

House and Lobby

The Changes Made on the Foresters' Bill

Public Debt of the Dominion Now Over \$253,000,000.

Important Speech by Mr. Lister, M.P., on the Tax Question.

Mr. Charles Tupper Suffers from Sore Throat and Bad Eyes.

Ottawa, Feb. 15.—Mr. Mills (Bothwell) has given notice that he intends to move for an order of the House for copies of all papers and correspondence with the officials of the Indian Department and with other parties relating to the purchase, surrender and conveyance of any portion of the Walpole Indian reserve on the St. Clair River.

Seventeen new postoffices were established in the Dominion on Feb. 1, 1896, none of them being in Western Ontario.

The banking and commerce committee met yesterday to further consider the Foresters' Bill. The principal clauses of the bill, to increase the maximum amount of insurance to one person from \$5,000 to \$50,000, was passed without discussion.

The amendments which were presented by the Finance Department for the purpose of changing the society as far as the insurance system is concerned from a friendly society to an assessment insurance company, were all passed.

Another clause was added by Mr. Foster and accepted, providing that nothing in the act exempts the society from the effect of any further legislation passed by Parliament.

Mr. Hazen proposed a clause to provide that as soon as a member stopped paying to the society, then all liability to the society should also stop. Some of the members of the committee pointed out that as long as the society was a friendly one that was a very appropriate clause, but now that the order became an assessment insurance company.

Mr. Blake pointed out that the constitution provided that whenever a man had withdrawn from the order that day he ceased to be a member, and was not liable for any more assessments. This, however, necessitated that the member give notice of his withdrawal, while some of the committee objected to this.

Mr. Foster finally gave notice of a clause which has yet to be drawn up in its legal form, but which is intended to provide that any member of the society can cancel the contract himself by letter or otherwise, giving notice of his withdrawal, the same privilege being given to the society. From the date on which notice was given the member was free from further liabilities beyond what already had accrued in the way of assessments, capitation tax, fines, dues, etc. The amount of deposits which may be required from the society under the assessment law by the Government was increased from \$250,000 to \$500,000. The bill was reported.

Wednesday next is a Parliamentary holiday.

Mr. Bruneau (Richelle) gives notice that he will move that, in the opinion of this House, appointments to the Senate should be made without regard to political party, in order to make the Senate an independent body, as the fathers of Confederation meant it to be.

The official returns for January show the net debt of the Dominion to now have reached the enormous sum of \$253,135,572.94. This is an increase of close on six millions of dollars in two years. This year the increase promises to be greater.

The act respecting the Huron and Erie Loan and Savings Company, as it is proposed to be amended by the select standing committee on banking and commerce, provides that the aggregate amount of money deposited by the company together with the amount of debentures issued or to be issued unpaid, may be equal to, but shall not at any time exceed, double the aggregate amount of the paid-up unpaid capital and permanent capital withdrawn therefrom, together with a further sum which may be equal to, but shall not exceed, the amount retained upon the subscribed fixed and permanent capital upon which not less than 20 per cent has been paid; but in no case shall the total liabilities of the company to the public at any time exceed three times the amount actually paid up in respect of fixed and permanent capital of the company, nor shall they at any time exceed the amount of principal remaining unpaid on the mortgages at such time held by the company; provided that the amount held by the company on deposit shall not at any time exceed the amount of the paid and unpaid capital of the company. The reserve fund of the company shall be treated as, and deemed to be, part of the fixed and permanent capital of the company, not liable to be withdrawn therefrom, and the same shall not be applicable to the payment of dividends or distribution among the shareholders of the said company. It shall not be lawful for the company to make loans or advances to their shareholders upon the security of their stock in the company, nor to make loans or advances to any director or other officer of the company upon any security whatever.

St. Johns circuit was unanimous in inviting their popular pastor, Rev. Wm. Penhall, to remain with them for a fourth year. But the law of the church demands something of a minister to return for a fourth year. There being nothing of a special character, Rev. Penhall decided to leave his case in the hands of the stationing committee.

STRATHROY.

"Advertiser" Agent, J. D. Meekison. Strathroy, Feb. 15.—Dr. Laxton, of Glencoe, attended the marriage of his sister in Strathroy Wednesday afternoon.

The Strathroy House of Refuge is filled to its utmost capacity, there being 112 inmates. There is some talk of turning the boiler house into a hospital for those patients afflicted with contagious diseases.

The Moccasin backstop stock will be sold by auction on Thursday—Feb. 20. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Meek, the Misses Cameron, J. D. Meekison, A. Wright and W. Pool were among the list of guests invited to the dance given by the "Thirty-Five Club," of London, last night.

Special services are now being held in the Baptist church. Rev. H. C. Speller, of Sarnia, is conducting the service. Rev. Dr. Daniel delivered an interesting lecture on "Brain and Muscle" in the Frank Street Methodist Church before a very fair audience.

St. Andrew's (Presbyterian) church is entirely free of debt, the last installment on the mortgage being paid Thursday.

To Live in London.

Mr. C. J. Fox and Daughters Leave Delaware—Mr. Fox Farewelled by the Officers of the Delaware Agricultural Society.

On Wednesday evening quite an interesting and jovial gathering of the officers and ex-officers of the Delaware Agricultural Society entertained Mr. C. J. Fox to a farewell banquet in Jarvis Hotel, where a few hours were most appropriately and pleasantly spent with their guest previous to his removal with his two daughters to reside on Elmwood avenue, South London. Among those who gathered around the festive board were W. S. Weld, R. Stevens, S. Sutherland, J. Bradt, W. Hay, H. C. Garnett, D. McPherson, A. Thompson, H. C. Johnstone, J. R. Hammond, W. Boles, N. Bodkin, W. Statton, make the presentation. Mr. C. J. Fox, Esq., Dear Friend—It affords us intense pleasure as a committee representing your numerous friends and admirers to present you with this token of their appreciation for the admirable and practical manner in which you have discharged the onerous and responsible duties pertaining to your position as secretary-treasurer of the Delaware Agricultural Society. Your high character, integrity and zeal have not only won the esteem and confidence of your friends and of those brought into immediate contact with you, but have reached a position that is not only a credit to yourself but to the township in which you live. That you may continue in the office which you so admirably adorn is the wish of the many to whom your virtues are as household words. On behalf of those whom we represent we ask you to accept this secretaire as a slight token of our esteem and regard for yourself and family. Trusting that increased happiness and prosperity may accompany you to your new home and throughout the life of the Delaware Agricultural Society.

"W. S. WELD." In reply Mr. Fox heartily and sincerely thanked his friends for their great kindness in assembling to bid him good-bye, and presenting him with such a tangible evidence of their good-fellowship. During his residence in the township and village he had grown up with most of those present, and had enjoyed many pleasant hours in their company. He then made an agricultural show, from its inception down to the present time, and the many advances in agriculture and agricultural interests, were briefly referred to. "The Army and Navy" brought Capt. Garth to his feet with a happy and most appropriate speech. H. Poole sang the "Red, White and Blue."

"The Municipal Institutions" was replied to by Reeve Bradt, Deputy Reeve Howlett, ex-Reeve Hay and Adams. The executive committee then brought forth some sound advice from D. McPherson, R. Stevens, and G. Uptigrove. "The Mercantile Interests" brought out H. C. Johnstone and R. C. Hammond.

The Officers and ex-officers of the Delaware Show" elicited some happy remarks from Messrs. J. Howlett, W. McEwen, C. Sifton, Ackland, Hunt, Ryckman, Whittaker and S. Sutherland.

"The Visitors" elicited neat rejoinders from H. Haycroft, and a recitation from H. Poole, Lambeth. "The Ladies" were ably championed by Messrs. Bodkin, Boles, Hammond, Thompson, Scott and Harris.

Mr. Fox at this stage proposed the health of the president and vice-president, which brought forth "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows."

Mr. Fox is a descendant of the great Fox of Parliamentary fame during the reign of George III.

Watch Your Wife! Not lest she do some great wrong, but that you prevent her suffering many of them. Watch her that she suffer not from the many insidious diseases which afflict women, dragging them down and enfeebling them till life becomes a burden, and from which too few are altogether exempt. By getting her a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great female restorative tonic and nervine, you will furnish her the means to alleviate and speedily cure "Female Weakness," displacements, dragging pains, ulceration, weak back and general debility, and the wan, jaded look will give place to the ruddy glow of health before its influence. Dr. Pierce guarantees a cure, or money is returned.

Photography—Klein Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen, at Cooper & Sanders, cor. Dundas and Richmond.

Arva, Feb. 14.—Evangelistic services are in progress in the Methodist Church, St. Johns, being conducted by Evangelist Rev. J. A. Jackson with great success.

The quarterly official board of the

Ontario Legislature

The Question of Continuing the Maintenance of Government House.

Grants Asked For by the Various Stock-Breeding Associations.

Toronto, Feb. 15.—Mr. McLean (Huron) says that he favors obligatory voting, and may bring in a bill on the subject at an early date.

Three stock breeders' associations have been calling on the Minister of Agriculture and asked grants from the Government. The cattle breeders ask for \$1,500, the sheep breeders for \$1,500, and the swine breeders from \$700 to \$1,200. All say that these grants are necessary since the Agriculture and Arts Association has ceased to exist.

In the House today, in reply to Mr. Whitney, Provincial Secretary Gibson said that the son of the late farmer at Rockwood, Asylum, Kingston—an experienced man—had succeeded to the position. There is no regulation, Mr. Gibson explained, providing that the appointee should be a graduate of an agricultural college.

Sir Oliver Mowat stated in connection with the Kingston case that the Government would be glad to discover any practical means not yet produced that would prevent or diminish bribery in elections. So far the Government had not made any such discovery. As for bringing the matter before the House, the Government knew of no other means than by the publication of the judgment of the trial judge in the "Votes and Proceedings" of the Legislature.

A petition from Chatham prayed for legislation amending the Drainage Act so as to give no appeal from the referee to the Court of Appeal.

Sir Oliver is keeping his promise to the Patrons with reference to the Government House. He gave notice that he will move the appointment of a select committee to "consider all questions relating to Government House property, and the further question of future maintenance of the same, and the use of the maintenance of the Government House by the Province or otherwise, and to report thereon." The committee is composed of three members of the Government, with Messrs. Ferguson (East Kildare), and McNish, representing the Liberals; Haycock, McPherson, the Patrons, and Marter, Howland and Whitney the Conservatives.

A question concerning the interpretation of the Landlord and Tenant Act, 1895, section 4, brought the reply from Sir Oliver that Chief Justice Meredith's interpretation in the case of Harpelle vs. Carroll rightly expressed what the section was intended to enact.

Sheriff Mowat and Mr. Bastedo, Sir Oliver Mowat's private secretary, represented Sir Oliver Mowat at the funeral of Mr. John Douglas at Woodstock today. Mr. Douglas, who had been president of the Oxford Liberal Association for 35 years, was the man who first nominated Sir Oliver for the county, and he has made the nomination for every election since then. The Attorney-General forwarded a wreath to be placed on his old supporter's coffin.

Hon. Mr. Gibson has laid on the table the 28th annual report of the Inspector of Lunatic and Idiot Asylums. It noted the opening of the new asylum at Brockville, which had lessened the overcrowding in the other asylums. In all 968 patients were admitted to the provincial asylums during the year, a number which exceeds that of any previous year. The number in daily residence has increased from 3,689 to 3,995, or 186 in excess of the previous year. The increase in numbers has led to a deepening of interest in all the methods adopted for the treatment of lunatics. In view of the increase generally of insanity the report says it may be necessary in a short time to provide further accommodation in our province. In discussing the methods of keeping them, the Inspector says that as the county municipalities continue to waive the responsibility of maintaining so many of this class, larger buildings will become necessary. Outside of Brockville, where the new building erected, the cost per capita was \$12 more than previous year. This is accounted for by the authorities at the Orillia asylum having bought a two years' supply of coal during the year had it not been that there would have been a decrease of \$1.01 instead of an increase.

The report of the superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Institution shows that the school was more largely attended last year than ever before, the total number being 215, with an average of not exceeding 12 years. The cost per capita was \$17, being \$5 less than last year, and less than any other institution of this character in the world.

According to the report of the superintendent for the School for the Blind, last year the number of scholars enrolled was 150, the same as in 1894. Some additions are expected in the near future. There are now in the school 123—44 males and 59 females—8 less than on the 30th September, 1894. The cost per pupil for the past year is \$260.70, as compared with \$267.76 for 1894.

The bill which Mr. Stratton will introduce regarding town councils will provide for the reduction of members by one-third, one-half the members to be elected from the entire area of the city or two years, and the other half from the wards for one year.

DUNRAVEN HAS WRITTEN. New York, Feb. 14.—At a meeting of the New York Yacht Club last night a resolution was moved to request the resignation of Lord Dunraven as an honorary member of the club. A cablegram was received from Dunraven, stating that he had forwarded a letter to the club, and the club therefore adjourned for two weeks, to take action on the resolution.

Connoisseurs of driving patronize Overmeyer's livery, Richmond street north, as he has only the latest style of rigs. Phone 422.

A FARMER'S ADVICE.

He Tells the People to Shun Imitations.

Had Been Imposed Upon by an Unscrupulous Dealer With the Result That It Nearly Cost the Life of a Loved Member of His Family.

(From the Woodstock, N. B., Sentinel.)

A reporter of the Sentinel recently dropped into the Victoria Hotel looking for general news and to scan the register for arrivals. Among those present he noticed a well-dressed farmer sitting reading a small pamphlet. The reporter asked the landlord if there was anything new, and being answered in the negative, the farmer turned and addressed him. "Looking for news, eh? Well, sit down and I'll give you something worth publishing." The reporter was at once on the alert, and the farmer continued: "You see, this little book I hold in my hand? Well, the title of it is 'Five Prize Stories,' and there is more good sense in it than in half the philosophical works of the day, and it don't lay in any of the stories either. Well, about a year ago I got hold of another little book by the same authors entitled 'Four Generations,' which I read carefully through, and one very important thing I read in it was, 'be ware of imitations, just as I read in this little book. Now I wish to show how I had been taken in (deceived), and how I found it out, and how near it came to costing me the dearest member of my household. Well, I began at the beginning. My name is Shepherd Banks; I reside eleven and a half miles from the village of Bristol, Carleton county, N. B., and am a well-to-do farmer. For several years my wife was troubled with pains in the back and weakness of the kidneys. About two years ago she was taken very ill, the trouble taking the form of acute rheumatism. We consulted no less than three different doctors, who, after having failed to help her, she continued to grow weaker and weaker, and the pains she endured were something terrible. For over a year she was unable to do a single thing about the house, and she had fallen away in weight from 150 to 130 pounds, and we despaired of her recovery. I happened to notice in one of the newspapers a testimonial of a similar cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately got a couple of boxes. My wife began taking them, and by the time she had used these she began to gain appetite, and her pains were much eased, and we began to have great hopes of her ultimate cure. I then went for another supply of the pills. This time I purchased them in bulk, paying 30 cents for 100 pills, which were taken from a large glass bottle. I took them home and my wife began their use. Soon after she began to grow worse again; the old pains returned severer than ever. We still continued the use of the pills until about a third of them were gone. About this time I got through the mail, along with my neighbors, a book entitled 'Four Generations,' issued by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. On reading it it did not take long to find out that the pills I had bought in bulk were a fraud, as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not sold in bulk, but in boxes with the trade mark on the wrapper. I went to the cupboard and,

taking down the box in which the pills were, threw it and its contents into the stove. I then went and procured a half dozen boxes of the genuine Pink Pills, and from the time my wife began their use there was an improvement in her condition. She used about twelve boxes altogether, and today there is no heartier or healthier woman in the neighborhood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the standard medicine in our home. Publish this? Yes, it may do some other sufferer good. We are all thankful for what Pink Pills have done for us, but be sure you caution your readers against those vile imitations."

The warning uttered by Mr. Banks is one that the public will do well to heed, for some unscrupulous dealers in different parts of the country try to impose upon the public by presenting trashy imitations colored to present the appearance of the genuine Pink Pills. The public can always protect themselves by bearing in mind that the genuine pills are never sold by the dozen, hundred or ounce. They are always put up in boxes around which will be found full directions for their use, the whole enclosed in a label bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you want a medicine that will cure all diseases due to poor or watery blood, or shattered nerves, ask for the genuine Pink Pills, and take nothing else, no matter what some interested dealer who is looking for a larger profit may say.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES

Alfred Marce, who cut his throat at Beauharnois, Quebec, died on Friday.

Plans are being prepared for a large addition to the deaf and dumb institution building in Belleville.

A Washington dispatch says there is a strong probability that eight new warships will be ready for service by July 1 next.

The annual convocation of the University of Toronto was attended by 2,000 guests, and the halls and corridors were thronged. It was the sixth anniversary of the fire that destroyed the university.

The Dominion Shortland Breeders' Association met on Friday and elected the following officers: President, Arthur Johnson, Greenwood, Ont.; first vice-president, James Russell; second vice, John I. Hoppen; delegates to the Western Fair, Dr. Kahan and M. Simmons, Ivan, Ont.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

WOODS' FAIR.

BARGAINS!

BARGAINS!

BARGAINS!

WE RECENTLY RECEIVED a large assortment of Granite Steel and White Enamel Ware direct from the manufacturers, and are prepared to offer sweeping bargains in this line. Just imagine a Granite Steel Wash Bowl, worth 25c, for 15c, and Pudding Pans, formerly sold at 19c, for the unheard-of price of 10c. Do not use a worn-out, rusty tin pan when you can purchase an enameled one for that low price.

Space will not permit us to quote all the prices and kinds of these goods, which we are now displaying for sale, but come in and be convinced that our assortment of Enamelware, comprising Tea and Coffee Pots, Tea Steepers, Tea Kettles, Pudding Pans, Pie Plates, Preserving Kettles, Sauce Pans, Wash Bowls, Dish Pans, Cups, Saucers, Mugs, etc., is the cheapest and largest in the City.

Self-Basting Royal Roast Pans, are the joy of every household that have used them. What a comfort it is when roasting meat, fowl, etc., not to have the worry of basting every half hour. We keep them in all sizes. Can sell you a good size for 84c. We want to unload a large quantity of Copper-Bottom Planished Tea and Coffee Pots, and have cut the price of the 59c size to 25c, 39c size to 15c. Do not miss the chance of securing one at once, while we have them. Remember this is the place for tinware of all kinds, at right prices.

Feather Dusters, worth 15c, for 10c; and a well-made 25c one for 10c. We still take the lead in Crockery, and our stock is more complete than ever, having just received a new line of Tea, Dinner and Toilet Sets, and are selling a prettily designed and decorated 53-piece Dinner Set for \$3.89; 112-piece Dinner Set at \$6.98; Tea Set, 44 pieces, \$2.69. This ware is great value at above prices.

Clothes Brushes, former price 15c, selling now at 5c; also Rice Root Scrub Brushes, 5c; Stove Brushes, 10c.

Ladies, do not forget we have now on hand a great display of Side Combs, all kinds, long and short, from 5c pair up; also Circular Combs—a fancy one, black and colored, for 3c; Rubber and Horn Dressing Combs—in great variety.

We are anxious to clear out a quantity of Wooden Pails, and will sell two-hoop Wooden Pails, former price 19c, now 13c, 2 for 25c; three-hoop Wooden Pails, 21c, now 15c; Fibre Pails, 40c, worth 50c. Butter Bowls from 8c up to 39c; also all sizes of Butter Moulds from individual 1 ounce, 7c, to 1 pound round, at 20c, former price 25c.

TRADE SUPPLIED.

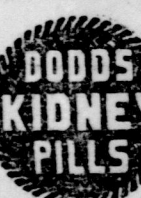
WOODS' FAIR

176 and 176½ Dundas Street.

THERE IS NOT A Man or a Woman

Who has not read of the Wonderful Cures

EFFECTED BY



Testimony to their

Great Value

Is given by

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

The Press writes about them....

The World reads about them....

The Sick buy them, because....

They Always Cure.

See a BOX AT ALL DEALERS.

TAKE DIAMOND DINNER PILLS for Stomach Troubles.

ET - - - - - LONDON, O

The Advertiser

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The Daily Advertiser.
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LONDON CANADA.

JOHN CAMERON, President and
Managing Editor.

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.
—Browning.

London, Saturday, February 15.

The Grand Trunk Manager.

Mr. Hays, the new general manager of the Grand Trunk, is proceeding with the reorganization of the affairs of the company. He has been given a free hand by the shareholders and directors to make the best possible arrangements to advance their interests, and he has found it necessary to effect a number of changes. Some officials who have served the road faithfully in the past—such as Mr. Hobson, who now becomes chief engineer—have been advanced in the company's service, while others, equally faithful, have, by force of circumstances, been compelled to resign. Naturally enough the friends of those adversely affected by the reforms in the management of the road have been inclined to freely criticize the policy of Mr. Hays. But we believe that time and experience will show that, working for the best interests of the railway—and we all wish to see it prosper—he has done no more than his duty compelled him to do.

It has been said that in some instances Mr. Hays has replaced Canadians, or officials who came to Canada from the old country, by officials of experience brought by him from the United States. If the change is made in the conscientious discharge of his duty, we fail to see that the criticism is justified. Capable Canadian railway men are not jealous because now and again citizens of the United States are brought to the Dominion to take responsible positions on our railways. There has been reciprocity in this sort of thing, and it is an easily ascertained fact that there are far more Canadians in high positions on United States railways—holding general managerships and down through the long list of responsible officers—than there are natives of the United States on Canadian railways. Mr. Hays may have brought over some of his bright former associates on United States lines, but we recognize that he has also promoted Canadians holding positions on the United States lines to improved positions in connection with the Canadian portion of the Grand Trunk.

Some of the critics of the new manager urge that the Grand Trunk is a Canadian line, and that Mr. Hays has not started out to manage it as if it were an enterprise of that sort. This is short-sighted, puerile criticism. The Grand Trunk is not an exclusively Canadian line, not one of our three great lines of railway is a Canadian line pure and simple. They are all bound up more or less with the traffic which they carry over their own lines in the United States or interchange with United States lines. Some of these hasty critics of the new general manager probably do not know that through the international tunnel alone the Grand Trunk carried 678 cars per day, or 24 cars every hour, day and night, in the year 1925. That fact alone shows the immense importance of the international traffic, and is an eloquent plea for the general manager surrounding himself with the best officers obtainable, not only for promoting local Canadian traffic, but for securing a full share of the international traffic. On the success or failure of a policy having this in view depends the success or failure of the railway as a wage-earning and dividend-paying property.

General Manager Hays ought to be given a fair opportunity to advance the interests of the system at the head of which he has been placed. A prosperous Grand Trunk will help to make a prosperous Canada.

Col. Sellers used to urge that there would be millions in "cornering" the hog market, and then it would be said of the cornerer, with pride, "That man keeps his hog." But without a corner, J. A. Benson, of Paulina, Ia., has obtained \$800 for a hog of his Poland-China herd, and \$2,800 for 40 others, or an average of \$70 a head. Breeding tells in hogs as well as in mankind.

Anticosti.

The Island of Anticosti, on the inhospitable coast of which so many mariners have been wrecked, is about to be made into a huge game preserve. Mr. Menier, the great French chocolate manufacturer, who has purchased the island, has expressed his intention to establish settlements on the island, to carry on agriculture, and to promote the lobster and other fisheries, as well as to create a game preserve. He advertises at Quebec for four male and female moose, forty male and female caribou, twenty male and female deer, and twenty male and female reindeer to stock the island. Perhaps this is about as good a use to put the place to as could be devised.

Cheering "Trouble."

There is terrible trouble in the Liberal camp in Quebec, according to telegrams sent to Conservative newspapers, and, reading further, we find that it all arises from the fact that in a number of constituencies now represented by Conservatives the Liberals are so sure of victory that several candidates are anxious to run. While care must be taken by the opponents of high taxation not to divide their forces, but rather to choose the best man offering, through a duly selected convention, it is refreshing to learn that in Quebec, as in Ontario, the indications of a coming change are so pronounced that even in hitherto high tax strongholds Liberal candidates are tumbling over one another to secure the nomination. This is a trouble which patriotic opponents of class rule can easily meet and overcome.

Last year the Government bought 57,743 pounds of butter from dealers at 20 cents per pound, and sold it for 14 cents. No wonder there is a deficit. And the Canadian farmer, for whom this speculation was alleged to be entered on, profited not a whit. He has the British market now; but he has had it for 50 years.

Phantom Fortunes.

We observe that some of our contemporaries are aiding in circulating the story that there is a reasonable chance for the alleged heirs of Anneke Jans getting possession of the property held by Trinity Church, New York, which once belonged to that fine old Dutch woman. The property is said to be worth \$800,000,000, of which \$80,000,000 is now thought to be drawing 6 per cent interest in the Bank of Holland. It is supposed that in Canada and the United States there are 2,000 heirs of Anneke Jans, and the word has gone forth that organization and the liberal feeling of lawyers is all that is necessary to secure possession of the fabulously rich estate. In Cleveland they have even obtained a State charter, with the coat of arms of Holland as their official seal, and a great conclave is to be held to promote the campaign against the holders of the property.

If there is anyone in this neighborhood who believes that he is entitled to a share of the big estate, we would suggest that he waits till it is shown he has the remotest chance of disposing of the present holders of the lands before he moves. Twenty years ago a Hamilton man spent the price of a farm trying to get a lawsuit against the Trinity Church authorities successfully started, on the ground that he was an heir of Anneke Jans, and that the church people had improper possession. He died without securing the slightest clue to his share of the estate. How could he do so, when it was decided by the Supreme Court of New York as long ago as in 1847, that Trinity Church had acquired a perfect and unassailable title by adverse possession for over forty years before the first ejection suit was brought.

What good can be effected by chasing the phantom? Can anyone tell us of a single instance in which an estate of this kind has been recovered by heirs after being in the possession of a corporation of individuals for over 100 years? Many thousands of dollars have been spent in legal hunting for estates, both on this continent and in the old world, but it would be decidedly interesting to find one heir who did not discover the property a will-o'-the-wisp or absolutely unassailable.

LIONS NEVER CROW.

I don't think any right-minded man can view without disgust the sort of language, indecent and undignified, which from some quarters of society in London and elsewhere has been conveyed to us about the German Emperor. I hope that is now over. (Cheers.) I am no admirer of war-lords. Only let us take care that in the reaction against war-lords abroad we don't find springing up amongst us in Downing street and elsewhere war-lords in frock coats. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) I do not like a war-lord in jack-boots, but I like a war-lord in a frock coat still less; and when I read the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and some other speeches during the last eight or ten days, I began to fear lest this particular growth is going to appear on our shores. There has been a kind of shrill vaunting of our power. The stronger we are, the more powerful we are, the less need there is to make a show of it. (Loud cheers.) The symbol of British majesty, of the majesty of these realms, is the British lion, but I believe it is an undoubted fact in natural history that lions never grow. (Laughter and loud cheers.) John Morley, in Montrose.

CUBANS ROUTED.

Havana, Feb. 15.—A dispatch from Santiago de Cuba says that the insurgent leader, Felix Denis, has been killed in an engagement with the Spanish troops and that 92 of his followers surrendered to the Spanish authorities.

STUCK IN THE ICE.

Kingsville, Ont., Feb. 15.—A steamer having two smokestacks and painted a light color has been stuck in the ice four miles from here since yesterday. There is no way of identifying her, and floating ice prevents assistance being given.

STARVATION IN BUFFALO.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 15.—About 1,000 Poles gathered at the sub-office of the works department on South Division street yesterday morning and demanded work, threatening trouble if it was not given them. The police were sent for and the crowd dispersed. Some of them appeared at the police headquarters and stated that their families were starving. The poor master will investigate their cases and furnish relief where needed. The crowd was made up entirely of unskilled laborers, whose work at this time of the year is nearly always at a standstill.

Many a man who goes to church with a long face, sells goods with a measure that is too short.

SLUGGED ON THE STREET!

Daring Noonday Robbery in Hamilton.

The Cashier of a Hamilton Company Knocked Down and Robbed of \$1,000.

Hamilton, Feb. 15.—The most daring and successful robbery which has taken place in this city in many years was committed yesterday afternoon. Shortly after 1 o'clock Mr. J. T. Cauley, cashier of the George E. Tuckett & Sons Tobacco Company, went to the bank and drew about \$1,000, with which to pay the hands for the week. Mr. Cauley had got the money and was on his way down Queen street with it when he was attacked by two men. The place is isolated and quiet, a high, close board fence being on one side, and private grounds on the other. One of the two highwaymen struck him a terrible blow over the head with a piece of baseball bat, felling him, and the other grabbed the bank book and cash and ran off.

Cauley was picked up as soon as the alarm was given and carried into the Tuckett factory office, about 125 yards from where the robbery took place. Dr. Philip and Dr. Stark were summoned, and when they arrived they found that his injuries were very serious. A big scarp wound extended across the head, laying the bone bare, and there is the possibility of serious results. The police were also telephoned for, and the patrol wagon and six men started in hot pursuit.

It is altogether likely that the robbers had their plans well arranged, and had a rig in waiting close by. They had about half an hour's start of the police, who are prepared for a stubborn chase, and perhaps a fight, if this theory is correct.

No one saw the assault, but an expressman saw the robbers run away. It was he who picked up Cauley and took him to the factory. The two men ran up Queen street and turned westerly on Peter. They dropped an empty sack in front of Wm. MacDonald's hotel as they passed York street. They were not seen after turning on Peter street.

All the police going on duty at 2:50, half an hour after the robbery occurred, were put on the track. JAMES THOMPSON, a man about 23 years of age, who claims Belleville as his Canadian home and England as his native land, is in jail waiting to be sentenced for attempting highway robbery and pointing a revolver at a man Thursday afternoon. Shortly after 3 o'clock, while Mr. H. M. Arthur, an aged man living at No. 307 York street, was walking along that street, near Bay street, he was caught by Mr. Thompson, who demanded money. Mr. Arthur shook him off, and Thompson drew a revolver and pulled the trigger two or three times, saying "You have struck the wrong man this time." Fortunately the weapon missed fire, and Mr. Arthur ran to McDonald's grocery to give an alarm.

Thompson made good his escape, and an hour later he walked into Mr. J. G. Thompson's tailor shop, near the opera house, and asked him for money. Mr. Thompson refused him, and he then turned to Mr. H. F. Williams, who was repairing a gas burner in the window, and asked him for money. Williams refused, whereupon the miscreant pulled out a revolver, which he aimed at Williams, and pulled the trigger several times, but the weapon again missed fire. Although there were men in the shop at the time, they allowed the bold highwayman to escape. Mr. Thompson locked for a policeman, but as none were in sight he made no effort to follow the man. As soon as Williams got over the shock he ran up James street, near the corner of King William street. He notified P. C. Cruickshanks, and the officer quickly secured the man and found the revolver in his possession.

The prisoner was taken before Magistrate Jells and arraigned on two charges. Mr. Arthur charged him with attempting highway robbery, and Mr. Williams with pointing a revolver at him. The prisoner did not wish to make a statement for fear all will be made guilty of both charges. He was remanded for sentence until Monday.

THREE POPULAR BLACKS.

They Belong to the Diamond Family.

Three popular Blacks, well known in every city, town and village of Canada! They are known as Fast Black Diamond Dye for Wool, Fast Black Diamond Dye for silk and feathers, and Fast Black Diamond Dye for Cotton and Mixed Goods. The Blacks made by these dyes are fast to sun, soap and washing; they never crack, fade or run; they stand fast forever. If you desire to have rich and beautiful Blacks, dye only with Diamond Dye Blacks. Beware of imitations sold in so many places, as they always spoil your materials.

From Moderation to Immorality. How frequently people are heard to remark in conversation that they do not understand why some other people cannot do as they do—take a drink of whisky or leave it alone just as they please. Or also, why a man hasn't sense enough to take one or two drinks and quit. These questions involve the discussion of the scientific aspect of alcohol drinking at much greater length than is permitted for here and now. However, that there are those who cannot so restrain or limit themselves and over whom appetite for alcohol holds unquestioned sway. Time was when they wondered at other people, only to fall victims themselves. Perhaps those who wonder today will have their eyes opened and their wonder sadly dispelled in a year or two hence. Inebriates have not been made in a day or a month, but they pass the line of moderation without realizing it. For the cure of both moderate or immoderate drinkers, the Double Chloride of Gold treatment at Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, has never yet been found wanting. It removes the craving for a lifetime and gives the victim perfect freedom from the slavery of a liquor appetite. Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

A Table-d'Hôte Dinner

Will be served at the Hub dining-rooms, 203 Dundas street, every day from 12 to 2 o'clock for 25 cents. It is our desire to make this the best dining room in the city, and to this end we have secured the services of a French chef. The cuisine will include everything reasonable. Dine with us tomorrow. STEVENS & NICHOLS, proprietors.

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World.
The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.
CHASE & SANBORN,
BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO

The Conflict in Cuba.

More Troops Sail From Barcelona to Havana.

Spanish Soldiers Fire on a Company of Armed Women—All Peasants Ordered to Concentrate in Towns and Villages.

Havana, Feb. 15.—Captain-General Weyler remains in this city, and is engaged in thoroughly reorganizing the military department.

No important engagements have been reported today, but details have been received of several minor encounters. It is reported that Jose Rabi, a rebel leader, has died from the effects of wounds. He has been reported killed once or twice before.

The commander of a detachment of troops on duty near Cienfuegos reports the capture of a band of 35 Amazons, who, laying aside their sex, had taken up arms to aid in securing liberty for Cuba. The prisoner was picturesquely attired in red, white and blue clothing, and displayed no sign of fear when captured by the Spaniards. When the Spanish commander learned that the band she led was composed entirely of women, he attempted to obtain their surrender without fighting. The Amazons declined to lay down their arms, and offered such a strong resistance to the troops that the latter were compelled to fire upon them, with what effect is not stated. Other instances are known of women who are taking an active part in the rebellion.

Madrid, Feb. 15.—A dispatch from Havana says that Captain-General Weyler has decided to order all the peasants to concentrate in the towns and villages. Any of them found in the open country after a fixed date will be treated as rebels.

Fashion's Decree About Skirts. The newest skirt are all to be short. We are told, and a blessing it is. But they must be wide and hang in rippling folds all the way around. Use the light weight No. 10 Fibre Chamolis always, all through your skirt, with perhaps a narrow band of No. 30, the heavy, at the hem for extra firmness, and you'll always be satisfied with the result. The interlining of Fibre Chamolis should be tacked frequently to the under row of machine stitching, to keep all in place and prevent sagging.

PAST YOUR PRIME.

Perhaps not in years, but in energy. Your health is not good, yet you hardly know what is the matter with you. Your business, too, is on the decline. People miss the old elastic spirit you showed in former years. The secret of all this is that your constitution is worn out and your blood is bad. Set both right by the use of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One box will cure you.

Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Headache, Ailments peculiar to women, Scrofula, Nervation, Sciatica, Poor blood, Indigestion, Liver complaint, Loss of appetite, Severe kidney disease.

Thousands of sufferers have publicly testified to the efficacy of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They are the best, so use the best. One pill a dose; one cent a dose; 25 cents a box.

For sale by all dealers, or by the manufacturers, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Use Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for all throat and lung troubles. Large bottle, small dose, small price, 25 cents.

Know What You Chew



Is free from injurious coloring. The more you use of it the better you like it.

THE GEO. E. TUCKETT & SONS CO., LTD.
HAMILTON, ONT.

LEE HING

CHINESE LAUNDRY, the best work in the city, 467 Richmond street. Shirt collars ironed straight so as not to hurt the neck. Stand up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Ties done to look like new. Ladies' dresses fluted and vests ironed. This work is done by Joe How-lan of San Francisco, and the proprietor will guarantee satisfaction in this line at cheapest rates. Give me a call. If you are not satisfied, no pay. Washing returned in 24 hours. Please open parcel and see that your work is properly executed. If our work suits you, please recommend us to your friends.

SATURDAY

NIGHT

FAIR!

From 7 to 10 p.m.

CHAPMAN'S

HOSE—Ladies' Heavy All Wool Ribbed Cashmere Hose, double sole, heel and toe, worth 60c.

Tonight 42c

HOSE—Ladies' Heavy All Wool Plain Cashmere Hose, worth 60c.

Tonight 45c

HOSE—Children's Heavy All Wool Ribbed Cashmere Hose, tenfold spliced knees, fourfold spliced feet, worth 60c.

Tonight 38c

HOSE—Ladies' Plain Wool Hose, worth 25c.

Tonight 20c

GLOVES—Ladies' Grey Suede Gloves, worth 65c.

Tonight 38c

GLOVES—Ladies' Black or Colored Cashmere Gloves, worth 20c.

Tonight 9c

HANDKERCHIEFS—Ladies' Fancy Embroidered Swiss Handkerchiefs, worth 25c.

Tonight 15c

RIBBONS—Colored Satin Ribbons, 2 inches wide, worth 10c yard.

Tonight 5c

DRAWERS—Ladies' Flannellette Drawers, worth 60c.

Tonight 38c

COMBINATIONS—Ladies' Ribbed Wool Combination Suits, worth \$1.75.

Tonight \$1.10

NIGHTDRESSES—Children's Flannellette Nightdresses, worth 65c.

Tonight 50c

VESTS—Ladies' Ribbed Wool Vests, worth 25c.

Tonight 20c

SHIRTS—Men's Unlaundered Shirts, extra heavy, worth 75c.

Tonight 45c

SHIRTS—Men's Black Sateen Shirts, fast dye, worth 65c.

Tonight 45c

SOCKS—Men's Black Cashmere Socks, seamless, worth 25c.

Tonight 19c

CAPS—Boys' and Men's Astrachan Caps, worth 50c.

Tonight 25c

MUFFLERS—Men's Mufflers, assorted patterns, worth 25c.

Tonight 12½c

SHIRTS—Men's Navy Blue Flannel Shirts, worth 90c.

Tonight 50c

JACKETS—Men's Cardigan Jackets, worth \$1.25.

Tonight 89c

BRACES—Men's Braces, worth 18c.

Tonight 12½c

ULSTERS—Men's Storm King Ulsters, Frieze, worth \$7.

Tonight \$5

ULSTERS—Men's Very Heavy and Fine Tailor-Made Frieze Ulsters, worth \$12.

Tonight \$7.50

OVERCOATS—Men's Fawn and Brown Melton Overcoats, worth \$8.50.

Tonight \$6

SUITS—Men's All-Wool Serge and Tweed Suits, worth \$11.

Tonight \$8.50

PEAJACKETS—Men's D. B. Frieze Peajackets, worth \$5.

Tonight \$4

PANTS—Men's Heavy Working Pants, worth \$1.25.

Tonight 95c

OVERCOATS—Men's Extra Heavy Fine Tweed Overcoats, worth \$4.

Tonight \$3

ULSTERS—Men's Fine Scotch Tweed Ulsters, worth \$4.

Tonight \$2.95

PEAJACKETS—Boys' Heavy Tweed Lined Peajackets, worth \$2.50.

Tonight \$1.50

SUITS—Boys' 2 piece Tweed Suits, worth \$2.50.

Tonight \$1.75

CREPONS—7 pieces Silk Wool Crepons, worth 75c.

Tonight 50c

CREPONS—8 pieces All Wool Crepons, in evening shades, regular price 35c.

Tonight 25c

HENRIETTA—9 pieces All Wool Henrietta, in evening shades, regular price 40c.

Tonight 32c

PLAIDS—Only a few pieces left Scotch Plaids, regular price 50c.

Tonight 25c

DRESS GOODS—6 pieces Cheviot Dress Goods, regular price 42c.

Tonight 25c

TWEED—4 pieces Boucle Tweed, regular price 60c.

Tonight 39c

TWEED—5 pieces Snow Flake Tweed, regular price 35c.

Tonight 25c

DRESS GOODS—One Table Remnants of Dress Goods, dark colors, evening shades and blacks, worth from 40c to 75c.

Tonight 25c

DRESS GOODS—One lot Remnants of Dress Goods, worth from 15c to 35c yard.

Tonight 10c

FLANNEL—All Wool Flannel, plain or twill, worth 30c.

Tonight 20c

TABLE COVERS—Embossed Table covers, 14 yards square, worth \$1.

Tonight 50c

COTTON—Bleached Cotton, 36 inches wide, best goods worth 12½c.

Tonight 8½c

SHIRTING—Oxford Shirting, fast colors, worth 10c.

Tonight 8½c

SHEETING—Unbleached Twill Sheetting, 2 yards wide, worth 20c.

Tonight 17c

COTTON—Unbleached Cotton, 40 inches wide, worth 7½c.

Tonight 6½c

QUILTS—White Quilts, extra large size, worth \$2.

Tonight \$1.59

TWEEDS—Tweeds for Boys and Men's Suits, very serviceable, all wool, worth 75c.

Tonight 50c

PILLOW COTTON—Pillow Cotton, 44 inches wide, worth 12c.

Tonight 12 1-2c

RAIN COATS—Ladies' Rain Coats, in Fawns, navy and grey and black, worth \$5.

Tonight \$3.75

WRAPPERS—Beautiful assortment of Ladies' Print Wrappers, 500 to choose from, a grand wearing one for 85c, worth \$1; worth \$1.25, for \$1; worth \$1.35, for \$1.10.

Tonight

WRAPPERS—Ladies' Eiderdown Wrappers



Tired but Sleepless

Is a condition which gradually wears away the strength. Let the blood be purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla and this condition will cease.

"For two or three years I was subject to poor spells. I always felt tired, could not sleep at night and the little I could eat did not do me any good. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before I had finished two bottles I began to feel better and in a short time I felt all right and had gained 21 pounds in weight. I am stronger and healthier than I have ever been in my life." JOHN W. COUGHLIN, Wallaceburg, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only

'rue Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Do not be induced to buy another.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

London Lost.

Trinity College Hockey Club Defeats the Local Boys.

The Stallion John B. Gentry Sold for \$7,600.

The Great Horse Sale Continued—Gun Club League Formed.

BASEBALL.

McFarland has refused to sign with St. Louis for \$1,500, the same salary he received in Indianapolis.

Con Dailey, the Brooklyn catcher, will never fully recover from the injuries he received while driving last summer. He has reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that his ball playing days are over, and will take a benefit from the Brooklyn club this spring.

The Sporting News says that Manager Wilgott, of the Minneapolis club, has signed Hanfvan, of the New England League. The new acquisition is said to be a great infielder and heavy batter. He was recommended by Tim Donahue, of the Chicago Colts.

THE WATERLOO CHAMPIONS.

Galt, Ont., Feb. 14.—The Alpha Baseball Club, champions of the Waterloo County League, held their annual meeting at the Imperial Hotel Wednesday evening, and elected the following officers: Honorary president, W. S. Turnbull; president, Dr. Moyer; vice-president, O. F. Baker; manager, Wm. Cameron; secretary, Leon Shupe; treasurer, Wesley Pickering; committee of management, J. Spaulding, Frank Van Every, and R. McAuslan.

ATHLETICS.

MAHER'S EYES.

El Paso, Tex., Feb. 14.—Peter Maher's eyes were a trifle better this morning, but there is no telling yet whether or not he will be able to enter the ring on Monday. The opinions of the physicians still differ, some maintaining that he will be out in three days, and others giving him at least a week to remain in his room. Even if Maher is able to enter the ring on Monday he will not be able to do himself justice. He has been practicing his boxing in the gymnasium, and he certainly will be able to do nothing but come off that day. Fitzsimmons' chances will be very greatly improved. He is in splendid condition. This morning Maher was still locked in the little room, in which he was placed last night. The shades were drawn, and every ray of light carefully excluded. Hot bandages were applied to his eyes at frequent intervals during the night, and when he finally dropped off to sleep toward morning a poultice was applied. There is no doubt that he is in a very bad condition. Maher is greatly worried, and the public think he has backed down, or the sore eyes are a subterfuge to enable him to avoid going into the ring. Anybody seeing the man's condition could not entertain such an idea for an instant. He is not only utterly unable to see, but so helpless that he cannot care for himself. Connolly, his trainer, said this morning, "If Peter rounds to by Monday, we are concerned. We are sure that our man can win even if he has been compelled to let up in his training. He is dead game, and more than willing to fight. If he can see when Monday comes around he will get into the ring."

Stuart says that he is ready to pull

ARE YOU an ornithologist? A bird fancier? Or a happy possessor of a songster pet? In any event you will recognize the value of a life-time spent in the study of birds. This experience incorporated with that of the world's best bird fanciers, takes form in **BIRD BRAD.**

A book of this kind of practical instruction is put in every packet of Cottrell's Bird Seed. Our "Book on Birds"—\$10 worth of information for 25c.

BART SPECTOR & CO., London, Ont.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The many friends of Mr. Abraham Slater will be pleased to learn that he has purchased the Merchant Tailoring Business of Mr. Harry Lenox, at 47 Richmond street, opposite Free Press Office, and at which place Mr. Slater hopes to be favored with the patronage heretofore enjoyed by the old firm. The stock is a very choice and select one, comprising all the very best qualities of woollens and fine-tailored clothes of the most approved patterns. Friends of customers will do well to call early and take advantage of the greatly reduced prices.

A. SLATER,
Merchant Tailor, Richmond St.

off the fight at any time when the men are ready. "We would have been on the way to the battle-ground by now," he added, "if Maher had been in any shape at all. I was prepared to pull off the fight today, and I am ready to pull it off at any time the principals are ready. There will be no fluke on my part when the time comes."

The spot where the battle-ground is to be is still a secret.

CURLING.

FOREST VS. SARNIA.
Forest, Feb. 15.—Two rinks of Forest curlers went to Sarnia Thursday night and defeated the club there by five shots. Score: Sarnia—Chester, skip, 15; Crawford, skip, 15; total, 30. Forest—Van Valkenburg, skip, 15; Pettipiece, skip, 17; total, 32.

THE TRIGGERS.

CENTRAL LEAGUE FORMED AT GALT.

Galt, Feb. 15.—A meeting was held here Thursday afternoon for the purpose of forming a league of clubs for the encouragement of trap and live bird shooting, and the protection of game and fish in this Province. Clubs were represented by the following delegates: Brantford, A. W. Johnson and George; Galt, R. Patrick and R. McCruden; Hamilton, Mallards, John Smyth and G. J. Smith; Waterloo and Forest, Van Valkenburg, skip, 15; Pettipiece, skip, 17; total, 35.

HOCKEY.

TRINITY WINS FROM LONDON.

The hockey team from Trinity University, Toronto, had a hard fight for victory over the London Hockey Club at the Princess Rink last night. The match was only the second played by the rink this season, London having played the majority of her games away from home. It was a stubbornly fought contest from the beginning, and while the 300 or 400 spectators regretted the fact that the Londoners lost, they had the consolation of knowing that their favorites put up a splendid game.

The score was: Trinity, 3 goals; London, 1.

The referee—Mr. Turnbull.

The goal judges—Messrs. Ed. Croden and H. Spence.

Time-keeper—Mr. Bert Little.

The teams—Trinity—Goal, McMurich; point, Wadsworth; cover-point, Wilkie; forwards, Southam (captain), Becher, Temple and Sinclair.

London—Goal, Glover; point, Southam; cover-point, Brown; forwards, Macbeth (captain), Beltz, G. Sippi and Ewing.

Play was begun at 8:15 o'clock, and as the Trinity boys appeared with their long locks and pretty suits, they were heartily cheered. The opinion prevailed that they would have a regular "snap" with the home team, for they were bigger and far heavier. From the first blow of the whistle, however, the London players showed a determined will to win. They skated well, they played their combination well, and just kept the visitors more than hustling for thirteen minutes, when Southam succeeded in scoring the first goal of the game for Trinity. London continued her strong play, and scored three goals in quick succession, but the referee saw fit to disallow two of them, claiming that they were made on off-side. The goal which counted was made by Sippi seven minutes after Trinity had scored. While the decision of the referee was rather disappointing to the spectators, the London players showed it with good grace. The end of the first half, the score was 1 to 1, with both teams showing slight signs of fatigue.

A ten-minute intermission sufficed to give the players their second wind, and they resumed play apparently as fresh as when the game started. For a while the playing was decidedly brisk, and the enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds. London's forwards repeatedly swooped down on Trinity's defence, but Wadsworth, Wilkie and McMurich were always "in it" at critical times, and by their brilliant work prevented the home team from scoring half a dozen times. McMurich, the goal keeper, played a magnificent game. He is quick and cool, collected, and practically saved the Trinity boys from a defeat.

The home team showed signs of fatigue toward the end of the game, but they stuck with their play, and, except on two occasions, when Trinity got away and scored. The last goal was made in 22 minutes.

Of the London players, it may be said that they have improved greatly in every branch of the game since last season, thanks to the captain, George Macbeth. In Ewing, an old Stratford player, London has an all-round man, who plays hard to win.

THE TURF.

ON ICE AT BERLIN.

Berlin, Ont., Feb. 15.—The ice races opened here Thursday afternoon. Summary:

First race, 2:50 trot, purse \$125—King Billie 1, Hazel G. 2, Little Flo 3.

Tom Appleby 4. Best time, 2:22.

Second race, 2:22 trot, purse \$125—Sunny 1, Hamlet 2, Pacer Bell 3, Emily 4. Best time, 2:15.

The second day's races here yesterday brought out good attendance. The track was in much better condition than on Thursday. Summary:

First race, the named race, purse \$75—Flo 1, Kate 2, Little Flo 3, Bonnie 4. Time—2:28, 2:28, 2:28, 2:22.

Second race, consolation race, purse \$75—Tom Appleby 1, Steve R. 2, Flo 3, Bonnie 4. Time—2:30 3-4, 2:31, 2:18.

JOHN R. GENTRY SOLD FOR \$7,600.

New York, Feb. 15.—John R. Gentry, 2:08 3-4, the champion pacing stallion of the world, was sold yesterday afternoon at Madison Square Garden for \$7,600 to Wm. Simpson, of this city. The great stallion was sold to dissolve the partnership of Messrs. Holt & Graham, N. C. The bidding was between John Turner, who was bidding for Frank Ellis, of Philadelphia, and Wm. Simpson. Turner opened at \$1,000, and the duel advanced by \$500 to \$7,500. The last bid was made by Simpson. Ellis, Simpson raised it \$100, and Gentry was knocked down to him.

The second day of Wm. B. Fasig & Co.'s sale of trotting-bred stock recalled old times to the minds of the big crowd of horsemen who fairly crowded the garden all day. Forty-four head brought \$38,840, or an average of \$885 a head, before the sale was adjourned for the evening. A consignment from the state of the late John A. Goldsmith was first put up for sale. Venetia Wilkes, 2:13, the 8-year-old daughter of Guy Wilkes and San Mateo Belle, brought the biggest price of the lot, \$2,000. I. S. Perry, 2:13, of this city, was the purchaser. The Sidney mare Theima, 2:24 1-2, went to J. E. Decker, of Brooklyn, for \$1,100. Elf, 2:22 1-4, by Steinyway-Bertha, by Alcantara, was purchased by B. Z. Stetaway, of New York, at \$1-

400. A lot of colts and fillies by Baron Wilkes all brought good prices. Baronet, who is considered by his owners fully as handsome a horse as John R. Gentry, was the second of the Alcantara farm consignment offered for sale. After some spirited bidding Baronet was knocked down to B. W. Burdock, of Albany, at \$2,500.

THE WHEEL.

BALFOUR AND ROBERTSON.

Toronto Mail-Enterprise: "R. A. Robertson, of Hamilton, is a good man for president of the C. W. A. Dr. Balfour, of London, is another good man for the office. Robertson's long service perhaps entitles him to first choice. Balfour's eligibility perhaps will have ripened to the picking stage in another year. Robertson in 1896, Balfour in 1897, perhaps sounds more musical to a majority of C. W. A. members than Balfour in 1896, and Robertson some other time. But even if such be the case, there is no excuse for two prospective candidates for the presidency of one of the strongest athletic organizations on the continent to play the proud record of that organization by a deal as to who shall take it first, and which shall succeed the other. It may be that no such arrangement as that indicated has been entered into, but report gives ground for belief that at least it has been broached."

The above is a little severe. Those who know Dr. Balfour know that he would rather have the C. W. A. meet here next year than like to the presidency.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stevenson, the Australian sculler, and a former trainer of the Argonauts Rowing Club, has been matched to row Barry for \$500 on the Tyne. The race is to be rowed next Monday, and Stevenson receives three second's start.

P. J. Griffin, of Ingersoll, arrived in Toronto yesterday, and is ready to meet A. Schram or Jack Crawford in sparring matches of a limited number of rounds.

At Coronado, Cal., on Thursday, C.S. Wells rode three-quarters of a mile in 1:18.

A Winnipeg special says Jake Gaudaur, the champion oarsman, has purchased a saloon in Winnipeg, and will take up his residence there.

Letters have been received in Philadelphia from Henry Turner, secretary of the Notts County Cricket Club, intimating that he would like to bring over the famous Notts County team to America next fall to try conclusions with the local players of New York teams. Lord Hawke is anxious to come over again, and Captain Fry would like to bring over an Oxford University team. It is almost certain that the Australian team will be invited to America.

For a Third Year.

Rev. E. B. Lancelley Unanimously Invited to Remain at the Dundas Street Church—Invitation Accepted—Kind Words for the Pastor.

Rev. E. B. Lancelley, pastor of the Dundas Street Methodist Church, has been invited to remain in his present charge for a third year. If the stationing committee of the conference is willing, he will do so.

A largely-attended and most harmonious meeting of the official board of the church was held last evening, at which the work of the present year was reviewed. It was found that every branch of the church work was in a flourishing condition.

A resolution was offered, and carried by a standing vote, expressing gratification at the faithful labors of the pastor, Mr. Lancelley, and embodying an invitation to him to remain with the congregation for a third year.

The stationing committee will also be requested to return Rev. Mr. Uren as Mr. Lancelley's assistant for another year.

Rev. J. G. Laird, Mr. C. J. Beal, Mr. Wm. Yates and others spoke of the advances made by the church under Mr. Lancelley's pastorate, and expressed the hope that the conference committee would see their way clear to return him for another year.

Mr. Lancelley, signing his intention to remain in the stationing committee, saw fit to reappoint him.

The board also passed a resolution of sympathy with Col. Lewis, a member of the board, who is seriously ill.

BE NOT DECEIVED.

The Unparalleled Success of Dodd's Kidney Pills Excites the Envy and Greed of Unscrupulous Imitators.

A kidney treatment in pill form was unknown until Dodd's Kidney Pills came into use.

If Dodd's Kidney Pills were not indeed "the best in the world," no one would imitate them.

Who is defrauded and who pockets the proceeds when a counterfeit coin is passed upon you?

Never let any one persuade you to buy a substitute or imitation of the real article you want.

The genuine are put up in round, flat wooden boxes, white lettering on blue label with red band.

You can get the genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills from any druggist or dealer in Canada at 50 cents a box, or by mail from the Dadds Medicine Company, Toronto, Ont.

A MONTREAL FIRM IN TROUBLE.

Montreal, Feb. 15.—James McDougall & Co., of this city, are in financial difficulties. Their liabilities will aggregate \$78,000; estimated assets, \$45,000. Their largest creditors are Crosswell & Co., of Bradford, England, with \$42,000; to other English creditors \$5,750. Little York had rolled in with \$42,000 on customers' paper, \$16,000. Assets include book debts \$35,000, of which \$29,300 is estimated as worthless.

THE VENEZUELAN COMMISSION.

Washington, Feb. 15.—The Venezuelan Commission is hard at work with all the members present at the weekly meeting. The commission is highly gratified at the position taken by Great Britain in responding favorably to its request to be supplied with information relative to the location of the boundary line.

MISSING VESSELS REACH PORT.

Palermo, Feb. 15.—The British steamer "Cathart," which sailed from Naples Feb. 3, for New York, and which was spoken on Feb. 5 off Cape Spartivento, returning with her main shaft broken, has arrived at Palermo.

New York, Feb. 15.—The steamer Monmouthshire, from Yokohama, which has been reported overdue, arrived here yesterday.

The James F. Hunt & Sons' hair mattresses and feather bed cleaning factory, manufacturers of new mattresses and goose feather pillows, a good variety of hair beds, spring beds, fancy rockers, tables, chairs, stoves and general house furnishing. Telephone 997.

Cooper & Sanders' Photos are a little under price but away up in quality. J. W.

B. Z. Stetaway, of New York, at \$1-

The North Pole.

Nansen's Reported Success Creating Great Interest

Throughout Europe—Is the News True?

London, Feb. 15.—The news of Dr. Nansen's success in reaching the North Pole has created intense interest in this city. The report received from Irkutsk, Siberia, was generally discredited at first, although more faith was placed in it than in the previous rumors which have reached London during the past twelve months. But the dispatch from the British consul at Arcoangel is regarded as conclusively showing that the Norwegian explorer is homeward bound, even if he has not yet discovered the pole. The Arcoangel dispatch refers to the North Pole, hope is still entertained that Dr. Nansen's journey north may have been crowned with the highest success. Dispatches received here from different parts of the continent indicate that the same interest in the news from the north is manifested throughout Europe, and it is also generally credited at the European capitals, although even now Nansen's wife and relatives did not believe the announcement which came through Kuchmareff, the agent of Dr. Nansen, and the man who supplied the latter with dogs. Kuchmareff resides near the mouth of the Lena River, and is a frequent visitor to the Lena River people from Ust Yacht, at the mouth of the Yana River, which falls into the Arctic Ocean by several outlets in latitude 70 degrees north and longitude 137 degrees east of Greenwich. Ust Yacht is one of these outlets, and it was near Ust Yacht that the Jeanette survivors came ashore.

Later advices say that the news of Dr. Nansen's safety was sent by Kandaroof, the local Russian official in the Yakutsk region, who was a member of the Siberia-Koffs expedition. Dr. Nordenskiöld, who is in Christiania, is inclined to believe the news of Dr. Nansen's safety at any rate, even if it is not true that he has succeeded in discovering the North Pole. According to the opinion of the Arctic experts, when the Fram left Kara Sea in 1893 she may have found the sea northward free of ice and pushed on until she was locked in. They add that she may have been allowed to drift until the expedition was stranded, and that Dr. Nansen and his party may have returned in sledges to the Siberian Islands.

HAS DISCOVERED THE POLE.

London, Feb. 15.—The British consul at Archangel, capital of the Russian Government of that name, telegraphs confirming the report that Dr. Nansen is safe and returning from the North Pole.

GLADSTONE'S FUTURE.

London, Feb. 15.—Some little comment was caused by the announcement made in the Bradford Observer during the week that Mr. Gladstone intended to take the earliest opportunity of standing for Parliament and re-entering public life. But in well-formed circles absolutely no reliance was placed upon the report, and, as generally foreseen, it has been denied. Even Mr. Gladstone's warmest admirers say it would not be advisable for him, in view of his age, to re-enter the political arena.

OPEN ON SUNDAY.

London, Feb. 15.—An interesting step towards the Sunday opening of museums and other public institutions in England is the decision of the corporation of London to open the next Guildhall picture exhibition on Sundays.

Robert Buchanan announces that henceforth he will be his own publisher, and his description of the diary, everyday publisher has caused a great deal of amusement. He dubs him "A barnacle on the bottom of the good ship Literature, yet presuming to criticize the quality of the cargo in the hold."

LIONIZING BAYARD.

London, Feb. 15.—The United States ambassador, Mr. Thomas Bayard, has accepted an invitation to speak at the annual Shakespeare dinner on April 21 at Birmingham. Mr. Bayard, on the following day, will be entertained at dinner by the mayor of Birmingham, in the town hall, and he will go to Stratford on April 22 to unveil the statue in Trinity Church, where the remains of Shakespeare are buried. The funds for this window were subscribed by American visitors during recent years. A ceremony in the Memorial Hall is also proposed for the purpose of emphasizing the good-will existing between the two nations.

GUILLOTINED HIMSELF.

Paris, Feb. 15.—M. Desparieux, a tailor of Saint Pierre-la-Palud, near Lyons, who disappeared from his house several days ago, was found guillotined in his cellar. He had chosen this strange means of committing suicide. According to the Matin, the deceased was stretched on his back with his arms crossed, his head had rolled in a sack placed in position to receive it. M. Desparieux had made the guillotine himself, and for some time had been haunted with the idea of a strange way of committing suicide. The machine was almost identical with that used for the purposes of justice. The blade was formed by means of a large hatchet. By the side of the body was an extinguished lamp, and from Desparieux's position it is evident that he wished to see the knife fall upon him when he pulled the string which released it from its place.

This extraordinary suicide has caused a great sensation in the district, where the deceased was well known.

Rheumatism Is Still Being Cured in from One to Three Days by South American Rheumatic Cure—More Testimony.

Mr. Z. A. Van Luven, Governor of the County Jail of Napanee, Ont., writes: "My wife has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for some time past. The disease attacked the limbs and was drawing them out of shape. The pain was most excruciating. She could not get anything to cure her. Mr. Huffman, druggist, of this town, recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. The first few doses gave my wife perfect relief. Today, after taking four bottles of the remedy, she is certain that the disease is entirely eradicated from her system, and blesses the day she first heard of this remedy."

Anderson & Nelles, Druggists, sell Kur-Kof, the new lung remedy, at 25c. J. W.

E. & J.

THE WEATHER TO-DAY.
Cloudy to fair; light snow.

My

What a difference there is in the price and quality of footwear. There is also quite a difference in the style. Let us explain. We handle ladies', misses' and children's sizes only, therefore we buy these in large quantities. That gets the price down for us, and when we get the price down for ourselves we leave it down for our customers. Our styles are always up-to-date because our patrons have up-to-date ideas. We buy our supplies to please our patrons. If they desired unfashionable styles that's the kind we'd buy. But they don't.

My

How easily things go wrong. If your shoes don't fit snugly you won't enjoy skating. A size too short or a size too long makes a big difference. Our popular skating shoes are on the move, whether the band plays or not.

Ladies' Tan Goat, felt lined, laced, at \$1 75 now, worth \$2 25.

Ladies' Dongola Goat, felt lined, laced, at \$1 50, worth \$2.

Ladies' Pebble Goat, laced, at \$1 10, worth \$1 50.

Our Boy's Hickory Grain School or Skating Shoes are the best in the market. We warrant them. Only \$1 50.

My

Feet are never warm. That is the wail of some women. Try a pair of our Overshoes.

Felt Button Overshoes, at \$1 now, worth \$1 50.

Jersey Button Overshoes, at \$1 45 now, worth \$2.

Goodyear Glove Overshoes, \$2 now, worth \$2 75.

In Rubbers we have all sizes in extra tancy varieties. We are selling 60c Rubbers at 45c, made by the renowned Goodyear Glove Rubber Company, of New York. We are also selling 50c Rubbers at 38c. Our sizes are ladies', misses' and boys'.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM

149-151 Dundas St.

Three Years in Kingston.

Wm. Adair's Sentence for an Unprovoked Assault Upon Mrs. Baker, of Strathroy—Adair Has Been in the Penitentiary Before.

Wm. Adair, of Strathroy, was this morning brought before Judge Wm. Elliot and sentenced to three years in the Penitentiary at Kingston for assaulting Mrs. Baker, a Strathroy woman.

The offense was committed on Christmas eve and was most unprovoked. Adair called at the home of Mrs. Baker about 8:30, and when the door was opened he struck the woman several heavy blows on the face, and then decamped. Mrs. Baker was stunned, but managed to reach a neighbor's, where she fainted three times. Her face was badly cut and caused great loss of blood. Mrs. Baker recognized her assailant, but several weeks elapsed before Adair was located in Hamilton.

In passing sentence Judge Elliot characterized Adair's conduct as most brutal and unprovoked, and said he saw no reason why the full sentence of the court should not be imposed.

Adair took his sentence very coolly. He has already served a term of three years in Kingston.

EARLY MORNING BLAZES.

Tilsburg, Ont., Feb. 15.—Yesterday morning at 2 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Tilsburg were awakened by fire, and had only time to escape from the house when it was a mass of flames. The firemen prevented the fire from spreading to the main block adjoining with warehouses and furniture show rooms on the ground floor, and tenement rooms upstairs. House and contents a total loss. Insured in the Queen's and Norwich Union.

Quebec, Feb. 15.—At half-past 1 o'clock this morning the marble works of A. Belanger, St. Rochs, were burned down. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

An English Chemist Writes:

"Brown's Bronchial Troches are most useful, and I never knew an article so universally well spoken of and gain such rapid notoriety before." Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try them. Price 25c a box.

A waiter has hanged himself in London through excitement regarding the Transvaal crisis.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

We will sell all Furniture far below regular prices. As our enormous stock is varied, you will have no difficulty in selecting what you need at W. TRAFFORD'S, 95 to 97 King street.

Free to All.—If your eyes are defective, will test them without charge. J. E. Adkins, graduate optician. J. W.

Manitoba School's

What Was Done Under Like Circumstances in Prince Edward Island.

Fair Play to All Parties Can Best Be Obtained Through Mr. Laurier's Policy.

Hon. L. H. Davies, of Prince Edward Island, speaking in Toronto on Thursday, had this to say on the Manitoba school question: "The people of each Province know best what policy is best, and when and where separate schools should be established. I remember well twenty years ago that I had the honor of introducing a bill for the adoption of the national school system in Prince Edward Island. We fought it out, and arrived at the conclusion that in the interest of all the people that system should be adopted, and now after twenty years of experience, I am prepared to state that, while at its inception there was a strong feeling against it in many quarters, now you could not find a dozen men who are prepared to say they want a change. I do not by any manner of means claim that our system is perfect, but I do claim that the system we have is one that suits us, and today our Roman Catholic friends say: 'We stand on the principle of having our sons and daughters educated the same as yours; we stand on the same ground as you,' and the result is that today we know no creed in the Province. (Great applause.) But, sir, I want to ask you where we would have been today if coercive legislation had been introduced. It would have caused endless trouble, for we would not have sprung from the stock as we did if we had submitted to such a course. You will not make me believe that the people of Manitoba, sprung from the same people that we are, are ready to let us do justice that we in the Maritime Provinces, and I take my stand that justice can be better administered to the minority by the people living amongst them than by people living thousands of miles away. Do not let your minds be carried away by arguments that have nothing to do with the

Here's Something Worth Reading.



A series of Amico's Famous Photos of the most noted places in the world, 40 subjects, 25¢ each, price only 10¢ each. Come early and make your selection; you may never get such an offer again.

E. N. HUNT
150 Dundas Street.

LOVE AND LURE

The appearance of Cheditafa was quite as miserable as that of poor Mok. But his countenance was much more intelligent, and his English, although very much broken, was better even than Mak's, and he was able to make himself perfectly understood. He spoke briefly, and this is the substance of his story:

About the middle of the afternoon of the day before a wonderful thing happened. The Rackbirds had had their dinner, which they had cooked themselves and they were all lying down in their huts or in the shadows of the rocks, either sleeping or smoking or telling stories. Cheditafa knew why they were resting; the Rackbirds had no idea that he understood English, for he had been careful to keep this fact from them after he found out what sort of men they were—and this knowledge had come very soon to him—and they were all resting before him. He had heard some of the men who had been out looking for Mok, and who had come back early that morning, tell about some shipwrecked people in the cave up the coast and had heard all the plans which had been made for the attack upon them during the night. He also knew why he and his fellows had been cooped up in the cave in the rock in which they lived, all that day, and had not been allowed to come down and do any work.

They were lying huddled in their little cave, feeling very hungry and miserable, and whispering together for if they could not make any noise one of the men below would be likely to fire a load of shot at them—when suddenly a strange thing happened.

They heard a great roar like a thunder, which came from the higher part of the ravine, and peeping out, they saw what seemed like a little valley, but in a second they saw it was new rock, but water, and before they could take two breaths it had reached them. Then it passed on, and they saw only the surface of a furious and raging stream, the waves curling and dashing over each other and reaching almost up to the floor of their cave.

They were so frightened that they pressed back as far as they could get, so fearful were they that the water would dash in upon them. But the raging flood roared and surged outside, and none of it came into their cave. Then the sound of it became not quite so loud, and grew less and less, but still Cheditafa and his companions were so frightened and so startled by this awful thing, happening so suddenly as if by magic, that it was some time, he did not know how long, before they lifted their faces from the rocks, against which they were pressing themselves.

Then Cheditafa crept forward and looked out. The great waves and the roaring water were gone. There was no water to be seen except the brook which always ran at the bottom of the ravine, and which now seemed not very much bigger than it had been that morning.

But the little brook was all there was in the ravine except the bare rocks wet and glistening. There were no huts, no Rackbirds, nothing. Even the vines and the bushes which had been growing up the sides of the stream were all gone. Not a weed, a stick, not a clod of earth, was left, nothing but a great rocky ravine, washed bare and clean.

Edna Markham stepped suddenly forward and seized the captain by the arm. "It was the lake," she cried. "The lake swept down that ravine!"

"Yes," said the captain. "It must have been. But listen; let us hear more. Go on," he said to Cheditafa, who proceeded to tell how he and his companions looked out for a long time, but they saw no sign of anything living creature. It would be easy enough for anybody to come back up the ravine, but nobody came.

They had now grown so hungry that they could have almost eaten each other. They felt they must get out of the cave and go to look for food. It would be better to be shot than to sit there and starve.

Then they devised a plan by which they could get down. The smallest man got out of the cave and let himself hang, holding to the other edge of the floor with his hands. The other man put his feet over the edge of the rock, and left the hanging man take hold of them. The other two each seized an arm of the second man and lowered the two down as far as

they could reach. When they had done this, the bottom man dropped and did not rise again. Then they tried to pull up the second man, for the fall would have been too great for him.

After that they had to wait a long time, while the man who was left went to look for something by which the others could help themselves down. The ladder they had used having been carried away with everything else. After going a good way down the ravine to a place where it grew much wider, from the walls lower, he found things that had been thrown up on the sides, and among these was the trunk of a young tree, which, after a great deal of hard work, he brought back to the cave, and by the help of this they all scrambled down.

They hurried down the ravine, and as they approached the lower part, where it became wider before opening into the little bay into which the stream ran, they found that the flood as it had grown shallower and spread itself out, had left here and there various things which it had brought down from the camp-bits of the huts, articles of clothing, and after a while they came to a Rackbird quite dead, and hanging upon a point of projecting rock. Further on they found two or three more bodies strangled, and later in the day some Rackbirds, who had been washed out to sea, came back with the tide and were found upon the beach. It was impossible, Cheditafa said, for any of them to have escaped from that raging torrent, which hurried them against the rocks as it carried them down to the sea.

But the little party of hungry Africans did not stop to examine anything which had been left. What they wanted was something to eat, and they knew where to get it. About a quarter of a mile back from the beach was the storehouse of the Rackbirds, a sort of cellar which they had made in the hill. As the Africans had carried the stores over from the vessel which had brought them, and had afterward taken to the camp such supplies as were needed from time to time, of course they knew where to go, and they lost no time in making a hearty meal.

According to Cheditafa's earnest assertions, they had never eaten as they had eaten then. He believed that the reason they had been left without food was that the Rackbirds were too proud to let them suffer until they returned to their expedition and the need of their companions Mok, and thus it was that they were here.

"And those men were coming to attack us last night?" asked the captain. "You are sure of that?"

"Yes," said Cheditafa. "It was last night. They not know how many you are, and all were coming."

"And some of them had already been here?"

"Yes," replied the African; "one day before, three went to look for Mok, and they found his track and more track, and they waited in the black darkness and then came here and they heard you all sleep and snore that night. They were to come again, and if they—"

"And yesterday afternoon the lake came down and swept them out of existence!" exclaimed Mr. Cliff.

CHAPTER X.

When Capt. Horn had heard the story of Cheditafa, he walked away from the rest of the party, and took his gun upon the ground, still carefully holding his gun. He now knew that the great danger he had feared had been a real one, and far greater than he had imagined. A systematic attack by all the Rackbirds would have swept away his single resistance as the waters had swept them away and their camp. As to parley or compromise with those wretches, he knew that it would have been a waste of time. They allowed no one to go forth from their hands to reveal the place of their rendezvous.

But although he was able to appreciate, at its full force, the danger with which he had been threatened, he could not immediately adjust himself to the new conditions. It had been pressed down so far that it could not easily rise again. He felt that he must make himself believe in the relief which came to them, and, turning sharply, he called out to Cheditafa:

"Man, since you have been in this part of the country, have you ever seen a band of any kind of savages? Are there any jaguars or pumas?"

The African shook his head. "No," he said; "no wild beasts. Everybody sleep out of doors. No think of beasts, no snakes."

The captain dropped his gun upon the ground. "Miss Markham!" he exclaimed; "Mrs. Cliff! I truly believe we are out of all danger. That we—"

But the two ladies had gone inside, and he heard no more. They seemed to the full the danger from which they had been delivered. Ralph, too, had gone. The captain saw him on his post of observation, jamming the end of his flagpole down between two rocks.

"Hello," cried the boy, seeing the captain looking up at him; "we might as well have this flying here all the time. There is nobody to hurt us now, and we want people to know where we are."

(To be Continued.)

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

BREAKFAST—Pananas, Oatmeal, Welsh Rarebit and Eggs, Sliced Beef, Graham Cereals, Coffee.

DINNER—Vegetable Soup, Lamb Chop, on Mushrooms, Stewed Potatoes, Baked Tomatoes, Stewed Cabbage, Cucumber Pickles, Raspberry Jam, Bread and Butter, Stewed Oranges.

SUPPER—Browned Potatoes, Rice Croquettes, Canned Peas, Cooked Tea.

WELSH RAREBIT.
Take a pound of fat and crumbly cheese—not strong-cut—is best—and place in saucepan on back of stove; add tablespoonful butter and a gill of rich milk; set pan in boiling water; stir until thick and smooth. Trim crust from slice of bread, toast evenly, moisten a little with boiled milk. Spread with cheese mixture. Serve with poached eggs.

Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe.

A sample of the snaps offered by Keene Bros. are high back, wood seat, cane seat chairs, 50 cents each. These are but a specimen of the snaps at KEENE BROS., 127 King street, opposite Market House.

Ross and Dryden.

The Two Ministers Make Speeches at Strathroy.

At the Opening of the New Western Dairy School.

The Minister of Agriculture Makes an Educational Speech.

While the Minister of Education Tells Why Boys Leave the Farm—The School a Boon to Farmers of the Western District.

When Feb. 14 was selected for the opening of the Western Dairy School at Strathroy, the principal, probably, did not think of it being St. Valentine's Day. But the citizens of that thriving town, and more particularly the residents of the adjoining townships, showed by their presence and approval yesterday that they considered the establishment of a dairy school the most substantial kind of a Valentine, embodying, as it did, in a very practical form the good wishes of the Government establishing it and its regard for the interests of the profession of agriculture.

This is the third school of the kind to be established by the Ontario Government. The other two are situated at Kingston and Guelph. The building is a handsome two-story brick structure, and as large as the usual six-roomed city school. It stands in the southwestern portion of the town, and within five minutes' walk of the post-office. Like all other public works of the same Government, the building has been economically, rather than expensively, built, but at the same time it is a model of completeness and substantiality.

The school is under the direction of Mr. James Mills, M.A., LL.D., president of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, and is the resident superintendent. He also lectures, and is instructor in milk testing. The instructor in the art of cheese making is Mr. Wm. Vaddell, while Mr. H. Smith is the instructor in butter making, with Mr. Crealy as assistant.

The course is two weeks, and the capacity of the school is 30 students—15 in each of the departments. But a student may repeat the course, or take the other course, and may remain at the school until the art of scientific dairying is thoroughly acquired. Any person over 16 years of age is eligible for admission, and the course is free of charge, except a fee of \$1. Students may remain throughout the session, from January to April, without an additional payment.

As Mr. Mills said yesterday, if the attendance warranted the school would be continued all the year round. There are 17 pupils at present.

A visitor is at once struck with the cleanliness of the institution and all connected with it. The dairy is free from so much as the white canvas suits and caps of the men and the aprons of the girls.

The basement contains a 20-horse-power engine that supplies power to the butter-making machinery. All the manufacturing is done on the first floor. The butter department on the right contains three power separators, a Russian, with the capacity of 1,200 pounds an hour; an Alpha (De Laval), 2,500 pounds, and an Alexandria, 1,800 pounds capacity is also kept.

One hundred and twenty-five gallons of milk are used in this department daily. There are three receiving vats, with a capacity of 1,000 pounds each, a large vat for the maturing of cream, and a Curtis trunk churn of 100 pounds capacity. There is also a hand churn, a hand butter worker, and a hand butter worker in the same room.

The milk testing room contains two Babcock testers, and an oil test churn, with all the necessary appliances. Six hundred pounds (30 gallons) of milk are consumed daily in the cheese room. It contains two vats of 300 pounds capacity each, a curd sink and cheese press, and in which six cheese makers are at once engaged.

Upstairs are located ladies' and gentlemen's sitting rooms, lecture hall, superintendent's office, lavatories, cloak rooms and other indispensable aids to student comfort.

Thirty was the hour set for the opening speech yesterday, but for a couple of hours before the school was fairly besieged with visitors. They examined and looked carefully into the processes of the dairy, and saw how they manufactured cheese, and also caught a glimpse of that fabled article of which the story books say the moon is made—green cheese. This, however, is a rare sight, and is not to be seen than cheese directly from the press and placed on shelves to mature. The school has been in operation since Jan. 22, and the 17 students who have already availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the course were at their posts.

Although the roads were heavy, the attendance was large, including the Strathroy council in a body—Mayor Smith, Reeves Gill and Grey, Councillors Graham, Armstrong, Healy, Hamby, Meekison, Birden, Lindsay, Marshall and Robinson; and Wm. and Mrs. Rupley, L. H. Smith, Dr. A. and Mrs. Thompson, W. Whitehead, W. and Mrs. Dryden, W. and Mrs. Geddes, Jas. R. and Mrs. Geddes, Miss Geddes, Rev. Jasper and Mrs. Wilson, Rev. T. M. and Mrs. Fothergill, Jas. and Mrs. Cox, Mrs. J. O'Neill, W. H. and Mrs. Stepler, Miss Gordon, A. Stevenson, Mrs. Iverson, D. B. Baskerville, R. Dickson, W. J. Seed, W. Traver, John and Mrs. Leard, W. H. and Mrs. Murray, L. R. Richardson, H. Owens, John and Mrs. Hodgson, Joseph and Mrs. Butler, H. Brock, H. Nicholson, D. Vary, J. C. and Mrs. Scott, H. Rupley, F. L. and Mrs. Harrison, H. D. and Mrs. Johnson, Jas. and the Misses Nault, Geo. Orchard, Geo. Ashwell, Thos. Mrs. and Mrs. Douglas, Harry C. Brittain, J. W. Baskerville, A. E. Kidner, J. Wilton, Mrs. James Thompson, W. T. Smith, Miss Woodbury, Thos. and Mrs. Dunsmore, Miss Herbert, W. A. Thompson, G. Prangley, Mrs. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Lindsay, J. J. Richardson.

Adelaide—Wm. and Mrs. Ireland, John McPherson, Geo. Buttery, Albert and R. Brock, John Morgan, David and Fred Rapley, Will and Mrs. Rupley, Ira Downer, E. Morrow, Charles

Rupley, Thomas and Jas. Bogue, J. S. and Mrs. Douglas, Arch. and Dan Campbell, George and Mrs. Thompson, S. Demaray, E. Maxlowe, J. Hickey, D. J. and J. A. Gibson.

Caradoc—Henry Brown, G. and Mrs. McQuigan, A. P. Wilton, Wm. and Miss Coupland, D. Letch, James and Mrs. Ferguson, Henry and Miss Brown, Geo. Bend, D. Lamont, A. Lamont, John and Mrs. Buttery, W. R. and Mrs. Snellgrove, J. P. Grigg, W. Young, Frank Linden.

Metcalfe—J. W. and W. S. Sifton, Joseph Ireland, Henry Gough, W. S. Calvert, W. H. Sutherland, T. F. Hawkins, Deputy Reeve Lewis, Miss Lizzie Didd.

Kerwood—W. A. Armstrong, G. S. Hull, George Langford, Loftus and Richard Truman, R. and Mrs. Galbraith, C. Johnston.

From other places were noticed Rev. H. C. Speller, Sarnia; Mr. Emma Canwell, St. Thomas; W. Eastman, Lucan; W. Murdoch, London, D. C. Ross, London; H. C. and Mrs. Lockwood, Delaware; J. S. Pearce, J. W. Wheaton, Robert Robertson, and Sherin Camerone, London.

Mr. Mills occupied the chair, and in opening remarked that the dairy schools were the only institutions which have to rely entirely on their own merits. Students were legislated into the higher branches of other classes of education and prospects of high salaries acted as incentives which were lacking in the dairy line. If they had such inducement to their students it would work a revolution. As it was they had to coax them to come. Mr. Mills urged those present to support the school, and advised them as milk makers to have a special interest in the dairy school.

After speaking of the strong efforts put forth by Hon. G. W. Ross to secure the school for Strathroy, the mayor of the town, R. P. Smith, who briefly extended a warm welcome to the visitors of the day.

"We view this institution," said he, "as a matter of education to this community, and not only to this community, but the whole section of the surrounding country." (Applause.)

Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, was the next speaker. He was given a right royal welcome, and made a capital speech in reply. He began by congratulating the citizens of Strathroy and surrounding country, the auspicious opening of the school, and the industry of the dairy school, which was no need for winking, he said, as the Ontario Government was not given to humbugging.

"And," said he, "it will not be many years before the people of this country will know when the Minister of Agriculture speaks of opening a school in Algoma or Strathroy, it is going to be done." (Applause.)

Briefly he compared the conditions for farming as enjoyed by our forefathers, and the vast improvements of the present day. No business man would now do business as he did in the olden times—and neither was it to be expected that an agriculturist man should be any more of a success than a business man. That what satisfied their fathers should satisfy them. Because their fathers traveled in a certain beaten path they must travel the same way now. I need not hesitate to tell you that I do not believe in this doctrine, and the changes that have taken place in these other lines of business have taken place in reference to agriculture, and the agriculturists of the present must change with it or get lost and left behind. There is no other way out of the difficulty." (Hear, hear.)

Touching on the need of industrial education, Mr. Dryden said: "But we need more than merely intellectual education if we are to accomplish all that we should in the education of the country. There must be industrial education as well."

He was in mistake introduced as the Minister of Education. While he did not want to lay claim to the honors of that position, so ably filled by Mr. Ross, he intimated that he did not mind being referred to as the Minister of Agricultural Education. (Laughter.)

"If the farmers are to take a dignified position in the world," said he, "there is only one way—a better education for the farmer, and a better education with the nations of the world. Whether you think it or not, we are and we have got to keep up with it. And we have won the first heat at Chicago." (Laughter.)

The farm of the future, he said, is the same relation to the dairy as the public schools did to the general education. The colleges at Strathroy and Kingston were the high schools, while the college was the university of the agricultural profession. The speaker related several instances where a scientific knowledge of farming secured some dairymen 3 or more cents a pound for butter than their neighbors who were content to do as their parents did before them.

"There's millions in it," exclaimed Mr. Dryden, in a burst of enthusiasm, as he explained that the 10,000,000 of the Province each year. An improvement in the make, if it only brought 1 cent a pound more on the average would mean a million dollars more than is going to the dairymen around the Province of the country. And the same argument applies to butter. This would mean a little more luxury, a little more comfort in every home in the country, and a little less hardship. (Applause.)

"The present school is not intended to teach people how to run a factory, or how to run a creamery, but to help the young men and women who have dairy work to do at home. The best of the first to come here, and those people who need the education most are those who do not come. It does not cost you anything."

In conclusion, Mr. Dryden said: "Accept the education which we give you. Adopt the newer methods. You have intelligence enough yourself to decide. Then we will go forward hand in hand and make this country what we know it can be made—the foremost among the industrial nations of the world." (Applause.)

Mr. Ross was accorded a boisterous welcome, and forced to speak from a chair near the door, where he could be heard by his constituents. He thronged the hallways, as well as by the speaking took place. Mr. Ross mentioned that the event was the first of its kind that he had attended, and that he enjoyed the change very much. He referred in a very complimentary manner to the chairman, Mr. Mills, and said that he was glad to hear the Minister of Agriculture make an educational speech. He assured them, amid laughter, that he (Mr. Dryden) was the best Minister of Sir Oliver Mowat's Government, and next to himself the best member.

The present has been kind enough," said Mr. Ross, "to say that I was anxious to have this school established here. I was; for this reason: That being brought up on a farm in this country myself, and knowing the people that I thought more of than the

farm we worked too long hours, and we did not have any holidays. You could drive a boy on a farm so as to deprive him of a great deal of the pleasure of working. There is not much relaxation given to the boys. A farmer plods and plods, and feels that it is necessary for the boys to do it. Try and give the boys a holiday. Let them hitch up the horse once in a while and take a drive with the girls. The people of the county of Middlesex, thought it was due to them that the best facilities for an agricultural education should be placed at their disposal. I saw that if we could only plant an agricultural dairying school here we were planting it in a soil where the intelligence of the people will bring it to maturity." (Applause.)

Mr. Ross said that nothing was too good for the farming people of Ontario as regards education, and deftly pointed out that agricultural education consisted of skill. And skill brought success.

"Why do so many boys leave the farm?" asked Mr. Ross. "Ask the reasons. One is that at the present time farming is not very productive, and many boys on the farm know very well that their father cannot get a farm for each of them. So some boys leave. The farmer says, 'I will give the farm to John, the oldest boy, and let the others choose a profession.' You cannot afford to buy farms for all of them."

Very productive.

"Thirdly, it is believed that in various other pursuits of life there is more enjoyment and more comfort. I don't think farm life is made as comfortable as it might be. When I was on the farm, I thought above all, farmers should endeavor to impress upon the children that they are independent, and that no other life gives so much relaxation and independence than the farm. We all think today that if we could only alternate rest and labor and production and education, we might add much to the pleasure of the farm, which, after all, is the backbone of the country." (Cheers.)

Mr. Ross spoke of the demand for good dairy products in England.

"Old John Bull can't be fooled at all," said he, "either as to what he eats or horses to drive, and if we want to get into his markets we must give him something good."

"The scientific problems of farming make wealth, and it is but to demonstrate the scientific problems that this school is established here."

What had been done in dairying as regards experimental farms and schools of instruction, had also been done in the growing of crops. Encouragement was also given to swine breeders and sheep growing associations, and when a thorough idea of the advantages of agricultural education had been acquired farming would be regarded with that respect which is due to the honorable occupation which it is.

In conclusion Mr. Ross referred with a feeling of pride to the high standing earned by the Strathroy Collegiate Institute, and said that from the dairy school would go out many who will be loath to leave the farm because of having acquired such a superior education and having been taught to see that there was a delight and satisfaction on the farm.

W. H. Taylor, M.P.E., North Middlesex, predicted a successful future for the school, and a marked improvement in the dairying of Western Ontario as a result of its establishment.

Mr. Robert Brown, ex-reeve of Metcalfe, and Mr. John Morgan, ex-warden of Middlesex, both spoke in a similar strain, and the meeting dispersed after votes of thanks had been tendered to the speakers.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

In Canada and Across the Border.

Points from the Weekly Statements of R. G. Dun & Co. and Bradstreet's.

New York, Feb. 13.—Bradstreet's weekly review says: The general business situation throughout the country does not meet anticipations, and, except at a few cities, remains dull for the season—in most instances disappointingly so. Improvement in demand and prices is confined to hides, leather and boots and shoes, which are conspicuous in the short list of staples, for which prices are higher. Features of the situation are the resulting from unfavorable weather east and in the central west, reaction in prices of iron and steel, further complaints by woolen manufacturers, an outlook for more idle woolen machinery, a smaller total of bank clearances, continued stiffness, maintenance of high rates for loans, notwithstanding the favorable inferences drawn from the heavy over-subscription to the government bond issue, and restricted production of pig iron.

The total number of business failures reported throughout the United States this week is 381—an exceptionally large number, the gain, as compared with last week, being 43.

R. G. DUN & CO.'S REVIEW.

New York, Feb. 13.—The weather still hinders business, and closeness of money continues, owing to the prolonged inaction of Congress, but confidence increases. The January export of the principal products increased, except for corn, and were, in value, \$59,797,193, against \$59,030,900 last year. Pig iron has not advanced. Bessemer is a shade lower at Pittsburgh. The coke output is a shade more reduced. Copper is a shade firmer at 10½, while tin and lead are not active and unchanged. The demand for boots and shoes is still disappointing. Several factories have closed, and few are making full time, belief in lower prices still prevailing, although further reductions have been made in most lines, amounting since Jan. 1, to 6 per cent. Textile work shows little change. Sales of wool have been small for two weeks of February—9,320,700 pounds, against 10,260,550 pounds last year, and 12,502,550 pounds in 1893; but higher prices abroad, sustained by heavy shipments of goods to this country, incline holders of wool here to make no concessions, so that manufacturers have the more difficulty in meeting competition. Wheat has declined three-quarters of a cent, with western receipts 3,022,906 bushels, while Atlantic exports for two weeks have been only 3,639,195 bushels, against 2,721,544 last year. Corn is a shade lower, and both pork and lard a little lower.

IN CANADA.

Bradstreet's says: The condition of general trade throughout the Province of Ontario and Quebec appears to be unfavorable. Sales are slow, and collections discouraging. The long list of business failures is continued, and Dominion banks are curtailing credits.

The favorable features of the business situation are that there seem to be small stocks in the hands of dealers and the absence of inflation. General trade seems to be improving in Nova Scotia, where the country roads are in excellent condition. Bank and Labrador codfish are lower, owing to importations from Newfoundland. The All work guaranteed satisfactory, because he understands cylinders, duplex, chronometers, striking repeaters, levers, Swiss, English or American.

NOTICE—If you want good and proper work done to your watches and clocks, without pretense, take them to E. C. Thornhill's, 402 Talbot street, who has had over forty years' experience. All work guaranteed satisfactory, because he understands cylinders, duplex, chronometers, striking repeaters, levers, Swiss, English or American.

PILLS NEVER HAVE, NEVER CAN, DISSOLVE URIC ACID OR OXALATE OF LIME,

WHICH are solids and cause Kidney disease, Bright's disease, Gravel, Rheumatism, etc.

A LIQUID Medicine must be used as a Solvent.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE, a scientific and time-tried remedy for all Kidney and Urinary Diseases, dissolves Uric Acid, Oxalate of Lime, etc., and expels these poisons from the system.

"A SINGLE FACT OUTWEIGHS A THOUSAND CLAIMS."

\$19,206,000 this week—about 15 per cent. more than last week, and more than 20 per cent. in excess of the corresponding total a year ago. In the second week of February, 1894, the total was \$15,100,000, and in 1893 it was \$18,000,000.

One of the largest weekly totals of business failures ever reported for the Dominion is that for the current week—70—as compared with 60 last week, 39 in the second week of February, 1895, 47 in 1893, 44 in 1893 and with 43 in 1892.

THOSE MAGIC RAYS

Lend Their Light for a Difficult Surgical Operation in Toronto.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 15.—The woman patient at Grace Hospital, whose foot was submitted to the cathode rays in search of a hidden needle, was successfully operated on yesterday morning. The first photograph showed the interior structure of the foot, but no trace of any foreign substance, Thursday night Mr. Wright, of the University, made another photograph. Yesterday morning pointed out to the hospital surgeons exactly where the needle was located. The surgeons operated at the point indicated, and found that Mr. Wright and his photograph were correct.

It was Mr. Wright, it will be remembered, who, with Dr. McLellan, made the important discovery of taking instantaneous photographs by the Roentgen process while experimenting with the cathode rays on Tuesday last at the University.

PROBABLY A HOOSIER HOAX.

Plot to Lynch the Alleged Murderers of the Bryan Girl—Three Thousand Men to Take Part.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 15.—A special from Muncie, Ind., says: "A letter received in this city yesterday disclosed a plot to lynch Scott Jackson, alias Walling, William West, and the Caskor brothers, who are accused of being implicated in the Bryan murder. It says that at least 3,000 men will take part. There now live in Muncie three families who formerly resided in the moonshiners' district of Kentucky and West Virginia. They are members of the moonshiners' organization, which, it is said, have over 3,000 members. One of these men received a letter instructing them to come to Kentucky to take part in the lynching. The letter stated that the mob would be furnished with Winchester rifles; also that a paper had been secretly circulated in Newport, Ky., and 1,500 men had signed it, signifying their willingness to join the moonshiners. It was further said that unless the murderers were taken to Kentucky a mob of 4,000 would bear down on the Cincinnati district, and Lynch the men."

METHODIST MISSIONARIES FOR JAPAN.

Toronto, Feb. 15.—At a meeting of the Methodist Foreign Mission Executive, held Thursday under the presidency of Dr. Carmichael, Rev. John Scott, D.D., of Berlin, and the Rev. A. C. Bowden, B. D., of Halifax, were appointed missionaries for Japan. The Rev. Dr. Henderson, of Sherbrooke, was designated as secretary to assist at the Mission Rooms, subject to his acceptance of the position, the appointment to take effect at the end of this conference year. The Rev. E. Crumphy will return from Japan in the spring, and the subject of filling his position and others which may become vacant was discussed.

DIED OF A CAT'S BITE.

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 15.—Wm. Herman, a street car conductor, was bitten in the fleshy part of the thumb by the house cat last night. The wound was part of January he began to feel tired, and complained to his wife that he was all played out. This feeling lasted for weeks. Saturday night Herman was taken ill, and complained of severe pain in his arm. On Sunday a doctor was called, and diagnosed the case as hydrophobia. On Wednesday he was taken to Harper Hospital, and during the night he went wild. It took eight men to hold him. He fought the attendants all night. Thursday afternoon the patient was stark mad. He howled and writhed fearfully. Hypnotics were constantly administered, but had little effect. Herman died Friday night. This is the first case of hydrophobia in the city in 30 years.

Growing Prevalence of Bright's Disease

Bright's disease shows itself usually in depression of spirits. Life loses its zest. Efforts bring an early fatigue. There is loss of appetite; listlessness; sleep fails to refresh. There may or may not be pain in the region of the kidneys. It is not only astonishing, and alarming, the extent to which this disease is seizing the ablest men of the country. The deceptive nature of the trouble is almost akin to that of consumption. Our dearest friends are carried off with it before we are aware of the nature of the disease. The one salvation is to find the system of the trouble at its inception. This is being most successfully accomplished by South American Kidney Cure, a medicine that will cure any case of Bright's disease that has not already signed the death warrant of its victim. It is a medicine that most completely rids the system of those elements that go to constitute this disease, working distinctively on the kidneys.

NOTICE—If you want good and proper work done to your watches and clocks, without pretense, take them to E. C. Thornhill's, 402 Talbot street, who has had over forty years' experience. All work guaranteed satisfactory, because he understands cylinders, duplex, chronometers, striking repeaters, levers, Swiss, English or American.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

WHY?

Yes, why does a grocer when trying to work off some inferior brand of Flour (for the sake of a little extra profit) invariably say: "It's as good as Tecumseh Flour."

J. D. SAUNBY
Phone 118. 257 York Street.

R. K. Cowan
Barrister, etc., over Bank of Commerce London.



Stark's Powders

ENTIRELY NEW TREATMENT.

Each box contains a box of powder for the immediate relief of Sick and Nervous Headache, Toothache and all Nervous Pains; also capsules, forming a new and effective treatment for Biliousness, Costed Tongue, Dizziness, Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Pain in Back and Side, Lumbago, Constipation, Tired Feeling, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Blisters on Skin, Impure Blood. They are also a certain preventive of Bilious and Typhoid Fevers. No like the old-fashioned slow-acting pills, mixtures, lozenges, etc., but they act at once.

Only 25 Cts. Five Boxes for \$1.00 at all Drug Stores, and at Country Stores at places where there are no druggists. Prepared by R. Stark, M.D., C.E., Chemist.

REMOVAL
W. Fairbairn

Merchant Tailor,
Over Riddis Bros., upstairs. Entrance through store.

Frozen Water Pipes

Repaired at shortest notice at moderate prices. Phone 1,085.

EGGERT & BICKLEY,
Plumbers - 274 Dundas Street, ywt

Money! Money!!

Total Assets—\$12,937,840.

This is the position of
The Canada Permanent Savings & Loan Co. of Toronto.

The London Office is 437 Richmond St. Where all kinds and descriptions of loans are effected at low rates of interest. Borrowers would do well to consult with.

A. B. POWELL,
The London Appraiser and Valuator.

NEW YORK FANCY BRAND.



In Life Insurance Secure
Something Definite . . .

SEE THE NEW GUARANTEED INCOME
POLICY AS ISSUED BY THE

Confederation Life.

FRED H. HEATH, General Agent.
Geo. PRITCHARD, Local Agent.

We Do It All

WALL PAPERING,
Frescoing,
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Picture Framing is one of our specialties. We have everything that the artist requires.

R. LEWIS Richmond Street

Electric Bells,
Batteries, Bell Wire,
Push Buttons,
Magnet Wire

And all other Electric Supplies for sale by

Rogers Electric Co

425 RICHMOND STREET.

COSTLY COLLISION.

Pittsfield, Mass., Feb. 15.—Four engines, valued at \$10,000 each, were badly smashed in the local yard of the Berkshire division of the Consolidated road yesterday. The Great Barrington local, due at 7:15, came around the curve, just below the roundhouse, at a speed of 20 miles an hour. The switch at that point leading to the turn-table had been left open through carelessness, and the train, consisting of engine, baggage and two passenger cars, dashed into three locomotives, one standing on the turn-table and one on each side. Engineer Geo. Seeley, who was running the train, escaped with a few bruises. Fireman Louis Able had a hip fractured, and received a bad scalp wound. Fireman Ruchow, who was underneath the engine on the table, killing it up, had several ribs broken. The passengers were badly shaken up, and some slightly bruised. The damage will reach \$3,000.

Do Not Do This.

Do not be induced to buy any other if you have made up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. Do not give up in despair because other medicines have failed to help you. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully, and you may reasonably expect to be cured.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

Bring your babies to Cooper & Sanders for a fine photo, cor. Dundas and Richmond.

Priddis Bros.

NEW GOODS

TO HAND.

White Cottons,
White Sheetings,
Gray Cottons,
Gray Sheetings,
Ginghams,
Embroideries,
Shirt Waists.

TELEPHONE 324.

158 Dundas Street,
157 Carling Street.

CLOUDY TO FAIR—LIGHT SNOW.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 14-11 p.m.—The disturbance which last night was over New York State has moved to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while a minor depression has moved with unusual rapidity from the North Pacific coast to Iowa. The weather has been generally fair throughout Canada, and in the Northwest continues decidedly cold.

Minimum and maximum temperatures:
Edmonton, 14 below—2; Calgary, 20 below—12 below; Qu'Appelle, 20 below—8 below; Winnipeg, 20 below—12 below; Parry Sound, 4 below—18; Toronto, 17—28; Ottawa, 6—18; Montreal, 8—20; Quebec, 12—18; Halifax, 24—38.

PROBABILITIES.

Toronto, Feb. 15—1 a.m.—Lower Lakes: Cloudy to fair; light falls of snow in most places.

Repairing Department.

GUN AND BICYCLE REPAIRING, Razors hollow ground and set, Scissors and Knives sharpened, Keys fitted and Locks repaired by

WM. GURD & CO.
185 Dundas St., London, Ont.

Southcott's

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361 Richmond St.

Beltz's
Fine
Furs
At
Cut Rate
Prices.

E. BELTZ,

Manufacturing Furrier.

All those wishing furs made over can have them done now in a very satisfactory manner.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Johnston Bros.' Bread

5c per loaf retail.

In all parts of the city. Telephone 818.

CAN YOU Read this without aid of glasses? If not, better have your eyes scientifically tested by an expert optician. Consultation and testing of the eyesight FREE.

E. W. BOYLE, Druggist & Optician,
652 Dundas Street. ywt

ONTARIO LICENSE COMMISSIONERS.

Toronto, Feb. 15.—The following license commissioners have been appointed: North Brant—Thomas Ryall, Justin Vanderlip, Christopher Barker. South Wentworth—F. Renkie, A. Jarvis, Ed Dickenson, jun. Haldimand—James Mitchell, R. Buckley, John Lynch. Parry Sound East—Samuel Carmichael, in place of Samuel Wright. West Middlesex—Jas. Cox, Malcolm McGregor, Adam Clark, Centre Simcoe—Neil Harkin, John Lummis, Alex. Brownlee. South Norfolk—John Murphy, Jas. McBride, Thos. A. Gillespie. North Perth—Geo. G. McPherson, John Way, Henry Doehring. St. Catharines—Charles Beard, James Carty, Henry Jarvis. Lincoln—Ira F. Cole, Wm. B. Rittenhouse, Jesse Rawling.

Can't Be Tricked.

"No, no; you cannot sell me any inferior grade of salt. Give me Windsor Table Salt, or give me none. I know how much it saves me in food. The only pure salt I ever got." Ask for it.

Tisdale's Toronto Iron Stable Fittings
Healthful, durable attractive and cheaper than other fittings. Send for our new catalogue—The Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Co., Ltd., No. 6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

"Revolutions are not made, they come," said Wendell Phillips. But as they come we can help them along.

Mittels' Uniment for Rheumatism.

Comfortable Goods

Comfortable Prices

Don't complain of the cold weather when you can get Fur garments at nearly half the price they were a month ago. A Fur Cape—what is more fashionable or more comfortable? Fur Muffs, Ruffs, Collarettes—all at astonishingly low prices.

Milne, Spittal & Co.,
146 Dundas Street, London.

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Call Us Up! Telephone Numbers:

107 Business Office
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STREET • CAR • TICKETS

ARE ON SALE AT

T. R. PARKER'S,

G. P. R. Ticket Office

Southwest corner Dundas and Richmond Streets.

Aldermanic Property.

The question has sometimes been discussed as to whether or not it would be wise to drop the property qualification for alderman altogether, permitting the man who most commended himself to the taxpayers to be returned without regard to the value of his belongings.

This point has received additional emphasis in this city since the persecution of Ald. Bennett has begun. Here we have one of the most enterprising citizens of East London—a large employer of labor, a man who has devoted his life to building up the Fifth Ward. He is requested to give a portion of his time to civic affairs, and consents to election as alderman by his fellow-citizens. No sooner is he elected than a self-seeking clique endeavor to upset the decree of the electors by raising technical objections to his qualifications, which objections are continued even after it is proved on oath that the technical objection, if warranted, had already been removed.

When such attacks can be undertaken, under shelter of the law, may it not be time for a change to be effected?

London and Environs

The word "advertisement" is synonymous with "influence." And, like it, is one of the greatest forces in the world today.

PUBLICITY WAS WHAT DID IT.

The New York Evening Post thinks that the extraordinary success of the new Government loan was due to the extraordinary publicity which attended its negotiation. Think it over and no other adequate explanation will be conceivable; and the gain has not been the Government's alone—perhaps the larger profit has been the country's gain to the people. Publicity rightly handled and well driven home always works in that way—it brings a golden stream of direct results, and a large harvest of confidence and good will that is worth more even in dollars than dollars can express.

WOMAN'S FRANCHISE.

The stormy night and other causes prevented so many from hearing the franchise debate at the Collegiate Institute, that a call has been made for a repetition of as much of it as can be obtained. Mr. Bert Beal and Mr. Fred Scretion have consented to give the arguments that have convinced themselves of the righteousness of woman's claim to be heard in government, as presented by the judges' decision in favor of the negative such a surprise to the audience who heard them at the Collegiate. Mr. Beal will also set forth the objections to franchise, as presented by his Owen Sound and Toronto opponents, and will give replies thereto. The meeting will only last one hour. For particulars as to time and place, etc., see advertisements.

BENEFIT SOCIETY CONCERT.

The annual concert of the benefit society of the McClary Manufacturing Company was held in the old Mechanics' Institute last night, and proved an unqualified success. The programme was first-class throughout, and won well-merited applause from as large an audience as was ever seated in the hall. Mr. Wm. C. Barron acted as accompanist. The programme was as follows: Instrumental duet, Misses Daisy and Lulu Herriek; song, Mr. H. Ruthven McDonald; recitation, Miss Cannon; solo and chorus, Mrs. Wood; Highland fling, Beatrice Shand; song, Mr. W. M. Gartshore; clarinet solo, Mr. Blinkhorn; song, Miss Gartshore; solo (with clarinet obligato), Miss Templeton; instrumental, Messrs. Jacques and Linnaman; solo, Miss Myra Pickard; quartet, Misses Wilson; song, Mr. A. E. Welsh; song, Beatrice Shand; quartet, Misses Wilson.

During the intermission the annual

FACT DEAD SURE

The Poorest Man on Earth can be Cured of the Tobacco Habit by our Method. We offer by Mail a Remedy that will free every slave to Tobacco in Ten Days.

Read the strongest endorsement ever given any remedy, and if you are not fully satisfied write for leaflet containing over Six Thousand 6,000 Testimonials.

UNITED STATES HEALTH REPORTS—OFFICIAL ENDORSEMENT.
JUNE 18, 1895 (Page 10.)
In the light of our examinations and tests of "Uncle Sam's Tobacco Cure" we are but performing a duty we owe the public, when we endorse the same and stamp it as the crowning achievement of the Nineteenth Century in the way of destroying a habit as disgusting as it is common. (For only \$1.) Hence we earnestly advise you to call or write for particulars.

W. S. Bryers Bark-well,
Wholesale and Retail Agent,
268 DUNDAS STREET, - LONDON.

The Pleasures

Of the dining table are determined by the quality of the goods you use. You can always depend on our table supplies being fresh and reliable. The best or none at all is our motto. Try

Symington's Pea Flour

For making a dish of rich, nourishing soup in one minute.

Fresh Canned Shrimps.

They are large size and fine flavor.

Extra Choice French Peas.

They are delicious. Try them.

T. A. Rowat & Co

228 Dundas Street.

Telephone 317.

Your Cough!

One dose of "White Pine" from Shuff's, corner Dundas and Wilham, will relieve you.

report of the society was read. It showed that during the past year 1917 had been expended in the interests of the members, making a total of over \$10,000 paid out since the organization of the society. Two members died during the year—Mr. James Smith, who was in the company's employ since 1882, and Mr. C. J. Crisp, who was lately out from England. The receipts were \$1,580 31, and the expenditures, \$1,284 50, leaving a balance of \$295 81.

FIELD'S MINSTRELS.

Alf. G. Field's minstrels are strong in numbers, strong in singers, strong in dancers, strong in comedians and strong in novelties. The music charms everyone. Singing is always a source of enjoyment. Recognizing this, Mr. Field has collected a strong galaxy of singers. The following are the principal singers: David J. Andra, the sweet tenor; Harry J. Howard, robust tenor; George Hassell, male soprano; Fred Sieffler, contra tenor; Harry Lee, tenor; Sidney Ewart, baritone; J. Walter Wilson, basso; Oscar McMichael, baritone; D. W. Perrine, bass; J. A. Shadrack, second bass, and the Queen City Madrigal Boys, supported by a choir of ten voices.

The graceful dances, led by Wm. Rowe, the champion high pedestal dancer of the world, assisted by Jas. Devlin, Lew Diamond, Doc Quigley, Charlie Rench, P. M. Thomson, Frank Todd, Harry Carmody and others, will surprise and please all by their dancing tournament and drill.

The burlesque Utopia will cause you to scream with laughter; you will laugh until you are tired. It is a circus, a farce comedy, a spectacle and a pantomime compressed into one boisterous bit of merriment. The Opera House will have a large attendance on Tuesday evening.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE MEETINGS.

The following programme has been arranged for the meetings of the East Middlesex Farmers' Institute, to be held at Lambeth on Feb. 20; Brynston, Feb. 21; St. Johns, Feb. 22; Harrietsville, Feb. 23:
Lambeth, afternoon—"Selecting dairy cows," R. S. Stephenson; "Cement floors and walls," W. Thompson, London; "Improving an impoverished farm," T. G. Rayner, B.S.A.; Rosehall, Evening—"How to make life a success," A. M. Hunt; "Feeding dairy cows," R. S. Stephenson; "How farmers should manage in hard times," Adam Nichol, Wilton Grove; "Ontario Agricultural College," T. G. Rayner.
Brynston, afternoon—"Specialties in farming," S. B. Gornell, Pashaw; "Selecting dairy cows," R. S. Stephenson; "Simple remedies for common diseases of our domestic animals," A. M. Munro, Glanworth; "Our fodder crops," T. G. Rayner, Evening—"Feeding dairy cows," R. S. Stephenson; "Public schools," John C. Robson, Maple Grove; "Farming as an occupation," T. G. Rayner.

St. Johns, afternoon—"Corn ensilage," Joseph Wheaton, Thorndale; "Selecting dairy cows," R. S. Stephenson; "Improving an impoverished farm," T. G. Rayner; "Classes and combinations of food," Miss B. Livingston, Springfield; "Cookery," Cookery, Ottawa, Evening—"Agricultural education," T. G. Rayner; "Diet for children," Miss B. Livingston; "Feeding dairy cows," R. S. Stephenson.

Harrietsville, afternoon—"The cookery of vegetables," Miss B. Livingston; "Cereal food and breakfast dishes," Miss B. Livingston; "Clover culture," T. G. Rayner, Evening—"Feeding dairy cows," R. S. Stephenson; "Selected," Thos. Baty, Wilton Grove; "Care and handling of milk," R. Facy, Harrietsville; "Ontario Agricultural College," T. G. Rayner.

Discussions will follow the addresses every afternoon, in which all are invited to take part. Ladies are requested to attend the evening and Saturday and Monday afternoon sessions especially.

Anderson & Nelles, Druggists, sell Kur-a-Kof, the magic cold cure, at 25c. ywt

If you are bald, or find that your hair is breaking or falling out, will you pay you to call at Madam Ireland's parlors, 211 1-2 Dundas street, who can positively restore hair and prevent falling out. Her celebrated toilet and shaving soaps cannot be excelled, and her fine medicinal face powder is of the finest. These can be procured from Cairncross & Lawrence.

In London alone 44,000 letters have, on the average, to be "returned" every week.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, mostly at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co. Montreal, wholesale agents.

DEPARTMENTAL STORES

Mara's
Monday
Bargain
Day....

February 17.

Smallwares

For Monday Only.

All Linen Torchon Lace, 5c yd;

Black Valenciennes Lace, 2½c.

The Gold Medal Lacing Kid Glove,

black and tan, worth \$1 25, for 98c.

All-Wool Cashmere Gloves, fleeced,

lined, 15c per pair.

Wide Fishnet Veiling, heavy, in

black and brown, 15c yard.

Ladies' 24-inch Evening Silk Gloves,

in cream, 60c pair.

Black Silk Belting, 18c yard.

Fancy Belt Clasps, untarnishable,

only 37½c.

Flannellette Embroidery, all shades,

only 4c yard.

Silk Windsor Ties, on Bargain Day

only, for 12½c each.

Large Handkerchiefs, fast colors,

borders, only 2½c each.

Ribbed and Plain Cashmere Hose,

22½c pair.

Extra Fine Line of Hose, sear less

and spliced heel and toes, at 35c pair.

Very Heavy Ribbed Hose, 44c pair.

Ladies' Fleeced Vests and Drawers,

only 25c each.

Ladies' Merino Vests, 43c each.

Children's All-Wool Vests, 25c each.

Carpets and Curtains

For Monday Only.

Venetian Hemp Carpets, 33 inches

wide, nice patterns, for 12 1-2c.

Tapestry Carpets, on Bargain Day,

for 25c.

Brussels Carpets, made and laid,

45c.

2½ Yards Long Taped Lace Cur-

tains, 30c.

3 Yards Long Lace Curtains, wide

width, 50c.

3½ Yards Long, 50 inches Wide,

Lace Curtains, worth \$1, for 75c.

See our \$2 Imitation of Swiss Lace

Curtains for \$1 50.

Cheville Curtains, in all the latest

shades, for \$2 95 per pair.

Clothing

For Monday Only.

Boys' Overcoats, worth \$2 75, for

\$1 50.

Boys' Two-Piece Suits, worth \$1 25,

for 75c.

Boys' Three-Piece Suits, worth

\$3 75, now \$2 25.

Youths' Suits, worth \$6 50, now

\$4 90.

Youths' Reefers, worth \$4 50, now

\$2 65.

Boys' Short Pants, 75c, today only

49c.

Furnishings

For Monday Only.

Men's Black Sateen Sh

The Point of View.

It amuses me the complacency with which all the medical men are appropriating the cathode ray discovery to themselves, as if their profession was the prime thought Providence had in view when it opened the sluice-gate of Prof. Roentgen's brain just long enough to allow another idea to percolate through. That is the worst of being a job-sided scientist. You are apt to forget the human and purely personal side which attaches to even the most remotely scientific discovery.

There is a young man in this city who is hard at work on an apparatus for himself, and he intends to have it ready by next Saturday night—not to locate a bit of broken glass or show marrow in anybody's leg, nor is he after skeletons.

What he wants, this pulsating young experimenter, as hot as old Edison himself, is to see through a particular parlor wall on a certain date during the coming week, for she had not been at home when he has called for three evenings now.

It may be that it is only accident, and it may not, but love will find a way, and so doth the great Roentgen ray. A million volts may be necessary to do its deadly work, for there is a large, old-fashioned sofa to penetrate as well as a wall. What will transpire if on the above-mentioned venerable piece of furniture, two dark spots are disclosed—close together? Let us not anticipate evil, and if any mischief is done, we have the comforting assurance that to be peppered with shot is not the calamity it was last Thanksgiving.

Is there any sentimental youth or maiden who still clings to "Oh, promise me!" (Ah, most pathetic ditty!) after hearing that "prehistoric reminiscence of a by-gone age" in the hare-skin vest at "Rob Roy," mumble through his toothless gums, that he must take his "love together to some sky" and find the hollows where those violets grow?

I fancy not.

Yesterday was St. Valentine's Day, and it has left a haughty damsel feeling as limp as the lachrymose Sally Waters—I ought not to tell the story, perhaps, but it may serve as a warning, as people always say, when they are badly off for an excuse for telling a tale they know perfectly well they should keep to themselves. She was quite a pretty girl, one of those desperately conscious "I-know-I-am-awfully-pretty-but-I-can't-help-it" young persons, and very much "en evidence" at a small tea the other afternoon. The talk had been running on the approaching festival of all lovers' favorite saint, and the pretty girl was reiterating somewhat loudly and without unnecessarily, that she had never received an ugly valentine in her life. "But of pretty ones, bon-bons, flowers and the like, there is never any lack, I suppose," queried rather languidly one onlooker. With a rather plying smile for her interlocutor, and gathering up her wraps to depart, the Youthful Beauty said, "No, I can't complain," and then gracefully waving her muf at us in adieu, disappeared through the portieres behind her, leaving a strong whiff of conceit and Marie Louise violets in the room.

Oh, it was a shame! but on St. Valentine's morn the postman staggered up the walk of the Pretty Girl's home under a load of ugly valentines that will light the fires for a week to come. Comic valentines, as perhaps you know, if you were ever a small boy, are cheap; 75 cents carefully expended would buy out nearly a small shop. It was one of those artistically gotten up practical jokes, too, for this deluge of tender love missives (?) were posted from different parts of the city, and in a great variety of envelopes and penmanship. The Pretty Girl wept. She is not very old, and nothing so terrible had ever happened to her before.

But when the doorbell rang again at 2, and there stood the postman with his arms full once more, even the Beauty's brother, who takes the charms of his petted sister very coolly, thought the joke was going a little too far, relieved the carrier of her Majesty's mails himself, and thus the second cart load never reached the Beauty at all.

But the dark mystery now is, who did it? and certainly somebody seems able to keep a secret.

According to Marion Crawford, who makes the statement in one of his novels ("Mr. Isaacs," if I recollect) "A perfectly fitted dark-blue dress is an ideal gown, that but few women can successfully wear."

A quiet rebuke was administered to an immodest clerk in a butcher's shop on a little back street just the other morning. A lady had purchased from him some meat, and stood waiting for him to wrap it in paper for her.

He did so, but instead of handing her the package he threw it carelessly upon the counter beside her, not taking any notice whatever of her outstretched hand. Not a word did the customer say; but instead, ignoring the hand which the clerk held out for the money, she threw the coins into a mound of vegetables, and in a most composed manner left the store, leaving in her wake the most sheepish of all sheep-faced clerks.

Susan B. Anthony tells Nelly Bly that it is all right for a woman to pop the question to a man she loves, whether it is leap year or not. Now that woman has become a bread-winner, she is no longer in a position to wait for proposals. She can take care of herself, and her husband, too, if necessary. At least, that seems to be the Anthony idea, and probably the men

The World of Labor.

will not take the trouble to protest so long as they reserve the right to accept or reject all bids.

Alas, poor Armenia! One is reminded of the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves, "which have stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed leaving him half dead"; and the nations of the world, like the priest and the Levite, passing by on the other side. But "a Barton to the rescue!" The good Samaritan is here. The Society of the Red Cross will heed the desperate cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us!" The Red Cross, under the leadership of Clara Barton, does not squabble and purely and debate before taking action. I am reminded by this prompt action of Clara Barton of nothing so much as an ugly scene to which I was a helpless witness on a walk the other day; the most brutal kind of a dog fight—a great mongrel, half terrier and half bull, literally tearing another dog, much smaller, almost to pieces. It took place on the sidewalk in the middle of the block, and a ring of men, who ought not by appearances to have been brutes, stood by, either afraid or loath to interfere, till a woman at last appeared on the scene of carnage—not a very big one, only a little more than a girl, in fact. She just gave one glance at the poor little fellow underneath being chewed to pieces, and at the ring of big men taking it all in, and at one bound had that mongrel bull-terrier by the collar. That broke the spell, of course. One or two men came forward and languidly lent some assistance in getting the animals separated. There is no man willing to practically aid Armenia—at least, if there is, he hasn't been heard from yet. A woman will have to do it. One woman to help a whole nation paralyzed with terror and despair! The odds are great that unaided she will never get the little dog from underneath the big one, Turkey, at all.

OBSERVER.

Arbitration!

Leading Men in the West Decidedly Prefer It.

A Permanent Treaty for Peaceful Arbitration Between Britain and the United States Favored.

The following appeal has been circulated throughout the United States and cabled to Great Britain. This effort to elicit the best sentiment in both nations in favor of the settlement of all difficulties that cannot be adjusted by diplomacy, by arbitration, and thus rendering war between the two leading Christian nations of the world well-nigh impossible, has been initiated by Dr. W. C. Gray, of the Chicago Interior, an evidence that the paper and controls cannot be classed among jingo journals.

"To the Press and the People: A great political campaign is about to be inaugurated which will absorb the attention of the whole people till near the close of the year. It is an issue of greater importance, vastly more momentous, both for the near and the remote future, than those involved in any presidential campaign, is before us. Shall the English-speaking people of the world be friends or enemies? Shall there be constant possibility and menace of destructive war, or shall there be assured an established peace, with honor and justice?"

"The audience with which the possibility of hostilities broke upon the people of the United States and Great Britain, wholly unexpected, profoundly disturbing, fraught with peril to the civilization, prosperity, property and human life, is sufficient reason why the people of both countries should employ their strength, not in preparations to destroy each other, but in assuring peace between the two nations upon eternal and immovable foundations."

"On the 22nd of this February, the people of the United States will celebrate the birth of George Washington. Let the people make that day even more glorious by inaugurating a movement for cementing all the English-speaking people of the world in peace and fraternal unity."

"We therefore suggest and propose that the people of all cities and towns of the Union, at their meetings to celebrate the birth of Washington, or at special meetings called for the purpose on the Sunday afternoon next following, or in the meetings of their societies, clubs, churches, social, religious or commercial organizations, earnestly in time to Washington's birthday shall embody their views, each assemblage in its own way, on the following questions:

"1. Do we wish the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, by formal treaty, to establish arbitration as the method of concluding all differences, which may fall of settlement by diplomacy, between the two powers?"

"2. What is our opinion of war as a mode of deciding controversies between the United States and Great Britain?"

"Dr. William C. Gray, 69 Dearborn street, Chicago, and William E. Dodge, 11 Cliff street, New York, will receive the proceedings, which should be sent in duplicate, and arrange them for transmission to the President of the United States and the Queen of England."

Interesting Items From Many Fields of Industry.

Striking Tailors in New York Being Driven to the Wall.

Detroit Cigarmakers Firm—Single Tax Propaganda in Delaware.

The bicycle workmen of Dayton, O., have organized.

Daily Journal, Los Angeles, Cal., has been unionized.

St. Paul printers are agitating for a shorter workday.

Four new unions were added to the clerks last month.

Pittsburg coopers won their strike for a ten per cent raise.

Machinists are requested to stay away from Easton, Pa. Strike on.

In Missouri the labor organizations are warring against convict labor.

Five new unions of garment workers were chartered during January.

Every German paper in Buffalo has become unionized during the past six months.

Treasurer John J. McGrath, of the Bricklayers' Union, is now visiting Canadian cities.

It is quite probable that seceding Massillon miners will join the National Union again.

Fifteen hundred independent boot and shoe workers of Chicago joined the National Union.

Trades Assembly of Kansas City, Kan., has been injunctioned from boycotting a local shoe factory.

Chicago trades unionists have united in a demand that no city employee shall be paid less than \$2 a day.

Australian printers and employers have begun upon the question of adopting a shorter day.

The approach of May finds union after union falling into line in favor of the demand for an eight-hour day.

The co-operative society of London, England employs 240 clerks, and its annual sales are upwards of \$50,000,000.

In the forthcoming new directory of the Detroit Trades Council the label of each union will be conspicuously displayed.

The seventh convention of the Tin, Sheet Iron and Cornice Workers' International Union was held in Detroit this week.

The Stonemasons' International Union has ordered a strike May 1, in all towns where the eight-hour day does not prevail.

After an idleness of two years, the De Paw window glass factory at Elwood, Ind., resumed operations last week with 340 employees.

Vice-President James O'Connell, of the American Federation of Labor, is ill, and it is reported that president Gompers is also a very sick man.

Detroit cigarmakers who are striking against the introduction of child labor, remain as firm as a rock. Their co-operative factory is a success.

The alien labor law does not include the work seamen. The officers of the National Seamen's Union have decided to petition Congress to have it inserted.

Montreal judge ordered the stonecutters' union to pay a non-union stonecutter \$137 50 as damages. They used no violence, but walked out whenever he was engaged.

The last issue of the official organ of the stonecutters' union says: "The strike in Philadelphia is a forerunner of what will occur in Kansas City, and that in the near future."

New York unions are waking to the fact that the eight-hour question is before them. Agitation is becoming warm, and a number of unions are preparing to issue ultimatums.

The International Bricklayers' Union has 3,273 members, and its reserve fund amounts to \$238,450. It has expended \$125,339 during the past six months for benevolent purposes.

Frederick Ketchum, an ex-freight conductor on the Chicago and North-western Railway, has sued the company for \$25,000 damages for blacklisting him after the A. R. U. strike.

The New York State Federation of Labor at its recent convention in Albany advocated a per cent as a legal rate of interest and a law requiring employers to give employees 30 days' notice before reducing wages.

The formation of an international union of bridge and structural iron workers has been completed, with headquarters in Chicago. James G. Crowley was elected secretary-treasurer and George W. Geary organizer.

The barbers' union of Minneapolis has asked shop proprietors to discontinue taking sensational newspapers. They believe the wearing of these flashy sheets "between customers" has a pernicious effect on the younger members of the craft.

Advocates of the single tax have selected the State of Delaware for their propaganda and experiment, and already have a very large following.

They show, by the report of the United States consul at Auckland, that New Zealand has become wonderfully prosperous since adopting the single land tax system.

President W. Prescott, of the International Typographical Union, has been in Minneapolis, where he satisfactorily settled the differences between the newspaper publishers and the typographical union. In Chicago he made arrangements to take up all labels issued by the old Allied Printing Trades' Council.

Standing arbitration committees are a growing feature of iron industries in Great Britain. These committees are made up of representatives of employers and employees, and the rules governing their authority are mutually agreed to. Many disputes are checked and adjusted by these committees that would otherwise result in strikes or lockouts.

U. S. Labor Commissioner Wright deals a stunning blow to those short-sighted and squeamish people who are opposed to strikes when he says in a recently published work that "philosophically, all these disturbances indicate one grand trend, and that is, the protests and demands of labor must be viewed as educational and not as war factors."

The expense to the International Typographical Union for running the five month Colorado Springs, for the five months ending Oct. 31, 1895, was \$9,753 90. The average number of inmates was 44 4-5, a monthly per capita cost of \$3 18, and a reduction of about a month over the previous year. The home is supported by a monthly per capita of 10 cents.

At the next annual convention of the Cigarmakers' International Union, which will be held in Detroit next Sep-

tember, the question of organizing a series of international co-operative cigar factories will be decided. The international has a fund of \$416,000, and it is proposed to devote a portion of this to the scheme, which is designed to afford employment for all members on strict business principles.

The annual election of officers of the Cigarmakers' International Union, at which are chosen a president, seven vice-presidents and treasurer, has been held, and the certificates of the result of the polling are now in Chicago, where the vote will be canvassed and the figures announced on the 18th inst. The voting was conducted under the Australian system. There are over 30,000 members of the union, and each one must vote, unless sick or pay a 50-cent fine. It is reported that President G. W. Perkins will be re-elected.

One reason why the Belfast shipbuilders wanted to hold out was that the strike brought no pinch to their pockets. A workman's household on the Lagan is a kind of co-operative establishment, as every member of it, from the small boys and girls to the mother and father, can find work in connection with the varied industries of the Ulster capital. Indeed, the women folk and the boys often earn more than the head of the house. Consequently as things are "booming" in the linen mills just now, the shipyard strikers were in clover.

In her report to the British Board of Trade on the employment of women and girls Miss Collett comes to a very important conclusion. She is of opinion that the polar idea that women are supplanting men in the labor market is a mistaken one. There has, it is true, been an increase in the employment of women and girls under 25, but there has been a corresponding increase in the case of lads and boys; while the employment of elderly and married women has on the whole declined. "This will be cheering news to trades unionists."

The striking tailors in New York are being gradually driven to the wall, and it is hunger that is beating them. They report that they are not succeeding as well as they expected. There has been little sale of late about the streets, but it has been a very grim determination. New strikes, even, are reported occasionally. One occurred this week, when 75 men went out because they would not submit to a wholesale reduction of wages.

The facts of this labor controversy are as revolting as anything reported from Armenia, although not so bloody. During the last ten days a number of the contractors who had signed a new agreement, seeing a terrible position of the men, reduced wages from 25 to 50 per cent. Then they compelled them to turn out as much work in ten hours as they did under the old system. The men who submitted to those conditions did so because starvation stared them in the face. About 1,000 men are said to be in very straitened circumstances on account of the length of the fight.

Two Irishmen, while driving through the country, noticed that many of the barns were ornamented with weather vane in the shape of huge roosters. "Pat," said one man to the other, "can you tell me why they always have a rooster and never a bird on the top of these barns?" "Shure," replied Mike, "an' it must be because of the difficulty they'd have in collectin' the eggs."

An Irish Story.

Dr. Chalmers, the eminent divine, was fond of telling the following story: Lady Betty Cunningham, having had some difference of opinion with the parish minister, instead of putting her contribution in the collection plate merely gave a stately bow.

This having occurred several Sundays in succession, the elder in charge of the plate at last lost all patience and blurted out:

"We cud dae w' less o' yer manners an' mair o' yer siller, ma leddy."

Dining on one occasion at the house of a nobleman, he happened to repeat the anecdote, whereupon the host, who never was well pleased, said to him: "Are you aware, Dr. Chalmers, that Lady Betty is a relative of mine?"

"I was not aware, my lord," replied the doctor, "but with your permission I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."—Chicago Daily News.

He Improved the Story.

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"I was not aware, my lord," replied the doctor, "but with your permission I shall mention the fact the next time I tell the story."—Chicago Daily News.

A Hundred Years Ago.

Some things that happened in the year 1796 may be recalled as having interest at the present time. It was in that year that Britain acquired Demerara from the Dutch. In Europe Napoleon had begun to make his military genius felt. England was in a disturbed state. The Royal carriage was stoned while returning from Drury Lane Theater. The Opposition was anxious to make peace at any price. The death of Burns gave a melancholy prominence to the year 1796.

Avoiding Appearance of Wrong.

Mr. F. W. Tracy, president of a national bank in Springfield, Ill., tells in the Chicago Times-Herald a story illustrating President Lincoln's anxiety to avoid the appearance of wrong. Very shortly after the national bank-law went into effect, the First National of Springfield was chartered, and Mr. Tracy wrote to Mr. Lincoln—with whom he was well acquainted in a business way—and offered him an opportunity to subscribe for some stock. He knew it was a good investment, and would be better, and he wished to serve both his bank and his President.

In reply, President Lincoln wrote, thanking Mr. Tracy for the offer, and at the same time declining to subscribe. He said he recognized that stock in a good national bank would be a good thing to hold, and that the First National would be that sort of a bank; but he did not feel that he ought, as he was President, to profit from a law which had been passed under his administration.

The President felt that his act might be susceptible of a wrong construction and so he declined.

There's no excuse for a limp or flabby costume nowadays. Fibre Chamois is so cheap and easy to work with that everyone should avail themselves of its services and give their gowns and wraps some body style. Use the light-weight, No. 10, for all sleeves and skirts; the medium, No. 20, for capes or wraps; and the heavy, No. 30, for collars, cuffs, belts, etc.

Architects.

HERBERT MATTHEWS—ARCHITECT—(formerly with C. C. Haight, New York), Carlton Block, Richmond street.

MCBRIDE & FARNCOMBE—ARCHITECTS and surveyors, 215 Dundas street, Dundas Block. H. C. McBRIDE, F. W. FARNCOMBE.

MOORE & HENRY—ARCHITECTS and civil engineers, Albion Buildings, London. JOHN M. MOORE, FRED HENRY.

Marriage Licenses.

LICENSES ISSUED BY THOS. GILLEAN, Jeweler, 420 Richmond street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES AT SHUFF'S drug store, 540 Dundas street east, corner Trolley cars pass the door. No witnesses required.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED BY W. H. WESTON, GROCER, ISSUES licenses at his office, 41 Stanley street. No bonds required.

Accountants.

ALFRED A. BOOKER, ACCOUNTANT—129 Elmwood avenue, South London. Telephone 1009.

GEORGE W. HAYES, ACCOUNTANT, ASSIGNED, Insurance Agent—Representing Northern Assurance Company, Keystone Fire Insurance Company, Equitable Loan and Savings Company. Agents wanted to canvass. Call on me for particulars. All business attended to. Money to loan. G. W. HAYES, 530 Masonic Temple Building, York.

W. MAGEE, ACCOUNTANT—413 Richmond street, or 640 Talbot street, London.

Patent Barristers.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.—PATENT Barristers and experts, Toronto; patents obtained in Canada, etc. London Office, Bank of Commerce buildings, corner Dundas and Richmond streets.

Veterinary Surgeons.

J. H. WILSON & SON—OFFICE 394 KING street, London; residence, 345 Richmond street. Telephone.

J. H. TRINNANT—VETERINARY SURGEON—Office, King street, opposite Market House; residence, corner King and Wellington. Telephone.

Jewelers.

REMOVAL—J. T. WESTLAND, JEWELER and engraver, removed to 240 Richmond street, next to Grigg House.

Massage Treatment.

"SWEDISH MASSAGE"—MRS. RAY Gadsby, 328 York street, graduate of Walker's Park Sanatorium, Berks county, Pa. Swedish Massage and electric treatment given. Removal of facial blemishes a specialty.

MISS SHUFF—GRADUATE OF DR. S. W. MITCHELL'S Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Philadelphia. Massage and Swedish movements. 497 King street, London, Ont. Phone, 522.

Medical Cards.

DR. TEASDALE, L.S.A., LONDON, ENGLAND—Office and residence, 118 York street, near Talbot. Telephone 988.

JAMES D. WILSON, M.D.—OFFICE, 359 Queen's avenue, Residence, 50 Stanley street, South London. Phone 973.

DR. WOODRUFF—EYE, EAR, NOSE and throat. Hours, 12 to 4. No. 185 Queen's avenue.

DR. C. F. NEU—OFFICE, 442 PARK avenue, corner Queen's avenue, Telephone 338.

DR. GRAHAM—OFFICE, 616 RICHMOND street—Specialties, pulmonary affections, diseases of women, and piles, diseases of women and children.

DR. MEER—QUEEN'S AVENUE, LONDON—Specialty, diseases of women. Hours, 10 a.m. till 1230 p.m.

DR. WEEKES, 405 DUNDAS STREET, corner Colborne, Hours, 11 to 3, and after 7.

DR. J. W. FRASER AND DR. D. H. HOGG, Office and residence, corner York and Talbot streets. Telephone 128.

CL. T. CAMPBELL, M.D., M.C.P.S.—Office and residence, 327 Queen's avenue, London. Office hours, 8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 p.m., and 6 to 7 p.m. Skin diseases a specialty.

DR. GEORGE H. WILSON, YORK street, near Talbot. Specialty, nose, throat and lungs.

DR. ENGLISH—OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 688 Dundas street. Telephone 128.

DR. JOHN D. WILSON—OFFICE AND residence, 350 Queen's avenue. Special attention paid to diseases of women.

DR. ROLES—CORNER QUEEN'S AVE and Wellington. Specialty, diseases of women. At home from 10 to 2.

DR. MACLAREN—OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, northeast corner of Park and Queen's avenues. Hours, 11 to 3 and 6 to 8. Special attention paid to diseases of digestive system. Telephone 589.

Dental Cards.

DR. CHESTER N. ABBOTT, DENTIST—Over Fitzgerald's grocery.

DR. J. N. WOOD—HONOR GRADUATE—181 Dundas street. Telephone 128.

DR. SWANN, DENTIST—FORMERLY with S. Woolverton, L.D.S., Office, 207 Dundas street, next door to Kent's confectionery.

DR. WOOLVERTON, SURGEON-DENTIST, 216 Dundas street, next to Dr. Ross, opposite Calvercross & Lawrence, druggists. Telephone 823.

J. E. HOLMES, DENTIST—SUCCESSOR to Dr. W. R. Wilkinson. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Office, 30, Dundas Block, corner Dundas and Clarence streets.

DR. COLON E. J. SMITH—DENTIST—3303 Richmond street upstairs.

DR. GEORGE C. DAVIS—DENTIST—Graduate R. C. D. S., Toronto, 1879; graduate Philadelphia Dental College 1893. Specialties: Preservation of natural teeth, crown, porcelain and bridge work. 150 Dundas street, London, Ont. Telephone 375.

DR. McDONALD, DENTIST—Office, 183 Dundas street, London. Telephone 702.

Money to Loan.

WHY BANK YOUR MONEY AT 3 PER cent when you can get 5 on best mortgages at G. F. POWELL'S loan office, 754 Dundas street? Notes cashed.

SOME ESTATE MONIES TO LOAN at low rates on mortgage on realty. WILLIAM ELLIS, 98 Dundas street, London. 511

MONEY—CERTAIN SUMS OF \$30, \$50, \$100, \$1,000 and \$1,000 and up for investment on first-class mortgage. Also various other sums. WEEKS & SCANDRETT, Solicitors, 18 Dundas street, London.

Musical Instruction.

W. H. HEWLETT, ORGANIST DUN- DAS Center Methodist Church, late organist Carlton Street Methodist Church, and graduate, gold medalist and teacher of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Pupils received in piano, organ, harmony and composition. Address 424 Dufferin avenue.

CHARLES E. WHEELER, ORGANIST OF St. Andrew's Church, late of Conservatory of Music, Leipzig, Germany, instructs in organ, piano, singing and harmony. 515 Richmond street.

MR. HALL HAS RESUMED PIANO lessons at his residence, 23 Stanley street.

The "Advertiser" Want Ads, are read.

Hotel Cards

The Household.

We have purchased our floor in cotton sacks for many years, and as we use about a sack every week, the empty sacks have become very numerous. We use them for dishcloths, both for washing and wiping, for lining cotton waists, or anything that requires only a thin lining, for dusting and for cleaning clothes.

Last summer I had a large box full, washed clean, and the question arose, what can we do with them? The cloth is strong (much better than cheesecloth)—it is only all in one piece instead of being so many pieces each a little less than a yard square. I thought I would try an experiment, so I unravelled the stitching out of some of the sacks, spread them out and measured them, and found that fifteen would make a very large comforter.

I then purchased two packages of turkey red dye for cotton, and colored the fifteen pieces a beautiful red. The cloth had not been cut straight, and it was going to waste a good deal to straighten it, so I laid the pieces down and matched them, some were cut slanting, and others were rounded out on one end, and in at the other, but they could be fitted together so that I only had to cut off a very little.

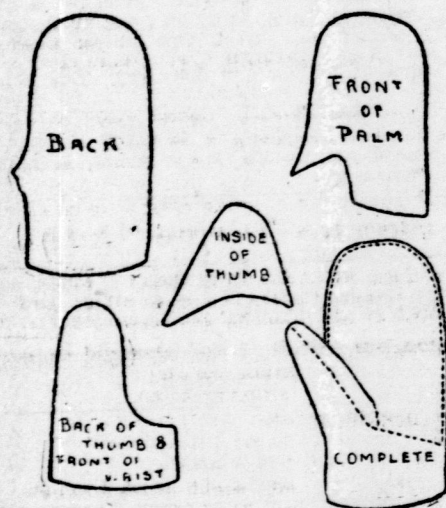
I put five pounds of batting in and tied it with blue and white yarn, and had a handsome new comforter at a trifling expense. I was so well pleased with it, that I made two more, one colored dark blue and one light blue. The comforters are very pretty and much softer than those made of print, and I think they will wear as long.

I colored more of the sacks and used them for various things. I made covers for the cushion and pillows on the settee we use in the porch. I made them box fashion, that is, instead of the upper and under pieces being sewed together, a strip of the cloth about three inches wide was sewed between them, with a large cord covered with cloth of a contrasting color sewed in each seam. I made one set of red with blue cords, and another set of brown with red cords. I also made a number of covers for hammock cushions in the same way.

I usually keep the sacks until I have a dozen or more, before I wash them, then I wash the starch out in clear warm water, then I soak them over night in strong soda and the paint will generally wash out without any trouble. What does not come out I rub with soap and then boil it.—The Household.

A Serviceable Mitten.

The following diagrams will prove of value to such housewives as find trouble in keeping the hands of the "men folks" covered during the cold weather. In handling rough wood, or other objects knitted mittens soon wear out. Select



close, heavy woolen cloth, and out according to the accompanying patterns. The pieces may then be sewed together on the wrong side, upon a sewing machine or by hand. This, being turned right side out, will be a very serviceable and comfortable article, made at a cost of but a few cents in money and a few moments in time. The palm and front of the thumb can be made double if desired, selecting a pliable piece of leather for the outside thickness.—American Agriculturist.

The Conservative Woman.

Writing of "The Conservative Woman," in February Ladies' Home Journal, Ruth Ashmore, considering her "as a companion," says in this pretty tribute: "She is the woman who with her husband and her sons is the best companion. She surrounds herself, unconsciously, with a spiritual atmosphere that is a rest to the weary, especially to the weary man. She is not a bigot. She is in sympathy with whatever work the man may be doing; in many ways she may help him with it, but when he has thrown off the trammels of labor he finds in her all the sweetness, all the rest and all the happiness that can be given by a woman who sets her life so that it is 'like perfect music wedded unto perfect words.'"

Prudent Housewives Should Know

That having taken too long a walk, or become over fatigued in any way, it is wiser to go back to bed for an hour or so, and give yourself a complete rest, than drag about for the rest of the day, too tired to do anything. A rather delicate girl found that by adopting this plan she renewed her strength and energies in what proves to be the most economical expenditure of time.

That frozen bananas are very nice served as a sweet course at a luncheon in the place of ices or ice cream. Get the best bananas you can find, with the skins as perfect as possible. Peel one section, that is, turn it back carefully without separating from the rest of the skin, and take out the fruit. Mash the pulp, and to each cupful of it add a pint of whipped cream and sugar to taste.

That one of the very best ways to treat a severe case of sunburn is to bathe the face constantly for fifteen or twenty minutes with soft water as hot as it can be borne. This treatment takes out the redness and removes the sting, and the skin returns to its normal state much sooner than if left alone. After bathing in this way apply a pure cold cream that contains nothing that will irritate the skin.

That a cherry soup is a novelty not to be despised. To make it put one quart of sour cherries and one quart of cold water over the fire, when boiling add half a cup of sugar and press through a colander and return to the fire. Moisten one tablespoonful of arrowroot, add it to the boiling mixture, cook a moment, add one tablespoonful lemon juice, and turn out to cool. Serve cold in glasses with a little creamed ice.

A BABY CRAWLER.

One of the most serviceable articles for a baby's use is a crawler. It not only saves the little one's clothes from soil and dirt, but protects the tender feet and legs from unwary draughts, which might prove fatal to the petted darling. Very little money and work need be expended to make a very handsome one. The greatest outlay is for the blanket, which may be of fine quality as the mother's taste and purse will admit. A white one with a scarlet and Grecian border is preferable, as the bright colors attract the little one's eyes and hold its attention longer than the dark ones. At irregular intervals over the entire surface have stamped in large sized patterns, griffins, birds of various kinds, cows and sheep, in



fact anything in the way of "beast, bird, fish or fowl," as seen in our illustration. Outline these in stem stitch with coarse scarlet worsted or, if preferred, coarse rope linen floss. When finished, place it on the floor with baby in the center and you will be astonished to find how long the little one will be diverted, crawling from one figure to another to examine. He will soon learn to distinguish one from another and to select his favorites.—American Agriculturist.

How to Keep Warm.

When the usual amount of fire fails to warm a room, it may be understood that the oxygen in the air of the room has been consumed, and a supply of fresh air is needed.

The average house is badly constructed to favor thorough ventilation, but in nearly all houses, rooms may be supplied with fresh air by using a little force.

Where little children or invalids occupy rooms this becomes a more serious task; however, windows may be lowered or outdoors opened in adjoining rooms, afterwards closed, and the air allowed to pass through occupied rooms. It will be found that rooms will seem much warmer with the same amount of artificial heat after fresh air has been admitted.

When riding long distances in cold weather one often becomes chilled though snugly wrapped. At such times let the breath be drawn in as full as possible through the nostrils, held a half minute and quickly ejected; this is to be repeated three times. Immediately a sensation of warmth will pervade the system, the quickened heart beats having sent the blood coursing more rapidly through the veins.

Hot freestones for the feet and hands are generally used when riding long distances, but the value of one at the back is not so well known. Let it be placed at the hollow of the back, wrapped closely so that it cannot slip away, and see how much longer one can keep comfortable.—Household.

Careful in Little Things.

"Hester, please straighten that rug," said Aunt Grey. "Some one will stumble over it, and fall against the stove."

"Oh! Aunt Grey," laughed Hester, "what will you think of next? I call you a pessimist. You are always looking for something bad to happen!"

But Hester's married sister, Mrs. Hills, who had just come in, did not laugh. She said at a moment "I haven't told you what I did the other night."

"I went to the kitchen the last thing, laid the kindling in the stove ready for morning, and replaced the cover, leaving the lifter in it projecting from the stove."

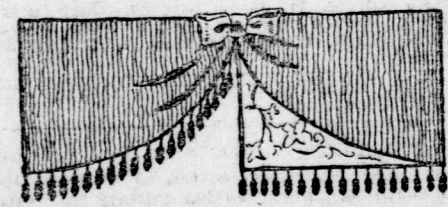
"It is dark, at this time of the year when Will rises, and the next morning as usual, he went into the kitchen to start the fire, and in another moment I heard him cry out in pain. He flashed instantly upon me what had happened. He had stooped in the dark, and had struck his head against the projecting lifter. I felt sick with terror. I thought:

"What if I have made Will blind for life!"

"It really did hit his eye, though not to blind him, and the bruise and swelling are yet not gone. I am convinced now that we ought to be careful in little things."—Household.

A Mantel Lambrequin.

The mantel lambrequin here represented is the latest design that has appeared at one of the fashionable decorators', and for unique style and elegance is unsurpassed. The drapery is the length of the mantel, and is made of dark cardinal or maroon plush. This is lined with some dainty shade of silk or silk, with a delicate interlining of Canton flannel or unbleached sheeting. The plush is divided in the middle and gathered on one side; the other side has a piece laid on of light



blue or shrimp pink velvet or satin shaped like the pattern, and is embroidered or painted in Kensington style in oil colors, or is very effective in lustrous colors.

The very latest novelty is the heads of the tassels, which are of bronze, with a dusty silk ball depending from them. These can be procured at the art stores. The board on which it is fastened is covered with plush and falls loose on each side the length of the front, and is also trimmed with tassels. Finish in the center with a double bow of wide ribbon, or sunflower shaped leaves made of the light velvet, with black center worked with yellow. Fasten to the board with upholsterers' gilt-headed tacks.—American Agriculturist.

Some Tested Recipes.

Corn Cakes—One cup flour, one-half cup corn meal, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful soda, one tablespoonful sugar, one tablespoonful melted butter, and one cup sour milk. Bake in gem pans. They are nice baked on griddle.

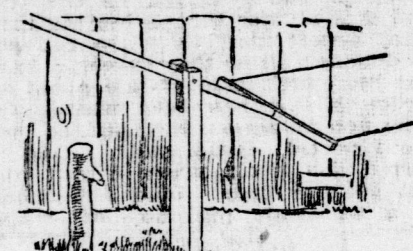
Muffins—A home-made and well tried recipe for muffins is, one pint sweet milk, butter size of an egg (or little smaller), salt, one egg, three heaped teaspoons baking powder, and flour to make stiff enough to drop nicely in the pan.

CHEESE AS FOOD.

Much difference of opinion has prevailed in regard to the value of cheese as food, but we are beginning to get at real facts with a better understanding of the relations of the digestive functions to food elements. Cheese has been much lauded by many because of the great amount of nutritive food elements it contains, and people have been urged indiscriminately to eat it freely, some enthusiasts making the most extravagant claims for it as a health diet. But many people who have sought to follow this counsel find themselves the victims of indigestion and dyspepsia. They would consider it as little short of treason to charge their disordered digestion to the cheese, but the truth is, the cheese is the most probable cause in any such case. Although, so far as its constituents are concerned, cheese is fairly entitled to its fame as a model food, yet in raw cheese these constituents are very difficult of solution by the digestive juices—that is, raw cheese is indigestible to a degree that makes it unavailable as food except to the strongest and healthiest stomachs, and should not be eaten by any one who finds on trial that it gives his stomach the least discomfort. It is found, however, that cooking the cheese removes this difficulty and makes cheese easy of digestion, and as nutritious as tender meat or more so. Various methods have been adopted for this purpose, from plain broiling, frying or toasting to the most elaborate compound dishes. The main point is to get the cheese cooked so that the stomach can digest it.—Good House-keeping.

A Clothes-Line Elevator.

Our illustration shows a device for carrying two clothes lines, both of which may be elevated at once. It consists of a stout post set well into the ground, and having in the upper end a slot two inches wide and six long. In this a lever of tough hard wood, two inches square and six feet long, playing freely on a half



inch bolt, which extends through the post from side to side. One end of the lever is rounded off, and firmly mortised to the other is a cross piece three and a half feet long, near the extremities of which are attached the clothes lines. After the lines have been filled, the long arm of the lever is brought down and hooked under the projection of the short post, elevating the lines with their burdens about two and a half feet above the original position. This action is reversed when it is desired to reach the lines.—American Agriculturist.

Eli Perkins' Advice to Young Ladies.

"Young Ladies," said Eli Perkins to the Nashville Sentinel girls, "I want to talk to you about your mothers: 'It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any acts of yours; still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up and kiss her on the cheek. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.'"

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little bit of a girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not so at- tractive then as you are now. And through those years she was always ready to smile, and by the magic of a mother's kiss, your dirty little chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world."

"And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, and have leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years, as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years, the contrast would not be so marked."

"Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of these wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face."

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. These rough, hard hands, that have done so many kind things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast."

"Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."

Fried Ice-Cream.

Fried ice cream has become very popular in Philadelphia. A small, soft cake of ice cream is enveloped in a thin sheet of pie crust, and then dipped in boiling lard or butter long enough to cook the outside covering to a crisp. If served immediately, the ice cream is found to be as solidly frozen as when it was first prepared. The process of trying is so quickly accomplished and the pastry is so good a protector that the heat has no chance to reach the frozen cream. Another novelty is baked ice cream, which has a meringue top.

Restoring Cane Seats.

To restore cane seats that have become sagged and to make them tight and like new, a German paper gives a simple remedy. The chair is turned over and the cane seat thoroughly moistened and washed with very hot water, a sponge being used to get the water into the crevices. The cane could be allowed to absorb the water either in the open air, or still better, in a draft, where it is allowed to dry. After drying the cane seat will be found white and stretched as tight as new.

Origin of Ox-Tail Soup.

During the Reign of Terror in Paris in 1793, many of the nobility were reduced to starvation and beggary. They sought their hides from the slaughterers without removing the tails, and in cleaning them the tails were thrown away. One of these noble beggars asked for a tail and it was willingly given to him; he took it to his lodgings and made (what is now famous) the first dish of ox-tail soup; he told others of his good luck, and they annoyed the tanners so much that a price was put upon them.

STYLE FOR BIG HATS.

Is Set by the Duchess of Marlborough.

It has come. It is in the concrete, and it is making itself felt. It may lead to revolution and bloodshed; it may fill many asylums for the hopelessly mad, and may increase the mortality from suicide, but it is here and it will stay. Consuelo Vanderbilt, who is the Duchess of Marlborough, devised it, and it is named the "Marlborough Hat."

Consuelo has revived the Elizabethan ruff, but her hat is her piece de resistance. It is making a sensation abroad, and is a success because it is essentially one of the queer things the scurrying years at the century's end are flinging off. The thing itself has a broad brim and a round top. It may be trimmed to suit any woman whose genius is diverted from usefulness in the direction of millinery. But this Marlborough hat is of putolina velvet, which covers the crown and brim in soft, uneven folds. At the left are grouped three stately black feathers, and three shorter ones fall negligently toward the front and repose on the brim. At the back is another cluster of three that nestle



close to the hair. A giant chrysanthemum of the velvet is tucked on the brim on a bandeau. The Duchess has money enough to have all the hats her heart craves for and her heart craves for very many, and she has them. But they are chiefly of this shape, which is something like the Gainsborough. The name, so like the other, would give immortality to the hat, even though there were no genius behind it, which there is. The Duchess isn't particular about the color of her hats only in so far as they must match the color of her gowns. She has a few gross of gowns and there is hat for gown in her closet. The material of the hat is likewise an indifferent matter with the Duchess. She doesn't care what it is if it only costs enough. Sometimes she likes velvet and sometimes felt, but the shape remains constant. She'll have no dalliance with the shape. It's got to be Marlborough or nothing. The Duchess is pretty, and with the hat and the ruff, there's nothing to be desired. She is perfection.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Padding Their Heads.

The women of New York are padding their heads. It is a secret from Paris. It isn't that they wish to give the impression that their brains are as big as the brains of their brethren; it isn't that the new-woman idea has swelled their craniums; it isn't an insidious way of revenge against the theater bonnet; it isn't a rivalry with the football hirsutal glories, or the glory of Paderewski's expansive aureole. It is simply the latest fashion.

For a sweet simplicity of sleek heads and parted locks is passe, and the pompadour is revived. It is a fluffy pompadour, and long drawn out. It is a pompadour, soft and full, which reaches around to the crown of the head, where the coil is fastened. Such a pompadour is not to be produced unless milled by the crown of glory is plentiful and of the soft, dry quality which lends itself to the crinkling persuasions of the curling-iron. Even then the proper uniform bouffant effect of the new pompadour is hard to achieve.

Here comes in the secret from Paris. It is a new merveilleuse pompadour frame, almost like a cap—light, hollow, springy, and fitting nearly beyond the ears. Invisibly it is certain, as these frames are composed of real hair and are made in shades to match all colors of tresses. They are made only by a French coiffeuse in their original form, though cheap varieties of the pompadour frames have been on the market for some time.

The French form is used by the fashionable hairdressers with charming effect, the jeweled ornaments for the hair may be effectively fixed in the frame. The hat pin of ordinary usage also finds firm pinning surface in the pompadour frames, and the woman with little hair rejoices in this latest invention because it allows her to discard burdensome twisted ribbons and chignons and "false fronts" and make the most of the locks nature has given her.

It is merely a development of the feminine pad for expansion that has run the gamut of crinolined sleeves and skirts, cheek plumpers and hip pads, bust forms and bodice fillings, false calves and "improved" insteps, and has now reached the crown of millinery with a rounding out effect that promises a proportionate increase in big hats.

She Never Told Her Age.

It was the busy season at a great bank. Long rows of women, some anxious and depressed looking, all of them with an unmistakable air of weariness, were waiting their turn with books to be presented for the semi-annual interest. A pompous and many buttoned official paced back and forth with a look of determination to keep order or die on their grim visage. The woman at the window was a new depositor, and there was a longer wait than usual, while she answered all the questions relative to her genealogy and that of her sisters and her cousins and her aunts—information which one must always give to a great bank before it will condescend to receive, and sometimes lose, your money.

At last came the fateful question, "What is your age?" A faint flush stole over her faded cheeks, the antiquated and corkscrew curls quivered with agitation, she murmured, "I'd rather not tell, please."

The bank clerk meant business. He had no sympathy with the maiden modesty of the trembling aspirant to financial dignity. "Oh, but you must tell," he replied, somewhat brusquely.

The blushes grew painful, but there all the world should not know her age, and raising herself on tiptoe so as to bring her face close to the window—for she was short of stature—she said, "May I whisper it, please?" and the woman behind will never know how old she was.

Scrambled Eggs

Take a small quantity of Cottolene and a little cream; warm in a frying pan. Break eggs in it and stir until slightly cooked. Serve hot.

Use not more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you would butter and be sure that you do not overheat it before dropping in the eggs. This is always essential in cooking with Cottolene.

Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere in this with trade mark—"Cottolene" and steel's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

GOLD ALUMINUM WARE.

Something New and Beautiful.

Table, Dessert, Tea, Coffee, Orange and Five O'clock Tea Spoons, Table and Dessert Forks, Table and Dessert Knives, Fruit Servers, Sugar Shells, Oyster Forks, etc. These have the appearance of solid gold, and are as fine in quality and rich in color. Gold Aluminum is a solid metal, having no plate to wear off, uniform in color throughout, and effects of ordinary wear will disappear when polished. It is far superior to any silver-plated ware, more durable and equally cheap. We are also offering full lines of Silverware in Fern Vases, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, Silver Tea and Coffee Sets, Ivory and Handled Cutlery, Case Carvers in endless variety. Friends are invited to inspect the stock.

BOWMAN, KENNEDY & CO., London, Ontario. Wholesale Hardware Merchants.

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—made to look well in a window—
—made for anything but comfort.
Such are the kind that please your eyes at the expense of your feet. The shoe which does not fit your foot the first time you wear it produces little comfort for the twentieth time. It costs more money to secure the foot-fitting lasts of the Slater shoe than for some entire shoe stocks. That's why they possess more foot-comfort, wear and appearance than other shoes. Stamped on the sole \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 per pair.

The Slater Shoe (for Men.)

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FOR SALE BY POOCK BROS., LONDON.

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A Positive Cure for Rheumatism

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S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., HAMILTON, ONT.

ROYAL LIMITED.

Equal to any Wheel offered at \$110. Ask the riders. They will tell you. It's worth \$110.

OUR PRICE \$85 CASH.

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IS THE BEST!

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Spencer Block - London

Break Up a Cold in Time

BY USING

PYNY-PECTORAL

The Quick Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc.

At last came the fateful question, "What is your age?" A faint flush stole over her faded cheeks, the antiquated and corkscrew curls quivered with agitation, she murmured, "I'd rather not tell, please."

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Large Bottle, 25 Cts.

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Gives staying Power to bicyclists on long runs—Adams' Tutti Frutti. Sold by Drug and Confectioners, 5c. Beware of fraudulent imitations.

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Wonders of X Rays.

Edison Seeking to Solve Mysteries of the New Light—For Seventy Hours He and His Men Labored Without Sleep or Rest—Incalculable Value of the Discovery to Surgery and Other Sciences.

When Thomas A. Edison and his chief assistants, including his son, left the wizard's laboratory, at West Orange, at 7 p.m. Saturday, they had been working for seventy hours continuously—that is, from 9 a.m. Thursday. During that time experiments relative to the Roentgen X rays had been conducted without interruption night and day, not even the snatching of a lunch by the investigators at irregular intervals interfering with the almost feverish search for hidden truths. Mrs. Edison, seeking to break the charm, telephoned her husband several times from her home in Lewellyn Park, across the way and within shouting distance of the laboratory, that she was coming in the carriage to take the inventor driving, but the answer was always: "No, no! I can't go now," and on the strong, limited, big-brained and unpretentious investigator worked.

"I'm going to give the boys a rest to-night and to-morrow," he said. "They have been hard pushed. Not a wink of sleep have we begun."

Notwithstanding the long ordeal, the inventor and his helpers appeared perfectly fresh in the subdued light of the laboratory, and all said they felt very well. No doubt, however, they would have shown quite haggard in the sunlight.

"I have confined my work to-day to testing a dozen vacuum bulbs made last night. The history of each as to vacuum was noted down as they were sealed off the pumps after exhaustion. Now I am making shadowgraphs with them, using always the same objects from which to get the images. They are these strips, one each of steel, zinc, aluminium, lead, hard rubber and celluloid. I know what they are, and they make good subjects. I give them a uniform exposure of forty minutes before each bulb, and the negatives when developed will tell which bulb has given the best results. Knowing by my notes the vacuum of that particular bulb or tube, I shall, of course, know how much of a vacuum is necessary for our purposes. This once established I will at once make 100 bulbs for the work ahead. I found that the first question to solve was that of the bulb; that there was no utility in going ahead without knowing the exact vacuum within which the rays can be produced most effectively.

"Of course, I have met with troublesome obstacles. Some of the bulbs lost vacuum in being sealed after exhaustion. The escape of electricity from the bulb during exposure affected my sensitive plates, and I am now placing this thin sheet of celluloid between the bulb and the plate to act as a barrier to induction. We will run the thing down finally, and the only thing to do is to pound away at it.

"Here is something queer that I do not understand now," said the inventor, as he and the World representative stood in the dingy room, where the experiments are conducted—a darkness that was in nowise relieved by the steady, deep blue fluorescence of a bulb that was making a picture—the crackling flashes of the electric current at the point where the necessary vibrations were produced, and the dull, bluish glow on the two wires running across the room carrying the electric fluid to and from the bulb.

"Feel this," he continued, as he passed something into the hands of his visitor. It was an ordinary incandescent light bulb with two wires dangling from its sealed mouth. Then, taking the bulb the wizard placed it behind the slide, within which was the plate upon which the image was being produced. It was as though he sought to hide it behind the slide from the fluorescent bulb on the other side. The detached bulb in the inventor's hand took on a light, violet tinge, a ghost-like phosphorescence. The same effect was noticed when the detached bulb was held in the full glow of the bulb in circuit, a foot or more distant from it, and also when the inventor placed his round, fat hand between it and the legitimately fluorescent bulb.

"That effect is electrical, of course," said Mr. Edison, "but just how it is produced I don't know. It is probably induction. I happened to be tidily handling this bulb when it suddenly took on that tinge. It doesn't amount to anything in value; it's only curious.

"I've thought of one thing to which these rays may perhaps be applied in the field of medicine. It is well known that all light is purifying—an enemy to bacteria. It is highly probable that this new form of radiance may prove highly sterilizing in its action upon water and substances beclouded with bacteria. If so, it should be deadly to poisonous animalcules in the lungs, and it can be made to reach and penetrate those organs.

"I shall test its quality in that respect in this way: Two test tubes will be led with water into which cultures of bacteria have been introduced. If left to themselves the cultures would develop within a day or two and the water would cloud with the billions of poisonous atoms. But I shall place one of these test tubes under a fluorescent bulb, while the other will be set aside to allow the development of the bacteria. If the X rays have the sterilizing quality the water in the exposed tube will

be rid of the cultures and there will be no development of bacilli.

"I haven't a great deal of faith in the idea of photographing the brain of a living person, but I am preparing a battery of bulbs with which to make the experiment Monday night. We may get some unthought of result. There is no telling what is to come. The light and these bulbs have many vagaries."

Some enthusiastic persons in the Oranges near by the Edison shop are, in their reports to the outside world, making the inventor do and say some things that must give the scientific world thought if not shock. For instance, it was said on Friday night that Mr. Edison had made an important discovery in the way of vacuum and would thereafter use a celluloid vacuum, that being his latest feat as a wizard. The scientists are now preparing to receive the information that Mr. Edison has evolved a sweet potato vacuum, producing a high order of cathode rays.

This unthought-of data was made public by several unsuspecting non-technical daily papers, as was another yarn thought out by the Oranges yesterday. It said that Prof. Roentgen's discovery had been eclipsed by Mr. Edison, who had produced a light that penetrated steel as though it were thin air. As a matter of fact, steel offers an almost absolute resistance to the rays. It has proved more impenetrable than any of the other metals or substances.

A worn and weary district messenger boy reached the Edison laboratory shortly after dark yesterday. He had a note for Mr. Edison and had been searching for that gentleman since 9 a.m. The writer of the note had sent the boy to Menlo Park, but he found that Mr. Edison had deserted his laboratory there for the one at West Orange eight or nine years before. Afterwards he wandered about the country. The note invited the inventor to the delectable experiment of photographing a tumor. Just what for Mr. Edison did not tell, but he grinned as he wrote the answer. As he is very obliging, it is thought to have read, "Bring on your tumor."

Prof. Roentgen's discovery is all that he claims for it. By it you can photograph the interior of living animals, of metal, of a book, of a leather case and of countless other substances. In a few months, at the utmost, it will have been developed so far that every electrician, every photographer and every student of physics will be able to make the experiments for himself. All that is necessary is the apparatus, and this is rapidly being simplified.

In most of the books on physics that have been published within the past few years you will find a description of the following beautiful and mysterious phenomenon: "Take a glass tube in which an almost perfect vacuum has been created. Into one end insert the negative and into the other the positive pole of the battery. When the current is turned on there will emanate from the negative pole a strange light of greenish hue, delicate and subtle. These are cathode rays."

A few weeks ago word came from Wurzburg that Prof. Roentgen had discovered that these rays, while they would not penetrate glass, would pass through certain metals and other substances. He had found that they would penetrate aluminium. The words were hardly out of his mouth ere scientists the world over had seized their vacuum tubes and had begun experiments in this new direction.

The success of experiments with cathode rays depends entirely upon the apparatus. The drawback to photographing objects like the human head is that it is difficult to obtain a light of sufficient power. With the facilities at his disposal Mr. Osterberg was unable to obtain more than 10,000 volts. Then, again, when you consider that the tube to which this electricity passes must be held within two or three inches of the object that is to be photographed, you will readily see the danger that attends these experiments. With the least carelessness a spark might fly from the aluminium, which, if the current were strong enough, would instantly kill a man. Before the experimental stage has passed hundreds of hands of volts will have to be employed in making these pictures, and the least carelessness would have frightful consequences.

Aluminum case enclosing a pair of scissors (silver handle, steel blade) a hair-pin (steel), a cigar cutter (metal compound), two nails (wrought iron), a knife (celluloid, with steel blades), fancy Crookes tube about eight inches long and two and one-half inches in diameter was used.

The luminosity in the beginning showed a beautiful green color, which is the sign of a very high vacuum. The spot inside of the tube becoming very hot tends to volatilize and thus gradually impair the quality of the tube. The exposure was kept up for seventeen minutes, and the bulb was about four to five inches away from the top of the aluminium case. The case itself was directly above the photographic plate, the sensitive part of course being covered by the plate shutter.

This experiment was intended to show that the aluminium is transparent; furthermore to show approximately the degree of opacity to the rays through the different media, and finally the distance that no radiant light would enter the aluminium case.

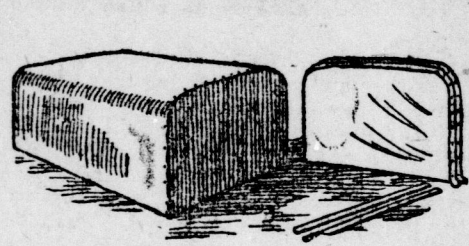
It is interesting to observe that glass is about as opaque to the Roentgen rays as steel, affix this second experiment on eye-glasses in their case was made to show this to be the case. The fact that glass is opaque to the rays is very important.

tenacity with respect to distance; that is to say that in consequence of the weakness of the rays at any appreciable distance from the Crookes tube they cannot pass through glass a second time.

Its utility in surgery is apparently of unfathomable value; its newly discovered physical properties may lead further and further into mechanics, physics, chemistry, etc., but at present we know too little about the real properties of the rays to call such reverie anything but speculation.

A CHEAP PLANT PROTECTOR.

We illustrate herewith a convenient and serviceable plant protector. It consists of two pieces of inch board, each ten inches wide and fifteen inches long, to the ends of which a strip of light cotton cloth five inches wide and a yard long. This is drawn smoothly and nailed to the edges of the side pieces, leaving a narrow flap at each extremity of the cloth, upon which earth may be placed to prevent the ingress of cold air or insects. Two narrow, thin sticks are out to a length which enables



them to be slipped tightly into the inside to hold everything in place. When not in use, the stretchers are removed and the protector is folded together, as shown at the right hand of the engraving. A large number can thus be packed away in a limited space. Anyone can make the protector for a few cents.—American Agriculturist.

A Smart Parrot.

There was an old factum in our family who used to sew for us and who occasionally spent several weeks at a time at the house. She was somewhat of a character, had been married three times, and to distinguish her second dear departed, was in the habit of calling him "my middle husband." Old maids she did not naturally approve of, remarking that they were the only things not prayed for in the litany. The old woman was very deaf, and much shouting was needed to make her hear. One day many vain efforts were made to induce her to do a particular piece of work in a particular way, but she could not or would not see what was wanted, and at last, in despair, the lady of the house remarked to the nurse: "Oh, never mind; when she's gone it must be altered." "Ah," remarked the parrot, in a loud, clear voice, "there's no fool like an old, clear voice."

The parrot had on one morning been given a bath—in other words, the garden watering can had been turned upon him—and he was placed in front of the fire to dry. There were two small kittens who also liked the warmth of the fire and who were sitting one on each side of the cage. The bird walked first to one side, and looking down out of the corner of his eye, inquired, "Are you a good boy?" Then he sidled across to the other end of his perch and said to the other kitten, "And are you a good boy?"

One day two children of our family visited the house, and when alone amused themselves by mischievously pulling up some tulips, which grew in a pot in the room, by the roots, afterwards carefully replacing them. A little later Polly's master, to whom the plants belonged, came into the room and immediately exclaimed: "Oh, look at my tulips; see how they are growing." Polly at once uttered two words, and only two. They were: "You ass!" I need hardly say that some time elapsed before the owner of the tulips was made acquainted with the particulars of what had happened.—Chambers' Journal.

An Infant Queen's Precocious Frank.

Juvenile sovereigns can be very trying to their elders. Notions of their own importance are apt to crop up very rapidly in their young heads. Wilhelmina I., of Holland, is not an exception. She had held her queenly title scarcely six months when one morning, at an unconscionably early hour, she left her room and knocked at the door of the Queen Regent's chamber.

"Who is there?" asked her mother.

"The Queen of the Netherlands," was the grandiloquent reply.

"Oh!" said the Queen Regent, "I am afraid it is too early to receive the Queen of the Netherlands, but if my little daughter Wilhelmina is there she may come in."

"That's Warren in February Ladies' Home Journal.

Hard to Hit.

Reggy—Lawst night on the way home from the club a good idea struck me.

Wilton—Good heavens! you don't say so. I thought you showed symptoms of being sandbagged.

"What a Piece of Work is Man!"

"And so liable to get out of order. His food may not agree with him, his liver may be torpid, or his heart have some functional derangement. His blood can become impoverished, and break out into boils and carbuncles. His head may ache, and his senses, may one and all refuse to act, or his will may obey his volition. He may lose his power to think, his memory. He may go into a quivering convulsion, or he may have a stroke, a moving mass of sensations, the best results. Acting on this advice I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

The Poultry Ward.

Some Practical Hints on Feeding and Care of Hens—Best Methods for Egg Producing.

The flocks are pets as well as sources of profit, and it is when the poultry man has a fondness for the business that he makes it pay. When a man is interested in poultry because he has what may be termed the "hen fever" he will know every member of his flock. Such persons are never satisfied unless they are near the top in excellence of breed, and they will always be found ready to learn what the different breeds are. They also usually begin at the bottom and work up to the best and never venture to keep very large flocks until they have experienced and discovered by practice and experience what is required for success. The farmer should do the same. He can be a fancier as well as a farmer, and when he has learned more about the breeds he will find that he formerly knew very little about poultry. There is an opportunity for every farmer to make a profit from poultry if he will step out of the old methods and take up the new. It takes time and money to make a business of poultry, and there are but few large poultry farms because farmers have not been willing to put sufficient capital in poultry, and are disposed to expect too much from small outlay. With the markets of the large cities almost at their doors, and watering places and pleasure resorts within easy reach, the keeping of poultry as a special occupation should be remunerative. But the farmer must learn more. He must abandon the supposition that throwing down plenty of food is alone sufficient. The great drawback is disease, and overfeeding also becomes a great mistake as exposure on the farm in winter. Poultry is recognized by the agricultural journals as a source of revenue to farmers, and every effort is made to educate them. If farmers will take a deeper interest in poultry they will have something coming in nearly every day of the year, and derive more benefit than from larger stock.

Every dollar saved in the food is an addition to the profit, but economy should never be practised in using any foods that induce production. As long as an article is giving satisfaction, it pays to use it, and when the hens begin to fall off in laying it indicates that they require something else. To practise economy, the cost of the food must be considered from the standpoint of profit. If corn has given good results and the hens cease to lay, corn is no longer cheap. It may no doubt be purchased at less outlay than any other food that can be used, but it will not be cheap because it is of no further use after the hens reach a condition in which they demand a new article of diet. Less meat, fresh from the butcher, is an expensive food when it cannot be conveniently procured, yet, if the hens demand it, and the results are favorable, it is cheaper than corn. There is no saving in buying grain because of its cheapness when better foods are demanded, and it is this point that the poultryman should keep in view. He should feed for eggs, no matter what kind of food may be required.

Late chicks are killed in the fall and kept in cold storage during the winter, coming into market soon after the holiday rush is over and the supply begins to fall off. The cold storage chicks are sold as early broilers in the spring, and bring good prices. Contrary to expectation, cold storage poultry, while reducing prices slightly, opens a market for fall chickens and assists in increasing the number of fowls on the farms. A review of the markets for the past five years will show better prices during the fall season than existed before the cold storage process became general. What is lost in winter prices is gained in the summer and fall. Cold storage cannot compete, however, with fresh, choice poultry. It is only the inferior fowls that are injured in sale by the frozen stock. The same may be said of lined eggs. They will sell because they possess a certain value, but they are almost unsalable after the full supply of fresh eggs begins to arrive.

Whenever a warm spell comes in winter it can be noticed that more eggs are obtained, and that as soon as the weather becomes cold again the supply falls off. This shows that warmth is a factor in the production of eggs. It is not necessary to have summer weather. It is when the hens escape the extreme cold of winter that they should begin to lay. If the changes of weather make a difference in laying, then a warm poultry house should also have an influence. When poultry must resort to the bare tops and be exposed to snow, rain, hail and cold, they can only keep alive, being unable to assist the farmer by producing eggs.

In all breeds will be found some fowls that are worthless. Unless careful selection of the breeding stock is made before March it will be too late. Whatever the conditions may be, or the breed preferred, aim to secure vigor and especially be careful not to allow a bird in the stock that has been sick or that came from a farm on which vices were used. Be cautious on that point, and it will save many hours that would otherwise be used in doctoring the flock.

Ducks become weak in the legs and die when fed too much grain, and they cannot be fed the same food as the hens without liability of loss. Yet farmers will feed all kinds of poultry together and on the same food. A duck's egg is very large, and as ducks lay nearly every day after they begin, the tax on them in egg production is a severe one. What they require most is animal food and bulky material, such as lean meat or ground meat, cut clover, scalded, though bran and ground oats, moistened, should also be allowed. Just as much as cold water indicates lameness it is a sure sign that too much grain is being fed and the nitrogenous food insufficient.

Geese seem to be sufficiently wise not to bring forth their young too soon, but they hatch the goslings early enough to lose some of them unless the farmer is careful. The goslings are covered only with down, which permits them to become chilled if they go on ponds of cold water before they are well feathered. By keeping them away from the water when they are young they should thrive and no losses occur, as they are usually hardy and have good appetites.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., write: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmenter's Pills than any other Pills we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of dyspepsia and liver complaint." Mr. Charles Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmenter's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these pills have cured her."

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of
**PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates**

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

POSTS AND FENCES.

Any one who has experienced the vexation of having a good fence spoiled by the posts being lifted, and heaved out of place by the action of the frost, will readily appreciate a post which is not materially affected by the capriciousness of the weather. Such a post is shown in Fig. 1. It is made of 3/4 inch round iron, bent as shown in the cut, and the ends cemented in a block of stone in which holes have



been drilled to receive them. Any rough stone of sufficient weight will do if not too hard for drilling. The loop is sufficiently wide to receive the ends of the two rails abreast. Posts made in this way have great stability for the small amount of iron used, and will be found strong enough for any ordinary fence. The fence can be finished in different styles, if made an all-rail fence which is the simplest. The rails "pass" at the joint in the post and gluts are fitted in to keep the rails the desired distance apart. Fig. 2 shows how a picket fence may be made in this style. In order to have a straight face for the pickets and yet fill the space in the post, the rails are butted together at the posts, and a piece of rail nailed on the back to keep them together. Fig. 3 is a combination fence; pieces of rail are nailed vertical to keep the top rail in place, and also to staple the wire to.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Sydney, C. B. C. I. LAGUE.

I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Yarmouth, CHARLES PLUMMER.

I was cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Burlington, N. B. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

EDWARD DE LA HOOKE
SOLE AGENT FOR LONDON.
Clock corner Richmond and Dundas streets

The Fast Passenger Line
MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."

Is the best way to reach the
Winter Resorts of
California, Mexico and Florida.

BLOOD POISON
HAVE YOU Colored Spots, Acne, Old Sores, Itching, Swelling, Write COOK'S REMEDY CO., 307 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y., for proofs of cure. Cash paid \$2.00 per bottle. Worst cases cured in 15 to 25 days. 100-page book free.

Templeton's Pink Powders
Are a sure and speedy cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and La Grippe.
Mr. J. Brazeau, Inspector for the North West Mounted Police, speaks as follows of these powders: "Pain vanishes and swelling at once goes down."
"To get in and out of the saddle was almost an impossibility. If I don't know what rheumatism is, no man does."
"I can now attend to duty; in fact I am a new man."

LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD,
General and Nervous Debility,
Weakness of Body and Mind. Effects of Excesses in Youth or Excesses in Old Age. Robust, Noble Manhood fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen Weak, Undeveloped Organs and Parts of Body. Absolutely unfailing Home Treatment—Benefits in a day. Mar. testify from 60 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

AMERICAN LINE.
New York—Southampton (London)—Paris. Twin screw U. S. mail steamships. Sailing every Wednesday at 11 a.m.
First cabin \$80 and upwards; second cabin \$35 to \$40.
St. Paul, Feb. 19; St. Paul, Mar. 11; Paris, Feb. 26; Paris, Mar. 13; New York, Mar. 4; New York, Mar. 25.

RED STAR LINE.
New York to Antwerp. Sailing every Wednesday. First cabin \$80 and upwards; second cabin \$33. Westernland, Feb. 19, noon; St. Paul, Feb. 23, 2:30 p.m.; Nordland, Mar. 4, noon.
International Navigation Company.
Pier-14, North River. Offices: 3 Bowline Green, N. Y. Agents: Thos. R. Parker, south-west corner Richmond and Dundas streets; E. De la Hooke, corner Richmond and Dundas streets; F. R. Clarke, 416 Richmond St., London.

ALLAN LINE
Royal Mail Steamships, Liverpool, Calling at Mowille.
From Portland From Halifax.
Nunidian, Feb. 29; Mar. 5; Mar. 12; Mar. 19; Mar. 26; Mar. 31.
Nunidian, April 2; April 4.
First cabin, single, Derry and Liverpool, \$70 and upwards; return, \$100 and upwards. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, \$30; return \$35. Steerage at lowest rates.
STATE LINE SERVICE.
New York to Glasgow. Feb. 13. Cabin passage, \$10 and upwards; return, \$20 and upwards. Second cabin, \$10 and upwards at lowest rates.
For tickets and every information apply to AGENTS—E. De la Hooke, Clock corner Richmond and Dundas, Thos. R. Parker, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas streets, and F. R. Clarke, 416 Richmond street.

Photographing the Voice

Remarkable Experiments in Musical Tones—A Machine That Really Sings—Not Like a Phonograph, but It Reproduces the Human Voice at Its Highest Perfection.

Remarkable experiments are being carried on at Columbia College by Prof. Halleck and Mackay with regard to the tones of the human voice. The object of the professors is primarily to discover a standard for the human voice by which all voices can be judged. They purpose to construct a machine which will produce the notes in three octaves, just like a human voice. The only difference will be that the notes from the machine will be pure notes and infinitely more beautiful than any human being can produce. By means of these perfect or nearly perfect tones a standard can be fixed which will represent the human voice in its highest perfection. Incidentally, the way for a singer to get the best effect with the least exertion will be found, besides much other valuable data. In order to do this, photographs have been taken of

the experiments are successful and the projected machine can be constructed, it will even be possible for a man to sit down in his own drawing room and play on a piano, the notes of which will not give forth the musical sounds of wires struck by felt and wood hammers, but the glorious melody of a human voice. There will be no need to go to the opera to hear a famous prima donna, because the instrument will sing much better than any human being can. The best points can be taken from a number of the finest singers and the results formed into a scale of notes which will be almost perfect.

Opera will then mean a stageful of voiceless Tristrams and Tannhausers who go through the motions while the singing is done by machine behind the scenes.

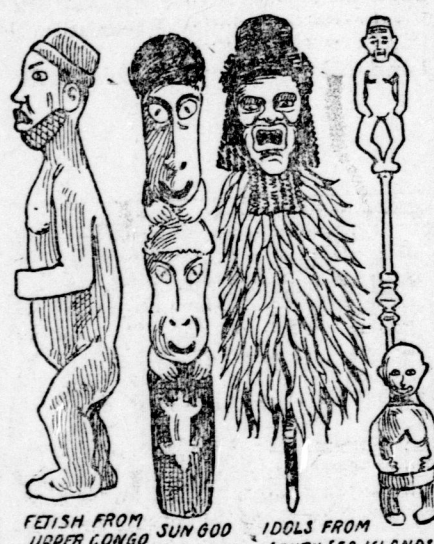
WOMEN AND THE VIOLIN.

The Concert Stage is Open to Them—Naturally the Best Instructors.

Maud Powell contributes an article upon "Women and the Violin," in February Ladies' Home Journal, in which she practically discusses the study of the queen of musical instruments, and tells in comprehensive detail how to undertake and successfully pursue the work, especially urging the violin to the attention of women who seek a musical career. Being a performer of conspicuous ability and prominence, Miss Powell's article presents, probably, a summary of her own personal experience, and is, therefore, of special value. After defending the claim that women have shown that they can master the violin she asserts that they "are daily becoming more serious in their motives, more earnest in making their studies something to outlast their girlhood. It is to be expected that the near future will see women availing themselves more and more of the opportunities which are before them as violinists. The concert stage is as open to them as to women singers. The field of instruction is naturally theirs, as they are usually more sympathetic and conscientious than men, and they possess, moreover, an intuition material in its nature, in the treatment of young minds and in the imparting to them the rudiments of any art or science. Their art opens, thus, various professional doors. For those women to whom it is merely a delightful accomplishment their art may be of as perfect proportions and development as is their love for it."

Idols in the Field Museum.

Running after strange gods is sometimes denounced as one of the evil tendencies of the age, and perhaps particularly of American. For those in whom the belief in a deity is unduly developed a visit to the Field Columbian Museum is recommended. If anything can cure them of their disease it is the sight of the strange gods of which the museum has a pretty complete collection on exhibition. There are stone idols from the ruins of temples of Mexico, and others from those of Java. There are clay and bronze figures of all the deities of the Egyptian theology, which have been found in Egyptian tombs. Isis and Osiris are



Idols from Upper Congo, South Sea Islands, and other regions.

there, and Pthah and Neptuns, and the sacred cat, and several other sacred animals. Then there are idols of wood and of feathers, and idols of clay, which are worshipped by the primitive tribes of Africa and the South Sea Islands. There are the gods of Buddhism and of Brahminism variously represented. In room four there is a collection of deities that are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made. Across one end of the room is a case marked "Idols of the South Sea Islands." Any citizen of this enlightened land, however, who displayed a mad desire to run after these strange gods would be adjudged as far outside the pale of human sympathies. Their unrivaled hideousness is beyond expression.

Prominently displayed in the center of this case of gods is a funeral mask. An explanatory placard states that in the Island of Mollicolo, New Hebrides, after a chief has been buried for some time it is customary to exhume his skeleton. The head is detached therefrom and mounted on a manikin made of straw and linc. This is covered with clay and painted black and blue in imitation of the skin and tattoo marks of the deceased. The figure is placed in a special hut, known as the "chief's hut." It has two or more heads, according as the chief has lost one or more sons.

Grouped all around this figure are the gods which, in life, the chief worshipped, in defense of which, perchance, he died. Hanging overhead are some idols that, at first glance, resemble, more than anything else, great hoas of cock's plumes, such as in these climes my lady twists around her dainty throat. To be sure to use one of these gods as a bos my lady must needs be a giantess, for they are some twelve or fifteen inches thick. Closer study, moreover, reveals that the long-drawn-out dusters are surmounted by grotesque black faces carved out of wood and crowned with ropes of black wool by way of hair. In some others ropes pendant from their chins represent their beards. On the manikin's left is a hideous black figure, intended for a goddess, making it evident that, even among the primitive tribes, women are sometimes worshipped. On the left is a divinity from New Caledonia. It appears to be a piece of a tree trunk, about five feet high. The upper end is carved into a rude semblance of humanity, with overhanging brow, bulging eyes and a nose

which spreads all over the face. Only the face is represented, the lower portion of the trunk being decorated with a geometric design. Scattered around at the manikin's feet are some hideous masks, painted in bright reds and blues, and framed in long strings of tow by way of hair and beard. These, too, are idols, as is an awful red clay head, mounted on a stick. This has a huge, knobby, misshapen nose, a great, grinning mouth, white eyes, and a pointed straw head-dress.

The greatest of all the gods in this case, in the matter of size and ugliness, and hence, probably, of power, are the sun and moon gods of the New Hebrides. Each is carved from the trunk of a tree, and they bear a strong family resemblance to one another. Each consists of two grotesquely hideous heads, one above the other, with hands close under their chins. The upper head in each case has a thick thatch and fringe of black wool, by way of hair, and the lower one a fringe of light colored jute. They have been painted off first red and blue, and then finished off with a coat of white paint. Each one of the four mouths is grinning broadly with a smile. They unfailingly suggest:

Mohamet El Backsheesh Begim.

Who was named for the length of his grin.

At a smile that he'd smile.

Would extend to a joke in Pekin.

But this is frivolity, and these gods are not at all frivolous. Far from it! They are terrible in their grotesque, grinning



Japanese Buddha.

hideousness. Two differences are noticeable between them. Drooping from the hands beneath the lower of the two heads of the sun god is a carved lizard, which clings, head downward, to the trunk. The moon god has no lizard. In the moon god, too, the eyes are set in circles, instead of in the slanting ellipses that surround the sun god's vital orbs. The eyes themselves are bits of green and white shell, which have a ghastly resemblance to the real article.

In the next room is a dear little Japanese Buddha, carved out of rosewood, holding an ivory skull. There is something venerable and scholarly about the figure that is attractive, and the seeker after strange gods concludes that Buddha is the one to be preferred. But presently, when he comes to the Chinese representations of the "laughing Buddha" and the "sleeping Buddha," he changes his mind. Just why this fat, lolting figure should be so loathsome is hard to say, but so repulsive is it that one would infinitely prefer to worship the moon-god of the New Caledonians to the Buddha of the Chinese.

If the seeker after strange gods is still unsatisfied he cannot do better than to seek the Gunning collection in an alcove to the left of the north as one enters. Here he will be able to make a comparative survey of the religions of the world. To begin with a beautiful ivory crucifix, and the vestments worn by the dignitaries of a certain Christian sect, and goes straight through the list. Here are representations of the gods of Buddhism and Brahminism, (some of them, strange to say, wearing halos after the fashion of Christian saints), with all their sects and denominations. Here, too, are the idols worshipped by all sorts and conditions of savages.

WELL YESTERDAY—DEAD TODAY

sudden Taking Off by Heart Disease.

That pain in the side, that sense of smothering, that palpitation of the heart, that restlessness—rendering it impossible for one to remain long in any one position—these are symptoms of heart disease that should be immediately heeded, and practical heed will be given by securing a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, the most wonderful heart specific that has ever been given to the world. As has been frequently in these columns, some of the most desperate cases of heart trouble have been cured by its use.

One dose will relieve in 30 minutes. The remedy is harmless as milk, as it is entirely vegetable.

His Best Wishes.

"I had a letter from Clara in London in which she said she was to be presented at court."

"I hope the poor girl will be acquitted."—Judge.

A Highly Respected Citizen Makes a Sworn Statement of the Cure of an Extremely Bad Case of Eczema.

Province of Ontario, County of Wentworth, to wit: I, Wm. Marsham, of the City of Hamilton, County of Wentworth, Province of Ontario, engineer, do solemnly declare that I live at 242 Carthage street north, and am seventy-three years of age. I suffered most intensely from eczema for about two years, and it covered my whole body. I tried several kinds of medicine, was in the City Hospital for six weeks and was told there that they had done all they could for me, and was discharged a year ago last December as incurable. After leaving the hospital I was under the care of a Hamilton physician for a long time, but got no relief. So bad was my case that before I could lie in my bed I had to procure silk underwear, the weight of the clothes being unbearable. With the mercy of God and four bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure I am now well and entirely cured of eczema. The medicine is a grand tonic and a wonderful blood purifier. I recommend it most heartily.

And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act.

(Signed) Wm. Marsham. Taken and acknowledged before me at the City of Hamilton in the County of Wentworth, this 9th day of January, 1896. (Signed) W. Fred Walker, a commissioner for taking affidavits, and notary public.

How Strength Is Got.

The Four Strongest Men in the World Tell the Weak How.

The Value of Rational Exercise—Art Aids Nature and the Weakest Can Become Powerful by Adhering to a Few Simple Rules.

All men and women, unless they are afflicted with some organic disease, can be strong and healthy, if they will. That desirable result can be obtained if they simply follow the rules of action their ancestors were governed by. To accomplish this some self-denial is required. The majority of men and women are too self-indulgent. They eat, drink and sleep too much.

I am not a cynic and do not believe in fasting, semi-starvation or any of the drastic methods which some physicians advocate to reduce one's adiposities and to gain strength after it has been depleted by an excess of adipose tissue. Strength cannot be regained in that way.

There is only one absolutely curative remedy for both, and that is exercise. By that I do not mean that people should overtax their physical energies to attain health and strength. On the contrary I insist that the process shall be gradual. The lighter the exercise to begin with the better. Increase the amount as your strength increases. Never through



SANDOW.

pride or any other reason strive to do that which you cannot, without extreme effort, perform. A man or woman should always feel better and stronger, not weaker, after taking exercise, outdoor or indoor.

Exercise, judiciously taken, I believe to be the panacea of all ills. If any man primarily sound physically will follow the systematic course of training that I have pursued I will guarantee he will become stronger and healthier than his fellows. The rules are simple and easy to follow. Fat men and women should avoid—or rather decrease by degrees—ales, porters, liquors, starchy cereals or fattening substances of any kind. Lean people should partake of these in moderation. Both can partake of juicy joints, be they from the sheep or from the ox, only let them avoid too much seasoning in the way of salt, pepper or sauces. These create an unnatural thirst which nothing but copious draughts of liquor of some kind can quench. Too much liquid overworks the kidneys and liver and indirectly affects the heart.

Never sleep more than eight hours a day. Eat regularly and at stated intervals in the manner already described. Walk a mile or more after each meal before attempting any labor, physical or mental. A jaunt of two, three or five miles in the afternoon, when nature is at her best, will not harm you a particle. You are to be governed entirely by your powers and nature will tell you when you have had enough. Then go to a gymnasium and exercise with light dumbbells for an hour or two every day, with frequent intermissions for rest. Any athletic professor can teach you all the curves. In this way you will develop the muscles of every portion of the body and surprise yourself at the end of a twelve-month by the improvement in your condition. Of course a quick bath—a shower is the best—and a vigorous rub down should be taken after exercise.

EUGENE SANDOW.

The best way to acquire physical powers is to throw physic to the dogs and main-



ATILLA.

tain a strict observance of nature's laws.

Best for Wash Day
For quick and easy work
For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes
Surprise is best

Best for Every Day

For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest.
See for yourself.

Eat and drink whatever the system craves, only don't go into excesses. Nature will tell you, as she tells the beasts of the forest—for, after all, man is only an animal of the higher type—what your system needs. The lion and the tiger are carnivorous animals and will take only meat. An elephant or a horse disdain meat and will partake only of hay, oats, bran and the like. A cow will chew grass and a squirrel crack nuts or acorns.

So much for diet. Now for action. Exercise moderately and persistently. Do not follow any set rules, but be guided by your own natural inclinations. Walk, run, jump, row, wrestle, box, swing clubs or dumbbells as best suits your gifts. Do not go, however, too far in any one branch.



J. W. KENNEDY.

Give them all a trial, but follow the one branch of sport to which you yourself can easily perceive you are best adapted. If you vary the routine you will strengthen every muscle of the body and stimulate the vital organs.

Study the problem of health and strength as you would a profession. Study yourself. Exercise, then, mildly, consistently and judiciously both inside and outside. Quit when you are tired and refresh yourself with a shower bath and a good rub down. If you follow these rules I will bet a dollar to a doughnut that your physical condition will soon be improved in every way.

ATILLA.

Men are not as strong now as they used to be. This is due largely to the way they live. Every one wants to get money and get it in a hurry, too. Consequently, health is a minor consideration nowadays in the mad race for wealth. Men think of money, sleeping, waking and even eating. The result is, first, that the mind is overworked and naturally the body fails. People cannot rob themselves of sleep, bolt down food against time and violate every law of nature, and expect to be healthy and strong.

Men who wish to become strong must rigidly follow the example of their good old ancestors. Eat, drink, work and play as they did, earnestly and honestly. Get your full rations of sleep, exercise and rest. Do not give all your thoughts and devote all your energies to "business" and the accumulation of wealth. Above all things, do not steal time from sleep and then "brace up" on cocktails or liquors of any kind to enable you to get through your day's work, physical or mental. Too many, alas, try this after late suppers and "theater parties" of the night before. That is, the "upper ten" do. The "lower five" do the next best thing. They "nerve up" on whiskey or an asinine cocktail to enable them to get through a day's labor after a night of dissipation.

How then, in the name of goodness, can men be strong when they follow such prac-



LOUIS ST. CYR.

tices? Their ancestors, were they native born Americans, Irishmen, Englishmen, Germans, Norwegians, Swedes or what not, did not do it, and consequently were a stronger and better race of men. Theirs was an age of industry, not luxury, hence their physical superiority. Our children can become as strong as our fathers if they but follow in their example and not ours. Learn men to walk, run, box and wrestle, as you would a problem in arithmetic. Practice, too, indoor athletics. Cultivate every muscle of the body and you are bound in time to become strong. If you have any disease of the lungs, heart, liver or kidneys, exercise judiciously taken is sure to ameliorate it not entirely cure it. Be careful, above all things, not to overtax your powers. Take exercise constantly, but lightly.

J. W. KENNEDY.

Everybody can become strong. The trouble with this age is that it is too easy, seeking and manly sport is neglected. The age is a commercial one, and physical prowess plays but a secondary consideration in the daily affairs of life.

Would you breed a race of strong men?

like the hardy Danes, Norsemen, Normans and Saxons, who conquered Europe? If you would, encourage and foster manly sport of all kinds. Indulge in outdoor games in spring, fall and summer, and in indoor games in winter. Go more to the gymnasium, river, field and cinder path, and less to the theatre and tap room.

Now, would you know how to get strong? First, indulge in outdoor exercise. Walking is the best. When your system is tuned up, try gymnastic exercises. Light dumb-bells, light clubs, the rowing machine, and what boxers call the "medicine ball," will all aid in the solution of the problem. Do not cultivate any one set of muscles at the expense of the other. Work them all.

Never exhaust yourself, but quit exercise feeling stronger than you began, and with the desire to continue. Never fail to take a quick shower or sponge bath after your exercises are concluded, and a vigorous rub down. Cool off and rest thoroughly, before eating and do not gorge yourself with food any more than work. Take solid, substantial food, and such as your own good sense or your physician advises that your system needs, and above all things avoid excesses in the way of liquor or tobacco.

If you follow these precepts you are bound to become strong, but it will take some self-denial to do it.

LOUIS ST. CYR.

THE GREAT AFTER DINNER

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23

Animal Curiosities.

STORIES
ABOUT

The Great Wolf of Labrador.
The Sacred Oxen of Ceylon.
Man Saved from a Lion by a Pillow.
Queer Pets of Honduras.
A Preacher's Pet Wolf

SAVED FROM A LION BY A PILLOW.

An English officer was shooting recently in Somaliland. One night, when he was in bed inside his tent, a lion sprang over the rough thorn fence, which it is usual to throw up round one's encampment at night. Instead of picking up one of the men or animals that might have been lying about asleep inside the fence, he would have none but the sportsman himself, made a dash into his tent and seized him—fortunately only by the hand. Then, by some wonderful piece of luck, as the lion changed his aim for the soldier, he grabbed the pillow instead, and so vanished with his prize. The pillow was found next morning several hundred yards distant in the jungle, and outside were also the spoor of a lioness, who had evidently been waiting the return of her lord with something eatable.

LEFT-HANDED PARROTS.

Parrots frequently have the habit of grasping food and other objects presented to them with the left claw. Dr. David F. Jordan says that this is a result of the right-handedness of men and women. The parrot naturally seizes with its left claw an object which the giver presents with the right hand.

TINY OXEN.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologists as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimen of the species never exceeding 30 inches in height. One sent to the Marquis of Canterbury in the year 1891, which is still living, and is believed to be somewhere near 10 years of age, is only 22 inches high, and weighs but 109 1-2 pounds. In Ceylon they are used for quick trips across the country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that they are able to pull a driver of a two-wheeled cart and a 200-pound load of miscellaneous matter 60 to 70 miles a day. They keep up a constant swinging trot or run, and have been known to travel 100 miles in a day and night without either food or water. No one knows anything concerning the origin of this peculiar breed of miniature cattle. They have been known on the island of Ceylon and in India for many centuries for more than a thousand years.

THE GREAT LABRADOR WOLF.

At Davis Inlet I saw a magnificent wolf pelt of a rich dark brown color, measuring over nine feet in length. I am indebted to Mr. Swaffield, the company's factor there, for an account of its capture, which illustrates the strength and ferocity of these animals.

He was awakened in the early morning by a commotion among his dog teams, and, thinking they were indulging in one of their customary frolics, which sometimes interfere with the business of the participants, he seized a cudgel and rushed out to put a stop to it.

It was barely light enough for him to make out the struggling mass of growling and yelping canine couch, which were engaged within a stone's throw of his house, and it was not until he was in the midst of them that he discovered the cause of the disturbance. In the center of the throng a panting wolf was standing, with erect mane, and fiery eyes, which showed no sign of fear. Below him lay the prostrate body of one of Swaffield's best out-runners. The Esquimaux dogs are plucky fighters, and the wolf, after again and again to the attack; but not one came within reach of the wolf's ivory fangs without leaving a trail of blood upon the snow.

The wolf paid no attention to Swaffield's approach, and realizing that he must not delay if he would prevent the crippling of his entire pack, he ran back for his Winchester. Although but a few moments elapsed, the wolf had slain another dog before his return.—Outing for February.

PETS OF HONDURAS.

Honduras seems a paradise for pets. Parrots of every size, from that of a sparrow to the great green macaw, three feet long or more, can clamber all over and about the house and never know a cage. Chachalacas trot through the patios of the houses in the towns, and bitterns stalk dignifiedly about. Fawns and children play together in many a yard, and coons and sometimes an armadillo are playmates for little ones who have few dolls. In the San Pedro hamlet of Ulun, a tame ant-eater was offered to me, and while we talked of it, a woman came in leading a gibbon which took occasion to nibble its owner's bare heels while she talked.

As I lay in a hammock in a Walkna hut one day, a peccary came within my reach. With a convenient stick I ventured to scratch his brown and bristly back. Down he flopped on his side and grunted in sweet content, as if the tickling went on. From that moment he was my ardent, much too ardent friend and faithful follower. I could not go ten steps without finding him at my heels, and his jealousy was as instant as it was fierce. Were the dog that dared come near me. A sudden rush, a quick upward thrust of those gleaming tusks and there was a bleeding gash in that dog's quarters, if he was not agile beyond the average of dogs. And the snapping of those tusks had a sound that was most suggestive, particularly to a white man grooping in the dark for the coin that holds the drink. Peccaries are not really the nice of pets for people whose visitors are nervous.

A PREACHER'S PET.

A wolf had crept into the fold of the John Hass Presbyterian Church, on East Seventy-fourth street, says the New York Journal. It has not come in sheep's clothing, but in a dark, shaggy coat. Its presence in the flock does not seem to occasion the least anxiety; in fact, it has become a universal pet and favorite with all. The wolf is the pet of Rev. Vincent Pisek, pastor of the church. This peculiar pet was born on a western prairie, but when he was a very small cub, and before he had grown fierce enough to be dangerous, he was captured and transported to the quiet church paragon. Since then the religious influences of his surroundings have completely converted him. He has put away nearly all wolfish things, and at the present day is leading a quiet, exemplary life, and often attends both the church and Sunday school. It is said he sleeps through the sermons. The wolf was born a heathen. Both of his parents lived and died on the open prairie. Mr. Pisek, while on a hunting trip in the west, shot the parents of Mr. Wolf and captured the cub. He brought the little orphan home with him, and a new life at once began for him. He was given a milk diet, which agreed with him very well, and in time it began to influence his character. Instead of growing up to be snarling and ferocious, his manners became wild and gentle. He soon became accustomed to his civilized home, and the warm blankets he slept in every night. Mr. Pisek, in bringing up the wolf in his fold, has been very careful to keep his young charge out of bad company.

In the summer time Mr. Wolf changes his residence to his master's summer home at Lake Hopatcong. This move is always welcome to Mr. Wolf. He is allowed to run at large about the woods. As a result, however, he is constantly meeting with very curious adventures. The summer fathers throughout the section are very fond of shooting. The woods afford very little opportunity for the sport, but it has happened a score of times that Mr. Wolf has been chased and fired at over and over again by these amateur hunters, who become greatly excited at the sight of such wild game. Mr. Wolf has barely gotten away during several of these affairs with a whole skin. He is very nimble of foot, however, and soon eludes an expert hunter. The pet wolf has often caused great consternation by appearing suddenly before picnic parties or parties alone in the woods. The appearance of his sharp little nose has often broken up a party and caused them to run wildly from him, although his intentions were undoubtedly friendly. On one occasion two girls who were rowing on the lake spied Mr. Wolf on shore and were afraid to land for several hours for fear encountering the supposedly ferocious animal, which followed them along the bank to play with them.

It can be understood that Mr. Wolf makes a very valuable watch dog, or rather watch wolf. His appearance on the scene always causes a tramp or beggar or book agent to leave without making more inquiries. His latest ad-venture was to conceal himself behind the pulpit of Mr. Pisek's Church one Sunday morning. The services were well under way, when Mr. Wolf suddenly stepped out from his place of concealment, and stood on the pulpit platform, facing the congregation. The terror of the latter lasted for several minutes, during which Mr. Wolf, with much dignity, marched down the pulpit steps and through the aisle to the outer door.

For Spare Moments.

Little Helen discovered her pulse while she was ill with fever, and cried, "O Grace! I've got the blood-coughs in my wrist."

Suspense is usually fatal when a sheriff has anything to do with it.

Fog says that everything at his house is done by rule—by the rule of three, he explains; his wife, his wife's mother, and the hired girl.—Boston Transcript.

"Did you make an effort to stop the car?"

"Well, I guess so; I gave the motor-man a good whack with my umbrella."—Exchange.

Says Youths' Companion: Mr. Chamberlain, the British statesman, once remarked to a member of the House of Commons:

"My dear boy, observe the postage stamp; its usefulness and value depend upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there."

The Japanese believe in banishing from the bedroom everything which is not really necessary to that department. All things useful they make as decorative as possible, but for mere ornament's sake little or nothing is added, unless it be a vase containing flowers arranged in their own inimitable way, or something else equally simple.

By the custom will bear consideration by the housewives of our western world, for by this Japanese method the utmost neatness, simplicity and repose is possible. Add beauty and cleanliness, and little else is left to be desired. Bedrooms so appointed may be easily kept in order and free from dust—that foe to comfort and health.—From Womankind.

He (to elderly young lady after a long wait)—You must have been a splendid dancer.

"You really have no art development in America, have you?" said the Englishman to the Chicago girl at Inter-laken.

"Why, certainly," she replied.

"What, at the Louvre, the National gallery, or an Uffizi?" he asked.

"Well—no, not exactly," said she. "Fact is, we don't bank much on the past, but our living pictures are out of sight."

Old Prof. Starrs—What a wonder and blessing to us all is the change of the seasons.

Miss Giddy—Yes, indeed. About the time one gets tired of ice cream oysters come in.

Mr. Gladstone's Serenity.

It is perhaps unnecessary to advise readers to grow old gracefully, for the great majority of them are looking forward to long life with an abundance of leisure in which to learn how to do it for themselves; but the secret of the art is one which may be mastered early in life. It is the habit of keeping the mind fully occupied at all times.

Mr. Gladstone's old age is a fine example of success in this art. Recent visitors at Hawarden Castle have been astonished both by his mental activity and by his serenity. They have found him occupied early and late with correspondence and literary work, and at the same time contented, benignant and calm.

He is deaf, and his sight is gradually failing, but he does not allow his physical infirmities to interrupt his usual occupations. He has always been accustomed to answer correspondents promptly and with his own hand, and he continues to do so. Every day his letters and postcards are sent out, less legible than formerly, but still in his own handwriting.

Conversation has always been his delight, and he takes as much interest as ever in meeting strangers, and questioning them closely when they are thoughtful men and have something to say.

Several years ago, when there was great public excitement over his sudden conversion to Home Rule, an old friend called at Hawarden Castle in the expectation of finding him per-

turbation over the Irish question. What was the visitor's surprise upon entering the library to see the great man poring over a volume of Biblical criticism, and searching for authoritative explanations of disputed passages in the Messianic books.

In like manner these recent visitors have been astonished to find Mr. Gladstone hard at work on theological essays, and upon a new edition of Butler's "Analogy," which he is preparing for the press.

Mr. Gladstone has had much to embitter his old age. Whether his Home Rule policy was wise or ill-judged, he believed in it thoroughly as a measure of justice which would reconcile the Irish people to English rule. He devoted all the energies of his declining years to the Home Rule cause, but was compelled by failing health to abandon the leadership of his party, and to look on as an idle spectator when the electors rejected, by a great majority, the policy which he had so deeply at heart. The humiliating sense of failure would have rendered him cynical and irritable, if he had not known how to grow old gracefully.

As it is, he smiles grimly when political questions are introduced by visitors, but betrays no resentment when he says quietly:

"My public life has ended." Whatever may be his disappointment over the results of the overwhelming defeat of his party, he has no reproaches to offer, nor does he need to utter against any political opponent. His lifelong habit of mental industry enables him to find full employment in his old age, and to retain his serenity of disposition.—Youths' Companion.

Why Boilers Explode

Mysterious Disasters in Everyday Life Explained—Water Decomposed by Metal—Watchful Engineers Required—Experiments That May Increase Safety.

Though apparently very inert and exceedingly stable, there are really few substances more active, and under some circumstances more unstable, than is water. Most abundant everywhere, it is at the same time, most powerful in its transforming effects. Present in the atmosphere, whether evaporating or condensing, it rules dictator in the domain of the weather. Percolating through the soil, it is constantly dissolving and carrying away a great variety of substances. No rock is too hard for it to attack. No mineral hidden in the depths of the earth escapes its corrosive power. No land mass is so great that it can permanently endure the erosion of its waves and currents. It has destroyed ancient continents and built up others from their debris. When chilled by the icy touch of the Frost King, it exerts a force scarcely measurable by human standards. It is the most powerful of the powers, when, goaded by the magic power of heat, endeavoring to escape from confinement it tells the servant of man.

Though so common, it was but a century ago that its real nature was discovered. Cavendish, by exploding a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, first proved by synthesis that water is a compound of these gases, and not an elementary substance. Even now its action upon other bodies is far from being perfectly understood. As a solvent it is of MOST WONDERFUL POTENCY, and as such it is the cause of many of the mysterious disasters which are the scourge of the world. In the inorganic world, however, much yet remains to be explained. Nearly all the common metals are able to decompose water, forming oxides and setting free hydrogen gas. Especially is iron able to displace the hydrogen in this compound. At ordinary temperatures this action goes on slowly, but at high temperatures the substitution takes place with great rapidity, and the heat, high steam pressure and general use of steam as a motive power, it is important to notice this corrosive action of water upon iron, the danger arising from corrosion of the boiler tubes being considerable. During a single month no fewer than thirteen boilers of threshing engines exploded. In each case the explosion entailed loss of life. It may be thought that such a terrible calamity was the prime cause of each disaster. But this remains to be proved. The engineer in charge of a steam engine has every reason to be watchful. With his hands on the levers, he is held to a duty which is not reasonably to charge him, without clearest proof, with culpable negligence. The Roman soldier in olden times incurred the death penalty by failing to be vigilant when on duty. It is the same with the engineer. The failure of the engineer to watch punished by capital sentence. With so many competent men seeking employment, it would not be flattering to the owners of the steam engines to assert that they deliberately chose the worthless. During the last few weeks a number of DISASTROUS BOILER EXPLOSIONS have occurred. In none of these has it been probable that the men in charge have been to blame. I refer to the late explosion in Detroit, the explosion of a locomotive boiler on the Ohio River, and the explosion of the boiler of a torpedo boat belonging to the Italian navy. With systematic inspection and due care, the number of disasters is greatly reduced, but it is not sufficient to recur with lamentable frequency.

With high steam pressure, water is vaporized with extreme rapidity. Were the pump to cease to act for one minute the water would go down, and the boiler would be subjected to a very heavy load, one inch in diameter and burned on the other. They will long endure the fearful strain to which they are subjected. Steam attacks red-hot iron with great rapidity, and large volumes of hydrogen gas are formed in the boiler. If the engine is shut down the danger is much greater, for it is the running, as the greater quantity of hydrogen the greater the danger if rupture of a sheet occurs. There are always present in the boiler besides the steam, considerable quantities of atmospheric air and hydrogen gas, produced by the action of the water upon the iron. In ordinary cases this mixture of gases need cause no alarm, as it is impossible for it to take light with plenty of water in the boiler. Let the sheets or tubes, however, and light will be communicated to a mixture of combustible gases as explosive as gunpowder. If no water be present, the danger is increased, for a serious explosion could occur. It would, of course, give way as a steam pipe does, but the rending force which lifts the boiler bodily and projects it so far as to be a danger to the neighborhood is not present. As the corrosion of the boiler

shell is always going on, the plates, of an iron boiler, are continually weakened, until they are not one-fourth their original thickness, and the inevitable explosion occurs. No care to keep the crown sheets covered, no periodical overhauling to remove the scale, no system of inspection, unless daily, can guarantee against these deplorable accidents.

There are, of course, other causes of boiler explosions than the one stated above. A thick scale may prevent the water's reaching the sheets, which then soon burn out. This is quite a common cause of explosion. Everyone familiar with the work of the forge knows how quickly iron is changed in its character by a coal fire. Let it remain a few moments too long in the fire, and the iron is useless—as brittle as iron ore. To which condition it has reverted. Poor material and faulty construction are not often met with, both workmanship and material have wonderfully improved of late. The strains caused by unequal expansion of the outer shell as compared with the tubes and crown sheets, are quoted most frequently as the causes of boiler explosions. It is unlikely that they have much to do with such accidents. The breaking of stay bolts is merely evidence of the rapid corrosion going on in the boiler. The boiler must be destroyed in a few hours. Low water is

MOST TO BE DREADED, for then the iron of the firebox is exposed to the action of the steam, and endures long, though cases have occurred in which good, strong boilers have not exploded though every drop of water has been evaporated. The same result would have occurred had the boiler been at all weak. The amount of external corrosion, where boilers are exposed to the damp is an indication of the much greater corrosion going on internally at all times. About the only remedy is to remove the boiler from the cause of the corrosion, and to replace it with a new one. The results are so far encouraging. (4) Galvanizing the water and the steam surfaces. This last-mentioned plan is now being tried by the British Government, and has been ordered for the internal surfaces of the boilers in some of the torpedo boat destroyers. They have not published any account of the results as yet.

THE FOREMOST ENGINE BUILDERS now recommend strong boilers and thorough supervision. The best authorities fail to assign any reason for many of the terrible boiler accidents that occur from time to time. The occupation of the engineer is hazardous in the extreme. He himself leads an isolated life, and is poorly paid, considering the risks he runs. It is not fair to cast odium upon him if he is innocent of wrong-doing. In spite of every precaution the time during which a boiler may safely be used is brief. Often economical reasons are urged why boilers should be kept in use long after they should be replaced. They are kept in daily use. For the protection of the public no precaution to prevent these distressing accidents should be neglected. GEO. B. KIRK.

Queen Victoria's Hard Work.

Most people have an idea that royalty has an easy time of it, but the fact is that kings and queens, even in times of peace, are almost as hard worked as day laborers. Queen Victoria, for instance, last year, had to append her signature to some 50,000 documents. She practically never has a holiday while at Buckingham or Windsor. She rises at 7:30. At 8 she has prayers, and half an hour later breakfast, and then works with her secretary steadily for five hours and a half, until 2 o'clock. Sometimes she has been called up in the middle of the night, owing to some urgent state paper requiring her signature.—New York World.

How to Cure Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures eczema, itch, skin eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

We behold all around us one vast union, in which no man can labor for himself without at the same time laboring for other people.

Ward's Liniment the Best Hair Restorer.



The above cut is given for the protection of all sick and suffering people.

This trade mark is found on every bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, as well as on the outer wrapper or carton.

Any celery preparation without the above trade mark is worthless and deceptive. Carefully avoid such, as these preparations will surely aggravate your troubles; in many cases they are positively dangerous.

When your health is low, when your life is in peril from disease, Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can promptly banish your troubles. "It makes sick people well."

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Chatham.—A married woman dies without a will, having no children. What share of her money and personal property, including wedding presents does her husband take? Ans.—

Stoney Point.—How long can a mortgage stand open before it can be closed, if payments are regularly kept up? Ans.—The mortgage provides when and how the payment of it is to be made, and when default is made in the payment as provided by its terms, it can be closed. The mortgage, therefore, stands open until default.

Municipal Audit.—Is it lawful for the township auditors to have their report printed and distributed among the ratepayers before it has been presented to the council? Ans.—No; the auditors have no right to print or distribute copies of their report in any case. The duty of doing so is that of the clerk, by direction of the council, as provided by section 265, Municipal Act, 1892. 2. What is the duty of the auditors in the case of payments made by the treasurer without the authority of the council? Ans.—If the treasurer cannot show the authority of the statute law, or of the council, the payment is contrary to law, and the auditors should make a special report on the item.

Lambton.—A sold to B, on agreement, a farm, together with all belongings thereto, the deed to be given April 1. Can A take away any gate-screen doors that have been in use on the place? Ans.—No. 2. Can A remove a pile of stone that he bought and moved on the farm, nothing being said about the stone when the deed was made? Ans.—Yes. 3. Should any of the buildings be destroyed by fire could A force B to take the farm, or would A have to make good the loss, as in a deed of agreement? Ans.—A holds the insurance policy until the deed is given? How would this last question be settled? Ans.—Upon the facts stated B would be forced to take the farm and suffer the loss. The insurance is not effective unless the company have been notified and consented to the agreement. You had better consult your lawyer and have the matter put in proper shape. If A got the insurance B could claim the benefit of the insurance. The council of the village should take the opinion of their solicitor or counsel upon this bylaw and act upon it. Any ratepayer may obtain a copy of the bylaw, and having got an opinion on it from a competent lawyer that the exemption is forfeited, he can then appeal to the council to have the rates imposed and collected. If the factory has been continuously run as such, in compliance with the grant of exemption, the fact of the mortgage and sale would not be material. We have assumed that it was closed up for a time.

Mosa.—Petitions were presented to the township council to abolish the wards, containing upwards of 420 names of voters as they appear on the last certified voters' list, while the total number of voters on the list is 824, of whom upwards of 30 are repeaters and ten names are of men who are dead. Do the repeaters count for two votes or one? Have the council the right to insist that all names shall count against and still, if any elector signs the petition, they hold he only has one vote if his name repeats? The council accepted the petition on Jan. 20, and were to deal with the petition on Feb. 8. In the meantime some of the interested parties went around and got up a counter petition asking their names to be removed, and they say they have about 40 names of those who signed the first petition. Has the council the right to strike those 40 names off the additional names in support of it? Has the council power to cast aside the voters' list and the assessment roll for 1895 and say on their words who is a legal voter or who is not, and strike their names off said petition, irrespective of said list or assessment roll? The council would not investigate or strike off one name of the parties who did not sign the petition. The council dismissed said petition. Can the petitioners claim said petition and add more names? Said council refuses to give up petition. Ans.—If the petition was by a majority of the qualified voters on the last revised assessment roll the council were bound to give effect to it within one month after it was presented. See section 94 of the Municipal Act, 1892. The voters' list is not the test of who are petitioners, but the last revised assessment roll. The council must therefore be governing by the roll of 1895 in ascertaining

whether a majority of the qualified electors have signed the petition. The petition once presented cannot be altered or added to, and is then the property of the corporation. Repeaters and dead men cannot be counted for or against the petition. Only the qualified electors on the assessment roll of 1895 can be counted in ascertaining whether a majority have petitioned. A new petition can be got up and presented to the council.

A Penny for the Lid.

That Yankee wit is, or, at least, might have been, inherited from old England, seems to be clearly illustrated by the following anecdote:

As is well known in the village of Dalmally, says London Truth, Mistress McFandem is a very keen hand at a bargain, and few have ever been able to boast that they have "got the best o' her" in a deal. The other day she entered the shop of Sandy & O'Neill, where everything and anything, from a pair of spectacles to an ounce of tea, can be procured:

"Wad you sell me a sugar basin without the cover?"

"Ou, ay," said Sandy, who would sell the shoes off his feet at a profit.

"How much is this ain?" inquired the customer.

"That's a shillin' complete," said Sandy.

"An' whit for the basin without the lid?"

"Eleven pence."

"Weel the lid's no worth mair nor a penny."

"En, that's guid news," ejaculated the lady with a sigh of relief, "it's just the lid o' mair is a deal, so saying she laid down a penny and walked off with the coveted lid before the astonished storekeeper had time to interfere.

conditions

In some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is rapid. For this reason we put up a 50c. size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children.

In other conditions gain must be slow, sometimes almost imperceptible, health can't be built up in a day. For this Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment, food rather than medicine, food prepared for tired and weak digestions.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 108 N. 3rd St. Phila. 50c. and 1.00

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HIGHEST GRADE.
THE QUESTION
'WILL IT WEAR?'
NEED NEVER BE ASKED
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE
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1847 ROGERS BROS.
AS THIS IN ITSELF
GUARANTEES THE QUALITY.
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1847
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.
THESE GOODS HAVE
STOOD THE TEST
FOR A HALF A CENTURY.
SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

NOW IN ITS ELEVENTH YEAR.

THE WEEK:

A journal for men and women.—Is published every Friday at 5 Jordan street, Toronto, by The Week Publishing Company. Subscription, \$5 per annum.

THE WEEK:

Is indispensable to all Canadians who wish to keep informed on current political and literary affairs. Its contributors and correspondents represent all parts of the Dominion.

"One of the ablest papers on the continent."—(Illustrated American)

Where Gallantry Reigns.

A Country in Which Woman Is
Never a Criminal.

All Women Wrong Doers Are Sent to a
Convent for Treatment.

In Austria, a woman, no matter what she may do, is never regarded or treated quite as a criminal. She may rob, burn, kill—set every law at defiance, in fact, break all the commandments in turn—without a fear of ever being called upon to answer for her actions. She is not even sent to an ordinary prison to do penance for her sins; the hardest fate that can befall her, indeed, is to be compelled to take up her abode for a time in the convent to which Vienna sends its erring sisters. At Neudorf, only a few miles away from the city, the convent itself is a fine old building which once upon a time was a castle, and seems to have been strongly fortified. The religious community to which it now belongs received it as a present from its owner, who cared more for the Church than for his heir. There is nothing in the appearance of the place to show that it is a prison; the court yard stands open the whole day long and there is never a guard with in sight. The door-keeper is a pretty little nun with a strong woman could easily pick up in her arms and run away with. The Superior is a handsome old lady with keen, penetrating eyes, a firm mouth, and an expression that is at once kindly and—oddly enough, considering she is a nun—humorous. She has a gentle courtesy of manner that is singularly attractive; she has, too, that most excellent thing in the woman, a low, sweet voice. Judging by the stately grace with which she wears her long cream-white robes, her early days were more probably passed at Hofburg than in a convent. The fact of her being a great lady, however, does not prevent her being a clear-headed business woman. She has at her finger ends all the details of the working of the institution under her care, and not a speck is moved without her knowing the why and wherefore of its moving. She is evidently heart and soul in her work, and keenly interested in everything that concerns her charges. She knows all the circumstances of their cases, and deals with each of them individually, bringing good influences to arouse in them a sense of self-respect.

The Superior led the way into a large cheerful-looking room, in which some fifty women were sitting working. Perhaps half a dozen of them were making match-boxes or buttons; and the others were doing fine needle-work, beautiful embroidery, lace and wool work, under the guidance of a sister who looked for all the world as if she had stepped straight out of Fra Angelico's pictures. She passes her life going about among these women distributing to each in turn directions, encouragement or reproof, as the case may be. Always with a smile on her lips, one, though, in which there is more patient endurance than gladness. Another sister, a woman with a strong sphinxlike face, was sitting at the further end of the room on a raised platform. She is there to maintain discipline and guard against those outbursts of temper which, from time to time, disturb the harmony of life in this convent. As we entered the room all the women rose and greeted us. In the most cheerful fashion, with what sounded like a couplet from an old chant. They speedily took up their work again, however, at a sign from the Superior.

These women were all so kindly in their ways, so peaceful and good-humored, they differed so completely from our preconceived ideas of criminals, that we were puzzled to imagine what could have brought them into prison. We never had a doubt but that their offenses were of the most trivial nature, and, as the Superior gave us one of her old, humorous smiles, "Did you notice that woman in the corridor?" she asked. "She is Marie Schneider." That insignificant-looking little woman, who had stood aside with a gentle depressive smile to allow us to pass, Marie Schneider! Why, in any other place, one would have said Marie Schneider, a European celebrity, with more murders on her conscience than the fingers on her hands! "And you let her stay here?" "We have nowhere else to put her," the Inspector, who had joined us, replied, "and we don't hang women in Austria."

Nor is she, as we soon found, the only notoriety in the place. One of the prisoners is a delicate-looking girl with large brown eyes and golden hair—a type of beauty almost peculiar to Austrians. She has a low, cooling voice and a singularly sweet, innocent expression. "What on earth can that girl have done to be sent here?" I whispered. "Don't you see?" the Inspector grimly, "set a house on fire in the hope of killing a man with his wife and five children?" The girl must have had extraordinarily sharp ears, for, although we were standing close to her, she gave him a glance such as I hope never to see again in my life. It was absolutely diabolic; had there been a knife within reach, she would have died on the spot. Yet only a moment before she had been looking up into my face with a smile as an angel might have envied.

Mr. Spurgeon and the Lunatic.

One day a visitor called at Nightingale Lane with a request that he be allowed to see Mr. Spurgeon at once on urgent business. On entering the study, the stranger closed the door, stood with his back to it, and began: "What's this you've been telling the people at the Tabernacle about me?" "Why, nothing, my friend," "Oh, yes, you have, and I've come to have it out with you. I'm not going to stand this sort of thing." Seeing that the man was stout and strong, and that he carried a stick like himself, Mr. Spurgeon adopted a soothing, matter-of-fact reasoning tone. "Well, my friend, you are a stranger to me. I don't think I ever knew you before, and certainly I don't know you. If I knew nothing about you, I can't tell anything, can I?" "No," said the man, "I suppose you can't," and then, after a meditative pause, asked, "Have you a brother?" "Yes," "Is he much like you?" "No, I can't say that he is." Then came a furious burst. "No, it wasn't your brother; it was you; and I mean to settle the matter. Do you know that I have been in an asylum?" "Have you? I am sorry to hear that." "Yes," and when I was there I was so strong that it took ten men to hold me." The man began to flourish his stick, and said that he had been in an asylum, from which there seemed no possibility of escape, and then asked, "Are you strong?" This was the preacher's opportunity, and power of will over brute strength at once asserted itself. "Yes, I am, terribly," "What are you strong as ten men?" Mr. Spurgeon

sprang to his feet, assumed a tragic tone, and shouted: "Yes, I am stronger than a hundred men; and if you don't get out of this room, I'll crush every bone in your wretched little body." The man trembled with fear, turned to the door, threw it aside, rushed down the stairs, out through the doorway and along the road as if pursued by furies, leaving his stick behind as a memento of his visit. Mr. Spurgeon was not a little relieved when he heard that the escaped lunatic had been taken back into secured custody.—Wilson's "Personal Reminiscences."

Canon Wilberforce on Christian Union.

There is no more catholic minded man than Canon Wilberforce, no one who would more fervently rejoice at the union of all Protestant Christendom, no one who more sincerely deprecates every form of narrowness that keeps people of a common Christian faith apart. In a recently published pamphlet he protests against high church exclusiveness, and declares that "schism" is not separation from the visible communion of the Church of England, but "the severance of the soul's trust in Christ." The canon pleads with his fellow-churchmen to believe that rigidity is never a sign of life, and that bigotry is never effective spiritual force. "I am convinced in the depths of my soul," he says, "that the direction in which the Holy Ghost is working in this our day is against exclusiveness, and in the direction of the freest spiritual communion between those who differ as to methods, creeds and definitions of faith; and no English Churchman does credit to himself or honor to his church by speaking superciliously of godly dissenters by calling them heretics and schismatics, and refusing to receive the Word of God from their lips, when it is manifest they are doing, and doing well, nearly half the Christian work of this country." If all branches of the Church of Christ were animated by the spirit which characterizes Canon Wilberforce, probably the approach to Christian union would be more markedly rapid than it is seen to be today.—Christian Work.

Protection in the Methodist Church.

At the next conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England a proposal will be made to establish a new method of dealing with ministers who leave the connexion to accept calls from churches of other denominations. The Methodist Church of late years has lost quite a number of ministers in this way. Some have gone to the Church of England; others into the Congregational body, and now and again, if memory serves us rightly, English Methodist ministers have associated themselves with the Unitarians. The conference cannot prevent its members from accepting their connection with it. It can, however, call upon a departing minister to refund some of the money the church has expended upon his education. The proposal has been objected to in England on the ground that it will result in imposing a fine on a minister for changing his views on church doctrine. But a system of this kind already exists in England, and under the room all the women rose and greeted us. In the most cheerful fashion, with what sounded like a couplet from an old chant. They speedily took up their work again, however, at a sign from the Superior.

These women were all so kindly in their ways, so peaceful and good-humored, they differed so completely from our preconceived ideas of criminals, that we were puzzled to imagine what could have brought them into prison. We never had a doubt but that their offenses were of the most trivial nature, and, as the Superior gave us one of her old, humorous smiles, "Did you notice that woman in the corridor?" she asked. "She is Marie Schneider." That insignificant-looking little woman, who had stood aside with a gentle depressive smile to allow us to pass, Marie Schneider! Why, in any other place, one would have said Marie Schneider, a European celebrity, with more murders on her conscience than the fingers on her hands! "And you let her stay here?" "We have nowhere else to put her," the Inspector, who had joined us, replied, "and we don't hang women in Austria."

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Notes and Incidents.

Lady Henry Somerset is expected in Ireland during the spring, and great results are looked for in connection with her visit.

"I cannot understand ze language," said the despairing Frenchman; "I learn how to pronounce ze word 'diphthong' and zen I learn zat ze diphthongs sometimes pronounce it 'fatal'."

It is reported that a marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Edmund Heatcote Thruston, of Pennal Tower, Machynlleth, and Lucy, third daughter of Sir Wm. Lawson, Bart., M.P., of Brayton, Carlisle.

Mrs. Barnes "dies to explain" an ent a provoking error in the pretty and much admired "X" Almanac: "At the heading of a quotation from Lady Henry Somerset, by an unaccountable oversight of both printer and proof-reader, 'Woman's Ballot' is spelled 'Woman's Ballet.'—Union Signal.

Indirectly as well as directly the opium traffic is bringing evil upon India. As pointed out by Rev. Thos. Evans the beautiful mango shade tree which yields a valuable fruit is being felled in a wholesale way, to supply boxes for opium, and its loss is endangering the quantity of rain in that torrid zone.

Barmaids were installed in a number of saloons in Iron Mountain, Mich., some little time since, and proved a big success, from their employers' point of view. But the majority of the working classes, and the police have been instructed to see that no women serve behind bars in future.

Countess Schimmellmann is a Danish lady of whom it is said, "Her praise is in all the churches" of her own country. She has been engaged during the last year in preaching Gospel temperance in all the ports of the Baltic where she traveled in her own yacht. She is especially successful among the working classes, socialists and others difficult to approach.

Dr. Macgregor met, in the great Scotch city his name and fame adorns, a little girl carrying in her arms a baby so bonny that she fairly staggered under the weight. "Baby's her name, is it?" said the doctor. "No," replied the winsome bairn, "he isn't heavy; he's my brother." The missionary burden is gone when the human brotherhood is realized.—Rev. Urijah Thomas.

Rev. Canon Basil Wilberforce, who has accepted the appointment of chaplain of the House of Commons, has a family connection with Parliament. His paternal grandfather was the celebrated William Wilberforce, the apostle of the movement for the slave emancipation, who was for upwards of half a century a prominent Parliamentary orator. The canon is a staunch supporter of the temperance cause.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has promised to open, on a date in May or June, a bazaar in aid of the work of the Hackney and East Middlesex Band of Hope Union, which commemorates its 21st anniversary this year. The request to the Princess was signed by the Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex, Lady Elizabeth, and the chairman of the London school board, the chairman of the Tottenham school board, the members of Parliament for the area covered by the union, and other representative gentlemen.

Miss Mary Florence Denton, of Kyoto, who is so much interested in W. C. T. U. work in Japan, writes that unions have lately been formed in Tokio and Yokohama. The Japan president, Mrs. Yajima, has a breadth of view that few American women have attained, and is a century ahead of her people. Dr. J. H. Bradford, of Montreal, N. J., has just visited Japan in the interest of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and Miss Denton writes that his lectures have been most helpful to women in Japan. He is a champion of temperance, and in Kyoto, which was pronounced perfect.

An application by a publican for a license for the sale of intoxicants at St. John's Church bazaar, recently held in Oldham, England, was refused by the magistrate of the Oldham police court a short time ago. Four days afterwards the application was repeated before a bench somewhat differently constituted, and it was explained that contributions of wines and spirits had been made by merchants to be sold at the bazaar for the good of the church, and the license was granted. Upon which the majority of the bench granted the license which had previously been refused. The chief constable declared that such a thing had never been done in his time.

The Popular Scientific News says that the recent discovery of Mr. Wilson, that acetylene gas may be made from lime and coal dust treated with electricity from carbon electrodes, has made it possible to produce ethylic alcohol so cheap that all other processes will be abandoned. Should the discovery prove to be what is expected, alcohol will be made for two or three times a gallon, or even less. Its use in the arts will be largely increased, and as a beverage it could be cheapened to an enormous extent. The occupation of distilling will be superseded, the manufacture of whisky and other alcoholic beverages will change, and the great problem which centers round them commercially, scientifically and socially, will have new features.

One department of the trade of Bombay is threatened with extinction through Japanese action, and this is the exportation of Persian opium to Formosa. As the Echo remarks, "The same sympathy cannot be extended to it as to the cotton industry, but its disappearance will be a considerable financial loss. The importation of opium to Japan is strictly forbidden, and the Japanese Government has decided that the prohibition shall be extended to the newly-acquired island of Formosa. The opium sent from Bombay is used by the Chinese inhabitants of Formosa, but the authorities of the Mikado do not want the Japanese on the island to acquire the habit, and they think the best way to avoid the risk is to shut it out altogether."

A Magnanimous Act.

There was great excitement in London on the day when President Cleveland's Venezuela message was published. It was like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. Everybody with English blood in his veins was irritated and angry.

In the evening there was a banquet at a prominent hotel in London in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. A large company assembled, but there was only one topic of conversation. Everybody talked about the chances of war between Great Britain and the United States.

There were two guests at the principal table who had a most uncomfortable dinner. They were probably speechless and did not know what to say. The menu card with the toasts had been prepared before there was a whisper of serious complications between the two countries.

One of the toasts was "Our Friends Across the Sea," and while ordinarily it would have attracted little attention, the news of the day imparted extraordinary interest to it. Comras Carr—one of the best after-dinner speakers in London—soon passed, and the American ambassador, Mr. Bayard, was to respond to it. Each was in an awkward position.

Another guest, who was impressed with the importance of having the right word said, interested himself in securing a hearty reception for the American ambassador. Meeting Mr. Carr in the reception room, half an hour before the toast was proposed, he said with earnestness:

"You have a magnificent opportunity. Everybody is excited today on each side of the Atlantic, but we both know that it is a flurry of passion, and that now very properly considered, the two branches of the English-speaking race are not going to plunge recklessly into a disastrous war. Tonight it is of the utmost importance that the American ambassador should receive the warmest and most cordial reception from the English company."

Mr. Carr readily acquiesced. He agreed to make a hearty, magnanimous speech in the interest of peace, and a single unkind word about America.

He was as good as his word. When he began his speech the mental atmosphere of his audience was chilly, but as he proceeded the temperature rose. Soon everybody in the room was in good humor.

The first sympathetic sentence about America was received in silence; the next was faintly applauded; but by Mr. Carr had finished his speech, the company was fairly wild with enthusiasm. He did not utter a sentence that any Englishman could criticize as unpatriotic or ill-timed, but the effect of his generous appreciation of the American character was electric.

When the American ambassador arose every Englishman in the room sprang to his feet and cheered. The speech was not only one of impulse—that of according to the representative of the United States, on the evening when all England was profoundly stirred by rumors of war, a highly original and generous welcome.

This was the work of Mr. Carr, a cool, large-hearted, well-balanced Englishman, who perceived the importance of his opportunity, and made full use of it in the interest of international amity. Such magnanimity should not be forgotten.

Sobriety of judgment—tactful and upright in its decisions—is a beneficent influence in the lives of men and in the affairs of nations. He who possesses it, and maintains self-control when other minds are excited and have lost their balance, is a master of men—an uncrowned king in the right. A nation governed by such a man is to be blessed indeed.—Youths' Companion.

A MECHANICAL HORROR.

The Remarkable Resurrection Clock of India Described.

Machinery is a monthly journal published at Johannesburg, South Africa. In the latest number just received is an account of a most remarkable clock belonging to a Hindu prince, which the editor thinks the strangest piece of machinery in the world. Near the dial of an ordinary looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of artificial human skulls, ribs, legs and arms, the whole number of the pile being equal to the number of bones in twelve human skeletons. When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of 1, the number of bones needed to form a complete human skeleton come together with a snap, by some mechanical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, strikes one blow. This finished, it returns to the pile and again waits to be used. When 2 o'clock, two skeletons get up and strike, while at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap springs up in the shape of twelve skeletons, and strikes, and then the other skeletons come together, and then fall to pieces, as before.

The Preacher and the Driver.

Lecturing recently on "Great Orators and Preachers I Have Known," Dr. Rogers found occasion to tell some very amusing anecdotes belonging to the last generation—or the last but one. Perhaps the funniest of them was one of James Parsons, of York, who was driving on the box-seat into Doncaster during race week, and thinking probably about anything rather than horsemanship, when the driver pulled out his watch with the remark: "We'll be in time, after all, I think." "In time for what?" said Mr. Parsons, a little absently. "Why, the St. Leger, of course." "The St. Leger? Oh, yes, to be sure! But I never go to race meetings. No one would ever have supposed from his appearance that he did. The driver was nonplussed for a moment, but he soon excused his passenger by saying: "Ah, yes, you're like me. I always like a real good cockfight a sight better."

'Representing Woman.'

Mrs. Minor Meriwether, in a recent address said: "While we are talking of Paul's teaching, let me say its application is uncertain. Granted that a woman must be in fact the reverse of disagreeable. Husbands may, many of them, be like my own, a rather nice fellow. But neither Paul nor any one else pretends that a husband is to be like each other's husbands. If we submit to taxation without representation imposed by a government of men, we are in subjection to other people's husbands, for which there is no injunction in Scripture."

A STRIKING CHANGE.

"But, papa, things have changed since you were young." "Yes, they have; folks used to wait 50 years for a golden wedding, and now they demand it at the start."

The Care of Orchards.

To the Editor of the "Advertiser":

By the above title I of course mean in this country and in our surroundings what we all at first would naturally understand by it, viz., apple orchards. Were we spending our lives in the lovely tempered climate of old France, we might by this term mean pear orchards; or were we in some of the northern districts of old Russia, we would mean cherry or plum orchards; or were we in the still more favored districts of Ontario known as Grimsby, or the noted land of sunshine in the Leamington region, it would mean peach orchards. In the soft, sunny climes of the West India Islands, or the fertile regions of Florida, it would mean orange or lemon orchards; or in the still deeper tropical climates, it would mean the banana or cocconut. So every climate and every district of this round earth has its peculiar favorite fruits, which claim the largest share of attention, and to which the people of these climes give their most constant vigilance and care, and upon which they confidently rely for their daily support and their bodily and mental reinvigoration so necessary in all the stages of our mortal life on the earth.

In this beautiful portion of the world known as Ontario, a most important part of her Majesty's dominions, we have what is probably very properly considered by the ablest and best thinkers, as far as away the first and best of all fruits known to man, viz., the apple, a fruit that, considered in its nutritive and commercial value, outweighs and other one fruit known in temperate climes. This fruit has attracted the attention of men for ages, and has now, by a succession of evolutions, arrived at a high standard of perfection. The trees producing it are common, cultivated in large or small blocks containing greater or smaller numbers, and planted closely and regularly for the sole production of the fruit, and of the most perfect and beautiful specimens capable of being attained. Anything short of this high standard of excellence is unsatisfactory, and is futile and vain, and is nothing short of positive disappointment.

In my notes, observations and experience in the two counties of Middlesex and Lambton, perhaps everything considered, the very best and finest fruit comes from the orchards of Ontario, and especially in the fine farming townships of Carleton Place and Adelaide, Warwick and Bonanquet, with which I am fortunately perfectly acquainted, and know that I have concluded that no more favorable location or kindly conditions of soil and climate could be produced or desired for the fullest and freest production of the apple than we can find here. The apple that can be produced in this agricultural region under good and efficient management, will grade A No. 1, both in beauty and completeness of form, and also in high fruit value, as a marketable commodity, conclusively shown in the fruit packing season of 1894. But even in that season, which was perhaps one of the most favorable ever experienced in this country, all the orchards were not by any means equally good. Indeed, even in that year some of the most despicable samples were freely met with, clearly showing at once that even in this production man's agency must be brought into play, and that mere naturalness, I have again and again been anxiously puzzled by the oft-recurring queries, How is it that we have in the midst of the very highest and best quality of soil so plentiful, so easy and so cheaply to be had, yet why do we have so many poor, careless, negligent, unpatriotic apple growers in our midst? If the apple orchard is, as has been so frequently stated by so many, the best piece of property on the farm, how is it that so many are so willing, to carelessly leave the whole matter to the forces of nature, and without friendly help or kindly sympathy or timely guidance of those mysterious forces of nature which have it in their power to pour such immense quantities of fruit upon the earth, and yet to give themselves no concern from year to year, but go plodding on their way until the orchard is successfully changed from a thing of beauty into a thing of ugliness, and the mass of ruin and rampant growth? I have often been made to sigh with deep patriotic emotion, and feel that it was certainly one of the greatest of plagues that ever befell our country, that such unworthy and unmoralized so many fine locations and sites of Canadian scenery, that might be parcels of fruitfulness and cheer to all observers, but are now and are to be an eyesore to every passer-by on the public highway. We do hope that this matter, so very important to our progress as a nation, will receive the timely attention of every fruit grower or orchardist in this country that it so urgently demands.

Just now, perhaps, the one important matter in the management of orchards is pruning the trees. As my much-esteemed friend and townsman, Mr. L. F. Partner, has so lately through these columns addressed the farmers and fruit growers of this section upon the topic of pruning, do not know that I can do more than now than merely attempt to emphasize what he has so ably and timely done by way of admonition and direction. It is well known that the practical orchardist has this matter of good fruit or bad very largely in his own hands, and by timely pruning and cleaning his trees, can so invigorate them and so throw the growth where most desirable, as to produce amazing results in fine and beautiful fruit. The skillful, wide-awake orchardist worthy of the high name, knows this, and knows also how to do it.

After cleaning the trees should occasionally be attended to by lightly scraping the whole body of the trees, even up to the larger branches, so as to bring off the old loose bark, moss and adherents that now largely form lodging places for scale and other insect foes, fungus, etc. The last and perhaps the best of the treatments is, in its proper season and time, a liberal application of fine spray during the growth of the young leaves and fruit. Now, when all can have such good satisfaction in a beautiful, first-class crop of apples, that will command the highest price in any market of the world, what farmer or orchardist can consistently complain at those few simple rules of success? I am sure that every farmer, at least in this section I have named, will at once set himself about this matter in good earnest, and especially so as it is considered by many in good circles that by certain indications we are to have a favorable season this year for a fine and abundant crop of apples and other fruit, and I shall have many to come to me with thanks in their hearts for these few simple reminders to them of their evident duty to themselves and their country.

Strathroy, Feb. 2.

ASK FOR INFORMATION.

Persons who have sufficient interest in knowing what the experience of life insurance companies that have kept abstainers and non-abstainers in separate classes has been, to send a postal card to the manager of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company at Toronto, Ont., stating their desire to get this information can have it by a return mail.

Items of Real Interest.

The diplomatic service of the United States costs a little over \$500,000 a year, and is cheap at that. Military and naval operations cost the United States during the civil war about \$3,000,000 each day. Hence, if war with all its improved methods should cost no more than it did 30 years ago the entire expenditure of our diplomatic corps for a year, as ex-Minister Andrew D. White pointed out at the recent dinner of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, would be only about the expenditure of war during four hours.

The devil's weapons are frequently turned against himself. Whether a game recently invented by an Austrian firm is an instance of such conversion or moral ordinance our readers can judge, when we tell them that in this game 32 cards are used, on every one of which a short indulgence prayer is inscribed. Each player as he draws a card concentrates his thoughts on the friend or relative for whose benefit he then repeats the prayer on the card. The publishers affirm that the game "is one likely to become popular in pious circles." Possibly the Austrians may take to it who repeat faith in "indulgence prayers" than do Canadians.

The Journal figures out that New York's most famous ecclesiastical edifice, Trinity Church, would be completely immersed (spire and all) if dropped into a keg of sufficient dimensions to contain the 170,531,000 gallons of spirituous liquor which the city drinks annually, and that the 18,939,177 gallons of malt liquor consumed in the same time would submerge three buildings of the size of the city hall. The Journal accompanies its figures by effective cartoons illustrating the supposed circumstances, and also the bedraggled platoons of New York's "Army of Drink-made Miserables"—a numerous, but a sorry host. We congratulate the Journal upon the accomplishment of this bit of effective temperance work.

The Investor's Review declares that England's finest genius is expressed in the inventor and the handicraftsman. The boast is that Britain has done more to lift mankind in all parts of the earth out of the dead inertia of uncivilized routine, than any great nation the world ever saw. With this estimate of national greatness, the London Christian does not agree, holding that Englishmen have done their best in souls not in wood, stone and metal—that philanthropists and religious workers, martyrs and missionaries, have contributed more to England's glory than all her merchants as merchants; and quotes Milton's counsel to his country "not to forget her precedence of teaching other nations how to live."

In an article on "The Ethics of Party Loyalty," George W. Green, in the December Forum, points out that it is manifestly easier to hold together the forces of a minority than those of a majority, because of the fact—so logical rather than merely political—that men when called upon for affirmative action are notoriously of more heterogeneous opinion when asked to join in a policy of fault finding and attack. All men will unite to condemn abuses; few are willing to subordinate their personal opinions when asked to produce a remedy. Green's observation is doubtless the experience of multitudes. Many will unite in their hatreds who can never be combined for aggressive advocacy of an apparent cause, and who are cheaper than construction; and the love of faultfinding is one of humanity's most darling and persistent passions.

"To read of Scott," says Temple Bar, "makes most others, even of the noblest and best, appear small by comparison." The writer illustrates his meaning by pointing to the contrast between Carlyle and Scott in the matter of sleep. Nothing, he says, short of a "travelling sleep" in which he could lie "sound as a stone" for hours could satisfy Carlyle.

His naps were serious things, and if any inroad from without or within were made upon them, the animal that "was me" would be sure to follow, while constant nights of waking and aching would be met by Scott with scarce a grumble, or but a playful one. A dog, however, who had been in the slumbers, moved Carlyle to the jocosely savage wish that he had the animal by his hind legs within reach of a stone wall.

"Bilious and headache this morning," says Scott, "is the influence of a like affliction occurring in the very midst of his sea of troubles. 'A dog howled all night, and left me little sleep; poor cur!' with an outpouring of sympathy toward the unconscious trouble of his repose. 'I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine.'"

The best way for a man to get out of a lonely position is to be conspicuously effective in it.—Dr. John Hall.

A Civilized Gorilla.

At the aquarium in Berlin there is a big gorilla whose habits are a great deal more correct than those of most of his distant relatives. He gets up at 8 o'clock in the morning, takes a bath, and uses soap without hesitation. When his toilet is completed he takes a cup of milk, after which he eats two loaves of bread, with Frankfurt sausages and smoked Hamburg beef, all of which he moistens with a glass of lager beer. At 1 p.m. he takes a bowl of soup, with rice and potatoes and the wing of a chicken. He uses his knife and fork and napkin like a born aristocrat, but when he thinks that his keepers are not observing him he discards the implements of civilization and plunges his muzzle into the bowl, as if to give evidence of the melancholy fact that even a gorilla can be a hog.—London Million.

Boys and Girls.

My Bed Is a Boat.

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She gives me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on
shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do—
Perhaps a slice of wedding cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

—A Child's Garden of Verse.

Leonard Bradley and the Wolves.

I have learned a little more about
dead generations from the attic than
from the many-branched Family Tree
hanging in the wide hall, under the
original grant of land signed by Cecil
Calvert, Lord Baltimore. The last
time I undertook the attic I was armed
with a bunch of keys (wardens to the
more valuable heirlooms) and accom-
panied by grandmamma. For grand-
mamma delights in talking "old
times" to one who loves to listen.
Therefore, when grandmamma was
seated upon a little low chair, with a
very high back, belonging, no doubt,
to a spinning-wheel and a chimney-
corner, I proceeded to look at the con-
tents of a brown hair trunk.

"What an extraordinary garment!"
I said, holding up to view a coat with
the tails torn or chewed directly off.
"It looks as if it went with a pow-
dered queue and knee-breeches and
buckles, and all that sort of thing. But
why are there no coat-tails?"
"That coat belonged to your great-
great-uncle, Leonard Bradley, on your
mother's side. The Bradley things are
in the trunks, and the Herberts in the
chests."

"But the coat-tails?" I said, closing
the trunk and spreading the garment
upon it. I settled myself beside it, and
grandmamma smiled at me.

"I'll not take so long to tell, for it
didn't take long to happen. I am very
proud of those lost coat-tails. It hap-
pened this way—and I've heard my
father tell about it so often that I can
close my eyes and see it. Your great-
great-uncle, Leonard Bradley, was a
famous huntsman in his day, and used
to make excursions into the heart of
the mountains near which he lived,
and bring back game, and plenty of
pelts besides. That part of the coun-
try was so wild and lonely then, and
the little settlement so near the foot
of the mountain, that for years the
sheep-pens were not safe at night from
a howling bear or wolf. One day, many
years ago, as a child, of the creatures
which inhabited those mountains and
never showed themselves by light of
day."

One evening Leonard Bradley, who
was quite a young man, returned, at
dusk, with two of his friends from a
hunting expedition in the mountains.
A town meeting had been called for
that evening, and was to be held in
the school house. The school house
stood some distance from the group of
houses which formed the settlement,
it having been built near the foot of
the mountain, because the village
seemed to be growing in that direc-
tion. It was a bitterly cold evening,
and the ground was covered with
snow. The hunters, who had not
brought back much game, determined
to stop at the school house and await
the several townsmen, who, with
themselves, would form the meeting
of the principal men of the village.
One of Leonard Bradley's friends had
shot a bear, and shortly before dark
and, returning, had grown tired, and
dragged it after him over the snow
to the door of the school house. The
third man of the party was the school-
master, who, having a duplicate key
of the door, had then in and then pro-
ceeded to build a fire preparatory to
the meeting to be held later.

"They sat around it, getting warm
and chatting, and by and by one said:
"The wind is rising. Hear it com-
ing down the mountain!"

"Yes," said another, "it's like a hu-
man voice. It will be bitterly cold to
go home in."

"Harken," said Leonard Bradley,
suddenly. Then they sat silent for a
moment, and in that moment the
wind's voice took a strange and terri-
ble note. Nearer and more loud it
came. Nearer and more terrible.

"The men sprang to their feet with
blanched faces. Then a prolonged and
frenzied sound swept down the moun-
tain through the night, and wrapped
them round with a terrible nearness.

"Wolves!" said Leonard Bradley.
"They are starved out and have fol-
lowed our track. There must have
been blood dropped from the game!"

"An instant of listening showed that
it was right. The wind-like sound
that, at a distance, seemed to come
from a throat, broke suddenly from a
frenzied pack of wolves lurled later,
dashing and leaping, upon the door of
the little school house."

"The mark of the cub's blood," said
Leonard Bradley, briefly. "How many
charges have you?"

"Two," said one man, examining his
gun. "One," said the other, looking at
his. "None," said Leonard Bradley,
snapping his flintlock, and the door
is not over strong."

"Between the chinks of a shutter
they could see the howling forms
black against the snow, making vain
dashes upon the door sill, over which
the body of the cub had been drawn.
The door shook ominously as they
battered themselves against it."

"We cannot shoot from here," said
one of the men. Then Leonard Brad-
ley leaped up a low flight of steps to
a little landing, where hung the bell-
fellow, the long end of which lay coiled
upon the floor. On this landing there
was also a window, and to this window the
three men pressed.

"Far off they could see a gleam of
light here and there from the houses
in the settlement. The moon had
risen, and all around them was a
world of snow, with the darkness of
the mountain in the background, and
beneath was a panting, ravenous pack
of wolves—how many they did not
dare conjecture. The tracks of blood
in the snow had fairly frenzied the
beasts. They were howling like mad,
and leaping upon the door of the
school house."

"One of the men fired from the win-
dow, and a huge wolf sprang upward
and dropped dead. A second shot
entered the pack and infuriated the
animals all the more. The third mis-
fired."

"That is all, and the door will not
hold much longer," said Leonard Brad-
ley, at a sound from below. He seized
the bell-rope and commenced to ring
with all his might.

"This may stir them in the village
and show that something is wrong!"

"'Twixt soon be too late," said one
of the men, leaning from the window,
"they smell the blood yet!"

"Throw out the game and keep
them off the door!" cried Leonard
Bradley. So, while he pulled the bell-
rope, his friends carried upward the
game, which they had piled within the
door, and cast it out of the window.

There were but four pieces in all, and
these were fallen upon and ravenously
devoured. But the portion of the
hungry wolves which had gone none
in upon the school house door in a
fury evidently scenting the blood
which had crossed its threshold.

"Then there came a sudden sound of
cracking timbers. The two men fell
upon their knees, and Leonard Brad-
ley dropped the bell-rope."

"The door is giving way!" he said.
"If there was a little more time help
might come!"

"If there were but more game to
throw out!" cried one of the men.
"And again there was the sound of
cracking timber. Then, suddenly,
Bradley seized the coil of bell-rope
and sprang upon the window ledge.

He was a twinkling before his friends
dreamed of his intention, he was out-
side, hanging over the heads of the
howling wolves. "The door is giving!"
he called back. "You both have fam-
ilies, maybe I can keep them off!"

"Then there was a howl. Two black
forms leaped into the air, and there
was a sharp cry from Leonard Bradley
and a pistol shot. The foremost wolf
fell back dead, and a volley of shot
right and left. They dashed backward
in a panic towards the mountain, fol-
lowed by a rain of bullets and shot."

"The bell had rung the alarm, and
neighbors thither, and the first shot
had caught the wolf which leaped up-
ward after Leonard Bradley."

"They picked Leonard Bradley up,
unconscious but really unhurt. It was
found, however, that his coat-tails
had been seized and torn off by the
fangs of the wolf."

"And this is the coat," said Grand-
mamma, stroking the garment which
lay on the trunk. "Leonard Bradley's
mother kept it, and afterwards his
wife, for it means that, after all, sol-
diers do not always fight with a sword,
and all the heroes are not written
down in history."—The Outlook.

Pickings From the Intellect of Little Plato Smith.

Boys have messes, and men has politics.
I'd rather take a bath than wear a
pair of pants 't school.

Pa says laziness is a crime, but ma
builds the kitchen fire.

Boys get most of their sicknesses
'fore school calls in the morning.

When I want ma to say "yes," I get
ma to say "no."

Pa says I never get excited; but
when our chimney burnt I got
scraped a lot of skin off my legs 'ryin'
t' get on the roof without a ladder.

Bobby's Composition on Parents.

Parents are things which boys have
and girls have. Most girls also
have parents. Parents consist of Pa
and Mas. Pa talk a good deal about
what they are going to do, but mostly
it's Mas that make you mind. Sober
times as have found acceptance among
a certain class, and are related by cer-
tain authors."

Coming to the interesting question
whether dreams have any prophetic
power, the writer says:

"Some very serious stories are un-
doubtedly told on very good authority
of what is called the 'dream of the
future.' How can it be otherwise? The famous
professor, Herr Teufelsdröck, when he
looked out of his garret window in
Weselthow, down upon the town, at
the midnight hour, reflected upon the
fact that upward of five hundred
thousand two-legged animals without
feathers were lying round about in
horizontal positions, their heads all in
nightcaps and full of the foolishness
of dreams. It would be a miracle if
no event happened the next day that
would correspond to one of the dreams
in those five hundred thousand brains.

If you dream but three dreams a
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Age in the Ministry.

Age is at a premium in all pro-
fessions except the clerical. In the
sick chamber and the courtroom ex-
perience counts for something; in the
pulpit it counts for nothing. Yet if
anywhere it is needed it is there. To
treat sin-sick souls requires more skill
than to treat diseased bodies, and skill
is the ripe fruit of experience. Draw
the "dead line" where you will, at
40, 45 or 50, it is undoubtedly de-
monstrated that where ministers
have been favored with the opportu-
nity by the grace of the churches, the
best work and achieved the grandest
results after the extremest "dead line"
limit has been passed.—Christian In-
telligencer.

Are Dreams Prophetic?

Some Weird, Unauthoritatively Nar-
ratives in Evidence.

How Dream Stories Change When Re-
told Even After a Few Hours
Lapse.

A curious and interesting article on
the subject of dreams appears in the
Freeman, of London. The writer dis-
cusses dreams from a scientific, senti-
mental, and a speculative point of
view. An attempt is made to describe
the process of dreaming in the follow-
ing words:

"Imagine an organ, which it was
essential should keep playing contin-
ually, so that when the organist ceased
touching the keys they would be au-
tomatically moved at random. You
would find therein a correct illustra-
tion of the human brain. From such
an instrument, if listened to when the
master was absent, there would be a
succession of tones, perhaps at times
giving forth a weird music, occasion-
ally issuing chords rarely heard, and
possibly now and then a charming air.
So in sleep. Or take another musical
illustration. The difference between
thinking and dreaming is similar to
that of playing a violin with a bow
or using it as an Aeolian harp."

It is contended that the phenomena
of dreams afford no evidence of the
supposed dual nature of human exist-
ence. Dreams are said to be anything
supernatural at all. Aside from the
recorded instances in the
Scriptures where God made use of
dreams to convey His messages to cer-
tain men, there is no ground for
communication from the unseen world,
this notwithstanding many alleged
happenings of this kind. On this point
the writer says:

"Passing may note some of the
weird unauthenticated narratives
which have somehow gained currency.
Such stories are those of Lord Lytton
forecasting his death at the Plains
before the dream of Maria Martin, in
which a dream is said to have aided
in the discovery of a murder at the
Red Barn. Or the strange tale of Mr.
John William, of Redruth, and the
assassination of Mr. Perceval in the
House of Commons. The legends are
singularly tenacious of life, and are
repeated again and again after hav-
ing been shown to be all but destitute
of truth. Could and should narra-
tives be the test of thorough exami-
nation it would be most unphilosophi-
cal to found a theory on the coinci-
dence of a chance. It is an evidence of
the widespread prevalence of good
dreams, which have been found in
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With the Poets.

Song of the Sea.

The song of the sea was an ancient
song.

In the days when the earth was
young,
The waves were gossiping loud and
long.

Ere mortals had found a tongue;
The heart of the waves with wrath
was wrung.

Or soothed to a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive isles
among.

Or slept in the open main,
Such was the song of its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human
tone.

In the days of the coming of man;
A mournful wailing swelled her
moan.

And fiercer her notes ran;
Because that her stately voice began
To speak of our human woes;

With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes.
Such was the song as it grew to be,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life;
It is grave and great as the judgment
day.

It is torn with the thought of strife;
Yet under the stars it is smooth
and rife.

With love-light everywhere,
When the sky has taken the deep to
wife.

And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the song of the sea.

—Richard Burton.

Slow and Sure.

In forty years of steady work, so
Eastern travelers say,
The Chinese make a porcelain cup of
clay.

In Bagdad they form easily a hun-
dred in a day;
But princes seek and prize the one—
the other's thrown away.

The Chinese walk from out its shell
And goes its food to find,
While helpless lies for months and
years the child of human kind.

Which yet by gradual growth o'er-
tops all else in strength and mind.
O slow of thought! remember this—be
thankful and resigned.

—Saadi, translated by James Freeman
Clarke.

A Birthday.

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How a War Begins.

Reminiscences of the Greatest Civil War of the Age—"Making Faces" at Each Other in Every Walk of Life—How the North and the South Drifted Into Dreadful Combat—An Instructive Narrative.

When our civil war began I was a boy of 10; but I took an intense interest in it from first to last; drilled and held rank in two or three highly-disciplined and efficient juvenile companies, which often appeared on parade or performed escort duty with the West Point cadets and volunteer troops of the United States, in New York and elsewhere. In the intervals of school duties I undertook to carry on for myself a voluminous manuscript record of current martial events, which was dignified by my mind by the name of a "History"; collected masses of newspaper cuttings; obtained nearly all the useful books relating to the conflict which appeared at that time (including the published official reports of commanders); and gathered all the military maps which could be procured from the Government.

The vividness of the impressions made upon me then has never died out. But if any of these are more real and startling in remembrance than others, it is those of the small incidents in daily life, just preceding hostilities; the little things which gradually, yet in the end abruptly, led to a conflagration of public feeling. They were like sparks from fireworks with which the whole people were playing; sparks which most of them believed could be quenched with ease, until at last they fell into that storehouse of human explosives, the emotion of a special unforeseen hour; and a rending shock ensued.

It is worth while to recall these things now, when the bounding pulse, the quick flush and the premonitory shivering of war fever are felt in various members of the civilized world. I recall how, just after the John Brown invasion of Virginia, I visited relatives in Richmond with my parents. We all had the utmost good-will towards the Southern folk. My father had lived the first two years of his married life in Louisiana, though he came from the North; he understood and in many ways sympathized with the people of the South, but this made little difference. They were already in the first stages of febrile vertigo, and could not see us clearly.

My brother and I, walking one day in a street where some digging was going on, were attracted by a group of lads twice our size, whom we did not know, but who had found out that we were Northerners. They picked up clay from the side of the open trench in the street, kneaded it into balls and began firing at us with deadly shouts reviling us as Yankees and abolitionists. We promptly

RETURNED THEIR FIRE, in self-defense, while retreating in good order in face of superior numbers. To this moment I retain the keenness of the feeling that thrilled me then, of indignant grief that peaceable fellows, who wished the others no ill in the world, should be so wantonly and injuriously assailed. That was the only feeling then. A few days later, something else occurred.

We used to play with our boy cousins and with a large number of other boys, in their recesses and after school, on a big open field. One afternoon a diminutive "fire-eater" came up to me while we were at our sports, and, without provocation, began a tirade against me as a representative of the offensive North. Not satisfied with that, he drew out his jack-knife and stabbed me in the hand. Then I desired nothing but his destruction. My cousins closed round me and led me away to avert deadly combat. They were forced off my eye detected a jagged half-brick lying on the ground. Instantly stooping I picked it up, whirled round and flung it at the stabber, who still followed after me. The missile barely grazed his temple, and he ceased to taunt. But how grateful have I been ever since that it did not kill him!

There you have, in miniature, a model of the genesis of war. First, good-will on one side, at least; then a grievous act of violence; then a desire for revenge; then a desire for vengeance; then a desire for blood.

On the other hand, when we came back to the North, I was equally shocked by the habitual utterances of a mature relative, who, being an ardent abolitionist, had decided that the constitution of the United States because it did not preclude slavery, was a league with death, a covenant with hell. While comfortably devouring a dish of creamed potatoes at breakfast, or in the intervals of playing the flute sweetly to piano accompaniment in the evening, he would announce in firm tones—whenever the question of national affairs came up—that he was a "disunionist," that he

THE UNION DESTROYED, because to continue it on the basis then existing would be immoral. Bred from my earliest recollection to love of country and of the Union, I could not understand this extreme of disloyalty at the North any more than I could that of hatred and threatening disloyalty at the South.

The war was then still more than a year away, and all but an extremely small majority of the American people, North and South, still believed such a conflict impossible. Everyone went about his or her usual avocations, while stormy talk invaded more and more the realm of social conversation, ordinarily deemed to be peaceable. As a very youthful onlooker and listener, I remember how, now and then, friends and relatives among my elders would quarrel on the impending issue, and how a coolness followed, presaging further heat; how the quarrel would be made up, and how it would break out again. I remember in especial one tall, pale-faced gentleman with a full black beard, who used to converse on the subject by the hour with greatest fluency and ease. He spoke always in a subdued voice, as though he were dreaming, or meditating aloud. He gave no emphasis; his words oozed out in a dull monotone, without rising or falling of the voice. Yet in this deadly, colorless manner of speech he uttered the most bloodthirsty sentiments. As though he were saying, "Thank you," with cold politeness, he would declare, "Yes, I should like to see the Southerners all driven into the Gulf of Mexico, and I would like to wade from there to the Gulf through their blood."

Then there were the warlike men of the North who did not talk of wading through blood, like this vampire, but still spoke with a sternness and fierce-

ness that steadily heightened the crisis and hastened the catastrophe. And there were the fiery men of the South, whose haughty and bellicose breathings were like embers glowing always nearer to the point of flame. A curious thing was that there were so many of diverse mind altogether here, visiting and hobnobbing; and that in one breath they would utter the most appalling challenges, and in the next would smile and say that, after all, no war between such close kinsfolk was possible, and that everything would be settled calmly before it came to that point. So the confusion and the half-hostile, half-friendly hurly-burly went on, even after the South Carolina troops were under arms. I remember well the day when the news of the firing on Fort Sumter reached New York. People in this city were still going on in the same state of semi-hilarious, semi-tragic sentiment, and chaffing or scolding one another as though about any customary division of opinion. Many persons on the streets, in hotels, in home-meetings, women, children, were wearing what was called "the palmetto cockade," a blue and white rosette, with a bit of straw in the center, as an emblem of sympathy with the South, or with the Union, or with both. Others wore the red, white and blue.

When the news of Sumter came suddenly, every palmetto cockade disappeared in a trice, and though under blight, everything had been recapitulated, fraught with peril to all. Yet, up to a few hours before, hardly anyone had believed that such a quick, decisive change could occur, or had even faintly perceived, if it should occur, what a grim meaning it would bear.

THAT IS THE WAY WAR BEGINS. It is hard to describe the swift, almost breathless abruptness with which this awful alteration took place, which continued in force through four terrible and harrowing years. What had previously been offhand opinion intemperately expressed, became now either an ecstatic assertion of loyalty to the Union, right or wrong, or an utterance of dangerous treason. Words were no longer mere words, but meant bullets on the coming battlefields. National feeling glowed and shone at white heat; yet that there was a deep and lasting solemnity in the faces of men and women, as they went in and out, and thought and spoke of the deadly trials and sorrows now close at hand for individuals and families as well as for the people considered as a whole. Great numbers still thought, even then, that violence might be averted. A peace convention was held, but deliberated in vain and ended in failure. In Philadelphia, near "the Cradle of Liberty," a great meeting of the best citizens assembled to advocate peace or a compromise, the tone of which would seem to indicate that those who were imagining that there was but one voice among patriots, and that voice for war. But it was too late to allay the storm.

The sparks of hasty speech, blown to and fro for two or three years without immediate harm, had fallen into the magazine of stored up emotion. Southerners had proclaimed up and down the highways that the North would never dare to fight, and that, if it did, one Southern man would be a match for four Northerners. The men of the North, on the other hand, with rash valor had asserted that, if it came to fighting, they would whip the South in thirty days. Boast and blarney, mock and sneer had been bandied between them many a day, while they had been carrying on business together or feasting at the same board or visiting each others' houses; and all these things were to be put to the test. Soon the time came when a man with a drum would start out along Broadway, and other men with muskets would follow him, and the whole procession would march to a recruiting station and enlist. The army was gathering, friendships, families, old ties were being sundered, and grief and patriotism, glory and death were beginning.

THEIR MYSTIC DANCE through the land. Then the big, splendid regiments of foot and horse, places poured through the thoroughfare, southward, like a sunny blue tide; while from the crowded sidewalks and packed windows came cheering and a dove-like flutter of white handkerchiefs—tide which was to have no perceptible ebb. For thousands of these men were never to be seen again. And when long after regiments mustered out of service came marching back through the city again, they were mere handfuls, battered, worn, dingy, with bullet-shredded flags. They were like men in bronze, sad and stern, with a far-off gaze in their eyes; and they looked neither to right nor left; and there were no cheers or fluttering handkerchiefs, but only awe in our hearts and tears in our eyes as we beheld them.

The most striking thing about the beginning of the war was, on the one hand, the striking is now—that so much misery might have been avoided had people known what war is, and had they been more self-contained and magnanimous on one side, and more self-contained and magnanimous on the other. A great principle was involved, a far-reaching problem was to be settled; but I have never been convinced that it could not have been rightly settled by popular patience. Wise statesmanship and a grand exhibition of manly and Christian conduct.

I confess to an innate love of war; that martial matters fascinate me; that I favor a spirited foreign policy, and am in defense of the majesty and honor of the nation. It is no timidity that prompts these reminiscences and reflections. Yet I believe that, in this age of the world, and with our experience, we should remember what war really is and how unexpectedly it often comes. The cloud rises and passes. People say "the war scare" is over. Yet they continue to talk war, recklessly at intervals. Months go by, and perhaps years. Then suddenly the cloud covers the heavens, and the tempest bursts. Every intemperate word, every rash or unnecessary defiance has gone to swell and surcharge the cloud. It is the people, after all, who make war, in every country—or make it possible. And they make it not so much by a declaration of the Congress or the king as by their careless or untempered utterances in times of peace. War is sometimes inevitable, but every citizen has a responsibility, not simply individual, but national, to avoid bringing it on by fiery speech when the issue of force may honorably be prevented by manly self-restraint. George Parsons Lathrop, in North American Review.

From Mount Ararat.

At last we stood upon the summit of Ararat—but the sun no longer pierced the white vapor; a fierce gale drove across the forbidden region and whipped the eye-straining to distinguish the limits of snow and cloud. Vague forms hurried past on the wings of the whirlwind; in place of the landscape of the land of promise we searched dense banks of fog.

We were standing on the spot where the ark of Gopher rested, where first the patriarch alighted on the face of an earth renewed. Before him lay the valleys of six hundred years of sorrow; the arid plain supported him, a boundless host filled his eyes. The pulse of life beat strong and fresh around him; the busy swarms thrilled with sweet freedom, elect of all living things. In the settling exhalations.

Missing Links

Gossip From Every Land Summarized for Busy Readers.

TWO poultry keepers in Bronson, Mich., kept tally last year on the number of eggs laid by a certain number of hens. One man had 320 hens, which laid 32,782 eggs during the year. The other got 24,827 eggs from 270 hens. The total was nearly a carload of eggs.

OAKLAND, Cal., propose to pass an ordinance requiring the registration of all people suffering with consumption, but it was defeated on the ground that if people really knew how many consumptives there were that neighborhood it would ruin the reputation of California as a health resort.

IN Jerusalem there are now eight printing offices, five of which are in connection with monastic establishments, the most important being that of the Roman Catholic convent, fitted with the latest scientific appliances. The works turned out consist largely of Latin and Arabic books.

THE latest discovery in the realm of light, announced in this week's issue of the Electrical Engineer, pertains to the illumination of rooms by means of tubes from which the air has been exhausted. The tubes are connected with a vacuum, but science ought to love it, for by its aid she has gathered some of her grandest triumphs.

ORANGE growing in Arizona is declared to have passed the experimental stage, and will become an important industry in the Territory. This year's crop in the Salt River Valley, where most of the experimental groves are located, is said to be of excellent quality. The Arizona oranges ripen somewhat earlier than those in Southern California.

SEVENTY thousand tons of the stern and rock-bound coast of Maine were shipped from two quarries alone last year. The total amount of granite shipped away yearly reaches an astounding figure, and the geography of the Maine coast is being considerably changed by the cutting out and shipping away of islands of granite and not a little of the mainland.

FRANCE is celebrating the war of 1870 as well as Germany. A monument has been set up at Courbevoie to commemorate the fight at Buzenval, the last sortie of the besieged in Paris. At Dijon a stone has been set up where Garibaldi drove back the Germans. His son Ricciotti, who was present at the unveiling, and Menotti Garibaldi sent a letter.

LADY LLANOVER, an enthusiastic Welsh woman, whose bardic name was Gwynwen Gwent, the Bee of Monmouthshire, died recently at 94. She spent a great deal of money in fostering Welsh literature and wore the Welsh beaver hat. Her husband, before he was raised to the peerage, was Mr. Benjamin Hill, and gave his name to Big Ben, the great bell of the Houses of Parliament, which was set up when he was Commissioner of Public Works.

IT IS a philosophic writer who thinks the root of the servant question lies in "dishes, knives, and forks," which he terms the "curse of our civilization." Instead, therefore, of arguing for a remedy for the effect, viz., the servants, he thinks energy should be directed towards removing the cause. The world will be better and mankind will be happier, he maintains, when dishes cheap enough to be discarded at every meal are manufactured, and the burden of perennial dish-washing removed.

THE Swedish State Telephone authorities are about to combine the telephone with the state telegraph system. In Sweden everybody is "on the telephone." In future every subscriber will be allowed to make use of his telephone address as his telegraph address. Further than this, telephone subscribers will be allowed to telephone on their messages to the telegraph office for transmission, and they can, if they so desire, have their telegrams telephoned to their houses immediately they arrive at the station.

PROF. BELL, of Anderson, Ind., has constructed an airship of aluminum and bamboo, and has demonstrated to his friends, it is said, that it will work successfully. The airship weighs 40 pounds, and it is claimed, will carry 260 pounds and attain a speed of a mile in three minutes. It is composed of a series of parachutes and umbrellas, a propelling wing and a rudder to guide it. It is worked by a gearing much after the plan of a bicycle, and is very easy to handle. It folds up, and can be carried with little trouble. The machine can be constructed cheaply, Mr. Bell says, and can be used in all kinds of weather.

IT IS reported by one of the Chicago dailies that perfumed butter is becoming very fashionable at American breakfast and tea tables. The butter is made into pats and stamped with a floral design, and is then wrapped in thin cheese cloth and placed on a bed of roses, violets or carnations, arranged in a flat-bottomed dish. Over these is placed a layer of flowers, so that the butter patties are embedded in flowers. They are then placed on ice, where they are allowed to remain for several hours. This butter is eaten with crisp Vienna rolls, accompanied only by a cup of chocolate or delicious Mocha.

THE much-respected church officer of Free St. Andrew's Church, in Kirkintilloch, bears the historic name of John Knox. His family and descendants are numerous and flourishing. A recent Sabbath was a red-letter day

stood the bow of many colors, tenebral token of God's covenant with man. The peaks which rose on the distant borderland where silence had first faltered into speech were wrapped about with the wreaths of a fancy, a palpable world of cloud. Did we fix our foot upon these solid landmarks to wish the vague away, to see the hard summits stark and naked and all the floating realm of mystery flow? The truth is firm and it is well to touch and feel it and know where the legend begins; but the legend itself is truth transfigured as the snow distils into cloud. The reality of life speaks in every syllable of that solemn, state-of-tale; divine hope bursting the bounds of matter to compromise with despair. And the ancient mountain summonses the spirits about him and vells a future, the King of the East, the valleys of Asia and the life of man lies bare.—Scribner's Magazine.

Funny Farmers

Merchants Who Trust Mainly to Nature for Their Stock—Venezuelan Peons With a Small Handful of Goods to Sell—Walk Miles to Peddle Three Eggs or a Few Tomatoes—What They Offer as Dainties—Prices Quoted at Random.

One of the first surprises in a Venezuelan (South America) market is the exceedingly diminutive quantities in which goods are offered by most of the vendors. There are, it is true, well-stocked permanent stalls for the sale of meat, fish, corn, beans, clay pottery, etc., but for ten of these there are a hundred old women and men squatting on the ground with their little possessions spread out before them to invite purchasers. Upon inquiry it will be found that most of these tiny offerings have been brought long distances, even from miles away in the mountains. Three deductions are inevitable, that money is mighty scarce among these people, that time is of little value to them, and that these things are not the product of the purposeful industry of their sellers, but rather accidental acquisitions, the bounty of unaided nature appropriated as opportunity enabled. Each conclusion is quite correct.

The land is so fertile that one who possesses a little patch of it can live practically without work, for scarcely any effort is needed to produce the necessities of life, bananas, plantains, sugar cane and beans. The things mentioned above have been clutched by the very poor from where they chanced to grow, excepting the yams—which, after all, require very little care—the eggs and the hen.

Even the eggs may, very probably, have been found in the bushes. As for the hen, she would not appear had she not outlived her mission in life—the production of game birds for the licensed cock-pits, in which "chicken disputes" are conducted every Sunday afternoon. That the tomatoes, very ways marketed when too small and green and hard even for pickling is due to the fact that if Pepe didn't pick them one night, Pedro would the next. The title of property of this sort is in possession. And this applies to all generally. It does not matter who owns the trees. The sun does not shine every night.

A traveler from the north will probably be surprised to learn that there are seven distinct varieties of bananas, the coarsest and poorest of which are the big ones he has been accustomed to, here known as "burrs" or "Jack-ass" bananas. The most delicious of all are the "dressed" variety, unfortunately not plentiful, the meat of which is exactly like strawberries; and next to this the "manzana," which has perfectly the flavor and perfume of a ripe apple. Ladies generally are fond of the "digo" (fig) bananas, very sweet, cloyingly sweet, and thin-skinned. The "manzana" kind are most grown, and so cheap that a whole bunch can be bought for 20 cents. That mention of the banana is made here is not surprising—here that each vendor seems to fix his own prices by some peculiarly personal standard of value, with hardly approximate reference to those of others. Not only is it based on private knowledge of the difficulty with which the articles have been procured. In one thing only there is uniformity—the foreigner is expected to pay about twice as much as the native.

In the Puerto Cabello market turtle eggs are common and cheap. Fishermen bring them in from the sand beaches, where green turtles are caught in large numbers. The turtles, however, are seldom offered for sale in the local market. It is more profitable to throw them into the pit of inexpressible filth at the side of the lagoon into which the sewerage of the town is poured, where they are held to await the arrival of the Harrison, who will carry them away, presumably to London. People here do not care much for the meat of the turtle. They prefer that of the iguana—a huge lizard of astounding ugliness—and they are not much even a terrapin is so good as iguana. But it is best that one who is at all fastidious should prove its excellence in a stew before seeing the iguana alive. Prejudice may be so averted. Almost as unappetizing as the pot of personal appearance are the eels offered for sale not only here, but in all the seaport towns—enormous ones, often three or four feet long, thicker than a big man's wrist and as green as the Irish flag. They better elks squirm nowhere, and they are, happily, among the few things that the cooks here know how to prepare superbly.

Mangoes and nisperos are common. In the case of the latter, those grown on the neighboring Dutch island of Curacao. The former have a much stronger turpentine flavor than the Dutch product, and as for the nisperos—or "Mispel," to give them the Dutch name—they are quite deficient in size, flavor and sweetness. That the difference in quality is rather from the fact that the fruits of Curacao are the products of careful cultivation, while those of Venezuela, as by nature has seen fit to provide them, seems at least probable. But that hypothesis is resented here as implying the desirability of work. The noblest fruit of the tropics—the "caca" or "caca" pear—as it grows wild in the forests of Venezuela, is better than that produced anywhere else, and is sold very cheaply in the markets. Limes, also, are cheap, because they grow abundantly and are not much in demand—a queer prejudice against them existing in many minds here, a notion that Joseph and St. Anthony fed on them.

A thing to catch the eye and stir the curiosity of the stranger is the frequency of the native preparation of chocolate. The cocoa beans have simply been mashed to pulp in a stone mortar, squeezed into little balls and cakes between the palms of the hands and dried in the sun. The little gray-brown lumps contain no flour to fraudulently increase the mass; no alkalies to enable "instantaneous preparation" for drinking; no bullock's blood to correct the paleness of the flour; no vanilla and no sweetening. But the connoisseur in chocolate who mashes them boils them well in the milk, and sweetens the beverage to his taste, will have a rare delight, such as he is not likely to find in any manufactured brand.

The delicate natural bitter of the beans gives a charming piquancy; and when it comes to sweetening the common brown sugar of the country (which is made in large sugar-loaf shaped molds) seems to blend its rich cane flavor with that of the chocolate in a natural harmony as perfect

as that existing between maple syrup and cream. Dissolved in water, used so profusely that a thick syrup is produced, they drink it as a common beverage. Many other "jarabes" (syrups) they have, flavored with fruit juices, but none so popular as this plain solution of the sugar cane. The sugar cane in its various forms, raw, made into sugar or converted into rum, fill a large place in their dietary. Great piles of the canes are sold in the markets as food, and sugar cane is served out as rations to soldiers, and rated as among the necessary stores for sailors in the little trading vessels plying along the coast. The raw rum made from it is even more potent than "moonshine" whiskey or Jersey "apple sack." If its price were proportioned to its strength it would cost a dollar a drink, instead of 2-3 cents. But some of it—particularly that distilled at Carupano—and buckwheat cakes. The natives use great quantities of this sugar, intelligently preferring it to the "refined" article, the best of which is quite flavoured when allowed to become old, is a beverage the discriminating prefer to sugar. But the new cane spirits, rectified, dosed with "Cognac essence" and colored with "caramel," bottled with French labels and called "brandy," is popular with the self-styled aristocratic class—the nurses, the oldest, and most delicious Carupano rum.

The ideal standard of excellence in a North American butcher's mind seems to be the ability to palm off upon a customer fourteen ounces of bone with two ounces of meat, and housekeepers have been heard to declare they "wished cattle grew without bones." They would not be likely to repeat that desire if they could once view the stock of all the meat in a Venezuelan market. Here the bones are taken out of the meat before it is exposed for sale, and while there is nothing particularly repulsive in the looks of an individual boned roast of beef or shoulder of veal, the sight of a boned chunk, slab and strips of raw flesh devoid of any form suggestive of specific portions of the animal economy is far from appetizing. One who has seen how cattle are killed for the market here naturally imagines that the butchers bone the meat because they are able to fancy, while engaged in the work, that the flesh is alive and enduring the most exquisite tortures from their operations. But the butchers themselves say they do it because the meat does not spoil so quickly when the bones are taken out. The price of meat is not high, for though the supply is small, the demand for it is smaller yet. Even a chicken which it would be profitable to slaughter and sell the cattle of other people would still be prohibitive for the poor or laboring class, who seldom taste fresh meat, except a very little bit on a saint's day or during a revolution. Only the foreigners and the well-to-do habitually eat it, and they are not numerous.

Still voiced boys thread their way through the market, carrying on their heads trays laden with cheap sweets—generally grated or shaved cocoanut, mixed with brown sugar, a popular treat. Clouds of dust, of dirt, of candles, and the sandy dust whirling in the air settles thick upon them, but neither fact militates against their sale.

Other peripatetic vendors wheel about on their high-backed chairs with cocoanuts, in which the meat is not yet solidified, but floats in a delicious watery pulp. Across the pile lies a big, green machete, or cane knife. By one deft slash the top is sliced off a nut, converting it into a cup full of pleasant and refreshing beverage, not one drop of which has been spilled. Price, two centavos to the foreigner; one to the native.

Much maize is sold, for it is the principal staple food outside the plantations, which are a sort of non-saccharine big bananas—but it all comes from the United States. It would grow superbly in this country, but the culture of it would require the planting and hoeing and hoeing, and how, if he were to devote himself to such mental toil, could the proud Venezuelan feel, as he loves to declare he is "free as the air."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone.

"Beyond everything else," says Dr. Rogers in some interesting reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone in the January Young Man, "Mr. Gladstone is distinctly a good man. It would be superfluous to speak of his loyalty to the Christian faith. That has been abundantly demonstrated by his writings. It is rather of his religious spirit and life that I speak. No one can be with him and converse with him with any degree of freedom without feeling how thoroughly he seeks to live ever 'as in the great Taskmaster's eye.'"

"There is nothing ostentatious, nothing unctuous, nothing ascetic, about his piety, but this very quietness makes it the more impressive. He is one of the most regular and devout worshippers, but it is in the practical life of every day that his highest worship is rendered. If I were to single out one virtue by which more than another, he is distinguished, it is his magnanimity. I have talked somewhat closely with him on political subjects, but I never heard him utter an unkind word of a political opponent. The resentment which some of us have often felt at the ungenerous and truculent, at times almost brutal, attacks directed against him, was not shared by himself.

"One of the kindest things I ever heard him say was in relation to one who had absolutely refused to forgive some political assailant who had been unjust to him. 'And yet,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'I have no doubt that every day he prays, "Forgive us our trespasses as we also forgive them that trespass against us." The remark, which, let me say, had no reference to anyone now living, shows where his own guiding principle was found. It is a great thing to have seen, known, and talked with such a man.'"

A YOUNG REPUBLICAN.

Little Lord Charles—Oh, I'm going to be an omnibus conductor, when I grow up.

Fair American—But your brother's going to be a Duke, isn't he?

L. C.—Ah, yes; but that's about all he's fit for, you know!—London Punch.