

INFURIATED BEAST CHARGES A LUMBERMAN'S RAFT.

Logs Bumped a Tree on River Bank—Animal Was Asleep—Enraged at Being Disturbed Springs at Surprised Man—Is Tearing Him to Pieces—Companion Comes to Rescue With an Axe.

Henry Rogers, a stalwart lumberman not long ago closed a contract with a large mill company to cut and raft the timber from a big area of virgin forest down the river to the company's sawmill. It was a big undertaking and Rogers was employed on the job for several months with a considerable force of men.

I had met him on a hunting trip and he invited me to spend a week or so with him at his camp, says a well-known writer. Of course I accepted. He was camped in one of the best hunting sections that could be imagined and Rogers was employed on the job for several months with a considerable force of men.

The forces of men in the woods and the hauling of the logs kept the game stirred up considerably and I had such a hunting trip as I had always dreamed of but had never before experienced. My bag included two bears, many deer and one or two wolves, to say nothing of turkeys, geese, ducks and squirrels without count.

Down River on a Raft.
About the time that my vacation was drawing to a close Rogers made ready an enormous raft of logs, which he intended floating down the river, and as he was to accompany the raft in person I decided to go with him, thinking that this would be a novel trip and possibly an exciting one, but my wildest fancy had not prepared me for the adventure we encountered.

Several tents were rigged up on the raft, where we slept at night as snug as if we had been ashore. The cooking was done on open fires built up on boxes of earth. During the day I traveled generally in the gasoline boat, stopping along from time to time to hunt out some stretch of forest or visit a lake which Rogers told me of, and I had excellent sport. I could travel a great deal faster than the raft, of course, and I sometimes let it get five or ten miles ahead of me or I would run that distance down the river ahead of it and hunt until it overtook me or nightfall made me set out in search of it.

As a rule we tied up at night, especially in difficult portions of the river, where islands and shoals made navigation for the raft beset with dangers of grounding it or splitting it up on snags or the point of an island. However, as we suffered some delay and the contract time for the delivery of the raft at the mill was drawing close, Rogers decided to run as much as possible at night, and after that it was not often that we tied up. Nature favored us. The nights were almost as bright as day after the moon came up, which at that season occurred about 11 o'clock.

The Collision With the Tree.
There was good light after moonrise until morning, but between dark and the hour for the moon to make its appearance it was as dark as a pocket and the traveling was beset with grave dangers. More than once on these occasions did the raft bump into the bank, driving the timbers together with a sudden, crushing sound.

One night, as we were traversing a most difficult stretch of water, a narrow channel where the great raft had scarcely more than room to pass, I was standing out forward where Rogers and three others were working the sweeps, guiding the unwieldy mass of timbers through the narrow channel. We were navigating a difficult bend, a point that required the greatest skill in steering, when the current got the upper hand and the raft was hurled toward the bank with a force that was amazing.

Just at this point a large, crooked oak tree hung low over the water and the raft swept beneath it. The extreme end of the foremost log struck the trunk with a shock that shook the tree as if it had been a reed.

The Panther Spring Upon Him.
I had braced myself for the shock the best I could, and I should have retained my legs if it had not been for a long, lithe object that projected itself out of the rank foliage of the tree straight in my face. It sailed through the air like a flash of light and with an unearthly scream it alighted upon my breast and its sharp claws tore through my heavy hunting clothes as if they had been the veriest gauze.

There was no mistaking what it was. It was a gigantic panther, and my heart turned sick within me as I realized it. The force of the leap threw me flat upon my back, but the enraged animal did not loosen its enmeshed grapple in the least. I could feel its hot breath burning my cheek and its sharp claws as they dug deeper and deeper into my flesh. It is a wonder that I did not become unconscious, but I was not to be so spared.

I thought every moment that the animal would seize my throat in its jaws and it seemed an age that I lay there helpless with its cat-like eyes glaring into my own, scarcely six inches away. I was utterly helpless and resigned to my fate.

It certainly was not more than three or four seconds that I lay thus, although it seemed an age before I saw Rogers approaching me with a heavy axe raised above his head.

His Rescue by a Companion.
He was running across the logs and once I saw him leap high into the air, but I did not then know why he did this. Afterwards I discovered that the raft had broken up and that I was upon a small portion of it that had gone on an independent cruise. Rogers had jumped across a rapidly widening space of water to my rescue and had he missed his calculation of the distance his life might have paid the penalty. The panther saw him

straight for the approaching woodman. Rogers saw it coming and swung his axe above his head like some ancient conception of the god of battle. Just at this moment the raft swung around a bend of the river, which threw us out of the heavy shadow of the timber into the moonlight.

I have never seen a more inspiring sight than Rogers, standing with his axe poised and every muscle of his magnificent form tense, with anticipation of the shock, and the panther leaping straight for his throat. With a flash of light the axe descended just as the panther poised in air immediately before Rogers. The next instant the blade of the weapon crashed deep into the animal's skull and it fell, inert and lifeless, at the foot of my rescuer.

That panther's skin is the rug beneath my feet as I write, and plainly upon the top of its head is the scar of the blow that ended its life. The taxidermist who prepared it for me wanted to sew up the cut so that it would be invisible, but I would have none of it.

A NOVEL TRIO.

Robin and Sparrow Keep House With a Rabbit.

A sparrow, a robin and a rabbit have lived peacefully together in an old hollow log all winter and seem to be the best of friends. They took up housekeeping in the same abode to keep warm, and apparently have thrived without friction since the first snows came. The rabbit hardly needed feathered companions to add to his bodily comfort, as his kind are well protected by nature, but evidently he longed for companionship.

George S. Hixon, on whose farm the happy family have been sharing quarters, says that he has frequently seen the rabbit occupy the end of the log on cold days in order to keep his companions warm within. Sometimes he would keep his post for forty-eight hours without food, apparently for no other reason than to be sure that his pals within were shielded from the winter blasts.

Went Foraging.
When the weather was agreeable the rabbit, sparrow and robin would go foraging together, the former picking up a living by gnawing the bark of poplar trees and the latter by delving about for what edibles they could find. Several times Mr. Hixon has observed them trailing along back to the log in Indian file. On these occasions the birds either hopped behind the rabbit or fluttered close to the ground.

"I went out one morning after a severe storm to place food where the family could get it and found the log entirely covered," said Mr. Hixon. "As I neared the spot there was a disturbance of the snow and out hopped the rabbit. After him came the sparrow and robin. The birds looked about in a dazed kind of way and then nestled close to their furry companion. At my approach they flew to nearby trees, but as soon as I had retired all three assembled for the feast I left."

MANY CHILDREN SICK.

Get their feet wet, catch cold or cramps, and give mothers an anxious time. With the first shiver or sneeze rub the little one's chest with Nerviline, gargle the throat, and give ten drops in hot water at bedtime. Next morning all is well. No cold, no time lost at school. If Polson's Nerviline isn't in your home get it there at once. Dealers sell it in large 25c. bottles.

SERBIAN WEDDINGS.

The Bride Collects the Gifts, Which Must Be in Money.

If you receive an invitation to a wedding in Little Serbia on the west side, you must not buy a present and take it with you or send it. That would be bad form, and the bride would probably feel insulted, but when you went to the wedding you would take with you the price of the present in money.

At the wedding you would find several hundred men and women all making strange motions and talking in a strange, excited manner. After the guests had assembled—and everybody in the colony would be welcomed—a young woman would pass around the wedding cake. Behind her would come the bride carrying a silver platter, and upon this she would collect the money given as presents. At the majority of weddings the platter is piled high with silver dollars, and around the edges are bills of various denominations, from \$5 to \$20. It is not uncommon for a bride to receive \$1,000 in cash. This amount, it must be remembered, is given by men who are mostly laborers in the packing houses.

Sometimes the groom passes cigars, and every guest will take a cigar and hand him a dollar. Another custom is to place a dollar in the large glass of whiskey and every man take a drink, each drink costing a dollar.

These weddings are a great feast for the guest, and there is always plenty to eat, and sometimes the groom rents a hall where all may dance.

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate—in all things ruled, mind, body and estate.—Crabbe.



Forty Years in Parliament



**Statesman—
Orator—Debater—
Member of the Cabinet
under five Premiers—**

ridicule until his antagonists were routed in dismay.

Mr. Costigan was a member of the Cabinets of five Premiers. Sir John Macdonald had long known and admired Mr. Costigan. In 1882, he invited the latter to accept the portfolio of Minister of Inland Revenue. So successful was his administration of this important office that when Sir John Abbott succeeded to the Premiership, he insisted upon Mr. Costigan retaining the position.

In the same year, Sir John Thompson was called upon to form a cabinet, and the highest political gift in his power—Secretary of State—was bestowed upon Mr. Costigan.

In the cabinets of Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Costigan was Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

His hold on the electors of New Brunswick has been wonderful. Devoted to them and their interests, and they to him, he has served his constituents unintermittently in Parliament for forty years.

In 1885, a number of his admirers presented him with a handsome home at 232 Cooper Street, in Ottawa.

Probably the man can best be judged by his own declaration of politics "Loyalty to the Empire, loyalty to the country we live in, and loyalty to its institutions."

Although 72 years of age, Senator Costigan has lost none of his keen wit, nor powers of repartee. He retains his physical vigor, although several years ago he was threatened with serious illness, due to a chronic trouble which had long baffled treatment.

The following letter, written after his recovery, will explain:—

OTTAWA, ONT., 232 Cooper St. Jan. 6th 1906.
You know what fearful trouble I have had all my life time from constipation. I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years and I have been treated by many physicians and I have taken many kinds of proprietary medicines without any benefit whatever. I took a pill for a long time which was prescribed by the late Dr. C. R. Church of Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill prescribed by Dr. A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Finally I was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives," and after taking them for a few months I feel I am completely well from this horrible complaint. I have had no trouble with this complaint now for a long time, and I can certainly state that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for constipation. I

Lancia, the noted Italian automobile, has a good deal of contempt for men who are not brave to the point of rashness. He says:
"I am like a highwayman who held up a gasoline roundabout on the outskirts of Rome."
"This highwayman stopped the roundabout with a shot in the air. Then he ran forth from the tomb that concealed him—the hold up happened on the Appian Way—and found, to his surprise, only a woman in the little car."
"Where, madam, is your husband," he demanded sternly and suspiciously.
"He's under the seat," she answered flushing.
"Then," said the highwayman, "I won't take nothing. It's bad enough to have a husband like that without being robbed in the bargain."

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Wood's Phosphodine is sold in F'ton by all druggists.

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