KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

CHAPTER I.

"Listen to this, Mary. It's the very thing!" exclaimed a young lady, who, while sipping a cup of tea at the breakfast-table, was engaged in carefully poring over the advertisement sheets of the Field with an air of profound interest.

The speaker, without any absolute claim to regular beauty, was a decidedly good-looking girl, with the air of freshness, health, and rosiness that, accompanied by youth, have an unfailing power to please. Her small head was covered by thick glossy brown hair; the broad, thoughtful brow gave evidence of a considerable amount of natural intelligence; the eyebrows were dark and delicately arched; while the eyes which sparkled and flashed beneath them constituted the principal charm of an interesting countenance. They were dark grey, fringed by the longest of lashes, and looked you straight in the face with such a candid, innocent expression, such resolute, fearless honesty, that they seemed to mirror the soul within, seeming to prepossess the ordinary observer, and to instil a belief in the integrity of their owner. A slim shapely figure completed the sum total of Kate Brewser's attractions.

"What's the very thing, Kate?" asked her companion, a gentle, fair-haired, low-voiced girl of about eighteen-and-twenty, roused to display symptoms of lively curiosity by the other's ejaculation. "Have you at last found this celebrated hunting-box we have heard so much about lately, or is your imagination soaring to yet higher flights, and contemplating a deer-forest in the wilds of Scotland for the ensuing autumn?"

"No, no," replied Kate with a laugh. "I'm scarcely advanced enough yet in my sporting proclivities to be able to shoulder a rifle. Stand or the slaughter of the stag possesses no attraction for me, but, as regards the hunting-box, if all advertisements were not such abominable liars and deceivers, if they did not convert every tumbledown cottage into a commodious mansion replete with modern conveniences, every wretched little two-acred field into an undulating and well-timbered park, every dilapidated outhouse into a substantial stone building, and every miserable evergreen into a thriving shrubbery; in short, if it were possible to believe in anything or anybody in this wicked world of ours, I should be greatly tempted to believe that I had found what I would be about though young Brewser may misfortune to be fond of experiment, and experience has taught me caution, distrust, and suspicion."

And she shrugged her shapely shoulders with a gesture of unbelief so decided, so expressive, that it verged on the ludicrous.

"Come, come, Kate," returned her friend reproachfully; "you have been amusing yourself by a sweeping condemnation of advertisements in general, please to make an exception that I remain in a state of Egyptian darkness as to this one in particular. Won't you take pity on my impatience and deign to enlighten me? At present I feel thoroughly mystified."

"Ready! Then I will proceed at once to do away with the mystery, if mystery there be. But," she went on in tones of mock despair, "although, as before remarked, the advertisement in question sounds the very thing, I am much too sceptical to be really sanguine."

Whereupon Miss Brewser, once more taking up the newspaper from the table, proceeded in a clear and distinct voice to read as follows:—

"To be let, for the winter months or by the year, as agreed upon, a most perfect, commodious, and well-arranged hunting-box, late, in the possession of Reginald Rich, Esq., known by the name of Sport Lodge, and within three-quarters of a mile of the market-town of Foxington, in the county of Huntingshire. The residence is replete with every convenience, and the stabling, which has just been put into thorough repair, is unexceptionally good, consisting of six loose-boxes, four stalls, double coach-house, wash-house, and excellent accommodation for the men. The Critchley, the Scottesmore, and Sir Beauchamp Lenard's hounds hunt the immediate neighborhood, while the Horn, the Lever, and the South Garrick are easily attainable by rail. For particulars and cards to view apply to Messrs. Fulton, Brown, and Son, estate agents and auctioneers, Foxington."

"There, Mary! What do you think of that?" exclaimed Kate, as she came to a conclusion, looking up with an air of prospective ownership already strongly visible in spite of her vaunted prudence. "Does not that sound everything the heart of hunting man or woman could desire?"

"It sounds too good, almost," suggested the cautious Mary, who, less talkative, and with fewer theories, was in some ways more practical than her friend. "The number of packs of hounds is positively overwhelming. If so inclined, you could apparently hunt every day of the week. Despite such attractions, there is, however, one thing I emphatically protest against—at least so far as you and I are concerned."

"And what might that be, dear Miss Propriety? Some social hesitations, I suppose, as usual?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Kate, it's the name. I call it positively dreadful. Indeed, I can't conceive any one in their senses bestowing such a heathenish, outlandish title upon a dwelling-place. No doubt Mr. Reginald Rich and gentlemen of his calibre may have found Sport Lodge eminently suited to their peculiar propensities; but fancy two respectable young women, like ourselves, guiltless of all male belongings, going to live in such an abode! What would the world say of us? Ugh! there is something horsey and fast and utterly disputable in the very nomenclature! Does not Sport Lodge conjure up all sorts of bachelor extravagance to the mind? Can't you smell brandies and sodas in the air, a fine aroma of stale tobacco in every habitable room, in short, spirits and pipes impregnating the entire atmosphere with their nauseous fumes? Oh! I can imagine it so well! A small square drawing-room with hermetically sealed windows, a dirty dingy carpet, fusty red or green rep curtains, an armchair or two, covered in a hideous chintz, with the inevitable wool antimacassars of every color under the sun. Come, Kate, you must confess my sketch of a bachelor apartment is not far out on the whole."

"I confess no such thing. Besides which, my imagination is not so lively nor my olfactory organs so sensitive as your own. We have only to show ourselves proof against the insidious attractions of a 'B and S,' or calumet of peace, in order to render poor Sport Lodge absolutely harmless. Now to show how tastes differ, I, for my part, consider there is something quaint and original about Sport Lodge—something a trifle removed from the everlasting commonplaces of every-day life. I am quite sick of Mount Pleasants, Hermitages, Bellevues, etcetera, etcetera. The sameness and monotony about such names wearies me extremely, especially when in nine cases out of ten the misnomer is palpable to the most indulgent eyes. If only for the sake of variety, I welcome Sport Lodge as a positive relief, and Mr. Reginald Rich, instead of being abused, deserves a fair meed of praise as a daring and original innovator; and both courage and originality, in this prosaic age, are qualities entitled to the highest respect."

"Why, Kate," interposed Mary, smiling in spite of her inward convictions at the dexterity of the other's argument, "what a funny girl you are, to be sure! You talk like a regular old grandmother; nevertheless I am far from being convinced, and stick to my assertion that Sport Lodge sounds decidedly fast, and the chances are if we go to live there the greater portion of the community will pronounce a similar verdict upon you and me."

"And what if they do? Do you suppose I care what people say?" retorted Kate contemptuously. "Let them make what ill-natured remarks they like."

This was all very well in theory, Kate Brewser having not yet arrived at an age to recognize what a tyrannical mentor the world is—what a harsh, uncharitable, fault-finding, scandal-loving taskmaster; but the criticisms, if made, would probably have caused the young lady a considerable amount of vexation.

(To be continued.)

AT THE POST OF DUTY.

Rambling and fishing among the glorious mountains of Wales with his brother Willie, he speedily regained health and strength. While wandering with delight through one of the most picturesque scenes of that wild and beautiful region, he came suddenly one day on a large white umbrella, under which sat a romantic-looking man, something between an Italian bandit and an English sportsman, who was deeply engrossed with a sheet of paper on which he was depicting one of the grandest views in the splendid pass of Llanberis. At this man Willie rushed with a shout of surprise, and found that he answered at once to the name of Fred Aubrey! Fred was thrown into such a state of delight at the sight of his old friends that he capsized the white umbrella, packed up his paints, and accompanied them to their inn. Here, on being questioned, he related how, during while in Rome, he had been seized with a fever which had laid him prostrate for many weeks; that, on his recovery, he wrote to Leo and his father, but received no reply from either of them; that he afterwards spent some months in Switzerland making more then enough of money with his brush to "keep the pot boiling," and that, finally, he returned home to find that poor Leo was dead, and that the great Tooley Street fire had swept away his father's premises and ruined him. As this blow had, however, been the means of softening his father and effecting a reconciliation between them he was rather glad than otherwise, he said, that the fire had taken place. Fred did not say—although he might have said it with truth—that stiff and stately Mr. Aubrey had been reduced almost to beggary, and that he was now dependent for a livelihood on the very palette and brushes which once he had so ruthlessly consigned to the flames.

After this trip to Wales, Frank returned home and told his mother abruptly that he meant to marry Emma Ward without delay to which Mrs. Willders replied that she thought he was quite right. As Emma appeared to be of the same mind the marriage took place in due course. That is to say, Miss Tippet and Emma managed to put it off as long as possible and to create as much delay as they could. When they had not the shadow of an excuse for further delay—not so much as a forgotten band or an omitted hook of the voluminous trousseau—the great event was allowed to go on or, to "come off."

Many and varied were the faces that appeared at the church on that auspicious occasion. Mr. Aubrey was there to give away the bride, and wonderfully cheerful he looked, too, considering that he gave her to the man whom he once thought so very unworthy of her. Willie was groomsman, of course, and among the bridesmaids there was a little graceful, dark-eyed and dark-haired creature, whom he regarded as an angel or a fairy, or something of that sort, and whom everybody else, except Frank and Mrs. Willders, thought the most beautiful girl in the church. In the front gallery, just above this dark-eyed girl, sat an elderly man who gazed at her with an expression of intense affection. His countenance was care worn and had a somewhat dissipated look upon it. Yet there was a healthy glow on it too, as if the dissipation were a thing of the distant past. The dark-eyed girl once or twice stole a glance at the elderly man and and smiled on him with a look of affection quite as fervent as his own. There was a rather stylish youth at this man's elbow whose muscles were so highly developed that they appeared about to burst his superfine black coat. He was observed to nod familiarly to the dark-eyed girl more than once, and appeared to be in a state of considerable excitement—ready, as it were, to throw a somersault over the gallery on the slightest provocation.

Of course Miss Tippet was there in "such a love of a bonnet," looking the picture of happiness. So was Mr. Tippet, beaming all over with joy. So was Miss Deemas, scowling hatred and defiance at the men. So was David Boone whose circumstances had evidently improved, if one might judge from the self-satisfied expression of his face and the splendor of his attire. John Barret was also there, and, close beside him, stood Ned Hooper, who appeared to shrink modestly from observation, owing, perhaps, to his coat being a little threadbare. But Ned had no occasion to be ashamed of himself, for his face and appearance showed clearly that he had indeed been enabled to resist temptation, and that he had risen to a higher position in the social scale than a vender of gingerbeer.

In the background might have been seen Hopkins—tall and dignified as ever, with Matty Meryon at his side. It was rumored "below-stairs" that these two were engaged, but as the engagement has not yet advanced to anything more satisfactory, we hold that to be a private matter with which we have no right to meddle.

Close to these stood a group of stalwart men in blue coats and leathern belts, and with sailor-like caps in their hands. These men appeared to take a lively interest in what was going forward, and evidently found it difficult to restrain a cheer when Frank took Emma's hand. Once or twice during the service one or two other men of similar appearance looked into the church as if in haste, nodded to their comrades, and went out again, while one of them appeared in the organ loft with a helmet hanging on his arm and his visage begrimed with charcoal, as if he were returned from a recent fire. This man, feeling, no doubt, that he was not very presentable, evidently wished to see without being seen. He was very tall and stout, and was overheard to observe, in very Irish tones, that "it was a purty sight intirely."

When the carriage afterward started from the door, this man—who bore a strong resemblance to Joe Corney—sprang forward and called for three cheers, which call was responded to heartily by all, but especially by the blue-coated and belted fellows with sailor-like caps, who cheered their old comrade and his blooming bride with those deep and thrilling tones which can be produced in perfection only by the lungs and throats of true-blue British tars!

Now, it must not be supposed that this was the end of Frank's career. In truth it was only the beginning of it, for Frank Willders was one of those men who know how to make a good use of money.

His first proceeding after the honeymoon was to take a small farm in the suburbs of London. He had a tendency for farming, and he resolved at least to play at it if he could make nothing by it. There was a small cottage on the farm, not far from the dwelling-house. This was rented by Willie, and into it he afterward introduced Ziza Cattley as Mrs. William Willders. The widow inhabited another small cottage not a hundred yards distant from it, but she saw little of her own home except at night, being constrained to spend most of her days with one or other of her "boys."

As the farm was near a railway station, Willie went to town every morning to business—Saturdays and Sundays excepted—and returned every evening. His business prospered and so did Mr. Tippet's. That eccentric old gentleman had, like Mr. Aubrey, been ruined by the great fire, but he did not care—so he said—because the other business kept him going! He was not aware that Willie's engineering powers turned in all the money of that other business, and Willie took care never to enlighten him, but helped him as of old, in planning inventing and discovering, to the end of his days.

There was one grand feature which Frank introduced into his suburban establishment which we must not omit to mention. This was a new patent steam fire-engine. He got it not only for the protection of his own farm, but, being a philanthropic man, for the benefit of the surrounding district, and he trained the men of his farm and made them expert firemen. Willie was placed in command of this engine, so that the great wish of his early years was realized! There was not a fire within ten miles round them, at which Willie's engine was not present, and the brothers continued for many years to fight the flames together in that neighborhood.

As for stout George Dale, and sturdy Baxmore, and facetious Joe Corney with his comrades Moxey, Williams and Mason, and Sam Forest, those heroes continued to go on the even tenor of their way, fighting more battles with the flames in six months than were fought with our human enemies by all our red-coats and blue-jackets in as many years, and without making any fuss about it too, although danger was the element in which they lived, and wounds or death might have met them any day of the year.

For all we know to the contrary, they may be carrying on the war while we pen this chronicle, and, unless more vigorous measures are adopted for preventing fire than have been taken in time past, there can be no question that these stout-hearted men will in time to come have more pension than ever for fighting the flames.

The End.

BALDNESS AMONG MEN.

It has been found on study of 300 cases of loss of hair that baldness prevails most with unmarried men, which is contrary to the general belief. The worries of the bachelor may be fewer, but they are more trying to the scalp than are the multitudinous cares of the man of family. Most bald people are found to live indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Usually the loss of hair begins before the thirtieth year. In women it usually constitutes a general thinning; in men it affects the top of the head. Diseases that affect the general nutrition of the body are likely to thin the hair.

"How is the earth divided?" asked a confident teacher of his class before the examiners. "By earthquakes, sir," was the prompt answer from one of the most eager pupils.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

BUCKWHEAT.

It is the judgment of the writer that no other single food is of such value to the poultryman as buckwheat. As a single ration for winter feeding to laying hens it surpasses wheat, corn, barley or oats, and if warm food is desired there is no ration equal to steamed buckwheat. Fowls fattened on this cereal will be found on dressing to be as plump and yellow as those fed on any other grains, while the flesh will have a whiteness and flavor peculiar to this excellent food.

Poultry growers in certain portions of France feed buckwheat exclusively, and I am informed, receive an advance above the regular market price of fowls fattened on other foods. One of the most prosperous poultrymen I know grows about five acres of this grain each season; 2 acres of which he doesn't harvest but allows his fowls to run in as soon as the berry becomes hard enough for food and these two acres constitute their run until snow flies. This method of feeding would seem to have the opposite effect than the one desired; but with him it is not the case. The flocks go into winter quarters in the finest condition possible. The exercise of foraging for what they get no doubt gives added strength, health and muscle and after their summer's partial confinement to limit runs, digestion has been so improved as to make the close confinement of their winter quarters less injurious than otherwise would have been possible. Fowls fed on buckwheat have the advantage over corn fed flocks of more rapid assimilation. Their food is more rapidly converted into fat, bone and muscle making material. I understand that this is a mere statement, but the proof will follow soon. Corn has a cortex of flinty covering which of necessity must make it slow of digestion. The extra amount of labor put upon the organs of digestion must tell upon the economy and the rest required by the system after prolonged effort of this character interferes with many of the other functions and as a matter of fact all of the other qualities of the fowl other than fat production is interfered with. Not so with buckwheat. As a single and in many cases the only ration seven months out of the twelve this food has produced eggs in surprising numbers.

PLANTING AN ORCHARD.

Late fall is a good time to set apple-trees. One reason for the lack of success in starting a young orchard on old land is that proper care is not taken to deepen the soil and thoroughly prepare it. On close, compact soils which have been cropped continuously for many years without a proper rotation of clover, cowpeas or other nitrogen gathering crops, the best success has been attained where the land has been subsoiled and then well pulverized, not less than 1 ft. deep.

Merely digging a hole, into which to plunge the roots, and fill in the soil as one would set a post, is not the way to plant a young tree of any kind, especially a fruit tree. Holes dug in a compact, clay soil, where the water will stand for several days after a long rain, and where the seasons are such that alternate freezing and thawing occurs in midwinter, is not the proper place to set a tree in the fall.

The best way to properly prepare land of this kind is to plow deep, dead furrows each way where the trees are to stand, and set the trees where the furrows cross each other.

Put enough of the surface soil beneath the roots to raise the tree to the proper height, so that after the ground has become settled it will be more than 1 inch deeper than it stood in the nursery. Before setting the tree cut off the ends of the bruised roots nearly square on the under side, lean the tree so that the top will incline about 5 degrees to the southwest. Throw in gradually some fine surface soil and fill up firmly all hollow spaces beneath main stem.

Tread the surface soil lightly over the side roots which have been placed in their natural position, then put some refuse tobacco waste about the stem and raise a mound of dirt about it 8 to 10 inches high, which should remain until spring, when it should be leveled down and some mulch placed there, extending outward at least 2 feet. Planted in this way healthy trees will be sure to make a satisfactory and vigorous growth.

HINTS FOR WOOD CHOPPERS.

When sawing down a tree, the first work necessary is to chip out a notch about one-sixth the diameter of the tree, a little lower than the saw is run. Many trees are apt to split when sawed down. A notch should be chipped on each side of the tree, half as deep as the first one cut, connecting with it. It should be 4 to 12 inches long, according to size of the tree. Most trees check down the stump below where saw is cutting before they start to split upward. The notches cut below the line of the saw kerf weakens the timber at that place, which generally causes the tree to break off from the stump without splitting, if the work is properly done. The inside corners of the rakes of a crosscut saw at each end of the saw are of no good to the saw. They loosen the dust and draw it part way through the log to be carried out of the cut when the saw is drawn in an opposite direction. If the inside corners of the rakes are filed off from one-third the length of the saw at each end the saw will give better service. Such rakes can be filed with a flat file much easier and quicker than a double rake can be filed with a flat file.

When sawing single-handed with a stiff crosscut saw one should weigh the lone handle with a chain wrapped around the saw or the handle close to it.

It is customary with many choppers to begin at the top of a tree when cutting firewood, cutting to the topmost branches, leaving shade trees that carry no branches, a fallen tree generally mostly on the branches. In the central part of the tree one or three cuts should be made in the butt to block up the body of the tree to hold it from settling to the ground. Then begin at the top of all the branches in order to saw with a bucksaw, working toward the trunk of the tree. This is much easier than sawing the branches from the trunk, leaving them up to place in a pile. By working up each end and finishing in the middle of the trunk, there are no small pieces difficult to hold when sawing, and easier to handle until it is necessary to cut a few branches under the tree.

IN AND OUT OF THE BARN.

Fill up the cows with some nutritious food. It is not enough to make milk.

Because a cow is a good cow, it is not safe to conclude she is the best stock for the money. What is the record back of her? That tells the story.

A long trough for feeding is a fruitful source of sickness, loss, and besides heavy expenses of waste. The way is to have a separate for each calf.

A course of instruction at a dairy school is valuable to anyone engaged in dairy work. Practical men who have spent a few weeks during the winter in this way find it one of their most valuable experiences.

For dairy cows, giving 10 qts. milk and weighing from 1000 lbs., 7 qts. daily of the following mixtures is recommended: 100 lbs. bran, 100 lbs. shorts, 150 lbs. gluten feed, which may be traded for 100 lbs. cottonseed meal or 50 lbs. linseed and 50 lbs. linseed meal.

THE ICE CROP.

In cutting and storing the fundamental principle should be kept in view, aim to keep air away. Cakes should be cut square, close and tight, or the air will work through the crevices between them. Use a plow to clear off the cakes and of a size that will have straight sides. Sometimes needs to saw out the ice. It should be marked out in straight-edge to get the cakes the same size.

In storing, pack close, leaving spaces with fine cracked ice in the courses level and half inches away from the side filled with this space with sawdust as you work along. Drainage must be provided or the ice will melt down. Lay a few rails on the bottom if you cannot do so. The quicker ice is made the better quality it is, and the sooner harvested the better it will be.

STUDYING NIAGARA.

Getting Points for Electric Installations in Africa.

Little has been said about the arrival in America of Sir Charles Metcalfe, consulting engineer to the British South Africa Company, and J. F. Lence, manager and secretary of the company, who have come from England on a mission.

The Cape to Cairo railway is drawing nearer every day. The Falls, the famous waterfall on the Zambesi River. It is hoped to utilize this water power to generate electricity for service in the mines only a few miles away and for other purposes.

The principal purpose of the gentlemen is to go to Niagara to inspect the electrical transmission of power there and collect information that may aid in the effort to turn the energy of Victoria Falls to account.

The meeting of the British Association in 1905 is to be held in Falls, and the South Africans intend to expend about $100,000 to give the members a good time and to entertain them at the falls. England's science will see there one of the wonders of the world.

The broad Zambesi suddenly disappears to vanish into the bowels of the earth. Ages ago a wide chasm opened from bank to bank in the hard basaltic rock, and the river suddenly disappears in a narrow, rocky chasm.

At the bottom of this chasm in the rock the engulfed waters emerge through a narrow gulch on the left, which is thirty-six times narrower than the river above. Any geologist would jump at the opportunity to study this remarkable freak of nature.

The effort is to be made to have at least a part of the plant before the British association arrive on the ground. Livingstone's prediction regarding these falls and the surrounding region is coming true. He believed, when he discovered the Falls, about forty-nine years ago, that the region thereabouts was marked for special development by water power, coal, and vegetable products, cattle, gent, though barbarous, no other elements of material wealth. He said in one of his books the world would utilize the Falls some day, and his prediction is coming true.

What we call hindrance calls opportunity.

He who is occupied against many temptations.

Kidneys and Liver Affected by Colds

Backache and Pains in the Legs the Common Symptoms—Cure Comes with the Use of

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Exposure to damp, cold weather is a frequent cause of kidney disease. Sitting in a draught so as to chill the feet and legs is frequently enough to bring on congestion of the liver.

Colds settle on the liver and kidneys as well as the lungs. The results are diseases of the most dreadfully painful and fatal sort.

As yet there has never been discovered a preparation equal to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a prompt and thorough cure for derangements of these great filtering organs.

Pains in the back, headache, urinary disorders, biliousness, liver complaint, dyspepsia and constipation soon disappear when Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are used.

Mr. Arthur Walden, Ferryville, Carleton County, N.B., writes: "My wife was a great sufferer from kidney diseases for several years. She was troubled with pains in the small of the back and in the side, was gradually losing flesh and growing weaker. She got into a very bad state, suffered dreadful pains and her ankles would swell up so that we were afraid of dropsy. We had a book of Dr. Chase's in the house, and, reading about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, decided to try them. Relief soon came with this treatment. My wife has been entirely cured, and says she would not be without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for ten times the price."

"I am using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food myself, and it is building me up wonderfully."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

IN LAW-ABIDING DAWSON

IT'S EDITOR SAYS IT'S NO PLACE FOR BAD MEN.

It Even Looks as if You've Killed a Man If You Hang.

Let it be recorded that Dawson, in the Yukon territory, is a law and order city. W. F. Thompson, of the Daily Morning Yukoner, which is the only morning paper in the Yukon, says so, and Mr. Thompson ought to know, for he should be in a position to know. Somebody has been making serious statements about Dawson, and there have been murders and other crimes in the Yukon, particularly in Dawson, and that one Earp, a desperado of Western renown, has been doing things in that region and the world is slow to deal with the matter. Mr. Thompson is grieved, but angry.

"Americans," says Mr. Thompson, "are the fair hatred boys in this section of Canada, and it does seem harm to have such lies published, for they are lies, mean."

On this account, and because of the homes of Dawson law abiding, wealth citizens, the editor of the Yukoner, which daily and every morning on the breakfast table of Yukoners, whether the real facts its duty or not, makes some remarks. Listen to the Chinook wind breeze which the Yukoner has wafted from the snows of the Yukon to sting the scoffing venders of misleading tales of gold lined terrors of the Northwest:

"Earp never carried a gun. The proof of that is that he is not in jail here. He would be had he shown it.

A GUN IN DAWSON.

"No man ever shot a gun here or on the Yukon. He shot at himself and is not in jail here now. We carry guns here. And the police do not lay law-breakers on the shelving the law.

"Three men held up a man two years ago. The only gun play ever made for $100. No shots were fired, no injury done anyone. Dawson is serving a life sentence, is serving seven years, went free back to poaching.

"If you get drunk here and go to the streets you go to jail. Dawson can't save you. Neither can any other man, and here you are dead. There are no saloons.

"If you kill a man, or even if you do anything that looks as though you had killed a man, you are hung. Dawson is a law and order city. There are no saloons in the territory. All the saloons are banished to the other side of the river, on an island.

A MILE AWAY.

"Men must pay to cross the river to get to a house. The police do not patrol the streets, as they do in New York and other cities. You never see a policeman is on duty. Though they wear a star, something is done to attract the attention of the public, then they are there in force. The evildoer goes to jail. Saloons are closed on Sunday, all the curtains are down, in plain sight. You can get a drink here Sundays, but only in rooms with your meals. Earp never made a speech, nor did any other man. We don't tell about it, unless he is. This is no country of the Mastersons, or Thompsons, or Masks.

"Dawson isn't like Creede, where it is day all day in the summer, there was no night at all, days are long and the nights are long, but the only lights that shine are the darkness comes out of the flashes attending gambling, the electrics in the arc and burning lamps at the tables, the gamblers' homes and that dear sanctuary, the only daily morning paper in the Yukon.

A NEW PROFESSION.

There are few ways of earning an honest penny more strange than that in which an old couple in the county of England eke out a scanty living. Their little cottage is situated on a large ming, and every morning they appear before descending to work leave their pipes and tobacco in the hands of the old man. The pipes are cleaned and filled for lighting, and the men come up at the dinner hour and have a good smoke without having to expend time in charging them. They are again left to be cleaned for the evening. The weekly charge per pipe means a respectable number of shillings at the week's end.

SILENCE FOR A MONTH.

A curious custom prevails in a certain which must be a hard one for the woman who loves to hear the sound of her own voice. Newly married women are obliged to remain dumb for a month after marriage, except when addressed by their husbands. When it is desirable to remove this restriction permission husband presents her with a ring, and then she can chatter to her heart's content.

THE ESSE

We Must Abs

an

(Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the Thousand Nine Hundred, by Wm. Baby, of Toronto, Department of Agriculture.

A despatch from Ottawa to Frank De Witt Lyman from the following... of small things... seeming trifles are essentials. Spin... when crossing the ... tracks on the ... happened to ... hundreds ... watchmaker ... the ... ing wheel ... around ... teeth, ... testing ... it want until ... the mainspring ... Those authorities ... to teach ... ship ... its ... devotion ... wards of ... invalids ... wagons ... nurses ... question ... days of small ...

PERSONS

Small ... ateness and ... park appropriate ... in reference ... shoes on ... reference ... line be ... to the middle ... tired in ... have condemned ... hams and ... es and ... of the legs and ... the tablets and ... nose jewels and ... of apparel and ... the wrinkles ... the glasses ... and the hoods ... naughty dangling ... walk with ... wanton eyes, ... they go, and ... their feet ... connection here ... character and ... of "Philosophy" ... would never ... women of the ... veil themselves ... if he had for ... woman's disregard ... toms of the ... supplied a lack of ... ty. There is, ... breakable spirit ... man's personal ... heart. "Cleanliness ... ness" is a ... found in holy writ ... of its teachings ... the leaves of the ... elaborate directions ... to the Israelites ... frequent ablutions ... the clothes show ... different to the ... who come into ... have, therefore, ... whether a person ... chronically dirty ... only or hamstrung ... fer acceptable ...

HIPPLN ...

Yet to hear some ... might suppose it was ... al degeneracy ... to be careful of ... pearance. They ... that a well groomed ... is essentially a weak ... fore they practically ... the signs of ... the decencies of life ... ways than one ... passage of Scripture ... reference to ... "And I was afraid ... by talent in the ... "the earth" in which ... their talents of ... the filthiness and ... conditions of their ...

If it is necessary to ... heat in personal ... poral works low ... neatness essential ... secrating our lives to ... Jesus Christ? ... wants us to go ... name in the same way ... work. He was ... reproaches during ... but those who had ... charged him with ... slovenliness, and we ... that the Pharisee who ... to his house and ... who entertained him ... er have welcomed him ... he had been ... on or his dress ...