

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

The Bisley team will sail for England on June 22.

The C.P.R. Imperial Limited will begin running again on June 11.

The Yukon garrison is to be withdrawn upon the opening of navigation.

The E. B. Eddy Company, of Hull, will re-erect all their buildings destroyed by fire.

A delegation from Kentucky will shortly visit Manitoba and the Northwest, to "spy out the land."

The hospital at Regina is full of diphtheria, brought there, it is said, by the recruits to the Northwest Mounted Police.

The railway crop reports in Manitoba state that wheat is well advanced and earlier than usual, but is in need of rain.

Over 4,000 immigrants, it is expected, will have passed through Montreal for the Northwest before the end of this week.

Roman Catholic bishops of Quebec, who form the Council of Public Instruction, will make the teaching of the English language compulsory in the schools under their jurisdiction.

At Brockville the little son of Michael Costello, while playing with a collie dog, was suddenly attacked most viciously by the dog, which lacerated the child's face and throat and chewed off one ear.

The returns of navigation at Montreal show a falling off in the number of inward bound vessels, as compared with last year, owing to the number of vessels that are still in the service of the British Government as transports.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Queen distributed flowers and conversed with the wounded at Netley Hospital Wednesday.

The khaki craze has gone so far in London that they are now painting statuary that colour.

The London County Council is considering a plan for nine miles of underground railroads.

Richard Croker, jr., New York, purchased the famous bull dog, Raduly Stone in London, for \$4,000.

The Canadian salmon ova sent to Scotland last month have hatched out well and the fry are healthy.

The British National Rifle Association has been asked to submit a plan for rifle clubs, as advocated by Lord Salisbury in a recent address.

The Archbishop of Canterbury argued at the annual meeting of the London Temperance Council for the necessity of adopting Sunday closing as a rallying cry.

The Jewish Colonization Association must pay to the English Government \$6,250,000 in succession duties on the estate of \$10,000,000 left to the association by the late Baron Hirsch.

The Duke of Argyll, formerly the Marquis of Lorne, who has been offered the first Governor-Generalship of Australia under the Commonwealth bill, is not, it is said, likely to accept, as his wife, the Princess Louise, objects to living in the antipodes.

J. E. Howard, of New South Wales, offers the British Admiralty a new submarine torpedo boat, which can travel backwards as well as forwards without turning, sinks below the surface without plunging, and fires a torpedo which fastens itself, by a suction arrangement, against the ship's bottom. The Admiralty has not yet ordered a trial test.

UNITED STATES.

A Chicago boy was fined \$25 for killing song birds.

The street car men's strike at St. Louis has been settled.

Forest fires in Alleghany Mountains destroyed \$1,000,000 worth of timber.

During April the exports of merchandise from the United States increased \$30,000,000.

The India famine relief committee at New York is seeking aid from every city in the United States.

A mob seized a negro named Wilson, from a train near Augusta, Ga., on Saturday night, and hanged him in the woods.

Dr. F. S. Morris, New York, uses homing pigeons in his practice. He leaves the birds with his patients and gets reports by them.

The appropriations at this session of the United States Congress will be \$300,000,000 less than two years ago,

when the Spanish-American war was on.

GENERAL.

Russia will equip the entire Black Sea fleet with wireless telegraphy. Empress Frederick, mother of the Emperor of Germany, is seriously ill.

An official bulletin shows that Cuba lost 200,000 residents during the civil war.

German newspaper publishers will erect their own paper mills because of the trust's high prices.

There are now under arrest and awaiting trial in Serbia, no fewer than 3,000 political prisoners.

In Madras two policemen caused a riot. Eleven people were killed, sixteen wounded and sixty arrested.

Mount Vesuvius is again in eruption, and spectators are forbidden to approach within a certain distance.

Russian spies have found Japan is the one country in the world where officials cannot be bribed or cajoled.

Lionel Deele, an African explorer, sends word of trouble in the Congo Free State territory, where, he says, the Germans have seized a large extent of territory claimed by Belgium.

The outbreak of cholera in the famine relief camps in India has resulted in breaking up some of the camps, and in consequence the number of persons seeking relief has declined.

R. G. Reid, of Newfoundland, proprietor of the railway that crosses the colony, is said to be anxious to dispose of his interests in the railway to an English syndicate.

Russia's fortifications at Port Arthur are being pushed up very rapidly, and troops and supplies are arriving there in suspiciously vast quantities. About 100,000 coolies have been sent to Manchuria to build the railway to Port Arthur.

Emperor Francis Joseph's cordiality towards Russia, is displeasing to the high political authorities at Berlin. Emperor William and the German Foreign Office generally are very much surprised at Austria's bid for Russian favor.

KING KHAMA.

Lean, Hungry-Looking and Ugly as Man Can Be.

Khama is King of the Bamangwato tribe. His 40,000 subjects are called Bechanas, because they live in Bechuanaland; but they resent this name themselves; and do not acknowledge it as a tribal term.

Khama is an old man now—lean, hungry and as ugly as can be; but he is a very good old man and in his way has probably done more real good to the cause of the natives in his part of the country than any other two dozen native chiefs.

He will not allow any intoxicating liquor whatever to be sold anywhere within his dominions. He and all his people are strict teetotalers, and there is a heavy fine for making tschuala, or Kaffir beer, a comparatively harmless decoction of fermented mealie meal.

FATTENING CATTLE.

The relative merits of quick and slower feeding have not yet by any means been determined, notwithstanding its importance. A great gap consequently exists in the practice of feeders, writes Thomas Shaw of Minnesota.

The argument in favor of quick fattening is in substance as follows: Feed the animals all they will eat of foods that are highly carbonaceous in character. Finish the animals in the shortest possible time, and there will be a saving effected in the food of maintenance. There will also be something saved in labor. For instance, if one animal is fattened, in the one instance in 90 days, and in the other instance, in 150 days, it is argued that the food of maintenance in the former instance for 60 days will all be saved, and also the labor of feeding the same.

The arguments in favor of slower feeding are somewhat as follows: If the animals are fed all the concentrated food they will take, some of them at least will eat in excess and cloy the appetite, and all of them will eat more food than they will properly digest and assimilate. Much of the food therefore, will be wasted, since it will pass through the animal unappropriated. Much of the food will in this way be lost, and it is maintained that the loss in food will more than offset the saving effected in the food of maintenance under forced feeding.

A THING OF BEAUTY.

She—Did you get a good look at the bride. What is she like?

He—Fine eyes, good complexion, lovely hair—

And teeth?

Like a new born babe's

The Station-Master's Story

Across two fields I could see, the little station peeping through the crimson and gold of the maples, half a mile away. I had no idea as to whether I should come near to train-time; I had not been living by the clock for a month past. But of one thing I was certain; I was not going to spoil this last day of my vacation by hurrying after a train that might have no existence.

So I loitered along, drinking in the glorious October air, lounging beside fences, and now and then stopping to add another view to those which were later to provide me with an illustrated record of my outing, and finally came out upon the platform, to find, to my satisfaction that there had been no train for three hours, and would be none, going my way, for two more.

I was not in the least discomposed by this latter information. On the contrary, nothing could have been more in my mind. I should thus waste none of the splendid day, and should be able to "take" several of the beautiful bits by which the station was surrounded.

"I think I never saw a finer piece of road," I remarked to the station-master, as I set up my camera, nodding down the line which stretched away in magnificent perspective, straight as a die for five miles, with a perfect arch, which carried over it an intersecting road, to frame it in.

"You're right, sir," he replied, with evident pleasure at my appreciation; "there isn't another such bit for thirty miles."

"That straight run, together with one of the bravest men God ever made, saved a lot of lives a while back," he added a moment later.

Why, this was something like! I seated myself on a truck, clasped my hands about my knee, gave one comprehensive glance over the lovely landscape upon which the westerling sun was casting long shadows, then turned to my companion.

"Go on," I said.

"Well, sir," he said, tilting back the box on which he was sitting, and folding his hands behind his head against the side of the baggage-room, "well, sir, it was this way. It was just about such a day as this, and just about this time of the day too, strange to say. I was in the baggage-room, here, looking over some little matters, when Jim Fallock, a great chum of mine, and one of the finest engineers on the road, came strolling along up the platform."

"I laughed to myself when I saw him coming, for I knew in a minute it wasn't me he wanted a sight of, but that line there. Jim was a funny fellow in some ways. As clean and straight a chap as you ever met, and the best driver of an engine in the company. He was going to marry the prettiest little girl—but one—within ten counties; and was head over heels in love with her, if ever a man was; but, bless you if I don't think he was almost as much in love with the sight of a track or the smell of an engine's smoke! I used to plague Nanny about it, but she didn't object, not she; she held she loved them as well as he, and I believe she did. Anyway, she knew every engine and the time of every train as well as he did; was regularly cut out for a road man's wife."

"She lived here, up the hill yonder; and as he had a day off, Jim had come up to spend it with her. And yet he couldn't be content that long without coming down to cast his eye up and down the road."

"Hello, Jim!" I called out, "come down to see if I was all right? Well, I am."

"That's it Harley," he answered; but then he laughed. He couldn't help it, for he knew that I knew what he was up to.

"How's Nanny? I haven't seen her since last night," said I.

"She's all right," But at that his face sort of clouded over, and he sat down on the edge of the platform yonder, and looked away down the line.

"It wasn't like Jim to look glum. He was the cheerfulest, most good-natured fellow I ever came across. So I couldn't but wonder what was up, and presently I asked him."

"Well, it seemed that he and Nanny had been counting on getting married soon; but, through helping out his sister's husband, he'd lost a lot of the money he had saved to go to house-keeping; and as he'd always held that no man ought to marry a girl till he could make her comfortable, with a little something laid by for a rainy day, he'd just been telling her they'd have to wait a bit longer."

"I was just going to tell him that I was dreadfully sorry to hear that, but that I guessed Nanny wasn't the girl to find any fault, when I saw Jim sud-

denly give a great start and fix his eyes like a cat away down the road; and the next instant he was saying in a hoarse whisper 'God help us, Pan, what's that?'

"I had been standing with my back to the track, but at that I wheeled around like a flash."

"'A train!' I cried; 'but what train, Jim?'

"He didn't answer, only made a bound for the ticket office, snatched a glass from the shelf and was back in a twinkling. One glance was all he needed."

"Dan," says he still in that strange voice, 'Dan, it's a runaway engine, coming up backward at sixty miles an hour! think what will happen if it isn't stopped!'

"I knew well enough what he meant and my blood grew cold. I knew he was thinking that the four-o'clock accommodation would be hauling in at the Junction—the Junction is two miles up, round that curve, sir—just then, and that the runaway would catch it up and smash it sure as fate. And besides that, the track all the way along after leaving here would be covered with school children; for they know, as well as we, just the time for every train, and couldn't see the engine coming, for that curve till it was upon them."

"Well, it's taken a lot longer telling this than it all was in happening. The moment he had flung down that glass, Jim made a jump and caught up a light ladder which was lying somewhere about, and dashed away with it down towards the arch, to that post there, with the whips hanging to warn freight hands to look out for the bridge."

"For an instant I couldn't make out what he was about, but then it all flashed upon me, and racing after him I cried out:—'For God's sake, Jim don't do that! Think of Nanny!'

"Now wasn't I the worst fool to say a thing like that? As if I'd be apt to think of Nanny before he did!

"He had the ladder against the post and was up it before I got there, but as he hoisted himself along the arm he just glanced down at me and never till my dying day will I forget the look in his face. There wasn't a bit of himself in it,—not a mite of fear at the thought that he might not have two minutes to live in this world, or dread of what was coming to him after, and he didn't need to have, for if ever a man lived ready to face his Maker, that man was Jim Pollock. No, his one and only thought was of Nanny."

"Be good to my little girl if—if I shouldn't calculate right, Dan," says he 'and give her all the love of my heart. She will know there was nothing else for me to do.' Then for one instant he bent his head and closed his eyes, just one instant; and after that he looked up again and—waited."

"You understand the plan, sir? Yes, that was it, to take the one chance out of a hundred of dropping on the cab roof as she passed under him! If he made no mistake—dropped at the right instant and was able to hold on, the rest would be easy enough, the climbing in at the window and stopping her."

"Of course, under ordinary circumstances, if she had been coming head on, I mean, the risk would not have been great, for if he missed, most likely he would have fallen behind, getting little more than a good shaking up and a few bruises. But as it was—I can tell you, sir, that though four minutes could not have passed from the time Jim first sighted her till she came dashing up, it seemed an eternity; and as I watched her come thundering on I was as though turned to stone, till I tottered back, as she went whizzing by with my hands before my face to shut out—what?"

"But hardly for a second could I have stood that way; I must know what had happened to him. Bringing all my strength to bear, I glanced after the flying thing!"

"Thank God! there he was, but not yet out of danger, for he was clinging to the roof of the cab by the ends of his fingers! Could he hold on? Was it possible for him to draw himself up and get his legs inside the window before he was shaken off."

"But I ought to have known those iron muscles better than to have feared for him; he could always make his arms rigid as steel, and he did it then."

"Yes, that is all. He stopped her before the curve was reached, and saved, no man knows how many lives."

"And the company? Well, Jim did not have to wait to marry Nanny, after all."

SELF-DEFENSE.

Piano Manufacturer, hotly—Why didn't you show off that piano instead of making such horrid noises on it?

Salesman, apologetically—Those ladies live next door to me, and I was afraid they'd buy.

Agricultural

WHAT HUMUS DOES.

How can one expect his soil to yield larger crops each year if he does not replace the plant food taken off by the previous year's crop? When a forest, where the leaves, weeds, twigs, etc., have decayed for centuries, is cleared away we say the soil is in its virgin state. Let us see what some of the advantages would be if occasionally we should supply humus by plowing under a heavy crop of field peas or clover. We mention these leguminous plants, for while they supply the much needed humus they also gather from the atmosphere one of the most costly fertilizers, nitrogen, when bought as a commercial fertilizer.

Humus aids in many ways to increase the yield of farm crops; among them may be mentioned the resting of the soil by returning to it all that was taken from it and, sometimes more, producing a better medium for bacteria to live in. Bacteria are useful in aiding to tear down the soil particles and liberate potash and phosphoric acid, two of the elements essentials to plant growth. Decaying vegetable matter in the soil tends to loosen it, allowing plenty of air to circulate and prevents sourness. Plant roots need air as well as water, and both of these are supplied more bountifully on loose than in compact or baked soils. The water will percolate down, surrounding soil particles, and what is not used finds its way down through small openings that were made by the decay of roots from previous crops, and is deposited in a subterranean reservoir where it awaits the dry season. When drouth prevails the water trapped by the loose surface is pumped up by capillary attraction to within reach of the roots, but here stops, the capillary tubes being too large in the surface soil to carry it further and surface evaporation is prevented. Thus the plants may be kept fresh, green and growing throughout a severe drouth. Often the failure of a crop can be traced to the lack of table matter—or humus—aid in the retention of a portion of each shower allowing less to escape overland by ditch, creek and river.

In the spring crops are backward, in starting, and the soil stays cold. Now, if there was an abundance of humus in the soil this would be different. This substance gives to the soil a dark color, and the greater the amount of humus the darker the color. Our muck beds contain more humus than any other soil and such soils come nearest the virgin state, although they are usually more or less deficient in the mineral elements necessary to plant growth. Dark substances absorb more heat than those of lighter color, so the more humus the more heat is absorbed, if properly drained, and the soil will be warmed earlier in the spring. Seeds require warmth in order to germinate, therefore for early seedbeds provide abundant humus. If we observe nature and follow her plans, we will supply plenty of humus for our soils, not only to furnish plant food, but also to improve mechanical conditions necessary to the welfare of our crops.

EXPERIMENTS WITH DAIRY COWS.

Professor Brandt of Germany conducted three experiments with light and heavy dairy cows, each lasting four weeks, the second commencing 70 days after the close of the first. Thirty of the heaviest milkers in the herd were separated into lots of five cows each, according to live weight. The cows were kept under similar conditions to feed and care during the trial, none being bred after the beginning of the experiment. The average weight of the heavy cows was 1,205 pounds and of light cows was 979 pounds. The leading conclusions from the experiments are:

The milk of the small cows is richer in fat than that of the large ones.

Large cows eat a greater amount of feed than small cows; per 1,000 pounds live weight they eat less.

Small cows produce less milk than large cows, absolutely and relatively.

When in thin flesh, small cows may produce more per 1,000 pounds gross weight than any large cows.

Large farrow cows are more persistent milkers; on the other hand, small cows show a greater tendency to fatten on the same feed, with a decrease in the milk flow. The loss in selling ten of the large cows amounted to five guineas per head, on the average, after having been kept nearly a year, while the loss for ten small cows was 12 guineas per head.