

FRUIT TESTS.

A matter of some gravity is at this time forcibly presenting itself in British Columbia. That is the fact that fruit tree pests are making headway in this province, while in Washington and Oregon the mischief they have been doing is on the increase. The Provincial Government, a few weeks since, published a regulation calling upon our fruit-growers and owners of gardens where fruit is raised to individually and collectively take action by spraying their trees and adopting other precautions, so that the plague may be stayed and, indeed, eradicated. It is incumbent on every one who is directly or indirectly interested to give the subject his or her most earnest attention. Those who ought to know have declared, and experience has shown, that many fruits can be raised to their highest perfection in this province, and that they might be made an important source of revenue; but if we allow the pests to get the better of us what are we to expect? The Provincial Inspector has reported not only in favor of the treatment of the trees already in our orchards, but a close inspection of all trees which may be imported here. No one should object to do his share towards reaching the important end at which every one ought to aim, and it is therefore to be hoped that Mr. Hutcherson's recommendations will meet with a hearty response.

TWO BANK STORIES.

"In the early days before the telegraph extended to all parts of the world," said U. S. Secretary William B. Green, at the Bankers' Congress, "it was much easier to work confidence games on banks than it is now. I don't know that the history of banking in this country affords any more remarkable case than one which took place in New Orleans many years ago. A confidence man visited that city. By the use of skeleton keys he obtained access to one of the banks. Night after night he let himself in and examined the books and correspondence until he had familiarized himself thoroughly with the affairs and connections of the concern. He disturbed nothing, but when he knew as much as the bank officials did he prepared forged letters of introduction and papers of great apparent value. Then he presented himself at the bank as an English gentleman of wealth. His credentials were perfect. His letters of credit were without a flaw. There was no way of cabling to verify them, and if there had been it is doubtful if the bank would have distrusted a customer so completely equipped to deceive. This man carried out of New Orleans \$100,000. He passed on up the river, and was afterwards traced to various eastern cities. He crossed the ocean and lived to the end of his life on the proceeds of that New Orleans trick. His career abroad was entirely exemplary and he passed for a man of probity."

"My father," said an Eastern banker, "was one of the attorneys in the Rathbone case at Buffalo. In the course of his operations, which were very extensive for that period Rathbone fell in need of money. He was a pushing, energetic man, and the leading citizens of Buffalo

didn't want to see him go to the wall. Ten or a dozen of them agreed to go on a note together for him. The amount was to be \$10,000 or something like that. Rathbone claimed that amount would carry him over, and the citizens thought they would risk that much as a matter of public spirit. Instead of contenting himself with a single note, Rathbone secretly prepared about ten. He went to the indorsers singly and got each one to sign a different note, on the supposition that it was the only one. This gave one genuine signature on each of the ten notes. He forged the other signatures, so that he had ten notes, each bearing all of the ten or twelve names. He raised by the notes about \$100,000 instead of one-tenth of that sum, and then the discovery came. Rathbone was sent to the penitentiary. After he got out he went to New York City, became a much respected business man, and was straight till he died."

THE GLOVE IN DAYS OF YORE.

If the science of knowing people by their clothes, whose claims are so eloquently urged by Balzac, ever come to be formulated, the chapter on the meaning of the glove will not be the least interesting portion of it. There is no article of clothing more diversified in its uses. Its apparent triviality disarms us, and we are inclined to toy with it lightly as one of the most agreeable ebullitions of feminine fancy and forget that anything more serious than adornment ever caused its use. Jean Godard, a French rhymester of the sixteenth century, wrote a poem, in which he told how Venus, running the Adonis, pricked her finger and ordered her maidens to get leather and make some gloves for her to protect her hands. But M. Godard's pretty fancy must give way before stern facts. The primary uses of the glove were strictly practical and unromantic.

English dames of early days never dreamed of such subtleties as gloves. They wore their sleeves long, with pointed flaps, that rested on the backs of their hands, or, when they went forth in winter, drew the loose drapery of their outer garment over their hands. It was not till near the close of the tenth century that they thought of gloves; then they wore them with only a thumb and no fingers, like the mittens of the present day, and they were wondrously embroidered and starred with jewels. No gloves were finer than those of the clergy. They were mostly of white silk, or linen cunningly embroidered, and sometimes fringed with pearls.

Later on, gloves became magnificent for common wear, and in contemporary pictures the nobility seemed to have carried them rather in their hands or in their girdles than on their fingers. It was by the fine gloves his page carried in his girdle that Coeur de Lion was betrayed on his way home from the crusade, and so fell into captivity.

But already the glove was more than a mere bit of foppery. The knight's mailed glove sheltered his hand. It became a sign of power, and when a gracious lord meant to signify his attention to protect a town he sent his glove as a sign of his willingness. The glove, too, was the

token of dalliance when one knight declared war against each other, and at the same time, as if to mark the difference between the strong right hand of man and the daintier hand of woman, he bound his mistress' delicate brodered glove to his helmet by way of showing his fealty. As the sign and test of love, gloves had been largely utilized.

By the sixteenth century gloves were common wear, together with farthingales, corsets and low gowns. Gloves were perfumed greatly. Autolycus sold the maids "gloves as sweet as damask roses." In Charles II's time the shortening of the sleeves led to the lengthening of gloves.

BUSINESS DETAILS.

Business is made up of details. The mill owner who has mastered all the details in his business can bid more intelligently for work than can he who simply guesses. He knows where he can save. He knows the cost of each step to a fraction. When he reaches his conclusions he knows exactly what figures will give him a fair profit. Such a master of his business will never be caught doing unprofitable jobs. Knowing exactly what he must expend on a required job, he will pass the job along to his guessing neighbor, and allow him to run his plant on the non-paying work.

One day last week I saw two sets of figures on one contract. One of the men who figured understood his business, and his figures were to a cent. The other one guessed at the cost. Their figures were not far apart, for the job was not large. The guesser's bid was below the exact figurer's bid, and he got the job. He has since told me that "there is no profit nowadays in this line of work." The other man assured me he knew "exactly how much Mr. Guesser would lose on the job." His figures agreed almost to a cent with what the "lucky" bidder confessed he was "out" on the work.

These two men represent the two classes of mechanical workers, those who fail and those who succeed. These classes are distinct. The guessers "get the work at any figure." They soon do enough work to lose all they possess. The exact figurers "get a fair profit or let the job go to some one else." They may work less, but they make a profit on all they do, and they soon do little enough to roll up a good bank account. It may sound paradoxical to say that one man succeeds in getting so much work that he fails, and another succeeds in getting so little that he grows rich, but there are enough examples of both to prove that the seeming paradox covers an important business truth.

The man who is master of the details of his business is a powerful competitor. He knows when he reaches the point in bids below which he will not, can not, go. His guessing competitor has only one limit in view. He aims to go below his competitor, no matter how low the competitor sets his figures. How many men can tell to which class they belong?—*Buffalo Lumber World.*

Mr. A. S. Hall, late of the Bank of B. N. A. in Montreal, has been transferred to the branch in Vancouver.