

REBUILDING FERNIE

BIG CHANGES IN THE FIRE SWEEPED TOWN.

Have Been Wrought Within the Past Ten Months—A Rauc Account of a Visit There.

Fernie smiles, nestling amongst the mountains on every side, and seems to hold out the welcoming hand to the dusty stranger alighting amidst a bewitching throng of people from the train, says Montre in the Toronto Globe.

Almost before he is aware of it, his belongings are seized and deposited in the baggage car. He is then escorted to the hotel by the ever-alert porter, who smilingly beckons him to follow. Providence, in the Canadian order of things, has doubtless ordained that hotels and banks shall occupy street corners by right; whilst not following this order so closely as some eastern cities—Toronto forsooth—yet Fernie adheres sufficiently to the established decree, and is amply provided for.

Naturally the first things that attract the stranger's eye are the mountains, with their snowy peaks and rivulets gladdening the vision on these hot days, and, strolling around with the curiosity of the newly-arrived, his attention is next taken by the turbulent little river Elk as it rushes and boils in its sinuous path. Shade, like the proverbial snake in Ireland, is non-existent in Fernie, but it is very pleasant indeed down by the river at evening time to sit, smoking one's pipe, on a fallen cottonwood tree, whilst listening to the hurrying river, and to enjoy the cool, fragrant air that blows softly by the river side.

One can hardly credit at first that barely ten months ago Fernie was devastated by fire, and like Carthage of old wiped out. When one looks around and sees the massive buildings that have already arisen, and are daily arising, and the continuous activity that prevails on every side, it seems marvellous and incredible. Some of the New Ontario towns are pretty go-ahead in the building line, but this place surprises one for strenuous effort and results.

As one walks down the main street, and is suddenly brought up short, so to speak, by a huge wooden building drawn right across the thoroughfare, one is at first taken aback, having seen no such obstruction, early that morning; but it is nothing. They are only moving—a common sight in Fernie—to move oneself and residence at the same time. Lumber is high here, and cannot be left behind, and it is cheaper to utilize the building one has than to reconstruct another. So they haul away at the ropes and the house creaks and moves on.

Amidst the blackened stumps down by the water's edge are rapidly rising neat little cottages and dwellings, and lots are being fenced off and vegetables and flowers planted within the area once swept by flame. Real estate values are high in Fernie, and will be higher, and on a rainy day, it is a wonder at it, with the progressive ideas of its inhabitants and the evidences of their belief in themselves around. Well-dressed people busily moving about remind one more of those of Edmonton or Calgary or a down east city than one would naturally expect to see in a town whose inhabitants vary from four to seven thousand, according to whom you ask.

At night the ruddy glare of the coke kilns, with their flickering flames, lends a weird air of its own to the surroundings in the city heights, with the eternal snow-capped mountains in the far distance, whilst behind the depot itself the mountain, with its color of purple heather and dark green foliage, makes a peaceful background to active little Fernie smiling beneath.

Canada's Peat Bogs.

A bulletin entitled "The Investigation of the Peat Bogs and Peat Industry of Canada, during the season of 1908-9," by Erik Nystrom, M.E., peat expert, has been issued from Ottawa showing the location of Canada's peat supply. Of those in eastern Canada the most valuable are:

1. Mer Bleue, near Ottawa.
2. The Alfred peat bog, about 40 miles from Ottawa.
3. The Welland peat bog, about six miles north of Welland.
4. The Newington bog, on the New York & Ottawa Railway, and about 40 miles from Ottawa.
5. The Perth bog, a mile and a half from Perth.
6. The Victoria Bog bog, about a mile from Victoria road station on the Midland division of the Grand Trunk Railway.

The bulletin contains a descriptive report of each bog, showing the location, area and structure, and giving an estimate of the available supply of peat fuel with records of analyses, calorific values, etc., and should be of particular interest to those engaged in, or connected with, the development of Canadian peat resources. A fuel testing plant is now being erected at Ottawa, in which the value of peat for the production of power gas will be demonstrated, and the Department proposes to carry on a very thorough investigation of this subject.

Last Tie Severed.

The last of the ties that bound Lord Dundonald to Ottawa has been severed.

His house and grounds at Rockliffe have been sold to an Ottawa syndicate and the property, which consists of 20 acres of beautiful land, will be broken into building lots.

When Lord Dundonald left Ottawa it was given out that he was holding his property at Rockliffe and that later, when his private and public affairs had been settled in Scotland, he would return to Ottawa to live. It was generally understood that Lord Dundonald had a small spot in his heart for Canada—particularly for Ottawa.

The sale of the property would, however, seem to indicate that His Lordship has decided to remain in the Old Country.

C.P.R. Spiral Tunnels.

The second of the spiral tunnels on the Canadian Pacific Railway line between Field and Hector, in the Rocky Mountains has just been completed. The tunnel adds some four miles to the length of the line, but reduces the grade from 4.5 to 2.2 per cent.

STUDYING ESQUIMAUX.

Government Will Make Further Investigations In North.

The Canadian Geological Survey, under the late Dr. G. M. Dawson, gathered from time to time a large amount of interesting and valuable information regarding the native races. Since the death of Dr. Dawson this portion of the work of the department has been allowed to languish, but this year a fresh start was made in a direction which cannot but prove to be of great historical and ethnological interest, as well as being of particular value in allowing the people of Canada to become better acquainted with their fellow citizens who occupy the vast frozen territory which forms our northern boundary.

The present subject of ethnological research by the department is the Esquimaux race, and it is deemed especially desirable that this work should be resumed amongst them just now, because their habits are rapidly changing and becoming more difficult for scientific study, as the white man penetrates the Far North.

The Esquimaux is perhaps by his natural gifts the most admirable of the native races of Canada. There are no more intelligent and kindly people than the Esquimaux of Northern Canada, and those that so readily respond to courtesy and good will, and yet they are probably the most misunderstood and misrepresented of all native races. The expedition which was fitted out last year for the study of the Esquimaux consists of Mr. V. Stefansson and Dr. R. M. Anderson. The undertaking is by no means a new task to Mr. Stefansson, as it is the second of a series of journeys he has planned to carry out within the next fifteen years, during which period he hopes to visit and study every Esquimaux settlement from East Cape, Siberia, to the east coast of Greenland and the shores of Labrador.

The present journey is planned to cover two years, one of which Mr. Stefansson expects to spend between Cape Brown and Bathurst Inlet, Canada, the other on the Colville river, Alaska. He believes that near the mouth of the Coppermine river there is a group of Esquimaux who have never seen a white man; these he desires to study while as yet they are uncontaminated by white influence and before "civilized" ways change their system of living.

Dynamited by Dog.

The news of a very remarkable accident at a mining camp at Hanging Stone Lake, near Gowganda, by which one man was killed and two injured, was brought to Montreal recently by Frederick Dunn, a resident of St. Johns, Quebec, who accompanied Mr. Andrew Dunn, Ontario, the remains of Andrew Dunn, the principal victim, for interment at his old home just outside that city.

Andrew Dunn and companions were dynamiting a vein. The fuse was ignited and the men ran, followed by Dunn's collie dog, which picked up the dynamite stick in his teeth. The explosion came just as the dog reached the cabin and dropped the explosive.

Dunn was killed almost instantly, his skull being fractured in two places, and one of his arms and two ribs being broken. One of the other men, Sims, was stunned and badly cut about the neck, while the other miner, Hackett, escaped with a few bruises. The dog, which was the cause of the disaster, bounded away and escaped injury.

A Man of Weight.

People in many Ontario towns know Mr. Holland, of Whitty, who has done excellent work as grand organizer of the Sons of Temperance. Mr. Holland is a big man—not only big in achievement, but big in person. He related on one of his tours how he had gone into a certain place to be weighed, but as the scales went up to only two hundred and fifty pounds, he could not succeed.

One time he went to the little village of Port Robinson, where the judge was presided over by a demure but droll worthy patriarch. After the customary preliminaries Mr. Holland was admitted, and as he made his ponderous way to the platform the halting worthy patriarch remarked dryly:

She Didn't Go Back.

Miss Agnes Laut, whose address on "yellow journals" and how they may be got rid of, created such a stir at the International Congress of Women, has ever been noted as one with views of her own and with a courage of her convictions. In Winnipeg she is remembered as a delicate girl with definite opinions and an independent spirit that entirely belied her looks.

When Miss Laut left Winnipeg to try her fate in the big world of journalism and literature, there were not wanting those who predicted that she would soon be back at her desk in the Free Press office. Her first work was the reporting of the meetings of the Joint High Commission in Quebec, and in this she succeeded in a way that ranked her work with that of the ablest Ottawa and Washington correspondents. From that time her rise has been steady, and though she has several times visited Winnipeg, she has evinced no tendency to occupy her old desk.

The Moose.

The moose is the largest animal now existing of the deer family, standing often as high as six feet, and sometimes weighing 1,200 pounds; but notwithstanding its great size, it is very fleet of foot. When brought to bay, a blow with its fore foot or horns is a very serious matter for the huntsman. Often when pursued by man they have their intelligence to thank for their escape, for sometimes, if closely followed, they double in their tracks and stand motionless in some thicket until the hunter has slipped by, when they quickly glide away. At other times they make such a commotion as to unnerve any but an experienced hunter, and thus escape.

The Very Newest.

In cadet and navy blue soft hats, \$2, at Campbell Bros., Kingston's hat store.

See Bibby's new suits, at \$10, \$12 and \$15.

SERVANTS IN INDIA.

Europeans in Orient Need a Big Following of Retainers.

They have a servant problem in India, and it is quite as big as the problem in other countries. If you are accompanied by your wife, then it is quite necessary the men-sahib should have her "ayah." To endeavor to go through the east without this chocolate-colored bodyguard is to stamp yourself as either mean or else uninitiated in ways oriental. If you are a resident, and if it does not matter how humble a position, your bungalow is overrun with attendants. You are waited on hand and foot; but the custom means bondage of a peculiarly irritating character, since privacy is virtually non est.

Every man servant in India is a "boy." Every waiter, every coolie, bent and white-haired, but he is always, in fact everybody native, is "boy," except those who are reputed to be able to read and write English and insist on being called "babu." After a little while the European contracts a disease called the "boy" fever. The luxury of being waited on hand and foot is irresistible. The most insipid of Englishmen soon learn to yell "Bo-o-oy!" in that deep and chorionic tone which is supposed to have been invented by the earliest members of John Company.

To the seasoned Anglo-Indian every boy is born liar and thief. He is accepted as such by all. To the newcomer this attitude toward our "black brother" is incomprehensible. After a season in India the newcomer knows why and invariably is more bitter in his race and partnership than the oldest resident. I have heard usually of third or fourth hand, of the existence of an honest boy, but I have seen none.

I was very innocent when I engaged my first boy, but then I had been only 24 hours in India. I was charmed with the appearance. His white clothes and turban were spotless. He was tall and handsome. His salaam was ecstatic and he wanted only 25 rupees a month if he stayed in Bombay, or 30 rupees if he traveled.

His "chits," or testimonials, were beautiful. Generals, majors, captains and all sorts of high military functionaries, had enjoyed the services of Behar, as he was called, and all said what scores of which he was proud with him and with what pleasure he remembered him to another wandering sahib.

For two days he was as faithful as a dog. On the morning of the third he informed me he was married and had quite a lot of children; as it was my intention to go up country, would the sahib allow poor Behar three months' salary in advance so that he could leave provision for his family. As I have said, I was very innocent, and the "boy" was so charming, I advanced him his salary, and an hour later India had swallowed him up, never to be seen by me again.

The next applicant for the post was a little Madrosi, whose face was a perpetual smile. He spoke very little English, but he was armed with a bundle of chits, of which he was abnormally proud. The first read-something like this: "The bearer of this is a splendid menter. He is a most admirable color. He has served me with great impropriety and I sincerely trust he will speedily obtain a situation in our enfers."

Pigeon Messengers.

Pretty pigeons of Australia carry packages and messages between Hobart and Maatsuyker Island lighthouse, a distance of about seventy-five miles. Last November they called a physician for a lighthouse attendant and probably saved his life. Three birds are liberated with messages every three weeks, and when accident or illness occurs three additional birds are set free. Twelve birds in all are used for the service. While messages have not always reached their destination, the service has nevertheless been highly satisfactory. The messages are written on a piece of paper tied under the bird's wing; but the marine board has in view some celluloid cases which may be adjusted under the bird's wing, and in which a good deal of information might be carried.

The birds are fed on grey peas of good quality, get plenty of grit and fresh water, and are kept thoroughly clean. They are also allowed at their station plenty of opportunity for useful exercise. The Maatsuyker Island lighthouse, which has a most isolated position, could secure a physician from Hobart sixteen hours after he had been sent for by pigeon post has suggested important possibilities for more general use of homing pigeons for such service. Trophies are to be provided for homing competitions, so as to encourage owners to breed the best descriptions of carriers. There are about 20,000 of these birds in Australia.

Starved In Midst of Plenty.

A curious story is told in a London contemporary by a correspondent who recently discovered in an old bureau a letter sent by a relative in Australia many, many years ago. It was written by a squatter in the bush, was much faded, and grains of the sand which had been used to dry the letter still adhered to it. The missive breathed disconsolation. Times were bad, there was too much drought, and too much sand; the writer saw no prospect of good times. Annoyed at the illegible passages the reader called in the services of a chemist friend, who succeeded in restoring them. But the chemicals which were applied to the paper had a curious effect on the grains of sand. It revealed many of them as grains of gold.

General Booth's Tour.

In connection with his South African tour, General Booth traveled nearly 18,000 miles, spent thirty-three days and nights on the sea, fifteen in trains, and held sixty-four public meetings.

The New Dreadnought.

H.M.S. Neptune, now under construction, will be 510 feet long and 68 feet wide. Her displacement will be 20,000 tons, as against the 17,500 tons of H.M.S. Dreadnought.

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