

The Mission Field in Far Algoma.

THE MISSIONARY'S COMPANION.

Mr. Geo. Buskin, missionary for the International Mission to Algoma and North-West, attributes his escape from severe illness through summer complaints to the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. He writes as follows: "I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been to me a wonderful, soothing, speedy and effectual remedy. It has been my companion for several years during the labors and exposures of my missionary work in Algoma. Well it is for old and young to have it in store against the time of need which so often comes without warning."

Yours truly,
GEO. BUSKIN, Missionary.

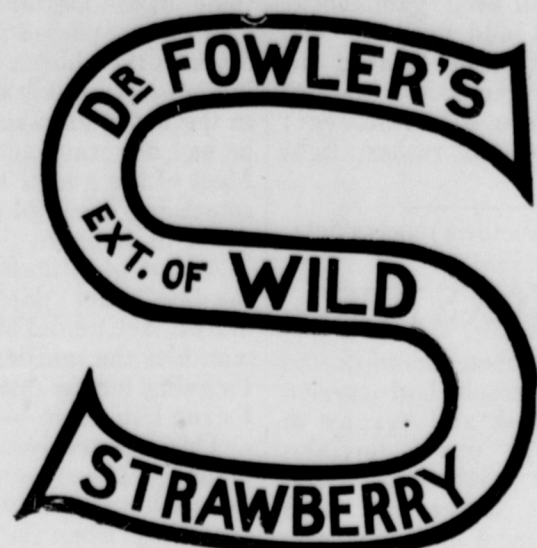


CURES
COLIC
CRAMPS,
CHOLERA,
DIARRHOEA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
CHOLERA INFANTUM

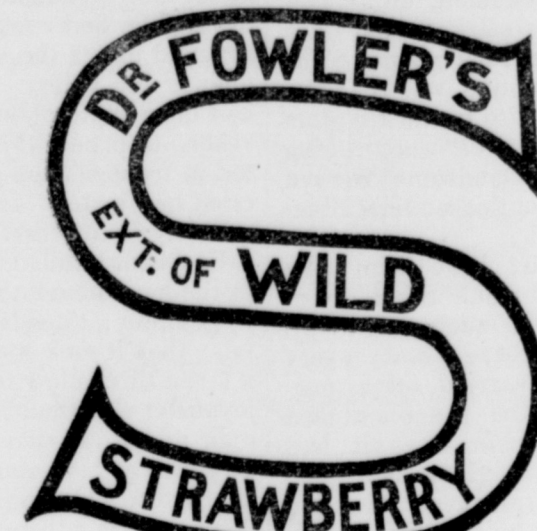
and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults.
For Sale by all Dealers.

Summer Complaints.

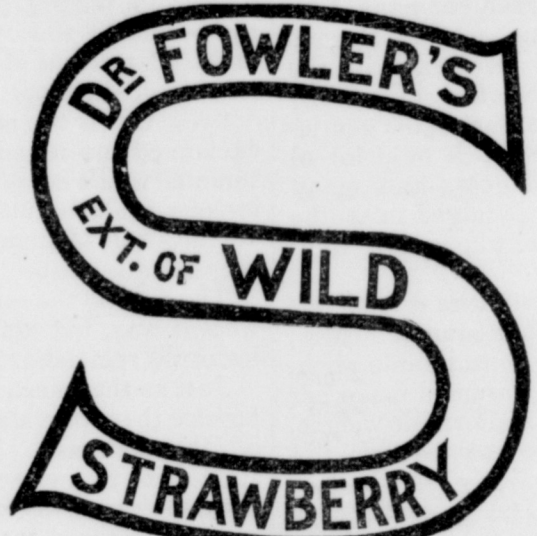
Many dangerous and distressing diseases prevail in summer and fall, and as they occur suddenly, often terminate fatally before aid can be had. Complaints such as Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic and bilious attacks are nearly always due primarily to an unhealthy condition of the bile and blood, the attack being excited by indiscretions in diet, bad air and water, colds, unripe fruit, fermenting food or anything which causes an excess of bile. Cholera is now said to be caused by a minute germ or bacillus, and rigid cleanliness and the use of disinfectants indicated. Cholera Morbus and Canadian Cholera are modified forms of Asiatic Cholera, with many symptoms in common, such as purging, cramps and collapse. Never neglect a simple diarrhoea, but avoid opiates and powerful astringents, which sometimes produce inflammation, through too suddenly checking the discharge. The symptoms in these complaints vary greatly; sometimes there is great pain, nausea and vomiting, in other cases painless diarrhoea exists, but in all cases the sovereign remedy is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which promptly arrests the diarrhoea, soothes the pain and corrects the unhealthy biliary symptoms.



Fifty Years
—OF—
Unbroken
SUCCESS.



Has Saved
THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS
—OF—
CHILDREN.



Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. CURES

Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Pain in the Stomach, Sea Sickness, Bilious Colic and all Bowel Complaints of children and adults. During over fifty years' trial it has always given complete satisfaction, and still remains the most popular standard remedy before the public, evidenced by its annually increasing sale and the constant receipt by the proprietors of words of the highest praise from the press and the public. It is a remedy that stands a positive guarantee of reliability. If attacked by any form of Summer Complaint, young or old will find it an untailing cure. It has justly earned the title of "nature's specific" for all Bowel Complaints. In cranks of the mouth—the nursing sore mouth of infants—as well as the ordinary sore mouth of adults, arising from a cankered condition of the mucous coating of the stomach, Wild Strawberry will afford immediate relief and speedily effect a cure.

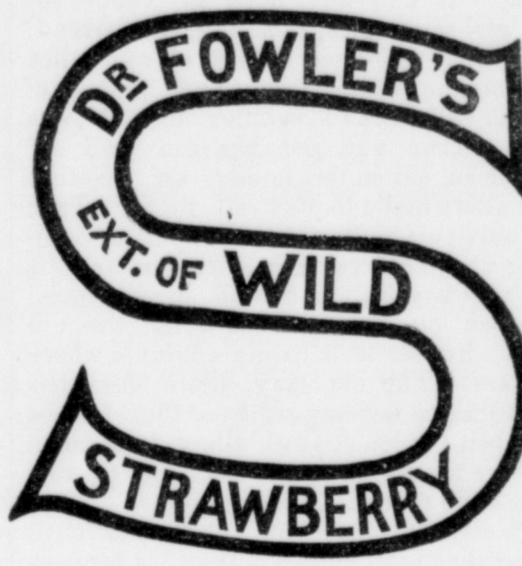
PRICE 35 CENTS.

CURES

COLIC
CRAMPS,
CHOLERA,
DIARRHOEA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
CHOLERA INFANTUM

and all Summer Complaints and Fluxes of the Bowels. It is safe and reliable for Children or Adults.

For Sale by all Dealers



Reduced to a Shadow.

SAVED BY STRAWBERRY EXTRACT.

GENTLEMEN,—Feeling it my duty to give you an unsolicited testimony for the direct benefit I have received in my family from the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, let me say that while we resided at Fenwick, Ont., my little daughter had an attack of Dysentery or Bloody Flux, by which she was reduced to a mere shadow and became quite helpless. Fortunately my family physician advised the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as he neither had nor knew of anything better for this dreadful disease, and therefore we gave it an impartial trial. I am happy to say that less than a quarter of a bottle caused the flow of blood and clots to cease, and the child promptly recovered. We always have had Extract of Strawberry in the house since to be ready for emergencies common to children in summer from the effects of fruits, etc. I would just as soon think of losing my right eye as being deprived of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. This is a testimony of thanks for the untold benefit myself and family have received from the great remedy.

MRS. W. H. GARROLD,
St. David's, Ont., formerly of Hamilton, Ont.

HOW TO BREAK A VAULT.

OFFICIAL INSTRUCTIONS TO AMBITIOUS BURGLARS.

The United States Government publishes a Book Which Gives Many Pointers on the Subject—Bankers are Indignant and Think the Volume too Previous.

According to the organ of the New York bankers, the book recently sent out from the government printing office entitled "Report of Special Commission of Experts as to Means of Improving Vault Facilities of the Treasury Department" is a dangerous volume to place in the hands of expert thieves. It is admitted, however, that the same objections urged against the teaching of penmanship as a possible means of avoiding forgery.

Indignant bank presidents say that a better title for the book would be "The one 'Red' Leary would give it were he alive. 'The Safe Cracker's Handy Guide.' One gentleman, who in his mind's eye sees the vault of the bank over the destinies of which he presides blown to the four winds, utters this plaint:

"It is easy to fancy the delight Mr. Leary would experience in turning over the pages of this unique publication. Problems in the art of blowing open safes which, in his day, were extremely difficult of solution, would now, with the aid of the copious illustrations, appear to him so simple as to be mere child's play. It is safe to say his fingers would itch as he read the complete details, illuminated with diagrams, as to how the government experts tore apart the latest and most burglar-proof of vaults and safes."

Certainly it was not the intention of the government officials to establish a school for the instruction of bank burglars. It was for the purpose of discovering how to strengthen the treasury safes that a commission of experts was appointed a couple of years ago. This commission thought that the best way to learn how to make safes was to find the defects in those already in use. So two years was spent in burglarizing "burglar-proof" safes. All makes were experimented on; some were blown open; some were fired open; and some were banged open. All processes were carefully described with photographs in the book which is worth its weight in gold to an up-to-date bank thief.

It does not conduce to easy sleep for the president of a bank to know that the government has placed before his natural enemy a picture and description of the iron box in which his treasure is stored. He becomes more nervous when he knows that the construction of the safe is fully explained, its

vulnerable features dilated upon, and the best method of cracking it carefully given with complete diagrams.

The government experts assure the budding burglar that there are three methods of safe-cracking recognized by the regular school. They are, in the order of their feasibility:

1. Drilling or otherwise penetrating the walls of the safe or vault, or its doors, and thus obtaining access to the locks and bolts and then, very generally opening them from the inside.
2. Stripping the wall of its covering, layer by layer, tearing off the steel and the iron sheets, one by one, until the interior is reached.
3. Exploding gunpowder, dynamite, or nitro-glycerine in some parts especially easy of attack by this means, and thus destroying the locks, tearing open a door, or actually breaking into the walls of the structure. Powder is sometimes blown into the crack left by imperfect construction about the door, and between it and its frame or jamb. Nitro-glycerine is often run in the same crack, where not absolutely tight, and flowing as freely, when warm, as water if finds its way in considerable quantities etc.

If the burglar has not had much experience, and is in doubt which method to use, the book comes to his relief. It tells him in these words that, if he has ample time at his disposal, the first plan is the best:

"Of these several methods of securing entrance into the safe or vault, the first, because of its comparative freedom from noise or jar, is the favorite where practicable, and where time is given for its slow and usually certain operation."

If the burglar is timid, and hesitates, the book gives him encouragement. It assures him in simple language that "no one of the constructions now in the market and recognized now as standard can be asserted to be absolutely burglar-proof."

In a number of Chicago banks there are strong little safes with screw doors. These are warranted to be absolutely burglar proof. The experts of this government give full instructions for opening any one of them in thirty-eight minutes. They did the trick themselves and know whereof they speak. It was their twentieth experiment and they first introduced about 1-100 of an ounce of nitro-glycerine into two of the bolt-holes in the door. Then they put a detonator in each hole and tamped the holes with putty and fire. The detonation, although producing, as the experts say, the "smallest possible noise," caused the outer plate to spring away from the second, charge of nitro-glycerine could be easily poured between the plates. It was this way the government experts blew off nine of the plates of the door in succession, without making noise enough to disturb a mouse.

That this process is a success the officials of Franklin Grove, Mo., can testify. The government report had not been out a fortnight before a burglar of literary attainments had yanked off the door of the Franklin Grove safe, and enriched himself to the extent of \$25,000, while the janitor slept next door.

There are photographs in the government book showing how safes are blown

open by means of a pocket battery. This is a very ingenious device, which shows that the knights of the jimmy are keeping pace with civilization. Photographs Nos. 15 and 16 in the book illustrate the "before and after" of modern safe burglary by the most approved methods. In photograph No. 15 a gentleman with a long and popular beard is depicted kneeling on the top of a large burglar proof safe. The safe is tied about with several coils of heavy rope. A wire terminating in a button held in the right hand, leads to a battery in the hip pocket. Another wire leads from the battery down through a hole drilled in front of the safe. The expert seems to be in a state of meditation. Photograph No. 16 shows the condition of the unfortunate burglar-proof safe after the long-whiskered expert pressed his little button. The safe door has been blown off, exposing the inner workings of the steel structure. This safe weighed six tons and cost over \$3,000. It was opened in three hours.

"Sonadora" cigars, 15cts. or 2 for 25cts.

Big Brains of Great Men.

The famous and fitly named German sculptor, Schaper, who executed the statue of Bismarck at Cologne, was privileged to be on more familiar terms than anybody now living, probably, with his sitter's head. He had that head in his hands for days, and surveyed, and measured, and manipulated it to his heart's content. The results of his observations and measurements he subsequently placed at the disposal of science, and science has proceeded to institute comparisons between the Prince's head and others—not only in point of size, but in point of brain weight also—very greatly, as may be imagined, in the man's favor. The Bismarck head measures 212 and 170 in millimeters. This, it appears, is colossal. In Baden, where heads run big, out of 2,500 they measured only one ran to 206 millimeters from forehead to occiput. The most extensive head they could find upon a savant gave a cubic capacity of 1,800 centimeters only. Bismarck's goes this 165 centimeters better. Coming to weight of brain, Kant, Dante Byron, Cuvier—none of them are in it with the Chancellor. Cuvier carried 3 pounds 15½ ounces in his brain-pan. Bismarck puts up 4 pounds 1 ounce avoirdupois. This weight, however, has been equaled in the case of a British subject, reported a couple of weeks ago in the Lancet. He yielded 65 ounces—the Chancellor's figure exactly—and he was deaf, dumb, daft, and a Scotchman.

"La Fayette" (Reina Victoria) cigars 5cts.

Bike is a Bad Word.

According to the St. Paul Globe, that verbal monstrosity, "bike," meaning a bicycle, "has a rugged, terse, Anglo-Saxon sound to back up its claims with." Perhaps. So have many of the "words" of Jabberwocky. But no silly tone in any tuly wood ever chorled in his joy over a word more utterly unfit for a place in the English vocabulary.—New York Tribune.

ONE OF THE JAMES GANG

FRANK THE REFORMED OUTLAW WAS SCARED ONCE.

Pursued at Night by a Herd of Mules—The Desperado Mistook it for a Troop of Cavalry and Acted Accordingly—The Story in His Own Words.

I once met Frank James, says Col. Thomson of New Orleans, in a Chicago paper and in the course of our conversation asked him if he was ever really scared in any of the closest places during his career. I wanted to find out even in the most desperate places if the courage of a notorious outlaw ever left him. "Well yes," he replied. "Very frequently I worked a big bluff when I was pretty badly frightened, I can assure you. I have always had associated with me men that were the most arrant cowards you ever saw, and yet they could put on a bold front and intimidate the most courageous. Courage frequently consists in making the other fellow believe you are the better man."

Frank James has the appearance of a plain, ordinary-looking business man, and the desperate outlaw look that is depicted upon his countenance by the fiction writers who have chronicled his daring deeds is totally absent. I have seen him on several occasions, but never met him but the one time. He always dresses modestly yet neatly and seldom refers to his past career—never without the greatest reluctance. He has a cold, steel-gray eye that is as penetrating as when he rode unmolested and spread terror through the very mention of his name. He said that he had been misrepresented more than any man living, and that the authors of the 'Life of the James Boys' were very reckless in attributing to them deeds that were unauthentic and which he had no more to do with than I had.

Mr. James has thoroughly reformed and is today a good, law-abiding citizen. He was thoroughly tired of his wild, hunted, roving life. He is a dead shot, but is thankful he does not have to depend upon his unerring aim and weapon to live now. I remember one instance he told me of where he was badly frightened, and I will tell it to you in his own language, as near as I can remember.

I was pretty badly scared one night near Columbus, Tenn., during the war, said he. Jesse, one or two of the boys, and I were working our way northward to join Quantrell, who was hatching a plan to go to Washington city and capture President Lincoln. We had been travelling by night altogether, and before reaching Columbia separated in order to lessen the possibility of capture, with the intention of

meeting again at some point further north. When I reached Columbia I found my horse pegged out completely, and I looked about for another mount. I looked through several stables, but did not find one, and finally I struck a shed containing a lot of mules. They were nearly all young ones, but one was an old, gentle fellow, and in order not to make any noise and alarm the people and to get away as quickly as possible, I saddled this old mule and struck out in the darkness for tall timber.

I had ridden about two miles when I fancied I heard a body of horsemen approaching. I could not tell whether they were soldiers or not, and I was not certain about our presence in that section was known. Anyway, I was not in a humor to fight a company of cavalry and was not prepared to hold out against such odds had I been inclined to show fight. I listened, and the noise grew plainer, and the horsemen were apparently within half a mile of me, and approaching steadily and rapidly. There was no fencing along the road, and I turned my mule into the brush to await developments. I was out of sight in the bush, and I must say I trembled with fear and determination, as I sat there on my old mule waiting the horsemen. I did not dare to strike out further in the brush, as the country was new to me. In a few minutes they were within a few hundred yards of me. A moment more and they were at the point where I had the road. I waited breathlessly. The suspense was terrible. I must fight this troop single-handed or be captured in case I was discovered. I could not see them in the darkness, but from the noise made from the hoot beats I judged that there were at least fifty men in the party.

"They stopped at the point where I turned out of the road, and I imagined they were holding a consultation. I was sure I was discovered, and I thought I could hear a whispered conversation. I confess I was startled and did not know exactly what to do. A few of the horsemen started in the direction of me, and then the old mule I was on came to their aid. He sniffed the air, and raising his nose in the air, filled his lungs, and gave vent to one of those long drawn efforts at a bray that only a true-blooded Rocky Mountain nightingale can give. I was betrayed by one of my own camp. I cut short the sorrowful song of the beast by sticking two spurs into his side. I would have preferred sticking a dagger in him, but that would not lessen my chances of escape. The mule plunged headlong into the darkness, and I was determined to give my pursuers a race. Not a word was said and not a shot was fired, but I felt I was in a tight place and determined to sell my life dearly.

The party followed me, and appeared to spread out, and, I thought, were evidently surrounding me, leaving no avenue of escape. I saw that as long as I rode that mule I was giving my pursuers an indication of my whereabouts, and I decided to use a little strategy in my movements. I halted, in order to dismount, thinking that I might

dismount and get into the brush aloft, giving me a chance to hide and let the pursuers pass by me unnoticed. Some of them passed me within twenty-five yards. The pause gave my mule a chance, and he emitted another energetic bray. I was angry enough to have shot him at the moment. In a second the whole woods were alive with braying mules. I never heard such a serenade of nightingales in my life before. The whole party of pursuing horsemen rushed upon me, and I was nearly carried off my mule by the rush. I had not yet dismounted—and it was a good thing that I had not, as I would have been trampled to death. I was surrounded by—instead of horsemen, as I had supposed—a herd of young mules. There was not a rider among them. I had left the door of the stable unfastened.

"How in the world those mules followed me I do not know, as they were the pack of young mules that I had left behind. I suppose that some one up in the teleology can explain—but they beat the average bloodhound. I lay down on my old mule and had a hearty laugh over the ridiculous situation, and then I started on my way, and my mule cavalry. I was the general, and they all obeyed orders well, as the only general order was 'Forward, doubletime.' I had not gone many miles before I ran across a detachment of cavalry—not over a dozen, I think. We were on them before they knew it. They had camped close to the roadside, after their scouting trip, to rest, and had fallen to sleep, picket and all. As I came galloping down the road I heard them hastily mount, and leaving their blankets, they made a dash for their lives. They evidently did not know my troop, and were of the impression that I had been when the mules joined me. I had another good laugh as the Union cavalry detachment were dashing off toward the main body. I proceeded on my way with my mule troop, and finally reached Quantrell.

"This was my greatest scare—and do you blame me for being frightened when the same troop, with the addition of myself, put to route a detachment of a dozen Union cavalry?"

(Reina Victoria extra) cigars 10cts.

To Overcome Weakness.

Very many persons complain of "spells of weakness." This is especially true of the weaker sex, and during the sultry summer season. The condition indicates of course a poor state of health. It may be overcome by a timely course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, which is especially adapted to such cases. It restores healthy digestion, and stimulates all the organs of the body to healthy action. As a result the blood is supplied with new vitality to rebuild the wasted tissues, the nervous system is invigorated, and instead of weakness there is the proud consciousness of health and strength. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd.) St. John, N. B. and New York City.

"Creme de la creme"