

JOS. J. CAVE, PUBLISHER.

BEAVERTON, ONTARIO, APR. 1, 1894.

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THE OYSTER OF COMMERCE.

A Big Business That is Bigger in Maryland Than Anywhere Else.

The hero who was the first man to swallow a oyster was not a saint, as he could read part of a recent bulletin of the United States Fish Commission and see what an important industry he started all by himself. This bulletin tells about the oyster business in Maryland; but, as Maryland produces one-third of the world's oyster product, the story of the industry in that State contains about all that is necessary to an understanding of the importance of the oyster of commerce.

Of the 35,000,000 bushels of oysters produced in the world each year nearly 30,000,000 bushels are natives of the United States, and more than 11,000,000 bushels come from Maryland waters. The value of Maryland's annual product is nearly \$6,000,000, that of the United States about \$16,000,000, and that of the rest of the world a little more than \$12,000,000. It will be noted that a higher valuation per bushel is put upon foreign than upon United States oysters. When a lover of this delicacy calls for oysters in a London eating house he is asked if he will have the best, and when he says that he will he gets a sample of Holland's product.

THE OYSTER BEDS

of Holland yield about 70,000 bushels a year, and they are valued in this computation at \$440,000, or more than \$6 a bushel. Maryland oysters are put down at a shade over 50 cents a bushel; but there can be no comparison between the succulent morsel of Maryland and the rugged old mollusk of Holland. The latter, as eaten in Europe, looks and tastes somewhat like an asphaltum copper can spattered with acid and sprinkled with pepper; and when the partaker tackles this so-called delicacy from Holland it seems to him that the chief difference between the oyster and the seasoner cent would be that the cent might kill him and the oyster might not.

True to his purpose of treating the oyster from a purely industrial point of view, the author of the treatise in question has not turned aside to give even casual attention to the fascinating question as to the identity of the first man that swallowed an oyster; but he sets forth facts which suggest the enquiry whether at least two investigators, working independently in the field of gastronomy, did not arrive at demonstrations of the edibility of this mollusk of forbidding aspect. They mention an Italian oysterman of the name of Sergius Orata who cultivated beds in Lake Lucernus about 1,900 years ago, and says as much as to say that the Lucernus were the Saddle Rocks of that day. The prehistoric shell mounds of this country show that the Indians were large consumers of oysters before any white man came. Thus we find that the noble American and the noble Roman were eating oysters, perhaps simultaneously, at a period anterior to any known association of the white and the red races. That the early white comers did not bring with them the art of eating oysters and were slow to learn it from the Indians seems evident from a writings of John Smith, published in 1631, in which he says substantially that the colonists got nothing in the way of food from the waters of the Chesapeake. Half a century later it was written of the Kent Islanders that one of their

GRIEVOUS HARDSHIPS was having to eat oysters to keep from starving. A hundred years later began the oyster war that has raged up to this time between Maryland and Virginia, and it is probable that the outbreak of hostilities marks the beginning of the importance of the oyster industry in the United States. The Marylanders and the Virginians discovered then that a good oyster was worth fighting for. It is impossible to speak of the present aspect of the contest, for, like the revolutions in Central America, it is kaleidoscopic. Nothing but the latest telegrams from the troubled waters can afford a view of the situation up to date. Meanwhile, despite the war, the development of the industry went on until, through the magnitude chiefly of the operations in Maryland, the oyster business took first rank among the fishery industries of the United States.

In later years the utilizing of the shells has been an important part of the oyster business. Nobody has yet answered the question that the tool propounded to King Lear—how the oyster makes its shell—though it is known that the shell is three-fourths carbonate of lime, and carbonate of lime is valuable. Because of this substance the shells are used in the manufacture of certain grades of iron, for chicken food (to be converted from oyster shells into eggshells), and for making lime to be used in producing coal gas and in other industries. Besides these uses oyster shells are utilized in restocking oyster beds, making country roads, and ballasting railroads. Instances of the latter use may be seen on three or four railroads in Maryland and on the Southern Pacific, near Morgan City, La.

When one sees an oysterman lifting his long tongue out of the water he sometimes wonders if there is any limit to the length of the poles the man can handle in his small boat. There is; it is about twenty-eight feet. Longer tongs are used on larger vessels, but they are worked by hydraulic rams to the rigging. In deep water the dredge is used. It is a heavy iron rake, and is drawn up by means of a windlass on board. There are so many laws governing the use of tongs and dredges that the Maryland oysterman must be a lawyer as well as a sailor and a fighter.

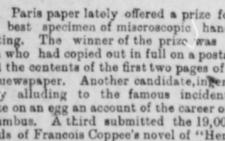
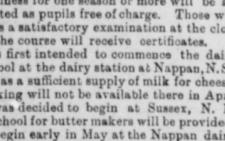
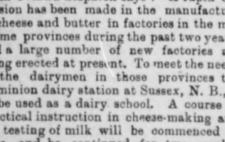
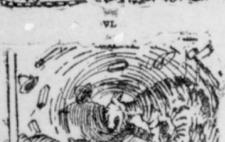
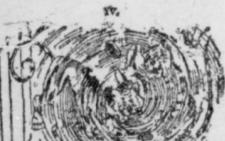
The oyster trade gives employment to a large number of girls and women, who work in the "shucking" and canning houses.

He Swears by It.

Close Merchant: "Yes, sir, I want a new book-keeper; but you won't do."

Applicant: "May I ask why?"

Close Merchant: "You are as bald as a billiard-ball, sir. A man with no hair to show his pen on will rust out a whole box every week."



TAILOR MADE COSTUME.



"HERE" TEA GOWN.

The Society Girl.

The society girl is popularly supposed to belong to the butterfly order of women. Her sisters less fortunate than she, who have to toil and spin, fancy her a radiant being with heaps of beautiful clothes to wear, unlimited money to spend, luxurious food to eat, and passing her life in a whirl of delightful engagements. Sometimes they speak of her in a cynical manner, imagining that in her life of pleasure she is idle and selfish, absorbed in that which can give her gratification and minister to her vanity.

The young woman plodding along patiently day by day through rain and sleet to her place behind the counter thinks of the society girl at the same hour making her leisurely toilet, and if the former be weak and silly, she feels a slight pang of envy as the contrast in their lives presents itself to her mind. She girds at the idleness of this other girl, for whom every-thing is done, and who may buy what she chooses.

In point of fact, there are few people busier than the society girl. In the first place, it is no light task to keep up a wardrobe such as one needs who is perpetually going to luncheons, dinners and receptions. One or two gowns in a season are not enough; there must be bewitching changes for numerous occasions. Every costume must have its dainty accessories—gloves, fans, slippers, ribbons, laces, flowers, and what not. The slightest carelessness in the details of a beautiful costume may ruin its effectiveness. All fathers are not equally lavish, and all society girls do not possess an income commensurate with their wants. Some of them have to skimp and plan in a way that is very trying. Possibly the other girl, whoever she would not wish to change places if she were behind the scene.

The society girl's life, even if she be the arist of butterflies, implies a certain amount of devotion to classes of various sorts, which are fashionable if they are nothing else, and they are a great deal else. Browning, Shakespeare, and Tennyson the girl must have at her fingers' ends. She must be clever at repartee. She must have on hand plenty of the small change of conversation, must understand classical allusions, and must be able to hold her own in the battle-royal and shuttlecock of gay talk which goes on among clever people. All this makes study and application essential to each extent.

Whatever fad be uppermost, the girl must have her white hand in it. Whether or not she likes cards, she must at least have a knowing acquaintance with the scientific game of whist, though she will be wise to abstain from that intellectual amusement unless she can hold her own to the satisfaction of her partners. A stupid whist-player in society is a decided bore, not accepted serenely by any means.

It goes without saying that the society girl keeps up her music. If she does not herself play, she at least understands what is good music, and hears the best singers and players, and has her enthusiasms, for which she is ready to do battle valiantly.

As there are but two or four hours in the day, one must be alert in order to keep up with everything which the social life of a city presents, and the society girl has always her favorite philanthropies. If a series of tableaux is given in aid of an orphan asylum or a fresh air fund, she must be her part. She is not without interest in affairs and festivals, and often as manager of an institution or member of a benevolent association she is pledged to raise a liberal amount of funds necessary to carry these on. To do this requires an immense amount of ingenuity, exertion and personal magnetism.

In her club or clubs she prepares and reads papers, takes a hand in discussions, is responsible for a share in whatever the club has on hand.

It must be acknowledged that the society girl sets a good example in one regard. She is almost always a specimen of high health and of beauty. Her regular bathing, her outdoor exercise, her horseback-riding and tennis-playing, and the long walks she takes, gives her firm muscles, bright color, and a general air of vigor.—[Harper's Bazar.

HOSPITAL IMPOSTORS.

A Fraud Detected in a Paris Charitable Institution.

They say, says an English paper, that many people in this country resort to hospitals who are perfectly able to pay for treatment at home. Such a mean habit is not unknown in other countries, and even among very select people. It is told in a Paris journal that when Velpeau, the celebrated French surgeon, was at the zenith of his fame, a very rich and very aristocratic nobleman presented himself at the hospital in order to obtain an opinion regarding his case, which was found to require careful treatment and a delicate operation. Before deciding to entrust himself to the hands of the great surgeon, the prospective patient inquired what would be the amount of the honorarium. "I shall require 400 francs," replied Velpeau. Upon this the Marquis looked very blank, hesitated for a moment, and then bowed himself out. Eight or ten days later a footman in livery, with carefully shaven face and powdered hair, presented himself at the office. Patient was duly diagnosed, and, being considered sufficiently serious and interesting the man was admitted into the surgical ward. As long as the case was under treatment Velpeau did not utter a word, but when the patient was cured and wished to leave the hospital the operator approached the bed, surrounded by his class, and said—"Sir, I am extremely flattered at having had the honour of contributing to the amelioration of your health. The sum remains only a small formality for you to fulfil. You will be good enough, in return for my services, to pay 10,000 to the local charitable fund." The spurious lackey grew white as a sheet. "You will pay the money or not, as may seem best to you," continued Velpeau, calmly; "but, unless you do so, the whole of Paris shall know by to-morrow that the Marquis of X. usurped the place of a pauper in a charitable institution." The poor Marquis had no action but to "stamp up."

NUGGETS OF GOLD.

Tricycle cabs are a Milan novelty. Pin machines turn out 7,500 an hour.

Sometimes the crop from an acre of orange trees in New Zealand amounts to \$1,000.

At Waterloo there were 145,000 men on both sides, of whom 51,000 were killed or disabled.

The expansion of water in congelation is such that eleven feet of water make twelve feet of ice.

The estimated number of sheep in the United States at the present time is forty-five million.

Several of the ancient nations considered that the disembodied spirit was a tangible substance of a bluish color.

A steel bar magnetized while cold loses its magnetism upon being heated; one magnetized hot loses it on cooling.

Common bituminous coal contains about 2 per cent. nitrogen, which comes off as ammonia when distilled in a closed vessel.

Over 1,000,000 French women were made widows and 3,000,000 French children were made fatherless by Napoleon's campaigns.

Web boots may be readily dried by filling them to the top with oats. The oats quickly absorb the moisture, and can be repeatedly used.

On the body of a notorious brigand recently killed in Turkey, was found £4,000, and a notebook which showed he had murdered 192 men.

"Contentment ter be r'aly inj'yble," said Uncle Eben, "hez ter be earned by he'd work." Elsen 'tain nuffin' but jes plain laziness."

Great Britain has 5,789 cannon; France, 7,094; Germany, 5,380; Russia, 4,424; Austria, 2,170; Turkey, 3,762; the United States, 4,155; the world has 41,073.

"I always know when comp'y's here, I can tell it any day.

For papa then calls mamma 'dear,' And never calls her 'say.'"

"Well, I don't believe I will have to worry over Tommy learning to swim." Mrs. Smith—"Is he afraid of water?" "Mercy, es; he'll cry if I just pour a little into the wash-bowl when he is near."

The people of the United States, according to recent statistics, consume about six hundred million pounds of wool per annum, less than one-half of which is produced in that country.

Mrs. Numother—"Look at the baby; doesn't he seem really different from most babies of his age—he is so." Mr. Crusty—"Yes—er—I think very often they are quite attractive, but, as you say, he is different."

There appears to be a steady decrease in the value of old English mansions. Oakley Hall, in Essex, a fine property of six hundred acres, valued forty years ago at £28,000, was recently sold at auction for £8,000.

The business of colonizing Africa with white people goes on apace. An expedition left England, recently, for Mozambique as an advance party of settlers, who are to colonize some 300 square miles of territory between Zambesi and Sabi.

In the Sandwich Islands the apple has become wild, and forests of trees of many acres are found in various parts of the country. They extend from the level of the sea far up into the mountain sides. It is said that miles of these apple forests can occasionally be seen.

Bees are curious little animals. Before storing honey in a tree, for instance, they will clean the tree of all rotten wood and refuse. When this is done they are ready for work, but a bee never begins business until he is thoroughly ready to carry it on, and then he never does it by halves.

A present of a hundred repeating rifles and eight thousand cartridges has just been made by the Austrian Ministry of War to the Freedland Association, which has started a Socialist colony in Africa to preach and practise the brotherhood of man.

Frederic—"Yes, I like him well enough, Minnie; but how did you ever happen to marry a man a head shorter than you are?" Minnie—"I had to choose, Fred, between a little man with a big salary, and a big man with a little salary."

Foreman—"Why don't you vote as the rest of us have? You can't help but see that if ever a man was entitled to a divorce this one is." Obstinate Juror—"Yes, maybe he is; but if that ere woman gets her divorce I hev it on good authority that she intends to try and marry me, and I ain't takin' no such chances."

The eminent surgeon Sir Astley Cooper, was fond of a practical joke. On one occasion he ascended the church tower of a village in Norfolk, taking with him one of his mother's pillows, and finding the wind blew directly to the next town, he let handfuls of feathers, until he had emptied the pillow. The local papers reported this "remarkable shower" of feathers, and offered various conjectures to account for it, and the account was copied into other papers, and was probably received as a perfectly natural occurrence.



THEATRE TOILET.

The Only Preparation for Defeat

There are some men who have what is known as "grit." They have the force within themselves which conquers. A weak and puny body, containing a strong and masterful will, can conquer a dozen strong men who vacillate.

Take the case of General Taylor in the Mexican war. He fought the battle of Buena Vista with only 5,000 men, although he was attacked by 25,000, under the leadership of Santa Anna, who was the greatest military leader the Mexicans have ever known. Santa Anna went to the battle of Buena Vista with the avowed purpose of exterminating the entire army of the United States, and there was no doubt in the mind of Santa Anna that this great feat could be accomplished with comparative ease.

General Taylor, with his 5,000 men, prepared for the unequal contest, and not only defended himself successfully, but won a substantial victory from his aggressive antagonists and drove them from the battle field of Buena Vista.

Some time after the battle was fought and the Mexican war concluded, General Taylor was criticised for having made no preparations for the retreat of his army in the event of defeat.

General Taylor promptly replied: "I made every preparation necessary for the battle of Buena Vista. I wrote my will, and so did nearly every man in my army. If we had not won that battle, we would have needed no lines of retreat. It was from our standpoint, victory or annihilation. The only preparation necessary for the contingency of defeat on the battle field of Buena Vista was that all of us should write our wills."

The Salvation Army has invaded thirty five countries.

Judge—"Have you hypnotized the prisoner?" "Yes, your honor." "Well, what are you waiting for?" "I am waiting for you to decide whether I shall make him confess that he did it, or make him confess that he didn't."

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AN ALGOMA PROSPECTOR.

Sold Again.

Peddler—"Please, mum, would you like to buy a parrot?"

Mrs. Brickrow—"Now, what on earth do you suppose I want with a parrot?"

"Well, mum, it just occurred to me that you might save a good deal of time if you had one. It's a pity to see an intellectual woman like you obliged to waste time makin' calls on such a lot of ignoramuses as there is in this neighbourhood when you might just as well be talkin' to a parrot."

"I'll take one."

A Little Darling's Discovery.

Professor—"Some of the grandest inventions of the age have been the result of accidental discoveries."

Young Lady—"I can readily believe it. Why, I made an important discovery myself, and it was the purest accident, too."

The oyster trade gives employment to a large number of girls and women, who work in the "shucking" and canning houses.

In Hong Kong and Shanghai there is no duty on spirits, almost the only thing imported free.

All true fishes have kidneys when in the larval state, but these either become atrophied or are absorbed before the fish is full grown.

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(Subject to discounts as below)

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3 months	25.00
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JOS. J. CAVE, PUBLISHER.

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LINDSAY, ONTARIO.
Mental Lancing, the purest, safest and best, administered free when artificial teeth are required. Go to Gross' Lindsay for perfect filling and durable teeth.

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Money to Loan on First-Class Security at 4 per cent.

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Sole and Farm Notes collected at lowest rates. Drafts issued on the Standard Bank and its Branches. Fire and Life Insurance in First-Class Companies.
A First-Class Farm for Sale.
OFFICE HOURS: 10 A. M. TO 4 P. M.
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WOODVILLE and BEAVERTON
PUMPS
Our new factory gives us excellent facilities for the prompt and satisfactory manufacture of all kinds of pumps.
Common and Force Pumps, Hose, Cistern Tubs and Pumps.
Will be in Beaverton on Wednesday and Saturday of each week for Repairing Pumps and taking orders for new ones.

WEEKLY at BRECHIN.
The undersigned well-known pump-maker will be in Brechin every Tuesday for the purpose of taking orders and repairing all kinds of pumps.
JACOB BARNES.

DR. SMITH,
DENTIST, Uxbridge.
Graduate in L. D. S., Royal College of Dental Surgeons, also being graduate in D. D. S., University of Toronto. Owing to the increase in his practice he has removed to the "Hamilton House," Beaverton, and the 2nd Tuesday of each month. All appliances for dentures operating and good work.

DENTISTRY!
GAS, VITALIZED AIR.
DR. NEELANDS, Dentist, Lindsay, Extracts teeth without pain by Gas-Vitalized Air administered by him for 25 years. He studied the gas under Dr. Colton, of New York, the originator of gas for extracting teeth. Dr. Colton writes Dr. Neelands that he has given the gas to 7,000 persons without an accident. Local anaesthetics also used for extracting. Beaverton, Hamilton Houses, the 2nd Tuesday of every month. Call in Toronto if possible.

Between 2,000 and 2,500 convicts from English prisons are annually discharged on ticket-of-leave, and of these 700 are apprehended on fresh offences, and 120 for failing to report themselves.
Music washes away from the soul the dust of every day life.—Auerbach.

TO PROTECT CHILDREN

The Good Work of the Children's Aid Societies.

PARENTS MUST DO THEIR DUTY.

Or the Law Will be Put in Operation—Factor Homes Instead of Institutions for "Senseless Children.—A Better as Well as a Cheaper System.

The first report of the superintendent of neglected or dependent children of Ontario marks a new and most important era in the history of the philanthropic work of the province. It means that hereafter the state in addition to providing costly prisons for the detention of criminals, will also seek to stay the stream of crime by giving timely aid and recognition to child-saving work. Nursed in hotbeds of vice and denied reasonable opportunities of acquiring either moral or intellectual training it is little wonder that many children have grown up to be thieves and vagrants of the community, and a constant source of unrest and insecurity. Hereafter it is proposed to encourage, on the part of the philanthropic public, more attention to the claims of the children. As the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain said recently, in a speech endorsing the work of the English Society, "The helplessness of these little ones, their dependence upon others, the fact that they are not responsible for the evils they endure, all plead loudly in their behalf."

THE SYSTEM TO BE PURSUED.

It is proposed to have in each city and town of Ontario an incorporated Children's Aid Society, and that organization will be given by the Government authority to receive the guardianship of all deserted, orphaned or neglected children. The Society's officer will have power to bring before the Courts any child under fourteen found begging or chieving, who is without proper guardianship, who is found associating or dwelling with a thief, drunkard or vagrant, or who by reason of the neglect or drunkenness or other vices of the parents is suffered to be growing up without salu-



BOY AWAITING TRIAL.

parental control or education, or in circumstances exposing such child to an idle or dissolute life.
Every citizen who knows a child to be ill-treated or to be living with immoral people is expected to notify the Society at once. The agent or secretary will then issue a warning notice to the offender, setting forth that unless there is immediate improvement the child will be taken away. Should this latter course prove necessary the little one is removed to the Children's Shelter and the Judge applied to for date of hearing. Witnesses are summoned in the usual way and the parents have the right to attend and give rebuttal evidence. If the Judge decides to give the parent another chance the Society is instructed to exercise supervision and see that the home is improved, that the child attends school daily and is properly treated. If, however, it is considered in the best interests of the child as a free-born citizen and a future voter, that the Society should be appointed its guardian, the Judge makes out an order of delivery to the Society, appointing that body the legal guardian until the boy or girl is 18 years of age.

175 FUTURE HOME.
Having received charge of the child, the next duty of the Society is to provide it with a home. An important point in the law is that these children are not to be put to institutions to be artificially reared, but is placed under the care of kind-hearted Christian people who will strive to train them as good citizens under the influence of love and sympathy. This system, in addition to being by far the simplest and happiest solution of the problem, is also vastly more economical than the orphanage or industrial school plan.

GIRL PROVEN RESCUED.
It has proved eminently successful in Scotland, Australia and other countries. It is believed that many good homes and hearts throughout Ontario will be opened to receive and bless these unfortunate little ones, and to aid the Society in finding such the law provides for committees of men and women in all the electoral districts. These committees will also be the local guardians of the Society's wards when placed out, and will be a valuable aid to Supt. Kelso in maintaining a state protectorate over the children.

DO YOU WANT A CHILD?
All the Children's Aid Societies will work in unison and will assist each other in providing homes for their proteges. For in-

stance, if the Hamilton Societies should have a child they wish to place some distance off they would call in the assistance of the B. Wood, London or Paris Societies and vice versa, each Society exchanging information and aiding each other in a hundred ways. If any reader has a childless home and



HOW SHE LOOKED AFTERWARDS.

longs to have the patter of the little feet and to feel the cross of chubby, grateful arms they should send their names to the Children's Aid Society. Just address your request to the Secretary of the Children's Aid Society of St. Thomas, Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, Barrie, Peterborough or other large centre and it will reach the right parties.—Only be sure and don't make this mistake: Don't say you want to adopt a healthy, well-educated boy or girl of 11 or 12 for they are very scarce, and very valuable. Apply for a baby or a little tot of four or five and then you have a human soul that you can train, a little heart you can teach to love you and call you by the sweetest of all names—"mother." There is no better service anyone can render to church or state than the training of a child for good citizenship. It is a noble task and worthy of even some trials and disappointments.

NUMEROUS TOUCHING STORIES
are told of the gratitude of these boys and girls to faithful foster parents after they have grown up and gone out to make their way in the world. They come back for holidays to the old place where they spent their early years and leave and send many tokens of their attachment to those who had befriended them.

This work is one of the most important to the community that could possibly be taken up, and every citizen who has his best to advance it. It will in time make institutions for children unnecessary, and it will provide justice and good home surroundings for the unfortunate little ones now treated so shamefully by indifferent "mother" parents. Mr. J. J. Kelso, the State Superintendent, should be generally supported by the philanthropists of the province so that justice may be secured for the neglected or morally abandoned children of the province.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

Points of Difference Between English and American Systems.

The American railways differ from those of England in three essential particulars, and these differences are so fundamental that the English railway managers and engineers have always contended that the methods and arrangements peculiar to the United States cannot be applied to the generally greatly different circumstances of a country like England. The most radical difference is that which occurs in the average length of haul—a difference which is a function of the geographical conditions of the two countries.
In consequence of the average length of haul in the United States being about 110 miles, and that in the United Kingdom being only about thirty-five miles, the cost of handling the traffic relatively to the average receipts per ton handled is much greater in our own country. So great is this difference that some notable railway authorities have argued that the cost of transport is not only not a function of the distance, but that distance has very little to do with it; and to some such explanation it is due that the average freight charge on American railway lines is less than one-half the average on English railways.
Another fundamental difference between the two systems, which is also largely a function of the greater length of the average haul in the United States, is the greater capacity of the wagons adopted for American traffic, and the consequent saving of dead weight; until 1876 the standard capacity of the average American goods wagon was about nine gross tons. Since then the size has been increased step by step, until now the leading railways mainly make use of wagons with a capacity of twenty to thirty tons.
Some feeble and half-hearted attempts have been made to introduce the American type of wagon in Great Britain—notably the Furness Railway; but the general verdict of the railway managers is that the character of the English railway traffic and the prevalent system of short hauls, renders the use of the American type of wagon on a large scale inconvenient, if not impracticable. And unless that system undergoes a radical change, it is not very probable that we shall witness much economy in our railway transport from this source, however devoutly that consummation may be wished.—The "Fortnightly Review."

Only Relatives Barred.

Mouldy Mike—"We'll live on 't' fat o' th' 'l' soon. In 't' town we're comin' to there's a asylum where all us fellers is welcome. It was founded by a rich woman, and all us tramps takes it in every time."
Wearie William—"Why didn't she leave her money to her relatives?"
Mouldy Mike—"She said she wasn't goin' to support idle relatives that was able to work for a livin'."

The greatest whirlpool is the maelstrom of the Norway coast. It is an eddy between the mainland and an island, and when the current is in one direction and the wind in another, no ship can withstand the fury of the waves. Whales and sharks have been cast ashore and killed. The current is estimated to run thirty miles an hour.

"TILL WE MEET AGAIN."

An Incident Connected With the Sailing of the Germanic.

Although the swift ocean racers make a trip across the Atlantic only a matter of about six days, and their great size and strength add so much to the comfort and safety of the voyage that nowadays it is considered an easy bit of traveling, still the ferry is a long one even yet, and there is enough danger and uncertainty left to make the sailing of every vessel an important event.
The other day the big ocean liner Germanic of the White Star Line lay at her pier in New York harbor, just before 11 o'clock, waiting for the signal to start. There was the usual crowd of oncoming passengers, porters hurrying with trunks and parcels, tearful friends saying goodbye, officers calling orders, and above every other noise, the booming from the steam pipes, making the air throb, and a constant reminder that the massive machinery was all ready to begin its work.
Everything was shining and clean, the sailors and stewards were in their liveries, the officers in uniform, and with gloves on and coats buttoned tight, looked as soldierly as colonels. It was 10:50, the gong had sounded all ashore, the man on the dock who had been selling the day's papers up to the last moment folded up his table, the men and women who had been writing letters and dispatches rushed out with them to the messenger boys who were waiting on the dock, and everything and everybody were full of rush and hurry.
Suddenly, down the pier galloped two trucks, piled high with sacks of mail matter. The Germanic is a mail steamer, and she waited for her precious freight of letters.

The big horses had scarcely halted when the pier and deck hand, drawing a long jumper, swarmed all over the wagon, like Pumper Cox's Brownies.
Every man seized a sack or two, and the procession to the ship was quickly moving. In two minutes those hundreds of sacks and parcels were stowed aboard, and in another half minute the gangbridge was dropped from the deck to the pier, there was a hoarse cry from the steerage passengers gathered aft, which was answered by a similar one from their friends, who were grouped opposite them on the pier, and then silently, and as easily as a child slips from his mother's knee, the huge bulk began to move.
Then something happened that does not always happen. There was a colored man going off on the ship, and a number of his friends, men and women, had come down to say good-bye. They had been laughing and joking in great spirits for the half hour before, but now, as the vessel started to move away, one of the women began to sing that old hymn, "Till We Meet Again." Her voice was sweet and full of feeling, as the voices of this race often are, and as she sang the others joined her till there arose a fine chorus on the air. The man smiled at first, but as he listened his face faded and he dropped his head. Other passengers crowded to the side, and many tears were lifted, many eyes wet and tearful while the melody rang out.
But soon the big boat was clear of the pier in its midstream, there she stood for a few moments, swinging her nose slowly around all it pointed seaward, and then, with her captain and pilot on the bridge, an officer up in the mast in his lookout perch, flags flying from every mast, she sailed finely away, a beautiful and interesting sight.

Last Moments of Queen Elizabeth.

In 1603, Queen Elizabeth, last monarch of the Tudor line, was approaching her end, and still lately had still listened to the voice of flattery as if she were yet in the glory of her youth. But Nature had begun to give her stern warnings, and the failing of her strength brought deep melancholy. At one time she affected an unnatural gaiety; at another she withdrew into solitude, and was often found in tears. She was weighed down by accumulation of complaints, and her mind was afflicted by strange spectres. For her protection she had ordered a sword to be placed in the steeple of each church, and she took in her hand, and thrust with violence into the tapestry of her chambers. At times she was so terrified at apparitions that she refused to go to bed, and remained sitting on the floor on the scarlet cushions taken from her throne for four days, and no one could persuade her to take any sustenance or go to bed. When the Lord Admiral urged her to go to bed, she said, "No, no; there are spirits there that trouble me, and I added, 'If you were in place of the steeple, I would not persuade me to go there.'" "The Queen," says Lady Southwell, "kept her bed fifteen days, besides the three days she sat upon a stool, and one day, when being pulled up by four men, she appeared unwilling to get up, and half-hour after half-hour she kept the prime on her knees. She then sank into a state of insensibility, and died at three o'clock in the morning of the 24th of March. Three hours later—that is, at six in the morning—Ceil, the Lord Keeper, and the Lord Admiral were with the Council in London (the Queen had died at Richmond), and it was resolved to proclaim James VI. of Scotland James I. of England."

The Power of Gold.

He loved her.
She loved each other.
But her father objected because the young man was almost a total stranger.
The time had come when the youth must ask the father for his daughter, and he fell upon his knees.
He held a long conference with his beloved.
He told her he did not want to ask her father.
"George, dear," she asked in a tremulous whisper, "how much is worth?"
"A million dollars, darling," he responded proudly.
Her face shone in the twilight.
"Then you don't have to ask him," she said with simple trust. "Let him know that he will ask you."
And George gave the old man a tip.
The soul of art best loved when love is by.—Rev. J. B. Brown.

RAISING SNAILS.

How They are Cultivated by the People of Switzerland.

In the Canton of Zurich, Switzerland, a number of peasants have established large snail farms from which they derive handsome incomes. Soft land, so covered too thickly with trees, is the favorite breeding place for these little horned animals. The trees and shade must not be too thick, because the uncoverted snails will die in great quantities in the Autumn and early Winter. In the sun they usually get large handsome, white-shelled houses, and the snails with such coverings are always the best. The earth should contain a good percentage of lime or chalk, so that the snails can easily get material for their houses. Neither should the earth be what we call "fat." If the earth does not contain sufficient lime, the farmers should sprinkle it with burned chalk or sand. The snails lay their eggs in May. To keep "running" away from the farm there should be a wooden fence about two feet high built about it. On the fence iron vitriol or some bad smelling oil should be sprinkled. It is not a bad idea, either, to surround the snail farms with a closely together, as this will prevent the snails from crawling over.

As a rule one can raise 500 snails to a square meter of earth. One snail can easily raise 20,000 to 25,000 on fifty square meters. The space, however, must not be cramped. When the sun shines too hotly snails like to conceal themselves. It is therefore necessary to provide hiding places, so to speak. Moss along the fence about the snail park and low sheds made by placing boards over the framework are to be avoided for this purpose.
The best food for snails is salad, cabbage, kitchen waste, nettles and dandelions. In dry weather they eat nothing, but as soon as it rains they seem to become hungry and seek food. If the food is not at hand when they want it they will try in every way to escape from their bounds. White-leaved weeds seem to satisfy them also. If the farmers wish to make them very fat they sprinkle some kind of meal on the leaves they eat.
In the beginning of Autumn—about the end of August or the 1st of September—the farmer strews the entire snail park with moss. It must not be too thick, or the snails will smother. They crawl under the moss at this time of the year, and remain there until they are wanted. When they are covered with their shells they are sorted out, according to size and quality. If they have finely rounded or vaulted houses, which shine in the sunlight, then they are nice and fat, and the purchaser can tell that he has good snails.
They are packed in boxes containing from 1000 to 5000 for shipment. Hay, or some other soft, loose material, is used to keep them apart. They can stand cold better than heat. If it becomes too warm for them they will open their shells and burst the strongest box.
A different method of raising snails is used in parts of Bavaria. There they have as much freedom as possible until the Fall. Then they are picked up by the children or servants of the farmer and thrown into a deep hole. Grain is put into the hole, and they feed on this until they become fat enough to be sold. This is generally in the Spring.

The Black Death.

In England, during its first and most dreadful visitation in 1348-9, it was noticed that it carried off an enormous number of the laboring and peasant villagers, the poor and the workmen in the towns, the monks and nuns and friars, that is, all that portion of the population who were ill housed, ill clothed, ill nurtured, or like those in the religious houses, lived habitually upon an insufficient diet, among whom the practice of asceticism in various forms tended to bring about a weakening of their stamina and their vital power.
On the other hand, the mortality among the clergy was far in excess of that among any other class, and this can be attributed only to their noble self-sacrifice in the discharge of their ministerial duties among their parishioners. Breathing day and night the pestilential air, working heroically among the people in every stage of the disease, comforting the dying, and burying the dead in the huge pits that were dug to contain the putrid corpses, the priests dropped by thousands into the same graves in which they had helped to lay their people; and, before the year was out, the supplies of the clergy had begun to fall short very seriously over all the land.
At Florence, Boccaccio tells us, "it became necessary to dig trenches, into which the bodies were put by hundreds, laid in rows, as goods packed in a ship a little earth was cast upon each successive layer until the pits were filled to the top." At Avignon, several almost as soon as they were seized with the sickness were carried off to the pit and buried. And in this way many were buried alive. At Vienna, "the dead were buried in trenches, each of which, according to one account, contained some 6,000 corpses." In London, St. Walter Manny provided a new cemetery, more than thirteen acres in extent, "in respect of the danger that might befall in this time of the great plague and infection."—The Athenaeum.

Vice Royalty in the Commons.

Lady Aberdeen has been listening to the debates in Parliament. It is a rule that the Governor-General shall not attend, the theory being that his presence would embarrass the members and practically deprive them of free speech. But the Governor's wife is always welcome. Lady Dufferin was a frequent visitor. The Princess Louise also listened to the oratory of the Commons with interest. Her Royal Highness was present on the occasion of one of the forty-eight hour debates, when there had been a great deal of talking against time, and the members were weary and hardly in command of their faculties. Her arrival was greeted with the national anthem, in which Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Blake lustily joined. Such an exhibition of loyalty had never been witnessed in the Imperial House. It is said that Lord Dufferin was very curious to see the interior of the Commons when the machinery was in motion, and that more than once he sat in the public gallery disguised as a habitant from Hull.

"Did you give up anything last Lent, Gaswell?" asked Dukane. "I did." "What did you give up?" "A check for \$150 for my wife's Easter toggery."
Almost one-half of the quinine produced is used in the United States.
Dolley—"Well, old fellow, I asked Miss Amy last night to marry us and she declined." "Goslin—"Did she deliberate as though hesitating to pain you?" "Dolley—"No, she produced her negative by the instantaneous process."

How the French Make a Living.

According to recent statistics about half the population of France lives by agriculture; a tenth by trade; a twenty-fifth by the liberal professions, and three-fifths on private incomes. Of the agriculturists 3,175,000 are owners who farm their own land. The others are tenants farmers, graziers, labourers, or small proprietors. Who in their spare time work for other. The mines, quarries, and manufactures employ 1,500,000 persons, while 6,685,000 are engaged in various petty industries. Among traders there are 700,000 bankers, commission agents, and wholesale merchants, 1,805,000 shopkeepers, and 1,164,000 keepers of hotels, cafes, and public-houses. Railways and the other transport agencies by sea or land employ 890,000 persons. There are 805,000 State servants in the various departments and parishes of France. With regard to the professions there are 112,000 preachers of various denominations, and 115,000 members of different religious orders; 150,000 members of the legal profession, 130,000 medical men, 110,000 teachers in schools other than those of the State, 121,000 artists and artists of every description, while 23,000 are recognized as savants, men of letters, journalists, etc. The number of persons living entirely on incomes derived from land or other investments reaches 1,849,000, while there are 272,000 pensioners, public and private.

Mrs. Gallop—"Why, you have bought a bell instead of a riding-whip?" Mr. Gallop—"Well, you see, my horse used to belong to the Third Avenue Company, and now I have always to ring twice for him to stop, and once to make him go on."

The largest building stones are those used in the cyclopean walls of Baalbec, in Syria. Some of these measure sixty-three feet in length by twenty-six in breadth, and are of unknown depth.

"I have always had a presentiment, said Miss Pahsay, 'that I should die young.' 'But you didn't have to, did you, dear?' replied Miss Ahlesia, stroking her pale brown hair tenderly.

Attention
In time to any irregularity of the Stomach, Liver, or Bowels may prevent serious consequences. Indigestion, costiveness, headache, nausea, biliousness, and vertigo indicate certain functional derangements, the best remedy for which is Ayer's Pills. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, easy to take and quick to assimilate, this is the ideal family medicine—the most popular, safe, and useful aperient in pharmacy. Mrs. M. A. BROCKWELL, Harris, Tenn., says: "Ayer's Cathartic Pills cured me of sick headache and my husband of neuralgia. We think there is
No Better Medicine, and have induced many to use it.
"Thirty-five years ago this Spring, I was run down by hard work and a succession of colds, which made me so feeble that it was an effort for me to walk. I consulted the doctors, but kept stinking longer until I had given up all hope of ever being better. Happening to be in a store, one day, where medicines were sold, the proprietor noticed my weak and sickly appearance, and, after a few questions as to my health, recommended me to try Ayer's Pills. I had little faith in these or any other medicine, but concluded, at last, to take his advice and try a box. Before I had used them all, I was very much better, and two boxes cured me. I am now 80 years old; but I believe that if it had not been for Ayer's Pills, I should have been in my grave long ago. I buy 6 boxes every year, which make 210 boxes up to this time, and I would no more be without them than without bread or sugar."—H. H. Ingraham, Rockland, Me.
AYER'S PILLS
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Every Dose Effective

Like a Miracle
Consumption—Low Condition
Wonderful Results From Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Miss Hannah Wyatt
Toronto, Ont.

"Four years ago while in the old country (England), my daughter Hannah was sent away from the hospital, in a very low condition with consumption of the lungs and bowels, and weak action of the heart. The trip across the water to this country seemed to make her feel better for a while. Then she began to get worse, and for 14 weeks she was unable to get off the bed. She grew thinner and weaker, and the loss of her limbs and power of body, and if she sat up in bed had to be propped up with pillows. Physicians
Said She Was Past All Help and wanted me to send her to the 'Home for Incurables.' But I said as long as I could hold my hand up she should not go. We then began
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting strong, walks around, is out doors every day; has no trouble with her throat and no cough, and her heart seems to be all right again. She has a first class appetite. We regard her cure as nothing short of a miracle." W. W. WATSON, 50 Marion Street, Parkdale, Toronto, Ontario.
Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

NELSON McLEOD,
Leading Watchmaker and Jeweller of North Ontario
Cannington, Ontario.

For handsome WEDDING and HOLIDAY PRESENTS McLeod is showing a beautiful line of SILVERWARE at choice prices. I have now to hand a job lot of Cuff Buttons, Scarf Pins, Chain Scs. which I offer at your own price to clear.
Cannington, Nov. 33
NELSON McLEOD.

G. J. HOYLE,
Post-Office Book Store,
CANNINGTON.

HIGH and PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS
COPY, DRAWING and SCRIBBLING BOOKS,
Full lines of SCHOOL SUPPLIES and STATIONERY
MUSIC and MUSIC BOOKS,
—SECULAR and SACRED.—
AGENT for the Montreal and New York Allan Line of Royal Mail Steamship

Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S ESTABLISHMENT,
78, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS and BOWELS.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions.
For Children and the aged they are invaluable.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for all Leucorrhoea, Old Sores, Ulcers, and all Diseases of the Skin.
For Sores Throat, Gleet, Gonorrhoea, and all Skin Diseases. It has no rival, and is the best for all such ailments.

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THE NEWSPAPER LAW.

1 Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post office, whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.

Cradle, Altar, Tomb.

On April 4th, at Havana, Cuba, the wife of J. M. Carey, (nee Miss Eliza Shorter, of Beaverton), of a son.



WAYSIDE CHATS.

SIMCOE'S WAVELETS.

Slap, Bang! here we are again like the bad penny that will always turn up, as the clown says when he makes a sudden appearance onto the middle of the stage from a stair trap beneath.

Cottages, I hear, are being built along the lake-front where the weary citizen will lie himself for the fresh lake breezes and retirement. This is as it ought to be.

April—April is from Aperire, to open; when the buds begin to open. By the Dutch April is called grass month.

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K.D.C. the quick reliever of Indigestion.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S Brother, the Rev. Wm. N. Cleveland certifies to Mr. John D. Rose's sickness and cure. Mr. Rose's statement is as follows:—I, the undersigned, feel constrained to bear testimony to the value of your remedy for dyspepsia.

THE HACKNEY HORSE.

From the Farmer's Advocate.

The American trotter has numberless friends, and a goodly share of well edited journals devoting their entire attention to this particular line of breeding.

From the Toronto Empire.

The Hackney, an established English breed of determined character, is at this moment coming to the front more than it has ever done before. It is becoming yearly more and more spread over the world, and perhaps these notes may interest breeders.

The Hackney has been bred generation after generation by the farmers in Norfolk and Yorkshire. I came across several instances where the blood of a particular family had been on the same farm for 150 years.

"I trust the above is sufficient to prove the antiquity of the Hackney, of which your intelligent contributor says: 'About all that has been necessary to create a breed of horses on the other side of the water was for some American to go there and buy a few horses of certain type, when instantly there would be a stud book started, horses of that certain type would be registered, numbered, and shipped to us as a distinct breed, and capable of reproducing themselves on their offspring, etc.'

"Now, our friend seems to be troubled with Anglophobia, and I have a sweet little morsel for him. The Hackney never having any other gait than the trot for centuries, he produced nothing but animals that would go at the trotting gait, and from his loins sprang the American trotter. I grant we have improved on the foundation stock in one respect, but in one alone— that is speed; but we have foolishly sacrificed everything else to this end.

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markable likeness to Bond's Norfolk Phenomenon, engraved from a painting by Folkard. I might add that Sampson was sired by Blaze, the sire of the original Shales referred to above.

"There is also a record of a number of Hackneys being imported into this country twenty-five or thirty years ago, and undoubtedly credited to Mr. Wallace and others as thoroughbreds, because they were imported and appeared frequently in trotting pedigrees.

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Under the name Hackney is now included the Yorkshire Roadster and Norfolk trotter, bred very much from the same stock, though the Yorkshire breeders have crossed more with thoroughbred blood than the other breeders in the eastern parts of England.

The thoroughbred horse has increased in size about three or four inches in one hundred and fifty years. In the same way the Hackney, which was no doubt formerly about 14 hands and even less, has, by selection of breeding animals, by care and proper feeding of young stock, also increased in size.

"At several shows over 20 Hackney yearlings have been exhibited and many have changed hands, while foals have been sold from 60 guineas to 40 guineas each. The home trade for Hackneys increases and the millions are gradually spreading to many parts of England where they were previously unknown.

The export trade is also lively. Many of our best mares have been purchased for the continent and for years Italy, France, and Austria have bought Hackney stallions.



The Imported Hackey Stallion Sir Garnet 3rd (No. 10) 237.

The fine Hackney Stallion, Sir Garnet 3rd, the property of Mr. D. B. M. Rae, of Beaverton, is described as follows: SIR GARNET, 3rd, (No. 3274, H.S.B., Vol. I) was foaled May, 1887; bred by W. J. Stone, Elmham, Norfolk, England; imported by Mr. Jos. Beck, of Thorncliffe, Ont., in September, 1890; is in all respects a true representative of the Hackney, having all the meritorious points of the breed, such as a strong robust constitution, full of energy and vigor.

strong and nicely sloping shoulders, grand back and loins, nicely sprung ribs, wonderfully strong quarters, arm large and quite in proportion to his shoulders, thighs remarkably well muscled, legs perfectly clean and flat, with knees and hocks that are absolutely faultless, a fine springy pastern of proportionate length and perfect feet. In color he is a dark brown, with black legs, mane and tail. His size is such as to entitle him to be called a first-class general purpose horse, being fifteen hands three inches in height, and weighing 1,350 pounds.

His Pedigree.

Dam, by Robinhood, (676) by Sewell's Shales (707) by Chamberlin's Marshaland Shales (435) by Thistletoe's Shales (702) by Scott's Shales (201), he by Shales, (696), the original, by Blaze.

Sire Guardsman, (1492). G. sire, Popshot, (1092). G. g. sire, Howell's Rifleman, (671). G. g. sire, Barratt's Rifleman, (670). G. g. g. sire, Lord Hastings' Volunteer G. g. g. g. sire, Lord Hastings' G. g. g. g. g. sire, Emilius.

Brown, foaled 1887, bred by W. J. Stone, Elmham, Norfolk, England. Sire, Guardsman (1492) dam by Robin Hood (676).

Guardsman (1492) sire Pop Shot (1092), dam by Prickwillow (614), he by Fireaway Prickwillow (229), he by Prickwillow (607), he by Norfolk Phenomenon (522), he by Norfolk (475) he by Fireaway (208), he by Fireaway (203), he by Fireaway (201), he by Driver (187), he by Shales (600), he by Blaze, he by Flying Childers.

Pop Shot (1092), sire Rifleman (671), he by Rifleman (670), dam by Shales (738), he by Shales (729), he by Black Shales (84), he by Black Shales (83), he by Black Shales (435), he by Shales (702), he by Scott's Shales (602), he by Shales (600), (see above).

Rifleman (670), sire Lord Hastings' Volunteer, by Emilius, dam by Champion (123), he by Champion (118), he by Norfolk Phenomenon (522), he by Norfolk (475) (see above).

Shales (702), sire Scott's Shales (602), dam Jenkinson's Mare. Scott's Shales (602), sire Shales (The Original) (600) foaled in 1755. Shales (600), sire Blaze, dam a Hackney mare.

Blaze, sire Flying Childers a thoroughbred. HIS HONOR RECORD. SIR GARNET 3rd has been very successful in the show ring having won the following prizes:— At the great horse show held at London in 1890 he was awarded first prize, competing against a very strong field.

At Ildeston, in 1891, he was awarded first prize. At Woodville spring fair, 1892, he won first prize. At Lindsay, in 1892, he was awarded first prize.

At London, Ont., in 1892, in a very strong class, he was awarded third prize, being beaten by Mr. Graham's famous prize-winner, Firefly and Seagull. THE ROUTE. The route for the season has not yet been definitely fixed upon but will in all probability be Mar, Eldon, Woodville Fenelon, and Thorah, further particulars of which will appear in large bills.

The Worst of all the Isms.

"Don't talk to me about your political isms," said a facetious old valetudinarian. "I'll tell you there's no ism on earth as bad as Rheumatism." The venerable sufferer was right. St. Lawrence's condition or Quinine's pallet of fire was not more emphatically a bed of torment than the couch of the martyr to rheumatism. It is generally considered by the faculty one of the most obstinate as well as one of the most painful of maladies, and it certainly defies all ordinary remedies with extraordinary pertinacity. Skill and science, however, in this age of progress, seem to master all opposition; and even this painful disease, entrenched among the muscles, and interknit, as it were, with the sinews and tendons of our frames, is compelled to yield to the curatives they have provided. We have it on unquestionable authority—the testimony of patient's themselves—that rheumatism however deeply seated, may be cured by the regular and persistent application of Holloway's Ointment. This, we feel assured, will be welcome intelligence to thousand sufferers, bed-ridden by the disease for gliding, with stiffened joints along the pathway to the tomb. In a climate where the quicksilver sometimes makes a leap of three degrees up or down, the complaint is of course a treacherous one and in our new settlements at the West, along the alluvial borders of our great rivers, in the hemlock swamps of the South, and in all low and damp locations, few persons reach the age of fifty years without a rheumatic visitation. It is clear, therefore, that a preparation which will afford immediate relief, and effect eventually a thorough cure of the complaint, must be of especial value to the people of all countries. We cannot reasonably doubt, in view of the well-attested statements which have been made before us, sustained as they are by circumstances within our own knowledge, that the Ointment referred to will effect that object; and among all the benefits which the discoveries

of that celebrated physician and philanthropist, have conferred upon mankind, this is certainly not the least important. Many an industrious tiller of the soil, whose services are needed in the field, is at this moment languishing on a bed of sickness; the hands that should guide the plough or grasp the spade, rendered powerless by rheumatism. Many a toiler in every branch of productive labour is similarly situated; and we can imagine with what joy these sufferers would hail the means of immediate cure. To all such we feel justified in recommending this balsamic remedy, the application of which, with the aid of a few doses of Holloway's Pills to regulate the internal organs, would, we feel assured, restore them to health and usefulness.—Daily News.

K.D.C. Pills the laxative for children.

Many rise in the morning with a headache and no inclination for breakfast. This is due to torpidity of the liver and a deranged condition of the stomach. To restore healthy action to these organs, nothing is so efficacious as an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills.

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.

SCIENCE IN HOUSE DECORATION

A. MOORE BEAVERTON.

I am prepared to execute all orders for PAINTING, GRAINING, PAPER - HANGING, CALSOMINING, FRESCOING.

Old, musty and mildewed paper positively produces bacteria, which is productive of all contagious diseases. Strip off your old paper and have your house papered by the

NEW PRESERVING PROCESS.

Which renders your paper proof against must Stains on Ceilings or Walls Removed! Have your CALSOMINING done without removing your furniture or carpet. All work done neatly and promptly

SAVE YOUR MONEY

And have your work done in perfect shape by leaving your orders for

SPRING SUITS OR OVERCOATS

with W. D. RODMAN, BEAVERTON, ONT.

A perfect fit and Honest prices guaranteed.

PUMPS! PUMPS!

THOS. HODGSON, Beaverton Pump Factory

Farmers of Thorah, Eldon, Mara and Brock consult your interests by comparing my Pumps with those of other makers. Their superiority is unquestionable.

PERFECT SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

I place no pump without thoroughly testing its working capacity and guarantee it to do all I claim for it with reasonable care.

THOS. HODGSON, Beaverton Pump Factory.

BEAVERTON BAKERY.

TRY FOUNTAIN'S NON-DYSPEPTIC BREAD & BUNS

NOW ON HAND. CONFECTIONERY OF ALL KINDS, ALSO FRUITS

Customers can rely on all my goods being fresh and well kept and at close prices. OYSTERS BY PLATE OR IN BULK

Fresh Pastry for the Holidays. Mixed Candies 3lbs for 25cts

ALEX. McRAE, LICENSED AUCTIONEER Beaverton, Ont. Sales attended and all supplies furnished.—TERMS MODERATE.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphia, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves." UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. F. KITCHEN, Conway, Ark. ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres., The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

Modern! Featherbone Corsets must not be confounded with those which were made five or six years ago. The Featherbone Corset of to-day is as far removed from the old style, as black is from white. BUY A PAIR AND YOU WILL BE PLEASED.

For all kinds of Printing the office of THE BEAVERTON EXPRESS and WOODVILLE ADVOCATE is perfectly equipped.—Fast power presses, and the latest styles in type. First-class work at reasonable prices. Address—Jos. J. CAVE, Beaverton

Mothers need a powerful nourishment in food when nursing babies or they are apt to suffer from Emaciation. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites of lime and soda, nourishes mothers speedily back to health and makes their babies fat and chubby. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Babies are never healthy when thin. They ought to be fat. Babies cry for SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is palatable and easy to assimilate. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists, 50 cents and \$1.

R. DUNSNEATH BEAVERTON, for Seeds, Seeds, Seeds.

All kinds of Garden and Field Seeds, fresh and reliable at THE BEAVER GROCERY.

Produce of all Kinds Wanted.—Cash Paid Full Assortment of General Groceries, Crockery and Glassware, Beaverton, April 1894.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Apple Tree.

See the apple tree... Now in summer see the apple tree... Dropped the dainty fragrant flowers...

Bleed days of song and story... Stripped of all his summer beauty... For our care...

Some meats and most fruits keep best at a temperature slightly above the freezing point...

Green Peas Soup.—Boil and mash through the colander 2 1/2 cups of peas...

Ginger Snaps.—Beat together well, half pound of butter and half pound of sugar...

Sweet Wafers.—Beat 6 eggs; add 2 ozs. melted butter, 1 pt. of flour, 1 1/2 cups of sugar...

Orange Syrup.—Squeeze the juice of 10 oranges; add 1 cup of sugar...

Panakes.—One pint of sweet milk, two tablespoons of butter, four eggs...

Sponge Padding.—Two ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, one pint of milk...

Sauce for Above.—One egg, butter the size of an egg, one and one-half cups of sugar...

Candied Peels.—I have made candied lemon and orange peel for years, as good if not better than what we buy...

The Revenge of Time.—The rooster in the yard of a country restaurant called an old hen aside...

Graded Shampoos.—Victim—"Ooo! Phew! You charge double price for this kind of a shampoo, don't you?"

Black lists of tardy debtors are circulated in Vienna, for the benefit of landlords and other persons likely to be victimized by persons who live beyond their means.

THAT CONFESSION.

IS IT A SCHEME TO SAVE MACWHERRILL?

The Man Who Says He Committed the Will-Ham Murder Still at Large.

A Bozeman, Mont., special says:—As Attorney W. J. Stephenson was working at his desk in the law office of Congressman Charles S. Hartman of this city late Saturday night...

The affidavit that he wrote out at the request of the confessed murderer shows that the attorney must have been rattled.

After signing and swearing to the above instrument, Dutton backed to the door and made his escape.

Robert Dutton, the man who escaped from this city Friday night, after confessing to the murder of Farmer Williams and his wife in Peel County, Ontario...

The signed deposition is a certainty. Your correspondent saw the affidavit soon after it was made.

It was nothing unusual for Mr. Stephenson to be alone in the law office at the time of the night the disposition is said to have been taken.

There are ever seventy miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.

The telephone has lately been arranged for the use of divers. A sheet of copper is placed in place of one of the glasses to the helmet, and to this a telephone is fixed...

When the ladies ask for money to go shopping with, and mention that the new percales are lovely, and the lace shawls so cheap and child abductors, escorted by manning young policemen, who are ever on the alert for duty.

The appearance of carpets out on woodpiles and clothes lines.

The appearance of gray and lavender pants, and of white skirts and light colored kids, and the disappearance of "clouds" and crock' soafis, and mufflers of every description.

But why go on? Every one knows and recognizes the welcome signs, and who is now glad to greet them?

Confucius, it is said, was passionately fond of watermelon seeds.

Samuel Richardson wrote his novels while attired in a full dress suit.

Herriek, the poet, was fond of pigs as pets, and taught one to follow him about, and to drink beer out of a mug.

Next to money, Rembrandt loved nothing so well as his monkey.

Julius Caesar was ashamed of his bald head, and when it became shiny he constantly wore a laurel wreath.

ON A WINDY DAY.

SOAK THE BABIES IN PETROLEUM

Then When Wolves Come in and Carry Them off They Won't Eat 'em.

A Johnson City, Tenn., special says:—Last Saturday a big wolf, which has terrorized the people of the Bumpas Cave region, over in North Carolina...

When the mother returned to the house and missed the baby, she started to look just in time to see the wolf and its precious burden disappear into the neighboring woods.

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DYNAMITE OUTRAGE.

A Bomb Exploded on the Window Sill of a Restaurant—Many Persons Injured—Arrest of a Notorious Anarchist in London.

A Paris despatch says:—A bomb was exploded about 9.15 o'clock this evening on the window sill of the Restaurant Foyot, in the Rue de Conde, near the Luxembourg.

The restaurant was two-thirds full of late diners. Pieces of the bomb flew through the room, smashing glass and property.

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LOOK OUT FOR LOCUSTS.

They Are Due in Twenty-Two States and Territories This Summer.

Locusts are due in twenty-two states and territories in the months of May and June.

The real name of this interesting insect is the periodical cicada, or the red-eyed locust, as bug hunters familiarly call it.

When the dry-goods stores dress their show-windows with cambrics and muslins, and hang parti-colored parasols before their doors...

When the ladies ask for money to go shopping with, and mention that the new percales are lovely, and the lace shawls so cheap and child abductors...

The appearance of carpets out on woodpiles and clothes lines.

The appearance of gray and lavender pants, and of white skirts and light colored kids, and the disappearance of "clouds" and crock' soafis...

But why go on? Every one knows and recognizes the welcome signs, and who is now glad to greet them?

Confucius, it is said, was passionately fond of watermelon seeds.

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Next to money, Rembrandt loved nothing so well as his monkey.

Julius Caesar was ashamed of his bald head, and when it became shiny he constantly wore a laurel wreath.

The soldierly Duke of Epernay became sick for hours if he saw a hare, and one kept his bed for a week because one leaped on him.

Cowper loved pets, and had at one time five rabbits, three hares, two guinea-pigs, a magpie, a jay, a starling, two canary birds, two dogs, a "retired cat," and a squirrel.

Macaulay took his Sunday dinner alone at a coffee house. After dinner he would build a pyramid of wine-glasses, which he usually emptied once.

Madam Melba, the Austrian prima donna, received \$1,000 a night for each performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; Madame Calve received \$900, and Madame Eames-Story, \$600.

It is only two years ago, since Thomas Courtney took Rebecca F. Stivers, as his bride, in Montgomery County, Ind. Since that joyful day they have been twice divorced, and now they are married for the third time.

THE STORMY ATLANTIC.

Two Steamers Bound for New York Put into Halifax Short of Coal.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says:—Two steamers bound to New York from Europe put in here this morning short of fuel after very rough experience in storms.

The Storm King sailed from Hamburg on March 15, and put into Shields on the 20th for coal, sailing from there the same day.

After leaving the latter port she met with heavy head gales and high seas, experiencing cold weather and snowstorms.

The latter part of the passage the ship becoming somewhat ice-bound, the two icebergs were passed, one in latitude 50.15.

The Storm King sustained some damage about the deck by being boarded by several heavy seas, the rails and stanchions being broken.

She has a general cargo. The Italia, Captain Craig, sailed from Naples March 24th, and put into Halifax on the 23rd.

The Italia belongs to the Anchor line.

Women on the Royal Commission.

The three ladies who have been appointed members of the English Royal Commission on secondary education are all distinguished in different ways.

Lady Frederick Cavendish is the widow of the younger brother of the Duke of Devonshire, the victim of the Phoenix park murders.

Lady Frederick has taken a very active interest in charitable and educational work, especially since her husband's tragic death.

She is a lady of much knowledge, both of men and things, universally popular and respected, and not too philanthropic to be without shrewd knowledge of the world, and is excellently fitted to be a Royal Commissioner.

Mrs. Henry Sidgwick is a sister of Arthur Balfour. She is the wife of Henry Sidgwick the well-known Cambridge professor of moral philosophy, and is principal of Newnham College.

Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., is a distinguished lady graduate of London, who won great honours in science and mathematics. She is a popular and successful lecturer at some of the principal London high schools, and a rather active liberal politician and platform advocate of female suffrage.

Chicago Post.

Moss grows thickest on the north side of hills, and a sun-exposed tree has its largest limbs on the south side.

"What do country wants," said Uncle Mos. "Is some sort of patent contraption whar a man can drag a ticked in delect' git religion."

Infants are not litute Oil. by alls Curd, lieves ency, mach-cash-and.

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STRANGERS IN THE CITY.

THE TEMPTATIONS THEY MEET WITHIN NEW YORK.

"I Was a Stranger and Ye Took Me In" - Reminiscences of Yalmage's Exploration of the Immigrants of the Big Metropolis.

BROOKLYN, April 8.—Before no audience in the world could such a sermon as Rev. Dr. Yalmage preached to-day be so appropriate as in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, where it is estimated that 150,000 strangers attend every year. It was a sermon that had for them a special interest. The text selected was Matthew, 25: 35—"I was a stranger and ye took Me in."

It is a moral disaster that justice has despoiled so many passages of Scripture, and my text is one that has suffered from irreverent and misapplied quotations. It shows great poverty of wit and humor when people take the Sword of divine truth for a game at fencing, or chip off from the Kohinoor diamond of inspiration a sparkle to decorate a fool's cap. My text is the salutation in the last Judgment to be given to those who have shown hospitality, and kindness, and Christian helpfulness to strangers. By railroad and steamboat the population of the earth are all the time in motion, and from one year's end to another our cities are crowded with visitors.

Some of them come for purposes of barter, some for mechanism, some for artistic gratification, some for sight-seeing. A great many of them go out on the evening trains, and consequently the city makes but little impression upon them; but there are multitudes who, in the hotels and boarding-houses, make their temporary residence. They tarry here for three or four days, or as many weeks. They spend the days in the stores and on the streets, sight-seeing. Their temporary stay will make or break them, not only financially, but morally, for this world and the world that is to come. Multitudes of them come into our morning and evening services. I am conscious that I stand in the presence of many this moment. I desire more especially to speak to them. May God give me the right word and help me to utter it in the right way.

There have glided into this house those unknown to others, whose history, if told, would be more thrilling than the deepest tragedy, more exciting than Patti's song, more bright than the spring morning, more awe-inspiring than a wintery midnight. If you could stand up here and tell the story of their escapes, and their temptations, and their bereavements, and their disasters, and their victories, and their defeats, there would be in this house such a commingling of groans and acclamations as would make the place unendurable.

There is a man, who, in infancy, lay in a cradle saturated. Out yonder is a man who was picked up, a foundling, on Boston Common. Here is a man who is coolly observing this religious service, expecting no advantage, and caring for no advantage for himself; while yonder is a man who has been for ten years in an awful confinement of evil habits, and is a mere creature of a destroyed nature, and he is wondering if there shall be in this service any escape or help for his immortal soul. Meeting you only once, perhaps, face to face. I strike hands with you in an earnest talk about your present condition, and your eternal well-being. St. Paul's ship at Malta went to pieces where two seas meet; but we stand to-day at a point where a thousand seas converge, and eternity alone can tell the issue of the hour.

The hotels of this country, for beauty and elegance, are not surpassed by the hotels in any other part of the world. They are most celebrated for brilliancy of tapestry and mirror cannot give to the guest any costly apartment, unless he can afford a parlor in addition to his lodging. The stranger, therefore, will generally find assigned to him a room without any pictures, and perhaps any rocking-chair. He will find a box of matches and a bureau, and an old newspaper left by the previous occupant, and that will be about all the ornamentation. At seven o'clock in the evening, after having taken his repast, he will look over his memorandum-book of the day's work; he will write a letter to his home, then a despatch to his business, and then he will get out. You hear the great city thundering under your windows, and you say, "I must join that procession," and in ten minutes you have joined it. Where are you going? "Oh, you say, 'I haven't made up my mind yet.' Better make up your mind before you start. Perhaps the very way you go now you will always say. Twenty years ago, there were two men who came down the Astor House steps, and started out in a wrong direction, where they have been going ever since.

"Well, where are you going?" says one man. "I am going to the Academy to hear some music." "Good. I would like to join you at the door." At the top of the Academy, all the gates of harmony and beauty will open before your soul. I congratulate you. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to see some advertised pictures." "Good. I should like to go along with you and look over the same catalogue, and study with you Kensett, and Bierstadt, and Church, and Moran. Nothing more elevating than good pictures. Where are you going?" "Well," you say, "I am going up to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms." "Good. You will find there gymnastics to strengthen the muscles, and books to improve the mind, and Christian influence to save the soul. I wish every city in the United States had as fine a place for its Young Men's Christian Association as New York has. Where are you going?" "Well," you say, "I am going to take a long walk up Broadway, and so turn into the Bowery. I am going to study human life." "Good. I am going through Broadway at eight o'clock at night is interesting, educating, fascinating, appalling, exhilarating to the last degree. Stop in front of that theatre, and see who goes in. Stop at that saloon, and see who comes out. See the great tides of life surging backward and forward, and beating against the marble of the street. What is an eddying down into the saloons. What is that mark on the face of that debauchee? It is the hectic flush of eternal death. What is that woman's laughter? It is the shriek of a lost soul. Who is that Christian man going along with a vital of ardor to the dying pauper on Elm street? Who is that belated man on the way to prayer-meeting? Who is that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these clusters of bright and beautiful faces? They are going to some interesting place of amusement. Who is that man going into the drug store? That is the man who yesterday lost all his fortune on Wall street. He is going in for a dose of belladonna, and before morning it will make no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. I tell you that Broadway, between seven and twelve

o'clock at night, between the Battery and Central Park, is an Amsterdam, a Gettysburg, a Waterloo, where kingdoms are lost or won, and three worlds mingle in the strife.

I meet another coming down off the hotel steps, and I say, "Where are you going?" You say, "I am going with a merchant of New York to his plantation. I show me the underground life of the city. I am his customer, and he is going to oblige me very much." Stop! A business house that tries to get or keep your custom through such a process as that is not worthy of you. There are business establishments in our cities which have for years been sending to destruction hundreds and thousands of merchants. They have a secret drawer in the counter where money is kept, and the clerk goes and gets it when he wants to take these visitors to the city through the low slums of the place. Shall I mention the names of some of these great commercial establishments? I have them on my lips. Shall I? Perhaps I had better leave it to the young men, who in that process, have been destroyed themselves while they have been destroying others. I recall not how high-sounding the name of a commercial establishment; if it proposes to get customers or to keep them through such a process as that, drop them by the wayside. They will cheat you before you get through. They will send you a style of goods different from that which you bought by sample. They will give you under-weight. There will be in the package half a dozen less pairs of suspenders than you paid for. They will rob you. Oh, you feel in your pockets and say, "My money gone." They have robbed you of something for which dollars and cents can never give you compensation. When one of these Western merchants has been dragged by one of these commercial agents through the slums of the city he is not fit to go home. The mere memory of what he has seen will be more painful to him than any other thing. I have had better let the city missionary and the police attend to the exploration of New York and underground life. You do not go to a smallpox hospital for the purpose of exploration. You do not go there because you are afraid of contagion. And yet you go into the presence of a moral epidemic that is as much more dangerous to you as the death of the soul is worse than the death of the body. I will undertake to say that nine-tenths of the men who have been ruined in our cities have been ruined by simply going to observe, without any idea of participating. The fact is that underground city life is a filthy, fuming, reeking, pestiferous depth, which blasts the eye that looks at it. In the reign of Terror, in 1792, in Paris, people escaped from the officers of the law got into the sewers of the city, and crawled and walked through miles of that awful labyrinth, stifled with the atmosphere and almost dead, some of them, when they came out to the river Seine, where they washed themselves and again breathed the fresh air. But I have to tell you that a great many of the men who go on the work of exploration through the underground gutters of New York live never come out at any Seine river where they can wash off the pollution of the moral sewer. Stranger, if one of the representatives of a commercial establishment proposes to take you and show you the "sights" of the town and underground New York, say to him: "Please, sir, what part do you propose to show me?"

About sixteen years ago as a minister of religion I felt I had a divine commission to explore certain of our cities. I did not go down into a haunt of iniquity for the purpose of reforming men or women, or for the sake of being able intelligently to warn people against such perils, as did John Howard, or Elizabeth Fry, or Thomas Chalmers, they go down among the abandoned for the sake of saving them, then such explorers shall come in from the city dealer's box, and the cards stamped upon them. But if you go on this work of exploration merely for the purpose of satisfying a morbid curiosity, I will take twenty per cent. of your moral character.

Sir Oliver Mowat moved the second reading of his bill respecting councils of conciliation and arbitration for settling industrial disputes. He explained at some length the circumstances attending the granting of the license, which did not, he said, justify the attaching of any blame to the commissioners. Mr. McKay (Oxford) said that the temperance people of the district and the best known citizens of the province, after endorsing the official character of Inspector Cook. He read letters from clergymen and others to this effect, addressed to himself, and said that as far as he could learn neither the commissioners nor the inspector were at fault.

Mr. McColl moved for a return of copies of all correspondence between the Council of the County of Elgin and the Government with regard to an increased grant to the county, under the provisions of the Act respecting the establishment of Houses of Industry. The motion was carried.

A LUMBER RETURN.

Mr. Rorke moved for a return for each of the calendar years 1890, 1891, 1892, and 1893 of the number of pieces of pine saw logs and dimension timber, with the quantity in feet, board measure, of each, got out during each of these years in the Muskoka, Parry Sound, Algoma, and Thunder Bay districts, respectively, together with the name of each individual, firm or company by whom got out, and the number of pieces and quantity in feet, pany by whom got out, and the date of the same years respectively. He spoke to his motion at some length. The motion was carried.

WITNESS FEES.

Mr. Whitney moved the second reading of his bill respecting witness fees, the provisions of which he explained. It was for the purpose of securing to farmers, artisans, mechanics, labourers, and school teachers a fair remuneration for attendance as witnesses which would repay them for the time lost to an amount equal to the sum which they could have earned at their callings.

Mr. Hardy had not thought the hon. member serious in introducing his bill, according to the time spent in attendance at a court. The amount now allowed was merely in the form of a indemnity to the witness. The case of a professional man was not parallel. He hardly thought the bill a workable one.

After some discussion, the motion was carried.

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Mr. Barr hoped that the bill would go to a committee and receive the attention of which he thought it worthy.

Mr. Hardy again pressed that the bill be withdrawn.

roll over your soul. As the glorious sun of God's forgiveness rides on toward the mid-heavens, ready to submerge you in warmth and light and love, I bid you good morning! Morning of gratitude for all your troubles! Morning of liberation for all your incarcerations. Morning of resurrection for your soul buried in sin. Good morning! Morning for the resuscitated household that has been waiting for your return. Morning for the cradle and crib already disgraced with being that of a drunkard! Morning for the Federal and the Confederates were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock, and one morning the brass bands of the Northern troops played the national air, and all the Northern troops cheered and cheered. Then on the opposite side of the Rappahannock the bands of the Confederate troops played the Maryland and "Dixie," then all the Southern troops cheered and cheered. But after awhile one of the bands struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and the band on the opposite side of the river took up the strain, and when the tune was done the Confederates and the Liberals all joined together, as the tears rolled down their cheeks, in one great hurra! hurra! Well, my friends, heaven comes very near to-day. It is only a stream that divides us—the narrow stream of death—and the voices there and the voices here seem to commingle, and we join trumpets, and hallojahs, and the chorus of the united country rings out in one grand shout, "Home, Home of bright domestic circle on earth. Home of forgiveness in the great heart of God. Home of eternal rest in Heaven, Home! Home! Home!"

But suppose you are standing on a crag of the mountain, and on the edge of a precipice, and all unguarded, and some one, either in joke or hate, should throw a stone at you. It is easy enough to push you off. But who would do so dastardly a deed? Why, that is done every hour of every day and every hour of every night. Men come to the verge of city life and say: "Now we will just look off. Come, young man, do not be afraid. Come near; let us look over the edge. He comes to the edge, and looks until, after awhile, Satan sneaks up behind him, and puts a hand on each of his shoulders and pushes him off. Society says it is evil proclivity on the part of the young man. Oh, no! He was simply an explorer, and sacrificed his life in discovery. A young man comes in from the country dragging a pack of goods, and says to his arm. He knows all about the tricks of city life. "Why," he says, "did not I receive a circular in the country telling me that somehow they found out I was a sharp business man, and if I would only send a certain amount of money by mail or express, charges prepaid, I could make a fortune in two months; but I did not believe it. My neighbors did, but I did not. Why, no man could take my money. I carry it in a pocket inside my vest. No man could take it. No man could cheat me at the faro table. Don't know all about the 'conter,' and shall go down into the cards' study, together as though they were one, and when to hand in my checks? Oh, they can't cheat me. I know what I am about. While at the same time, that very moment, such men are succumbing to the worst Satanic influences, in the simple fact that they are going to take a look at the cards. I did not go down into a haunt of iniquity for the purpose of reforming men or women, or for the sake of being able intelligently to warn people against such perils, as did John Howard, or Elizabeth Fry, or Thomas Chalmers, they go down among the abandoned for the sake of saving them, then such explorers shall come in from the city dealer's box, and the cards stamped upon them. But if you go on this work of exploration merely for the purpose of satisfying a morbid curiosity, I will take twenty per cent. of your moral character.

Mr. Meredith objected to the machinery provided by the bill, as being cumbersome, and also thought that the decisions of the councils should have the force of the law. Mr. Wood was in sympathy with any movement which would aid in facilitating the settlement of disputes of this nature, but thought there might be too much of this sort of legislation, and was afraid it would encourage a great number of small disputes. The bill was read the second time.

IN SUPPLY.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, and passed the estimates for public buildings, amounting to \$221,390. For miscellaneous expenses of civic government \$9,650 was voted. The estimates of the Department of Agriculture were introduced by Mr. Dryden. He entered into explanations of the figures given, and tenders of progress made by the various branches of his department during the past year. He referred to the statements made both outside and inside the House that the meetings of the Farmers' Institutes were political in character. He distinctly denied this, and regretted that these charges should be made, as they were entirely unfounded. He stated the influence of the organizations referred to of this nature, which hon. gentlemen must surely know to be unjustified. With regard to the Guelph College, hon. members would notice a slight change in the character of the staff of teachers, which a saving would be effected, and he hoped the efficiency of the staff would be increased. Continuing Mr. Dryden referred to the efficiency of the new members of the College staff, and said that hon. members had asked why he did not make the college pay.

Hon. Member—Well, why don't you? Mr. Dryden—The object of an institution of this kind is not to make money. If it were being run to make money, he said, many expenses now incurred would not be undertaken, which are necessary in order to make the college an educational institution of a high class. Mr. Dryden after recess resumed his speech regarding the management of the Guelph Agricultural College, dealing particularly with the experimental dairy, which he justified on the ground of its great usefulness. The increase in the expenditure in connection with the college was due to the various new departures which had been inaugurated in order to increase its efficiency. He was proud of the college, which, he thought, was unequalled on the American continent. While there were no doubt improvements possible in connection with the college, he hoped that the hon. gentlemen opposite would criticize it in a spirit of loyalty and fair play, and thus help to build it up, instead of attempting to pull it down.

THE ARBITRATION BILL.

The House went into committee on the Attorney-General's bill respecting Councils of Conciliation and Arbitration for settling Industrial Disputes. Mr. Clancy did not think that a clause which enacts that no dispute shall be set on foot by conciliation, in which the number of employees was less than ten, was a fair one. He asked why should it not apply to any number?

Mr. Clancy said that friendship might be shown by just criticism. He charged that money had been needlessly expended in the management of the institution. The stock purchased in 1891 and 1892, with the stock on the farm at the beginning of 1891, together with the cost of maintenance, amounted to \$36,780. The receipts from sales and services during those years, together with the value of the stock on hand at the end of 1892, amounted to \$23,596, or a shrinkage of \$13,184 in that time. These were not the methods of economy to teach the students. Continuing, he criticized the administration of the college affairs in various particulars, saying that there seemed to be no attempt at economic management. Mr. Dryden pointed out that the hon. member erred in his attack on account of his ignorance of the subject under discussion. He answered his various arguments as some length, to show that they were not well founded.

Mr. Hest (Hast) denied that there was any desire on the part of the Opposition to injure the institution. After some discussion, the estimates were assed.

Wednesday's Session.

CONCERNING HIGH SCHOOLS. Mr. Bush asked whether, when non-residents move into a High School district, they immediately become residents, under sub-section 6 of section 2 of the High School Act, or must they first become ratepayers in the district.

Mr. Ross said it was a matter of interpretation. In his opinion they would have the rights of residents. ANOTHER LICENSE CHARGE. Mr. McCleary moved for a return of copies of all correspondence in connection with the granting of a shop license for the sale of liquor to one Joseph Aspinall, of the town of Tilsonburg, in the South Riding of Oxford, for the year 1893-94. Also, copies of all papers and documents in possession of the Government, or any official thereof, relating to the same license, together with a copy of the report of the chief inspector, who inquired into the complaint that the license was fraudulently granted. He said that from information in his possession this license had been illegally granted. He recounted the circumstances as he understood them, and said that the Government, while appearing to court investigation, did not even seem to be anxious to follow up their enquiries by such action as would stamp out the evil practices which certainly did exist in connection with this department.

Mr. Harcourt said that a full investigation had been made into the matter. He entered at some length into the circumstances attending the granting of the license, which did not, he said, justify the attaching of any blame to the commissioners.

Mr. McKay (Oxford) said that the temperance people of the district and the best known citizens of the province, after endorsing the official character of Inspector Cook. He read letters from clergymen and others to this effect, addressed to himself, and said that as far as he could learn neither the commissioners nor the inspector were at fault.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

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Mr. Barr hoped that the bill would go to a committee and receive the attention of which he thought it worthy.

Mr. Hardy again pressed that the bill be withdrawn.

Sir Oliver Mowat considered that the line must be drawn somewhere. Another clause respecting the appointment of the councils led to a passage of arms between the two leaders. Mr. Meredith said that while the hon. gentlemen opposite desired patronage, yet they lived upon it, and created offices to scatter around among their friends. Sir Oliver Mowat denied the statement. He said he did not wish to use any stronger language than that which was incorrect. No offices had been created that were not for the benefit of the people.

Mr. Meredith said that his observation of the course pursued by the Government led him to dissent from the Attorney-General's view of the case. The people took no stock in the views of the Government regarding the creation of offices.

Sir Oliver Mowat replied that the people had taken a great deal of stock in those views for the last twenty-two years. (Government cheers and laughter.) The remuneration of members of the councils was fixed by the Attorney-General at \$4 for preliminary meetings, \$6 for whole-day sittings, and \$3 for half-day sittings.

Mr. Meredith thought that the councillor should give their services free. The scale of remuneration suggested would tempt the councillors to organize strikes and disputes for the purpose of getting the pay.

Sir Oliver Mowat did not agree with this view of the case, but suggested that the remuneration be fixed at \$3 for preliminary meetings, \$4 for whole-day sittings, and \$2 for half-day sittings. This carried.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

The House then went into committee on Mr. Ross' bill respecting Upper Canada College. Mr. Meredith was satisfied that unless some radical change was made in the management of the college it would retrograde. The teaching staff was not up to the mark. It would be a good thing for the province if the college was cut loose from the Government, and allowed to manage its own affairs. (Opposition "Hear, hear.")

Mr. Ross denied the statement that the teaching staff was not up to the mark. The report of the Inspectors of Colleges had proved conclusively that the teachers were fully qualified, and the methods of teaching modern, and approved of by all the leading universities of the world. The bill was not as near as could be to making the college independent of the province. In fact the college would only be tied to the province by the power of the Legislature to appoint five trustees.

The bill was reported with one amendment.

It being 6 o'clock, the Speaker left the chair.

After Recess.

The House went into Committee of Supply, and took up the education estimates. On the item of \$45,000 for schools in unorganized districts and poor schools, a discussion arose, shared in by a large number of members, and going over the questions connected with the general plan of administration of education in the province. After a desultory discussion, the committee rose and reported progress, and the House adjourned at 10:55 p.m.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR APRIL 22nd.

JOSEPH RULER IN EGYPT—GEN. 41. 48. GOLDEN TEXT—1 SAM. 2. 33.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

We watch Joseph, a handsome youth of seventeen years, carried as a slave into Egypt and sold to Potiphar, the captain of the king's guard. He was among strange, idol worshippers and people of low moral standard. Yet during the thirteen years of his life as a slave we find that he was true to his early training in righteousness, and pure, indeed, in the face of the most severe temptation to wrong acts. He was a slave, with no encouragement to self-respect, yet he was loyal to his master's interests and faithful in every trust committed to him. He was surrounded by people who worshipped gods of wood and stone, yet he continued steadfast in his service of the unseen God of his fathers. He was falsely accused of a foul crime, and passed years of his life in the twilight of a prison, yet he never lost his cheerfulness, his help, his helpful and willing spirit, and his trust in God. At last he was suddenly called into the presence of the King of Egypt. He used his opportunity with such tact, such modesty, and such manifest ability that the slave of one day became the ruler of a province, yet he never forgot his lowly position. He was a man of God, and his life was a lesson to all men.

Verse 38. And Pharaoh, Pharaoh, "the sun" was a general title, like "Cesar," and was applied to all the kings of Egypt. Some suppose that this Pharaoh was named Apophis. His Servants. This would indicate that Joseph's appointment was made, not by the arbitrary appointment of the king, but after consultation with his cabinet. Can we find such a one? There was something in Joseph's appearance and words which showed that he was born to rule. In whom the Spirit of God is? The king of Egypt had a much lower and dimmer conception of this expression than an intelligent Christian would have; yet he had some conception of a true godliness with divine influences. (1) True godliness will show itself in its possession.

39. Said unto Joseph. This was after his interpretation of the king's dream and his counsel to provide for the coming famine. God hath showed thee. In these early days the lines between the worship of God and of idols were not clearly drawn. An intelligent Egyptian would have almost as clear a view of Potiphar as he had of an Israelite. A few centuries later idolatry became more gross. (2) Every soul can find God that is willing to look for him. None so discreet and wise. He saw in Joseph a practical sagacity and aptness for the time which fitted him to rule over his people.

40. Thou shalt be over my house. That is, next in the palace to the king himself. Such a sudden rise to power is not strange in the East, where men are elevated by the will of one man rather than by the votes of the multitude. Only in the throne, Joseph became a ruler. But Pharaoh retained supreme power. 41. I have set thee. On day every faithful soul shall be set on a throne higher than Joseph's by a King mightier than Pharaoh. Took off his ring. The ring probably contained the royal seal, and was used to sign documents and laws, as a sign of authority. The ring was given to Joseph as a sign of authority. The ring was given to Joseph as a sign of authority. The ring was given to Joseph as a sign of authority.

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43. The second chariot. The chariot following in state procession immediately after the one reserved for the king himself. Egyptian chariots were made of wood and carried two persons, the rider and the driver. They cried. The heralds, or messengers, in advance of the procession. Bow the knee. In the original, abrech, a word found nowhere else in Scripture. The meaning of it is "to bow." It is probably an Egyptian word, similar in sound to the Hebrew word meaning "to kneel." Other authorities translate it "rejoice."

44. I am Pharaoh. Meaning, "I have the power as king to appoint thee to authority." Hand or foot. A proverbial word expressing the rule that the rule of Joseph was to extend over all classes and orders of people. But back of Pharaoh, Joseph always recognized his elevation as coming from God. See verses 51, 52; chap. 45, 8, 9. (4) Man may help us, but all our blessings are God's gift.

45. Joseph's name. In the East it has always been the custom to give new names to people who were advanced to special honors, especially when the original name was a foreign one. As an Egyptian prince Joseph receives an Egyptian name. Zaphnath-paaneah. The best interpretation of this name is "bread of life" (the cross), or "sustainer of life" (Christ), the prophetic name of him who is to sustain the world. Potiphar. Not the same name with that of Joseph's former master. Priest of On. On was the priestly city Heliopolis, not far from the present city of Cairo. Joseph went out. Beginning at once the work for which he had been appointed ruler. (5) Let every young man aim to find a field of work or an empty hour.

46. Joseph was thirty years old. He became a slave at seventeen (Gen. 37:2), and passed at least three of those thirteen years in prison. Went throughout. To survey the condition and resources of the country, and to form an estimate of the task before him. He was an intemperate man, his sudden elevation, but worse, the royal ring in the same spirit with which he had worn the slave mantle. (6) Adversity is the best preparation for prosperity.

47. In the seven plentiful years. As foreshadowed by the seven good ears and the seven bad ears of the king's dream, brought forth by handfuls. In such abundance that every kernel yielded a handful of wheat.

48. Gathered up all the food. That is, all that was not needed by the people. One fifth of the crop of each year was taken for this purpose; another fifth sufficed for the needs of the people; more may have been bought for a low price in a time of such great abundance; and probably the example and counsel of Joseph stimulated private saving, so that vast stores of breadstuffs were accumulated throughout the land.

British Troops in the United States. British troops, says the Lewiston Evening Journal, have been rushing through Maine for several months, the activity being especially noticeable at present; but no one in Maine has got excited over the matter. Indeed, very few knew anything about it until informed by a despatch, Saturday, from St. John. These movements, it is said, are in the line of experiments, the British Government desiring to find out just how long it would take to get its men and supplies across the continent in event of trouble with Russia. A few weeks ago special train carrying armament and supplies was despatched from Halifax to Esquimaut, N.S., with instructions to stop for nothing but water and to change engines. There were nine loaded cars on the train, and the trip was made according to the report by the Canadian Pacific officials, in less than five days.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Pretty Rabbit Pen.

To encourage my boy in learning the use of tools, I designed and helped him make an ornamental rabbit pen (Fig. 1). A box of inch stuff was four feet and sixteen inches deep was procured, the top taken off and the open part placed on the ground. Four strips each one by two inches and four feet long were nailed to the box, a cross strip of the same size two feet long being nailed in across the centre to complete the framework of the foundation (Fig. 2). A part of one side of the box was removed



FIG. 1. PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF RABBIT PEN.

and fitted with hinges to be used as a flap door, and two round-topped holes were cut in the front part of the box for doors between the back and front of the pen. On the foundation in front, a door of four-foot boards was nailed, projecting a little beyond the framework. Strips like those used for the foundation were nailed in the same manner about the top of the box and floored over. On this framework five pairs of one by two inch rafters, cut for one-fourth pitch, and projecting four in, were securely nailed. Four strips of one and one-half by one inch stuff were bored at intervals of one and one-half inches with a one-fourth inch bit, and of these the front cage was constructed by inserting one-fourth inch round iron rods cut to fourteen-inch pieces, the strips being securely nailed at top, bottom and corners. The middle pair of rafters supported a partition in the roof with a hole between the compartments.

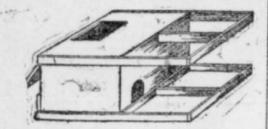


FIG. 2. FRAMEWORK OF RABBIT PEN.

Another hole for ingress to the attic was left in the floor in the back room. The roof was sheathed with three-fourth inch boards, and a cornice fitted on eaves and gable. It was then shingled, a neat cresting added to the comb. The roof was then lined up with vertical pieces and fitted with a small hinged door. The front gable was finished by nailing on vertical slats with pointed bottom ends, made of one-half by three-fourth inch pine. A pit was dug one and one-half by two feet deep, and lined with boards around the sides. The back part of the pen was placed directly over the pit. Grown rabbits could jump easily from the pit into the front cage, and the little ones remained in the pit until too large to get out through the wires. Rabbits dig down in the pit and construct their own breeding places in burrows beneath the pen. The pen proved to be warm in winter, cool in summer and well adapted for keeping rabbits. With a little extra work, a refuse could be easily removed from the pit through the trap door, and the pen never became offensive. With a pair of white rabbits and their young, the pen was a pretty sight at the back of the lawn, and was always attractive. The front gable was painted with dark red mineral paint, a trim with white, which harmonized well with the bright green lawn and the dark green foliage of the shrubbery.

A Surprise Party.

The wolves had decided on a jolly party and were even now ready to start. Not a tame affair in their own neighborhood, but a grand old-fashioned surprise party at Farmer Brown's, some miles distant. The baby wolves no doubt snugly tucked in bed, and their parents, these self-invited guests, scampered over the snow-dimmed and under the sky diamonds. But of the beauties of nature it is likely they took little, if any, notice, for it was bitter cold, and they were not about to get up. They took no baskets, no bundles, no mysterious packages—for was not Mr. Brown abundantly able to furnish plenty of refreshments for them all?

Of what these refreshments would consist was a theme for animated discussion for a long time, but finally all agreed that there was really nothing quite so fresh and mutton. While chatting in this friendly, pleasant manner they had traversed many miles, and now the commodious farm house was in full view, but strange to relate, the lights were all out—it must certainly be quite late. Well, all the better; they would at once repair to the sheep house, and immediately enter on the joys of the evening. So thither they hastened only to find the door quite securely fastened, and the windows even barred in a most inexplicable manner.

Again and again they tried the door, singly and together, pushing with all their strength. Then they scratched and howled at the windows, but to no avail. After this they grew disagreeable to each other; they were so hungry, and said and did disagreeable things—those in the rear said if those in front would only half push the door might be opened in no time, and if those at the windows used any judgment whatever the bars would be easily broken—then those in front and at the windows answered back and all began to snarl and snap at each other, and were altogether a very disagreeable set of visitors, not such as we would want to invite to our homes. Meantime, one fellow more enterprising than the rest, had found an opening between the logs near the door, into which he immediately inserted his head. What he saw inside was something like this: In the back-ground, standing with wide open eyes, were the sheep with the little lambs; in front of them with every nerve alert and eyes riveted on the approaching enemy, like the brave protector he was, stood Spartacus.

Old Spart, as he was affectionately called by the boys, except when they came to him from some of the aerial tours on which he often sent them, then with retreating breath, they usually pronounced the last syllable of his name with great emphasis. However, this has gone not to go with the story at all, for the head of the intruder who had sneaked into the house, showed that Spartacus in associating with the boys had learned ever to be on the defensive, and to let no indignity offered him go unpunished, and this will in some measure explain his conduct on this eventful night. Now, when he saw the head of this intruder to be at once said to himself, "these tormenting boys are up to some of their old tricks again, but I'll fix 'em."

Outside the wolves were growling and scratching, each anxious to put his head through the crack. "Why don't you go

DO MONKEYS TALK?

An Observer Thinks Gorillas and Chimpanzees Have a Language.

Some time ago, it will be remembered, Mr. R. L. Garner went to Africa for the purpose of observing the habits of the gorilla and chimpanzee. He had an immense steel cage constructed, which he placed in the centre of an immense jungle, and here he passed day after day and night after night studying these creatures.

In a recent issue of Harper's Weekly, Mr. Garner recounts some of his experiences in the African wilds. He says: "It is very difficult to determine with exactness how many species of apes there may be, for there is great variation among these animals; but I am in doubt as to whether or not we are justified in making new species of them, because from one extreme type to the other almost every gradation between is occupied, and hence the difficulty of drawing the line at which to say 'here one begins and the other ends.'"

I do not know how much the vocal products of the gorilla may vary; but with the chimpanzee I find a great variety of vocal types. The sounds uttered by my chimpanzee, Moses, and my Kulu Kamba, Aaron, differ in almost every particular; those made by Elisheba, the female Kulu Kamba who died in Liverpool, strongly resembled Aaron's, although they differed slightly. In the former case I regard the difference as great, as to compare the two distinct languages while in the latter case they could not be regarded as more than closely allied dialects.

With regard to the arboreal habits of the gorilla, I think they are somewhat understood. He is a good climber, and evidently spends much of his time in trees; but from an examination of his foot, it is evident that it was designed for terrestrial habits.

The gorilla continued to eat his food with out showing the least concern, and when Moses screamed into his ear he did not even flinch, or turn his eyes. Afterwards Moses frequently endeavored to make friends with the gorilla, but the latter never showed the slightest inclination to be so anything more than reasonable terms. He approached slowly and cautiously, walked round the gorilla a couple of times, keeping his face directly towards him. At length he stopped by his side, approached to within a few inches, stood on tiptoes, and gave

JAPANESE WOMEN.

Curious Facts About Their Life and Habits Devotion and Cleanliness.

After all the discussions caused by the advanced woman, it is interesting, by way of contrast, to turn to the country where woman's life and chief duty is obligation and submission. A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* describes the Japanese woman as really charming, not as a responsible woman, but as a feminine curio. As a wife she is of so little account that from the most devoted husband she expects but few favors. All the women are born with a natural modesty. Even the humblest have slender, delicate hands, and arrange everything with surprising neatness.

A Japanese lady's visiting dress often costs \$300, not including her hairpins, which are always a most important item. As the fashion never changes, both dress and pins are handed down from mother to daughter. In each city the women wear a color peculiar to their town. In Tokio it is blue, in Kyoto slate gray, and so on. Chamberlain says "It is little wonder that the women of the upper class are adopting European dress, which is by no means so general as is supposed. It shows that, to a certain extent, she has shaken off the yoke of inferiority under which she has labored. For to-day in Japan the greatest duchess in the land is only one of the husband's drudge. He treats her more respectfully when in European dress. The same woman has been observed to walk into the room after her husband when dressed in a Japanese but before him when in a European costume."

According to the "Seven Reasons for Divorce," a Japanese woman can be divorced for talking too much, which disturbs the peace of her kinsmen, or brings trouble on her household. She shall be divorced for disobedience to her father-in-law. She must love her husband as her lord, and must serve him with reverence, not despising nor thinking lightly of him. She must not enter into irreverent familiarity with the gods—neither must she spend too much time in praying. If she performs her duties to her husband she may enjoy the divine protection without prayers.

She has no change in fashions to discuss, no shopping to while away her time, no Easter bazaar to look forward to, as she never wears bonnets, her only ornaments are tortoiseshell hairpins, her best parasols are made of paper, her kimono must be of quiet, soft-colored crepe. Truly, she has a hard time, this little Japanese woman.

It is customary for a woman to blacken her teeth when she becomes a bride, to keep away other admirers and show her entire submission to her husband. The present pretty Empress as a wife has, however, set the example of wearing white teeth.

Japanese women have strange ideas of cleanliness. They shake off the dust of their eyebrows, and have pencilled ones with an exaggerated arch. They paint their lips a livid crimson, with a patch of gold in the centre, and their faces a chalky white. The peasant girl, of course, cannot afford all this decoration, and must be contented with her own cheeks and tanned skin. The Japanese seem cleanliness more than modesty. In Tokio there are about 800 baths, where some 3,000 persons bathe every day. These baths were enjoyed by both sexes without division until the present Emperor ordered a separation to be made in all public baths. The people obeyed by placing a rope across the top of the water.

It is said that a Japanese crowd is the sweetest in the world. They never use soap, the figured Japanese onyx and cottons will not stand it. Their substitute for ironing is primitive. While the material is very wet they spread it smooth on boards, and stand them against the house to dry. The Japanese are devoted mothers and excellent nurses, but the poor little baby never knows the comfort of a mother's lap, for she uses her knees to sit upon, and holds her baby standing to her breast when nursing it. She always carries it on her back.

Drunkenness is unknown among even the lowest women, but a pipe is her constant companion. She even takes it to bed with her, while her little hibachi (charcoal box), well filled with hot ashes, is close beside her for convenience sake. Her housekeeping gives her but little trouble, for in the lower classes rice, varied with tea, pickled vegetables, sauces, and fish, comprise the three meals.

All who spend any time in the country are completely fascinated by these sweet-tempered, gentle, and dainty women, all of whom are as light as air, and heard as children. One of their greatest charms is that the longer you know them the less you understand them; their natures are so complex, in spite of their apparent simplicity.

MARRIED ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

A wonderful anniversary, the 100th, of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Jean Sathmary is reported from Hungary. This appears to be a circumstance which is entirely impossible. But the marriage of this aged pair is duly and officially recorded as having taken place in May, 1793, at which time, according to the record, they were of marriageable age. As in Hungary at that time a bridegroom must have reached the age of twenty and a bride that of fifteen, the pair must now be at least 120 and 115 years old. The 100th anniversary was celebrated at the town of Zombolyi, in the Banat, which has for a long time allowed the venerable couple a pension in recognition of their great age and fidelity to each other.

A Feather like a Tail Church Spire

Attached to one small coil of wire—
That
Is a woman's hat;
And yet it seems to me I've heard
Some women dub men's hats absurd.

VILLAGE NATURALISTS IN SCOTLAND.

A Droll Class.

A race which has all but passed away from the hills and valleys of Scotland since the passing of stringent vagrancy Acts and the reformation of local authorities is that of the half-witted wanderers, or "naturalists," as they used to be called, whose idiosyncrasy is a generation ago formed one of the most peculiar and characteristic features of most of the rural districts. A sort of privileged mendicants, they were never turned from the door of cottage, manse or farm-steading. This friendly reception was due partly to superstition, which made it unlucky to refuse hospitality to those naturally afflicted, and partly for fear of the unreasoning vengeance which some of them had been known to perpetrate; but most of all to pity, which everywhere looked upon them with a kindly and excusing eye. Stories of their exploits and sayings, they no means always so "howlers" might have been expected, but generally containing a biting grain of humor which tickled the fancy, were current everywhere about the country; and sometimes they even did a useful service which could have been effected by no more sane and sensible person.

It is recorded in the life of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, that he owed something of the dawn of his inspiration to one of these wanderers. One sunny summer day when he was on his way to the farm of Blackhouse, on the Douglas Burn, in Yarrow, there came up to him

ONE OF THESE NATURALISTS

named Jack Scott, well known and welcomed on that country side for his poetic proclivities. To while away the time Jack, who was then on his return from a peregrination in Ayrshire, recited to the Shepherd the whole of a wonderful poem called "Tam o' Shanter," made by an Ayrshire ploughman of the name of Burns. To that recitation, no less, perhaps, than to the storied surroundings of the hills of Yarrow which he dwelt, Hogg owed the opening of his eyes to the poetic light that never was on sea or land, and to the magic of that elfin under-world in which he was to dream his exquisite dream of Bonny Kilmeny.

THE GRASPING POWER

of his foot is much less than that of the chimpanzee, and not at all to be compared in this respect with his own hand; and all men whom I have consulted upon this point agree with me that they spend most of their lives on the ground.

During the time that I kept a young gorilla in the bush with me I had also a chimpanzee; and it was the daily habit of the chimpanzee to climb about in bushes, while the gorilla rarely ever ascended one.

One peculiar thing I have observed is that in drinking, without being taught to do so, the gorilla takes a cup and places the rim between his lips in the same manner as man does, whereas the chimpanzee always puts both lips into the vessel if possible.

A favorite pastime with my young gorilla was turning somersaults; and every day, at intervals of an hour or so, he would stand up for a moment, then put his head on the ground, turn over like a boy, rise up on his feet, and look at me as if to say, "Isn't that pretty clever?" He would sometimes repeat this a dozen or more times, and seemed to know that he would be rewarded for his labor. His face during utterly incapable of anything resembling a smile. He was about the most sober, solemn and stoical creature I ever saw, and nothing that I could do appeared to arouse in him a spirit of mirth. I had to keep him confined, because he did not seem particularly able to reach the station at the time indicated.

The instructions had been communicated by the conductor, but had made little impression upon the engineer because his train was so full, and he could not seem particularly able to reach the station at the time indicated.

The conductor had noticed the extraordinary speed at which the train was running. "Jack is in a hurry to-night," he said at first. Then after frequently consulting his watch he exclaimed, "The engine must be crazy."

Too nervous to remain in the car, he went out on the platform and recognized a small station as the train whirled by it. He signalled to the engineer to stop the train.

There was not a moment to spare. The air-brakes acted sharply, and the train was brought to a full stop on the edge of the station. There was the freight train on the siding, and the engine had been switched to the siding. In a moment more the express train would have dashed into it and on, and a deplorable accident would have followed.

"I thought I was to pass the freight train at this station," he said, "and the conductor ran up to him with a white face and an excited air. "No," shouted the conductor. "It was 2.15. I read the telegraphic order about to you at the last station. Why, Jack, you have given me the worst fright I ever had."

The train reached its destination on time, and without further incident. The engineer took the conductor aside, and told him that it was their last run together. "I have lost my nerve," he said. "I could never have made such a mistake. The work is too fast for me, although I have done it for twenty years. They must give me slower work."

That is what many overworked business men require. They are running under the pressure that their nervous mechanism will endure. Overworked and prematurely old, they have lost their nerve.

HOWL AND YELL.

When they attack, but I have never seen anything to indicate that they do, while, on the contrary, everything I have observed tends to controvert this theory.

During the time my young gorilla (Othello) lived with me he was in fine condition, having a splendid appetite and no fixed hours for meals. At noon on the day of his death he was in fine spirits, turning somersaults and playing like a child with my native boy. He had plenty of native food, which he ate with relish. About one o'clock I sent my boy on an errand, expecting him to return towards night. About three o'clock I observed that the gorilla was ill. He refused to eat or drink, and lay on his back with his hands crossed under his head. I tried to induce him to walk with me or to sit up, but he declined. By four o'clock he was very ill. He groaned occasionally as if in pain, and placed his hand at times upon his stomach. Just then I discovered a native

STEARLITHLY APPROACHING

through the bush with an uplifted spear, as if in the act of hurling it at something. At the moment I did not think of my gorilla, and the native had not seen me. I spoke to him in the native language, and he then explained that he had seen this young gorilla, and he thought there must be an old one close at hand, and that while he did not fear the little one (which he sought to capture), he was prepared for an attack by an old one. I told him that my pet was

THE BROWN DEATH.

Startling Experience of a Gentleman in a Room.

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We were sitting on the veranda, the six feet from the ground, and I was talking to Mordai about the boundary, and I had become quite interested in some matter in his lap. While engaged in something I felt something fall from my shoulder. I rose quite abruptly, and such was my surprise, that I thought, "My God, what was in my chair, think!" One day I had a piece of bamboo had the next day by the wind. As I turned this he was toward Mordai and I was

STROCK MOTIONS.

by a hoarse "For God's sake, don't move Sahib!" From that hour, I know I know as well as if I could see it that a cobra, or a khorite, equally deadly and more numerous in that part, was on my shoulder. I stood perfectly motionless, for I knew that the snake, being aroused, would strike as fast as the least movement. Cold perspiration stood out on my forehead, and I set my teeth hard and waited. It was a toss-up, I knew; either delivered, and that speedily, or the sharp, stinging punctures in my neck or head, and then—death. Every minute I seemed because I could not see my enemy, and so could not tell the moment he would strike. Probably not a minute elapsed from the time I stood up until I saw Mordai approaching me from in front, but I was ed to me a few moments before he had one of the rooms and thus got around in front of me without disturbing the snake. In his hand he held a Burmese dah (sword) and I knew that he meant to cut the snake down with one strong stroke. He crept in close beside me, and I saw the snake trembling in every limb. His face was ghastly and his eyes seemed glazed with horror. The sword trembled for a moment in his nerveless hand, and then with a horse whisper of "My God, I can't do it," he let it fall from his hand, and tottered to chair. He was an old man and his nerve had given way. He dare not risk the result of his blow should the fall to cut down the serpent. When the sword fell I could feel a slight vibration on my shoulder, and I closed my eyes, and my hand was a mass of fat and the sharp stinging thrust of the

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I stood perfectly motionless, but my mind worked with the rapidity of lightning. I felt almost grateful that Mordai had not struck, for I could see that his nerves were so unstrung that he would in all probability have missed the snake. I knew that I was with our traps, and my only hope was to stand quiet still until they arrived. Time will never efface the memory of that death wait for my mind. In the chair, shivered and ghastly, his hollow, half-glazed eyes stared at me, and I saw the snake at the feet of a bird half in the coils of a serpent, huddled Mordai. His white, bloodless lips moved spasmodically, as over and over he repeated in a dread whisper "God! the brown death." I then knew it was a khorite. Clinging to my shoulder was a snake ten times more malignant and merciless than a cobra, and just as deadly—"The Brown Death"—of the natives, a reptile of which it has been said, that if a man were to gaze for any length of time into its eye he would die. It has no pupils in its eye—nothing but a brown mass of malignity.

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with the light I had seen in him before in times of danger. He had before had a great death together and his nerves had been steel and his heart had not faltered. Even now I see him as he stood just outside the veranda, one of the few natives a white man had trusted, and met trust for trust and loyalty. He was a man of a high character, and his gaudy jacket, and gathering up his tight about his hips, so that his sinewy limbs gleamed like those of a statue, he set his square white teeth, and hissed through them an invocation to Allah. Grasping the dah in his powerful hand, he stole as silently and as swiftly toward me as the venomous creature on my back might have done had he been making the attack. Poised aloft he the glittering steel for well he knew the snake would keep his eye on the gleaming blade, and there would be no movement to disturb him till the downward rish, and then—ah! who could say? Allah would strengthen his hand, and direct the edge of the blade and kismet would be.

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