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WHIMSICAL WILLS

Human Nature as Shown In
Queer Requests and Bequests.

FEAR OF PREMATURE BURIAL.

This Dread Has Often Been the Cause
of Curious Provisions in Last Testa-
ments—The Case of a Man Who
Disliked the Society of Women.

The remarkable will of a man who died not long ago directing the undertaker to stab him through the heart after he had been pronounced dead by his physician is not a unique one. The fear of being buried alive has driven many a man to stipulate in his will that extraordinary steps be taken to make sure of death.

Thus, for instance, a magnate of Plymouth, England, decreed by his will that his wife should cut off one of his toes or fingers to make sure he was dead, adding that he made the request so that "as she had been troubled with one old fool she will not think of marrying a second."

The will of Lord Lytton contained peculiar directions as to the examination of his body in order to provide against the possibility of his being buried while in a trance, which appeared to be an apprehension of his.

A farmer of Hertfordshire, England, who died in 1720, was so certain that his lethal slumber was to be not really death, that he inserted in his will his written wish that, "as he was about to take a thirty years' nap, his coffin might be suspended from a beam in his barn and by no means nailed down." He, however, permitted it to be locked, provided a hole were made in the side, through which the key might be pushed, so that he might let himself out when he awoke. His nephew, who inherited the property, obeyed his whim and did not bury the coffin till 1751, allowing him an extra year of grace.

The Sieur Boby, who died in 1845 at the age of ninety-six, said in his will: "Eight and forty hours after my decease I desire that a post mortem examination be made, that my heart be taken out and placed in an urn, which shall be intrusted to M. Baudouin (the undertaker). In conformity with an arrangement between him and myself my heart is to be conveyed to a mausoleum in the department of La Mayenne and there to be deposited, as agreed."

Robert, the famous Earl of Melford and Leicester, one of the early crusaders in the holy land, died in 1118 in the abbey of Preaux, where his body was buried, but his heart was conveyed to the hospital at Brackley, there to be preserved in salt. Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Pembroke, who died in 1239, ordered her heart to be sent in a silver cup to her brother, then abbot of Tewkesbury, to be buried there before the high altar. The heart of John Balliol, lord of Barnard castle, who died in 1293, was by his widow's desire inclosed in an ivory casket richly enamelled with silver.

But all these examples, strange as they may be, are not especially remarkable among the countless numbers of curious wills which are recorded through many generations.

There is, for example, the will of a rich old bachelor, who, incensed at what he considered the attempts of his family to put him under the yoke of matrimony, vented his spite on the whole sex of women by saying in his will: "I beg that my executors will see that I am buried where there is no woman interred, either to the right or to the left of me. Should this not be practicable in the ordinary course of things I direct that they purchase three graves and bury me in the middle one of the three, leaving the two others unoccupied."

John Reed, gaslighter of the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, died last post for forty-four years. There is not on record a single performance at the theater at which he was not present. He never aspired to appear on the stage in his lifetime, but he was not without his mute ambitions, and before he died he contrived ingeniously to make sure of assuming a Shakespearean role after his death. A clause in his will read:

"My head is to be separated from my body immediately after my death, the latter to be buried in a grave, the former, duly macerated and prepared, to be brought to the theater, where I have served all my life, and to be

played to represent the skull of Yorick, and to this end I bequeath my head to the properties."—New York Sun.

The Fingerless Glove.

How early did mankind think of the convenience of the fingerless glove which modern babies, fishermen and Alpine climbers appreciate so greatly? We hear little of gloves in ancient times, and in most cases it is obvious that they had fingers. Those worn by the secretary of the younger Pliny, used when he visited Vesuvius so that he might keep on jotting down notes in spite of the cold, must have been fingered no less than those of the glutton in Athenaeus who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the meat while hot and get in advance of his bare handed fellow-diners. One of the earliest known wearers of a glove with only a thumb is an Anglo-Saxon lady known in Planche's "History of British Costume." Her gloves exactly resemble a modern baby's.

My precept to all who build is that the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner.—Cicero.

Threatened With Rosenthal's Fate

Montreal, Aug. 14.—John H. Roberts, secretary of the Dominion Alliance, received a plainly typewritten letter this morning from Sherbrooke signed "One of the gang," informing him that a fate similar to that of Herman Rosenthal, the New York gambler, awaited him. Roberts, who is an active temperance campaigner, has been conducting a campaign against alleged violations of the licence law in Sherbrooke, and a number of cases are down for hearing on Friday. Roberts declares he will take his witnesses to Sherbrooke despite the threat made.

Maintenance of an Adequate Navy

London, Aug. 14.—F. E. Smith, lawyer and Unionist member of Parliament for a Liverpool seat, who is now on his way to Canada, writes that the maintenance of an adequate navy ought to be outside the scope of party controversy. The nation is enormously rich and if appealed to with the impressive truth, he says, will find any money which the minister in whom it has confidence thinks right to ask. The one bright spot is found in the apparent intention of Canada to step into the field to help redress the maritime balance of the old world.

William I. Burns, who exposed the murderous conspiracy to which the MacNamara brothers are serving sentences, and who threw light on the doings of a few boodling Detroit aldermen, has caused the arrest of three ringleaders in a Christmas morning lynching at Brooklyn, Anne Arundel county, Maryland. Mr. Burns has been working secretly for six months on the case under the directions of Governor Goldsborough, who desires to stamp out lynching from his State.

FIAT

God, I have failed! That of which I dreamed,
For which I planned and worked, until it seemed
It must be mine, is gone, and now I stand
Discouraged, sullen, Lord, until Thy hand
Takes mine. But now I humbly follow
Thee,
And thank Thee that I failed, for I can
see
Success would make me proud, so I resign.
My will to win, and humbly bow to Thine
Go, I have sinned: have turned away my
face,
Seeking the dark, and spurned Thy great
embrace;
Have stumbled, plunged into the depths,
when, lo!
Thy hand seeks mine; contrite and bow'd
I go,
And climb with pain past those I made to
fall.
E'en, Lord, for this I thank Thee after

all;
for now I seek for sinners, how'er low,
And I can better guide, because I know

AUGUSTIN DE PARIS.

To can Tomatoes

Tomatoes for soups, etc. are very easily canned. Choose perfectly sound ripe ones, and peel them; the easiest way to do this is to put them in a wire basket or colander to which a handle has been fixed, and dip them in boiling water, then peel quickly with a sharp knife--the skins will almost rub off. Now cut the tomatoes in bits and stew them in their own juice in a granite kettle for twenty-five minutes. Less time may do but it is better to be safe. Add salt and pepper (white) to season. While boiling hot, put into sterilized jars, being careful to heap the tomatoes above the top of each sealer before pressing the lid down. Screw the lids down at once.

By the way, a writer from an American magazine states that she strains the tomatoes after stewing, reheats the juice, and then seals it. She finds, she says, that this keeps better than tomatoes canned the ordinary way. Personally, I have never had any trouble with canned tomatoes,--never a can spoiled. I was always careful, of course, to use perfectly new rubbers, and to sterilize the jars thoroughly.

Lady--I wonder what your father would say if he caught you fishing on Sunday?

Boy--I don't know. You'd better ask him. That's him a little farther up the stream.---Lippincott's

A DAILY THOUGHT

What is meant by redeeming time? It is to fill the hours full of the richest freight, to fill them with the life of thought, feeling, action as they pass by. One moment of self-conquest, one good action, really done, yes one effort to do right, really made, has the seal of time put on it.

-J. F. Clarke.

Miramichi Bridge Fell
This Morning

Chatham, Aug. 15.--Two spans of the Southwest bridge, that forms the chief link of communication across the Southwest Miramichi River, between the most populous parishes of the county, went down this morning at a quarter to twelve, and now practically block the channel in the river, as well as cutting off all communications from shore to shore. The spans that went out are directly over the channel and while the upper work fell clear from the foundation bases, part of the wood-work grounded in the channel and so far blocked it that rafts of logs will not be able to get through. Most of the mills on the Miramichi are practically dependent upon the regular supply of logs from the Southwest Boom Company at Millerton, a few miles above. The situation is serious, for the mills and the 2,500 men who get their means of livelihood from the bridge has been in a very bad condition for the past three years, and efforts have been made to get some repairs done, without success. There is great indignation at the apathy of the government in failing to repair the structure and prolong its life until some other bridge has been constructed. The bridge was the only one in 40 miles on the river.

Australia And The Panama Canal
Bill

Melburne, Australia, Aug. 14.—Adfred Deakin, leader of the federal opposition asked Premier Fisher in the House of Representatives yesterday whether he intended to communicate with the imperial government respecting the American government's decision to exempt from canal tolls American

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coastwise shipping, as it was a matter of vital importance to Australia. Premier Fisher replied that he regarded the United States' decision as clearly against the terms of the Anglo-American treaty. He already had communicated with the imperial government, he said, and hoped that the matter would be satisfactorily settled.

Ms. Nellie Schmidt, 20 years old, the holder of the Pacific Coast championship for women in the one mile swim, swam across San Francisco Bay five and one half miles, in three hours and six minutes, Sunday. She is the first woman and the third person to accomplish the feat.

District Attorney Whitman of New York, who is engaged in a terrible war of words with the Police Department of that city. He claims the police are responsible for the assassination of Herman Rosenthal, a noted gambler who was to turn over damaging evidence against the department to the District Attorney. Mr. Whitman has been doing such good work that he is already proposed for nomination by the Democrats as Governor of New York.

A Close Shave.

A blue grass judge was sent up to the Kentucky mountains to try a lot of murder cases growing out of a desperate and bloody feud. He took with him as his official stenographer a young man named Wilkins, who dressed nattily and in strong contrast to the silent mountaineers, did quite a good deal of talking.

On his first Sunday morning in the mountain hamlet Wilkins felt the need of a shave. He had no razor and there was no regular barber in the town; but he learned from the hotelkeeper that there was an old cobbler a few doors away who sometimes shaved the transients.

Wilkins went to look for the cobbler. In a tiny shop he found an elderly native with straggly chin whiskers and a mild blue eye. The old chap got out an ancient razor from somewhere, stropped it deliberately, and was soon scraping away. Wilkins felt the desire for a little repartee coming over him.

"This is a mighty lawless country up here, ain't it?" he began in the way of opening up some conversation.

"I don't know," said the old chap mildly. "Things is purty quiet jist at present."

He paused to put a keener edge on his blade, then went on with his work. "Well," said Wilkins, "you can't deny, I reckon, that you have a lot of murders in this town?"

"We don't gin'rally speak of 'em as murders," said the old cobbler in a tone of gentle reproof. "Up here we calls 'em killin's."

"I'd call them murders all right," said Wilkins briskly. "If shooting a man down in cold blood ain't murder, then I don't know a murder when I see one, that's all. When was the last man killed, as you call it, here in this town?"

"Last week," said the venerable cobbler.

"Where 'bouts was he killed?" continued Wilkins.

"Right out yonder in the street in front of this here shop," stated the old man, with the air of one desiring to turn the conversation. "Razor hurt you much?"

"The razor is all right," said Wilkins. "What I want to know is the truth a-

bout the killing of this last man. Who killed him?" he demanded.

The cobbler let the edge of the razor linger right over the Adam's apple of the inquiring stranger for a moment. "I killed him," he said gently.

There was where the conversation began to languish.

How Trust Busting Is Done In
Australia

SYDNEY, Australia, Aug. 6.—Australia as a trust buster has a way all her own and she seems to be advancing in it even though critics cry it points to socialism.

A short time ago the brickmakers of this city boasted the price of bricks to such an altitude that housebuilding became prohibitive. Up rose the government in righteous indignation, bought a brick kiln, and sold bricks at reasonable prices. And once more the old familiar advertisements of Why-pay-rent type decorated the billboards.

Then the brick-makers enlisted the sympathy of the landlords and up went house rents. Instead of invoking the Australian equivalent of the Sherman law, once more the government stepped into the ring and erected 800 homes, for which it charged ordinary rents.

The same story is heard from all parts of the commonwealth. Whenever there is any danger of a trust being formed the government steps into the ring and fights it out with bare knuckles and the other man has so far gone down every time. There is at the present time a remarkable state of affairs existing here. The men returned to power are actually using it to protect the people instead of playing politics. To the capitalists the governments says, "You may do what you like, but you must pay your workers a living wage and charge fair prices. Otherwise you are scratched for this event."

The government in this state of New South Wales owns the railroads, the street car systems and the post and telegraph systems,—or, rather, these last two, are under Commonwealth control. For thirty-six cents you can send sixteen words by telegraph over a distance of 5,000 miles, and if you want, by paying double rates, you can have the line cleared for your message. In Victoria the government owns two coal mines, and in West Australia, it runs an hotel and saloon.

There seems to be a far-reaching movement for the government to run all actual necessities of life and not to allow a few men to form a trust and suck the other fellow dry.

Alaskans to Receive Food From
Government

Washington, Aug. 15.—Alaska has not yet recovered from the effects of the volcanic eruption of Mount Katmai in June, and the federal government will be obliged to furnish emergency rations and supplies to many people for some time to come.

The people of Kodiak Island are in need of the quickest attention. Their vegetable crops were ruined. Secretary of the Treasury Macveagh has ordered ten tons of potatoes from Seattle to prevent scurvy breaking out among the inhabitants.

Afognak Island is recovering to some extent, but will need emergency rations during the coming winter.

The people of the mainland, who were rendered homeless by the eruption, have erected a new town on Ivanoff Bay, 150 miles west of the volcano, and christened it Perry, in honor of Captain Perry, of the revenue cutter Manning, who rescued 500 people during the catastrophe. The new village is flourishing and needs no assistance.