

California in 1849 and 1850. We have never heard about the 200,000 young men who came poor to California in those days and went back home or stayed out here poorer than when they came. We have all heard of the few thousands—or, perhaps, the few hundreds—who got rich. The scant score of men who became multi-millionaires have been held up as shining examples by miners the world over for years. Well, the same will be true of the Klondike. The American people know already how Joe Ladue, Clarence Berry, Dave Ellmont and Peter Harney have leaped from poverty to fortune in less than a year and a half, but there's 4,000 men who have been in the Klondike region since last August and are as poor as ever and will never be any better off.

I would not advise anyone to go to the Klondike. It is a big risk for any man. For the poor man who knows nothing about placer mining and has a family dependent on him it is almost criminal folly to put several hundred dollars into an Arctic mining outfit and go chasing off to Dawson City. It would be better for his pocket to put his outfit money on a gambling game at home. The chances of success are just about as good. Still, there will be a lot of new millionaires created by the Klondike gold, and you can no more stop the army of eager, restless men now at Seattle, Victoria, and San Francisco ready to sail to Alaska from taking slim chances in the race for fortune in the north than you could bale out the ocean.

It is said that the stories of rapid fortune making in the Klondike region are nearly all exaggerated lies. I don't know what has been published in the last six months, but I have never seen the estimated quantity of gold in that region exaggerated. Why, there will be \$15,000,000 in gold brought out of the Klondike before navigation closes next fall. Some people at Dawson City believe it will be nearer \$20,000,000. You must remember that 200 of the original miners on the Klondike, who stuck it rich there along with Berry and the others that have brought gold back to civilization, have their hoard of the yellow dust still intact in their cabins. Many of them have now \$60,000 worth of gold on hand. A few have double that amount.

I have lots of advice to offer men who are getting ready to go to the Klondike region for fortune or adventure. First of all, I want to impress on every man going to the Klondike the importance of an outfit of food and clothing good for one year, at least. A two years' outfit is safer and better. It is constructive suicide for one to go to the Klondike with less than one year's supply of food. If the men who are starting out so gayly from comfortable homes could only look ahead and see what fate awaits every one of them in the way of hardships and privations amid those frozen mountains and unspeakably depressing gorges and canyons, they would not leave a thing undone to insure some greater degree of comfort and to protect their lives. If they could stand where I did a few weeks ago, on the summit of Chilkoot Pass, and look below, down through the bald and frozen gorge, upon the camp fires of several hundred bagged, gold-bungry men on their way to Dawson City, they would have some idea of what going to seek a fortune in mining in the Arctic Circle means. Used as I am to a hard life and grim things in life, that scene at Chilkoot Pass was very impressive. I saw the bodies of 3,000 horses that had rolled off the cliff and dashed on the rocks below. Some men have gone over there, too. I saw also troops of men wearily working their way in the face of a gale that seemed likely to topple over the very mountain peaks up the rocks, tortuous trail to the top of the pass. Every man looked a picture of distress—probably I looked likewise. They all slept in snowbanks, ate frozen canned food, and risked a thousand mortal ailments from exposure.

Let me advise the man who is bound to go to the Klondike to sail northward in a first class ship only. It is simply awful the way hundreds of old tubs and unseaworthy boats gathered from harbors up and down the Pacific coast from Chili to Vancouver, are being used for transporting the horde of gold hunters to Alaska this year. There will surely be some loss of life. One boat bound for St. Michael has already gone down this season off the Alaskan coast, near Sitka, and all on board have perished. I advise every man going to Alaska from the east to buy his steamer ticket only after he has seen and investigated the craft in which he will risk his life. The would-be Klondiker should also bill his goods just as near to Dawson City as he can. The losses of food and outfits on the trails to Dawson City in the past few months aggregate fully \$100,000. I advise the man on his way to the Klondike to go to some creek on the American side of that region—that is, unless he has special reasons for going to the Klondike to seek golden placers. I mean that if he intends merely to go as a tenderfoot to prospect for gold, he will now stand about as good a chance of finding riches on the American side of the line as on the Canadian, and he will not only avoid the impost duties of Canada, but he will save the rather expensive legal procedure of locating claims under the Canadian mining laws. Besides, we who have been in the Klondike region think the richest finds of gold this year, when the weather moderates, will be principally on the American side. There are several hundred men in Dawson and Circle City who have vainly sought gold in the Klondike for months,

and will begin vigorous prospecting on the American side in May. Some of them are crack prospectors, and you need not be surprised to hear of rich finds in our own Alaska before the summer is over.

Finally, I wish to caution people against going for gold to the Copper River country in Alaska. There is positively no gold there.

MYSTERY OF SHOE SIZES.

Meaning of the Markings on the English and French shoe sticks.

Although every one has his feet measured for shoes, there are very few persons who know what the sizes marked upon the shoe stick mean. There are two shoe sticks in use in America and Europe. The stick used in the United States was originally English and is still used in England. The rest of Europe uses the French stick.

The sizes on the English shoe stick were derived from the length of a barley corn and they run three to the inch. The first mark on the stick, or size 1, is made arbitrarily, just $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the upright. Why this distance was fixed upon does not appear to be known. For some other reason which only can be guessed at, the graduated part of the stick is again divided into two sets of numbers. These numbers begin at 1 and run up to 13, and then they begin again at 1, and run up to 13. The first numbers from 1 to 5 are known as infant's sizes, those from 6 to 10 as children's, from 11 to 2 are misses' sizes from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ as women's, and from 7 to 13 as men's sizes.

The French shoe stick is divided into a great many more sizes than the English, and the French shoemakers subdivide these again, as is done with the English sticks, into half sizes. There is no exact relationship between the markings on the two sticks, but the French size 16 corresponds to the English infant's 1, and their size 44 is the same as the English size 10 for men. A woman who wears a $2\frac{1}{2}$ shoe by English measure would get a 34 or 35 by the French measure, and a man with a 7 foot by English measure would wear a 40 shoe in France. Over here the width of the shoe is designated by a letter, while the French use figures. The width A. A. A. is the French 0 0 0 B is the French 1 and E E is the French 5 width.

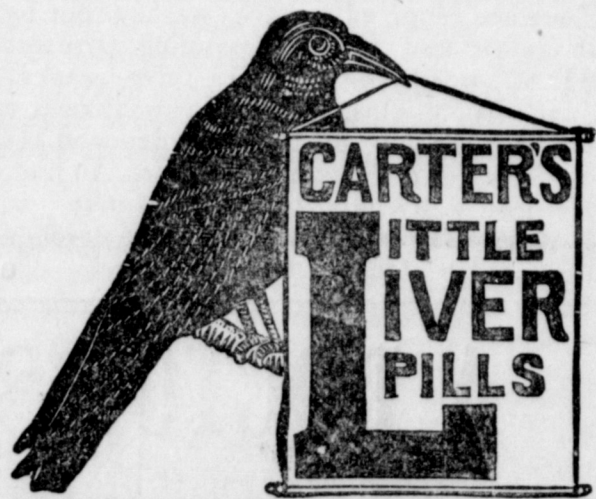
READ THIS.

Mr. F. N. Frechette, a merchant of Wolfestown, Wolke county, having been a long time sick with chronic bronchitis and being hopeless of ever recovering because he had already taken so many different medicines without any relief. He was rich enough to have a good time and take pleasure, but he had no desire to recover thinking all the time that he was incurable and that he had only to prepare himself for the great change that everybody has to undergo.

However one day somebody urged him to try one medicine more which would certainly not fail to relieve him, if it did not cure him. He decided, as the drowning person who catches at the first straw, to take this advice, even if he had no confidence. Hardly had he used Dr. Ed. Morin's Creso-Phates Wine when he experienced great relief. The bad cough which weakened him, the pains in the stomach and in the sides, which made him suffer, disappeared altogether. His appetite and strength came back gradually and the hope of cure soon encouraged him a great deal. He continued the use of Dr. Ed. Morin's Wine for some time longer and obtained the best results. Mr. Frechette is perfectly well today. His confidence in Morin's Creso-Phates Wine is so great that he recommends it to every person suffering from pulmonary diseases.

Living Progeny of Fish.

A doubt that has troubled scientists for years—whether there exists a viviparous kind of fish, one that gives birth to its young in a living state—was definitely set-



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Almost Prisoners During the Winter Months

Confinement in Badly Ventilated Rooms Has Helped to Poison the System and Implant Seeds of Disease.

Thousands Have Lost in Strength and Weight and Are Broken in Health.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND, THE BEST OF ALL SPRING MEDICINES, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORES NERVE FORCE AND LOST STRENGTH.

Amongst the first good results that are apparent from using Paine's Celery Compound in the early spring season is a perfect regularity of the bowels, good appetite, sound, healthy sleep, and good digestion.

These benefits coming promptly with the use of Paine's Celery Compound naturally result in health-building and the establishment of a vigorous system that is capable of resisting sickness and contagious disease.

It should be remembered that spring weakness, nervousness, despondency, lan-

gour and that "tired feeling" prove that the matter in the nerves and spinal cord are not getting sufficient nourishment.

Paine's Celery Compound will quickly supply a fresh and abundant supply of nutriment for every tissue of the body; the great medicine is prepared for this purpose.

Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine in the world that has earned the complete confidence of medical men and the best people in every part of the civilized world.

This world-famous medicine is the only

one that can meet the needs of all who are weak and sick, and who have been confined in badly ventilated apartments during the long winter months. It quickly expels every trace of poison and disease, and gives a flow of rich, pure blood that insures perfect and true health.

If you value your life, beware of substitutes that are offered by some dealers. Paine's Celery Compound is what you need to cure you; take nothing else; it is a guaranteed spring life-giver and health-builder.

Life-Saving Wit.

An instance of extraordinary presence of mind on the part of a seven-year-old girl is reported by the St. Louis Globe Democrat. The girl's name is Agnes McCullough.

Her grandmother, a woman of seventy years, had shown signs of mental aberration for several weeks, but no one had thought of her as liable to commit violence.

One morning, however, when Agnes and the old lady were alone in an upper room, the grandmother seized a butcher-knife which had been lying on the table, and ran for the child, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, partially dressed. The insane woman grabbed the girl by the hair and screamed:

"Now I'll kill you! You are none of my children!"

The little girl, with intuition remarkable for her years, realized that she was in the grasp of an insane person.

"Grandma, don't get the blood on the bed-clothes. Wait till I get a towel," she said.

The woman released her hold on the child's hair, and she ran down into the kitchen, where she told her mother. The two hurried to the police station, and an ambulance removed the old woman to the hospital.

A LIVING DEATH.

Shattered Nerves—Appetite Gone—Digestion Deranged—Discouraged to Death—South American Nerve is Hope and Health in all Such Cases.

Mr. C. J. Curtis, of Sandwich West, Ont., testifies: "I had a very severe attack of La Grippe, which left me very weak; no appetite, and my nervous system and general constitution very much shattered. I purchased five bottles of South American Nerve, and when I had taken but three bottles I was as well as ever I was. I attribute my recovery—my regained strength and appetite—entirely to this great remedy. I can not recommend it too highly."

Etiquette Between Gentlemen.

At an assize court the late Justice Maule was engaged in passing sentence on a prisoner, when one of the officers of the court annoyed him by crossing the gangway beneath him with papers for members of the bar. "Don't you know," cried the judge severely, addressing the official cul-

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Heals and Soothes the delicate tissues of the Throat and Lungs.

...CURING...

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, and PAIN IN THE CHEST.

EASY TO TAKE.

SURE TO CURE.

DELAY NO LONGER.

Your health is getting worse every day, this cough threatens you with consumption. Throw it out without respect. Don't you stand this Bronchitis either, this Asthma or this Catarrh; they are dangerous guests. To get rid of them immediately take Morin's Creso-Phates Wine.

An English firm is manufacturing a lock which has the keyhole set in the edge of the outer doorknob to draw the bolt, which prevents the knob from turning.

The City of Rest.

I love was it founded and pity, That home at the heart of the grasses, Where sleep never wearies nor passes, But lies with God's peace in his breast,— In love for the spent and the dying, In pity for sorrow and sighing, A home for the homeless, a city, A welcoming city of rest.

There never a trouble shall find them; There, under God's dew and man's weeping, The sick and the weary are sleeping. Nor burdens, nor worn, nor distressed, The earth folds them close, like a mother, And none is more dear than another, For God in his love has assigned them One home in the city of rest.

They sleep, but their eyes are not hidden. They joy in the daisies and clover. Yes, when the loved faces bend over, They smile knowing silence is best. They see nature's beauty and splendor, They hear all the bird music tender;— Ah! I rose—lit the windows and golden That looked from the city of rest.

'Tis sweet at the last, when God calls us, To go to the city of slumber. Oh! I think of the infinite number To whom that long surcease is blest! Release from the ache and the sorrow, No lying-to-day or to-morrow— Ah! I call it not death; that death is, But peace in the city of rest!