A VERY DANGEROUS COAST

MORE FATAL TO HUMAN LIFE THAN THE FLATS OF AFRICA.

Perilous Points Along the South and Southwest Shores of Great Britain—Rocks and Sands That are Every Winter Strewn With Wreckage.

When mention is made of the most deadly coast in the world, the minds of nine readers out of ten recur at once to the West Coast of Africa, between Cape Blanco and the mouth of the Congo. It is a common saying in British official circles that Sierra Leone always has two Governors—a live one is going out to take charge of affairs and a dead one coming home for burial. Miasma, chills and fever and a dozen other forms of malarial diseases, including the terrible African fever, the jungle fever and some peculiar to the region, lie in wait for traveler and native at every turn, and the European who ventures into that region runs imminent risk of being attacked within twenty-four hours of his arrival. On some portions of the African coast, the miasma is so deadly, arising as it does from a soil which is but a mass of decaying vegetable matter, that for an European to remain overnight on the shore means a certain attack of African fever. The merchants, seamen, business agents and others who, from the nature of their calling, are forced occasionally to visit this deadly region never spend the night on shore, but, as the sun begins to decline, go off in boats to their ship, and thus escape the miasma.

But there is a coast more deadly still. It is a coast fringing one of the healthiest regions on the globe, bordering a land whose inhabitants have, from the earliest times, been noted for their strength and agility.

IT IS DEADLY

not from miasmatic or unhealthful influence, but from the fact that more wrecks have occurred on its rocks and sands than in any other similar stretch of shore on the globe. More deaths occur from shipwreck on the southern and western shores of Great Britain every year than from African fever along the indicated west coast of the Dark Continent. More men are exposed to the danger of death on the British coast lines than in any other district, similar in character, in the world. The southwest coast of England and Wales is probably one of the most diversified to be found anywhere in the world. In some places the shores are bold and rocky; in others, a gentle slope leads from the fertile uplands down to the sea, so gradual being the descent from the shore into the deep, that vessels, even of medium size, are unable to approach within two or three miles of the land. Bold headlands, rocky cliffs, and undulating coves come in regular succession, from Dover round the coast to Liverpool; every portion of the sea-line being varied in such a way that no coast in the world is more picturesque. Rocky headland and sandy slope are, however, equally dangerous to a vessel in stormy weather, for, whether the ship is dashed to pieces against the rocks or plunges head first into the sand and is broken up by the waves, its fate is the same. More shipwrecks occur on the coast of Great Britain because there are more vessels in those waters than in any others. No one who reads at all needs to be told of the immense foreign commerce carried on by Great Britain. England is not only the merchant of the world, but the world's carrier, and so large a proportion of the freight of other nations is transferred by Great Britain, and, at one point or another, touches British territory, that England may without much danger of contradiction be termed the freight agent of nations. Nine-tenths of the immense commerce of Great Britain passes along the southern, western, and southwestern shores, and the dangers of ordinary transportation by sea are enhanced in this region by the character of

THE PREVAILING WINDS.

In that quarter of the world the winds are generally from the southwest, most of the hurricanes which visit the coast of the British Isles have come across the Atlantic from the West Indies, following in their course the Gulf Stream, and crossing the Atlantic in the same general direction. The current of the Gulf Stream sets directly toward the British Islands from the open sea, and wind and current, therefore, combine to make more perilous the navigation of those waters. Since the days of steam, ships are no longer at the mercy of wind and wave; the steamers which ply to and fro across the Atlantic, trusting to the strength of their build and the power of their engines, deliberately plow through the heart of the severest hurricane, rather than incur a few hours' delay by turning aside to avoid the blast; they are not likely to be driven ashore by either wind or current, but coasting steamers, tramp steamers and the vast fleet of fishing vessels which swarms along the British coast are not so fortunate, and not a year passes without scores of wrecks and the loss of hundreds of lives. There are many places along the coast where the water, generally calm, under the influence of storms, breaks into eddies and local currents, sometimes very powerful, which drives ships on rocks before the luckless mariners are aware of the full extent of their danger.

There are several of these eddies and whirls near the southwestern point of the island. At the southwestern extremity of England, where Cornwall runs into the sea, there is a rocky peninsula known as Land's End. Once a range of mountains, the huge cliffs have long since been abraded by the action of wind and water, until now a cluster of sharp steeple-like rocks runs down into the sea, and the ship unlucky enough to approach too close is almost inevitably wrecked. The danger, however, is not confined to the great pointed rocks, for a little further up the coast there is a certain cove known to every seaman as a

PLACE OF DEADLY PERIL.

It is a small bay, inclosed on three sides by cliffs, but for some unexplained reason, during very high winds, a powerful current sets into the cove at one side and passes out at the other. It is said that sixty vessels, great and small, have been wrecked in this cove during the present century, and rarely does a winter pass without a disaster of some kind being reported from Land's End.

Another very dangerous region is the neighborhood of Holyhead, at the northwest corner of Wales. As every one knows, Wales itself is a sort of peninsula jutting out from the west coast of England, but from Milford Haven to Holyhead in fact, clear around the coast to the entrance of the Dee, there is scarcely a stretch of a dozen miles famous tubular bridge. Holyhead is itself an island, and separated from the Island of Anglesea by a very narrow strait, Anglesea being separated from Wales by Menai Strait, crossed by the famous tubular bridges. Holyhead is therefore, an island beyond an island, and the last point of land on the journey from England to Ireland. The London and Northwestern Railway runs through North Wales, crosses the Menai Strait, passes over to Holyhead, and there swift steamers receive passengers for the four hours' run across the Irish Sea to Dublin. The shores of both of the islands and of Wales are exceedingly rocky, often remarkably precipitous, and although every means has been used to make the coast safe, still many wrecks occur.

At the south entrance of the Menai Strait, and on the mainland of Wales, stands the great castle of Carnarvon, built to command the strait and prevent the entrance of hostile vessels, as well as to repress the mountain Welsh in the Snowden district. It is one of the best examples of mediaeval fortification. Built in the thirteenth century by Edward I., every resource of military art was exhausted to make the castle secure, and so strong was it deemed that it was never attacked

EITHER BY SEA OR LAND,

and, while the Welsh, from time to time, devastated all the coast line held by the English, and besieged and captured more than one fortress built to hold them in check, they never ventured near Carnarvon. In good weather, the entrance to the Menai Strait is not dangerous, but in bad it was formerly much dreaded by mariners. The strait was once a short cut between the southwestern and nothwestern coasts of England, but when the Menai bridge was built ships of larger size took the outer sea route, and now very little commerce, practically none at all, passes through the strait. Once famous for its wrecks, during high winds fishing vessels being sometimes dashed to pieces against the walls of the Castle of Carnarvon, it has for a considerable time been free from such disasters. Only an occasional ship, the captain of which has mistaken his reckoning or been driven out of his course by the hurricane, comes to ruin in the neighborhood of Carnarvon. At the north end of the Menai Strait there is another town, Conway, once famous, not only for its shipping and trade, but for the dangerous coast. Conway Castle was another of the constructions of Edward I., and the neighborhood is full of stories and traditions relating to the days of the war which resulted in the final subjugation of the Welsh. Not far from Conway is the Bard's Rock, from which, it is said, Edward had the Welsh bards thrown into the sea, hoping, by depriving his enemies of their poets, to lessen, if not to break, the military spirit among them. The vicinity is beautifully diversified; hill and dale, mountain and valley, rugged crag and rocky glen and rippling stream making this part of Wales one of the most beautiful in the principality. Not far from Conway is the Fairy Glen, or, rather one of the fairy glens, for there are twenty or more in Wales, and for each is claimed the distinction that it was the last spot where the fairies had a local habitation and a name.

THE SOUTHERN COAST

of England is not so deadly as the western, but not a year passes when wrecks do not occur at some point between the Isle of Wight and Dover, and Shakespeare's cliff, made memorable by the immortal bard, has more than once had its base strewn with the wreckage of a ruined vessel. Although every winter storms and wrecks occur along the south and west coast, there have been some years distinguished above all others by phenomenal disaster. The great storm of 1703, although nearly two centuries have passed since it occurred, is still remembered as one of the most terrible in history. Over 8,000 seamen were lost; twelve men-of-war were blown ashore with over 1,800 men on board. The Eddystone lighthouse, which was deemed impregnable against either wind or wave, was blown down, and its builder perished with it. In 1794 another great storm prevailed on the west coast, and nearly 600 ships are said to have been destroyed. In 1828 thirteen vessels were driven aground in the harbor of Plymouth alone, and from Land's End to Dover nearly 200 ships went ashore. In 1839 so terrible a storm prevailed that from Dover to Holyhead there was not a mile of the coast upon which wreckage was not found. Even as late as 1887 the British coast suffered severely, and it is estimated that over 100 vessels went ashore, with the loss of most of their crews, along the southern and western coast. As a regular thing, it is estimated that over 300 seamen are drowned in wrecks along this coast every winter, to say nothing of the fishermen, whose little boats are overcome by the blast and never heard of again. The English Government is fully aware of the dangers of its coast, and has done everything possible to assist its seamen in safely navigating the dangerous region. At every prominent point around the islands a lighthouse has been established, those of the first-class bearing in their general features a striking resemblance to the Holyhead light, while buoys, signals, floating lights and other aids to navigation are distributed in profusion all round the islands. At particularly dangerous places there are life-saving stations with life boats and crews, whose only duty it is to patrol the coast, watch for wrecks and aid steamers in distress. At some places the boats are manned by volunteers, who are afterward paid for their work, but in the great majority of cases the men are regularly engaged for this especially dangerous service. In spite however, of the aids extended by the Government in these and other directions, the British coast still remains, and probably always will be, the most deadly coast in the world.

THE HOME.

WASHING FLANNELS.

There are few things more annoying to even phenomenally patient mortals than the discovery that their flannels are growing beautifully less with each successive visit to the laundry. This tendency to shrinkage on the part of flannels has been a boon to the funny men on the comic papers, but to others a source of woe.

Many housekeepers otherwise experienced and careful, have very vague ideas as to the necessity of varying processes for the cleansing of different fabrics. Perhaps, then, says a writer on this subjecct in Harper's Bazar, a little conference together on the texture and unregenerate tendencies of woolens may show the reasons for certain rules that should always be observed in the washing of flannels if you would have them keep their original color, size, and softness.

If you should examine the fiber of wool through a microscope, you would discover a series of tiny irregular sheaths with serrated edges, all running in the same direction. With the application of heat these microscopic sheaths expand and reach over one another; but with an exposure to a lower change of temperature they hurriedly contract, catching and knotting and pulling each other, producing the effect known as "fulling." Twisting, wringing, or rubbing flannel vigorously also tends to entangle the little scales, and to give to the article an unpleasantly diversified surface.

In the first place, shake the dust thoroughly from each article before washing,—and you will be amazed, by the way, at the capabilities of one small garment in the way of holding extraneous matter. Then make a strong soap solution by boiling half a cake of any pure reliable soap in water enough to dissolve it. Add this, with one tablespoonful of borax or four tablespoonfuls of liquid ammonia, to half a tub of water just hot enough to bear the hand in it comfortably. Put the white and gray flannels in and cover, as the retained steam aids in softening and removing grease. After a half hour's soaking wash out, drawing the fabric back and forth through the hands, but on no account putting soap on the garment or rubbing it on the board. If very much soiled, wash in two suds, being extremely careful that the temperature of the water remains the same. If any spots are particularly difficult about coming out, they can be laid on the board and rubbed with a soft brush. Then rinse through two waters, still of the same temperature, being careful that all the suds are out. In washing baby flannels add a very little blueing to the last rinsing water. Shake, stretch out, pass carefully through the wringer without twisting, and hang lengthwise to dry in warm sunshiny air, or else in the laundry. Never hang them in cold or frosty air, as that would surely shrink them. When nearly dry, they can be pressed gently with a moderately warm iron; but do not shove the iron over them, nor use a very hot iron, as you do not wish to generate steam.

All kinds of woolens can be washed in the same way, only in worsted goods do not wring, but let them hang and drain. While still a little damp bring in and press smoothly with an iron as hot as you can use without scorching the goods.

To wash flannels that have become yellow, boil four tablespoonfuls of flour in four quarts of water, stirring thoroughly. Pour half the liquid while still warm over the flannels, letting them stand half an hour covered. Rub the flannel with the hands, but use no soap. Rinse the flannel in several clear waters of the same temperature. Then heat the remainder of the liquid, pour over the flannel again, and proceed as before, rinsing thoroughly; then hang out to drain and dry.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS.

When we realize how much of the physical, mental, and moral welfare of the child depends upon the care and training of the first few years of his life, we begin to appreciate the dignity and responsibility of motherhood. Housework, fancy work, social duties, or anything else that would engage a woman's time and thought to the neglect of the little ones, should take a secondary place. This does not mean that he shall be held in your arms or rocked most of the time. Too much attention of this kind will make a little tyrant of the best baby in the world. But he should be made comfortable, fed, bathed and dressed promptly, and with the utmost regularity. After his bath, he will usually take a long refreshing sleep. Set his crib in a quiet corner, where it is just warm enough for comfort, darken the room a little, and he will go to sleep without rocking. If he is inclined to be wakeful at night, give him a warm bath, rubbing his body gently with the hands. Dress and feed him, and if he is feeling well you will have no more trouble with him. Turn the light down low, for nothing keeps a child awake more than a bright light in the sleeping room.

As a rule the mother's milk is the best food for the baby, but if the mother is sick or in a debilitated condition, her milk is almost sure to disagree with her child, and a change must be made. I have found lactated food very palatable and perfect in its results, and have raised three healthy, hearty babies upon it. It is also very easily prepared. The bottle from which baby is fed should be kept scrupulously clean, by washing it in hot water at least twice a day. The rubber nipple should be turned wrong side out, and washed after each feeding, or it will become completely covered with germs, which may prove disastrous to the life of the child. Discard the bottle and rubber nipples as soon as he is old enough to drink from a spoon or cup, which are much safer to use because they are easier to keep clean, and they will save a great deal of work. Hold him in your lap and feed slowly, and you will not find it a disagreeable task.

For the first six months of his life he should be fed every two or three hours. You may then be sure when he cries that it is not because he is hungry, and he will not be likely to eat too much, which is often the cause of severe attacks of colic. After he has passed his eighth month he will relish well cooked rice, oatmeal or mashed potatoes, but these things should be added to his regular diet of lactated food very gradually. He should not have candy, preserves, or rich pastry, and the digestive organs should never be overloaded. "Feed often and a little at a time, at regular intervals," is a famous nurse's rule for healthy babies.

In spite of the best of care, some children will occasionally have the colic. To cure it, lay him face downward upon a pillow that is as hot as he can bear it. Give him two or three drops of pepperment, to which a little water has been added. If he is suffering from a cold, strip the little feet, and hold them out before the fire half an hour or more. Rub his chest with goose grease, olive oil or lard, and give him a little hot milk. When the perspiration is started wrap him in a woolen blanket and put him to bed. The cold will be better in the morning.

MARY.

SOME EXCELLENT CAKES.

Lightning Cake.—Half pound butter, half pound granulated sugar, three eggs, half pound flour, rind of one lemon. Almonds. Beat the butter and sugar together until very light, then add the eggs well beaten, stir in very gradually the flour, also the grated rind of a lemon. Have large flat pans and spread the batter very thinly on them (about one-third of an inch thick), then scatter mixed sugar and cinnamon and small pieces of blanched almonds on top. Bake a light brown. When done, cut in pieces and detach carefully from the pan. Keep in a dry place.

Scotch Cake for Five O'clock Tea.—One pound flour, half pound butter, six ounces white sugar (granulated). Rub the flour and butter well together with the hands, add the sugar. Bake in a quick oven, and bake in small squares while hot.

Cream Cake.—Beat one tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of two eggs and three-fourths of a cupful of sugar together, until light; then add one cupful of water; add one teaspoonful of baking powder to one or one and a fourth cupfuls of flour and sift carefully. Stir this into the other mixture and beat thoroughly; then stir in the well beaten whites of the eggs, and bake in two or three layers. This may be put together with soft icing or with a mixture of fruit and icing.

Rolled Jelly Cake.—Separate four eggs, beat the yolks and two-thirds of a cupful of powdered sugar together until very light, beat whites, stir them in carefully, and then sift in, mixing slowly, two-thirds cupful of pastry flour, into which has been sifted half-teaspoonful baking powder. Turn in a flat baking pan and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes. Turn out, and while hot, spread with jelly. With a knife handle break the edges and roll at once. When ready to serve, cut in thin slices, arrange in a glass dish, heap around whipped cream.

Currant Loaf.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into one quart of flour; then add a half-cupful of sugar, dissolve one yeast cake in two tablespoonfuls of warm water; add to it a pint of milk that has been scalded and cooled; stir these into the flour and stand aside in a warm place for two hours. This should be a batter not a dough. If you use spring wheat flour you may possibly have to use a half-cupful of extra milk. When very light stir in three eggs, well beaten, and a cupful of cleansed and floured currants; turn into a greased, round cake pan, and stand aside for two hours; then bake in a medium hot oven three-quarters of an hour.

Tested Doughnuts.—Beat two eggs with a half-cupful of sugar until light, add a cupful of milk, then stir sufficient flour to make a batter; beat thoroughly; add a tablespoonful of melted butter and a teaspoonful of baking powder; now go on adding flour until you have a soft dough. Do not knead it, but fold it over together, then roll out on the board. Cut it into doughnuts, and drop hastily into smoking hot fat. Let them fry carefully on one side, turn and fry on the other.

COOKED FOOD.

No one disputes the fact that birds of all species in their wild state take their food, be it grain, animal or vegetable, in a raw state—in a wild state for that matter; but our poultry has been bred so far from their natural condition, and so much more is required of them in egg production, weight of carcass or early maturity, that they are called upon to live and work at high pressure, and must have their wants, abnormal though they be, supplied in keeping with the requirements.

One way to do this is to cook part of their food; this alone adds variety if we use but one grain and feed part of it raw and part of it cooked. Fowls prefer some foods cooked rather than raw; others raw to cooked, and their preference should be consulted.

Care must be used in feeding cooked food to laying or breeding stock, as it is more fattening than raw food. In cold weather cooked food may be fed warm and is greatly relished. As cooked food is more easily digested than raw, it is best to feed raw grain at night, as the time till the morning feed is longer than between the other feedings. Corn is an excellent evening meal and in winter it is well to warm it before feeding.

The simplest way to cook poultry feed is to boil it. The grains—corn, wheat, buckwheat, rice—may be boiled or steamed. If boiled they should be kept from the bottom of the vessel by means of a perforated plate of sheet iron. Mush may be made from any of the grains ground and fed when fresh made or cold. If fed fresh be sure it is not too hot. Fowls have died from being fed food that was too hot.

Beets, turnips, potatoes, pumpkins, may be boiled, mashed and a fine pudding made by thickening them with meal of any kind, bran or middlings, or a mixture of these. The pudding will be more civilized if the vegetables are cleaned before being cooked.

AN INCURABLE CURED

After Treatment in Canada's Best Hospital Had Failed.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record—Ten Years of Intense Suffering From Acute Rheumatism—The Whole Body Contracted and Out of Shape in Every Limb—Again Restored to Active Life.

From the Newmarket Advertiser.

We suppose there is not a resident of Newmarket who does not know Mr. J. A. Moffatt, who does not know of his years of suffering and who has not heard of his release from a life of helplessness and pain through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Indeed we doubt if in the annals of medicine there is a more remarkable restoration than has been accomplished in Mr. Moffatt's case, and he deems it his duty to mankind to make the facts known through the columns of the Advertiser.

Ten years ago Mr. Moffatt was working in the Newmarket Hat Factory. Through the influence of the damp room, and possibly some carelessness in regard to his health, he was attacked with a severe cold which eventually settled in his limbs. For some years he was an almost constant sufferer from rheumatic pains and spent much money in treatment for the trouble, but with no result beyond an occasional temporary release from pain. Finally to make matters worse he was attacked with malaria and rheumatic fever. He was then forced to go to the Toronto General Hospital when it was found that he was afflicted with torticollis (wry neck). During the first six months in the hospital he was under the treatment of the staff electrician, but the powers of electricity entirely failed, and after a consultation of physicians it was deemed advisable to perform an operation. Six weeks later a second operation was performed. The operation proved successful only in so far as they afforded temporary relief. He remained in the hospital from November, 1890, till January, 1892, and with all the modern remedies and appliances known to the staff of that well equipped institution no permanent relief could be obtained. He was then advised to go home, partly in the hope that the change might prove beneficial, but instead he continually grew worse, and in March, 1892, was again forced to take to his bed, and those who knew of his condition did not believe he had long to live. At this time every joint in his body was swollen and distorted, and he suffered the most excruciating agony. If a person walked across his bedroom it intensified the pain as though he was

being pierced and torn with knives, and if touched he would scream aloud with agony. In this state of hopeless suffering he remained bedfast for eighteen months, all the while using all manner of medicines from which relief might be hoped for. Then he was put under the treatment of a celebrated Toronto specialist, but with no better result. After this last experiment failed, he determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, at the same time discontinuing all other treatment. At the end of three months there was a very noticeable improvement in his condition, and so much so that his mother thought he could be lifted outside. He was still so weak, however, that he was only able to remain up a few minutes as before. When taken back to bed he felt a sudden tingling sensation going up from his toes and through his joints and spine. The next morning when he awoke the pains had left the body and lodged in the arms, and then for some weeks the pain flitted from place to place in the arms and then disappeared, and he has not had a particle of pain since. All this time he was taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and slowly but surely regaining his strength. Then an invalid's chair was procured, and he was wheeled out, eventually he was able to wheel himself about. The continued use of the Pink Pills constantly added to his strength, and then the chair was discarded for crutches, and then the crutches for a cane. At this time, Sept. 1895, Mr. Moffatt had so far recovered that he was a frequent contributor to the columns of the Advertiser and procuring a horse and buggy he was engaged as local reporter for the paper. The once utterly helpless invalid is now able to go about, and to get in and out of his buggy without any assistance, and is at his post of duty whenever called upon.

Thus we find that after years of suffering and helplessness Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have proved successful after all other remedies and the best of medical treatment had utterly failed. With such marvellous cures as this to its credit it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the most popular medicine with all classes throughout the land, and this case certainly justifies the claim put forth on its behalf that it "cures when other medicines fail."

ALL ESCAPED HER SO FAR.

Why is Miss Primly so excessively nervous all the time? Because there's so little left of leap year.

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.