

**THE BANK OF ENGLAND.**

**Down in the Money Vaults Almost Countless Wealth.**

The automatic bodyguard now shows some animation, says the London Herald. Producing a hand lantern from another mysterious recess he bids us follow. We walk in narrow alleys formed of piles of boxes, where not a ray of light penetrates, and find ourselves making a rapid descent, with the lantern ahead, like some guardian angel. We descend a steeper incline than the others, with the defunct bank notes in their sarcophagi all around us, when a chill air striking us proves that we are well underground.

Then the figure in front turns and announces to us in a tone calculated to strike terror into nervous persons "We are now in the labyrinth." I begin to feel like another Guy Fawkes going to blow up the whole place. But the sudden twists and turns we take always in that bewildering maze of piled-up cases are becoming most trying to the banker, who is not accustomed to dodging a will-o'-the-wisp in a catacomb.

I begin to entertain fears that he is leading us to some dungeon fastness when he turns again and solemnly remarks, with a wave of his hand, "All bank notes." Some idea can be gained of the quantity when it is said that they are 77,745,000 in number, and that they fill 13,400 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach two and a half miles. If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach a height of five and a half miles, or if joined end to end would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long. Their superficial extent is a little less than that of Hyde park; their original value was over £1,750,000,000, and their weight over 90 tons.

Along another passage we enter a large room—really a vault—which is surrounded from floor to ceiling by iron doors of safes which at their opening might be five feet high by five feet wide. One of these is opened and shows rows upon rows of gold coins in bags of \$2,000 each.

One is handed to me to hold, and after doing so for a moment I decide I will not carry it home. The lead weight is enormous. Yet these officials handle the slipping, sliding mass as though it were a book. Another door is opened and we observe a stack of bank notes. I remark that I have seen a lot already. For answer the manager takes out a parcel of 1,000 £1,000 notes and says: "Take hold." I do so, and am told I am holding £1,000,000. I should have wished to hold it longer, but they want it, so I put it back.

"This small safe contains \$8,000,000" continued the polite manager, "and you are in the richest vault of the Bank of England and of the world. This small room at present holds \$80,000,000."

By this time my appetite for wealth is nearly gone. I am nauseated with the atmosphere of bank notes. My senses are dulled with the oppressing spectacle and I hail with delight the merry plashing fountain in the courtyard. Here are the quarters of the thirty-four guardsmen who nightly patrol the establishment. A double sentry is posted at each gate, and as they load with ball cartridges it is not a safe place for an enterprising burglar to tackle. The officer of the guard has a bedroom in the bank, and is provided with a dinner and a bottle of the finest old port, and I understand that the guards are also liberally treated.

**The Island of Malta.**

English occupancy of Malta dates from the year 1800. Two years before that, Napoleon, on his way to Egypt, had taken the island and, after a sojourn of a few days, had left matters in charge of Vaubois at Valette, the capital. But the Maltese soon revolted against French tyranny and laid siege to Valette, being aided in their enterprise by Portuguese, Neapolitan, and English allies. After a siege of two years Vaubois surrendered, whereupon the Maltese, having lost 20,000 men in recovering their capital, voluntarily placed themselves under the protection of England, an arrangement afterwards confirmed (in 1814) by the Treaty of Paris. Since then the islands have prospered under British rule. In 1880 the population was 154,892, not including British soldiers or their families. Of this number 24,000 were English and other foreigners. On account of the gaiety of Valette and its attractiveness in other ways, as a winter residence, the alien population has of late been rapidly increasing. The island has a good university, and lower schools modeled after those of England. In the schools until lately Italian was the prevailing language, though the population is rather of Arabic than Italian stock. Lately, however, efforts have been made to extend the use of English, and no doubt the lapse of time will see the Maltese people pretty generally Anglicized.—(The Chautauquan.)

**A Centenarian snake.**

Early in January of the present year a woodsman, engaged in chopping some of the monster oaks in the northern part of the great "Black Forest," Germany, and who had built a fire against a large dead oak preparatory to partaking of his midday meal, was surprised to see a serpent of gigantic proportions crawl from the log as soon as the rotten wood had got well warmed through. The day was bitter cold, and the snake only made a few yards over the frozen ground when his convolutions became smaller and smaller, and he finally ceased to wriggle, and quietly coiled up near a large pile of brush.

The sturdy German chopper, who had been more surprised than scared, waited until the creature had become thoroughly benumbed with the cold, and then approached and dispatched him with an axe. Measurements showed the slimy creature to be twenty-seven feet six inches in length, and nearly fifteen inches through the body in the middle. Just back of the immense head, which was eleven inches in length and almost as broad, a little gold ring had been put through the skin. It was in the form of two rings rather than one, being shaped not unlike the figure 8. One part of the ring was through the skin, while the other was through a hole in a small copper coin bearing date of 1712.

One side of the coin was perfectly smooth, with the exception of these letters and figures, which had evidently been cut on it with a pocket-knife, the workmanship being very rough.—Louis Krutzer, B. G. O., 1781.

Some of the older inhabitants of the "Black Forest" remember hearing their parents tell of "Krutzer, the serpent charmer," and they all unite in declaring that this gigantic serpent was formerly the property of the old "charmer," and that it was at least 115 years old when killed by the woodchopper on that cold January day of 1891.

**BRITAIN ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT**

**Steadily Strengthening all her Strategic Points in the New World.**

Quietly but busily and steadily Great Britain is strengthening her strategic points in the New World. Two twelve-inch guns from Woolwich have recently been mounted in one of the new forts at Halifax, and a third is on the way thither. The spacious and admirable harbor that has caused Halifax to be chosen as the principal British naval station in America is now defended by nine forts and batteries, which command the entrances on either side of McNab's Island. At York redoubt and Ives Point, as well as elsewhere, are very heavy guns, and from the crest of the hill the citadel can deliver a plunging fire. A good garrison of regulars is kept there, and undoubtedly with its famous dockyard and its coaling facilities it would be the base of any naval operations on the North Atlantic coast.

Looking further south, we find that London and Bermuda can now talk with each other by telegraph. The latter, with its well-defended harbor and fine dockyard for repairing ships, is a valuable naval station, and for a fast cruiser only about two days distant from the Carolina coast. It has a well-equipped marine arsenal, and, being completely fortified with powerful modern ordnance, is considered practically secure from attack. It is at once a basis of supplies for war ships and a refuge for merchant fleets.

Nor will England neglect the Bahamas, within a single day's steaming of Florida, the importance of which was shown by the operations of the Confederate blockade runners. As for Jamaica, with its commanding position in relation to Gulf commerce, at the southern approach to the Windward Passage, we find that Great Britain has been newly intrenching Kingston, with a view to the protection of its fine harbor. It must be noted also that Jamaica and Balize are the extremities of a line stretching across the route between the Gulf and the Caribbean Sea by the Yucatan channel.

To the southeast lies the chain of the Lesser Antilles, with St. Lucia and Barbadoes prominent among them. Port Castries, in the former, is one of the leading British naval stations in the New World, and half a million dollars has lately been laid out on the improvements of its harbor, and the imperial Government has fortified it strongly. Barbadoes is the headquarters of the British forces in the West Indies. Of the South American coast is the island of Trinidad which, with British Guiana on the other side, dominates the mouth of the Orinoco.

On the Pacific coast Great Britain and the Dominion have jointly expended more than a million dollars on the large graving dock at Esquimaux, where the heaviest vessels may be repaired, and a system of defenses for Esquimaux, Vancouver City, and Victoria has been planned. As the only coaling station of importance for Great Britain on the North Pacific coast, she is amply justified in protecting it.

Indeed, the general conclusion to be reached is that the fortified points of Great Britain in the New World are not looked upon primarily by her as bases for aggressive operations. It is true that the problems of preparation for attack and defence are not very distinctly separated, but England has long since abandoned the idea of any further conquests on this continent, and is only anxious to hold what she has.

**The Moving Season.**

To move, or not to move; that is the question; Whether 'tis best another year to suffer The stingy meanness of our grasping landlord, or to take arms against a sea of troubles And by moving end them? To pack; to move; Once more, and by our moving say we end The sewer gas and thousand vile annoyances This place is heir to—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To pack; to move; To move, to a worse place, perchance; ay there's the rub; For in that move what woes may come When we have left this dear old flat, Must give us pause; there is the fear That makes calamity of so long lease; For who would bear the sights and sounds and smells, The dirty halls, the janitor's contumely, The wild tin pan piano just next door, The neighbor's children shrieking night and day; The trombone player in the room above, And all the temper trying nuisances, When he might pack his goods and skip With a strong drayman. Who would ever live In this run-down, dilapidated flat, But that the dread of something even worse, The undiscovered woes we're sure to find After a lease is signed, puzzles us still And make us rather keep the flat we have Than fly to landlords that we know not of? Thus experience does make cowards of us all, And thus the mad, rash woads of other times Are sickled o'er when moving day arrives, And then the perfect home we swore we'd rent We quite forget, and in the same old flat Remain another year.

**At a Wedding.**

The wedding in question was, in many ways, the most brilliant event of the season. Nothing which could serve to heighten the grace and significance of the affair had been spared. The church, fittingly decorated by a Boston artist, was filled with interested guests. The faint strains of Mendelssohn floated through the still air, and the beautiful bride stood before the altar with her chosen one.

The pastor of the church, ritual in hand, read the solemn service until he came to the critical moment, when he said: "Repeat after me, 'I, William, take thee, Frances.'" He did not proceed at once, for to every one's astonishment, before the bridegroom could find his voice, the bride, in clear, firm tones, repeated: "'I, William, take thee, Frances.'" There was a dead silence, till the second officiating clergyman, unable longer to control himself, laughed outright. This was the signal for a contagious wave of merriment. As soon as the pastor could compose his features and resume his dignified voice, he said: "Repeat after me, 'I, William, take thee, Frances.'" This time the bridegroom spoke up bravely, and there was no more blundering.

**English Marriage Laws.**

A case was recently tried and decided in the English Court of Appeal which attracted a great deal of attention, since it had an important bearing on the rights of an English husband over his wife.

It appears that a gentleman named Jackson, soon after marrying, was obliged to go to New Zealand on pressing business. He left his newly married wife in England. Upon his return, he found that she had taken up her residence with her relatives, and, to his surprise, she obstinately refused to go back to him and live with him.

The husband resolved, thereupon to exercise the right which he supposed to be his by the time-honored law of the land, and to capture his wife and compel her to live with him whether she would or not.

With some friends he managed to get access to her, and forcibly seized her and carried her off to his own house. There he kept strict guard over her for several days, using, indeed, no bodily violence, further than to take her bonnet away and throw it into the fire, and forbidding her relatives access to her.

The relatives moved for a writ of habeas corpus, which compelled the husband to produce his wife in court in order that it might be decided whether he was lawfully retaining her.

The Divisional Court, before which the case was first tried, affirmed the husband's right to hold and keep possession of his wife's person.

But an appeal was made to the highest court, that of Appeal, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and Lord Justice Fry; and this highest court reversed the decision of the lower court, and unanimously decided that the husband had no such right; that he had been wrong from first to last, and that the obdurate wife must be released and restored to liberty.

In this country there would probably be but one opinion as to the justice of this decision. But in England, from ancient times, the idea that the husband has a right to compel his wife to live with him has been rooted in the public mind.

In recent years, however, many laws have been passed in England, regarding the rights of married woman, which have been in harmony with modern thought throughout the civilized world.

It is true that the law, which has existed for more than sixty years, forbidding any man to marry the sister of his deceased wife, still remains on the statute book. It has been repeatedly repealed by the House of Commons; but the House of Lords, largely influenced by the bishops, has always refused to do away with the restriction.

While a wife who is deserted by her husband cannot, in England, as she can in most of our States, obtain a divorce from him on that ground, she can compel him to support her, by paying her such a weekly sum "as is in accordance with his means." On the other hand, it seems by the recent decision that a husband has no rights whatever over a wife who deserts him.

By a law passed within ten years, moreover, the married Englishwoman's rights in regard to property have been greatly enlarged. She can now acquire, hold and bequeath property in her own name, without any control or interference of her husband; while she is liable for the debts separately contracted by her. She has thus been placed virtually in the same position, as to property, as a man or as an unmarried woman.

The result of the decision which has been referred to is likely to be, that desertion by a wife in England will be added, in the laws of that country, to the other causes for which a husband can sue for a divorce.

**Where They Differ.**

In a town in the far West, a crowd of cowboys stood around a fenced enclosure, beside the railroad track. In this enclosure was confined a large bull. The cowboys were amusing themselves by annoying in many ways the poor brute, who was fast becoming furious.

Suddenly, one of their number, lightly vaulting the fence, landed squarely astride of the bull's neck, and grasped him by the horns. The infuriated animal plunged and snorted, but his rider, with wonderful agility, quickly leaped to the ground, and before the bull could turn and gore him, sprang over the fence again to be greeted by the applause of his comrades.

Their attention was soon diverted, however, by the arrival of a passenger train which was just drawing up to the station across the street, and the cowboys, with characteristic shouts and laughter, ran across toward the platform.

Meanwhile, the now maddened bull had succeeded in breaking through the fence, and with tossing head and lashing tail was trotting across the street, bellowing as he went.

Just then a young man, satchel in hand, came running down the street to catch the train, passing on his way some farmers who were standing some distance from the bull.

They shouted to the young man as he passed, "Hi, there! Stop! The bull! The bull!" but he kept on, with a wave of the hand and an "All right! I'll look out for him."

The next instant the bull saw him, and with lowered horns, ran to head him off. But the young man was a fast runner. He passed just in front of the bull's head, which, the next instant, brought up with a thud against the side of the station. It was a very close shave.

Dazed by the shock, the bull stood still for a moment, then turned just as two children, who had arrived on the train and had passed through the station, started to cross the street. When they turned the corner of the building, they caught the animal's eye, and quick as a flash he charged them.

A cry of horror went up from the group of farmers, as the two little girls, now aware of their danger, started to run hand in hand.

A stalwart young farmer soon appeared a short distance behind them. He took in the situation at a glance. By hard running, he overtook the bull when but a few feet from the children, quickly grasped with both hands the horn nearest him, set his feet firmly, and with one quick, strong, downward and backward jerk, threw the animal heavily to the ground.

With the help of the other farmers, who by this time had reached the spot, the bull was secured and led away where he could do no more harm.

Thus, in less time than it has taken to tell it all, occurred perfect examples of three distinct human qualities, which in the minds of many people are often confounded—bravado, recklessness and courage.

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Trains leave Colborne Station, G. T. R. Eastern Standard time, as follows:

**GOING WEST.**

Express..... 7:45 A. M.  
Mixed..... 1:30 P. M.  
Express..... 6:42 P. M.

**GOING EAST.**

Express..... 10:08 A. M.  
Mixed..... 5:17 P. M.  
Express..... 11:45 P. M.

On Monday mornings there is no p45 train, but the 4.40 a. m. will stop.

**The Stages**

Connection with the stages may be made as follows at Colborne Post Office: Daily, for Castleton, Morganston, Northam and Warkworth, leaves at 11.00 a.m., arrives at 6.15 p.m.

This Stage also connects with Burnley (via Castleton) on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Twice daily, for Lakeport, leaves at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Daily, for Dundonald, arrives at 2 p.m. leaves at 3 p.m.

**The Mails**

Close at Colborne Post Office as follows  
East—9.30 a.m.; 7.45 p.m.  
West—6 p.m.; 7.45 p.m.

The North Mail closes at 10.40, and Lakeport and Dundonald about 15 minutes before stage leaves.

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