

A CANADIAN WINS.

The Queen's Prize Captured by T. H. Hayhurst of Hamilton.

A Most Popular Victory—Wild Excitement at the Close of the Contest.

Representatives from the Dominion Win in Other Competitions—Presenting the Prizes.

Bisley Camp, July 21.—(Reported specially for the Mail and Empire). Private Hayhurst, 13th, of Hamilton, Canada, won the Queen's prize.

Her Majesty the Queen's prize consists of the N. R. A. gold medal, the N. R. A. gold badge, and £250. It is the Mecca of all British marksmen. It is the hope of winning it which fires the heart of every young shot in the mother land, and revives his drooping courage when the butt of his rifle has blackened his eye, bruised his shoulder, or otherwise rendered him unable to become expert. The man who wins it is the hero of the town, city or village in which he is born. His return to his native place is made the occasion of a monster celebration. His name is never forgotten, and the first thing his neighbors say to him is: "He won the Queen's prize in 18—." It is shot for in three stages, divided over four days. The first stage includes the 200, 500 and 600 yards ranges. On the second Monday of each meet competitors fire at the 200 and 500 yards ranges, seven shots at each. On Tuesday following seven shots are fired at the 600 yards range. On the next Thursday the second stage is decided. Ten shots are fired at the 200 and 500 yards ranges, seven shots at each. On Saturday (the last day of the meet) the final stage is decided. Ten shots are fired at the 800 and 900 yards ranges. The competitor making the best aggregate of course, takes the Queen's prize. The total amount of prize money given in the match is £2,420.

Private Hayhurst's score in each stage was as follows: First stage, seven shots at each range—200 yards, 30; 500 yards, 33; 600 yards, 32; total, 95. Second stage, ten shots at 500 and fifteen at 600 yards—500 yards, 46; 600 yards, 55; total, 101. Third stage, ten shots at each of the 800 and 900 yards ranges, 33; total, 66; grand total, 279.

It will thus be seen that when the second stage closed Hayhurst had an aggregate of 196, while Private Hogg, of the Border Rifles, had a total of 205 at the close of the second stage. This aggregate won for Hogg the N. R. A. silver medal and silver badge, presented to the competitor making the highest aggregate in the first and second stages. Hogg thus entered the third stage with several more points to his credit than any other competitor. It did not follow, however, that he stood a better chance of winning the Queen's than any other of the one hundred competitors who qualified for the third and final stage. The 800 and 900 yards are trying ranges, and men who make the most brilliant scores at 200, 500 and 600 yards generally "fall off" at the two first mentioned.

THE FINAL STAGE. The final stages yesterday was shot under great difficulty. The wind blew a perfect gale from the left, and it rained hard throughout the shooting. The splendid scores of the competitors were therefore surprising. Hayhurst's score at 800 yards read 5, 5, 5, 3, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4—45, and at 900 yards 5, 2, 3, 4, 5, 3, 3, 5, 5, 3—38. Additional excitement was lent to the contest from the fact that Boyd, of the 3rd L. R. B. (Scotland), the Hayhurst's score of 279. When the contest was drawing to a close it was seen that Hayhurst and Boyd were scoring equally, although it was generally expected that the boy would win by a few points. When, however, the last shot had been fired, and it was announced that these competitors had tied, the excitement rose to fever heat.

DECIDING THE TIE. Every other range and target was deserted. The crowd around the mound from which Hayhurst and Boyd were firing their tie was enormous, but very quiet. The Canadians were the central figures. They stood immediately behind their comrade, and as near him as the rules, which are nowhere so strictly enforced as at Bisley, allowed. Not a man of them put was pale and quivering with excitement. They did not dare look at each other, but kept their field glasses fixed upon the target at which Hayhurst was firing. When his first shot was fired and the signal went up for an "outer," there came an involuntary groan from the little group, and their faces showed deep chagrin. When in answer to Boyd's shot the "inner" signal went up, "We've lost it," whispered one Canadian hoarsely, and no one of the crowd answered him. Hayhurst was cool, and if he felt any excitement, did not show it in his features or manner. He settled himself comfortably for his second shot, took a trifle longer than on his first and fired. The "inner" signal went up in response, and the Canadians smiled. Boyd's friends and countrymen, however, were confident, and nodded knowingly to each other when he made ready for his second shot. The Canadians were anxious and, oblivious to all else, fixed their glasses upon the target. "A miss," plainly seen by all who had glasses, and apparently by Boyd himself, for he did not challenge the shot. It was now the turn of Hayhurst to look gloomy, and as one of them afterwards remarked, "Our faces must have been a rare sight." The Canadians could scarcely refrain from cheering, and they began to look hopeful. All now depended upon Hayhurst's second shot. The nerves of the strongest-minded were now strung to the highest pitch. Only the two competitors seemed to be indifferent. When Hayhurst got into position for his last shot his companions craned their necks and watched him eagerly. As he took a steady long aim they nodded approvingly and encouragingly.

ly, unmindful of the fact that his back was toward them.

CANADA FOREVER.

The instant he fired every glass was turned to the target, and "Canada forever" yelled the Canadians when the signal for an "inner" was shown. Boyd's last shot found the bull's-eye, but did not save him from defeat. At the instant the Canadians made a rush for the mound. Boyd protested Hayhurst's last shot, claiming that it was a miss. There was a lull for a few minutes, but after telephoning the marker, the range officer announced that it had been scored correctly as an "inner." In an instant the Canadians had seized Hayhurst and mounted him upon the shoulders of two of the most stalwart "fir" band. A procession was quickly formed, and headed by brass band playing See the Conquering Hero Comes, paraded around the camp. Everyone joined in, for the victory was a most popular one, and last night many who marched with the crowd could hardly utter a word because of the hoarseness produced by the cheering and shouting. Thousands of hats, sticks, rifles, coats and flags, were thrown up by the excited crowds, and the din of voices sounded at a distance like the roar of an angry sea. When the procession had done the rounds of the camp until their boots were almost worn through, the Canadians headed the procession to the Canadian pavilion.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

Here the crowd stood back a little while the Canadians gathered in front of the pavilion and sang as vigorously as they could The Maple Leaf. The crowds quickly caught on to the chorus and joined in at the end of each verse. Then, after singing God Save the Queen, and giving three cheers for the majesty, the throng began to disperse, and Hayhurst with his companions entered the pavilion. Boyd took his defeat philosophically, and congratulated Hayhurst on the victory. From every quarter congratulations were showered upon the "conqueror."

The Canadian teams which compete annually in the National Rifle association meet here, by their sportsmanlike behavior and manliness, endeared themselves to the marksmen who have gathered at Wimbledon and Bisley for many years past. Although the prize is "the prize" of the meet, and the winning of it, the greatest honor to which old country marksmen can attain, the wish has been frequently expressed by the latter that a Canadian should win it. And now that wish has been fulfilled, old country men are just as enthusiastic over it as the members of the Canadian team. The Victoria Rifles, the London Scottish and the Westminster volunteer corps, in camp with representatives from several corps in Britain, turned out en masse and tendered Hayhurst a tremendous ovation. As the plucky Humberstonian was conducted through their particular part of the grounds they lined up on either side of the walk, and with a shout of "hurrah" which came from them will ring in the ears of Hayhurst and his confederates for many a day to come. They joined the procession, and when they had escorted Hayhurst to the Canadian pavilion they almost smothered him in an attempt to obtain the honor of shaking hands with the Queen's prizeman.

PRESENTING THE PRIZES.

Later—Bisley Camp, July 21.—(Reported specially for the Mail and Empire)—The prizes won at the meet of the N. R. A. were presented yesterday shortly after the last shot in this year's competition had been fired, and throughout the afternoon and evening the weather remained beautifully fine. The presentation was made by Lady Wantage, the first name called was that of "Private Hayhurst, 13th Battalion, Canada." As Hayhurst walked up to the platform his confederates of the Canadian team sang the first verse and chorus of the Maple Leaf. After planning the N. R. A. gold medal and silver badge, Lady Wantage delivered a brief speech. She complimented Hayhurst upon his victory, and incidentally spoke in very flattering terms of the brilliant work of the Canadian team. She was, she said, very pleased that the Queen's prize should go to the colonies, and particularly that the first colony to capture it should be the greatest and most loyal of all—Canada. The cheering as Hayhurst was escorted back to the pavilion lasted fully five minutes.

MINOR MATCHES.

In other contests in which the Canadians competed, the prizes awarded them and their scores are: "The Queen's," Col. Sergt. Skedden, fifty-eight, 258, 110; Capt. Spearing, seventy-fifth, 252, 115. "Railway Troop," Col. Sergt. Meadows, third, 67, 23; Lieut. Col. Anderson, eighth, 66, 23; Gunner Chamberlain, ninth, 66, 23; Lieut. Col. Anderson, eighth, 66, 23; Sergt. Maj. Armstrong, thirty-fourth, 65, 21; Capt. Mercer, forty-fourth, 65, 21. "Association cup" fourth, Lieut. Mitchell (for Miss E. Mitchell), 18, 25; Capt. Spearing, ninth, (for Miss G. Spearing), 67, 15; Staff Sergt. Simpson, sixteenth (for Miss Smith), 66, 13; Lt. Thos. Mitchell, twenty-ninth (for Miss M. Mitchell), 66, 13; Pte. Hayhurst, thirty-seventh, 64, 21; Lieut. Thos. Mitchell, seventy-first (for Miss Greenwood), 64, 21. "All Comers Aggregate," twenty-fifth, Pte. Hayhurst, 158, 22; fifty-seventh, Col. Sergt. Skedden, 155, 22. "The Ladies," first, Capt. Russell, 35, 25; ninth, Pte. Hayhurst, 34, 22. "Association cup" second, Lieut. Thos. Mitchell, eighth, 18, 25; "Marsden," eighteenth, Staff Sgt. Simpson, 32, 21. "Robin Hood," Pte. Hayhurst, first, 35, 110; Lieut. Thos. Mitchell, fourth, 34, 110; Gunner Chamberlain, fifth, 34, 110; Staff Sergt. Simpson, eleventh, 34, 110. "Wantage," (rapid firing contest), Pte. Hayhurst, twenty-sixth, 16, 22; Staff Sergt. Nutting, thirty-sixth, 16, 22.

CORPORATION AGGREGATE.

The Canadians distinguished themselves in the "Corporation Aggregate," and as they came forward to receive their prizes in this competition they were greeted with loud cheers. The prizes are awarded to Indian and colonial volunteers, making the highest scores in the "Grand Aggregate." The "Grand Aggregate prizes in turn being awarded to volunteers whose scores in

the first stage of the "Queen's" and the "St. George's," "Martin's," "Daily Graphic," "Graphic," "Daily Telegraph," and "Alexandra," makes up the highest aggregate. The Canadian prize winners are: Pte. Hayhurst, 1st, 300, 225; Col. Sergt. Skedden, second, 338, 115; Capt. Spearing, third, 321, 110; Sergt.-Major Armstrong, fourth, 310, 104; Capt. White, fifth, 324, 110; Lieut. Boville, sixth, 324, 110; Lieut. Thos. Mitchell, seventh, 319, 105; Staff Sergt. Simpson, eighth, 315, 105; Captain Russell, ninth, 314, 105; Sergt. Broadhurst, tenth, 313, 105; Col. Sergt. Meadows, eleventh, 311, 105; Sergt. Morris, twelfth, 310, 105. As there are only twelve prizes, the Canadians thus carried off all the prize money awarded in this contest, viz., £105.

COL. SERGT. MEADOWS FIRST.

In the "Fletcher" Gunner Chamberlain, fourth prize, score, 34, 14 Private Hayhurst, eleventh, 34, 12; Sergt. Wynne, twenty-first, 33, 11. "Thornburn," Col. Sergt. Meadows, first, 35, 15; Lieut. Thos. Mitchell, second, 32, 12; Capt. Spearing, twenty-first, 32, 12. "Grand Aggregate," Pte. Hayhurst, seventh, 340, 15; Col. Sergt. Skedden, eighth, 338, 15; Capt. Spearing, thirty-eighth, 311, 12. "Volunteer Aggregate," Col. Sergt. Skedden, 135, 15; Lieut. Thos. Mitchell, second, 132, 12. "White," forty-sixth, 179, 12; Capt. Spearing, fifty-fourth, 178, 12; Sergt. Major Armstrong, one hundredth, 176, 12. "Armourers," Pte. Hayhurst, eleventh, 29, 22; Staff Sergt. Simpson, twenty-first, 22, 22.

THE TOTAL AMOUNT OF PRIZE MONEY.

won by the Canadians yesterday, not including the "Queen's," was £247.

CONGRATULATORY MESSAGES.

The news that Hayhurst had captured the Queen's prize caused the greatest excitement among members of the "fir" band, but it did not excite those who take an interest in shooting, while hundreds who know little or nothing of rifle shooting were proud to hear that a Canadian had won so high an honor. Military men and others sent congratulatory telegrams to Hayhurst, and among them was one from the Mail and Empire editorial staff, which read: "Mail and Empire staff congratulates you, Canada forever." London, July 22.—Owing to the confusion attendant upon breaking up camp at Bisley, the money prizes were not on Saturday as they were announced until today. The Canadians winning money prizes were: Chamberlain, in two contests; Hayhurst, in two contests; Meadows, in one contest, and Mitchell, one contest. The consensus of opinion in the camp was that the Canadian marksmen contributed most notably to the success of the meeting. The contests being over, there is a general breaking up of camp today and the marksmen and their friends are on their way to the coast. On Saturday are taking their departure. The meeting was one of the most successful in every respect that has ever been held at these ranges.

IN CUBAN WATERS.

An American Schooner Fired on by a Spanish Gunboat.

Delaware Breakwater, July 24.—Captain Quick, of the American schooner Carrie A. Lane, upon her arrival here tonight, was told by the Canadian mariners encountered in Cuban waters with a Spanish gunboat. Two shots were fired at the Lane by the man-of-war, and one of the schooner's crew narrowly escaped being killed by one of the shots. The vessel was ordered to heave to and give an account of herself before being allowed to proceed. The schooner was off Port Antonio, and making good time before a stiff breeze, when, on the 14th inst., she sighted a steamer flying the Spanish flag, following her. Capt. Quick at first paid no attention to the stranger, but after an hour or so noticed that she was signalling him to stop. He then examined her more closely, but could only make out that she looked like a merchant vessel. He then ordered her to stop, and a round shot whistled uncomfortably close to the schooner's mainmast and plunged into the water on the lee quarter. Capt. Quick gave the order to man the guns, and fired the first shot, and while this was being done one of the crew ran out on the bowsprit. As he stood there the gun on the Spanish warship boomed again, and another shot sped on its way toward the American craft, this time coming so close to her that the sailor on the bowsprit says he distinctly felt the wind caused by its rapid flight. The Lane soon came to a dead stop and the gunboat drew up under her quarter. A boat was lowered and four Spanish marines, under the command of a lieutenant in the Spanish navy, came aboard. They were fully armed, and their leader very civilly lifted his cap, and demanded to know from what port the Lane had sailed, and whether she was bound. Capt. Quick gave the required information, and produced his papers in proof of his assertions. No further search was made and the vessel was permitted to continue on her course without further molestation. Capt. Quick says that he could not get the name of the gunboat, although he tried to do so, and give no further description of her than that she resembled an American tug boat. He adds that after the first shot was fired at the Lane, he caused the Stars and Stripes to be hoisted at the peak, but the only response the Spanish vessel made to this was a second shot. The gunboat did not hold her colors until after the first shot was fired. It was then that Capt. Quick reached here tonight he wired to his agents in Philadelphia, and will await advices from them before determining upon what course to pursue in regard to what he considers an outrage. He thinks that the Lane must have been mistaken to be a filibustering craft, but insists that there is nothing in her appearance to justify this belief. Besides this the vessel is well known to the West Indian waters.

NOVA SCOTIA FARMERS.

Upland hay is light, being very thin in the bottom; some marsh hay is up to the average, though considerable is below. Since St. Swithins day the weather has been almost constantly overcast, with more or less drizzle, and the hay harvest is consequently greatly delayed. Pastures, are, however, better than usual, and the milk flow keeping up at the factories fairly well. Not much attention is given to supplemental green feeds, but as the dairy business increases, more attention will be given. Cherries are a good crop in most orchards, and apples making a fairly good showing. All crops are looking well and will give present appearances be up to the average. The hominy is being fought with various appliances and during the past cloudy weather has not been so good. When my wife came in I asked her where they were. 'Why,' says she, 'I'm goin' to learn to ride a bicycle, and they've made me a lovely pair of bloomers.' Say, does that go?"

HE WOULD BE ON HAND.

It appears from a story told in connection with a caucus held in Troy, N. Y., a few years ago, that the natives of Erin in that city were fully alive to the opportunities of the Americans, and did not wish to be left behind. During the caucus in one of the lower wards of the city, one John O'Brien was nominated for a minor position on the ward ticket, to be voted for at the charter election. Some inquiries were made of one Patrick O'Brien as to who this person bearing his name might be, as no one in the neighborhood could call him to mind. "He's me brother," said Patrick O'Brien, with cheerful placidity, "he's not arrived in the country yet, but he'll ship up a Wednesday, an'll be here in time for election."—Youth's Companion.

SURE TO HIT.

"You can always guess a woman's age if you will give you three guesses," remarked Slim. "I don't believe it." "It's bound to be six—been, twenty-six or sixty,"—Washington Star.

A DESPERATE CASE.

Mr. Youngfather—How's the baby this morning? The nurse—Well, he ain't complainin'. Mr. Youngfather—What! As sick as that?

THE SPANISH REBELLION.

Official Report of the Battle of Venezuela—The Losses on Both Sides.

(Copyrighted, 1895, by the Associated Press.)

Havana, July 24.—The following official account of the battle of Venezuela, the first report of which was cabled exclusively to the Associated Press on July 18th, has been furnished to the correspondent of the Associated Press at Havana. It confirms the report of the battle, the later details of which were cabled exclusively on July 21st.

Acting Captain General Arderius, who is in command at Havana during the absence of Captain General Martinez de Campos, at the front has just received the following message from the captain general:

Verguta, July 23.—General Arderius, Havana: On the 12th I started from Manzanillo towards Verguta and Bayamo. I received information which turned out to be misleading. But, at Verguta, I was informed that Maceo was in the neighborhood of Bayamo, at the head of large forces of insurgents. I had only 1,500 men, but I thought it honorable to retreat, and I also thought that the numbers of the enemy were exaggerated, and consequently proceeded on my march and eventually met the enemy near Peralta, about three leagues south of Bayamo.

My column was commanded by the unfortunate General Santocildes. When the latter was killed in action I took command. The battle was a hard fought one. The field was most favorable for the opening of our troops. The enemy numbered three times more than we did, was well supplied with ammunition and fought skilfully. We were surrounded by fire on four sides. The firing lasted five hours and it was followed by another hour of fighting in which our rear guard was engaged.

Our losses in killed are the gallant General Santocildes, his adjutant, Jose Sotomayor, Captain Embilio Tomas and twenty-five soldiers, and our wounded were Lt. Col. Jose Vauqueo, Capt. Luis Robles, First Lt. Francisco Sanchez Ortega, Capt. Traves and forty-nine soldiers. I cannot ascertain the losses of the enemy, but it is said that they are over three hundred.

With the fatigue of the journey and battle on the 12th, Bayamo, and I had no ammunition to spare. I communicated with Holquin and Santiago de Cuba, directing that troops be sent to supply Bayamo with ammunition and to so manoeuvre as to be ready to engage the rebels, the latter would effect further fighting. Gen. Suarez Valdez arrived yesterday, the 21st, with 1,400 men, and that day we left for Verguta. Gen. La-chambre was under fire yesterday at of slight importance, and today he has gone to Bayamo over the same road that I followed the other day. Tomorrow I shall go to Manzanillo. Forward this message to the minister of war.

(Signed) CAMPOS.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Return of Hon. Messrs. Bond and Em-merson—The Loan, it is Said, Was not Negotiated.

St. John's, N.F., July 23.—Hon. Robt. Bond, colonial secretary, and Hon. George Emerson, executive councillor, returned here yesterday. Mr. Bond has been to London, after arranging the colonial loan, for which he visited the United States, attempted to raise a special loan to assist the local savings banks. Opposition papers say that he failed and the government organ to rise on the subject, but to the public think that he was unsuccessful. The reason given is that British investors were dissatisfied at the action of the Whiteparty in voting full salaries to all members and officials of the legislature, in defiance of their re-trenchment promises.

THE LIMIT.

Syracuse Post: He came into the lawyer's office with a look that was fixed with grim determination. "You are a lawyer?" "The attorney nodded." "You fix me out all right?" "What do you want?" "I want to get a separation from my wife." "What has she done?" "I've got to tell?" "Sure." The man studied the floor for a few moments. "Well," he said, "the other night I went home and wanted my old blue overalls. I could not find them any-where. When my wife came in I asked her where they were. 'Why,' says she, 'I'm goin' to learn to ride a bicycle, and they've made me a lovely pair of bloomers.' Say, does that go?"

A FATAL MISTAKE.

Hubby—I say, wifey, I met your twin brother today on his safety. I always considered James a handsome man, but he looked like a scrub on that machine. Persuade him to give it up. Wifey—James, indeed! (Weeping.) You met me today in the latest style of bicycle dress. Take me for James! You are a brute.

THE LAST WORD.

Mrs. Caller—Have you made up your mind where you are going this summer? Mrs. Minks—Not yet; I'm awaiting John's preference in the matter. Mrs. Caller—Do you always defer to his choice? Mrs. Minks—Not exactly; I wait until he decides on a place, and then I insist on going somewhere else.—Richmond Dispatch.

THE NEW WOMAN.

"You are not leaving us, Jack? You will be here directly." Jack to two very masculinely dressed and spoken young women—"Oh, I'm going for a cup of tea in the servants' hall. I can't go out without female society, you know." Pusch.

A PERILOUS AIR RIDE.

A Lad, Caught by a Balloon, Carried for Miles.

A crowd of 3,000 people at Neshaminy Falls, Pa., at a picnic witnessed an adventure that nearly paralyzed them a few days ago. Frederick Young, a twelve-year-old lad became entangled in the ropes of a great balloon, and was carried up in the air a mile and a half, and in this awful position he floated for three miles before landing. The John B. Stetson mission folks from Philadelphia went to have their annual picnic. Among the number was Frederick Young, whose home is at No. 2,568 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. The big feature of the day was a balloon ascension that came off at 3 o'clock. Everybody gathered to see William Trainer, the aeronaut, take his trip through the air. He had a parachute attached to the air ship and proposed to take a flying leap. A large number of boys and men were boy found himself dangling below the balloon, but above the parachute. Trainer was clinging to the parachute trapeze. He realized the lad's peril and shouted instructions to him as how to hold on. The great crowd below stood mute at the thrilling sight. Higher and higher soared the balloon, and the people could see the unfortunate boy trying to get a firm hold upon the top of the parachute. This seemed to secure, for he quickly settled so close upon the top of it that he could not be seen by the crowd below. Up went the balloon higher and higher, and those on the ground feared every instant that the lad would grow dizzy and let go his hold. But he did not. Trainer kept shouting cheerily to him all the while, but his words could not be heard by the picnic party in the woods. The balloon sailed farther and farther away, and seemed to grow small to the anxious gazers below. It floated over towards Lehigh, and was, Trainer says, half a mile from the grounds at one time. Then it began slowly to settle, as the hot air within it cooled. Gradually it sank, but still floated before the breeze. Lower it got, and Frederick Young's heart leaped with joy when it got down to the level of the tree tops, and the next instant they alighted in a wheat field. This was three miles from where they started. Except a dreadful fright and a wrenched ankle, where he was caught by the ropes, the lad was uninjured. As luckily as he could he came back to this place and returned to the city with friends. Of course, he was the hero of the homeward journey.

THE SALT-RISING BREAD.

One cup of lukewarm water, 1-2 cup cornmeal and a pinch of salt. Mix and let stand over night in a warm place—in summer a kitchen cupboard will do. In the morning strain the water from this (which should be foamy by this time if kept warm enough) and add enough warm water to half fill a quart bowl. Then thicken with flour and set the bowl in a kettle of warm water. About the right temperature at this season of the year is 105 degrees. In two hours it should be light enough to fill the bowl, although I have had nice bread when it took four hours. Two quarts of milk or milk curd, water, 1 tablespoon salt and a little sugar with your quart of rising must be stirred to a thick batter in a large pan, giving plenty of room to rise. This should be placed over your kettle of warm water and allowed to rise. If it all the time it is not allowed to get below 105 degrees in temperature, should be in about 40 minutes. When the loaves begin to crack a little at the sides they should be put in a moderate oven and baked three-quarters of an hour or till the top and bottom are nicely browned. I have had excellent success with salt rising by this rule and hope it will be definite enough to suit Ray. The secret of this kind of bread is to keep it warm enough and out of all drafts.

NOVA SCOTIA FARMERS.

Upland hay is light, being very thin in the bottom; some marsh hay is up to the average, though considerable is below. Since St. Swithins day the weather has been almost constantly overcast, with more or less drizzle, and the hay harvest is consequently greatly delayed. Pastures, are, however, better than usual, and the milk flow keeping up at the factories fairly well. Not much attention is given to supplemental green feeds, but as the dairy business increases, more attention will be given. Cherries are a good crop in most orchards, and apples making a fairly good showing. All crops are looking well and will give present appearances be up to the average. The hominy is being fought with various appliances and during the past cloudy weather has not been so good. When my wife came in I asked her where they were. 'Why,' says she, 'I'm goin' to learn to ride a bicycle, and they've made me a lovely pair of bloomers.' Say, does that go?"

HE WOULD BE ON HAND.

It appears from a story told in connection with a caucus held in Troy, N. Y., a few years ago, that the natives of Erin in that city were fully alive to the opportunities of the Americans, and did not wish to be left behind. During the caucus in one of the lower wards of the city, one John O'Brien was nominated for a minor position on the ward ticket, to be voted for at the charter election. Some inquiries were made of one Patrick O'Brien as to who this person bearing his name might be, as no one in the neighborhood could call him to mind. "He's me brother," said Patrick O'Brien, with cheerful placidity, "he's not arrived in the country yet, but he'll ship up a Wednesday, an'll be here in time for election."—Youth's Companion.

SURE TO HIT.

"You can always guess a woman's age if you will give you three guesses," remarked Slim. "I don't believe it." "It's bound to be six—been, twenty-six or sixty,"—Washington Star.

A DESPERATE CASE.

Mr. Youngfather—How's the baby this morning? The nurse—Well, he ain't complainin'. Mr. Youngfather—What! As sick as that?

Ask Twenty of the Leading Horsemen

for their advice as to treatment of your horse if he is lame from sprains, cuts, bruises, etc., or if suffering from a chronic cough, and nineteen out of the twenty will tell you to use

MANCHESTER'S VETERINARY LINIMENT.

Thomas Hayes, Marsh Bridge, St. John, writes: I had a young horse lame from an enormous lump on the stiffler. I cured him of the lameness and completely removed the lump by using Veterinary Liniment. It is the best I ever used.

A DINNER FROM THE BIBLE.

Spread a cloth of blue, and put thereon the dishes and spoons, and the bowls, with the bread in the basket.—Num. iv. 6, and Levit. viii. 17. Salt withal, prescribing how much and oil in a cruse.—Esa. vii. 2, and 1 Kings xvii. 12. Bring shining on a candle giveth light.—Luke xi. 38. Tell them who are hidden I have prepared my dinner.—Matt. xxii. 4. They are strong of appetite.—Isaiah vii. 15. Let us eat and be merry.—Luke xv. 23. The feast is made for laughter, you wakers merry.—Job. i. 21. Ye hear all kinds of music.—Dan. iii. 5. Grace—Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. vi. 11. Soup. Feed me with bread.—Judges vi. 20. Feed me with potatoes.—Gen. xlv. 20. Use a little wine for the stomach's sake.—1 Tim. v. 23. Fish. We remember the fish we did eat freely.—Num. xv. 6. They gave him a piece of broiled fish.—Luke xii. 17. Bring of the fish which ye have now caught.—John xi. 10. Everlasting man, begging doth set forth good wine.—John ii. 10.

ALL MANNER OF BAKEMEATS.

Ye may eat of the rook.—Dust. xii. 15. Ye shall eat the wild root and wild ox.—Esa. lvi. 7. Cause the strong wine to be poured out.—Num. xxviii. 7. Vegetables. Take unto thee wheat, lentils and millet.—Esa. lv. 2. They brought parched corn and beans.—II Sam. xv. 17. After that the full corn in the ear.—Mark iv. 28. We remember the leeks and the onions, and the cucumbers and the garlic.—Num. xi. 5. The manna was as coriander seed.—Num. xxi. 7.

THE SALT-RISING BREAD.

One cup of lukewarm water, 1-2 cup cornmeal and a pinch of salt. Mix and let stand over night in a warm place—in summer a kitchen cupboard will do. In the morning strain the water from this (which should be foamy by this time if kept warm enough) and add enough warm water to half fill a quart bowl. Then thicken with flour and set the bowl in a kettle of warm water. About the right temperature at this season of the year is 105 degrees. In two hours it should be light enough to fill the bowl, although I have had nice bread when it took four hours. Two quarts of milk or milk curd, water, 1 tablespoon salt and a little sugar with your quart of rising must be stirred to a thick batter in a large pan, giving plenty of room to rise. This should be placed over your kettle of warm water and allowed to rise. If it all the time it is not allowed to get below 105 degrees in temperature, should be in about 40 minutes. When the loaves begin to crack a little at the sides they should be put in a moderate oven and baked three-quarters of an hour or till the top and bottom are nicely browned. I have had excellent success with salt rising by this rule and hope it will be definite enough to suit Ray. The secret of this kind of bread is to keep it warm enough and out of all drafts.

THE SALT-RISING BREAD.

One cup of lukewarm water, 1-2 cup cornmeal and a pinch of salt. Mix and let stand over night in a warm place—in summer a kitchen cupboard will do. In the morning strain the water from this (which should be foamy by this time if kept warm enough) and add enough warm water to half fill a quart bowl. Then thicken with flour and set the bowl in a kettle of warm water. About the right temperature at this season of the year is 105 degrees. In two hours it should be light enough to fill the bowl, although I have had nice bread when it took four hours. Two quarts of milk or milk curd, water, 1 tablespoon salt and a little sugar with your quart of rising must be stirred to a thick batter in a large pan, giving plenty of room to rise. This should be placed over your kettle of warm water and allowed to rise. If it all the time it is not allowed to get below 105 degrees in temperature, should be in about 40 minutes. When the loaves begin to crack a little at the sides they should be put in a moderate oven and baked three-quarters of an hour or till the top and bottom are nicely browned. I have had excellent success with salt rising by this rule and hope it will be definite enough to suit Ray. The secret of this kind of bread is to keep it warm enough and out of all drafts.

THE SALT-RISING BREAD.

One cup of lukewarm water, 1-2 cup cornmeal and a pinch of salt. Mix and let stand over night in a warm place—in summer a kitchen cupboard will do. In the morning strain the water from this (which should be foamy by this time if kept warm enough) and add enough warm water to half fill a quart bowl. Then thicken with flour and set the bowl in a kettle of warm water. About the right temperature at this season of the year is 105 degrees. In two hours it should be light enough to fill the bowl, although I have had nice bread when it took four hours. Two quarts of milk or milk curd, water, 1 tablespoon salt and a little sugar with your quart of rising must be stirred to a thick batter in a large pan, giving plenty of room to rise. This should be placed over your kettle of warm water and allowed to rise. If it all the time it is not allowed to get below 105 degrees in temperature, should be in about 40 minutes. When the loaves begin to crack a little at the sides they should be put in a moderate oven and baked three-quarters of an hour or till the top and bottom are nicely browned. I have had excellent success with salt rising by this rule and hope it will be definite enough to suit Ray. The secret of this kind of bread is to keep it warm enough and out of all drafts.

THE SALT-RISING BREAD.

One cup of lukewarm water, 1-2 cup cornmeal and a pinch of salt. Mix and let stand over night in a warm place—in summer a kitchen cupboard will do. In the morning strain the water from this (which should be foamy by this time if kept warm enough) and add enough warm water to half fill a quart bowl. Then thicken with flour and set the bowl in a kettle of warm water. About the right temperature at this season of the year is 105 degrees. In two hours it should be light enough to fill the bowl, although I have had nice bread when it took four hours. Two quarts of milk or milk curd, water, 1 tablespoon salt and a little sugar with your quart of rising must be stirred to a thick batter in a large pan, giving plenty of room to rise. This should be placed over your kettle of warm water and allowed to rise. If it all the time it is not allowed to get below 105 degrees in temperature, should be in about 40 minutes. When the loaves begin to crack a little at the sides they should be put in a moderate oven and baked three-quarters of an hour or till the top and bottom are nicely browned. I have had excellent success with salt rising by this rule and hope it will be definite enough to suit Ray. The secret of this kind of bread is to keep it warm enough and out of all drafts.