

the fires burn. As a matter of fact we went to bed as usual and slept without any fires at all. Not only that, but we suffered no discomfort. The only unpleasant thing about it was turning out of one's blankets in the morning to light the fire, and that I admit was cold, but still nothing that a strong man could not stand with equanimity.

But what will be thought when I state that during those three days of extreme cold, Mr. and Mrs. Abrey were on their way from Battleford to Fort Pitt, and slept out without any tent, and without keeping up a fire through the night? If a Canadian surveyor's wife could do this, a Canadian surveyor can get to the North Pole.—*From Arctic Temperatures and Exploration, by Stuart Jenkins, in The Popular Science Monthly for September.*

"GREASING THE WHEELS AT THE WRONG END."

Passengers by the railways are fond of tipping guards and porters, although they seldom give a thought to the engine driver. A correspondent of the *Strand Magazine*, who has been interviewing some drivers of expresses, obtained from one of them a story illustrating this. It seems that a fellow employe, described as an old stager, saw a gentleman give half-a-crown to the guard with a request that he would do his best to make up for lost time, as he wanted to catch a particular train at a junction. When the junction was reached, the train in question was just steaming out of the station, whereupon the passenger, annoyed, went up to the driver and said, "I think, driver, you might have enabled me to get my train." "Ah, sir," replied the driver, "you greased the wheels at the wrong end of the train."

AN OPTIMIST VIEW OF LIFE.

The discussions on Church "Reunion" at Grindelwald having closed, the remaining month of the programme will be taken up by the Literary and Scientific Section, which was opened on Monday night by Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., who said that in his view the way to "make the most of life" was to try to be healthy in body and mind. He put the health of the body first, not because he considered it of the greater importance, but because it led the way, naturally, to the consideration of the subtler or diviner part, the mind. He once knew an engineer who had charge of a large stationary engine, which had been at work about ninety years, and had had eight masters, seven of whom had died or become disabled. "Very strange," said the engineer, "that an engine should last so much longer than a man." But the engine was equable in its work, it never ran loose, it was bright as a new pin, true in its vocation, clean in every point, was served with the simplest food of its kind, had its furnace tubes kept clear, and drank nothing but water. So it lived on, while its masters died—a striking lesson. Presuming human beings are born of good and wholesome constitution, they are, except for accidental destructive agencies, in a fair way to live five times their maturity, that is, five times twenty-one years, the natural term of the anatomical life—namely, 105 years—a term few reach, but which is attainable as a matter of experience, and so attainable as a matter of natural law, that the majority of men and women, would attain it if

they lived properly. No person is well and happy who is pained at the sight of useful success in others, or who would rather dwell on the failures than rejoice in the progressive career of other men. Communion with man and nature lifts the mind above the jealous maunderings of the wayward, contributing new hope and new impulse to those who feel that they are making the most of life.

AN HOTEL MAN'S STORY.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE GRAND UNION, TORONTO, RELATES AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Suffered Intensely From Rheumatism—Six Doctors and Mineral Springs Failed to Help Him—How He Found a Cure—His Wife Also Restored to Health—Advice to Others.

From the Toronto World.

One of the most popular officers at the recent meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada was Rev. L. A. Betts, of Brockville, Grand Chaplain for 1893-94. While on his way to grand lodge Rev. Mr. Betts spent some time in Toronto, and among other points of interest visited the World office. It seems natural to talk Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one hailing from the home of that world-famous medicine, and incidentally the conversation with Mr. Betts turned in that direction, when he told the World that he had that day met an old friend whose experience was a most remarkable one. The friend alluded to is Mr. John Soby, for many years proprietor of one of the leading hotels of Napanee, but now a resident of Toronto, and proprietor of one of the Queen City's newest and finest hostelrys, the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Union depot. The World was impressed with the story Mr. Betts told, and determined to interview Mr. Soby and secure the particulars of his case for publication. Mr. Soby freely gives his testimony to the good done him by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago rheumatism with its attendant legion of aches and pains fastened upon him, and he was forced to retire from business. "For months," said Mr. Soby, "I suffered and could find no relief from doctors or medicines. The disease was always worse in the spring and fall, and last year I was almost crippled with pain. From my knee to my shoulder shot pains which felt like red-hot needles. Then all my limbs would be affected at once. Half-a-dozen doctors, one after the other, tried to cure me, but did no good. The rheumatism seemed to be getting worse. As I had tried almost everything the doctors could suggest, I thought I would try a little prescribing on my own account and purchased a supply of Pink Pills. The good effects were soon perceptible, and I procured a second supply, and before these were gone I was cured of a malady six doctors could not put an end to. I have recovered my appetite, never felt better in my life, and I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills credit for this transformation. My wife, too, is just as warm an advocate as I am. A sufferer for years she has experienced to the full the good of Dr. Williams' invaluable remedy, and recommends it to all women." "From what trouble was your wife suffering?" asked the reporter. "Well, I can't just tell you that," said Mr.

Soby. "I do not know, and I don't think she did. It's just the same with half the women. They are sick, weak and dispirited, have no appetite and seem to be fading away. There is no active disease at work, but something is wrong. That was just the way with my wife. She was a martyr to dyspepsia, never in perfect health, and when she saw the change the Pink Pills made in me she tried them. The marvelous improvement was just as marked in her case as in my own, and she says that her whole system is built up, and that the dyspepsia and sick headaches have vanished. She, as well as myself, seems to have regained youth, and I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the remedy one of the most valuable discoveries of the century. Let the doubters call and see me and they will be convinced."

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

Watering garden plants, as commonly practised, is an absolute injury to vegetation, for the reason that it is not done plentifully enough. When the earth is dry and hot, the application of a little water only increases the heat and has a tendency to make the soil more compressed and drier than before. The most of our soils are more or less calcareous, and the action of the sun's heat has the same effect as heat upon limestone. The carbonic acid is expelled, and when brought in contact with moisture heat is generated, and unless sufficient water is applied to overcome the heat, vegetation suffers.—*Farmers' Voice.*

According to the *Engineers' Gazette*, the oldest mathematical book in the world, which dates some 4,000 years back, and was written in Egypt, contains a rule for squaring the circle. The rule given is to shorten the diameter by a ninth, and on the line so obtained to construct a square; and this, though far from being exact, is near enough for most practical purposes. Mathematicians have long been convinced that the solution was impossible; but it is only a few years since they were able to demonstrate this. A German professor named Landmann published in 1882 a demonstration which was accepted by the scientific world as satisfactory.

Experiments with glass building bricks were begun in 1891 by M. Falcomer, an architect of Lyons. These bricks are hollow, being blown like bottles, and are given forms—such as cubes, hexagons, etc.—that permit of ready laying. A bituminous cement, with a base of asphalt, is used with them. The bricks serve as double windows, giving protection against both cold and heat; they are good insulators of humidity and noise, and they lend themselves readily to the decoration of buildings, either by their form or their colour. Many applications are foreseen. The bricks are neater than marble in meat markets, and are especially adapted for bath halls, hot-houses, hospitals, refrigerating establishments, and buildings in which absence of windows would be an advantage. A hot-house of glass bricks is of about ordinary cost, saves fuel, and resists hail.