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A DAY ON THE YUKON TRAIL.

The Personal Experience of Rev. John Pringle

A WELL KNOWN PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY.

I awoken at 4 o'clock in the morning, for my brain has by habit become like an alarm clock set for that hour. I must start early, because while it is not hard to break camp in the dark, it is next to impossible to make camp when the short winter day has closed. I stretch my right hand from under the blankets, lay the kindlings in the stove, put a lump of dog tallow upon them, fill the stove with wood strike a match, and immediately I hear the roar of the fire up the stove-pipe. It is 48 below outside, but in five minutes it is 85 above in my 7 by 9 tent. I stretch myself, arms and legs, and take solid comfort for twenty minutes, while the water, which in the form of ice stood in my Hudson Bay Kettle all night, boils. Then I get up ready for the trail.

I take my morning wash in snow, stir the oatmeal into the boiling water, chop a wedge of beans out of the pot and put it into the frying-pan to thaw and warm, and make the coffee. A few verses from my Testament, my only book, a few thoughts about truth and Him and other people, a few requests at the throne of grace, and I am ready for breakfast, and it for me. Porridge, bacon, beans, hard-tack, coffee, sometimes with milk and sugar, sometimes with one, sometimes with neither. But one learns on the trail how little even such luxuries as the "tin cow" count for, as compared with the stuff that "stays with you." My dishes washed, they go into my old grub-box. I look around—a sort of farewell look at my gypsy home, grab my stove, open the door, and stand it on the snow to cool, take down my tent, double it and spread it so that it extends from end to end, about a yard on either side of my sleigh. The stove goes on the tail of the sleigh, then dog feed, man feed, grub box, cooking utensils—the heavy stuff at the bottom—and the pack of blankets on top. I draw the tent up on either side, so that it tightly and neatly covers the load, and lash securely to the sleigh. My rifle is pushed under the rope on one side, my snowshoes on the other. I call the dogs—Teelin, Dick, Jack, Tel-graph—harness them and hitch them to the sleigh, give a glance at the deserted tent bottom to see that nothing is forgotten, and with a "git there!" to the dogs I am off. This is, I trust, not hard to read about, but to do it morning after morning, except Sunday, for six months, getting only about five hours' sleep at night, wears—tells in hard muscles, a good appetite and grey hairs. It is 5.30 a. m., and I am absolutely alone on the trail, which runs for a few miles through a thick, gloomy spruce forest, fire going, no drift. Then after an hour or two we strike an open country and the trail is gone. I put on my snowshoes, and start out to locate the trail, and then to pack it for the dogs with their heavy load. Sometimes it is necessary only to go before the team, the drift being solid enough to bear them. Sometimes I have to go over it twice or three times before the dogs can get footing. At noon I have gone perhaps ten miles, and am not tired, but hungry. On a little shelf formed by the roots of a fallen tree I build a fire, melt some snow, and make a cup of tea. My pockets hold half a dozen ship biscuits, and three or four slices of fried bacon. These, with tea, are my lunch, and when I have partaken the trail does not look so hard. Grace before meat means more on the trail than amid the comforts and pleasures of the old conventional life.

So I move on hour after hour until, at 3 o'clock, the sun's edge touches the horizon, and I must stop if I would camp in comfort. The dogs are let loose, a spot is tramped in the snow for the tent, a tree is felled upon the site of my new home, the branches cut off to make a

floor, end and ridge poles for the tent carried in, a couple of short sills made ready to keep the stove from sinking into the snow, and in thirty minutes I am at home, a fire going and supper on the way. If I am very tired I make porridge enough to satisfy my hunger without anything else. Then the dog pot goes on, and in an hour and a half four pounds of cornmeal and a pound of tallow are boiled into a mess for the hungry dogs. They get their portion on the snow, eating it very slowly, for it is boiling hot. Look for them twenty minutes hence and you will find them under a tree coiled up on brush their master has placed for them. Look into the tent at 11 o'clock and you will see the minister reclining on his blankets reading his Testament by the light of a candle stuck on the corner of his grub-box. Stay a few minutes longer and you will see him take off his coat and put on a sweater, change his stockings and moccasins and then crawl between the blankets and blow out the light. A verse or two of "San of my Soul Thou Saviour Dear" and he is off into the land of rest and dreams.

Three or four days of this and a cabin is reached where a man lies helpless as a mummy in his bunk—scurvy. A day or two for rest, and then the return journey begins. The sick man is lashed in his blankets on the minister's sleigh; syrup cans filled with hot water are placed at his feet; one of his "pards" puts the bulky articles of the minister's outfit on his sleigh, and with dogs or without them follows to the camp where there is care and cure for the sick partner. Not much, perhaps, in all this, no preaching. But a life is saved, and the Gospel which reveals God in Jesus as man's friend is commended to hundreds who never knew or had forgotten. I know that it again and again led to the opening of the door to Him who for long years had stood at the door of the heart saying, "Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me." Anyway, it was obedience in part to Him who commanded: "Preach the Gospel and heal the sick."

IF YOU DON'T SLEEP WELL.

It's because your nerves are in a weak irritable condition. Ferrozone will make them strong and correct the trouble causing your insomnia. "I fell into a state of nervous exhaustion last fall" writes Mrs. J. Stroud of Dexter, "I was run down, couldn't sleep and felt perfectly miserable,—tried Ferrozone and was quickly benefited. I can recommend Ferrozone to anyone suffering from over-wrought nerves and sleeplessness." No tonic is better, try Ferrozone. Price 50c at druggists.

CAPE COLONY POLITICS.

Loyalist Party Carried the Parliamentary Elections.

Cape Town, Feb. 16.—The Parliamentary elections just held in Cape Colony have resulted in a Progressive majority of five over the Afrikaner Bond. The final figures are: Progressives, 50, and Afrikaner Bond, 45 members.

The manifesto of the Progressive party issued before the election said that the Progressives' great objects are the permanent settlement of South Africa under the British flag; the reunion, contentment and prosperity of its people; the maintenance of its position as an integral portion of the Empire, and co-operation with Lord Milner in order to prepare the way for federation, in which Cape Colony will take her rightful place.

The following programme is set forth: The support of movements for uniting the Mother Country and the colonies.

Adherence to the Rhodes policy of equal rights for civilized men.

Fair representation in Parliament.

A vigorous educational policy, with increased state aid to all branches of education and provision for compulsory and free education.

Co-operation with neighboring colonies in railway policy.

The establishment of an effective agricultural department dealing in a practical manner with hydraulic surveys, water conservation, and irrigation.

State-aided immigration.

Judicious expenditure on railway extension.

Maintenance of the Customs union. Reduction of the cost of the necessities of life.

Imposition of an excise on spirits. Taxation of all sources of wealth.

Payment of adequate compensation to loyalists.

Consolidation of the defence forces. Opposition to the introduction of Asiatics into the Cape Colony.

The improvement of the status of the Civil Service.

Prohibition of the sale of liquor to aborigines.

Legislation on the lines of the reports of the Select Committees on the Glen Grey and Native Location Acts.

Extension of industrial education to natives.

Application of the Employers' Liability Act to the whole of the colony.

The Progressive party has a majority of one vote in the Legislative Council for which the elections were held in November. Dr. Jameson is leader of the Progressives. Messrs. Merriman and Sauer, of the Afrikaner Bond. Sir Gordon Sprigg, the late coalition Premier, was defeated by a straight follower of Dr. Jameson.

CURES COLDS IN ONE HOUR.

Many cold cures are dangerous because composed of deadening opiates. But fragrant healing Catarrhzone cures colds in one hour and is both harmless and delightful to use. Even the worst colds, sneezing, sniffeling colds with running eyes are stopped very quickly when the balsamic vapor of Catarrhzone is inhaled. Catarrhzone acts like a charm on colds, kills them outright, prevents their return a few hours later. For colds, catarrh and throat trouble use only Catarrhzone. Complete outfit \$1, trial size 25c. at all druggists.

The First Gold Rush.

The voyage of the argonauts, the date of which is uncertain, was professedly a rush for gold, to be collected in fleeces placed in the torrents flowing down the flanks of Mount Caucasus. But older much was the westward movement, which Chaldean records of 3800 B. C. chronicle, to the gold bearing land of Melukkha, afterward known as Midian.

Later on, but still at a very early period, there was a rush from Egypt to a spot inland from the present Soakin. Long afterward this was described by Diodorus Siculus, who left a map, still extant, showing the wells provided for the gold seekers between the Red Sea and the mines.

About 1006 B. C., there seems to have been another rush of miners in search of gold into South Africa. Its numbers can only be guessed at from the extensive remains that still exist, but it has been calculated that at least \$350,000,000 was secured by these early adventurers.

In modern times the first rush was that to California in 1848-49.

In some of the Swiss valleys the inhabitants are all afflicted with goitre or "thick neck." Instead of regarding this as a deformity they seem to think it a natural feature of physical development, and tourists passing through the valleys are sometimes jested by the goitrous inhabitants, because they are without this offensive swelling. Thus a form of disease may become so common that it is regarded as a natural and necessary condition of life. It is so, to a large extent, with what are called diseases of women. Every woman suffers more or less from irregularity, ulceration, debilitating drains or female weakness, and this suffering is so common and so universal that many women accept it as a condition natural and necessary to their sex. But it is a condition as unnatural as it is unnecessary. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription strengthens the delicate womanly organs and regulates the womanly functions, so that woman is practically delivered from the pain and misery which eat up ten years of her life—between the ages of fifteen and forty-five. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Books are man's best friends; when they bore him he can shut them up without giving offence.

EVERY PHYSICIAN KNOWS

About the great merit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butterbur which cleanse the system, cure constipation and piles. Use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Price 25c.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish—but won't wash clothes.

Advice Accepted.

[My first piece of advice is this: Do not fall into the ordinary Radical fault of being fifty years behind the age in which you live.....There is nothing like your true Radical.....for contenting himself with some formula which probably never was wholly true, and is now not only wholly false, but absolutely musty and inaccurate.—Mr. Balfour at the Manchester Conservative Club.]

I'm not a musty Radical,
But just a thinking man,
Who wishes in progressive days
A place well in the van.
I will not take a formula
Which once was taught as true,
And hold it till it's out of date,
As we have all found out of late
The Free Importers do.

I question whether fire will burn
Or lightning strike a tree;
If milk to cheese will really turn;
How tides affect the sea.
Will water drown a sinking man?
Is nine the square of three?
If one imbibes the most he can,
Is drinking rum as good a plan
As quenching thirst with tea?

Do cows give milk? Come eggs from fowls?

Are horses really strong?
Are mice the proper meals for owls?
Is virtue right or wrong?
The answers fifty years ago
To questions such as these
I know; but now I want to know
The present views upon them, so
Inform me, if you please.

A. W. B.

Wanted the Best.

Up in the Black Hills in South Dakota are a number of those queer individuals, the prospector or grub staker, whose prospect holes dot the hillside for miles like a great rabbit warren. Their little log cabins are unusually far from the haunts of man in the fastnesses of the mountains, and their lonely labors are only occasionally rewarded by discoveries of the hidden riches of the earth.

One of these strange characters—in fact, the most eccentric in the hills—was a big red-headed Irishman. For twenty years he had tunneled and blasted without a strike rewarding his toil. Last summer Dame Fortune smiled upon him. He opened up a rich lode, which he quickly disposed of for a good round sum. With the money in his pocket he hastened to Dealwood, where he announced his intention of taking a trip to the Emerald Isle. In arranging the itinerary of the journey the ticket agent asked him if he wanted a cabin or saloon passage. The son of Erin very indignantly responded. A cabin, is it? That would I be doin' in a cabin with ten thousand dollars in me pocket. Put me in the saloon, and put me ferret the bar, D'y'e mind."

Conservative Loyalty.

The Conservative majority in the Manitoba legislature voted down Mr. Greenway's amendment, proposing, that Canada, should reduce the duties on British imports, if Great Britain would give Canada grain a preference in the markets of that country. It is pure and undiluted bosh and humbug for our good Conservatism friends to be adopting resolutions in favour of the Chamberlain movement until the leaders of the opposition are prepared to define some line of policy that they will be willing to support for the concessions that Mr. Chamberlain is willing to make towards the colonies. We affirm and affirm emphatically that the trade policy of the Conservatives is distinctly opposed in all its details to the scheme that Mr. Chamberlain is presenting to the British taxpayer.

Should Mr. Borden by some freak of fortune become prime minister of Canada within the next score of years, what is he prepared to offer the British government in return for a preferential rate in the markets of that country?

TURKEY'S TROUBLES.

Albanians in Open Revolt Worst of Sultan's Troops.

Constantinople, Feb. 17.—Sixteen thousand Albanians are in revolt in the district of Diakova, against the reform plans of the powers for Macedonia and obnoxious taxes. In conflicts which have taken place between Albanians and Ottoman troops the latter were worsted. Large reinforcements have been dispatched to Diakova.

The Albanians attacked the town of Diakova Feb. 13, and plundered and burned a number of houses. Turkish forces subsequently attacked the insurgents' main position at Babajosi, but were repulsed with heavy loss.

Feverish activity continues among the Turkish authorities on the Bulgarian frontier, in accumulating stores and repairing roads for the expected massing of troops.

Green Bush.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

Feb. 15.—Our zero weather has past and we are enjoying a few warm days. Most of our lumbermen are hustling their lumber to the river for they are anticipating an early spring.

Rev. B. Gaskin preached in the R. B. church last Sunday evening.

Miss Alice Fox, of East Waterville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. H. Brown.

N. W. Brown, B. A., of Southampton, passed through here last week on his way to Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Washington Lint of Hawkeshaw, were the guests of Mrs. and Mrs. Tompkins.

One of our popular young men came in contact with a skunk while on his way to school, not knowing that it scented him badly, he proceeded to school. Of course the perfume being more than the pupils could endure, he was obliged by his teacher to leave at once for home, but soon returned attired in another costume. We all hope he will not have the misfortune of running against any more of these animals.

S. N. Phillips has been quite ill with grippe, but is now recovering rapidly.

A. H. Brown expects to leave for Grafton in a few days, where he will engage in running the rotary for McKelroy.

Pearley Fox of East Waterville, is driving team for Hillman Bros.

Miss Cora Hillman, our popular dressmaker, is sewing at present for Mrs. Weyman Wright.

Newcastle Bridge.

(Special Correspondence to Daily Herald.)

Feb. 15.—The heavy storms of late have left the roads in bad shape. We have halloo train over the railroad in ten days.

Mr. James Miller has completed his winter's operations up stream and his crew is all out.

Mrs. James McGill is visiting friends here and will return to Ripple in a few days.

A swell musicale was held at Mr. Joe Miller's last week. Those taking part were, Miss King, Miss Black, Miss G. Miller, John Bailey and F. Higgins.

Miss Lake, of Springfield, Kings Co., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ward McEachron.

Mr. Sam Corey was wearing a pleasant smile last week. It's a boy.

Mr. Leakins is conducting a hotel at the mines of the Gibbons Coal Co., of which he is manager.

Mrs. C. Watt, who has been visiting friends in Lowell, Mass., returned home this week.

Minto.

(Special correspondence to the Herald.)

Feb. 15.—The heavy snow storm has blocked our railroad for a week. The first mail for ten days arrived by special last night.

Mrs. James McGill of Ripple is spending a few days with her parents at the Minto.

Mr. Joe Hetherington, familiarly known as "Bingo" who has made many friends during his stay here, left for the "Hub" last week.

A mail blaze at the "Minto" last week, caused quite a panic among the guests. The "bucket brigade" rendered valuable assistance.

Mr. George Gables round house foreman was in Chipman this week looking after the disabled engines.

Mrs. James Pitt is very ill at her home. Supt. of the works and supt. of the plants have been with the blocked trains last week.

A MAN HATES HIMSELF

When a man wakes up with headache and bad taste in the mouth. Something is needed to settle the stomach, clear away the dull heavy feeling and create a little appetite. Just get a tumbler of water, some sugar, and pour in a stiff dose of Nerviline. You'll pick up immediately and feel tip-top in a few minutes. Nerviline hasn't an equal for a condition of this kind. It stimulates, cures the headache, relieves the sick feeling and fits you for a hard day's work. Try Nerviline. Large to the costs 25c.