Winsome Winnie

"Did you ever know anything so preposterous?" said Madam, angrily, to Tredennick. "The idea of the girl's attempting such a thing, and that abominable step-mother of hers and her stupid father to allow her! That is the worst of Winnie; she is so excessively stupid—silly, you know—a childish stupidity without an idea of discretion or judgment. I am really exceedingly provoked with Winnie. She will run over here in all weathers —glad to get away from her wretched home, I suppose; but then I shall have the blame if anything happens to her. Just imagine, if that child were blown over the cliffs, or Tregarthen Head—she lives half a mile beyond Tregarthen — what a state I should be in! Accused of her untimely end, I dare say, by all her friends and relations!"

"She does not seem to have many, poor little lassie!" commented Captain Tredennick, commiseratingly.

"No, indeed," said Madam Vivian, self-complacently, ignoring any second meaning in his words; "she is always running after me—seems almost to cling to me, poor child!"

Madame was fond of her faithful little protegee, pitied her poverty and friendlessness, recognized the "poor child's" natural gifts and social attractions, yet she sat there composedly drinking her high-flavored costly beverage and languidly tasting the morsels of rich cake on her plate, luxuriating in the cosy warmth and elegance she loved, while the "poor child" had been peremptorily banished, cold, wet, and weary as she was, and bidden to seek what rest and restoration she could find from the hands of servants. Madam was utterly unconscious of any unkindness. Passing through the homage of her flattered girlhood to the more slavish homage of her indulged imperious wifehood, she had never felt what it was to love another better than herself—never felt one touch of that

Love born of sorrow,
Which like sorrow is true—

which makes the true heart beat so tenderly for another's heart grief. She had never known one throb of self-sacrificing passionate affection beneath her childless breast.

Stephen Tredennick did not remember or know of this, and make her the allowance which must be made for those placidly self-satisfied, prosperous-lived, cold, untried natures. He was surprised and displeased; and the remembrance of the desolate, humble little figure drove all other considerations out of his head.

He was very silent for a long time, until Madam, impatiently abandoning all further attempts at conversation, pushed her cup aside, and betook herself to the perusal of one of "Mudie's last."

"You are tired, I dare say, Tredennick," she said curtly; "pray do not stand on any ceremony. I shall read for an hour or so."

"Very well, aunt," he replied, and, bidding her good night, quitted the room.

CHAPTER II.

A quarter of an hour afterwards Captain Stephen Trendnick, instead of being ensconced in the well-lighted, well-warmed bachelor rooms which were given up for the nonce to him and tobacco smoke, was prowling about, in a state of dire uncertainty, though gloomy, draughty passages and rooms in the lower regions of Roseworthy House, and in close proximity to the cellars and pantries.

"I really must satisfy myself," he muttered self-apologetically —"I really must know if my aunt intends sending that poor little girl home along the cliffs through such a gale and rain as this. The poor child is safe for coughs and colds long enough, I dare say. I really should not wonder if she were made to return as she came. I wonder at aunt Vivian! I really never would ——"

Here Captain Tredennick's kind-heartedness and progressive search brought him up to a closed door, beneath which shone a light, and through which came the sound of women's voices.

"I beg your pardon—would you be kind enough to tell me," he began, with a true gentlemanly courtesy to servants and especially women servants, as he gently knocked, and, being bidden to enter, pushed the door ajar.

The room, a small, cosy, humbly-furnished parlor, with a bright fire, a singing tea kettle, and a most fragrant perfume of tea, toast and cake, was evidently that comfortable sanctum of the female chiefs of the kingdom below stairs, "the housekeeper's room:" nor had Captain Tredennick any difficulty in recognizing these personages in the prim, genteel, silk-attired lady's maid and the rosy, rotund, white-aproned cook.

"Would you tell me if the little girl—that poor little body who came here a while ago through the storm ——"

He stopped; for the cook had risen at the sound of his voice, and curtsied, toasting fork in hand, smiling in the direction of the little arm-chair opposite the lady's maid.

"Oh, there she is!" said Captain Tredennick, much relieved, when, at first glance in the direction of the cook had indicated, he perceived a small figure, huddled in a bright flaring-colored shawl and a rather bundled-up-looking costume, resting in a soft little, shabby-pillowed chair by the bright fireside." I am glad to see you are being comfortably taken care of," he added, pleasantly. "I was afraid that you might have been foolish enough to venture home by the cliffs this wild night—you will not attempt it, I hope?"

The little figure half rose from her seat, trying to arrange her cumbersome drapery, which evidently belonged to a far larger and taller person, and holding the gay crimson-and-yellow shawl tightly around her.

"Oh, no sir, thank you," she said, and a timid flush rose over her small, pale face up to the very roots of her hair. "Since I have come, Madam Vivian says I am to stop to-night at Roseworthy; and Mrs. Grose, the cook, and Miss Trewhella have been very kind to be."

She smiled a little smile of shy, girlish fun at her big shawl and trailing skirts.

"Not at all, Miss Winnie dear," interposed Miss Trewhalla, with a genteel short cough and deprecatory gesture. "Your dress was perfectly wet through, you know—perfectly wet, sir," she added, turning to Captain Tredinnick with a politely explanatory air; "and of course we had to resort to remedies to prevent poor Miss Winnie from catching cold, poor child."

"Indeed, yes," Mrs. Grose put in, with a broad, humorous smile on her round, red, shining face; "she was as wet as a drowned rat, Captain Stephen, sir." Miss Trewhella coughed again to drown the vulgar simile, but Mrs. Grose went on persistently, the fat pleasant smile beginning to widen into a laugh. "No wonder, such a terrible soaking night as this. She hadn't a dry thread on her—had you, Miss Winnie, dearie? We had to take every stitch off her, poor child; and she has nothing on now only ——" Mrs. Trewhella coughed as if she would break a blood-vessel, and darted a look of dignified horror at the cook —"only some things of mine and Miss Trewhella's, sir," continued the cook equably, proceeding to butter the toast; "and we are a-making of her a bit comfortable."

"Indeed, so I see," said Captain Stephen, looking pleased; "there is no fear for anyone in these comfortable quarters, Mrs. Grose. Don't let me disturb you, I beg," he went on, moving nearer to the fire as Miss Trewhella glided away with a profound and graceful curtsey. He meant to shake hands with the little girl, and warn her to avoid travelling by Tregarthen Head any more on dark stormy evenings like this. "I cannot tell how you could manage to keep your feet along that cliff road over the Head in such a gale," he was saying, when his notice became attracted to the young girl's hair.

That it was thick, and dark, and hanging in dishevelled masses over her shoulders he had seen at first, but not until the blazing firelight and his immediate proximity revealed it to him did he perceive its lustrous, wavy abundance, the burnished golden light on the wealth of ripples and tresses, naturally curling from the effects of the late wetting and sudden hot drying, and its great length. As she sat, it fell below her waist, and in silken masses in her lap.

With honest, simple, admiring surprise, with not a spice of sailor gallantry in his gray eyes, he laid his hand lightly on the little bowed head by his side.

"My dear child, what beautiful hair you have!" he said.

She looked up in quick astonishment, her quiet, rather plain face lighting up strangely with pleasure, and a pair of very dark, deep-set eyes seeking his most earnestly.

Stephen Tredennick had read—as who has not?—the beautiful and touching story of "The Child of the Marshalsea;" and in this moment there flashed across his memory the scene where the wretched woman, who yields to "Little Dorrit's" tender pleadings for a few words as they encounter each other in dreary Londo nstreets, starts back from the first look into the pitying eyes with the wind cry, "You are a woman!" for, at the first glance of the dark, expressive, wistful, inquiring eyes upturned to his face, he had almost started back and uttered a like exclamation.

He had taken her to be a girl about fourteen. Very young as she undoubtedly was, and small and slight her form, there was a strong, brave, passionate, womanly soul looking through those eyes there were womanly sorrow and womanly endurance in the lines around her gentle, firm mouth. They softened, and the face grew very young and girlish in the quick flush of happiness and innocent vanity which his words had called forth, but she drew her hair away from his touch, and a certain air of womanly dignity replied the girlish blush.

"My hair was quite wet, sir, and had to be all dried," she said, pushing it back almost out of sight.

"And it's none too dry yet that you should put it away like that, Miss Winnie," interposed Mrs. Grose, rather mischievously. "Captain Tredennick never saw finer hair than that in his life. Now did you, sir?"

"No, I do not think I ever did," he replied, smiling courteously "that is, what I was allowed to see of it."

He paused a moment, waiting to catch the girl's eye, but she kept her face turned away, and he thought he saw her low white brow knit in an uneasy frown.

"Good-night, Miss—Miss ——" he said confusedly, believing that he had forgotten a name which, in fact, he had never heard.

"My name is Winifred Caerlyon, sir," she vouchsafed quietly, barely glancing at him, and then looking away again.

"The captain is waiting to bid you good-night, Miss Winnie, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Grose in a very urgent undertone.

She rose instantly, obediently. It troubled Stephen Tredennick, though he could not have told why, to see that quick humble obedience, to hear her hasty "I beg your pardon, sir," and see the timid flush in her cheeks as she placed her small, hard, labor-marked hand in his.

Not as Stephen Tredennick, the sailor who wanted to be kind to another sailor's daughter, did she regard him, but as the great gentleman, Tredennick, but Tregarthen—the favorite nephew and heir of her grand patroness.

A thought like this crossed his mind, as his fingers warmly pressed thost poor slim girlish ones, roughened from stitching, and marked with the inevitable scars and scratches of constant household work.

"Poor child! Poor little girl!" he ejaculated, mentally. "Goodsnight," said he, kindly. "I hope you will be none the worse for your wetting; it was much too severe a night for a young lady to venture out."

Something in the flickering light of a sarcastic smile on her lips, and an involuntary turn of her head towards Mrs. Grose, wheer that worthy woman was pouring out tea, as she said, "I do not mind it," were a revelation to him of much of poor Winnie Caerlyon's daily life.

"No, indeed, my dear," muttered Mrs. Grose, with a sigh. "Now your tea is ready, Miss Winnie, and I hope you'll take it hearty. Miss Winnie is having her tea in our little parlor, you know, sir, because it is more comfortable for her," she said, apologetically, to Capt. Tredennick. "Having her dress dried, and no clothes on, you may say—oh, dear me! dear me! Miss Trewhella, you've stood on my corn dreadful! And, besides, it was after Madam's tea time when she came and Miss Winnie doesn't mind having it down here with her poor old nursey—do you, dear? I nursed her when she wasn't a month old, Captain Tredennick, sir—when her own dear mamma was living."

"And of course you are very fond of her?" He uttered the words as he stood holding her hand still in his, looking down from his five feet eleven of masculine height and strength on the slender little womanly figure, looking so oddly old-fashioned and young and helpless in the ridiculously long trailing dress and shawl on the anxious waite body, the sad little mouth, the downcast eyelids, and the rich beauty of her luxuriant hair, at variance in its wealth of loveliness with that quiet grave face, boasting of no fairness save its intelligence, gentleness, and womanly purity. "Poor little girl!" he said, pityingly to himself—"poor dear little girl!"

As if answering his thoughts, Mrs. Grose, the worthy, rotund cook, responded affectionately to the question.

"Indeed, Captain Stephen, sir, there's not many who could help being fond of my poor little Miss Winnie."

And on the spot a queer idea flitted through Captain Tredennick's mind—that if this poor little girl belonged to him in any way, how fond of her he should be—it would be such a pleasure to take care of a meek, gentle creature like her!

A full hour and a half afterwards—that is, at twenty minutes to twelve—Captain Stephen Tredennick, who had quitted Madam Vivian's society at half-past 9 o'clock, fatigued and unsocial in humor was sitting before the study fire, smoking, with as little notion of, or desire for, retiring to rest as he had had at dinner time. Madame Vivian did not know it, fortunately.

Busily and dreamily as the minutes slipped by and lengthened into half hours, Captain Tredennick's mind went over a variety of subjects, whilst the odorous clouds of tobacco smoke wove wreaths of misty fancies around him, and the soft rustle of a falling cinder from the red fire alone broke the hushed silence.

From the Chittoor, her cargo and insurance money, his thoughts wandered to his friend, Captain Martyn, of the Indus, the required repairs of the old house of Tregarthen, the gale, the channel soundings, the sunken rocks off Tregarthen Head, and poor little Winnie Caerlyon.

"Poor little lass! I have no doubt that she has rough water to make her way through," he muttered commiseratingly—"a careless father, an unkind step-mother, and a shoal of young step-brothers and step-sisters; and she made a patient little drudge for all. A nice, gentle girl—pretty, rather, I think—beautiful hair, like a mermaid's—poor child!—one of those meek patient little women that seem made for strong hearty fellows to pet and take care of." And here Captain Tredennick's mind travelled over his list of acquaintances to try and recall the memory of some strong hearty fellow whom he could conscientiously recommend to himself as the life-long lover anr protector of a "meek, patient little woman."

"An honest, warm hearted sailor now," he said musingly; "they make good husbands, generally speaking, only their wives have little of their company. Let me see. Martyn now, only he's married two years ago—nice little woman, too—somewhat like Winnie Caerlyon, I think—a girl couldn't find a better man or braver officer than Martyn. Let me see."

Some sudden thought seemed to strike the captain of the east Indianman Chittoor. With a very sober face he laid his pipe aside, arose, and surveyed himself in the nearest mirror for a lengthened space of time, until a grim smile replaced the earnest gaze. He shook his head at his own reflection, turned away, and left the room.

"Stephen Tredennick, my lad," said he, smiling in the same cynical amused fashion as he went, "you've been dreaming—dreaming in your chair, my lad. You had better wake up now, and turn into your berth properly."

CHAPTER III.

The cold, leaden-hued dawn of the wild March morning was just breaking over the stormy sea, where the dark, lowering horizon blended in mist with the level waste, the dismal gray of the tossing angry waters; the gloom of dreary sameness relieved only by the deadly whiteness of the fierce breakers frothing and surging around the buried forms of the dark rock Titans, whose cruel ministers they were, wreathing their stony brows, their murderous, iron-nailed arms, with the trophies of their pitiless warfare—trailing lengths of gleaming sea weeds, shell encrusted, torn from ocean homes afar, leaves and grasses of other lands helplessly drifted out to sea, wreaths of crushed blossoms which had bloomed scores of miles away from that barren headland and its wild shore. Tlas! there had been more precious gifts given by the fierce white crested waves to the cruel jaws and pitiless rending of those black, jagged, shining rocks lying in the lap of their ocean mistress. Many a fair human growth, a brave young forest tree ,a tender vine, a frail sweet rose, had been the doomed blossoms of the fatal wreaths for the adorning of the Black Reef of Tregarthen Head.

"There is not a worse spot, with the wind inshore, between this and the Goodwins," and Captain Tredennick, shutting up his glass as he spoke, after a brief survey of the coast line, buttoned his thick peajacket closer and turned towards Tregarden Head.

He had been up and out with the first rays of light, quitting the house by a singly barred entrance, which fastened with a spring lock and could be opened only from the inside.

"Still, it should have been made safe with the drop bolt," said the captain as he passed through; "lubberly work that, to leave a door unfastened all night in such a gale!"

For no one, of course, was awake or stirring at this hour save himself. The shuttered windows, the drawn blinds, and smokeless chimneys proclaimed the fact from the outside, if there had been any doubt in his mind.

The gale had not exhausted itself yet, and raged on almost as wildly as on the previous night, whilst the angry-looking coppery-hued masses of cloud out on the murky western horizon, streaming up athwart the wild grey sky in wisp-like, torsm-driven wreaths, gave dreary assurance of its continuance; and bitterly cold and raw struck the damp March morning air even to the sailor's hardy lungs and weather-beaten face, as he quitted the shelter of the wooded grounds of Roseworthy for the bleak, exposed cliff road.

He had taken but a few paces in this direction when he came to a dead stop, gazing ahead; and even for a moment his hand mechanically fumbled with his glass—as if his keen eyesight could have deceived him! For it needed no telescope to discern plainly and recognize the slight dark figure standing in a sheltered turn of the road.

"Neptune!" exclaimed Captain Tredennick in his amazement, with a soft whistle "there is the little mermaid!"

The little dark figure turned hastily at the sound of advancing footsteps and the shy, quick flush mounted to her face as Captain Tredenrick came up smiling.

"'Pon my word, you are early abroad, Miss Winnie Caerlyon!" he laughed. "Are you come out to taste the salt spray? It blows right in one's face up from the rocks."

(To be Continued.)

SUFFERERS FROM PILES

ZAM-BUK HAS CURED THESE!

Friction on the hemorrhoid veins that are swollen, inflamed and gorged with blood, is what causes the terrible pain and stinging and smarting of piles. Zam-Buk applied at night will be found to give ease before morning. Thousands of persons have proved this. Why not be guided by the experience of others?

Mr. Thomas Pearson, of Prince Albert, Sask., writes: "I must thank you for the benefit I have received from Zam-Buk. Last summer I suffered greatly from piles. I started to use Zam-Buk and found it gave me relief, so I continued it, and after using three or four boxes I am pleased to say it has effected a complete cure."

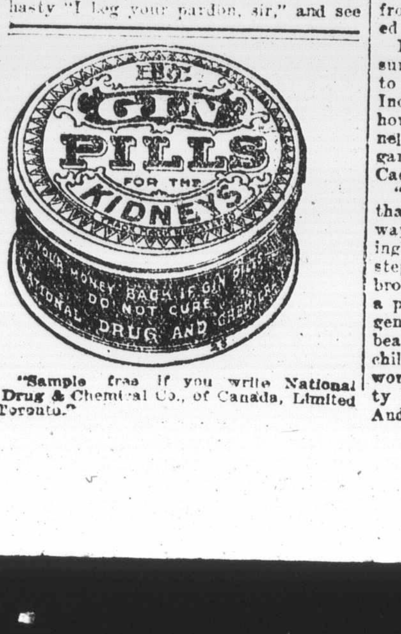
Mr. G. A. Dufresne, 183-185 St. Joseph street, St. Roche, Quebec, P. Q., writes: "I can highly recommend Zam-Buk to everyone who suffers from piles."

Magistrate Sanford, of Weston, King's Co., N. S., says: "I suffered long from itching piles, but Zam-Buk has now cured me."

Mr. William Kenty, of Upper Nine Mile River, Hants Co., N. S., says: "I suffered terribly from piles, the pain at times being almost unbearable. I tried various ointments, but everything I tried failed to do me the slightest good. I was tired of trying various remedies, when I heard of Zam-Buk, and thought as a last resource I would give this balm a trial. After a very short time Zam-Buk effected a complete cure."

"Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for skin injuries and diseases, eczema, ulcers, varicose veins, cuts, burns, bruises, chaps, cold sores, etc. 50c. box from all druggists and stores, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations.

Try Zam-Buk Soap, 25c. tablet.



"Sample free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited Toronto."

GUARD BABY FROM COLDS

The mother can guard her little ones from colds during the damp, cold fall days by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets act as a gentle laxative, keeping the bowels working freely and the stomacr sweet—that is the secret of preventing colds. The Tablets will not only prevent or banish colds, but will cure constipation, indigestion, expel worms and make teething easy. They are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no harmful drugs and may safely be given to the newborn babe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IDIOTIC INTERROGATIONS.

Why is a determination always grim?

Do the waves dance at fish balls?

Did you ever see the shadow of a doubt?

When a doom is sealed can it be steamed open?

Is the finger of scorn part of the hand of Fate?

How large a scale is required to weigh the consequences?

Is a man a burglar who breaks into a perspiration?

When a man courts danger does he take flowers or candy?

Is there an asylum for people who are blind to their own interests?—Boston Transcript.

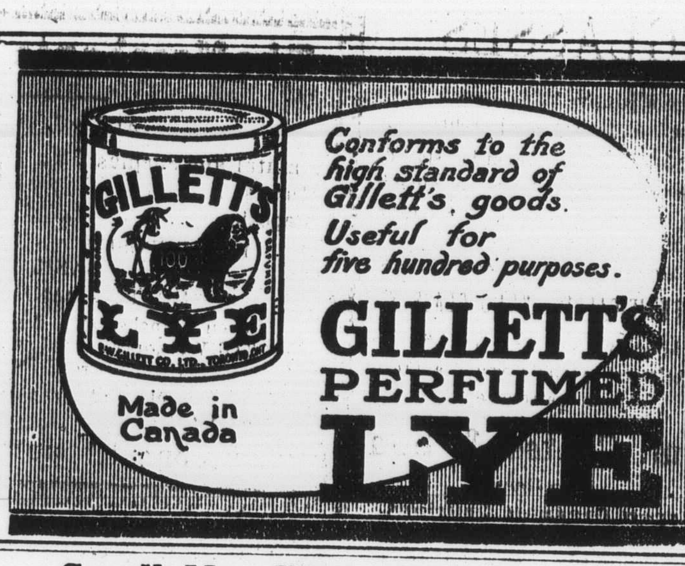
A VERY BUSY MAN.

Posey—I tell you Crankum is a busy man.

Cooney—What's his occupation?

Posey—He owns an auto.

I care not what fortune denies me, so long as I can hear the voice of the wise. —C. Welsh.



Small Hat With Quill Rosette

Suiting one's self to a new fashion is not always easy. So it is fair to suppose that many women will have their trials before they find a really wearable hat in the new small hat style of the fall season.

But to offset this perplexity there are a variety of shapes and trimmings in the toque mode which should make the task of the observing woman less difficult. A recent importation and a very good model of the fashion is the taupe beaver felt, illustrated, which is set well down on the head, giving ample room in the crown for the new highly-piled hardress.

The trimming consists of two straight quills placed at the right side and circled at the base with quills of the same hue, curled to form a unique rosette.

CURE FOR SNORING.

Invention That Will Silence the Worst Offender.

The person who snores, proclaimed for ages past a wrecker of homes and a disturber of nocturnal peace, will shortly become a horror of the past. The Rev. Alfred Barratt, the vicar of Claygate, has found a cure for snoring, of which his parishioners are justly proud.

The only defect in the vicar's discovery is that the cure cannot be dropped secretly into the alleged snorer's tea; one has to obtain the consent of the snorer to wear a little instrument in his nose.

For the vicar's invention is in the form of a nose clip, or rather two nose clips, one for each nostril. He showed this to an Express representative last night. In appearance it gives the impression of two tie clips joined by a spring.

"When they are fitted to the nose," explained the vicar, "the spring is extended and the nostrils expanded and fixed in position. If anyone who snores should wear this instrument, it would be absolutely impossible for him, while sleeping, to emit a nasal sound of any sort.

"I have tried it on the most confirmed snorer, who could be heard under ordinary conditions all over the house, and it was a complete success. I am going to have the clips fitted with India rubber, so that they will be quite comfortable in the nose."

It might be put forward, as an objection, that the nose-clip would alter the shape of the nose and the appearance of the wearer. This the vicar denies.

"It gives the nostril," he said, "the true illiptrical form, which is one of the signs of true beauty.'

The scientific explanation of the cause of snoring is vibration in the nose. The vicar's invention allows the air free passage, thus doing away with the vibration.

SAYS SHE.

My Granny she often says to me,
Says she, "You're terrible bold,
It's you have a right to mend your ways
Before you'll ever grow old,"
Says she:
"Before you'll ever grow old,
But it's steadfast now that you ought to be,
An' you goin' on 16," says she.
"What'll you do when you're old like me,
What'll you do?" says she.

"What will I do when I'm old?" says I.
"Och Musha! I'll say my prayers,
I'll wear a net and a black lace cap
To cover my silver hairs."
"To cover my silver hairs.
Says I,
When I am as old as Kate Kearney's cat
I'll sell my dress and featherdy hat,
An' buy an old balgown the like o' that,
The very like o' that."

My Granny she sighs and says to me,
"The years fly terrible fast,
The girls they laugh and talk with the boys,
But they all grow old at last."
Says she,
"They all grow old at last.
At Epiphany cocks may skip," says she,
"But kilt by Easter they're like to be.
By the Hokey! you'll grow as old as me,
As weak and old," says she.

"Maybe you tell me no lie," says I,
"But I've time before me yet.
There's time to dance and there's time to sing,
So why should I need to fret?
Old age may lie at the foot of the hill,
'Twixt choppin' and trottin' we'll get there still,
Why wouldn't we dance while we have the will,
Dance while we have the will?"
—W. M. Letts, in the Spectator.

Some people are so small that it seems almost as though they might pass through the proverbial eye of a needle.

STOP! READ! AND CONSIDER!!

NEVER FAILS TO CURE

368 Broadway, Winnipeg, Man.,
June 6th, 1912.

Messrs., The Sanol Manufacturing Co.

Gentlemen.—For some years past I had suffered with my kidneys. About eighteen months ago I had acute inflammation of these organs, when I was ordered to bed by the medical man attending me. I received considerable relief, but after a few weeks the trouble started again. It was then that I decided to try "Sanol," of which I had both read and heard. After taking two bottles I felt very much better, and my condition rapidly improved. When I had taken the contents of eight bottles I felt better than I had done for some years, for my kidney trouble had entirely left me

It is now about three months since I finished with the medicine and I am enjoying the best of health.

I intend to visit you in the course of a few days to make arrangements for sending eight or ten bottles to my brother in England, who is anxious to benefit by your wonderful remedy.

I am, gentlemen,
Yours truly,
G. Henry Wagg.

Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 17th, 1912.
The Sanol Manufacturing Co.,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir.—

Your Sanol has cured my husband and son. I might tell you one of our best doctors in our city had prepared him for an operation, so I thought I would see what Sanol would do. I had no faith in it, but to our surprise it made a well man of him. I am sure we had ten doctors to see him; all gave him treatments, with no result, but our doctor said the operation was the only thing which he would not stand.

Thanking you for your patience and trouble with him, and I will always stand for Sanol. I might tell you my husband is in his eightieth year.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Wilson, 141 Main Street East,
Hamilton, Ont.

SANOL

is the positive cure for Gall Stones, Kidney and Bladder Stones, Kidney Trouble, Gravel, Lumbago, Ailments of Uric Acid origin. Over 1,100 complete cures reported in six months. Price, $1.50 per bottle, from druggists. Booklet free to sufferers. The Sanol Manufacturing Co., of Canada, Limited, Winnipeg, Man. Another sure cure is Sanol's Anti-Diabetes for Diabetes.

SHORTWEIGHT COAL.

(Toronto Star.)

Comment has been made to the effect that $50 was a somewhat severe penalty to impose upon a Toronto coal man who was not carrying a ticket showing the weight of his load. The necessity of the heavy fine is made apparent when it is explained that the coal was nearly three-quarters of a ton short on a three-ton order. In the absence of a by-law requiring that each driver be supplied with a certificate as to the weight of his load, citizens who found themselves short-weighted would have to take steps to in Police Court to prosecute for a fraud which might be hard to prove. But there is such a by-law, and the city itself can prosecute when the certificate is lacking, or when there is a certificate which misreperesents the weight.

STARTLING STATISTICS.

(Victoria Colonist.)

One-tenth only of the arable land in the Prairie Provinces is under cultivation. If it were all cultivated it would produce, on the basis of the crop of 1912, 2,500,000,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000,000,000 bushels of oats, 120,000,000 bushels of flax and 250,000,000 bushels of barley. This would be worth, at a fair average, $3,000,-000,000. To carry this grain to market would require a railway train that would wrap almost twice around the world. If half of it came to the Pacific Coast, we would have to be prepared to find room for sixty miles of cars every day. This seems to suggest that there will be business enough to go round, when things get fully developed.

TYPHOID OYSTERS.

(New York Sun.)

Now that the delicious bivalve is at the height of its gastronomic vogue comes the grievous accusation so oft repeated but not always so well substantiated that death lingers within its luscious juices. The Sun has no desire to alarm its readers, but as a matter of important news we would warn against oysters obtained from the near neighborhood of this or other cities the waters of which receive sewage.