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ried our snowflake Bread? If... you will have no other... all kinds are specialties... with us.

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of 4 in the 2nd sec. 20 acres of... clear, below well timbered... and clay loam, good bearing... on a good road and within... of the south-east quarter of... Section one, and the north... quarter of south-west... one, in Township 18, North... in the State of Michigan, adjoining... of Glasgow; medium brown, good... Is offered cheap, and on easy... To C. O. LEARN, Real Estate... 100 Bloor Street, Aylmer, Ont.

AT A BARGAIN—100 acres of... clay loam land, being the south... quarter of the south-east... of Section one, and the north... quarter of south-west... one, in Township 18, North... in the State of Michigan, adjoining... of Glasgow; medium brown, good... Is offered cheap, and on easy... To C. O. LEARN, Real Estate... 100 Bloor Street, Aylmer, Ont.

OR EXCHANGE—40 acres of... and all cleared and clear of stumps... buildings, good orchard... on a good road and within... of Elmer, Simcoe County, Ontario... of No. 10. The above property... and on easy terms, or will... to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate... 100 Bloor Street, Aylmer, Ont.

OR EXCHANGE—That beautiful... down at the Walker corner... and Elm streets, in the... of Aylmer, Ontario. The... large garden—in fact, it is... of the finest private residence... and can be had for a... To C. O. LEARN, Real Estate... 100 Bloor Street, Aylmer, Ont.

OR EXCHANGE—50 acres of... in good farm buildings, situated... in Township 18, North... of No. 10. The above property... and on easy terms, or will... to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate... 100 Bloor Street, Aylmer, Ont.

100 acres of choice land, in... of Yorkville, being the north... quarter of the north-east... of Section one, and the north... quarter of south-west... one, in Township 18, North... in the State of Michigan, adjoining... of Glasgow; medium brown, good... Is offered cheap, and on easy... To C. O. LEARN, Real Estate... 100 Bloor Street, Aylmer, Ont.

OR EXCHANGE—50 acres of... and good fair farm buildings, one... being part of lot 14 in... of Malahide. This farm... by terms. A small payment... accepted, and the balance on... interest 5 per cent, or... or for a cash property. For... apply to C. O. LEARN, Real... Broker, Brown House Block... Aylmer, Ont.

BEST BREAD BEST CAKES BEST BUNS

C. TALBOT'S

W. C. TALBOT.

Reserve Fund

FOR SALE

On the Farm.

WHY FOWLS DO NOT PAY.

There is no line of work on the farm that will not give a more steady and satisfactory income than the work of the industrious hen, provided she is looked after as she should be.

The first reason why hens are not paying is lack of knowledge as to how best to handle them. Raising and caring for poultry has to be learned like anything else. Success is not attained just off-hand any more than it is in any other line of work. Nearly every one thinks they can raise chickens, but that is just where they are mistaken. It requires study, in fact, it requires an apprenticeship, for there is so much to learn about breeding and hatching the chicks and feeding and caring for them.

The next reason for non-success is in the feeding. Work horses are fed in order that they may be in condition to do a good day's work. How often the hens have to look after their own feed. During the summer they rustle not so badly because they get grass seeds and insects, but, even then, unless they have a very large range they soon get it picked clean. They need regular feed in the summer as well as in the winter. Then, in the winter, the compounding of a successful ration is no easy matter. The insects must be supplemented by meat scraps, the grass by dried grass or vegetables, etc., and the grain must be varied. Just as we have learned to feed the beef steer, the milk cow or the work-horse a properly balanced ration, so there is a properly balanced ration to be made up for the hens which will supply all their needs and give the largest return for the outlay.

A third reason why the hens do not pay is through lack of care. Feed may be half of breed, but care and attention go a long way toward success in the poultry-yard. The vigilant eye of the feeder must see that everything is all right. The buildings warm and comfortable in the winter and the birds not too crowded, that the place is free of vermin, that a supply of nice dry earth, lime and sand is laid out during the summer for the winter's dust bath, etc. A nice paying flock of fowls is not attained and maintained without care and attention, but given proper care and attention, properly balanced food and all work intelligently carried out, the hens will convince the most skeptical farmer that they do pay.

CARE AND COST OF MACHINERY.

It takes quite a sum of money to fit up a farm with suitable farm machinery, wagons, farming tools, etc. Some articles in the last somewhat elastic item might perhaps be dispensed with, such as a small blacksmith forge with a few tools, and a small kit of carpenter's tools, but if a man has ingenuity enough to make a good sled stake or properly sharpen a fence post, these tools will soon pay their cost. It has been but a few years since the farming tools of the average farmer were extremely limited in amount and expense in comparison with the tools at the present time.

The change has been a rapid and radical one. The machinery which at first seemed to be a bit of extravagance is now an abstract necessity, and the question to-day is how much machinery can the farmer use to advantage. Many farmers buy too much machinery, and some not enough. Those who buy too much do not stop to think that the interest on the money for machinery that is not much needed, and the loss by usage and probably lack of care, would go a long way towards doing the work by hand, and the cost of the machine could be used in stopping an interest leak somewhere. On the other hand, stinginess in denying one's self needed machinery on the farm, or handy appliances for the good wife in the house is far from being economy. At the present time labor is the costliest thing that the farmer buys, and good judgment is needed to know when machinery can be made to take the place of hand labor to advantage. Another important matter in connection with farm machinery is care. The moving machines, horse rages and wagons of hundreds of farmers would last twice as long as they now do, if they were kept in good order and well housed when not in use.

RYE AS A COVER CROP.

While nitrogen is the fertilizing element most easily lost from manures and soils, it is the most expensive, costing almost three times as much a pound as potash and phosphoric acid. The readiness with which nitrates are washed out of the soil during heavy rains when the ground is thawed suggests that during the period of such rains it should be covered with some catch crop, which will feed upon the nitrates formed and store nitrogen in its tissues. For this purpose rye is an excellent crop and is much used. While it adds no nitrogen to the soil which is not already found therein, as crimson clover does, it is a much surer

THE CRAZE FOR WAR.

BECOMES EPIDEMIC AMONG THE GREAT NATIONS.

Sweep the World Every Half Century—Contagious Fevers of Military Enterprise and Greed.

RENAN AS A REPORTER.

His Views on Women Criticized by Gaston Deschamps.

"Write an article, sir, upon Abou-Mohammed-Cassem ben Ali ben Mohammed ben Othman." That was the assignment given in 1855 to a young man who was looking for a place on a Paris newspaper. "In short, sir," said he, smiling, "you want an article on Hariri?" "Precisely," said the editor. "Go ahead."

So he went ahead and wrote a splendid story on the great sheik who flourished in the eleventh century. But in order not to discourage the bank clerks and blacksmiths who "dream of glory in the domain of journalism" it may be well to whisper the fact in strict confidence that the young man in question was Ernest Renan and that the newspaper was the Journal des Debats.

Renan's next assignment was the Paris exposition of 1855. He treated the great fair with severity and even heaped ridicule upon it. He despised expositions. For him they were the height of frivolity, tending toward degeneracy. And, holy Susan, he blamed the women for them all. "There is no doubt whatever," said he, "that at the present time femininity occupies more space in the general physiognomy of the world than they did formerly. The world is more exclusively preoccupied just now with frivolities that formerly were looked upon as the exclusive property of women. Instead of asking men for great achievements, bold enterprises and heroic labors the world asks them for riches only, to satisfy a vulgar taste. The general movement of the world has put itself at the service of the instincts of woman, not those splendid instincts through which they display, more clearly than men can perhaps, the divine ideal of our nature, but the lower instincts, which form the least noble portion of her vocation."

Gaston Deschamps of the Figaro, commenting upon Renan's remarks, recently charged the woman of the present day with doing her utmost "to gather the apples, like the apples, that Eve the blond left hanging on the branches of the forbidden tree."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

The Change a Year May Show in a Married Man.

This is a year before marriage. He is making her a call. He is at the front door ringing for her. He has been thinking all day of her. These are his boots, newly blacked, collar spots, his form ditto outside, his gloves drawn on for the first time, his hair newly parted and oiled, his face newly shaven. His heart palpitates for her. His nerves are nervous. He fears she may be out or that her parents may object or, worse than that, that some other fellow may be there with her. The door opens. She is there and alone. He is happy.

This is a year after marriage. He is ringing at the door. His face is unshaven, his collar much worn, his boots unblackened, his hair unbrushed. He rings again in exactly ten seconds. He gives the bell a short, petulant pull. He is thinking of her. He is grumbling that she doesn't answer it sooner. He has not all day been thinking of her. He has gone further maybe and fared worse. Now she opens it. He pushes past her and remarks, "Take your forever to answer that bell."

His unbrushed boots sound sullen as he ascends the stairs. She follows meekly after. He dashes into the room and around the house and sings out, "Isn't dinner ready yet?" She bids him to be patient for a moment, but he won't—because dinner isn't ready within one minute after he gets home; because this is the one year after marriage; because the bloom is off the rose, the downy orb of the peach and various other considerations; because it's the way of the world, of man, of matrimony.—Pearson's Weekly.

But She Escaped.

Bobby—There wasn't no cannibals in the garden of Eden, was there? Teacher—Why, no, of course not. Why do you ask such a question? Bobby—'Cause I was thinkin if they had 'em they'd 'a' 'e' Eve 'r a spare-rib.

It was an Irish philosopher who said the strangest things in some newspapers are the ones that are left out.—Chicago News.

TORTURE FAILS AT LAST.

It is said that when criminals were crucified they not infrequently fell asleep while racking with pain on their gibbets, and Lord Loch records an incident showing how even in the shadow of torture and death the attention may be distracted. When he and Sir Henry Parkes were entering Pekin, bound hand and foot, and lying in the bottom of a cart, after a palpitating drive, the streets were thronged and the curious crowds pressed close to see the prisoners. Among them were women in chairs, and Mr. Parkes suddenly exclaimed, "How beautiful!" "What?" inquired Loch. "That woman," rejoined Parkes. Lord Loch painfully drew his head up to the edge of the cart, and beheld one of the loveliest faces he ever saw, but one utterly devoid of feeling or intellectual expression.

MRS. T. WAS VERY SORRY.

Mary, said Mr. Thomas, when a silence fraught with unpleasant meaning had followed his first altercation with his young wife. "Yes?" said Mary, interrogatively. "When a man and his wife have had a difference," said Mr. Thomas, "with a judicial air, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two do you think should make the first advance toward reconciliation?" "The wiser of the two," said Mrs. Thomas, and so, my dear, I'll say so, once that I'm very sorry.

It occurred to Mr. Thomas that it might have been as well for him to make the first advance.

THE CRAZE FOR WAR.

BECOMES EPIDEMIC AMONG THE GREAT NATIONS.

Sweep the World Every Half Century—Contagious Fevers of Military Enterprise and Greed.

Commentators upon the present outbreak of international warwhoops have repeatedly called attention to its analogy with the uproar of 1793, when all the nations of the civilized world seemed to have been seized with a simultaneous desire to "In short, sir," said he, smiling, "you want an article on Hariri?" "Precisely," said the editor. "Go ahead."

Then rushing in to try their private luck. But was it really an accidental coincidence? It would certainly be strange if valid reasons for a rough-and-tumble fight should independently emerge almost at the same moment in every dog yard of a crowded settlement, and still stranger if the combatants had bristled up without any appreciable motive.

A more plausible explanation can be found in the contagious tendency of strong emotions. The tears of a clever actor can set the whole audience a-sneezing. In school-rooms tittering fits become irrefpressible. The rant of slander-mongering vixens will convulse a whole settlement.

INSURRECTIONS EVERYWHERE.

Havre de Grace was bombarded by Sir Roland Strahan. There were simultaneous insurrections in Dublin, Naples, Geneva, Barcelona and Lisbon. The Russians attacked the Calmuck Tartars, and General Cooke undertook an expedition to Ostend and destroyed a million dollars' worth of slaves. A French force under Colonel Humbert landed at Killala in Ireland, and Nambur Tandy was arrested in Hamburg; Nelson demolished the French fleet in the delta of the Nile, and Bonaparte annihilated the Mamluke cavalry. Uncle Sam's nephews before long began to strut about with chips on their shoulders, and would have invaded Canada at the slightest provocation, but had to content themselves with making the best of another chance. French privateers had been seizing British merchantmen in neutral vessels, including five American schooners, and Washington was dragged from his retirement to help in organizing means of reprisal. Privately he would, probably have preferred any other job, but the microbes of the war fever filled the atmosphere, and the young republic of the West came very near raiding the land of Lafayette. As for the barbarians of the far East no protests were needed, and Afghans, Turkomans, Baskhirs and Calmucks hammered each other on general principles. It was a world epidemic. Yet the world had seen precedents of that craze.

In 1741 Russia declared war against Sweden, the Prussians seized Silesia without troubling themselves about apologies, and a large French army crossed the Rhine to bag the balance of the Austrian empire. The Bavarians and Saxons invaded Bohemia. England hustled about trying to get in a blow somewhere, and placed the Danish and Hessian mercenaries at the disposal of the Austrian Government. The Kings of Naples and Spain raised troops to invade Milan.

SPREAD OVER ALL THE WORLD.

Turkish supremacy on the lower Danube was undisputed at that time, and Mahmud I was not a bad ruler, as Sultans go; but at the news from Germany the Bulgarian citizens of Silesia fell upon the Turkish garrison and had to be thrashed. Waterloo stamped out the last spark of the Napoleonic conflagration and the fire bells rested. Little blazes along the shores of the Mediterranean died out from lack of fuel, but soon after the middle of the nineteenth century the world was startled by another general alarm—revolts in Poland, a frightful civil war in the States, Republicans and Imperialists rolling and tumbling in Mexico, North and South German complications, four states collared and crammed in the Prussian sausage machine before anybody had a chance to grab their heels. The Italians, too, bristled up like electric cats and flew in the face of Francis Joseph at the risk of getting every bone in their skin broken. Sheet lightning darkened across the political sky for three years and a half, till the atmosphere was cleared by the cloudburst of the Franco-Prussian war.

A period of Quaker peace than set in on both sides of the Atlantic, not because there was any lack of provocations, but because the electric tension had been relieved by two memorable thunderstorms. Time has to renew the feed supply of the fever microbes before exhausted epidemics can resume their activity.

The war dance of 1863-1870 allayed the fever of half a hundred states, with an aggregate population of 2,000,000. The contagion had exhausted its opportunities. It might be supposed that one war involved the necessity of the next, but the fact is that they merely suggested each

SOCIETY OF BEGGARS.

FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND.

INTERESTING NEWS FROM AULD SCOTIA'S BRAES.

As in the Times of Bobby Burns—Many Things Happen to Interest the Minds of Auld Scotia's Sons.

Sir William Muir, who has been principal and vice-chancellor of Edinburgh University for 15 years, is about to retire. He is now over 80, and has had a remarkably long and interesting working career, having begun by joining the Civil Service in Bengal as far back as 1837.

The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, High church, Inverness, was presented by his congregation with a purse containing over £300, in recognition of his nomination as Moderator-Designate of the Church of Scotland. Mrs. Macleod was presented with a diamond crescent ornament.

News has been received of the death of Mr. Wm. Birkmyre, ex-M.P. for the Ayr Burghs, which occurred in Paris. Mr. Birkmyre was the founder of a large jute mill in Calcutta. A few years ago he presented the town of Port Glasgow with a handsome public park at a cost of about \$10,000.

At a meeting of Sports Committee at Kilmaronock, a member objected to the engagement of a flute band. The chairman overruled the objection, and was only finally overcome when the objector pathetically pleaded, "Oh, for heaven's sake, donna bring your flute band back, for I'm hang'd if one o' my hens has laid since it played the last time." It was decided to engage a brass band.

Scottish recruiting districts have sent to the army during the year over 4,300 men. This does not include recruits raised at the headquarters of regiments, battalions, and batteries. Scottish regimental districts contributed 2,877. Glasgow was an easy first, Edinburgh second, Perth third, and Hamilton fourth. With 359 recruits Stirling was fifth, and was a good way in front of Ayr, Aberdeen, Inverness, Fort George and Berwick-on-Tweed.

Mr. Alexander Bethune, of Blebo, in the parish of Kamback, the descendant of one of the oldest families in Fife, recently died at Castlandhill, Inverkeithing. Mr. Bethune, who was in his 76th year, was in his early manhood a lieutenant in the 42nd, black Watch, and when the volunteer movement took shape in 1859 he was appointed a captain of the Cupar Corps. He was noted for his pedigree herd of shorthorn cattle, and as a county gentleman he took an active and independent part in public affairs.

The other day a man from the country entered a railway carriage carrying two young pigs in a box, and was annoyed that they would not be allowed to travel with him. He even offered to pay for his grunting "luggage," but it was no use. There is a rule forbidding live stock to be carried by passenger trains, and the pigs were taken away. Curiously enough, however, the rules are not exactly the same on English railways, and live stock booked by them for any place in Scotland have to be conveyed by the Scotch lines.

Baile J. R. Sandilands, Glasgow, manager of the General Assurance Company, died suddenly at the Royal Cottage, Stronaclabber. He entered the Town Council in 1896, and held several positions. He was a director of the Foundry Boys' Society.

Some recent investigations as to the length of sermons in Scotland show, we learn from the Home Magazine, that for a good many years they have been steadily decreasing in length, and are still inclined to be shorter. The limits within which they vary are very wide. Nine minutes is the absolute record for brevity, 68 minutes the greatest length. Of the three leading Presbyterian churches, the Free Church has the highest average length of sermon with 32 minutes; the U. P. Church, with 30 minutes, occupies the centre; and the Established Church has the shortest, with 26 minutes.

A memorial is to be erected at Hornsloe, about two and a half miles from Hawick, commemorative of the act of bravery on the part of the Hawick callants who, in 1514, routed a band of English, and captured their flag, a fac-simile of which is annually carried at the Common Riding festival. The memorial is to be erected out of the surplus funds from the sale of the "1514" picture painted by Mr. Tom Scott, A. R. S. A., and it is suggested to place the memorial on the left hand side of the road, a little above the bridge. The ceremonial committee of the Common Riding have also arranged to unveil a memorial tablet on the "night after the morn," i.e., on the evening before the Common Riding, to James Hogg, author of the Common Riding song "Teribus." The tablet will be placed in the wall of the house at 14 Loan, and Miss Hogg, Dalkeith place, a granddaughter of the poet has been asked to officiate.

We want not time, but diligence, for great performances.—Samuel Johnson.

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BIG MEN OUT OF DATE.

H. S. Pearce, in the Morning Post: It was an effort costly in good lives, and it instanced once more again the futility of the cavalry's "white" weapon and the absurdity of attempting to fight effectively on a beast of burden.

The horses were, when called on for a charge, too tired to bring their riders within striking distance, and our losses occurred chiefly when they turned to retire.

The condition of our cavalry is really too pitiable to be believed. Many regiments are reduced to the strength of a decent squadron. The "Tins" can muster only fifty horses, and the men whose martial splendour delights the nursemaids of London are reduced to working like navvies on the railway.

AN AGED RECRUIT.

A seventy-two-year-old recruit has passed the doctors' examination for the Imperial Yeomanry. He had served 28 years in the Black Watch, the Gordons and other Highland regiments, and has six sons serving in the army, four of them at the front in South Africa.

Hicks—What a studious young woman your niece is! And so well informed! It seems to be the aim of her life always to be learning something new. Wicks—Yes; that is because she did not have the opportunity that most young women have to finish her education for good and all when she left school. Mrs. Featherwell's new hat is the very latest style, isn't it? remarked Mr. Blykins. Yes, answered his wife. But how did you know it? You say you pay no attention to fashions. There couldn't be any mistake in this case. If it weren't in the latest style, she wouldn't dare to wear anything so ugly.

FLOATING NETS.

The plan of using floating nets to reduce the force of waves at sea or at the mouths of harbours is being tested by Baron Benvenuto d'Alessandre, an Italian living in Paris. Such nets form a crust over which the waves cannot climb and under which they become much flattened out. A net lately made is 360 feet long and 50 feet wide, with square meshes of one and a half fathoms, the material being waterproof hemp and the weight less than half an ounce per square foot. This was anchored at the port of Havre to protect some unfinished hydraulic works from a heavy surf.

ANTS IN A FORGE.

Ants can stand extremes of heat and cold. Forty-eight hours' exposure to frost will not kill them, and one sort has been observed to build its nest in chimneys in a blacksmith's forge.