FARM AND GARDEN.

THRESHING CORN—VALUABLE VINES FOR INDOOR CULTURE.

The Honey Crop in Various Sections. How to Ship Honey—A Movable Roof for a Hay Shed Described and Illustrated.

A practical farmer describes in The Country Gentleman a movable roof for protecting hay, straw and the like, which is readily heightened or lowered to any desired position and which has given satisfaction in his section of the country.

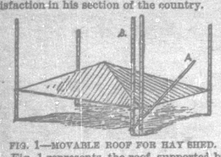


FIG. 1—MOVABLE ROOF FOR HAY SHED.

Fig. 1 represents the roof supported by pins in the corner posts and elevated a few feet. It also shows the lever, A, and a movable upright, B. Fig. 2 gives a view of one corner of the roof, together with lever and upright, the pin, C, in the upright being in contact with the under side of the frame.

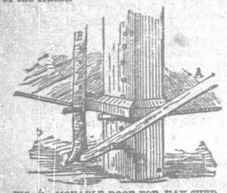


FIG. 2—MOVABLE ROOF FOR HAY SHED.

A glance will show that as the long end of the lever is brought down, the upright, together with the corner of the structure, is carried up. Securing this corner in its new position by moving the pin in the corner post a hole higher, lever and upright are moved to the three other corners successively. Coming round again to the first corner, the pin, C, is placed a hole higher in the upright and the process is repeated. With this contrivance two men can with ease elevate a roof twenty feet square to the desired position.

Threshing Corn.

During the past few years reports have been occasionally received in regard to the utility of threshing corn in an ordinary threshing machine. This past season reports of the successful results of threshing corn have been such as to make it appear that the practice is on the increase, not only in the west but in the New England states as well.

A correspondent in Minnesota Farmer claims that a neighbor threshed with a steam thresher 500 bushels of corn in one short day, using thirteen men and three teams. It also required four men to stack the fodder. The corn was of the flint variety.

Near Mankato, Minn., a farmer used his Case thresher for threshing for small grain. The fodder was shredded in fine shape for the cattle to eat, and the shelled corn was well cleaned. Nine acres gave 280 bushels of shelled corn, and it took but one day to thresh it. Near Sac City, Ia., Mr. H. H. Blodgett threshed 900 bushels of corn in a day. The corn came out in good condition and the stalks and cobs were so crushed and mixed that the stock will eat them up clean. Dwight Hasen, near Osage, Iowa, and several others of that vicinity threshed their entire crops in this way and are entirely satisfied with the results.

The journal quoted from says: "The old threshers do well, we presume, when the stalks and ears are not too large, but the work will be done better and with less liability to damage machinery, when a new machine made especially for the purpose shall have been introduced. We understand that such will soon be put upon the market."

Iowa Homestead tells how a farmer in Iowa threshed about 200 bushels of corn per day; this farmer prepares the machine for threshing by taking out the front concave and each alternate tooth of the rest. The journal in question says that threshing corn in the quickest and most economical way of disposing of it, costing but little more than husking and shelling the corn, and the saving in the value of the fodder is about 40 per cent.

The Honey Bee Interests.

Numbered with interesting reports received and read at the meeting of the American Beekeepers' association in Chicago were the ones on the honey crop. Florida reported a light crop and little honey on hand; Iowa, very poor crop; Pennsylvania, exceedingly light yield; Georgia, below average but sufficient to carry the bees through winter; Indiana, bees did well for themselves throughout the season, but the honey crop was light; Vermont apiarians lost heavily in swarms last winter, and there was a scarcity of early honey, probable yield of the season one-third of an average crop; Quebec, fair for honey gathering, especially in the autumn; Ontario, bees wintered well, but some spring losses; average yield about twenty-five pounds per colony.

A diversity of opinion prevailed among the apiarians in session as to the best packages for shipping honey. Finally a vote was taken, with the results as follows: Thirteen beekeepers in favor of tin packages, four gave preference to wood packages, while forty members use both wood and tin, as occasion suggests. There was a general denouncement of the cheap "dead tin" packages. Oak barrels were approved of by several for shipping large quantities of honey. While the cost of production varies largely, it was estimated that a general average was about ten cents per pound.

Care of Cows in Winter.

The essential requisites for keeping up a good flow of milk from cows in winter are: Warm stabling, abundant supply of food and plenty of water with the chill taken off. It pays to warm the water. When milk cows are kept out of doors in inclement or severely cold weather, even though they may be protected by a shed, if they are forced to drink ice cold water a speedy drying up of milk is a certain result. Exposure to a cold, searching wind for a half hour or so will show its effects in a decreased yield of milk at the next time of milking; this decrease is, of course, more or less noticeable according to the length of the exposure and the severity of the weather. Some exercise for the animal is all right enough in comfortable weather, but warmth and quiet are great promoters of milk.

In winter an extra amount of food is required to keep up the normal condition of the animal, and if milk is also to be produced an additional quantity must be eaten, out of which the milk is to be made. This cannot be done wholly with the coarse winter food such as hay, fodder and the like; something more is required to take place of pasturage. For this purpose an excellent ration, to give twice per day, is composed of 2 quarts wheat bran, one quart Linseed Indian meal and one quart cotton or flax seed meal. Give this in form of a bran mash, and feed the coarse ration in its natural state; or, better still, run both hay and fodder through a cutting box and mix all up together with warm water. As a large per cent. of milk is water, the latter may be given with good results three times a day slightly warm. A little salt and a quart of bran to the bucketful of water acts as an inducement to the cow for drinking more than the usual amount. Roots are a valuable adjunct to a milch cows's feed.

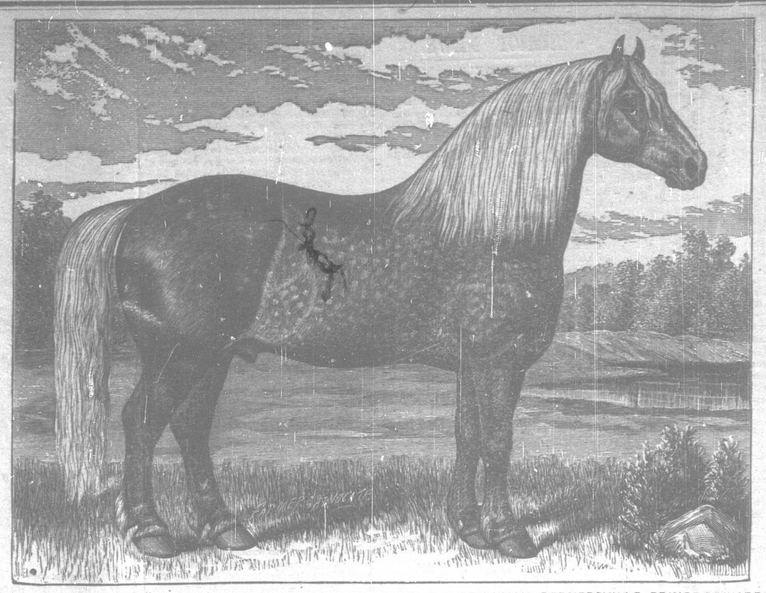
Curing Meat.

Cut the pork to suit the demands of the market in which it is to be sold, or the various uses for which it is intended, but remember always to have it in such form that it will pack snugly. Above all, take care that is cold through and through, before packing it down.

Salting with and without brine are both popular methods, and it makes little difference which is practiced providing proper care is observed. When brine is used, allow salt at the rate of 8 pounds to each 100 pounds of pork. If it is desired to make a brine in which sugar, saltpetre, etc., are added, the following is a good recipe: For 100 pounds of pork take 4 ounces saltpetre, 3 pints of molasses or 2 pounds of brown sugar and 7 pounds of salt. Dissolve all in water and pour over the meat. None of the meat at any time ought to be allowed to remain above the brine.

For curing hams and shoulders without brine, a favorite recipe is 12 pounds fine salt, 4 quarts molasses, 1-2 pound powdered saltpetre, well mixed. This mixture is to be rubbed in thoroughly and the hams and shoulders laid singly in a cool, dry place. At the end of the first and of the second week, rub them again as at first, then expose to continuous smoke for ten days. The above formula is sufficient for 150 pounds of meat.

Its thousands of cures are the best advertisement for Sage' Catarrh Remedy.



PERCHERON STALLION "PRODUCTEUR," THE PROPERTY OF MR. E. A. BRICKMAN, REDNERSVILLE, PRINCE EDWARD CO.

The above cut is a good representation of that famous Percheron stallion, Producteur, 4280 (68). He is a handsome dapple grey; 16½ hands; weighs 2000 lbs.; was foaled February 19, 1881; imported 1885. Bred by M. Leguedre, of Cerisier, commune of Yaunoise, canton of Bellisme, department of Orne; got by Madeira, 1546 (770); dam, Gentille (4062), by Porthos, Madeira, 1546 (770), by Vidocq, 483 (732), out of Icanne, by Favori I. (711). Vidocq, 483 (732), by Coco II. (714), out of a daughter of Cheri, he by Rustique, Coco II. (714) by Vieux-Chaslin (713), out of La Grise, by Vieux Pierre (883) Vieux-Chaslin (713) by Coco (712). Coco (712) by Mignon (715), out of Pauline, by Vieux Coco. Mignon (715) by Jeanle-Blanc (739), a direct descendant of the famous Arab, Gallipoli.

Producteur was winner of the first prize and gold medal in the three year class at the great Percheron Exhibition held at Nogent-le-Rotrou; winner of first prize and gold medal for best three-year-old at the Government Concourse held at Rouen, in competition with all the draft breeds of France; also winner of first prize in five year-old-and-over class at the great Percheron Exhibition held in Chicago, Sept., 1886.

Producteur was purchased from Mr. M. W. Dunham, of Wayne, Ill., last March, by Mr. Brickman, and is without doubt one of the finest specimens of the Percheron breed of horses ever imported into America.

Mr. Brickman's farm, which consists of 200 acres of the choicest land to be found in Canada, lies in the first concession of the township of Ameliasburg, in Prince Edward Co., facing the waters of that beautiful Bay of Quinte, which is recognised by travellers to be equal, if not superior, in scenery to the celebrated Hudson River of N.Y

Mice in Orchards.

A writer of experience gives a preventive for mice in orchards, which he affirms is a sure one. Late in the season, before the ground is frozen, cut out all grass near the trunks of your trees with a sharp hoe, then shovel up to them clean, soil, hilling up somewhat and to extend a foot or more around the trees, and pack with shovel or trample solid with feet. Mice will then find no harbor next the trees, nor will they injure them in any way.

Vines for Indoor Growth.

Vines known under the general name of ivy are exceedingly attractive for house decoration. The German ivy is a rapid grower, but will not bear the cold as well as the English ivy. The coliseum ivy is beautiful when growing in a hanging pot or the window. It is easily raised from seed or cuttings.

IVY GROWING INDOORS.

English ivy, properly treated, will live for many years, and few plants give less trouble. Vick advises that water be given occasionally to ivy grown in pots during the winter. If one has an English ivy that appears to be dying, and its leaves wither and fade, these must not, says this well known florist, be picked off, but must be left to drop off. If the leaves are picked off when they show signs of decay, the tiny leaf bud at the stem, so small as to be unnoticed, will be liable to be killed; but if let alone a new leaf or shoot will come out of each one.

A New Grape.

Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry have a new grape, which they call Sultana. It is a cross of a foreign variety, Mill Hill Hamburgh upon our Creveling. It has the large size, the tough skin, the foreign flavor, the solidity of the Hamburgh, with the red pulp, the juiciness, the sprightly sweetness of the native variety. The vine is vigorous, apparently quite healthful, heavily loaded with immense, compact bunches of large, very solid blue black berries of an exceedingly rich, sprightly aromatic nature. As would naturally be expected from the texture of the grape, it is a good keeper, and was shown at the horticultural meeting last January in an excellent state of preservation.

Warts on Horses.

A southern correspondent of The Cultivator finds that a pure article of hog's lard well rubbed in is a most excellent remedy for warts on horses, and will invariably effect a cure at the first application. In a varied experience with horses, cattle and mules, he has never known a wart to withstand a second application. They generally commence sloughing off after the first application, and to all appearances without the slightest pain.

Suggestions for the Roupy Season.

As the roupy season is at hand trustworthy authority in poultry matters calls attention to creoline as a useful preparation that gives off dense fumes as it burns, the inhalation of which operates very beneficially upon the fowls. With chlorinated sodas as a wash, creoline as an inhalation and German roup pills as a tonic and alterative, roup can be successfully treated, according to this authority, in all curable cases.

Happy Homes.

Much has been written and said about how to make home happy. The moralist and the preacher have backeyed this theme until it would seem nothing more remained to be said. But the philosophers have gone far out of their way to account for the prevalence of ill-assorted couples and unhappy homes, and have over-looked the chief cause. Most of the unhappiness of married life can be traced directly to those functional derangements to which women are subject. In nine cases out of ten the irritable, dissatisfied and unhappy wife is a sufferer from some "female complaint." A trial of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will produce more domestic happiness than a million sermons or philosophical treatises. It cures all those peculiar weaknesses and ailments incident to women. It is the only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on wrapper enclosing bottle.

A boy is accused of setting fire to the Torbin block in Montreal on Wednesday.

What It Will Do.

Polson's Nerveline, the great pain cure, never fails to give prompt relief in the following complaints:—Sprains, bruises, cuts, tic douloureux, rheumatism, spinal pains, neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, sciatica. Buy to-day at any drug store, a 10 cent sample bottle and test it in any of the above complaints. It never fails, for Nerveline is composed of the most powerful pain subduing remedies in the world. Get a bottle at any drug store. You will be made happy. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

Three new provincial detectives are to be appointed by the Quebec Government.

Remarkable Restoration.

Mathew Sullivan, of Westover, Ont., was ill with dyspepsia for four years. Finding doctors did little good he tried Burdock Blood Bitters; six bottles cured him and he gained in weight to 178 pounds. B. B. B. cures the worst known cases of chronic dyspepsia after all else fails.

A meeting of the directors of the Bell farm was held at Winnipeg yesterday.

A Boon and a Blessing.

A boon and a blessing to mankind is Hagyard's Yellow Oil; this great pain destroyer and healing remedy for external and internal use. Yellow Oil cures all aches and pains, rheumatism, lame back, sore throat, croup, deafness, cramps, contracted cords and lameness. Procure it of your druggist.

A SISTER'S SACRIFICE.

I was sitting one evening on the banks of Lake Geneva, my thoughts back in the dim past. A boat was crossing in the moonlight, and from it broke forth a girl's fresh young voice.

It recalls to my mind a scene that took place some years ago in an English wood. Two figures are at a rustic gate. One a girl—myself—listening to a voice that had grown very dear to her.

It says: "Mildred, to-night I claim your promise; your father, who was the only bar to our union is dead, and I want to take you home as my wife."

And Maurice Deignville has passed his arm round me, and I know that never again can I feel the bitter loneliness that has been mine since my father's death left little Lena and me orphans, thrown almost penniless on the cold mercy of the world, and the love that has so long been mine will shelter us from all harm.

As the stars steal one by one into the summer sky, and the nightingale's sweet note comes softly on the air, I know we must part for a few hours; and so, with fond promises and sweetest words lingering in my ear, I turn to go.

What is that slight sound that suddenly stops and sends me back to Maurice's side again? A faint, low sob it seems to me, quite close to where we stood, and then a sound of footsteps softly treading on the grass.

"Look!—oh, look, Maurice! What can it be?"

"Nothing—nothing, dear little love! You are nervous and excited. Hasten in, my darling! Again good night! Good night!"

After this, the days pass rapidly, gladly; and the day draws near which will make me Maurice Deignville's wife. Happy, peaceful days, yet with one small cloud daily growing larger in my life's cloudless sky. My sister, dear Lena, hitherto my constant companion and dearest friend, seems to care for me no longer. For hours she roams through the woods and fields, returning later and later each day. Vainly I expostulate, and try, by every means in my power, to win her back to me; but my words, kind and gentle as I utter them, seem but to irritate her, and more and more she avoids me. It is a trial to me, but I fancy it is but a little jealously of my love for Maurice, and she thinks, perhaps, poor darling, that I, having him, may care for her less.

To Maurice himself she is simply indifferent and seldom seems to notice him; and yet how fondly I had counted upon his and her love as a dear brother! I reproach myself with the thought that perhaps I, in the new hopes opening out before me, may have neglected her, and I do say honestly to be all to her that I have ever been.

"Mildred, my love, to-morrow will be our wedding day! Look up, sweet one, for almost I thought I saw sadness in your eyes."

I look up into the dear eyes, gazing so fondly upon me, and their tenderness seems but to make the reproach more keen. Keep back the tears that rise unforbidden to my own.

"What is it, dearest? What can make you sad on such a day as this?"

"Maurice, forgive me! I cannot shake off a sad foreboding of evil that seems almost to overwhelm me."

"But why, dear child?"

"I hardly know, but it seems connected with Lena; and she has been away all day by herself, and it is now almost 10 o'clock—later than she has ever stopped before."

"The beauty of this night has tempted her, little one. She must soon be back."

And Maurice, trying to cheer me up, goes on to paint in glowing colors the happiness of our future.

I try to listen, but my thoughts are with Lena; and as the chimes from the village strike 10 I start.

I can bear the suspense no longer; and Maurice, ever watchful of me, seeing the sorrow I cannot suppress, says, "Come, Milly, I see how anxious you are. Come with me, and together we will find Lena."

So together we wander through the woods—to all her favorite haunts—to the fields beyond—sometimes calling her name. But no answer comes back but the echoes from the hills around us—"Lena! Lena!"

Together we stand by the river, and listen vainly for the slightest sound that may tell us she is near. Together we wander on and on, keeping still by the river side, and once faintly through the gathering darkness I think I hear a cry.

Following the sound we hasten on, I trembling with an unknown dread; and then, how can I ever recall the misery, the terror that overwhelms me?

In the water, almost at our feet, something white is gleaming, and I seem to know all at once what I am to see. Oh, Lena, my darling, my darling, before I saw your dear, white face lying among the clustering water-lilies I seemed to know it was there!

I close my eyes with a earnest prayer for strength, and when I open them I see Maurice kneeling by the white figure he has laid upon the grass, trying by every means in his power to stay the life that is ebbing so fast away.

Slowly the blue eyes open.

"Lena," I cry, wildly, "why is this?"

I am on my knees beside her, and have drawn the fair, drooping head against my breast.

Slowly, gaspingly, the faint words come.

"Milly, dearest sister, forgive me! Did you not guess?—loved—him—too?"

Again the blue eyes closed, and fainter and fainter came the breath.

A mist seemed to gather over all my senses, and I remember no more.

Of the dark, dreary days that followed I can write nothing. I seemed to live in a dream—nothing real, nothing tangible, except the firm resolve that never, never could I be Maurice Deignville's wife.

Of the continued reasoning, the tender pleading that strove to alter my determination, I will say nothing, except to say that all was in vain. Between me and my happiness stood one clearly my darling's dead face.

Wearied at the part I had taken in the struggle, I left England, seeking a refuge with an aunt who lived on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, a lonely, uncared-for life, my thoughts ever with the dear ones I have lost. And so passed three long years, which brought me to this evening, when I am watching the gleaming water.

The evening shadows fall darker, darker, and, with a sigh, I rise to go. The sigh seems echoed close to me, and, hastily turning, I see a tall figure standing with anxious eyes looking into mine, and arms outstretched toward me.

"Come to me, my loved one. Oh, Milly, do not send me from you!"

With a glad, low cry, I go to him; and as his faithful arms close around me Maurice Deignville knows that never, while life is given me, can I send him from me again.

Never Tried It.

What! Never tried Johnson's Tonic Bitters? Then do so at once, it's positively the best general tonic on the market. I've often heard of it but thought that it was to be placed on the list of the many trashy preparations that flood our market, but since you recommend it so highly I'll give it a trial. Do so, it's good for any complaint in which a tonic is of benefit, and can be taken by man, woman or child. 10c. and $1 per bottle at Secord's drug store.

The last meeting of the retiring City Council was held last night.

A SOLEMN VOW.

Burns vowed to love his Highland Mary "while grass grows and water runs," and so long as nature continues to present these phenomena it is safe to to bet that Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder will make the best biscuit.

The People's best friend is Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, because it is ever ready to alleviate suffering.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

WATER FOR A THIRSTY GHOST.

The Story of a Young Artist Who Was Lost in Lake Michigan.

From The Chicago Tribune.

Clifford Byron Baumgrass, the subject of the following thrilling incident narrated by a Sault Ste. Marie paper, was the son of Prof. P. and Mary Baumbrass, the well-known Chicago artists. He was born in Washington, D.C., and came to Chicago two years ago to be with his parents. He was a young man of unusual promise and high gifts. Contrasting strong principles of virtue with marked gentleness of character, he was admired by all and beloved by those who knew him well enough to realize the depth of his heart. He was rapidly progressing in his studies in the hope of becoming a sculptor. Young Baumgrass left Chicago in August for the Sault Ste. Marie, where he spent a part of last summer. He lingered longer than was expected, knowing that there was no necessity for his immediate return. His parents had, however, looked anxiously for him many days, when at last they received word that he was to leave on the ill-fated steamer Vetom. Some premonition of evil led to each him to stay him from his purpose, and the aching hearts of parents and friends have only this cold fact to cling to—that fathom the deep Superior, or that one Michigan lies the beloved form in the cold arms of death. The story told by the Sault Ste. Marie paper is this:

"A startling story, fully authenticated, comes to us from the Middle Neebish and vicinity which in its details and realistic incidents would furnish a chapter for a volume on spoken and written. As it has been told so it is given, but while we can vouch for the reliability of the report each reader is left to draw his own conclusions as to the causes.

"A young sculptor from Chicago, Clifford Byron Baumgrass by name, has been spending the summer in the vicinity of the Sailors' Encampment, making his home with a family on St. Joseph's Island. He spends his time in hunting and fishing, trying to regain lost health and strength. About ten days ago he was hunting on Middle Neebish, near the old Cadotte homestead, whereon is the old dilapidated, long since deserted loghouse in which old Jean Baptiste Cadotte died several years ago. It has been conjured from time immemorial as the distant from any other house on the island and practically uninhabited. While strolling near the hut he was almost startled with fear at a voice issuing forth from the chamber or garret of the building. His first inclination to fly being overcome and supposing that some suffering fisherman or hunter had taken refuge there, he entered the house and asked who was there and what he wanted.

"For God's sake get me a drink. I'm dying for a drink," replied the voice of a person in the greatest apparent agony.

"What will I get it in?" inquired Baumgrass, after an ineffectual search for a drinking vessel.

"There is a pail just outside the door in the entry; get it in that,' came from above; 'and in Heaven's name hurry, I'm choking."

"The young Nimrod quickly procured the water from the river near by, returned to the hovel, went upstairs and looked for the dying man. He could see no one.

"Where are you?' he asked.

"Right here in the next room,' was the word.

"Entering the adjoining apartment he saw—nothing whatever. The rays of the setting sun dimly lighted up the room, plainly showing that it was untenanted, and had not been occupied for months. Dropping the pail on the floor he fled, made his way to his boarding place, told the story, and expressed an intention to take the first boat to his home. His friends laughed at him, and finally the next day they accompanied him to the old house, but nothing was heard or seen that threw the faintest light on the mystery.

"Several days afterward, his courage having revived, he repeated his visit at mid-day, this time alone. The incidents of the previous sensation were repeated. The cries and groans were heard, coupled with a demand for water, and a search revealed nothing and no one as before. It is still a mystery. Does the ghost of old Cadotte cry out for water to quench a never-ending thirst?"

Pasteur's Cure in Russia.

From The London Daily News.

The director of the Odessa Bacteriological Station has favored me with the following notes of the last twelve months' operations for the prevention of hydrophobia under the Pasteurian system. Five hundred and twenty-one patients, some of whom came from Turkey, were inoculated, and thirteen died.

The director divides the patients into three groups the better to explain the proportion of fatal cases to the total number of patients dismissed as cured. In fifty-two cases the existence of rabies in the animals by which the patients were bitten was proved by trepanning. Of these patients one died. In twelve cases the rabid condition of the animals was proved by the appearance of persons bitten by the same animals, but who were not brought to the station. Of these one also died. There were 255 cases in which the patients all bitten by presumably rabid animals had manifested signs of hydrophobia. Of these seven died.

Sixteen persons were inoculated as a preventive measure, never having been bitten by animals, and all lived. The director of the director of the Odessa Station, and an enthusiastic disciple of M. Pasteur, has been inoculated three times, once in Paris and twice in Odessa, not for rabid bites, but, as he says, simply to give confidence to others.

A Burglarious Elephant.

From The Liverpool Mercury.

About 2 o'clock on Monday morning an elephant belonging to the Olympic Circus, which is traveling through England, broke out of the stables at Rugby and burst open the door of a small room adjoining, squeezed in and unfastened the cupboard, and ate a dozen pots of jam, a gallon of pickled onions, a quantity of damsons, a pound of meat, a loaf, a pound of butter and a quantity of sweets. Having demolished everything in the provision line, he swallowed the window plants, and then examined some ornaments on the chimney-piece, laid them carefully on the sofa, and enjoyed himself for nearly two hours before he was got out.

Sweet Sleep's Reflection.

"Papa, raise the blind, won't you?" languidly requested Maud as the growing gloom settled heavily over the ninety-seventh page of "Armand the Terrible." Papa was snoring mildly, but he managed to grunt: "Oh a queen high? D'ye take me for a chump?" and the tired spirit again wafted into glorious dreamland.

Mothers! If your daughters are in ill health or troubled with a paleness that seems incurable, or if they suffer from general debility, nervousness, languor, weakness, or loss of appetite, procure at once a bottle of Johnson's Tonic Bitters, and you will not regret the outlay. The Tonic and generally strengthening effect of this medicine is truly marvellous. 50c. and $1 per bottle at Secord's drug store.

Fred. Hicks, hotel thief, was yesterday arrested at Peterboro'.

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspeptics, and we don't think there is a case of Dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure if the directions are followed. Mr. C. E. Williams, druggist, Wingham, says: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of Dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

SOME ASPECTS OF LONDON LABOR

The Lively Scenes at the West and East India Gates.

From The Nineteenth Century.

Rise early and watch the crowd at the St. Katherine or the West and East India Docks. The bell rings, the gate opens, and the struggling mass surges into the docks. The foremen and contractors stand behind the chain or in the wooden boxes. The "ticket men" pass through, and those constantly preferred are taken on without dispute. Then the struggle for the last tickets. To watch it one would think it was life and death to those concerned. But Jack, having secured a ticket by savage fight, sells it to needier Tom for twopence, and goes off with the coppers to drink or to gamble. Or, if the flush of business forces the employers to "clear the gates," many of those who on a slack morning would be most desperate in their demand for work will "book off" after they have earned sufficient for a pint of beer and a pipe of tobacco and a night's lodging. Or take a day which offers no employment—watch the crowd as it disperses. The honest worker, not as yet attracted by the fascination of East End social life, will return to his home with a heavy heart. There he will mind the baby while his wife seeks work; or, if not entirely hopeless, he trudges wearily along the street searching in vain for permanent work.

But the greater part of the crowd will lounge down the waterside and stand outside the wharf and dock gates. As the day draws on, the more respectable element will disappear, while its place will be taken by the professional "loafer" and dock lounger. A gentleman who has lived and worked in this district for twenty years estimates the number of dock and waterside loungers at 200. These men would work at no price. They gain their livelihood by petty theft, by cadging the earnings of their working friends, through gambling or drink, and by charitable assistance. From all accounts I very much fear that these are the recipients of the free breakfasts with which the well-to-do West End in times of social panic satisfies its own conscience and calms its own tears. But, apart from this semi-criminal class, the staple of the dock and waterside population subsisting by means of the extreme fluctuation and irregularity of employment is made up of those who are mentally or physically unfit for worthful and persistent work.

There men hang about for the "odd hour," or work one day in the seven. They live on stimulants and tobacco, varied with bread and tea and salt fish. Their passion is gambling. Sections of them are hereditary casuals; a larger portion drift from the country. They have a constitutional hatred to regular and forethought, and a need for paltry excitement. They are late risers, sharp-witted talkers, and, above all, they have that agreeable tolerance for their own and each other's vices which seems characteristic of a purely leisure class, whether it lies at the top or the bottom of society.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

A Calm, Handsome Man, to Whose Nature All Force Seems Foreign.

Copenhagen Letter to The Courier Journal.

The Czar walked up the broad stone steps, clad in the magnificent trappings of a Russian uniform, with the steady step of a man among men used to command. On his calm, handsome face there was no sign of fear, no expectation of evil. He seemed as free from fear of either hand or limb, although the giant-like Danish guardsman who stood near me trembled from head to foot with the great fear that something might chance to happen, which did not. The Czar strode to the door of his carriage, and with courtly but unconscious grace assisted the Empress to her seat, and tossing a half-finished cigaret over his shoulder took his place by her side, and was driven away to the Russian Church, where a special service was to be held for him and his party.

The Princess of Wales and Albert Victor had gone to the new English Church for service. It is a beautiful stone building just finished and dedicated a few weeks ago. I had a good opportunity to study those royal faces, for I could have stretched out my hand from where I stood and touched their robes of royal purple and fine linen, but doubtless if I had tried so dangerous an experiment I would have been shot on the spot as a Nihilist.

The face of the Czar is neither hard nor mean, yet there is a firmness always visible behind his handsomeness and the indifference which would be called a line of cruelty by his enemies, but an honest determination to rule or die by those who know him best. I like his face, and, in spite of my Republican principles, admire the man. I have heard much about him while here; of his kindness to the poor of Copenhagen, his friendly interest in the younger members of the English and Greek branches of his royal father-in-law's house. That father-in-law, the King of Denmark, is a very good and a wise old man. It is said that he long ago told the Czar that he had better give up the Russian situation, bring hither his loved ones, his treasures of art and of gold, and all of his household goods in order that he might live out his days in peaceful Denmark, free from the fear of dagger or dynamite. The visits of the Czar to the Court of his wife's father, which grow more and more protracted each year, are the only breathing spells of anything like peace and rest that are granted to His Imperial Highness; for, strange to say, the Russian Nihilist seems to let him alone when on Danish soil. The constant story which is told by all newspaper correspondents about the pallor and the look of anxiety on the face of the Russian Emperor does not hold good when she is here in her old home. I have seen her several times and have not yet detected anything of the kind. Her face has more character, more individuality than the face of her English sister, the Princess of Wales. I am told that she is fairly clever and very agreeable in private life, if I may be said that she is so fortunate as to enjoy that luxury of royalty—private life.

MARVELOUS.

One dose of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will cure Sick Headache, Dizziness, and Sour Stomach. 1 to 2 bottles are warranted to cure Liver Complaint, Indigestion and Biliousness Sold by John Gayfer.

Mr. Frederick Mackenzie, Q.C., of Winnipeg, dropped dead yesterday.

Those of the gentle sex who have experienced the pain and annoyance caused by excoriated nipples and inflamed breasts, can well appreciate the value of a remedy which removes the trouble. This is precisely what Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil does, besides curing when used internally, asthma, croup and other maladies.

Coal is $8 a ton in Ottawa.

Presence of Mind.

Presence of mind is good in case of accidents and emergencies, and when coupled with Hagyard's Yellow Oil will often save life. Yellow Oil cures all painful injuries, burns, scalds, bruises, frost bites, rheumatic and neuralgic pains, and is in fact a handy and reliable surgical aid.

Ex-Ald. Lillie, of Hamilton, is very ill.

It your children are troubled with worms give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvements in your child.

Montreal coal dealers predict a coal famine in the spring.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns

It was 20° below zero at Peterboro, on Wednesday night.

Freeman's Worm Powders are safe in all cases. They destroy or remove worms in children or adults.

A winter carnival will be held in Montreal in February.

No More Pills.—Campbell's Cathartic Compound is especially prepared to take the place of these nauseous Pills.

For Inflamation of the Lungs and Bowels, give "Maud S." Condition Powders to your Cattle.

FERRETS FOR NEW ZEALAND.

A Farmer's Elaborate Preparation for Making War on the Rabbits.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Cross, the well-known naturalist of Liverpool, who is up in London looking after the gorilla that he has just sold to the "Zoo," paid a call to Northumberland-street the other day to report on the animal kingdom of which he is undisputed lord.

"The last new thing," said Mr. Cross, "is the sailing of the ferrets; 120 of them have just gone off, and with them 750 pigeons, ten sacks of biscuits, and 875 tins of Nestle's milk—I bought the milk for them myself."

"But what are the pigeons for?"

"That I will explain to you. The ferrets are for the rabbits and the pigeons are for the ferrets. They will eat up the 750 pigeons on their voyage to New Zealand. They will also consume the biscuits and the milk. Then, I have sent sacks upon sacks of hay to make bedding for the ferrets, and plenty of Indian corn to feed up the pigeons. It was quite a sight—four big carts and two whole railway trucks were taken up with this consignment. Two men accompanied the ferrets, and very hard work they have looking after both them and the pigeons. But then, as I told them, the further they got from England the fewer pigeons there will be."

"And what are the ferrets sailing for?"

"They are a consignment to a large wool farmer in New Zealand. The rabbit pest, as you know, has now broken out very bad there. The Australians, I see, are seeking to have a rabbit pest conference; but this New Zealand wool merchant thought he had better send to Mr. Cross, and Mr. Cross is going to send him 120 ferrets. They won't make much headway, you say, against the rabbits. But then they breed so fast, and, if none of them are lost on the voyage, in a few months' time my client ought to have 600 or 700 of them at least. 'Don't spare the expense,' he said to me. The rabbits are eating up all the pasture on which his sheep ought to be feeding, and unless he can get them under he will be a ruined man. By the next mail I am going to send the same customer a consignment of stoats and weasels. They are wonderfully tough customers, are stoats; they will bleed the rabbits to death in no time.

"Curiously enough," added Mr. Cross, "at the very same time that I received these orders for means of destroying the rabbits in New Zealand, I received also a large order for rabbits, and I am now hard at work getting together 2000 of them as quickly as I can. They are going to British Columbia, where they have not got any rabbits. I am sending 2000 of them—1500 does and 500 bucks. This is a pretty large business, isn't it? They will want a hundred sacks of oats at least during the voyage, besides plenty of hay, straw, and sawdust.

"Now, how much should you think," asked Mr. Cross, "I am paying for these rabbits?" Our reporter hazarded a guess, but it was be low the mark.

"Five shillings a pair," said Mr. Cross, "is what I have to pay. I am buying them from a large landlord not far from Liverpool, who has raised the price owing to the large number of men he finds it necessary to employ in order to catch them. It will take sixty men, he says, to catch these 2000 rabbits for me in time for the next mail."

Mr P. Gauthier (representing Z. Lapierre, wholesale boots and shoes, Montreal) says: In the interest and cause of humanity I consider it my duty to testify to the excellence of your Catarrh Remedy. By the use of your Nasal Balm. After suffering several years with that leathsome and distressing disease, catarrh, I became disgusted in using everything I saw advertised and was giving up in despair when a friend of mine whom I placed great deal of confidence in, persuaded me to try a bottle of Nasal Balm which I did, with such happy results that I am now pleased to have all such sufferers know it, and you are at liberty to use this testimonial in any manner you wish, hoping that it will be of as much benefit to some poor sufferer as it has been to me.

Further Russian military movements are causing disquietude at Vienna.

I have had catarrh for twenty years, and used all kinds of remedies without relief Mr. Smith, druggist, of Little Falls, recommended Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The effect of the first application was magical, it allayed the inflammation and the next morning my head was as clear as a bell. One bottle has done me so much good that I am convinced its use will effect a permanent cure. It is soothing, pleasant and easy to apply, and I strongly urge its use by all sufferers. Geo. Terry, Little, Falls, N.Y. Apply Balm into each nostril.

A guard in the Central Prison was wounded by one of the convicts yesterday.

Ask your Grocer for the "Royal" Extract of Lemon.

Caution.

A source of much ill health is neglected Constipation. The utmost caution should be observed to keep the bowels regular. The best regulator of the bowels to promote their natural action is Burdock Blood Bitters. Try it if troubled with constipation.

A Paris correspondent says a plot against the Crown Prince has been discovered.

Thomas Robinson, Farnham Centre, P.Q., writes:—"I have been afflicted with Rheumatism for the last twelve years, and have tried many remedies without any relief. I got a bottle of Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and found it gave me instant relief, and since then have had no attack. I would recommend it to all."

The majority for Francis' Liberal, in St. Francois Xavier, Manitoba, was 86.

The envy of her friends, a lady who uses "Lotus of the Nile" perfume.

Do You Believe in Signs.

We do; for instance the signs of torpid liver are yellow eyes, sallow complexion, pain under right shoulder, irregular bowels, headache, low spirits and weariness. All these signs may be removed by Burdock Blood Bitters which is a sure cure for all irregularities of the liver.

Lieut. Gov. Aikens gave a State dinner at Winnipeg last night.

A Trinity of Evils. Biliousness, Constipation and Dyspepsia usually exist together. By disciplining the lives and toning the stomach with Burdock Blood Bitters, they can be eradicated. The promptitude and thoroughness with which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier removes this trinity of physical evils is a fact widely appreciated throughout Canada

Sick Headache and Dyspepsia are quickly dispelled by Campbell's Cathartic Compound

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Coughs and Colds.—If everything has failed, try Allen's Lung Balsam and be cured.

A SECRET TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

"Maud S." Condition Powder is a capital thing to mix in food for Poultry.

FULL WEIGHT PURE
DR PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes of more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the