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S. C. MACDONALD, Manager HON. WM. GIBSON, President

## THE USURPER

Neville took it mechanically, and sank

shaking.
"Amen!" said Lorrimore, fervently.

"She thought of her old playfellow Yes, that was like her! God bless her!"

be more interesting if we talked of your self, Mr. Lynne, and first, if you wi

or where??"

Neville looked at him.

"I have been for the greater part of the time gold digging in Australia," he said, "in a place called Lorn Hope—,"

Lorriniore swung round upon him.

"I beg your pardon! Where?"
"In a place called Lorn Hope,"
plied Neville.

Lorrimore started up, then sank

"That was his name, I believe;

in?" he said, in

Loorimore stared at him.

"The

"They'll hear you, sir. 'Pon my mind, they'll hear you, and there'll be a pretty how d'ye do! I wish I had a drop of Neville took it mechanically, and se on to the seat beside Lorrimore.

"Perhaps you'll explain, my lord," he said, in a bewildered fashion. how dye do! I wish I had a drop of brandy or something, just to pull you together. You look—well, you look—" "Out of mind," said Neville. "So I am, but it's with joy, Trale, joy. What is

said, in a bewildered fashion.

"Nothing easier," said Lorrimore. "I only wish it had been as easy to find you. I—I am a friend of Miss Hope's"—his handsome face clouded darkly as he spoke her name—"and—and at her request I left England three years ago to find another friend of hers—yourself."

"She—Audrey—sent you to find me! God bless her!" said Nevillle, his voice shaking. Tope home with me, and-have pipe, Mr. Neville," suggested Trale. as one speaks to a child or a sick man in a "You can't do any good sitting here. If—if it's the lady you think, you can go to the Grange in the morning, and—oh, for goodness' sake, come home, sir!"

said Neville, "I'll stay here. couldn't go if I wanted to, and I don't. must see her somehow or other. There, beg your pardon, Trale. I know you hink I'm mad, and that the whole thing's a delusion; but I'm not, and it's all true. I tell you that lady is the wo-man I love, and from whom I've been parted, and whom I must and will see within an hour"

ithin an hour."
"Hush, hush! for goodness' saks, Mr. Neville!" pleaded Trale. "We shall be heard directly, and there'll be a deuce of eville!" pleaded Trale. "We shall be adduce of row. There are servants al labout, add—" He stopped and ducked his ad. "There! Just what I expected! ere's one coming now. Come into the trubbery, sir, come on," and he dragged; him.

Neville allowed him to half lead, half with him into the shrubbery, but it was a wondered at that I should be Here's one coming now. Come into the shrubbery, sir, come on," and he dragged

Neville allowed him to half lead, half pull him into the shrubbery, but it was pull him into the shrubbery, but it was too late.

Footsteps were heard coming nearer, and presently a tall figure strode up them, and a voice sternly demanded:

"Who's there?"

Tune to love her still, it is not aloged to be anxious to get away from the sight of your brother's happiness. I am going to Africa. It is a charming country, and presents all kinds of novelty to the jaded traveler, and—But I think it would be more interesting if we talked of your Footsteps were heard coming nearer, and presently a tall figure strode up to them, and a voice sternly demanded:
"Who!a thora"

"Who's there?"
Trale pressed Neville's arm to keep The newcomer repeated the question,

and advanced upon their hiding place.
"It's all up," said Trale, with a groan.
"We must face the music," and he steppcd out.
"It's all right," he said, still thinking

"It's all right," he said, still thinking the man was one of the Grange servants.
"It's me, Trale, Inspector Trale, and—,"
"Trale!" said the voice. "What are you doing here? Don't you know me?"

Trale pecred at him.

"God bless my soul! It isn't Lord Lorrimore, is it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Lorrimore, coloring a

"Yes," said Lorrimore, coloring a little. "I was going to call at the Grange. I'm—I'm just starting for Africt, and wanted to say good-bye to Miss Hope, and— But what are you doing here? Is there anything wrong?"

"No, no," said Trale; "nothing wrong, "I dille."

"Who is that with you, one of your men?" asked Lorrimare, nodding toward Neville, who stood still looking at the "The

Neville, who stood still looking at the Grange and listening to the voice, and utterly and completely regardless of his

"That," stammered Trale. "Oh, no, no, not one of my men-oh, er, what's the use of trying to keep it dark? No, my this gentleman is Mr. Neville

If Trale had said, "The Great Mogul," Lord Lorrimore could not have seemed more startled.

"Mr. Who?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Neville Lynne," repeated Trale.
"Here, Mr. Neville, here is Lord Lorrimore, a friend of Miss Hope's" and he

pulled at Neville. Neville advanced, and nodded impati-

Then he started and stared, for ently. Then he started and stared, for Lorrimore, as if some exquisite joke had been perpetrated, flung himself down on the bench and laughed grimly.

"Neville Lynne!" he exclaimed, looking up at him.

g up at him.
"That is my name," said Neville, staror at him. "I have not the pleasure of

heaven! that's not my fault!" exclaimed Lorrimore, with sardonic irony. "seeing that I've spent months and tramped thousands of miles in trying to ake your acquaintance, Mr. Lynne. Neville put his hand to his head.

"I—I don't understand," he stammer-. "There is some mistake—delusion." There is no delusion in the fact that I have been scouring a greater portion of the habitable globe in search of you."

was dead against me. I heard she had fallen into the hands of a kind-heartel lady and a nobleman why would take care of her, and I—I'm a proud men, Lord Lorrimore, and I could not be a burden to her," and he hung his head.

"Y-es," said Lorrimore, "You are proud, I see, But did it never occur to you that the young lady might suffer somewhat at the Ices of her brother, as we thought you."

Neville started.

"No," he said, "Poor Sylvia, did she—did she grieve much?"

Lorrimore laughed grimly.

"Great heaven, he asks me that?" he remarked, ironically. "Did she grieve? Why, my good friend, she nearly died; we had to fight death inch by inch, hour by hour, for days; and as to grieving, why—but I think I'd better stop. A proud man's bad enough, but a conceited one is worse, and I should make you conceited."

ceited."

Neville held his face in his hands.
"My dear, dear darling!' he murmured. "And she's in there!" he exclaimed,
dropping his hand to Lorrimore's arm.
"In there! Think of it, my lord! And
I shall see her directly."

Lorrimore sighed. "Yes," he said, hanging his head. "You "Yes," he said, hanging his head. For are a happy man! So is the woman I love in there, and I shall probably see her directly; but it will be for the last time—the last time!" and with a sigh he

Neville, biting his lips, looked at him.
"I—I wouldn't give up all hope, Lond
Lorrimore," he said.

Lorizmore faced round and started, hen shook his head. "There can be no hope for me, Mr. Lynne," he said. "Miss Audrey is en-gaged to your brother." Neville groaned.

Neville groaned. "Look here!" he said, in his abrupt, "Look here!" he said, in his abrupt, backwoods fashion. "Don't you go off to Africa yet. You can't tell what may turn up. Look at my case! Here am I sneaking in this garden to get a glimpse of an old friend, Audrey; and I hear the voice"—his own broke—"of the girl I love, the girl I've been parted from forever, as I thought. Take courage by my luck."

"Yes! But your girl is not engaged to another man—at least. I don't think so;

another man—at least, I don't think so; I don't know!"

I don't know!"

"What!" gasped Neville, at the mere idea of a doubt. "Sylvia engaged!"

"You see!" said Lorrimore, with a sad smile. "You can imagine how I fee!! Hopeless!"
"No, I can't!" said Neville, his hands

Yes, that was like her! God bees her.

"Amen again!" said Lorrimore.

"But—but why did she send you. How
came you to go," asked Neville, not unnaturally.

Lorrimore glacewa out of bearing. clinched at his side, his broad chest heaving. "If I found Sylvia, my little Sylvia, engaged. I'd—" discreedly withdrawn out of hearing.
"Because—because I had the misfortune to love Miss Hope," said Lorrimore, "Fling the other man out of the win-

dow," said Lorrimore, with a laugh and a sigh. "Yes, that's all very well for the a sign. "Tes, that's all very wen for the backwoods of Australia, but—" he shrugged his shoulders, "well, Mr. Lynne, though nothing would give me greater delight than to fling Sir Jordan out of the state of the st the window—I beg your pardon! I for-got that he is your brother!" he broke

ff, apologetically. Neville shook his head and groaned: "Would to God I could forget it, too!"

Before Lorrimore could ask for an explanation of this singularly unfraternal

planation of this singularly unfraternal sentiment Trale came up.

"There's Miss Audrey come out on the terrace, Mr. Neville," he said. "Nownow, I was thinking if his lordship wouldn't mind going and breaking your being here to her, you might go and see her. But you won't say anything about—about—5ou know what!" he implored. Lorrimore assented at once.

"Wait here, Mr. Lynne, until I call," he said and went toward the terrace. not deem me impertinently inquisitive, I should like to ask—where—the—devil—you have been these last three years? Down a coal mine, up in a balloon, at the bottom of the sea in a diving bell, or where??"

Neville looked at him.

te said, and went toward the terrace.
Sylvia had sung twice, and had then

syivia had sung twice, and had then run up to see Mercy.

"I'll smoke my cigar on the terrace," said the viscount, "if you'll come, Audrey. The signorina will join us when she comes down I have that it when the comes down, I hope—that is, if she is not afraid of the night air."
"I'm afraid of nothing!" responded

"You didn't bear your own name?"
he said. "Lorn Hope! Why, I was there
—or near it. There was no Neville Lynne
living the then." Sylvia, with a laugh, as she left the "Lovely night, isn't It?" said the vis-"I didn't use my own name," said Neville. "I was called the young un, or Jack."

count, as he lit his cigar.

Audrey did not reply, but leaned her head on her hand and gazed into va-

cancy dreamily.

"How strange it is that your young friend does not get married unattachedand he laughed "It is very fortunate for you that her ladyship is not here to hear you," said

"The young un?" he said, in a stin voice. "Jack! Yhy-why, you're dead!" "I know, I know," said Neville, put-ting his hand to his brow. "Excuse me, Audrey, with a smile; then she sighed. Lord Lorrimore, but this talk brings "Sylvia is very young, much younger than she looks-and why should she get back an unhappy time to me. But that's all passed now, I hope, and—" married? Why should it be considered He glanced at the window.
"Wait one moment, Mr. Lynne," said
Lorrimor. "You speak of an unhappy
time. You are, you say, the young un of necessary that a woman should marry?" she asked, with barely concealed bitter-

ness and irritation.

"Please ask me another," remarked the viscount. "Most women think it the Lorn Hope Camp; then-then you must know that a young lady, Signorina Stella— I mean Sylvia Bond—thinks you dead; actually thinks it at this moment." viscount. great aim and end of their lives to engreat aim and end of their lives to enslave some wretched, unhappy man for

-Hullo!, who's this coming across the
lawn By Jove! it's Lorrimore! Now
look out for squalls, young lady!" and
he whistled softly.

"Lord Lorrimore!" said Audrey, and Neville stared at him.
"You know her. Can it be possible that —that you are the gentleman wha saved her from Lavarick?"

bushranger; yet," said Lorrimore.

Neville held out his hand and grasped Lorrimore's, his face flushing, his eyes she blushed and looked over her shoulder as if she meant to beat a retreat. "No, you don't!" said the viscount.
"No running away, Miss Audrey! Hallo.
Lorrimore, where did you come from? glowing.
"I should like to try to thank you?"

How are you?" Lorrimore came up the steps and shook hands with them, his eyes just glancing at the viscount, and fixing themselves sadly and wistfully on Audrey's downcast face.

"I came down this afternoon," he said, "The young lady was so dear to you?"

"The young lady was so deal to you said Lorrimore.
"Dear to me!" echoed Neville, then he laughed a strange laugh. "She is, and always has been, dearer than life!"
"And yet you allowed her to think you were dead!" said Lorrimore, gravely.
Neville looked rather troubled and rather tamely. "The fact is, I'm off to "To where?" exclaimed the viscount. "It was best," he said. "I did it for the best. When these secondrels seized her and left me for dead, they robbed

Luck

"Africa. And I thought I should like to say good-bye to Miss Hope before I went, as I shall be away some time." Poor Audrey's heart beat heavily, and her bosom heaved.

"Good heavens! what a man you are for rushing about!" said the viscount, reproachfully. "You don't seem as if you could stop more than five minutes in one place. Africa, too! What's the use of spending your time among savages? Besides, if you're so fond of 'em, you want to be a war we've got might as well stay at home; we've got plenty of 'em here. Have a cigar'! Have some wine—I hope you've dined?" Lorrimore said falsely that yes, he had

dined, and accepted the rigar.
"We've got your friend, the famous
Signorina Stella. in the house," said the Signorma Stella, in the louse, wiscount. "She'll be delighted to see you, I dare say, and I'll set her on to dissuading you from this absurd African idea; eh, Audrey?"

"Sylvia will be very sorry," she said,

almost inaudibly.

"I'll go and see about some wine," said Lord Marlow.

The two left alone were silent for a moment or two, Audrey's heart besting

too fast to allow of her speaking at first

too fast to allow of her speaking at first, and Lorrimore wondering how on earth he should break the news of Neville's proximity. At last he said:

"I'm afraid I have made my visit at an unconventionally late hour, Miss Hope, but I meant starting to-morrow."

"You meant," she said, keeping her voice steady by an effort.

"Yes, I may be a day or two later now. The fact is—"Then, like most men engaged in "breaking" the news, he blurted it out, "Audrey, I have heard of Neville Lynne."

She started, but did not look overcome with joy. She was too much engaged.

with joy. She was too much engaged thinking of another man-the Earl of Lorrimore, to wit—to be ver moved, even by the return of

moved, even by the return of friend.

"Neville!"

"Yes! He—well, the fact is, that he is "Well," replied Lorrimore. "I should if Sylvia had not been here."

"Here! Where! Oh!" and she looked "Yes," said Lorrimore. "I met him tonight, by the most singular chance, and I have only just left him."

"Left him? Where? Oh, why did you not bring him with you?" said Audrey.
"Sylvia! What has Sylvia to do with him or he with her?" demanded Audrey.
Lotrimore was a bad hand at telling a story, and he looked round helplessly.
"The long and short of it is," he said, "that they know each other—that they "that they know each other—that they are both friends."
"Sylvia and Neville Lynne!"

"Yes." And in as few words as possible he told her the story, or as much as he knew of it, Audrey's eyes growing larger and larger as she listened and gazed

"All the while the poor girl was lying "All the while the poor girl was lying at Wildfall, as near death as she could be, and thinking him dead, he was at Lorn Hope Camp, within a few miles of her. It's the most exasperating, aggravating business aht the mind of man can conceive," he said, grimly. "Actually within a few miles of him and not to know of it" know of it."

fore reaching the end of the track the operator moves the front rudder, and the machine lifts from the rail like a kite supported by the pressure of the air underneath it. The ground under you is at first a perfect blur, but as you rise the objects become clearer. At a height of one hundred feet you feel "I-I am so sorry," faltered Audrey. "If I had known the terribel trouble you would have, I—I never, no, never, would

"Oh. I wasn't thinking of myself, not at all," he said, simply, "but of poor bylvia. And now the question is, how am I going to bring him to her without scaring her out of her senses? She thinks him dead—dead, don't you see?"

"I see," said Audrey, slowly and thoughtfully. "Yes, I see!" And she indeed saw more than Lorrimore had put to her. She understood, now, why Sylvia was not married, why she received via was not married, why she received men's homage and admiration with such coldness and reserve. "Oh, the poor girl!" she muttered, "and to think it is Neville Lynne. Oh, I am so glad! So glad!" and in her joy at her prospects of her friend's happiness, she turned to him with tears glistening in her eyes, and looking so lovely that poor Lorrimers's head swam.

more's head swam.
"Yes, I'm glad he's turned up, and—and I wish I'd found him," and he turned his head away. fell. Audrey's eyes

Audrey's eyes fell.

"But now we've got to break the news
to her." he said. "You see what a splendid hand I am at that kind of thing,
and I'm afraid you will have to do it."

"Yes," said Audrey, softly. "I will do

"Out there in the shrubbery," he said "Waiting for me to call him. Shall

do so?"
"No, no; not yet. He must not com "No, no; not yet. He must not come yet, in case she should come out suddenly and see him, without being prepared—ah, here she is!" she broke off, as Sylvia's voice was heard singing as she came. "Here's Lord Lorrimore, Sylvia," said Audrey, trembling—a little. Sylvia utered an exclamation of plea-

"If others are troubled as I have been," says a writer in Harper's Bazar, "with a blue-grey appearance on the surface, of any of their highly polished furniture they may feel perfectly safe in using the sure.

"Oh, I am so glad!" and her soft little palm clung round his. "And how unexpected—isn't it, Audrey?"

"Yes," said Audrey. "Lord Lorrimore has come on—on business—business of yours."

"Of mine?" said Sylvia, smiling. "Has anything gone wrong at the opera? Has the manager refused to give me another engagement? What is it? Why do you all look so grave? You can't bring me tablespoonful of good strong vinegar. In the solution saturate a soft cheesecloth and wring out as dry as possible. With engagement? What is it? Why do you all look so grave? You can't bring me very bad news, Lord Lorrimor, for—for I have had all my bad news, you see, and all those I love, Audrey, and Mercy,

experiment on a section of the furniture that does not show—the inside of the top lid of the piano might do if that is and you—if I may say so—are here near me, and safe. What is it?" me, and safe. What is it?"
"It's—it's good news," stammered Lorrimore, but Audrey motioned him to first application not entirely removing the cloudy look, repeat the operation in

rimore, but "Yes, dear," she said, stealing her arm round her, "it is good news. Lord Lorrimore has come to-night with a strange, a wonderful story, so strange and wonderful as to seem unreal and impossible. Do you think you could bear to hear it. Sylvia." Her voice grew lower, tenderer. "Sometimes great joy is as hard to endure as great sorrow; sometimes to find that those we have lost, lost forever, as we though, are still liv—"

She stopped, terrified by the look that came into Sylvia's face; it was a look as of one who hopes, yet dares not believe. dear," she said, stealing her arm

clusive evidence of the producing capacity of a cow for the entire year, although it is good evidence of her capacity for air or eight reaches acity for six or eight months, and fre-

loking from one to the other, her face quantity of milk and butter. growing whiter each moment. "Such wonderful things happen—truth
is stranger than fiction," stammered Lorrimore, getting near her in case she should faint and fall. "We've read storshould faint and fain. We've lead stories of people who've—who've—been supposed to be killed on—on the field of battle—you know, and—and turned up again, safe and sound after all—."

stein cow.

But, while we think 7-day tests are valuable, we think 30-day tests are more Sylvia started, her eyes closed for moment, and they thought she would all; she swayed lightly, but she caught (To be continued.)

A policeman saw a man acting rathe suspiciously near a jeweller's one even-ing, and going over to him he demand-ed to know who the man was and what he wanted.
"I'm thinking of opening a jeweller's in this neighborhood," replied the man, "and I'm watching to see if there is

Not Altogether Bad.

much trade."
Whereupon the policeman went on his way eatisfied.
Next morning word was received at the station that the shop had been entered and robbed during the night. The policeman who had accosted the mysterious stranger said, reflectively.
"He may be a thafe, but he's no liar!"
Philadelphia Inquirer.

-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Perfidy often recoils upon its author

supply of modicine and stitutiating food is iffer we of her rais for in title use. Visions doubt many of the great secure that are wide depend in large measure upon the large prepara-SEE THE large measure upon the live preparae special food that is fed We que y lether the rules for the Advanced Rogistry should not be amended so require the supervisor to report the kind and the amount of food and drink that AT have been given to the cow during the time of each test, and also the winter and physical condition of the cow at the beginning of the test. —Burton W. Putter, Rutland, Mass. (West End of Dairy Building).

ITS FIRE.

LIGHTNING. RUST and

STORM PROOF

Metallic Roofing Co.

MANUFACTURERS

TORONTO and WINNIFEG

HOW IT FLIES.

A Description of the Working of the Wright Brothers' Aeroplane.

In order to show the general reader

the way in which the machine operates,

engine is put in motion, and the pro-pellers in the rear whir. You take your

seat at the centre of the machine beside the operator. He slips the cable, and you shoot forward. An assistant who

has been holding the machine in balance on the rail, starts forward with you, but

before you have gone fifty feet the speed is too great for him, and he lets go. Be-

hardly any motion at all, except for the wind that strikes your face. If you did not take the precaution to fasten

your hat before starting, you have prob-ably lost it by this time. The operator

moves a lever; the right wing rises, and the machine swings about to the left.

yourself facing toward the point from

the wind. When you near the starting

kept up an almost deafening roar during

the whole flight, yet in your excitement you did not notice it till it stopped!—

From "The Wright Brothers' Aeroplane" in the September Century.

TO POLISH MAHOGANY,

Especially When the Surface Has

Blue-Gray Appearance.

following:
"To about a quart of clear water add a

and dry (always rubbing lightly) with a dry piece of cheesecloth. "If afraid of this at first, you might

about a week, and you will have

satisfaction of seeing your furniture look as fine as it did the day it left the fac-

Yearly Tests Most Valuable.

We do not consider a 7-day test con-

quently indicates her capacity as a year

ly producer. We never have had an A. R. O. cow that has not made yearly a large

Therefore we say without hesitation that 7-day tests are of great value, in-

asmuch as they designate our best producers, and also furnish evidence

the producing capacities of the Hol

unnatural conditions, with too great

this rub lightly the surface

the article to be cleaned.

the operator.

Telephone Manners.

Do telephones lead to politeness or otherwise? When they first came into use the answer to this question would have been emphatically in the negative, but now that they are almost u but now that they are almost universally prevalent, an era of good manners and "thank you's" seems to be in fall swing. In some communities it is not even possible to quarrel over the telephone, although the two women who took part in the following conversation

me near it:
"Hello! Is this Mrs. Weston?

"Yes. "This is your next door neighbor, Mrs. Lawrence. I thought you might be interested to know that at the present moment your son Thomas is sitting on one of the sheets which is bleaching on my lawn, and is building a large pile of mud on it."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Lawrence!" exlet us fancy ourselves ready for the start. The machine is placed upon a single rail tracks facing the wind, and is securely fastened with a cable. The

claimed the mother. "And may I return the favor by informing you that your setter Rab has just rooted up my your setter Rab has just rooted up my two new rose bushes, and that he seems to be chewing the buds?"
"Oh, indeed! Thank you! Good-by!"
"Not at all. Thank you! Good-by!"
Youth's Companion.

Worth Knowing.

Chopped beef or pork cracklings are good to use in Indian bread, which is usually served warm, or they may be mixed with bread and mashed potato

mixed with oread ausage.

Season and fried like sausage.

Melted beef drippings or tallow can be used in the place of paraffine over the top of jelly. Be sure when cold to cover top of jelly. Be sure when cold to cover the space around the edge where it has

the space around the glass.

To make perpetual paste, dissolve half an ounce of alum in two teacupfuls of boiling water, beat in an equal weight of the space of flour, add a few drops of oil of cloves and let boil. This will keep for months. You make a very short turn, yet you do not feel the sensation of being thrown from your seat, so often experienced in automobile and railway travel. You find An experienced and expert housekeeper of my acquaintance, a model mother and grandmother, makes it a point to knock on the kitchen door before entering This degree of privacy-deference, if -she accords her domestic which you started.

The objects on the ground now seem to be moving at much higher speed, though you perceive no change in the pressure of the wind on your face. You know then that you are travelling with selpers, who give evidence of apprecia-

Here is a good use for left-over oat meal: Make a batter as for bread, add the oatmeal and beat in well. Put in a little lively yeast, and let stand over-night. Add a little salt and soda and bake on a pancake griddle. An egg or two is an improvement. point, the operator stops the motor while still high in the air. The machine coasts down in an oblique angle to the ground, down in an oblique angle to the ground, and after sliding fifty or a hundred feet comes to rest. Although the machine often lands when travelling at a speed of a mile a minute, you feel no shock whatever, and cannot, in fact, tell the exact moment at which it first touched the ground. The motor close beside you least up a plant desfening year during

The source of all intestinal troubles is the common house fly; his buzz is the first symptom of typhoid. Wilson's Fly Pad is the only thing that kills them

Cement Sewer Pipe.

Portland cement pipes were made in England probably as early as 1825, before the period when earthenware sewer pipes were beginning to be manufactured. Cement pipe of large size, with tured. Cement pipe of large size, what socket joints, are now extensively used in Germany, and they withstand not only the effects of a severe climate. but the chemical action of sewage. Moreover, they show an extraordinary endurance and remain perfect after a severe frost, when brickwork often fails. It is a material that can be worked and is a material that can be worked and moulded in any form and maintains its moulded in any torm and maintains form when made. It is also capable of repair, which is a point of no small importance. These pipes improve materially by age, and at the end of a year or two they ring when struck with a ar metallic sound. T of Paris are constructed of concrete. As early as 1869 thirty miles of concrete branch and main sewers had been laid in that city, and to-day throughout Europe both pipe and large sewers are, to a great extent, made of this material. In America the use of concrete sewers is now beginning to assume magnitude. Since engineers have become more conversant with the properties of concrete their hesitancy in establishing cownerted. is rapidly disappearing.—Cement Age.

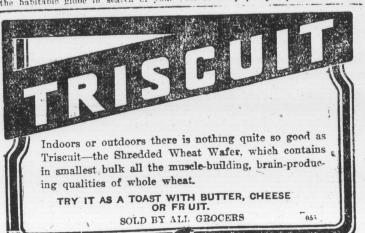
Large Concrete Drain.

One of the largest private drains in New York has recently been completed for the New York Central Railroad to drain the suburban and express yards of the new terminal station at Forty-second street. The yard for the suburban trains covers twenty-four acres and is about forty feet The yard for the shourban trains cover twenty-four acres and is about forty feet below the surface of the street, while that for the express trains is twenty feet above the suburban, and has an area of forty-two acres. The drain has an eliptical section forty-eight inches high by thirty-two inches wide, as it crosses the yards to the Lexington avenue wall at Forty-sixth street. There it changes to a circular section six feet in diameter. This runs to the bulkhead line on the East River, where it divides into two branches, each three feet in diameter. The entire drain is built of concrete, with a minimum thickness of twelve inches, reinforced by steel rods, and the invert lined with a single course of hard-burned red brick.—Cement Age. valuable, and that yearly tests are more valuable than 30-day ones.

A yearly test of a cow under normal conditions as to the health, care and feed is infallible evidence of her producing capacity, but such a test under creat when the conditions with the great of hard-burned red brick. Cement Age.

Whaling Ship Home After 24 Years. Twenty-four years is a long time for a ship to be away from its home port, but that is the record of a whaling barque that has just docked in New Bedford. The vegsel left New Bedford in 1884 for a voyage around Cape it and since has been engaged most on the time in whaling in northern latitudes. The ship brings news that the whaling ships in the Atlantic are generally making heavy catches this season. The whaling business seems to have experienced a revival, ness seems to have bedford is developing and with this New Bedford is developing new importance which presents some likeness to its old time activity as a whaling port .- Springfield Union.

A man may be blind to his own faults and be gifted with second sight the faults of others are concerned.



uncertain.