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The Camp "Jumper."

Up in the woods along the Canadian border during the long months when deep snow covers the ground and the dense stillness is broken only by the sharp ring of the woodman's axe, the time hangs heavily on the hands of the crews of the logging camps. For miles in all directions there is an unbroken expanse of trees and snow. The great world outside rushes on, but these men know nothing of elections, strikes, disasters, and horrors on land and sea until months after they have occurred.

They are buried in the wilderness and sometimes they go mad or fall ill of melancholia, but for the first part they spend the time when their labors are over in devising some new form of diversion or variations of amusements that have become traditional, like that of compelling a new hand to climb a tree, after which they proceed to chop the tree down, permitting the unhappy victim of their sport to make a sudden descent into some convenient snowbank.

If, however, a camp is provided with a "jumper," the men never feel called upon to look further for a means and source of amusement. Now a "jumper" in the woods is about as luckless a specimen of humanity as walks the earth. He is seldom found far away from the woods, because it is in their shade that he first begins his jumping career. To start with, he is simply a man whose nerves are abnormally sensitive. There are many such among the half breed French-Canadians.

Ordinarily, they would simply be very nervous men, but when such a one is discovered in a logging camp, drastic and persistent measures are taken to develop him into a full-fledged "jumper," by which is meant one who has so lost control of his muscles that they will act involuntarily at the command of another.

This result is secured by constant nagging and ceaseless petty annoyances, until the nerves of the victim become completely unstrung, as the saying is, and he is helpless in the hands of his tormentors. The luckless logger straightens up from his work and a stick from some unknown source strikes him in the back. He goes to bed at night and no sooner is he asleep than a shower of boots and shoes beats down upon him. A string is tied to each toe as he dozes in his bunk and one string pulled at a time until his foot seems to be burning up. He gets no peace by night or day, and before many months his nervous system has become completely shattered and the camp has secured its "jumper," the butt of all its jokes and the cause of boundless hilarity.

A fully developed "jumper" is as helpless as a baby in the hands of a strong-willed man. A shout sends him high into the air. A poke in the ribs sends him almost into hysterics. In order to control himself he often resorts to biting his fingers, and I have seen a "jumper" with hands bleeding and raw from constant gnawing. Point a finger at the unfortunate man and he will beat his hands fiercely against a board or a stone wall.

Sometimes a "jumper" acts like a man hypnotized. He will sway from side to side and go in any direction indicated by the motion of a hand. He will even be another with his fists when commanded, but being perfectly conscious of what he is doing, although powerless to help himself, will cry out piteously, "I can't help it, don't hit me."

Sometimes a tragedy follows an attempt to have sport with one of these unfortunate individuals. It is related that several choppers, among them a "jumper," were once walking through the woods in single file, their axes over their shoulders, when some thoughtless fellow threw a stick of wood which struck the "jumper." The latter sprang into the air and brought down his keen edge with great force, cleaving the skull of the man walking in front of him. More often it is the "jumper" himself who is injured, for the men of the lumber camps are not inclined to think first before playing their jokes on their afflicted comrade and may cause him to come tumbling down from a pile of logs or even jump into the fire.

It all seems very pitiful, for the life of a "jumper" must be one of the utmost misery. He is always an ignorant man, however, and knows of no way to escape the thralldom. Perhaps as a rule his intellect is not very strong to begin with. Probably in nearly all cases his mind becomes affected after a few years. He gets neither sympathy nor help from his fellows, for they cannot understand his weakness, and their sport is nearly always rough. His antics make them laugh and relieve the tedium of a long and lonely winter, far away from civilization.

A Weak Spot in Safes.

The bottom plate of a safe is the most vulnerable section of its walls, owing to safe-makers considering it as so unlikely for burglars to be able to operate on this part. New York burglars having found this out, have adopted the plan of turning a safe on its side, or otherwise placing it in a position for drilling through the bottom plate. The noise and risk of dynamite has led to these marauders having adopted the above plan in a number of recent burglaries. Bank safes are usually impossible to upset, but there are

thousands of safes in private offices that could be turned over by a gang of burglars. Safe makers will have to provide against this new risk. The present activity of burglars again emphasizes the necessity of protecting the public by more severely restricting the liberty of these, the worst of criminals. The short sentences generally passed upon them is a wrong to both the possible victims of their crimes, and a wrong to the men themselves, who absolutely need to be confined to be kept out of mischief.—Insurance and Finance Chronicle.

For Their Stomachs' Sake.

Sunday school treats must come round oftener in England than in the United States, for the Dean of Bristol has included in his recent book, "Odds and ends," many stories of the hold of such festivities on the juvenile heart and stomach.

The hand of a small boy wavered for an instant over a plate of cakes before he took one. "Thanks," he said, after his momentary hesitation. "I'm sure I can manage it if I stand up."

Another boy, still smaller, who had stuffed systematically, at last turned to his mother and sighed, "Carry me home, mother, but oh, don't bend me!"

The average boy in Yorkshire knows why he attends these feasts, and does not relish being furnished forth scantily. A solicitous curate approached one who was glowering mysteriously. "Have you had a good tea?" the curate asked.

"No," said the boy, in an aggrieved tone, laying his hand on his diaphragm. "It don't hurt me yet."

**You Cannot Rely
on Imitations.**

When Threatened With Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia or Serious Lung Troubles Be Sure to Get the Genuine

**DR. CHASE'S
SYRUP
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TURPENTINE.**

For generations the value of turpentine as a remedial agent in all affections of the bronchial tubes and lungs has been well known.

It remained for Dr. Chase to so combine turpentine, linseed and half a dozen other ingredients as to not only make a wonderfully successful medicine, but also one that is so pleasant to the taste as to be sought for by children.

The sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is more than three times that of many similar remedies. The result of this success is a host of imitations.

When attacked by coughs and colds which threaten to reach the lungs and prove serious; when awakened by children with croupy coughs, gasping for breath, you cannot afford to trust imitations.

Mr. John Pollard, Echo Bay, Ont., writes: "I was troubled last winter with a very bad cold, which was beginning to settle on my lungs. I was so hoarse that I could scarcely speak, and had a nasty hacking cough, which I could not get rid of. One bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured me, and I can heartily recommend it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold by all dealers at the advertised price, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as large) 60 cents. Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author are on every bottle.

A Dollar and a Sovereign.

When Lord Coleridge visited America, among other places, he visited Georgetown. As he and his guide were walking on the banks of the Potomac, Lord Coleridge said to his guide:

"Mr. Secretary, do you believe that Washington chuckled a dollar across the Potomac?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Why do you believe it?" said the judge.

"Well, sir, a dollar went much farther in those days than it does now."

As they were parting, Lord Coleridge said: "To revert to the question of Washington, you put me off last time. Do you really believe he chuckled a dollar across the Potomac?"

"Well, I can't say, sir. All I know is that he chuckled a sovereign across the Atlantic."

—London "Onlooker."

His Little All.

It is a pity to spoil a good moral, but it is sometimes done when a story is excavated to its foundations. This story from the London Outlook is, however, good enough to stand on its own feet.

"When I came to town, twenty years ago," said a prosperous man of ample waistcoat, "all my earthly possessions were wrapped up in a red bandanna handkerchief."

"And now you own three hundred acres of land and that factory on the edge of the town?"

"Yes."

"May I ask you what you carried in the red bandanna handkerchief?"

"Six thousand pounds in cash and bonds."

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To Sell All
Goods Out Clean.**

We carry little or no stock over from year to year.

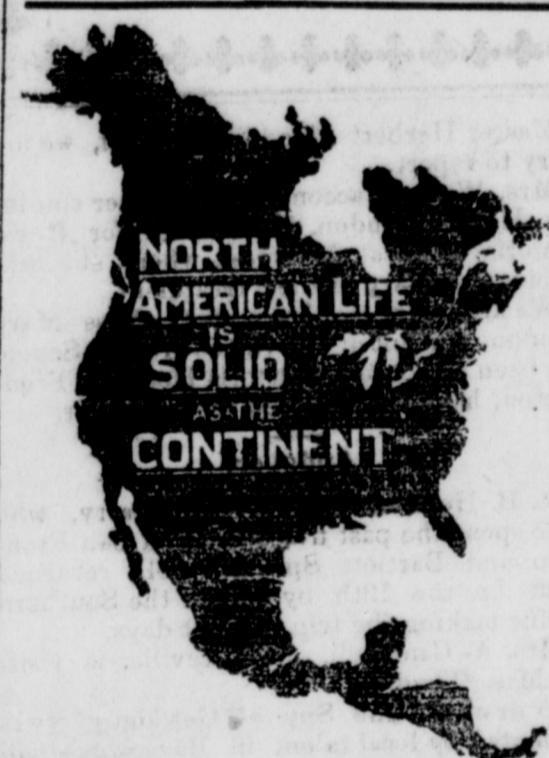
Now we have left a very few Sleighs and Pungs, a small quantity of Fur Coats and Ladies' Jackets, and a few Robes.

These will be sold at price that you know to be right.

If you want a trade that is a **Real Bargain**, come in.

BALMAIN BROS.

Jan. 27, 1904.



CONTINUED PROGRESS.

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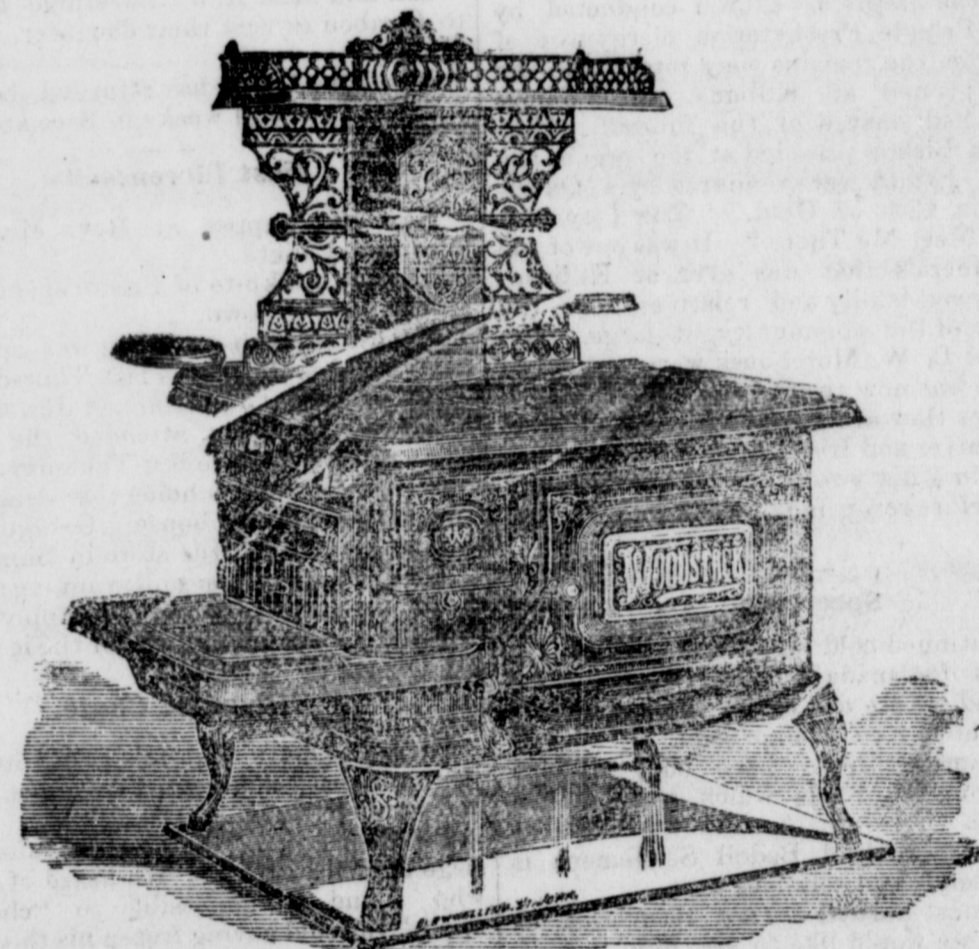
THREE SEPTENNIAL PERIODS.

Year.	Cash income.	Assets.	Policies in force.
1881	\$39,613	\$88,763	\$1,221,712
1888	263,691	666,919	7,927,564
1895	581,478	2,300,518	15,779,385
1902	1,270,840	5,010,813	30,927,961

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Yours faithfully,

JOHN C. BERRIE.

P. S.—I kept the fire going night and day from the 1st of October to the end of March with less than five cords of hardwood.—J.C.B.

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