of this sketch has always entertained ambitious views regarding the welfare of his race throughout the entire Dominion. Recently he went on an official visit to several upper Canadian chiefs and to the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa.

In person Chief Sark is a magnificent specimen of manhood. Though the physical traits of his race are dominant in his face and form, yet a strain of hardy French blood can be noticed in his high forehead and piercing black eyes. His official residence is at Lennox Island, a beautiful spot about ten miles to the west of Summerside, P. E. I. Here upon the 10th day of August every year the chief presides over the ancient festivities which usher in the feast day of the Micmacs' patron saint, St. Anne.

A BLOOD RED LAKE.

Peculiarity Manifested by a Sheet of Water In Switzerland.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has a queer habit of turning red about two or three times every ten years. It is a pretty lake, like most of the sheets of water in that picturesque country, and its peculiar freak is attributed to a disposition to celebrate the slaughter of the Burgundians under Charles the Bold on June 21, 1476, but the French say that it blushes for the conduct of the Swiss, who in that battle gave the Burgundians no quarter.

This phenomenon, of course, has its legend. The old fishermen of the lake, who catch enormous fish called silures that weigh between twenty-five and forty kilograms, say when they see the waters of the lake reddening that it is the blood of the Burgundians. As a matter of fact, some of the bodies of the Burgundians killed in the battle were thrown into the lake, while others were tossed into a grave filled with quicklime. This historical recollection angered the Burgundian soldiers of the victorious armies of the republic in 1798 so much that they destroyed the monument raised in honor of their compatriots who fell heroically in that battle, and Henri Martin very justly reproached them for that piece of vandalism.

It would hardly do to attribute the reddening of the waters of the lake to the blood of the soldiers of Charles the Bold. The coloring is due simply to the presence in large quantities of little aquatic plants called by naturalists Oscillateria rubescens. The curious thing about it is that Lake Morat is the only lake in which this curious growth is developed.

Queer Things About Flames.

There is a relation between the color of flame and the energy of the combustion causing it. The more vigorous and complete the combustion the higher the refrangibility of the light. A flame burning in a tardy and restricted way emits rays that are red. When burning in a more complete and effective manner the emitted rays change to violet. The flame of a candle or a lamp consists of a series of eccentric luminous shells surrounding a central dark core. These shells of flame emit light of different colors, the innermost one—that in direct contact with the dark core—being red and having a temperature of exactly 977 degrees F. Upon this and in their proper order of refrangibility are shells of light which are orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. The reason that such a flame does not appear to us as a nest of cones of different colored light is this: When we look upon such a flame all of the rays issuing from the different layers or strata of concentric luminous shells are received by the retina of the eye at one and the same time. This can only impress with the sensation of neutral or white light.

Rubies.

The finest rubies are still kept in Asia. The Great Mogul had 108 large rubies in his throne, and among them was one weighing two and one-half ounces. Of European rubies Charles the Bold, that luckless son of a fortunate father, had three rubies called the Three Brothers, of perfect color and worthy size. They passed into the possession of James I., who sent them to "Baby Charles." There is a large heart shaped balas ruby in the English crown. It has been neither cut nor polished, is only semitransparent and is of a dark red, like a morello cherry. Austria had, or has, an oriental ruby the size of a hen's egg, and Queen Elizabeth showed Sir James Melville one as big as a racket ball. Runjeet Singh had a large ruby with the names of many kings engraved on it. Among them was that of Aurangzeb. A king of Persia had one which he prized at the value of a city or even a kingdom. It was a table cut balas ruby of a beautiful color of at least a finger's breadth.

The Ship's Log.

The record of a ship's voyage is called its log because the observations of its speed, usually taken hourly, by the log line are a very important factor in the record. The log line is so called because the float attached to the line was originally a small log or stick of wood. This "log" is now a square or triangular piece of board weighted so that it sits upright in the water. The log line is divided by knots or marks into lengths of fifty-one feet, which is about one one-hundred-and-twentieth of a marine mile, so that the ship is going as many marine miles or knots in an hour as the number of knots or lengths that run off the reel in half a minute when the "log" is thrown overboard.

Animals In Mohammedan Heaven.

According to the Mohammedans, ten animals have been admitted to paradise—the dog Kratim, the follower of the seven sleepers, Balaam's ass, Solomon's ant, the honeybee, Jonah's whale, the ram which was offered in sacrifice in place of Isaac, the camel of Saleh, the cuckoo of Balkis, the ox of Moses and Al Borak, the monstrosity which conveyed Mohammed from earth to heaven and back again in a very short time. These creatures were all sainted for some special services which they had rendered to man.

English Railway Signals.

An observant traveler on English railways could tell you at once the railway upon which he is traveling by merely looking at the first signal he passes. It may surprise many to know that there are hardly two styles quite alike in this country in station architecture and fittings, color of rolling stock, design and color of the locomotives, uniforms of the servants, style of the signal cabins and signal appliances and many other details.—London Mail.

Adder Stones.

The singular superstition of the value of adder stones for curing a variety of ills has continued in many countries from the time of the Romans. These celebrated charms are nothing more than antique green or blue glass striped in various designs and perforated. The virtues of these stones are sung in the poems of the ancient Druids and are mentioned by Pliny and other classical writers.

A Warning.

"See here!" said the theatrical manager. "You want to quit your overbearing behavior toward the other members of this company"—

"Indeed?" haughtily replied the Thespian. "I am the star, am I not?"

"Well, yes, but you want to remember that you're not a fixed star."

No Use For Them.

Customer (being measured in a fashionable tailor's shop)—By the way, what's your price for a suit? Tailor—Sixty dollars, sir. How many pockets would you like? Customer—No pockets at all. I shan't need any when I've paid your bill.

Poverty.

Poverty is very terrible and sometimes kills the very soul within us, but it is the north wind that lashes men into vikings; it is the soft, luscious south wind which lulls them to lotus dreams.—Ouida.

There is something on earth grander than arbitrary power. The thunder, the lightning and the earthquake are terrific, but the judgment of the people is more.—Daniel Webster.

Lava In the Ocean.

This earth received what was probably its greatest shaking in modern times when the tremendous volcanic eruption of Krakatoa, in Sunda strait, occurred in 1883. A curious incident of that time is recalled by a correspondent who was a passenger on a steamship on the voyage between Colombo and Albany. King George's sound, some 1,500 or 2,000 miles south of the center of the disturbance. It was a beautiful night, and shortly after dinner, when the deck was crowded with passengers, the lookout shouted, "Breakers ahead!" This was in midocean, with no shoal water nearer than the Australian coast, five or six days' sail distant. The steamer was slowed down, and presently drifted into a mass of floating lava and green slime. Bucketfuls were hauled on deck and strained through cloths. Nearly all night the steamer forged ahead at half speed, with the floating scum grating against her sides, and in the morning, when clear water was reached, the sides of the ship below the water line were bare of paint and burnished like steel.

The Red Howling Monkey.

The red howler (Mycetes seniculus) is a rare monkey of the forests of tropical America. It is an extremely delicate animal and is chiefly remarkable for the extraordinary noises it makes. The cries it utters comprise almost any sound from a subdued moan to an angry roar, and it is hardly conceivable that they should proceed from a single animal. This is the animal called red monkey by Waterton in his "Wanderings In South America," where an admirable description of its weird cries may be read. These sounds are produced in a bony cavity formed by an enlargement of the hyoid, or tongue bone. In appearance the red howler is an elegant little creature, well clothed with hair of a reddish brown color. Like the spider monkeys, it is provided with a long, prehensile tail, the under surface of which is naked toward the tip, but it differs from those monkeys in having well developed thumbs.—Westminster Gazette.

One Way to Get a Dog.

"There are ways and ways of getting things," said the old secret service man, "but I wouldn't recommend some of them to a Sunday school class. Now, I knew professionally a reformed confidence man. I won't say how deep the reform went, but officially he was reformed and occupied a pretty respectable position in the community. One day I met this chap on the street, and I had something to say to him. 'See here,' I demanded, 'is this your advertisement in the paper offering a reward of $5 for the return of a lost dog?' 'Sure!' said he. 'But you don't own a dog,' said I. He grinned. 'You mean I didn't own a dog,' he corrected. 'But I do own one now—the handsomest English bulldog you ever laid your eyes on, and he cost just $5.'"

Imagination and Judgment.

Dr. Eaton, president of Madison university years ago, was beloved by the students and his good opinion courted above all things. One commencement day the student who had delivered the valedictory approached the doctor and timidly asked him what he thought of the effort. The doctor looked at him a moment and then said slowly, "Edward, if you would pluck a few of the feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better speeches."

Talleyrand's Thirteen Oaths.

Talleyrand took thirteen oaths of fidelity—to Clement XIII. when he entered holy orders, to Clement XIV. when he became bishop of Autun, to Louis XVI. in 1789, to the kin and the constitution, to the directory in 1795, to the directory in 1796 as minister of foreign affairs, to the three consuls, to Bonaparte sole consul, to Napoleon emperor, to Louis XVIII. in 1814, to Louis XVIII. at the second restoration in 1815, to Charles X. in 1824, to Louis Philippe in 1830.

His Character.

A cook has been going round a station in the south of India with the following "character" and is somewhat surprised he is not engaged: "Abdul has been my cook for three months. It seems much longer. He leaves on account of ill health—my ill health."

Intellectual Drinks.

"Tea and coffee are drugs—drugs solely," said a chemist. "They stimulate the brain, and the reaction from the stimulation is not perceptible; hence tea and coffee are excellent brain spurs. For a little while they do actually make us more intelligent than we naturally are. That is why they are so popular. It is why we chemists call them intellectual drinks. Alcohol, whether it be taken in the form of champagne or beer or whisky, is not an intellectual drink, but the opposite. From the beginning alcohol stupefies instead of enlivening the brain. But it makes us talk! If it was not enlivening how should it make us talk? Alas, alcohol makes us talk, but we say under its influence the things we should not. Alcohol deadens the inhibitory, the prohibitive centers of the brain. It stupefies the brain muscle, which knows what things should not be told, and hence, while drinking we talk; but, oh, the things we say, and, oh, how we blush in the cold gray light of the morning after to remember what we said!"

"Tarry" Gould's Long Cruise.

"Tarry" Gould was a well known character in and around Danvers years ago, but very few knew what gave him the nickname of "Tarry." He was very fond of telling about the long sea trip he enjoyed when a young man. It seems he thought he was tired living ashore, so he went to Danversport and shipped on a coasting schooner bound for Philadelphia. He used to say, in telling his story: "I did expect to enjoy that trip so much. Well, we cast off from the wharf and started down river. When we got to Beverly bridge (a mile or so from the wharf) I made up my mind that I had got enough of it, and as we passed through the draw I climbed to the bridge and started for home, and, if you will believe me, I could not get a wink of sleep that night until they threw water on the outside of my bedroom windows to make it seem I was aboard ship."

Scraps From the Sea.

"There is often found at sea a life belt or some sort of a life preserver floating on the water that bears the name of the vessel to which it belonged," said a veteran sea captain. "As soon as it is reported there is at once a great amount of speculation on the part of those interested in the ship as to whether the vessel is safe or not. This increases to alarm if the ship is any way overdue. In most instances the preserver has been washed from the deck by a wave or has fallen overboard, and the alarm is entirely without foundation. I remember an instance in which my boat broke a crank shaft. We were eleven days overdue, and we were given up for lost because a raft that should have been fastened on the deck was washed overboard and picked up by a faster liner. I have sometimes thought it would be a good thing if these minor articles were not marked."

South Sea Island Customs.

When a south sea island mother wishes to chastise her child she seldom resorts to slapping, and slippers, of course, she has none. Instead of using the forms of punishment customary among civilized mothers she pulls the child's hair or bites some part of the body, generally the fleshy part of the arm. In wandering about the village one sees many children having on their bodies scars produced by wounds inflicted by their mothers' teeth. When a mother wishes to caress her child she deftly draws her thumb across its eyebrow or cheek or gently seizes its cheek between her teeth. The rubbing of noses is also a mark of affection among the Kingsmill islanders, as it is among the Maoris of New Zealand.

Given and Taken Away.

A tiny bridesmaid at a wedding the other day surveyed the departing bride and groom with a gloomy brow. "Oh, dear!" she pouted. "Sister was going to get married today and have lots of fun! And now that man's taken her away!"

Too Many.

"And David had five kings before him," read the pastor.

"Gosh!" exclaimed the man in the rear pew. "I'm glad David wasn't in the game last night!"

Piles Make Life Wretched

But There is Quick Relief From Itching and Thorough Cure in

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It may be truthfully stated that piles produce more excruciating pain, misery and wretchedness of feeling than any known disease. Life becomes a perfect burden during the attacks of itching, burning, stinging pains.

It is a great mistake to imagine that the effects of piles are local, for, as a matter of fact, they sap the vitality of mind and body and slowly but surely lead to the ruination of the health.

This is true of itching and protruding as well as of bleeding piles, which, because of the loss of blood, are more rapid in their disastrous effects.

Dr. Chase's Ointment brings almost instant relief from the itching, burning, stinging sensations of piles and is a positive and thorough cure for every form of this wretched, torturing and oftentimes stubborn disease. This has been proven in so many thousands of cases that there is no longer any room for doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most satisfactory treatment for piles that was ever discovered.

Mr. F. Morin, St. Eustache, Man., writes: "I suffered from piles for nineteen years and though I tried a great many remedies could not obtain a cure. The doctor told me it was necessary to undergo an operation.

"A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment and though I had no confidence in it I bought three boxes and began to use it. One box of ointment made a thorough cure. I gave what I had left to a friend of mine who was nearly as bad as I was and it made a perfect cure."

Frequently when doctors have failed to cure piles and the surgeon's knife has proven futile Dr. Chase's Ointment has effected a thorough cure. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Your Money Refunded by the dealer from whom you buy Sunlight Soap if you find any cause for complaint.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

$5,000 reward will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

Equally good with hard or soft water.

Levey Brothers Limited, Toronto

In Darkest England.

The dialects of England are so various that grammatical eccentricities are commoner even than among the mixed peoples of the U. S. An English paper has been printing some choice examples. In Somersetshire a party of masons are at work. One of their number is idling. The foreman appears.

Joe (warningly)—Hi, Ben, there be gaffer eyein' ee!"

Ben—Aye, I eyed ee eye I.

An example from Punch, but true as to dialectic peculiarities, is recalled. It is the reply of a farmer to a former vicar of his parish, who sympathized with him on the fact that his three elderly daughters were not married: "You zee, sur," he said, "when they would ha' they they wouldn't ha' they, now they would ha' they they won't ha' they."

He Kept the Mutton.

A colonel in one of the Pennsylvania regiments during the war was particularly opposed to the soldiers foraging and stealing supplies. But the boys would forage in spite of everything, trusting to luck to run the blockade and safely reach their tent with the captured prize.

A jolly young soldier was caught one night sneaking into camp with a juicy hind quarter of mutton impaled on his bayonet. "Where did you get that meat?" demanded the colonel sternly.

"Killed it in self defense," was the unblushing reply.

"In self defense, eh?"

"Yes, sir. You see, colonel, the critter flew at me out here in the woods a ways, an' I wasn't goin' to let no wild animal get the best of me while I was fully armed an' able to defend myself, so I"—

"That'll do; you're excusable this time, young man," said the colonel relaxing into a smile, "and, by the way, I've got a little errand for you."

"Yes sir," answered the culprit saluting.

"When you have turned that game over to your messmates you can go and get the other hind quarter and bring it to my tent."—New York Times.

A Warning.

The poet awakened with a shuddering scream.

"What is it?" cried his wife. "What is it?"

"A terrible dream," he said. "I spent an hour last evening writing a poem about the glory of the good old times, and I dreamed just now that by some magical influence I had been set back some eighty years. No telephone, no telegraph, no gas, no electric light, no plumbing in the house—no modern convenience whatever!"

"But that needn't have frightened you," said his wife soothingly.

"That wasn't the worst of it. There were no magazines to which to sell poems about the good old times."—Judge.

A Generous Cardinal.

Cardinal Bonaparte was a grandson of Lucien Bonaparte. He was a very charitable man. During one of his illnesses a servant came to him and said that a poor person at the door begged for alms. "Give him what money you will find in my purse," said the cardinal. "There is no money, eminence. The silver spoons are all given away. We have nothing left but pewter spoons." "Well, bring him in and give him a good meal."

Disappointed In the Boy.

"I don't know what kind of figure that boy'll cut in life," said the old man, with a sigh. He's gone an' shattered all my hopes!"

"Why, what's he been a-doin' of?"

"He's been a-doin' of nothin'," was the reply, "'cept writin' poetry on barn doors when I had set my stakes to make a carpenter or a congressman out o' him!"

Boats of Hide.

Travelers in Africa cross some rivers in small, round boats made of hide. The boats are pushed across by negroes.

Squeezing a Lemon.

A simple method of extracting juice from a lemon without the seeds is to roll the lemon until quite soft, then puncture one end with a silver fork, making the holes quite good size. When the lemon is squeezed the juice will come out, but not a single seed.

A Congo Story.

A missionary returning from the upper Congo says that he saw a strange platform, 30 feet high, in front of the house of the head sentry of a village. The latter informed the missionary that it was a large stage from which to shoot leopards, but natives told him that it was a torture platform. Unfortunates who did not bring in sufficient quantities of rubber were first beaten, sometimes almost to death, and then taken to the top of the structure and compelled to gaze at the sun until relatives brought the necessary amount of rubber for redemption.

It is Good for Man and Beast.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and the stockman will find it very serviceable in the farmyard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pains it can be used with good effect.

Jas. Wyman, who unsuccessfully introduced quick-lunch resorts in London and afterwards in Paris, has just died in a Paris hospital from paralysis.

Something More Than a Purgative.—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Paton Fleming, of Boston, U.S.A., for her discoveries in astronomy, has been elected member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

Stomach and bowel troubles kill thousands of little ones during the hot weather. Diarrhoea, dysentery and cholera infantum sometimes come without warning and if prompt aid is not at hand the child may be beyond aid in a few hours. If you want to keep your children hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents illness and cures it when it comes unexpectedly. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is absolutely safe. Mrs. W. J. Munro, Sintaluta, Sask., says:—For more than three years Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine I have given my children, and I think the Tablets invaluable for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

For the past eleven months 153,093 immigrants have arrived in Canada. Of these, 102,251 came from Europe, and 50,842 from the United States.

A Coincidence.

"I suppose you enjoy hearing your boy talk since he went to college."

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel, "but ain't it kind of a coincidence that so many of them classical quotations begin with "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah?"

Always Speaking.

Mrs. Jones—I always think twice before I speak once, John. Mr. Jones (sighing)—Exactly, Maria. But you're such a quick thinker.

Cockswain.

Cockswain was originally the man who pulled the after oar of the captain's boat, then known as "cock boat." "Cock boat" is a corruption of the word "coracle," and, as most people know, the coracle is a small, round boat used for fishing on some of the Welsh rivers. So cockswain comes to us from the Welsh.

Dew.

Dew is always formed upon the surface of the object upon which it is found. On that account it cannot strictly be said to "fall."

The Case With Him.

Mrs. Henpeck—They can't punish bigamy too severely. No one should have any sympathy for the man who takes one wife too many.

Mr. Henpeck—The idea, Maria! Do you think I should be sent to jail?—

THOSE WHO WOULD HAVE COAT OF ARMS

How One May Be Acquired For a Consideration In England.

The practice of granting arms is still in vogue in England, Ireland, Scotland, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany, etc., and at times the pope, as sovereign pontiff, exercises the power.

Indeed, it is by patent or grant alone that a new family can legitimately acquire a coat of arms.

The modus operandi in England, for example, is as follows: The applicant for a patent of arms (from the crown) may employ any member he pleases of the heralds' college and through him present a memorial to the earl marshal of England, who acts for the crown in these matters, setting forth that he, the memorialist, is not entitled to arms or cannot prove his right to such and praying that his grace the earl marshal will issue his warrant to the kings of arms, authorizing them to grant and confirm to him due and proper armorial ensigns, to be borne according to the laws of heraldry by him and his descendants. This memorial is presented and a warrant is issued by the earl marshal, under which a patent of arms is made out, exhibiting a painting of the armorial ensigns granted, the royal arms of England, the arms of the earl marshal and those of the college and describing in official terms the proceedings that have taken place and a correct blazon of the arms. This patent is registered in the books of the heralds' college and receives the signatures of the garter and one or both of the provincial kings of arms.

A grant or patent of arms is made to a man and his male descendants. This gives him a fee simple of them—that is to say, to him and to his male descendants equally and altogether and to his female descendants in a qualified manner—i. e., for life, to bear the arms in a lozenge or impaled with their husbands' arms (if the husbands have arms), as arms can only be brought in by arms, or, if they be heiresses or coheiresses, on an escutcheon of pretense upon their husbands' shields, and in the last case their descendants inherit such maternal arms, but only as a quartering.—Nineteenth Century.

SMUGGLING.

It Was Considered a Legitimate Pursuit In Days Gone By.

A book by J. C. Wright entitled "In the Good Old Times" throws some interesting light on the ways of days gone by: "Of every three pounds of tea it was said that two were contraband. In fact, smuggling was considered a perfectly legitimate pursuit. Everybody was ready to profit by it, from the squire, who filled his cellars with cheap wine, and his wife, who adorned herself in cheap silks, to the shopkeeper, who got cheap groceries, or the laborer, who got high wages for work that was secret, unlawful and perilous. Even Adam Smith confessed to a weakness for smuggling and nobody was above bargaining to have a pipe or a hogshead put in his cellar at a low figure. But smuggling on a large scale was not carried on without bribery, perjury, informing, violence and murder."

Of the old time London watchman: "He was wrapped in a wide skirted heavy coat, a useful garment for protecting him from the cold, but not adapted to enable him to cope with the bullies who assaulted the weak and unprotected. He wore low shoes and a big broad brimmed hat, which could be turned up or down, worn forward or backward. The only means of defense which the watchman seems to have possessed was a staff something like a beadle's. In his left hand he carried his lantern."

In those primitive times pins were manufactured by hand and went through several stages of manufacture: Worker No. 1 formed the wire, No. 2 cut it into lengths, No. 3 smoothed it, the fourth man made the head, the fifth stuck it on, the sixth ground the point, the seventh washed and dried it, and it had to go through three more hands after that; hence it used to be a familiar proverb, "It takes ten men to make a pin."

Wit In the Workbasket.

"What's the old lady doing now?" asked the stocking.

"Getting a needle and wool," replied the thimble.

"Well, I'll be darned!" ejaculated the stocking fiercely.

Is Your Hair Sick?

That's too bad! We had noticed it was looking pretty thin and faded of late, but naturally did not like to speak of it. By the way, Ayer's Hair Vigor is a regular hair grower, a perfect hair restorer. It keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I am well acquainted with Ayer's Hair Vigor and I like it very much. I would especially recommend it as an excellent dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and smooth, and preventing the hair from splitting at the ends."—MINNIE FRITZ, Veedum, Mich.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Let Us Keep the Peace.

Bishop Potter manifests a woeful lack of discretion in giving public utterance to his opinion that, referring to Britain and United States, "there is no love lost between the two countries."

It is the duty and should be the pleasure of every man, and especially of every public man, to aid the purpose forwarded by our ambassadors, from Bayard to Choate, and other men of prominence of both countries, to bring about such an era of good feeling, trust and confidence between the two as would make peace secure between them for all time, without the formal endorsement of a treaty that might be broken as easily as made.

No doubt Bishop Potter heard adverse comment in England, and especially by men who have money invested in American enterprises, on the exposures and railroad graft methods, and the startling disclosures concerning the preparation of trust meats for same here, and neither here nor in market; but he could have heard the England do the people at large put th blame for these things on the community or suppose that it has the lack of fairness and honor that has been found in a few capitalistic adventurers here and there.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

Four murders of the "Jack the Ripper" type have been committed during the last fortnight in Jutland. Two men have been arrested.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

Two hundred and fifty miles of rubber trees are being planted along the Uganda roads.

BUSINESS GIRLS.

Need Rich, Red Blood to Stand Worry and Strain of Business Hours.

Business overtaxes a woman's strength. Weak, languishing girls fade under the strain. They risk health rather than lose employment, and the loss of health means the loss of beauty. Thousands of earnest, intelligent young women who earn a livelihood away from home in public offices and business establishments are silent, suffering victims of overtaxed nerves and deficiency of strength because their food supply is not equal to the strain placed upon them. Fragile, breathless and nervous, they work against time with never a rest when the headaches and backaches make every hour like a day. Little wonder their cheeks lose the tint of health and grow pale and thin. Their eyes are dull, shrunken and weary; their beauty slowly but surely fades. Business girls and women look older than their years because they need the frequent help of true blood-making, strengthening medicine to carry them through the day. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are actual food to the starved nerves and tired brains of business women. They actually make the rich red blood that imparts the bloom of youth and glow of health to woman's cheeks. They bring bright eyes, high spirits and make the day's duties lighter. Twelve months ago Miss Mary Cadwell, who lives at 49 Maynard St., Halifax, N.S., was run down. The least exertion would tire her out. Her appetite was poor and fickle, and frequent headaches added to her distress. The doctor treated her for anaemia, but without apparent results. A relative advised her to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using but six boxes she says she feels like an altogether different person. She can now eat her meals with zest, the color has returned to her cheeks and she feels better and stronger in every way.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure bloodlessness just as food cures hunger. That is how they cured Miss Cadwell and it is just by making rich red blood that they cure such common ailments as indigestion, rheumatism, headaches and backaches, kidney trouble, neuralgia and special ailments which make miserable the lives of so many women and young girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

William Watson, one of the original settlers in Ladysmith in 1851, has died there, after 55 years' residence, at the age of 72.

Hot Soda Baths.

Hot soda baths are recommended by some persons for rheumatism, and the way they are taken is this: Fill the tub half full of water as hot as can be borne, add half a pound of common baking soda and immerse the body for at least twenty minutes, keeping up the temperature by the addition of hot water from time to time. Vaseline or cold cream should be rubbed into the skin after the latter has been dried in order to replace the natural oil.

A Bit of English Humor.

Recently the London Morning Post contained the following advertisement:

"Wanted.—A nurse for night duty only; one thoroughly accustomed to bottle babies."

This called forth the remark from the British Journal of Nursing:

"To bottle babies? How is it done and for what purpose are these innocents used when 'bottled?'"

Her Quick Wit.

He—Your new hat is charming, but I fancy it doesn't go well with that dress. She (enchanted)—Oh, you dear old hubby, so you really mean to buy me a dress as well?

There should be as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as a man for his prosperity, both being equally subject to change.

MARTYRDOM DESCRIBED

Kingston Man Tells How He Suffered and How He Was Released.

Chas. H. Powell

"For years a martyr," is how Chas. H. Powell, of 105 Raglan Street, Kingston, begins his story. "A martyr to chronic constipation, but now I am free from it and all through the use of Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill.

"I was induced to try Anti-Pill by reading the testimony of some one who had been cured of constipation by it. I had suffered for eighteen years and had taken tons of stuff recommended as cures but which made me worse rather than better. Doctors told me there was no cure for me. Dr. Leonhardt's Anti-Pill cured me."

All dealers or The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. 602

How Sad a Thing is Wit.

Seriously speaking, a funny story is no laughing matter. Humor is one of the world's great institutions, a thing to be approached with reverence akin to awe, as something cold as the pole, imperishable as the pyramids—and often a great deal more ancient. If we abase ourselves before ancient and holy things can we afford to laugh at the capers of the convict chimpanzee, who, in point of ancestry, antedates the Peter Lelys and Joshua Reynoldses of our baronial halls?

Funny stories, furthermore, are usually based on something which is not funny at all. Their points, in fact, often depend solely upon an unsympathetic view of some great human misfortune. What is more pathetic to a sane mind than a funeral, or a harelip, or a divorce, or a mother-in-law—yet, shades of Rameses, how useful they have become in vaudeville!

I don't think that there are any really side-splitting stories in the world. Some are merely a trifle less sad than others, that is all. How admirable is the calm philosophy of the man who refused to ride with his mother-in-law at his wife's funeral "because," as he explained, "it would spoil the day's pleasure for me!" And yet there are persons so careless as to regard this as mere buffoonery.

And so the endless procession of anecdotes files by, none of them, as I have said, really funny—but some a little less sad than the others. In the jocund days of heraldic eld, when the woods were teeming with parfit gentil knights, and the sense of humor was less particular than nowadays, every king had a jester hired by the week; and the clown was furnished with a certain appliance which made all his jokes immediately appreciated. What, prithee? Nothing more than a bladder-on-a-stick. When the jester came to the joke he popped the bladder smartly on the floor. That was a signal, "All laugh!" So the uproar was deafening. Those were golden days to live in!—Wallace Irwin, in "Success Magazine."

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means a disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

Mrs. Geo. Law, of New York, entertained the Gaikwar of Baroda at a dinner in Philadelphia which cost $50,000.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

The Russian Duma will be asked to authorize a foreign loan of $37,500,000 for famine stricken provinces of Russia.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

Record wheat crops are expected in the Punjaub, but most of the other Indian provinces are suffering from drought

Knew It.

"Well, after the dinner Boresome told a story about his exploits in Africa and then one about an Irishman he met in Switzerland."

"But I thought you were not at the banquet."

"Nor was I at this particular one, but have attended sixteen others where Boresome told these stories."

Bad Habits.

"It would be a very bad thing if farmers ever got control of the national finances."

"Why so?"

"Because from sheer force of habit they would want to be always watering the stock."

He Knew.

Meekly—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst. Doctor—But the climate there may disagree with your wife. Meekly—It wouldn't dare!

The Retort Professional.

Lawyer Quibble—You a doctor? Why, you couldn't cure a ham! Dr. Sawbones—And you, sir—you couldn't try a case of lard!

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.—Coleridge.

Didn't Know His People.

"Pshaw," she said, tossing the book aside, "the man who wrote this story never knew the people he has tried to describe. He speaks of the heroine as belonging to the fashionable set and makes the hero come into a great fortune, yet he ends the story with the pair married, settled in an exclusive neighborhood and the parents of four children."

Painful Points Too.

"You're a queer looking thing to want to fight with me," said the young bulldog contemptuously. "You're not in my class."

"Perhaps not," replied the porcupine quietly, "but I think I can give you a few points."—Brooklyn Life.

Franklin on Catching Cold.

It is well known, says the New York Evening Post, that Franklin made a particular study of colds and had his own theory about them, which we believe is pretty much the theory of today. One of his assertions was that catching cold does not come from mere cold, but from unequal temperature over the body and from undistributed moisture. To prove this he made a number of observations on occasions when he did and did not suffer. A few of these follow:

By putting on a damp shirt on a dry body—yes.

By putting on a dry shirt on a wet body, though this wets the body ten times more—no.

By sitting in a room where the floor has been newly washed—yes.

By going into a river and staying there an hour (no sheets so wet)—no.

By wetting the feet only—yes.

By wetting all the clothes through the body and wearing them a whole day—no.

By sitting in a room against a crevice—yes.

By sitting as long in the open air—no.

How Cyanide Was Discovered.

Scheele in 1783 laid the foundations for the manufacture of cyanide of potassium. With prussiate of potash for its base, dried animal matter of any and all kinds was dumped into the superheated vessels containing the potash, together with iron filings and borings. A stonelike black mass resulted from the cooling, and other processes brought the final lemon colored crystals which resulted from evaporations of the solutions. From these crystals prussic acid was evolved, of which a 2 per cent solution is the pharmaceutical preparation, yet so powerful that four drops will kill a large dog. A chemist, putting a cyanide solution in a gold lined dish in 1844, discovered that the gold was dissolved in the liquid. This was the beginning of the gold plating process by the use of cyanide and the further involvement of the poison came about in electroplating, in photography and in treating refractory gold ores.—Technical World.

A Canadian Paradise.

Temagami is shaped like an octopus, with long stretched out arms, and its shores are indented with deep circling bays, island strewn and culminating in sharp points and curves that add to the beauty of this magical scene. "The lake of deep waters" is the meaning of the Indian word, and they lie very deep and cool in their bed of granite, in stillness a perfect mirror, in storm darkly menacing, with foam edged waves showing fanglike teeth. Being a hundred square miles in area, Temagami forms one of Canada's great natural reservoirs. Mighty rivers from the height of land to the north flow into it, and it in turn feeds the streams that flow southward, carrying their life giving waters through the forests to the peopled lands below. There are 1,400 islands in the lake, and the government has included the whole area in a magnificent forest reserve of a million and a half acres.—Kate Westlake Yeigh in Four Track News.

Jammed Fingers.

Few people have escaped jammed fingers, and as the pain caused when the finger is jammed in a door is excruciating in the extreme for the first few minutes it is well to know of some means of relief. The finger should be plunged into water as hot as can possibly be borne. This application of hot water causes the nail to expand and soften, and the blood pouring out beneath it has more room to flow. Thus the pain is lessened. The finger should then be wrapped in a bread and water poultice. A jammed finger should never be neglected, as it may lead to mortification of the bone if it has been badly crushed, and amputation of the finger must follow. Jammed toes are usually caused through the falling of heavy weights and should be treated in the same way as a jammed finger.

New York's First Sidewalk.

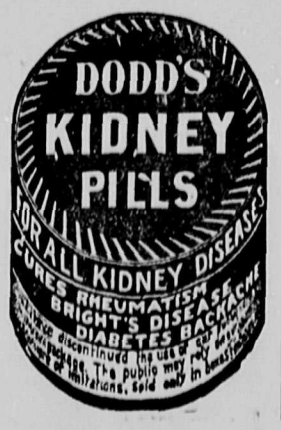
The first sidewalk in New York was laid by a woman, Mrs. Samuel Provoost, about 1716. She was an importer and merchant and laid the sidewalk for the convenience of her customers. She had importuned the authorities to do it, but they refused, saying it was impossible. After her object lesson paving and curbing gradually came in, but for some time her sidewalk was so famous that people journeyed even from Philadelphia to see it.

The Two Cent Piece.

The bronze two cent piece was first coined in 1864, being authorized by act of congress in the same year. The issuance of this coin was discontinued Feb. 12, 1873.

The Turquoise.

The turquoise was once supposed to have the power of indicating the condition of the absent beloved. While the blue remained clear in its color all was well. When it turned dull and green disease was near, and when the green predominated death was at hand.



Tribulations of a Philanthropist.

(Wallace Irwin in "Success Magazine.)

An Elderly Philanthropist who was walking home late one night from his club passed a prosperous looking apartment house and noticed a man in evening clothes lying motionless on the sidewalk. "First ad to the injured" murmered the Philanthropist, as he shook the invalid gently. "What,s the matter, my dear sir?" No's'n', jes' tak n' rest," said the sleeper. "Where do you live?" pursued the E. P. "Thish 'partment house, thir' floor front." This was rather a large freight order for the old gentleman, but being wiling to do good he put the invalid on his shoulder, bore him laboriously to the third landing, found his room and tossed him into a large curtained bed at the front of the apartment.

The Philanthropist immediately went down stairs and out into the street. And the first thing he saw on the sidewalk was, apparently, the same man he had just carried upstairs. "Strange, strange!" muttered the Philanthropist, leaning over the man. "Where do you live, my dear man?" Thir' floor front," replied the fellow, almost inaudibly. So the Philanthropist picked him up, groaned up to the third noor front and again dumped his snoring burden into the mysterious canopied and curtained bed. And for the third time he went out into the street, and for the third time found what appeared to be the same man in the same place, lying in the same attitude. "Where do you live?" he asked, trembling with excitement. "Thir' floor front said the man very faintly. "I must be going insane!" groaned the E. P., as he rang for the janitor. "Janitor, for heaven sake tell me, how many young men are living in your third floor front?" he gasped.

"Wan, and he do be the divvil's own," said the janitor. "Is he triplets?" was the next question. "He is not." "Well, how does it come then, that I have carried this fellow upstairs to his room twice, put him into that curtained bed at the front yet each time find him here on the sidewalk before I have time to get down stairs?"

"Where did ye say you put him in his room?"

"Why, I put him in that large curtained bed to the front."

"Well, yez poor old ijut!" said the janitor, pityingly, "thot ain't no bed,—thot's a window!"

The Chow Dog.

The chow, the solemn, black tongued dog which comes from China, is, the London Chronicle thinks, the ideal city dog. It says: "He never barks unless there is something serious to bark at. You open the door, and the dog marches out with fine solemnity. This writer's chow has a range of about ten square miles, and he has never hurt a baby, though he has gathered innumerable friends during his solemn march through London. He never loses his head, and his morning walks embrace Chelsea, Putney and the sacred precincts of the Brompton oratory. Indeed, he once followed a bicycle to Hendon and found his way back within forty-eight hours with an honorably empty stomach. The unaccompanied chow is the very least of the nuisances of the London streets."

Artificial Honey.

The honey had some foreign substance in it—the leg of a bee and a shred of broken wing.

"Well," said the wife of the food expert, "this is pure at any rate." She held up the bits of bee on a fork before her husband. "No benzoic acid, formaldehyde, boric acid or salicylic acid here, eh, John?"

But John, the food expert, laughed scornfully. "Those bits of bee in the honey," he said, "prove its artificiality. Genuine honey never has dead bees in it. They who make genuine honey are too clean and careful for anything of that kind to happen. It is as rare to find in real honey a bee's wing or a bee's leg as it is to find in a loaf of bread a baker's hand or foot."

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Valuable Zones of Silence.

There has come into modern life a greater variety of sound and a greater volume than assailed the ears of our ancestors. To keep one's freshness there ought to be a zone of silence around every human being during some part of the day. The finest creative work is done, as a rule, in seclusion; not necessarily apart from men nor in solitary places, but away from the tumult and away from distracting sounds. There was organized in Paris years ago a society for the culture of silence. On the occasion of the initiation of a distinguished man of letters a bowl of water was brought out to him in a room where he was waiting in solitude. He studied it a moment, placed a rose upon it and sent it back. The water bore the rose without overflowing. To the members assembled in another room the act was the most convincing evidence that the initiate comprehended the purpose of the fellowship and was prepared in spirit to become one of the company. The act was a symbol which Americans may wisely study.

Babies' Eyes.

The eyes of newly born infants are always blue. They do not begin to assume their permanent color until the sixth or eighth week after birth.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation

Fame.

It is an indiscreet and troublesome ambition that cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.—Longfellow.

Laws are like cobwebs—if any trifling or powerless thing falls into them they hold it fast, while if it is something weightier it breaks through them and is off.—Solon.

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Corner Lonsdale and 5th St., North Vancouver

Ottawa Gardens

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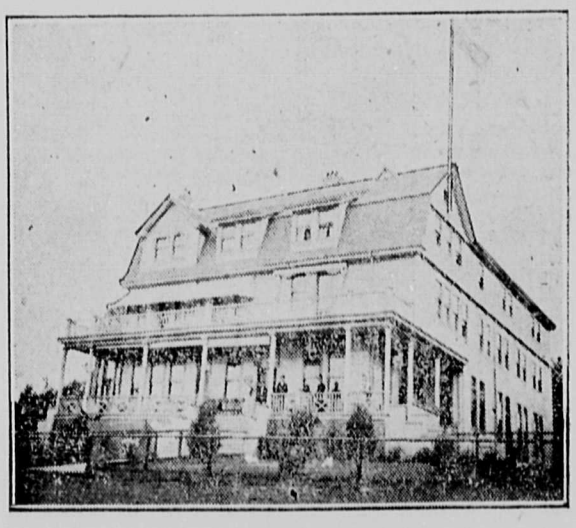

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Office, Cor. Lonsdale Ave. and Esplanade, North Vancouver, B. C.

LOCAL.

The mayor and aldermen and a few invited guests held a most enjoyable outing at the Capilano dam on Tuesday. The occasion was the annual inspection of the waterworks by the council and officials.

The Guardian, a Monday morning newspaper, appeared for the first time at Vancouver this week. S. J. Gothard is editor and proprietor. He says: "It is the purpose of the publishers to conduct the same from an independent standpoint; to give all the news; have the regular press reports; deal with local matters of interest; and give special attention to sports." We wish the new venture success.

J. J. Woods has been appointed reasurer for North Vancouver.

"Barney" Williams, of THE EXPRESS, writing from Arnprior, Ont., says that "he is enjoying himself in a *dry* way, as the intense heat has deteriorated the water, and," he goes on, "it is reported that the beer is only fit to swim in."

California fruit is becoming higher in price. Evaporated peaches and apricots that sold last year at 9½ cents a pound, will sell for 17½ this year. This fact should be a good inducement for our people to grow this kind of fruit. There is no place on the coast better to grow apricots than North Vancouver.

Garden Calendar For July.

FLOWERS AND ORNAMENTAL PLANTS.

Azaleas may be stood out of doors to ripen the wood.

Calceolarias and cinerarias must have cool treatment through the hot months if they are to thrive. No baking conservatory will do. Give them the open air, rather, and a shady spot.

Chrysanthemums will be giving much hard work in watering if the weather is dry, but it is absolutely necessary if they are to be kept healthy. Look out for the crown buds, which may begin to show towards the end of the month.

Climbers.—Regulate and tie.

Carnations should be making free growth, and this is desirable in view of getting stock for another year. Watering and mulching are excellent for them.

Zonal geraniums for winter must have the blooms pinched out.

Liliums in pots should be top-dressed.

Pinks may be propagated by inserting young shoots.

Primulas raised from seed, whether of the ordinary Sinensis race, the star sorts or obconica will need pricking off as they become crowded.

Roses.—Budding may commence towards the end of the month, if we have showery weather in the early part.

Stephanotis is subject to mealy bug. Free shringing will keep it down.

Violas that have had a long spell of bloom may be rested for a little while now. Crop them over, removing the flowers and old growths; give them a top-dressing and they will soon be on the move again.

Electric Light

The Poles for the distribution of Electric House-Lighting are now arriving at our Poleyard. Prospective customers are respectfully requested to file their applications for Electric Light as soon as possible, so that the construction of these lines may be taken in hand at once.

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