

## ARCTIC STEAMER RACING.

A Yankee Boat Makes the Record on Lake Bennett.

Steamboat racing on Lake Bennett and the upper Yukon River is now at its height and some of the recent contests have in excitement equalled the old-time races on the Mississippi River. The steamers are not unlike those of the Mississippi. They have stern or side wheels, big deck houses, and the usual half-glass pilot house. They burn wood altogether. Some of the vessels were built of steel in the East, shipped across the continent on flat cars in sections carried to Lake Bennett and launched. Others were built of native timber on the shores of the lake. The most exciting race so far was between the steamers S. S. Bailey and the Australian. The latter was beaten by a few miles and Capt. Bailey won a small fortune.

The Australian is owned by the Canadian Development Company, an English corporation, and is undoubtedly the finest boat on the lake. The Bailey is a wooden steamer owned by a Seattle hotel man, and was the tramp of the Lake Bennett fleet. Although she cost only half the price of the Australian she developed speed from the start. The two steamers had several contests before the great race, but something always happened to the Australian's machinery which prevented an actual test of speed. About a month ago the Australian and the Bailey lay at the upper end of White Horse Rapids about to start for Bennett City. A telephone message was received from the lower end of the rapids that the Bonanza King had just arrived from Dawson with sixty Klondikers who were in a hurry to reach Skagway. H. Maitland Kersey of the Australian line took several ticket sellers over the three-mile trail to meet the Klondikers making the portage. Capt. Bailey followed along on a mule. All sorts of inducements were held out to the Klondikers by the rivals. The miners were not in a hurry to purchase transportation and decided to wait until they saw the boats. The portage was finally completed and bidding for business became very brisk. Capt. Bailey at last detected a movement in favor of the Australian on the part of the leaders of the Klondike party. He mounted the box and said:

'You fellows are in a hurry to reach Bennett City. You say you will travel on the fastest boat. The fare to Bennett on either steamer is \$20. If the Bailey does not land you there first the trip will not cost you a cent.'

This offer won the day for the Bailey, and the Klondikers filed on board. The steamer's longshoremen began to hustle the baggage on board. As soon as the owners of the Australian saw that the passengers were not for them, they started their boat at full speed for Bennett. Her owners said that Capt. Bailey must lose the \$1,200 fares involved in her offer. Nine minutes later the Bailey left the White Horse landing, and a stern chase began.

Several miles ahead the Australian could be seen. Black smoke poured out of her stack, and occasional blasts of flame showed that oil was being used to make the boat go faster. Her stern-wheel was kicking through the water at a tremendous rate. The Klondikers on board the Bailey thought they were surely in for a free ride to Bennett. Capt. Bailey went down into the fire-room and showed his firemen a stack of bright \$20 pieces, which he said would be theirs if the Bailey landed first. A quantity of bacon had been left on board by mistake. It was put into the furnace carefully. Slowly but surely the Bailey began to draw up on her rival. After two hours she was immediately astern and fighting against the Australian swell. The channel of the Taku, in which the boats were then running, is narrow. There was room to pass had each vessel a course. The Australian crowded to either side whenever the Bailey tried to pass her and the miners thought they were shut out. Over the stern of the Australian hung a number of Klondikers, who taunted a group of miners on the bow of the Bailey with their seeming defeat. Big Bill Anderson, a rich Klondiker on the Bailey, saw a chance for a gamble in the race on which Captain Bailey had staked so much. Holding up a stack of gold he yelled to the Klondike crowd on the Australia:

'I'll bet this sack we beat you in.'

'I'll take the bet,' cried a Klondiker on the Australia. 'Have the sack weighed and put it up with Jack Davies. I'll give you a bate in champagne with your money. It'll be just like finding it.'

The gold scales were brought out and Anderson's sack was found to be worth \$5,600. The Klondiker on the Australia put up a like amount in crisp Canadian Bank of Commerce notes with 'Yukon' on each end in heavy red letters.

The channel was still too narrow to ad-

mit of the Bailey's going ahead, and the Klondikers still joshed each from stern and bow.

'Are there any more fellows with money on the Bailey?' asked Burt Ashton, a San Francisco man who had cleaned up big money in Dawson gambling dens. 'I've got two thousands here that I'd like to double. You fellows seem pretty easy.'

Two men on the Bailey put up \$1,000 each and covered the money. Several wagers of \$500 and less were placed.

Near Cariboo Crossing there are two channels that lead into Lake Bennett. One is very safe, but some five miles longer than the other, which is full of rocks. The Australian had no pilot, and was compelled to take the longer run.

'We'll beat them sure, now,' said Capt. Anderson of the Bailey. 'I can take this boat through the 'cut off' without the least danger.'

Owner Bailey shook his head. 'We will go through the long channel,' he said. 'We need no unfair advantage. There will be no doubt when this race is over which boat is the faster.'

The relative positions of the two steamers did not change an inch as they rushed along through Cariboo Crossing, across Windy Arm and finally into Lake Bennett. There was now plenty of room to pass, and the Bailey had the chance she had waited for. Not a soul on either steamer was asleep. The decks were crowded. The dark haze that forms an Arctic summer night had settled down, and both steamers looked like great firework machines. Showers of bright wood sparks were scattered out in a wide trail behind the steamers. The Bailey's twin stacks were belching fire, for the supply of bacon was still good. The Australian had several barrels of machine oil, which was willingly sacrificed to produce a few more pounds of steam. The Bailey's deck boy was sent on the Texas to sit on the safety valve. She simply had to win that race or go to the bottom.

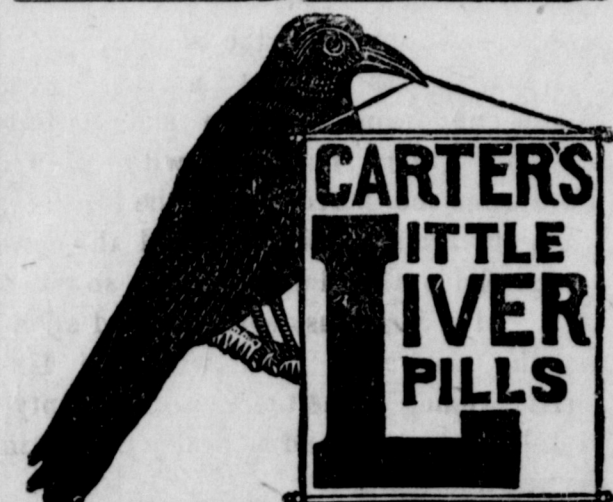
The superiority of the Bailey's engines was soon apparent. She slowly drew ahead. Soon the boats were neck and neck, and the Klondikers were more excited than ever. The Bailey steadily gained on the Australian. When the last bend in the lake was rounded the Canadian steamer was not in sight. A mile ahead was the Bennett wharf. The run was the fastest ever made on the lake. All records were broken. Capt. Bailey's pursuer collected \$20 from each passenger as the steamer tied up to the wharf.

Fifteen minutes later the Australian rounded the bend, and finally tied up twenty-three minutes behind the American boat. She was beaten and beaten badly. The stakeholders for the Klondike bettors got together and turned over the money. Bennett's stock of champagne was much reduced before the White Pass and Yukon train arrived to take the Klondikers to Skagway.

That afternoon Kersey sent his attorney to Bailey with an offer to buy the opposition steamer. The Canadian company simply had to have her. Capt. Bailey's lowest price was \$30,000, and it proved satisfactory. The Bailey now flies a Canadian flag, and is still the fastest steamer on Lake Bennett.

## A Fee That Meant Millions.

Even more romantic than the career of Senator W. A. Clarke, the 'Copper King' of Montana, is the rise of United States Senator George L. Turner was a political power in his State, and while he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Senate he still had influence enough to defeat the reelection of Senator Allen, and for two years Washington was represented in the National Capitol by one Senator only. Shortly after this struggle Mr. Turner lost his fortune, and the future looked bleak indeed. About this time a party of miners



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the fraud of the day.

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came into his law office. They had struck a lead up in British America, near Victoria, and wanted some law papers made out.

'We can't pay you cash for 'em, George,' said one of the party, 'but we'll give you some stock and call it square.'

'I don't want the stock, boys,' returned Turner; 'we've known each other for some time and I'll do the work for nothing.'

'No, siree,' replied the leader; 'we pay as we go, and his comrades nodded approval.'

'Well, you keep your stock and pay me cash when you get it.'

'We'd rather give you the stock, George,' urged the miner, and to please them Turner took the certificates and tucked them away in his safe. During their stay in town the prospectors put up at a miner's hotel, and paid out more of the certificates over the bar for liquor, which the host unwillingly received.

That was two years ago. To day Senator Turner is a millionaire through those same mining stocks, the hotel-keeper is out of business and is living on his money, and the mine is the famous Le Roy, one of the richest in the West.

## PLEA FOR THE CODFISH.

A Chef Who Says This Dish is not Appreciated at his Real Worth.

'If codfish cost a dollar a pound,' said the chef, 'it would be more universally beloved. I tell you, it is the best dinner fish known. I have tried the whitefish all over the world, but the codfish is king of them all and is not appreciated at its real worth. Cook him in any way you like and he is delicious. Even the dried codfish, picked up and served in cream for breakfast, is a fine dish. Put him in a bag, sew him up tightly and let him boil, or bake him carefully, well stuffed, and he is delicious.'

'Let me tell you that when you make fish cakes you should not drown out fish with potato. Put as little potato or other substance in the cakes as possible, and, if you want them as fine as they can be made, wrap them in a blanket of eggs and do not be sparing of the egg. You can make a tasty dish of codfish cakes if you will follow my advice. Fish cakes are considered a very democratic dish, of course, but my patron, who pays me a large salary, is as democratic as he used to be in his younger days. When he sends down to me an order for fish cakes for the next morning's breakfast, he says he wants Meschutt's fish cakes, with egg. That is the order and he is thinking of his younger life, when, as he once told me, in a Basement on Broadway, he used to get the finest butter cakes and fish cakes he ever tasted, "excepting yours, chief," he adds always. But I know that times in those days, were as thousand-dollar bills are to him now, and his appetite was keener and more appreciative.'

## FOUGHT DEATH SUCCESSFULLY.

### Paine's Celery Compound Saves a Little Girl's Life.

Users of Paine's Celery Compound never suffer disappointment.

The great medicine at all times and under all circumstances brings to all sufferers relief and a permanent cure.

Mr. Maxime Martel, 189 Mitcheson street, Montreal, tells what Paine's Celery Compound accomplished for his little daughter, whose case was considered an incurable one: he says:

'My daughter, now eight years old, was afflicted with terrible scrofula for nearly six years, and we thought her case an incurable one. We had several physicians to attend her, and she took medicines of all kinds, but she got worse instead of better. Having had our attention drawn to the fact that Paine's Celery Compound wrought cures after other medicines failed, we procured a supply, and after a fair use of the medicine we can report that the disease is overcome, and we trust has disappeared forever. Our little girl is now bright, strong and healthy, sleeps and eats well, and her blood is now as pure as it can possibly be. I have great pleasure in recommending Paine's Celery Compound as a cure for scrofula and blood disease; it is the best medicine in the world.'

## Pleasant For Constant.

Mrs. Chinner—Ernestine, my darling, do you expect Constant tonight?

Ernestine—Of course, mamma. Why do you inquire?

Mrs. Chinner—If he asks you to marry him, tell him to come and speak to me.

Ernestine—And if he doesn't ask me?

Mrs. Chinner—Tell him I'm coming to speak to him.—Tit-Bits.

The class was having lessons in natural history, and the teacher asked:—

'Now, is there any boy here can tell me what a zebra is?'

Tommy: 'Yes, sir; I can.'

Teacher: 'Well, Tommy, what is a zebra?'

Tommy: 'Please, sir, a zebra is a donkey with a football suit on.'

## FLASHES OF FUN.

SAYS a county newspaper: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

Snooper: 'Certainly it is. The baby of fifty years ago is half a century old now.'

Stump Orator: 'What is better than to die for one's country?'

Pensioner: 'To live on her.'

Never talk about yourself in company. That is always done satisfactorily after you have left.

An enterprising merchant in White-chapel has the following sign in his window: 'We sell goods, not customers.'

Author: 'What excuse have you for abusing my book?'

Critic: 'I read it.'

According to Professor Proctor, 'the sun is 1,200,000 times as large as the earth.' They must have an awful time hunting for their North Pole up there.

Mrs. Snooper: 'I wonder if it is true as Dr. Jacobi says, that the baby to-day has a better chance of living than the baby of fifty years ago?'

Father: 'This preparation will remove any kind of stains or dirt, will it?'

Mother: 'It will remove anything. I had Tommy's clothes cleaned with it.'

Husband (wearily): 'Well, how are you getting on with your shopping?'

Wife: 'Oh, splendidly! Let me see, we've been to fifteen shops, and I haven't bought a thing yet.'

Mother: 'Harry Tucker is the worst boy in school, Tommy, and I want you to keep as far from him as possible.'

Tommy: 'I do, ma. He is always at the head of our class.'

Facetious Old Gent (showing a false set of teeth to his grand-daughter): 'There, my dear, I told you when next you honored me with a call I'd show you my new set of dining-room furniture.'

Ted: 'Was it hard to tell Miss Prim you loved her?'

Ned: 'Not very. The hard part came in a month later, when I had to tell her I had made a mistake.'

Johnny: 'Did you go fishin' yesterday?'

Freddy: 'Yes.'

Johnny: 'What catch?'

Freddy: 'Five Fish an' a wollopin' from dad.'

'How is Surloyne getting on in the butchering business?'

'Very poorly. I hear. They say he does so little he can't afford to kill more than half a cow at a time.'

Squelched.—'Sir,' began the book-casser, 'I have a little work here—'

'Sorry,' interrupted the busy man, 'but I have great deal of work here. Good-morning.'

Such a Radical Change.—'Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?'

She (protesting): 'But, George, how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?'

The Captain's Blunder.—'I am very sorry to hear, Captain Salter, that your wife left you so unceremoniously.'

'My mistake, sir. I took her for a mate and she proved to be a skipper.'

'I HAVE discovered another clue,' said the detective.

'What a good thing it would be,' returned the man who had employed him 'if clues were criminals.'

His contact with people.—Miss Prettie, Mr. Rider is so entertaining! He seems to have some in contact with so many people.'

Mr. Wheeler (viciously): 'Yes, indeed. You should watch him on his bicycle.'

Tracked.—Visitor: 'Well, my little man, are you going to follow in your father's footsteps when you grow up?'

The Little Man: 'No; I'm goin' to follow in other people's footsteps; I'm goin' to be a detective.'

In a Restaurant.—A customer takes a boiled egg and makes a wry face which leaves a doubt about the egg's freshness. 'Water,' he cries, 'how long do you do you keep your eggs?'

'Until they are, eaten sir.'

She: 'Is old Closest mean?'

He: 'Mean! Why, he lives in the suburbs, and has made a complaint to the authorities to prevent cyclists from pumping the poor air of the place into pneumatic tyres.'

'That man called me a liar, a cad, a scoundrel, and a puppy. Would you advise me to fight for that?'

'By all means. There's nothing nobler in this world, young man, than fighting for the truth.'

First sweet thing: 'Isn't that an ugly man over there?'

Second Sweet Thing: 'Yes—almost as ugly as the one next to him.'

First Sweet Thing: 'Who is he?'

Second Sweet Thing: 'My husband. Who is the other?'

First Sweet Thing: 'Mine.'

'I suppose you like your new play very much?'

'Yes, indeed.'

No doubt the lines are quite bright?'

'Well, to be frank with you, I haven't read them yet, but the costumes are simply gorgeous.'

Mrs. DeJinks: 'Watkin's garden party was a great success. There was a professor of magic to entertain the guests, and he was very clever, but he could not do all his tricks.'

Mr. DeJinks: 'How was that?'

Mr. DeJinks: 'Well, he wanted someone to lend him a diamond ring—and nobody would.'

## Permanent Cure of Cancer.



**MRS. GILHULA.** On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The results that followed were little short of marvellous. Her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Mrs. Gilhula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health, and in all these years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble.

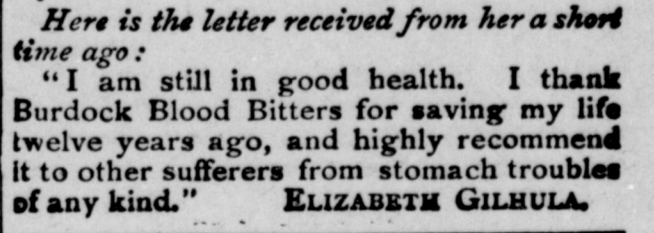
Here is the letter Mrs. Gilhula wrote at the time of her cure:

'About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble and consulted several of the leading physicians here, all of whom pronounced the disease to be cancer of the stomach of an incurable nature, and told me that it was hardly to be expected that I could live long. Afterward the two doctors who were attending me gave me up to die. "By the advice of some of my friends," who knew of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, I was induced to try it, and I am now happy to say that after using part of the first bottle I felt so much better I was able to get up. I am thankful to state that I am completely cured of the disease by the use of B.B.B., although it had baffled the doctors for a long time. I am firmly convinced that Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life.'

Here is the letter received from her a short time ago:

'I am still in good health. I thank Burdock Blood Bitters for saving my life twelve years ago, and highly recommend it to other sufferers from stomach troubles of any kind.'

ELIZABETH GILHULA.



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