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When you borrow from us it is out of our power to call in the loan before the time is up, provided each instalment is paid as it falls due. Did you ever hear of such a condition in a straight mortgage agreement?

This is only one of the many good points about our easy instalment system. Send for folder.

**F. W. HARRIS, ANNAPOLIS**  
Representing  
**The Eastern Canada Loan Co.**

## FINE TAILORING

We have now arriving our new cloths for the spring tailoring. Our increase in patronage during the past year has been very gratifying and by careful attention to our customers needs we hope to merit a continuance.

**I. M. Otterson**

**NEWS OF IMPORTANCE TO HOUSEHOLDERS WILL APPEAR IN THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK.**

**C. L. PIGGOTT.**

### SILK OF THE SPIDER.

The Delicate Machinery That Spins the Liquid Thread. The spider is able to secrete at least three colors of silk stuff—the white, which forms the web, and the eswatment of captives and the egg cocoon; the brown mass that fills the cocoon interior and the fleshy yellow between that and the inside of the sac. The glands end in minute ducts which empty into spinning spools regularly arranged along the sides and upon the tips of the six spinnerets, or "spinning mammals," or "spinning fingers," which are placed just beneath the apex of the abdomen. The spinnerets are movable and can be swung wide apart or pushed closely together, and the spinning spools can be managed in the same way.

The silk glands are infolded in muscular tissue, pressure upon which, at the will of the spider, forces the liquid silk through the duct into the spool, whence it issues as a minute filament, since it hardens upon contact with the air. One thread as seen in a web may be made up of a number of the filaments and is formed by putting the tips of the spools together as the liquid jets are forced out of the ducts. When the spinnerets are joined and a number of the spools are emptied at once their contents merge, and the sheets or ribbons are formed which are used in the enswathment of a captive or the making of Argiope's central shield. This delicate machinery the owner operates with utmost skill, bringing into play now one part and now another and again the whole with unflinching deftness and a mastery complete.—Dr. H. C. McCook in Harper's.

### A QUEER HOUSE.

The Novel and Famous Fossil Bone Cabin in Wyoming. "The queerest house in the world," said a zoologist, "is undoubtedly the famous bone cabin in Wyoming, near the Medicine Bow river. This cabin's foundations are built of fossil bones. "Bones of dinosaurs—jaws of the diplodocus, teeth of the brontosaur, hankies of the ichthyosaurus, vertebrae of the camarasaurus, chunks of the barosaurus, the cetastaurus, the brachiosaurus, the stegosaurus, the ornithomimus or bird catching dinosaur—all entered into this wonderful cabin's foundations, making it the most curious and most costly edifice in America.

"This hut was built by a Mexican sheep herder who had happened by chance on the grandest extinct animal bed in the world. This was a plot about fifty yards square, wherein lay in rich profusion the bones of all the animals of the reptilian age. The heaviest and the lightest, the largest and the smallest, the most tranquil and the most ferocious, lay side by side.

"The place was evidently once a river bed, and the dead bodies that floated down the stream were here arrested to lie for hundreds of thousands of

years till a sheep herder chanced along and, rooting among bones as big as bowlders, set about the building of the world's queerest cabin."

**Grip Facts.** The grip is not simply a bad cold, and this fact is worth knowing. It resembles a cold in some respects, and colds are often wrongly diagnosed by the victims as grip. The grip is a malady which has laws of its own, both as to origin and progress after development. According to the doctors, it must run its course—"there is no special remedy that can directly destroy the infection, no drug that can kill the bacillus or neutralize its toxin." This also is worth knowing. The main thing is to nurse with care and give the system the best possible aid in its efforts to throw off the poison.

**Not Thirsty.** Jane, the bright new maid, always anxiously to please, had been entrusted with the care of a little aquarium, in which the goldfish had always thrived very well until Jane came on the scene. The first day she arrived she gave them fresh water, as instructed, and then left them to their own devices. But, alas, one morning the little fishes were found floating feebly on their backs. "Jane," called the anxious mistress, regarding her pets with concern, "have you given the fish any fresh water lately?" "No, ma'am. Bless their little hearts, they haven't drunk the water I gave them last month yet!"

**A Normal Disadvantage.** "Why do reformers so often come to grief?" "I have often asked the question," answered Senator Scurgenum. "I think it must be because they take up politics as an incidental diversion instead of a regular business. It's the difference between the amateur and the professional."

**Shopping Politeness.** "Never point, my dear," said the mother sternly. "But, mamma," objected the little girl, "suppose I don't know the name of the thing?" "Then let the salesman show you all he has in stock until he comes to the article that is desired."

**Considerate.** Singleton—What have you in that package, old man? Wedderty—An ash receiver. It's a present for my wife. Singleton—What! You don't mean to tell me she smokes cigarettes? Wedderty—Oh, no, but if she has an ash receiver for me to put my cigar ashes in it will save her the trouble of sweeping them up. See?

There are some truths that are perceived less by the intellect than by the heart, and the man who is devoid of this heart perception is lacking in much.—Torrell (Tex.) Transcript.

## PUZZLE TO THE WORLD

DANISH THOUGHT READERS MYSTIFY ENGLAND.

The Zancigs Are Now Performing Marvelous Feats of Supposed Mental Transference—Trick Or Genuine Transmission?—Stead, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge Would Be Glad of Enlightenment.

For once England has been obliged to confess that it is completely mystified. Two Danes, it seems, man and wife, under the rather disconcerting name of Zancig, have done the business. This clever pair have set the British metropolis guessing by their marvelous and utterly unexplainable feats of what our transatlantic cousins are quite sure, you know, to be mental transference. W. T. Stead, who is always open to conviction, no matter what the source, has been keenly interested. Sir William Crookes, foremost in the ranks of science, admits that he would be glad to be enlightened, and Sir Oliver Lodge is equally curious. Lord Rothschild declares that he is "profoundly impressed" and the English nobility "wants to know, you know."

The most amazing feature of the business is the Zancigs, apparently upright persons that they are, disclaim every suggestion of supernatural aid and will not even admit that telepathy, thought transmission or the possession of those who have lived in India, this feat of suspension is practiced quite extensively by the native races. It made a great impression on the Zancigs and convinced them that they still had much to learn.

The Zancigs appear to be very simple, unostentatious, frank and genuine in their manner. The wife is slightly below the medium height, with a rather sharp countenance, dark eyes and firm mouth and chin. Still her face is kindly, and its most frequent expression is a frank and even maternal one. She wears eyeglasses and is rather timid and retiring. Her husband seems much younger and is tall and slender complexioned, with a slight mustache. He also wears eyeglasses and might easily be mistaken for a college professor. He speaks with a slight accent, as does his wife, but there is no suggestion of anything occult about either of them.

**THE OLDEST ENGINEER.**  
George Thomas Horton, Who Was Sent From England to Open the Great Western Railway.

George T. Horton, aged 88, of Chicago, has been present in Toronto. Mr. Horton is to-day the oldest engineer alive and likewise the oldest Brotherhood member. He is still chaplain of Division 208. He is in France as engineer, and was one of the English engineers at the restoration of the French Empire under Napoleon III. On returning to England he was honored by being the only engineer chosen to come to this country to open the Great Western Railway. He was the first man to run over the Suspension Bridge—was engineer of ition to the bridge, stopping at farm houses each night. Later he was made foreman at Hambleton, and again at London.

Mr. Horton retired to go into business, but his old desire for railroading was too strong, and he returned to the throttle. Then he worked at Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago, San Francisco, and Bloomington, until old age asserted itself.

Mr. Horton has three daughters living—one in Chicago, with whom he resides; one in Geddes, the eldest; Mrs. R. J. Fielder of East Toronto, where there were gathered the five generations. Mr. Horton has living 15 grandchildren, thirty great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.

It is an interesting coincidence that David Liddell, a grandson, was engineer of an engine that tested the new Suspension Bridge.

**Latest in Anesthetics.** The latest discovery in anesthetic is that of Dr. Stephen Leduc, a Parisian physician, who destroys sensibility all over the body by sending a mild alternating current of electricity through the brain in the same general manner as in electric shock. If this case the patient loses sensation, but in every other respect is absolutely no effect on the heart. The patient becomes conscious the instant the current is shut off and with a decidedly invigorated sensation.

**No Co-operation.** "Your woman's lunch club" proved to be a failure? How did that happen? "No—er—men ever came" to lunch there."

tract a good deal of attention. It occurred to the Zancigs that they could cultivate this newly discovered field, and they proceeded to do so. They gave themselves up to the practice of the mental feat and made great progress. Before long they had acquired an accuracy which astonished even themselves.

The Zancigs do not seem to be convinced that what they are doing is especially wonderful. They are inclined to the belief that it is not beyond the ability of any intelligent person who knows how to develop his latent power in this direction. When the couple visited India an old priest sought an introduction, and in the course of the conversation that followed assured the mind readers that they were only on the threshold of their career; that far greater things were to come if they would accept the proper conditions and lead the life of those who are worthy.

The Zancigs were greatly interested and asked the old man to give them some evidence of his authority to speak of these matters. The oriental folded his hands across his frail body, gathered his feet beneath him and almost immediately began to rise in the air. When his body had reached a height of several feet it hung suspended in the air. Zancig, who had been leaning forward and called out loudly to his wife, who was in adjoining room, when she entered Mrs. Zancig saw the fakir suspended. Her husband concluded that both were hypnotized and seized his cane and thrust it into the space between the floor and the suspended man. This convinced them that there was no mental or optical illusion. According to the best tests of those who have lived in India, this feat of suspension is practiced quite extensively by the native races. It made a great impression on the Zancigs and convinced them that they still had much to learn.

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## GASOLINE ENGINES.

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**An Anecdote of Shelley.** The poet Shelley tells an amusing story of the influence that language "hard to be understood" exercises on the vulgar mind. Walking near Covent Garden, London, he accidentally jostled against an Irish navvy, who, being in a quarrelsome mood, seemed inclined to attack the poet. A crowd of ragged sympathizers began to gather, when Shelley, calmly facing them, deliberately pronounced: "I have put my hand into the hamper. I have eaten out of the sacred bag. I have drunk and am well pleased. I have said 'Euxo Omnia,' and it is finished."

**When Chloroform Was New.** Here is a curious little story about Sir James Simpson, the man who introduced the use of chloroform into surgery, and a peril which he escaped, as recorded by Lyon Playfair. Simpson when busy with his researches in the subject of anaesthetics called one day on Playfair and asked if he had anything new likely to produce anaesthesia. Playfair had just prepared a liquid which seemed worthy of trial. Simpson, who knew no fear, prepared instantly to test it on himself. This Playfair refused to allow until it had first been tried on rabbits. Two were procured and placed under the effects of the anaesthetic. Next day Simpson proposed to try it on himself. "We might as well see how rabbits have fared," said Playfair. They found both the animals dead.