

PREFER THE BRITISH FLAG.

American Settlers Want Cheap Good Land and Equitable Laws.

(Winnipeg Telegram.)

Among the passengers on yesterday's west bound Imperial Limited was T. Alexander Gillespie of New York, en route for the coast. Before reaching Vancouver Mr. Gillespie intends to visit points between Calgary and Edmonton, where he is interested in property. In the course of a conversation with friends at the depot Mr. Gillespie said that, anyone not understanding the conditions who happened to be traveling over the Soo line, would be simply astounded at the enormous numbers of well provided people, of the agrarian class who are finding their way by the route from the central and western states into the Canadian west, where they are establishing themselves. "Why," said Mr. Gillespie, "a man would almost imagine that half the farmers at the United States are moving into this country, to see the trains one after another over that line, loaded with as fine a lot of prosperous working people as one could meet anywhere, all bound, with their stock and machinery, for points in the Saskatchewan and Alberta districts. Well the fact is, people down south have gone dead crazy about this Canadian west with the prospects it holds out to practical, hard working people from wherever they may come. They take that view as a rule now, owing to the fact that the impression has gone forth that a man can secure all the land he wants at lower figures in that far western country, with just as good transportation facilities as Manitoba can offer, and I just want to tell you something, right here, in connection with this rush and the route people are taking. Do you know that boom in property you had here a year or two ago, didn't do an awful lot of good to either Winnipeg here or the province, as far as the real estate business and land values go? Now most of the people going into the Canadian west this summer from the States have already friends out west, who have prospected the country and have in view locations for those who are following and you can understand that these people know, as a rule, exactly where they are going and what they want there and, as far as values go, they understand all about

that, too, and with all these stories they have read about away up prices in Manitoba, they don't want to be bothered and, perhaps, hoodwinked into playing \$31 or \$40 an acre for land in Manitoba, when they know they can secure just as good further west for \$3 or \$4 an acre, to say nothing of the free grant land to be had for the asking provided a man is satisfied to start with only a quarter or half section, but most of these people have sons whom they want to see settled beside them and if a father and two or three sons can not take up free grant land they want in a block, why they are ready and willing to pay cash at reasonable figure for what they want.

"I can tell you this is a big country and it will take a good many years before it is even half settled, and for this reason people won't begin to think about paying figures that you people here in Winnipeg seem to think are about right."

Asked as to the real causes, which are influencing the movement of such vast numbers from the States into Canadian West, Mr. Gillespie said the reason was simply this: In the first place, there is no more free grant or even fairly cheap farm property to be had in the States, and then again he says that there is no question but that the people in the States begin to understand each year more and more distinctly that Canada is more equitably governed and in every sense more adapted to the well being and general contentment of the masses than is the case further south, where the combined influence of capitalists practically own and run the country and the poor working man in it. "Why," said Mr. Gillespie, "it just amounts to this, in another ten years there will be open war between capital and labor over there with us. These big periodical strikes which you read about are becoming more widespread and frequent every year and are but the prelude of a civil war that is bound to come. People understand this and that they feel more secure here under the British flag and constitution with the justice and liberty it assures to all living under it, rich and poor alike, than is the case with us across the line, I deeply regret to have to admit."

FROM OLD QUEBEC.

Pilgrimages to St. Ann de Beaupre—Earl Grey's Departure.

Quebec, July 23.—An immense number of pilgrims from all parts of Canada and the United States have visited the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre during the past month, and several miracles are said to have taken place. It is estimated that fully 40,000 pilgrims have visited the shrine during the months of June and July to date. Today the village was simply packed with devoted Catholics seeking favor through the intercession of St. Anne, and tomorrow morning a large pilgrimage from Boston and the New England States will arrive in this city en route to St. Anne de Beaupre.

Their Excellencies the Earl and Countess Grey, Lady Evelyn Grey and members of the Vice-Regal house hold left yesterday on the government steamer Lord Minto for the lower St. Lawrence. They will stop at the Island of Anticosti on special invitation of its owner, the French chocolate magnate, Mr. Menier, who will entertain the distinguished party for several days, and indulge in fishing and other sports. Though not definitely decided on leaving Quebec the Vice-Regal party will, it is understood visit the Maritime Provinces before returning to Quebec to meet the British second cruiser fleet in command of Rear Admiral Prince Louis of Battenburg, due to arrive on August 10. The second cruiser fleet consists of six warships, all twin screw armored vessels. Prince Louis of Battenburg will fly his flag on H. M. S. Drake, 14,200 tons register. The other five cruisers, the Bedford, Berwick, Cornwall, Cumberland and Essex, are all of 9,800 tons. Preparations have already commenced in the ancient capital to give Prince Louis and the officers of the fleet a royal reception. The Provincial Government will hold a reception and ball and the Mayor, Aldermen and citizens of Quebec will do likewise. Their Excellencies will also give a ball at the Vice-Regal quarters in the citadel, and the Lieutenant-Governor Sir Louis and Lady Jette will hold a garden party at Spencer Wood. In return Prince Louis and the officers of the fleet will give a reception and ball on board the flagship Drake, which is fitted up with a ballroom to accommodate six hundred dancers. A review will also be held on the Plains of Abraham, and during the stay of the warships the monument erected on the Esplanade in memory of the Quebec volunteers who fell in South Africa will be unveiled. It will thus be seen that the ancient capital will be en fete from the time the second cruiser squadron arrives until its departure.

BIG, BIG WORDS.

"Those who are accustomed to ridicule present day science because of their fondness for big words, said the etymologist, 'will find them much more cumbersome than their title, tion of words than the old times.'"

"For instance, I have just come across the account of a scientific

treatise published in the seventeenth century that contains words even much more cumbersome than its title, which, by the way, is 'Panzooticologia, A good mouthful, surely, yet the meaning is easily ascertained when the word is reduced to its component parts.

"The list of long titles that were then favorite would cause the modern book clerk a spasm, yet the list could be gone into indefinitely. A play in blank verse published in the latter part of the seventeenth century had as its alluring title 'Chrononhotonthologos,' and this was the opening sentence—

"Aldeboronthophosphormio, where left you Chrononhotonthologos?"

"If the modern mouthing actor can hardly get simple Anglo-Saxon words over the footlights, how could he get along with that morsel?"

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Night comes and it's hard to sleep. Morning dawns and the anxious, tired feeling is still there. Don't neglect this gradual decline; it can't cure itself. But by forming rich, pure blood, Ferrozone will quickly supply the nutriment and building material your system craves.

Instantly you are aware that some powerful force is building up your feel braced, toned, strengthened. Search the world over and you won't find anything to tone up a weak system like Ferrozone. Physicians claim it is the most strengthening, uplifting medicine ever discovered.

No more spells of tiredness, but bounding, joyful health when you take Ferrozone. Physicians claim Gold, of Bowsman, Man, speaks in the following words of praise:

"I state my case because I think it may assist other women to health. A year ago I was almost a wreck. I was pale and emaciated, suffering from nervousness and hysteria. Little things going wrong in the household bothered me. The doctor advised different treatments but they didn't help. He said my low condition was due to weakness that might never be cured. Ferrozone had a peculiar grateful effect and built me up quickly. The ill I suffered from are cured. I am now strong and vigorous and was made so by Ferrozone."

Why not cast aside the chains of sickness and enter the bright, happy life of robust health. Let Ferrozone help you—let it cure you once and forever. Price 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

IS YOUR DOCTOR BILL LARGE?

Best way to keep it small is not to call the doctor, but use Nerviline instead. For minor ailments like colds, coughs, chills, cramps, headache and stomach trouble Nerviline is just as good as any doctor. It breaks up a cold in one night, cures soreness in the chest, and for neuralgia, toothache and rheumatism you can't get anything half so good as Nerviline. The fame of Nerviline for cramps, colic and pain in the stomach extends far and wide. Good for everything a liniment can be good for and costs but 25c. for a large bottle.

AN ENCHANTED LAKELAND.

The "Highlands of Ontario," considered the most beautiful summer resort district in America, is annually attracting more attention as the ideal playground for the tourist and holiday seeker. During the last week in June this season, the members of the Builders' Exchange of Cleveland, Ohio, to the number of two hundred, held their annual outing in the Muskoka Lakes district, one of the principal regions of this vast territory, making their headquarters at the "Royal Muskoka" hotel. The Cleveland Plain Dealer of June 30th publishes an article by their special correspondent, in which appears the following: "The Royal Muskoka hotel is one of the largest and best equipped summer hotels in Canada, opened a week earlier than usual to entertain the builders. The two days here have been most thoroughly enjoyed by the members of the party, and the picturesque and beautiful scenery along the railroad and lake route, in the centre of the 'Highlands,' amazed and delighted the Clevelanders."

Take a free trip—a mental little journey through Muskoka, by asking for that handsome Muskoka publication issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System. It contains a large map, nineteen views and a fund of information. Apply for copy to J. Quinlan, District Passenger Agent, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

DANGER OF LIVING WITH CONSUMPTIVES.

Is real danger because of the spurt of affected persons diffuses itself through the air and finds lodgment in the systems of others. If exposed to consumption use fragrant healing Catarrhazone, the most efficient germicide known. No case of catarrh can withstand Catarrhazone, which cures this loathsome disease thoroughly. Cold in the head is cured in a few minutes, and bronchitis, asthma and lung trouble are cured to stay cured if Catarrhazone is employed. "I don't know any remedy so good for catarrh and bronchitis as Catarrhazone," wrote N. T. Eaton, of Knowlton. "It cured me after years of suffering and saved me from consumption." Two months' treatment \$1.00; trial size 25c.

AN IOWA MYSTERY.

John Phipps Denies That He is Rockefeller's Father.

Shenandoah, Iowa, July 24.—"No, I ain't John Rockefeller's father," fiercely says John Phipps, an eccentric farmer living near this place, who, in making his denial, goes contrary to the opinion of three-quarters of the population of the county. That old Phipps answers the description of the father of the Oil King cannot be denied. In general appearance, manner of speech, and in other particulars Phipps bears a close resemblance to the William D. Rockefeller described by Miss Tarbell in her recent article. Phipps has elongated chin, pinched lips and broad forehead.

"And even if I am John Rockefeller's father, I don't want any of his money. I've enough of my own," continued the old man in anything but a "Rockefeller" sentiment.

John Phipps has been for thirty-five years the mystery of Southwestern Iowa. Just when and how the wealthiest man on earth has been whispered in Fremont County that Phipps was related to the Rockefellers, but it is a mystery as to who first made the report.

In addition to his resemblance in action and speech to the Rockefeller way of keeping quiet. In all the thirty odd years of his residence in this county he has not made a confident. Especially is this true regarding his actions between 1835 and 1855. He says he was born in Virginia in 1818, and came West when a young man; but not a word is forthcoming of his actions between 1835 and 1855. Since 1870 he has lived in this country. That is, he has lived here except during the times when he makes mysterious visits from home, which last sometimes for several months. When he returns from these visits he resumes his life. Gossips say he visits John D. Rockefeller on these trips.

During old Phipps' life here he has been an exemplary citizen, and his note and word are good at the banks. His farm is well taken care of, and he is comparatively wealthy. He acknowledges that he has a son, born in 1834—the year of John D. Rockefeller's birth—but will not say where the son is.

THE SMALL-POX QUESTION

Any intelligent physician will admit that you don't catch smallpox because someone else has it, but because your condition favors it. Low vitality always encourages sickness and at this season especially, everyone should take Ferrozone, which destroys disease germs and makes the system so strong and healthy that sickness can't exist. Ferrozone is a vitalizing tonic that makes rich, red blood, builds up the nerves, cures nervousness and drives away tired, languid feelings. To get strong and keep strong use Ferrozone; it assures health and costs but 50c. at all druggists.

CRUSHED TO PULP.

Montreal, July 24.—Phippe Leduc, a young farmer, 23 years of age, met a sudden and violent death, at Laprairie, last evening. The victim was on a load of hay when the backing of a dog frightened the horses and caused them to attempt to run away. The unexpected jerk resulted in Leduc being hurled to the ground. He escaped being kicked to death by the horses, but the wheels of the wagon containing more than a ton of hay passed over his head and crushed it into a pulp. Death was instantaneous.

THE FORCE OF FEAR.

Fright Was the Cause of the Death of Frederick I. of Prussia.

There are several well authenticated cases where fright was the cause of death. An English surgeon tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves, and he died.

Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper and, doubling her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

But perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter Pentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical subjects to sketch some skulls and bones for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry, and while sketching he fell asleep. He was aroused by bones dancing around him and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing together. In a fit of horror he threw himself out of the window. Though he sustained no serious injury and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused the commotion among the ghastly surroundings, he died of nervous tremor.

THE WREN BUSH.

An Old Custom Still Observed in Ireland at Christmas.

Among the many old customs still observed in Ireland at Christmas few are more curious than the practice of carrying about "the wren bush" on St. Stephen's day, and antiquaries are puzzled to explain why the poor little "king of all birds" should be put to death on the festival of the first martyr.

The most probable explanation is that the wren was sacred to the Druids and was used by them in divination and other pagan rites at the festival of the winter solstice, which almost coincided with Christmas, and consequently the clergy urged their converts to destroy the birds which were associated with such unholy rites, just as St. Patrick's relentless destruction of the images of serpents, used in the ancient pagan worship of Ireland, gave rise to the legend that he—

Gave the snakes and toads a twist
And banished them all forever!

This seems the more likely, because "dren," the old Irish name for "wren," also means "a Druid," and old folk still call "Jenny" the "Druid bird" and say that she has the gift of prophecy and that those who can interpret her twittings as she hovers about a house or flies from bush to bush can read the future. In the library of Trinity college, Dublin, there is a curious document describing how to interpret the notes of the wren.—Maud E. Sargent in Longman's Magazine.

Lawyers and the Law.

I expect it'd be only a poor lawyer couldn't argue a tack into a cow—n' out of her again, too, f'r that matter—n' Mr. Weskin ain't n' poor lawyer. He's fine 's they make. Of course a good deal of the time no one knows what he means, but that ain't nothin' ag'in him, f'r I think with a lawyer you generally don't. It's a part of their business not to let no one know what they mean, f'r 'f law was simple no one'd ever get fooled.

It takes another lawyer to see what a lawyer is doin', anyhow. When a lawyer says anything is so to me I never take no time to disbelieve him, 'cause he'd never got to be in the law a tall if he wan't able to prove the truth of his own lyin'.—Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop, by Anne Warner.

Today.

Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time. This we know, it is a cyclops. It is for us to express love in terms of helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other source of life leads toward decay and waste.—David Starr Jordan.

His Diagnosis.

Mrs. Green—William, what objection have you to that young man who is calling on our daughter? Green—He is silly, Mary. Mrs. Green—Oh, that's because he is in love! I remember the time when you were a very silly young man. Green—Silly isn't the proper name for it, Mary. I was a measly idiot—that's what I was!

"Not Found."

A letter arrived at the New York postoffice the other day bearing the following address: "To Any Respectable Lawyer, New York City, N. Y." The carrier into whose hands it fell for delivery returned it marked in blue pencil, "Not Found."

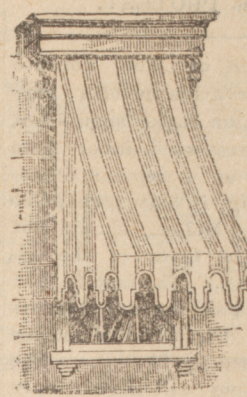
Maintaining His Record.

Amateur Sportsman—I say, did I hit anything that time? Gamekeeper—I think not, sir. There wasn't nothing in sight but the birds, sir.

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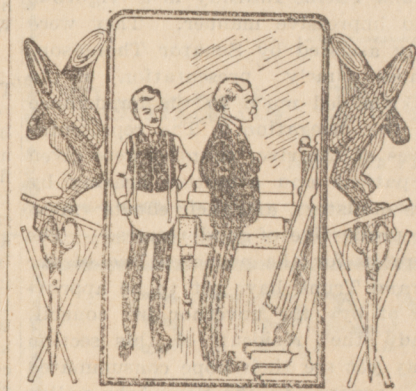
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