

VOL. II, NO. 117

Veterinary Department.

[All Communications for this column should be sent to the Editor, The Horseman, 100 N. B. C. Questions answered by this column are on only a general basis. No responsibility is assumed for our subscribers.]

DAX—Interfering: this name is in use when speaking of a horse hitting himself on the inside of the pastern joint, either on the hind or foreleg. It is usually done without called cutting; it is usually done without the aid of the inside of the pastern joint. Cause: The blacksmith is many times wrong in fully blaming for want of attention or skill in shoeing the horse, because he does not know the cause, no doubt, where a little observation and care on the part of the shoe would have prevented it. From much observation, however, I am satisfied that the chief cause lies in the weakness of the horse, particularly in the spring of the year. If horsemen will know the true cause, they did not interfere in the winter months.

When the weather was not oppressive
the horse was turned out, but he
to changes have been made in the shoe
in manner of shoeing. Treatment:
Feed Superior Condition Powders.
J. H. NASHAWAK—I have a young
horse that seems to be all out of sorts
or he starts right up, she has passed
her appetite is very poor. Has
during an evening, made in mash.
do this for three days, then give one
of linseed oil in the morning. After
he has been physiced feed Superior
Condition Powders.

L. B. I have a colt coming two years
old, he is very lively, rubbing
itching, stamping and biting at his
as if something were annoying him.
ans: Your colt is troubled with lice.
Treatment: Take of the liver of sulphur
one ounce, cold water one pint. Mix
thoroughly the body at a time. If that
is not effectual get bi-chloride of mer-
cury thirty-two grains, cold water one

body every day until all has been gone
over with the brush. This is very weak
and can do the horse no harm.

W. X.—I bought a nice horse about
three months ago, and I have noticed
one of his hind legs swell up every night
and when I take him out in the morning
he swells gone away after he goes a
mile or two. Ans. Use a wet rag
soaked in liniment on the swelling
Feed bar mashes or carrots, scaled
and Superior Condition Powders.

T. H.—I have a nice bay gelding
inclined to be nervous and irritable.
I have gone in the stable two or three
times and found him excited and
quivering, can't move and I can't make
him. Ans.: Your horse has crank
the hind leg. This is common among
young horses of an irritable temper.

SUICIDE.
An English Doctor Gives Name Statistics on the Subject.
LONDON, Feb. 17.—Dr. Wm. Ogilvie read a paper on "Suicides in England and Wales" last night before the Statistical Society. After stating that the number of deaths registered from 1858 to 1888 was 42,630, and was in the proportion of twenty-five to one million of the population living, the lecturer stated that the suicide rate increased rapidly with age until after middle life, but that it more advanced age the rate diminished.

At all age periods, except the youngest, the suicide rate was higher among the female, and the difference became more pronounced as the ages increased with age. Taking all ages together, the male suicides were 267 and the female 267 to 100. The occupations in which the suicides' rate was lowest were those which employed rough manual labor carried on mostly out of doors. The occupations with the highest suicide rates were such as those of the clergy, and of highly educated persons. The amount of suicides varied very definitely with the seasons, forming a regular annual curve, in which the minimum was in December, and the maximum was in June. The commonest method of suicide was hanging, the next followed in order drawing, cutting, stab-bing, poisoning, and shooting. Women selected drowning before hanging, while men selected hanging before drowning. Women were more likely to be deterred from men in

A SKEARABLE ITEM.—During the breaking of winter, when the air is chilly and the weather damp, such complaints as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, colds, and other painful effects of sudden changes of temperature, are prevalent. It is then that Hager's Yellow Oil is found truly valuable as a household remedy.

A WISE CHOICE.—In selecting a remedy for colds and colds the wise choice is to take one that loosens the tough mucus clogging the throat, and soothes the inflamed membrane of the Pectoral Passageway, which prompts the patient to cough up hard colds and their troublesome effects.

LILIAN, THE ADDRESS.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times. I had no idea it was a touchy subject with you."

"Nor is it," she said, "shortly."

"She will have her wish," says Lilian, alluding to Cyril's unfortunate quotation and ignoring the remark that followed. "I am sure it will be moonlight by ten," making a critical examination of the sky through the window, near which she is sitting. "How charming moonlight is! If I had a lover," laughing—"I should never go for a drive or walk with him except beneath its cool white rays. I think Miss Beauchamp very wise in choosing the hour she has chosen for her return home."

This is intenable. The inference is quite distinct. Guy blushes crimson and opens his mouth to give way to some of the thoughts that are oppressing him, but his mother's voice breaking in checks him.

"Don't have any lovers for a long time, child," she says, "you are too young for such unsatisfactory toys. The longer you are without them, the happier you will be. They are more trouble than gratification."

"I don't mean to have one," says Lilian, with a wise shake of her blonde head, "for years and years, I was merely admiring Miss Beauchamp's taste."

"Why didn't you arrive by moonlight, Lilian?"

"It didn't occur to me; in future I shall be more considerate. Are you fretting because you can't go to-night to meet your cousin? You see how insignificant you are; you would not be trusted on so important a mission. It is only bad little words you are sent to welcome."

She laughs gaily as she says this; but Guy, who is listening, feels it is meant as a reproach to him.

"There are worse things than bad little words," says Cyril, "if you are a specimen."

"Do you think so? It's a pity every one doesn't agree with me. No, Martin," to the elderly servant behind her chair, who she knows has a decided weakness for her; "don't take away the ice pudding yet; I am very fond of it."

"So is Florence. You and she, I foresee, will have a stand-up fight for it not at least once a week. Poor cook! I suppose she will have to make two ice puddings instead of one for the future."

"If there is anything on earth I love it is an ice pudding."

"Not better than me, I trust."

"Far, far better."

"Take it away instantly, Martin; Miss Cheeney must have any more it don't agree with her."

At this Martin smiles demurely and deferentially, and presents the coveted pudding to Miss Cheeney, whereat Miss Cheeney makes a little triumphant grimace at Cyril, and helps herself as she loves herself.

Dinner is over. The servants—oh, joy!—have withdrawn; everybody has eaten as much fruit as the foot is good for them. Lady Chetwoode looks at Lilian and half rises from her seat.

"It is hardly worth while your leaving us this evening, mother," Guy says, lazily; "I must go soon to my room, away if I wish to catch the train coming in."

"Very well"—re-seating herself—"we shall break through rules, and stay with you for this one night. You won't have your coffee until you return?"

"No, thank you." He is a little distrustful and is following Lilian's movements with his eyes, who has risen, thrown up the window, and is now standing upon the balcony outside, gazing upon the slumbering flowers, and upon the rippling, singing brooks in the distance—the only things in all creation that never seemed to sleep.

After a while, tired of inanimate nature, she turns her face inwards and leans against the window-frame, and, being in an idle mood, begins to pluck to pieces the flower that has rested during dinner upon her bosom.

Standing thus in the half light, she looks particularly fair, and slight, and childish:

"A lovely being, scarcely formed or molded. A rose with all its sweetest leaves folded."

Some thought crossing Lady Chetwoode's mind, born of the long and loving glances she has been bestowing upon Lilian, she says:

"How I detest that people. They make me feel positively ill. Mrs. Bolton, when she called to-day, raised within me the keenest pity."

"She is a very distressing woman," says Guy, absently. "One feels thankful she has no daughter."

"Yes, indeed; the same thought occurred to me. Though perhaps not far now, she would undoubtedly show fatal symptoms of a tendency towards it later on. Now you, my dear Lilian, have happily escaped such a fate; you will never be fat."

"I'm sure I hope not, if you dislike the idea so much," says Lilian, amused, letting the ghastly remembrance of her ill-treated flower fall to the ground.

"If you only knew the misery I felt on hearing you were coming to us," goes on Lady Chetwoode, "dreading lest you might be inclined that way; not of course but that I was very pleased to have you, my dear child, but I fancied you large and healthy-looking, with a country air, red cheeks, black hair, and untanned legs. Imagine my delight, therefore, when I beheld you thin and self-possession, and with your pretty yellow hair!"

"You make me blush, you cover me

with confusion," says Miss Cheeney, hiding her face in her hands.

"Yes, yellow hair is my admiration," goes on Lady Chetwoode, modestly; "I had golden hair myself in my youth."

"My dearest mother, we all know you were, and are, the loveliest lady in creation," says Guy, whose tenderness towards his mother is at times a thing to be admired.

"My dear Guy, how you flatter!" says she, blushing a faint, sweet old blush that shows how mightily pleased she is.

"Do you know," says Lilian, "in spite of being thought timid, I like comfortable-looking people? I wish I had more flesh on my poor bones. I think," going deliberately up to a glass and surveying herself with a distasteful shrug—"I think thin people have a meagre, gawky, hard look about them, eminently unbecoming. I rather admire Mrs. Mount-George, for instance."

"Hateful woman!" says Lady Chetwoode, who cherishes for her an old spite. "I rather admire her, too," says Sir Guy, unwisely—though he only gives way to this opinion through a wild desire to help out Lilian's judgment.

"Do you?" says that young lady, with exaggerated emphasis. "I shouldn't have thought she was a man's beauty. She is a little too—too—demonstrative, too pronounced."

"Oh, Guy, adores fat women," says Cyril the incoherent. "Would you see Florence; there is nothing of the 'meagre, gawky, hard' sort about her. She has a decided leaning towards embonpoint."

"And I imagined her quite slight," says Lilian.

"You must begin then and imagine her all over again. The only flesh there isn't about Florence is fool's flesh. It is hardly worth while, however, your creating a fresh portrait, as the original," gazing at his watch, "will be soon before you. Guy, my friend, you should hurry."

"You would not care to go to meet Florence?"

"I thank you kindly—no," says Cyril, with an expressive shrug; "not for Joe! I shall infinitely prefer a cigar at home, and Miss Cheeney's society—if she will graciously accord it to me." This with a smile at Lilian, who has again come in and up to the table, where she is now eating daintily a showy peach, that has been lying neglected on the side since dinner, crying vainly, "who'll eat me?"

"She nods and smiles sweetly at Cyril as he speaks."

"I am always glad to be with those who want me," she says, carefully removing the skin from her fruit; "specially you, because you always amuse me. Come out and smoke your cigar, and I will talk to you all the time. Won't that be a treat for you?" with a little low, soft laugh, and a swift glance at him from under her curling lashes that, to say the truth, is rather coquettish.

"There, Guy, don't you envy me with such a charming time before me?" says Cyril, returning her glance with interest.

"No, indeed," says Lilian, rising, her head and gazing full at Chetwoode, who returns her glance steadily, although he is endeavoring to restrain all this time almost begins to hate his brother.

"The last thing Sir Guy would dream of would be to envy you my graceful society. Fancy a guardian flitting pleasure in the frigid conversation of his ward! How could you suspect him of such a weakness?"

Here she lets her small white teeth meet in her fruit with all the airs of a little gourmande, and a most evident enjoyment of its flavor.

There is a pause.

Cyril has left the room in search of his cigar-case. Lady Chetwoode has disappeared to explore the library for her evening's knitting. Sir Guy and Lilian are alone.

"I cannot remember having ever accused you of being frivolous either in conversation or manner," says Chetwoode presently, in a low, rather angry tone.

"No?" says Lilian, with a shrug, "I quite thought you had. But your manner is so expressive at times, it leaves no occasion for mere words. This morning when I made some harmless remark to you, you looked as though I had committed murder, or something worthy of transportation for life at the very least."

"What a rude speech! Oh, if I had said that! But see how late it is!"—looking at the clock—"you are wasting all these precious minutes here that might be spent so much more profitably with your cousin."

"You mean you are in a hurry to be rid of me?" disclaiming to notice her innuendo. "No—don't let me detain you from Cyril and his cigar."

He turns away abruptly, and gives the bell a rather sharp pull. He is so openly offended that Lilian's heart sues her.

"Who is misunderstanding now?" she says, with a decided change of tone. "Shall we be long away, Sir Guy?"

"Not very," he replies. "Trusting, as you know, is but a short drive from this."

"True. Then with charmingly innocent concern: 'Don't you like going out so late?'—you seem a little cross."

"Da!"

"Yes. But perhaps I mistake; I am always making mistakes," says Miss Lilian, humbly. "I am very unfortunate. And you know what Otilia says, that 'one is so often thought to be unwell when one is only sad.' Are you sad?"

To be continued.

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Nov. 2, '85.

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IN EFFECT OCTOBER 12, 1885.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON: 6:30 A.M.—Express for St. John.

8:00 A.M.—For Fredericton Junction connecting there with trains for St. Stephen, Hamilton, Woodstock, Piquette Lake, Grand Falls and points North.

10:50 A.M.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting there with trains for Bangor and points West, and for St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Hamilton and Woodstock and for St. John.

3:30 P.M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East.

5:50 A.M.—For Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON: 10:20 A.M.—From Fredericton Junction and St. John.

2:40 P.M.—From Fredericton Junction, Bangor and points West, and from St. Stephen, Hamilton and Woodstock.

4:30 P.M.—From Fredericton Junction, St. Stephen, St. Andrew, Hamilton and Woodstock, Piquette Lake, Grand Falls and all points North.

7:30 P.M.—Express from St. John.

LEAVE GIBSON: 6:50 A.M.—For Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON: 4:30 P.M.—From Woodstock and points North.

H. D. McLEOD, General Manager, St. John, N. B., Oct. 9th, 1885.

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Returning, will leave BOUESTOWN at 12:30 p.m., and arrive at St. John at 2:00 p.m.

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