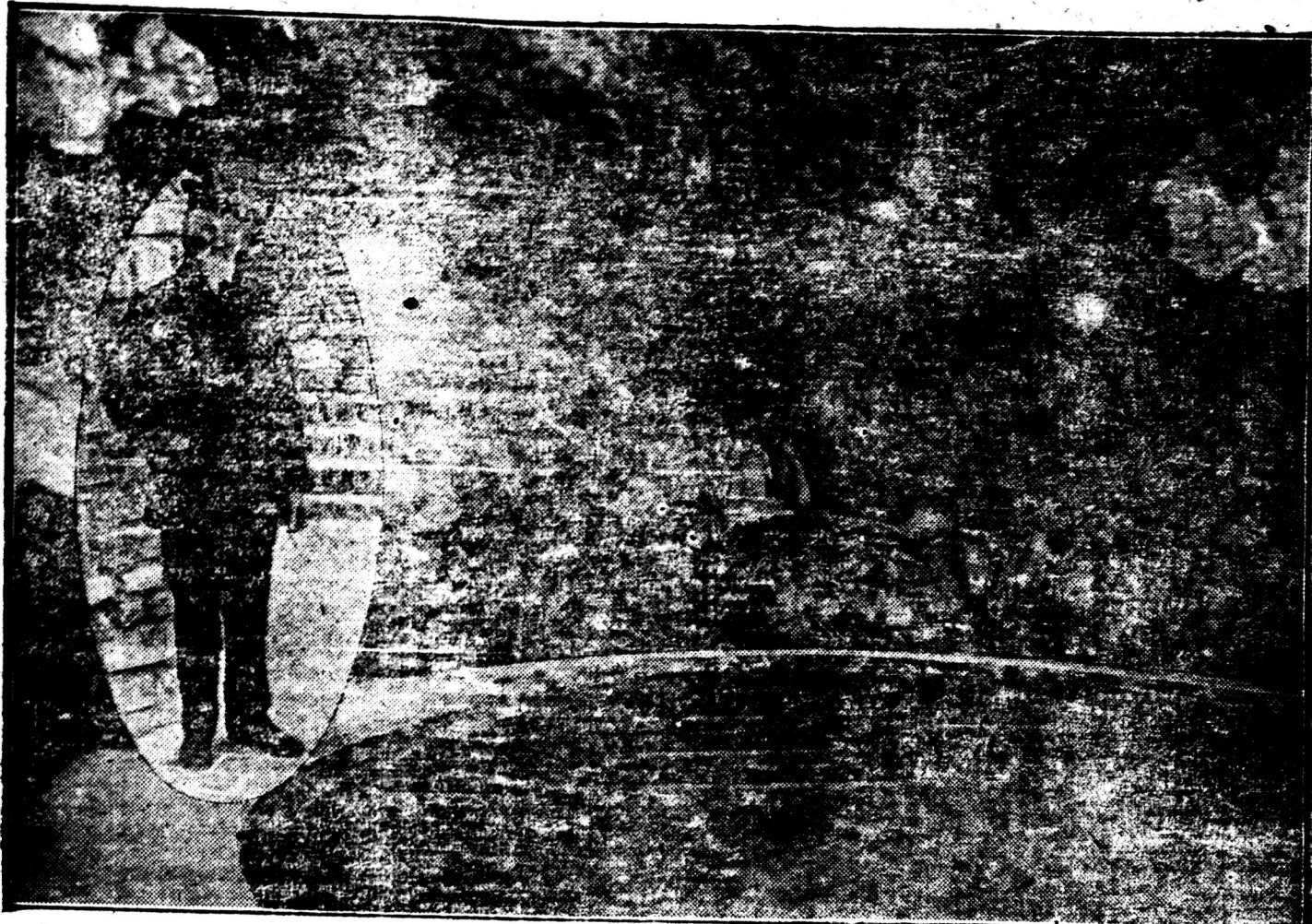


Story of the Cave at Banff



VISITORS to Banff in the Rocky Mountains Park should make it a point to see the Cave, and in doing so should not fail to have as guide the good-natured and Scotchman who is in charge. He is always at hand and stands true to his native heath by continually wearing a Scotch Bonnet. The guide is over 78 years of age and has seen service in connection with the Park in one way or other for over a quarter of a century, since its inception, in fact.

This Cave, as the guide's story goes, is the remains of a formally active geyser being at one time replete with grotesque stalactites, stalagmites, and other subterranean wonders. The visitor in the early days entered through a rough rocky entrance or door-way into a long dark gruesome tunnel and was conducted by the Scottish Guide through a length of darkness and along its winding course where the walls were the bold rock worn away in ages past by the running water, until the cave is reached. But now one enters through a magnificent plate-glass double door into a fine large rotunda supported by fine pillars. From this, after registering in the book placed on the desk for the purpose the tunnel proper is entered through another door. The bottom of the tunnel is now of concrete which covers the overflow from the basin as it runs to the large outer pool. The tunnel is now lighted by electricity which is another of the up-to-date innovations. The sides and top are, however, rocky and rough. Reaching the Cave the guide informs you that it is only a wider chamber where deposits of sulphur have coated the lime-stone with crystal veneer, which in the days of yore shone in the lamp light like so many precious stones. But the whole story of the Cave is best told by the guide, he of the Highland accent. After making sure that the ladies are at hand, or seated on the bench for that purpose, he says:—

Now, if you will kindly sit down and give me your quiet attention for a few minutes, I will tell you the story of the cave, and in that story I think you will find an answer to all the questions that curiosity might prompt you to ask, and if you have any further questions to ask after I am through, fire them at me. I shall endeavour to answer them to the best of my ability.

THE HISTORY OF THE CAVE.
It was at one time an active geyser spouting water and mud up through the orifice (pointing to the hole at the top through which day-light can be seen). The whole of this cavity was at one time full of water and gas and the gas kept the water always in a state of turmoil, tearing at the rock and converting it into mud and when the heat got to a certain intensity up it went through the vent, sending a stream of water and mud about 100 feet in the air. Then the cold air rushed in and filled the vacuum and on went that grinding as before until it heated up the cold air; then away it spouted again. This continued to repeat itself for thousands of years until it made that breach in the wall that we came in by, when

And then it spouted never more. I illustrate the death of the geyser—to show thus—It underwent an operation for appendicitis; the operation was successful, but the patient died and it has been sending forth a strong sultry odor ever since. That was the last of the geyser.

If the guide has been "entranced" by the visitor he is taking care of, he may vary the introduction, and express himself, as was his habit in earlier days, after this fashion:—

"Ma friends," he would say, as he threw the light of his oil lamp now here now there, on the glittering walls, "Ye're just gettin' a faint squint o' what the Pearly Gates and Jasper Walls are like, but ye remember how, in ye're Bunyan, the Shepherds' o' the Delectable Mountains showed Pilgrims a hole in the hillside which was a short cut from the Pleasant Land of Beulah to the Bottomless Pit; and so here, I regret to inform ye, these walls land direct to where ye'll get a whiff and a sniff of the Brimstone Lake. Ye'll observe ye are in the very heart o' the geyser. This whole chamber was scooped out by the awful force of water and gas. See how the giant fretted his prison walls, tearing off chunks of rock and grinding them to mud. The gas kept the water in constant turmoil. Friction from the water condensed steam, created heat, and when the heat got to a certain intensity, skyward it flew out of the orifice o' its own makin', sendin' mud and water many feet in the air with a terrible roar, then the cold air rushed in and filled the vacuum and the war o' Titans went on as before; but when he wounded himself in the side,—when the pressure tore that breach in the wall by which we entered—then the gas and water escaped with a roar and it spouted "nevermore." He just gave himself a "solar plexus" and knocked himself out of business; he smote himself under the fifth rib and gave up the ghost. Like Samson, when he got his locks shorn, his strength left him. The Cave underwent an operation for appendicitis; the operation was successful, but the patient died and has been smelling like rotten eggs ever since. I have observed there is a dame, or Delilah, connected with 'a' catastrophes in this world; the Delilah in this case was Dame Nature.

Once seeing a young lady from New York looking bewildered at this juncture, Scotty asked her if she had ever read the story of Samson. To his dismay she replied "No." "What," he exclaimed incredulously, "never read the story o' the strong man, Samson?" (Scotty didn't tell her whaur the story was to be found, ye ken). "Oh," she replied, "you mean the strong man, Sandow, of New York, I relating this incident before Scotty recovered sufficiently to ejaculate "Ma conscience, losh preserve us, puir Lassie!"

TEMPERATURE OF THE WATER.
The next question is, what is the temperature of the water? The temperature of the water is 90, but there is quite a stream of ordinary cold water coming in

from some stream in the mountains. We have never located the fountain head, but it is increasing in volume every year, and it lowers the temperature to about 80. The depth of the water is about four feet, they used to bathe in here up to about twelve years ago.

Looking at the bottom of the water, you see a number of dark spots; these are holes full of quicksand and these holes are getting larger and larger every year. The friction of the water and gas combined, are eating away the rock and enlarging the holes. Those who couldn't swim were continually stepping into them and getting beyond their depths, so it was considered wise to stop the bathing before any accident happened. I banded in there about twenty-seven years ago, and there was only one hole at that time of any consequence. You can see it situated at the opposite side; it is about the circumference of a cart wheel. We used to have a rope stretched across from one side to the other to guard against stepping into that hole, for to land through that hole, you can thrust a pole about ten feet long and not find the bottom. All the rest of the holes that are in front now, were so small then that an ordinary Chicago foot (they say the ladies have very large feet, but you know) might have spanned them; but now a Scotch foot can't get across to be very much larger, so we stopped the bathing. We couldn't afford to have any Scotch people drowned; they are so very precious, and so very scarce, and yet, go where you like, you will find them (the last Scotchman to bathe in this pool, left his footprints on the sands of time,?) which you can see down there. The foot seems to me to be about a number 16, a decent sized foot—the owner of a foot like that in his own country may well declare, as Rob Roy does in the play, "My foot is on my native heath, and my name's McGregor," he would have a good grip on his native heath with ten feet like that.

Max O'Rell, brilliant French wit (I used to call him the Mark Twain of France when he was alive), died quite a number of years ago. He was a celebrated humorous lecturer. Four of his lectures were very popular, "Jonathan on the Americans," "John Bull on the English," "Sandy on the Scotch," and "Pat on the Irish." He was giving a lecture in Inverness, the Capital of the Highlands on one occasion, and he paused in the midst of his lecture and said, "I have made a remarkable discovery since I came amongst you Scotch people, I have found out how it was that you adopted the kilts as a raiment in place of the trousers," then he made another pause, and during that pause you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. Every one was listening so intently to hear what that remarkable discovery was. Then he proceeded with a loud voice, for it was a large hall, and it was a large audience, "Because your feet were so large you couldn't get them down through the trousers."

CHINA'S FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

Wily Old Li Hung Chang's Rebus That Was Linked With a Wink.
There is a curious story concerning the first locomotive ever seen in China. Li Hung Chang was given permission to construct a railway from the sea to his mines upon the condition that steam power should not be used, and for several months the cars were hauled by mules.

Then Mr. Kinder and some of the foreign machinists secretly constructed a locomotive out of such material as they could find in China. It was a rude affair, and it was never able to make more than five or six miles an hour, but it was a great advantage over the mule teams, for it could haul seven or eight cars of coal at that speed, where it took four mules to haul one. But when the mandarins at Peking learned that foreign devils were using a fire eating monster on the railway they immediately made a tremendous fuss about it and called Li Hung Chang to account for violating his concession.

The old gentleman took it very coolly and pretended not to know anything about it, but he afterward restored himself in favor by issuing an order rebuking Mr. Kinder and his associates for their presumption and forbidding them to introduce any more new fangled foreign notions into China. Shortly after he secretly patted them on the back and raised their pay. The excitement quieted down and was soon forgotten. Then Mr. Kinder got up steam in his clumsy old engine again and was allowed to run it without interference. Later a couple of regularly made locomotives were imported from Europe and have since been hauling the coal trains on that road.

ELECTRIC SPARKING.

Light on a Puzzle That Has Worried Many Car Owners.

It is a sad and common experience to men in motorboats, automobiles, etc., to find that something is wrong with the spark. Often it is the case that when the spark plug is taken out and tested in air it shows up all right, and will ignite gasoline poured around it, but when put back into position it will not work. This is a puzzle to a great many people today.

The reason lies in the simple fact that the spark, when it takes place in the cylinder, has to spark in compressed gas, and when in the air it doesn't. It is a well known scientific fact that the pressure of the gas determines how far a spark will jump under a given voltage. If the spark jumped a quarter inch in the open air and was placed in a vessel with most of the air pumped out, it would jump several inches; and, on the other hand, if placed in compressed air it would not jump more than a fraction of the quarter inch. Of course the thing to do in the circumstances is to get new batteries, and if so situated that that is impossible the two little terminals of the spark plug should be pushed closer together. Then the spark will pass in the compressed gas inside the cylinder.

If explosion does not take place then the spark is probably so small that it is wholly immersed either in air or in the gasoline vapor, and to have an explosion it must be immersed in a mixture of the two. The carburetor should then be tinkered with. The probabilities are that a part of the time explosions will take place and will be sufficient to keep up a forward motion at reduced speed.—Chicago Herald.

Literary Inspiration.

It is enough to stun and scare anybody to have a hot thought come crashing into his brain and plopping up those parallel ribs where the wagon trains of common ideas were jogging along in their regular sequence of association. A lyric conception hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine, then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head, then a long sigh and the poem is written.—Holmes.

Sad Camels.

It is a well established fact that even young camels never play. They are born sad, and thereafter their life is one protest against being made to work, although work has been their portion since the beginning of the memory of man. How largely they have been domesticated from the earliest times we know from the statement that Job possessed 6,000 camels.—London Opinion.

The Clock Was All Right.

A man went into a clock store and handed out the pendulum of a clock, which he wished to leave for repairs. The clockman asked him why he didn't bring the whole clock. "The clock is all right," was the reply. "It's the pendulum that won't go. As soon as I pulled that out the rest went like the very dickens."—Judge.

Equal to the Occasion.

"Did you ever try to board a train?" asked the facetious man of the boarding house lady at breakfast. "Oh, yes!" said the lady without a suggestion of a smile. "A man named Train stopped here at one time."—Yonkers Statesman.

Coming Back.

It was the beginning of their wedding trip. "Dear," she inquired anxiously, "in the excitement of leaving did you say good-by to papa and mamma?" "No," he replied, "I said so."—Puck.

NOTICE TO Farmers!

I have secured a first class harness maker and wish to announce that I am prepared to take orders for all kinds of harness, single or double, all hand made, and of guaranteed first class stock.

J. J. COONAN
JARVIS, . . . ONT.

Capital Authorized \$5,000,000
Capital Paid up . . . \$3,000,000
Surplus \$4,750,500

Protection
Your cash on hand insures you and your family from want and privation. Make it safe.
Start a Savings Account in this Bank.

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ESTABLISHED 1872

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In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISOR, which will be sent free.

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200 University St., Montreal.

No Parcel Over 7 Pounds
Ottawa, Nov. 24.—The British post-office advises that until further notice no parcel exceeding seven pounds in weight can be accepted for transmission to the Mediterranean expeditionary force," says a memorandum issued by the Postmaster-General.

Five thousand Welsh miners have gone on strike because of the employment of non-unionist.

The First Saturday In December-

THESE BARGAINS IN VERY FINE . . . MERCHANDISE . . .

Every item listed will be on sale Saturday morning at 8.30 o'clock — not before — mail or telephone orders will not be filled on these goods. It is the best List of Bargains on really fine Merchandise ever offered by this Store — or any other — very few stores have such fine merchandise to offer — where they have their prices are nearly double.



- HUDSON SEAL COATS**—Two only choice Real Hudson Seal Coats, beautifully lined, one of them is 44 inches long, and worth \$175.00. To be sold for \$145.00. The other is same quality of garment and 38 inches long, worth \$150. to be sold for \$127.00.
- TRUNK**—One only lady's Hat Trunk, very fine and well made worth \$15.00. Saturday, \$10.00.
- MINK MUFFS**—2 only, extra size, pillow shape, fine natural skins, worth \$55. to be sold for \$30.00.
- MINK STOLES**—2 only large size, to match above muffs, worth \$60. to be sold for \$45.00.
- DINNER AND TEA SET**—1 only Royal Doulton Dinner and Tea Set, 112 pieces, very choice design, worth \$28.50. Saturday, set, \$22.00.
- KIMONAS**—2 only figured heavy Eider Kimonas, satin trimmed and heavy cord, worth \$12.00 each, this sale, \$7.90.
- DINNER AND TEA SET**—1 only Dinner and Tea Set of Booth's China, 129 pieces—a very beautiful set worth \$45.00 to be sold for \$31.00.
- BLANKETS**—One pair only of fine white wool Blankets as ever crossed the ocean. They are richly bound with heavy white Duchess Satin worth to day if procurable (which they are not) \$25.00 a pair. This sale of good things the pair \$19.00.—one pair only. The same quality, not as richly bound, worth to day, \$25 a pair. This sale \$17.00 a pair.
- Real Irish Lace Trimmed Tray Cloths, Table Runners, D'oyles, Tea Cloths**—only one of a kind in most cases—such low prices never quoted on equal merchandise. It's a pleasure to own a piece of these beautiful linens. The first seven items are finished with real hand-made Irish Lace.
 1. Tray Cloth, worth \$13.75 for \$9.00.
 2. Table Runner, worth \$22.50 for \$10.00.
 3. 22 inch D'oyles worth \$12.00 for \$7.50.
 4. Tea Cloth, worth \$19.00 for \$13.50.
 5. Tea Cloth, worth \$18.50 for \$12.50.
 6. Tea Cloth, worth \$7.00 for \$4.50.
 7. Tea Cloths, worth \$9.00 for \$5.50.
- 3 only Hand Embroidered Huck Towels worth \$2.00 each. This sale \$1.35.
- 4 only Hand Embroidered Huck Towels worth \$2.50 each. This sale \$1.75 each.
- 1 dozen Table Napkins and Cloth to match—Napkins are worth the dozen, \$12.00. Cloth is worth \$18.00. This beautiful set to be sold for \$21.50.
- 2 only sets Pillow Cases and Sheets, hand embroidered linen worth \$9.00 set. Special sale the set \$6.50.
- 1 only large size silk covered down Comforter worth \$15.00 to be sold for \$11.50.
- 30 yards of 1/2 bleached Pure Linen Table Damask, 72 inches wide, worth \$1.25 yard. This sale 90c yard.
- Set Double Damask Linen Napkins and Table Cloth to match, Napkins 27x27 inches, Cloth 24x3 yards, the Set is worth \$21.00. To be sold for \$16.00.
- 1 piece of our finest Huck Toweling 27 inch wide, worth to-day \$2.25 yard. Selling for 90c yard. Limit 2 yards to a customer.

These Attractive Bargains In Fine Furniture.

- 1 only Fumed Oak Hall Rack, worth \$35.00, Saturday Sale \$26.50.
- 1 only Fumed Oak Buffet, worth \$80, Saturday, \$68.00.
- 1 only Fumed Oak Table worth \$50.00, for \$39.50.
- 1 only Golden Oak Buffet, worth \$27.50 for \$21.00.
- 1 only Golden Oak Dresser worth \$27.50 for \$21.00.
- 1 only Hastings Finest Kitchen Cabinets, worth \$45.50. Saturday Sale, \$37.00.

The Voices of Christmas Are Heard in the Store.

THE STORE FOR LITTLE FOLKS. We have devoted a large space on Second Floor—given it all over to Toys and Games and Santa Claus. He will be in the Toy Department on Saturday morning from 10 to 11 o'clock and in the afternoon from 3 to 4 o'clock—bring the children and let them shake hands with him.

