THE FOUNDERED GALLEON

By WEATHERLY CHESNEY AND ALICE MUNRO.

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"I can't be sure, doctor, but I should say the breeze will come with the sun."

"Then we'll station a one man watch and all the others can turn in. But we must have the air below as unvitiated as possible; so everybody must sleep on deck. I'll make an exception in your case, Dolly, if you like."

"Nothing of the sort, doctor," replied the girl. "I shouldn't think of it. I'm just an ordinary member of the ship's company, remember, and I shall turn in a la belle etoile like the rest."

So the whole crew bivouacked on deck and recruited their energies with sleep till daylight, and then, going below, cast off all connection with the outer air by screwing down the fore hatch. Already the valves leading to the two great tanks forward and aft had been opened and the sea was pouring into them. The Eureka was riding more sluggishly over the swell than was her wont. In a few minutes she would be diving down to a place where no living man had ever gone before, and who of the crew of eight could say that his heart was free from fear at that moment?

It was a time of breathless excitement, which even Cain Laversha showed that he felt. Dolly, Guthrie and the captain were in the conning tower with Dr. Tring looking with anxious eyes through the strongly glazed ports at the deck without, watching it with a feeling almost of awe as it neared the oily plain of ocean inch by inch. That their craft had the power of sinking was beyond a doubt. But could she rise to the surface again? Calculation and reason-

It was a time of breathless excitement.

ing said yes, but there might be a fault somewhere; for theory and practice are notorious for disagreeing in matters of naval construction.

More and more sluggish grew her movements over the swell as the weight of water ballast increased, and nearer and nearer did the crests of the sullen, oily swells creep to the level of the deck planks.

Then the limit was passed, and the first gulp of green water shot over the bow and trickled lazily down aft. Rapidly after that the decks were covered, and the Eureka began to settle down quickly on an even keel. Soon there was nothing to be seen but the mainmast, with its shrouds and gear, and the green gloom splashed over the windows of the conning tower itself and began to deepen in intensity every moment.

The Eureka had commenced her dive.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WORLD BENEATH THE WATERS.

As the Eureka began to settle down through the waters the four watchers found that at first their view was as tolerably wide one. The most striking peculiarity which they noticed was that, in place of the atmosphere which they had just left, they seemed to be looking through an immense mass of bottle green glass. The roof of the conning tower, which was not transparent, prevented them from seeing directly overhead, and as the angle at which they could catch a glimpse of the surface of the ocean above them was less by several degrees than the critical angle the result was that this surface became to them one swaying, shimmering mirror. The sky above was not visible through it, but objects in the sea below were reflected in strange, distorted forms on its constantly moving surface. But the scenery of the outer air and the doings of the world above were not in the thoughts of any of the party at that moment, for in the population of the world of waters through which they were passing there was an absorbing interest.

The captain recognized and pointed out to the others some old acquaintances of the fish shop, but alive and at home they presented a very different appearance from the limp, unpleasant looking masses of flabbiness which are vended from a marble slab at so much a pound.

Dolly commented with some surprise on the fact that the fish did not seem to be in the least shy, as she had naturally expected that they would, and it was certainly a curious sight to see them come flocking up from all parts of the distance, and then, poising themselves motionless near the sinking vessel, look at her with solemn, unwinking eyes. Dolly declared that they made her feel creepy.

Still the sea poured into the tanks, and the ketch went down, down, down! The pale green light darken 1 with every fathom and became first a weird, wintry looking twilight, such as one sees through the deeper blues of a church window on a dark November's day. Then the gloom grew blacker, and finally came the inky darkness of night.

Dr Tring scraped a match and applied it to a jet behind his head. It lit with a pale blue flame. Then he turned another stopcock, and after a preliminary swishing noise a thin pencil of flame directed itself on to a small cylinder of lime, which presently began to glow whitely. Then he closed the case in which the apparatus was held, adjusted a lens and removed a cap. A brilliant beam of light streamed forth into the murky waters.

"That," said the doctor, "is a use to which an ordinary oxyhydrogen magic lantern has seldom been put. Electricity might have been better perhaps, but I could not hit upon a method of producing it satisfactorily. But, thanks to modern commercial enterprise, which supplies oxygen and hydrogen powerfully condensed in light steel cylinders, this form of illumination serves our purposes very well."

"How deep are we now, doctor?" Dolly asked.

The doctor pointed to a thing like a steam gauge with the dial marked off in fathoms. The index had touched 64, and it was still falling. "We've a lot farther to go yet before we fetch up," he answered.

"The air feels queer," remarked Guthrie.

"That," replied the doctor, "is because it is becoming gradually compressed. As the water ballast flows into our tanks so the air which filled them before is pushed out and sends up the pressure throughout the rest of the vessel. I might have let it escape overboard, but breathable oxygen is valuable, and I preferred to store it. There are eight of us on board, and, reckoning the consumption per head at 18 gallons per hour, we shall have enough to last us for 24 hours easily, and more at a pinch."

"What about the carbonic acid?" asked Guthrie.

"Those flat tins, which you helped me to lay about the hold, are meant to deal with that," replied the doctor "Carbon dioxide is heavy, you know, and will naturally seek the lowest levels of the vessel. The tins are filled with strong caustic potash solution, and will require nothing more than an occasional shaking up to make them mop up the excess of carbon dioxide."

"But won't the oxygen in the air become unduly diluted, and consequently difficult to breathe, before long, even if the carbonic acid is removed?"

"I've provided for that too. I shall let out a fresh supply of oxygen from the cylinders. But oxygen is expensive, and the number of cylinders is limited; so as soon as breathing becomes at all difficult, I shall take the Eureka up to the surface again and get my supply of wind fresh from there."

"But," put in Dolly, "wouldn't it be better to stay down as long as we possibly can and finish the thing in one dive? Surely you would be able to get as many pillar dollars on board in 24 hours as we shall want."

"I dare say it would be possible, Dolly," replied the doctor, with a leathery smile, "if we could only pitch upon the exact spot where they lie. The awkward part of it is, we don't precisely know where they are. You see the galleon may not have foundered precisely where she may have been carried along ever so far by a submarine current."

"Then the Eureka would be treated in the same way," suggested Dolly, eagerly, "and so if the pair started from the same place on the surface up above, they should arrive at the same place on the sea floor below."

"That's a very neat piece of argument," replied the doctor; "so neat, in fact, that I won't spoil it by pointing out all the several ways in which it would fall through. But I'll just present you with one point gratis. The sea isn't like a grassfield. You can't stick a post in it to mark any particular spot. You have to fix positions which are out of sight of land by observations, and observations at sea are usually more approximate than accurate. We improve as years go on, however, and I have every reason to think that the galleon's position was known as nearly as modern science could work it. But you must remember that Nicholas I lived in much more rough and ready days, and though he made landfall directly after sinking the Santa Catarina, and could check his observations, they can't be expected to be within a mile or a mile and a half of the truth. What we shall have to do is to quarter the sea floor systematically, shoving the craft along as fast as the screw will make her move, and searching the waters on either side of our course as far as this oxyhydrogen light will show through them.

"Ha, close to bottom now! Look at the manometer! Only ten fathoms more, if the soundings are correct! Colepepper, will you and Guthrie go off and bear a hand at the crank? Minutes are precious. I want her under weigh as soon as the bottom is in sight. Dolly, you stay with me. Your eyes are better than mine, and we must have a sharp lookout."

Captain Colepepper hurried off to the part of the hold in which the crank apparatus was situated, and Guthrie with him, and before a minute had passed the hand driven screw was revolving and the Eureka had begun her search.

But this search, which Miss Colepepper had thought would be a matter of a few hours, dragged itself on through many weary days of the most irksome toil, and there was yet no sign of the foundered galleon.

For the steersman and the lookout in the conning tower there was always the excitement which came from the possibility that the next sweep of the searchlight might reveal the longed for heap of wreckage, but for the workers down in the stuffy hold there was nothing but the dullest of monotony—push and pull, push and pull, day after day, at the arrangement of cranks and levers which turned the screw. Those same cranks and levers no doubt reflected credit on Dr Tring's inventive ingenuity, but after the first hour of acquaintance with them the members of the Eureka's crew began to lose interest in them and in the end came almost to hate them.

It is said that the strangest thing a diver finds when he first takes to making descents below the sea's surface is the absolute silence amid which he moves. The workers in the Eureka were saved from this experience. Speech was permitted to them, and for the first few days at least they chatted a good deal as they worked, but in time the numbing grip of deadly monotony took hold of them and seemed to choke their intellects, so that it became their habit to go through with the loathed toil in silence.

The place where they did this work, facetiously called the "engine room," was situated a little abaft 'midships and lay immediately above the keelson. It was dark, for the supply of condensed gases for the oxyhydrogen light was limited, and, as Dr. Tring pointed out, one does not need light to push and pull at a crank which cannot get out of position. Moreover, it was the stuffiest place in the ship and, by universal

"Hold your din, you great fool!"

consent, the most objectionable. Save for the lookout and steersman in the conning tower, all hands were in this engine room when the Eureka was under weigh beneath the surface, though even when the six of them were working their hardest her pace was desperately slow.

Cain Laversha, whose services above the surface had been almost valueless, here fell into the knack at once and professed himself quite contented with his occupation. It was monotonous, and he liked monotony, and there was no brain effort required. The rest toiled because they had to, and tried to keep their spirits up by remembering the golden end which their hopes told them was coming to the weary labor.

It was not the first spell which came so unkindly. The conditions of working were such that even that was, of course, not pleasant. But then no one expected it to last for long, and so all endured it cheerfully. But when it came to be day after day and day after day, and when the days lengthened out to weary weeks, the loathing with which they approached the endless toil became so great that even stolid Cain Laversha began to grumble, and when he lifted up his voice in complaint the case was bad indeed.

The work, however, was not without the occasional excitement of unexpected peril. Once, when the Eureka was rising to the surface, but still far down in the abyssmal depths, something jammed in one of the pumps. Tom Jelly and Hans Spiedernichel, who had gone to man the forward pump, came tumbling aft again with horror written on their faces and announced what had occurred. The fear of death came upon every one of the listeners. Even Cain Laversha, whom nothing up to that point had moved into any expression either of pleasure or of pain, dropped his ham colored face into the hollows of his hands and groaned aloud.

"Zusan Pierce," he moaned, "Zusan Pierce, I be lost to 'ee, an the varm all goes to Abel. This be a terrible end—terrible. I vear I shall ba'nt 'ee, Zusan Pierce. I bain't able to die quiet like thikky."

"Hold your din, you great fool!" said Dr. Tring angrily on hearing the tail end of this lament, "and go and put some beef into the break of the pump."

"Something may smash if we put too much force into it," hazarded Guthrie, "and if it does the water will come in."

"If it does," replied the doctor in a husky whisper, "it will be quickly over with us. That will be better than staying where we are using up our store of oxygen and then sitting helpless till we choke by slow degrees. Go!"

Guthrie went with the others. They strained and strained at the break of the force pump, heaving it up and down against a pressure upon which their combined might made no impression. But at last something gave way. There was a rush of water. They stopped their efforts and listened. Then, "Hoch!" cried Spiedernichel, who was lying with his ear clapped up against the iron plating. "Hoch! It was gegushing out of her!"

They turned to the pumps again. Relieved of the obstruction, these worked freely once more, and in a very few moments the Eureka was at the surface.

What exactly had gone wrong was never found out for certain, but Dr. Tring conjectured that a fish or some other sea animal had got pinned in one of the valves and so prevented its working. Be that as it may, the danger was a fearful one, and, when the Eureka did come to the surface, she lay there for two days before Dr. Tring and the captain could bring themselves to order another descent.

And once, too, they encountered another submarine peril that none of them had counted upon. Fish there were in plenty in the upper stratum where the daylight penetrated, and, as has already been said, they were by no means shy, but came swimming and shooting around the ketch, evidently full of curiosity to see what the strange thing might be which had come into their domain. But in the heavy depths below, where the soft gleam which filled the upper regions gave place to a coaly blackness, no life whatever was to be seen, and the observers in the conning tower had come to believe that the dreary solitudes of the ocean floor were utterly untenanted.

But one day Dolly, who was on the lookout, gave a call, and the doctor, who was working with the others at the crank, bade Guthrie go up to the conning tower and see what was amiss.

"Look there, Alan," cried Dolly, "right down the lantern rays. What is it? I saw it move up out of the ooze just now. See, it's keeping pace with us!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Science of Winter Feeding.

Feed the cattle, dairy cows and all, plenty of good fodder; it is a roughage without a superior in the kingdom, and the finer the better. Grass is short now and winter feeding will be inaugurated at once. Remember, the modern live stock grower feeds for a purpose; if he is preparing animals for beef he feeds rations that will fatten; if for milk he gives a milk-producing diet; if for bone and muscle he metes out clover hay, bran, oats, and the like. Let us have a good reason for feeding certain rations, and better results will come from efforts in this direction.

Abreast of the Times.

Spatts—Miss Elder is much older than I thought.

Hunker—Impossible!

Spatts—Well, I asked her if she had read "Aesop's Fables," and she said she read them when they first came out.—Tit-Bits.

Adorning the Christmas Tree.

The foliage of a Christmas tree may be brushed here and there with mucilage and then sprinkled with common salt and a very pleasing result is obtained. A pretty drapery for the tree is made by cutting long strips, about four inches wide, of tissue paper, then cutting it closely, partly, but not entirely, across the widths, making fringes. If the strips be dampened and held over a hot stove, the fringed edges will curl and look quite ornamental.—Omaha Bee.

Where Toys Are Made.

The greatest toy producing districts are the Thuringia mountains, sometimes called the Thuringia forests; the ancient city of Nuremberg, in Bavaria, and the region of the Erzgeberg mountains. The most interesting of these localities is the Thuringia mountain district. Situated in upper Saxony, its time and industry are entirely given up to the production of playthings in papier mache, china, glass, wool, wood and fur.—Baltimore Herald.

A Christmas Eve Idyl.

The hour was late; the lights burned low,
The fire but half dispelled the gloom;
A youth and maid, with cheeks aglow,
Sat silent in the room.

'Twas Christmas eve, and half in jest
They would not say good night, because
They'd vowed to watch and do their best
To see old Santa Claus.

Slow ticked the clock; they said no word;
The solemn midnight hour drew near,
And still no telltale sound was heard
Of Santa coming near.

Twelve struck; and then, all suddenly,
A guest came in, surprised the pair;
It was not Santa Claus, not he,
But Cupid that stood there!

—New York World.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.
—Tusser.

Be merry all, be merry all!
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball
To welcome merry Christmas.
—W. R. Spencer.

It is the Christmas time:
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth.
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.
—D. M. Mulock.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.
—Tennyson.

Heap on more wood! the wind is dull,
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep one Christmas merry still.
—Sir Walter Scott.

This is the time when the very old man
Leaps back to the days of youth;
When brows and eyes wear no disguise,
But flush and gleam with truth.
Oh, then is the time when the soul exults
And seems right heavenward turning;
When we love and bless the hand we press,
When the Christmas log is burning!
—Cook.

We speak of a merry Christmas
And many a happy New Year,
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.
—Longfellow.

They who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"
—James Russell Lowell.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARMY.

How the Soldier Boys Celebrated During the Sixties.

The Army of the Potomac, under General George B. McClellan, was camped about Washington from August, 1861, to March, 1862, and most of it in Virginia as far down the Potomac as Alexandria, as far up as Chain bridge and as far out toward General Beauregard and his tenacious Americans as Munson's hill. Early in December word came to the soldiers that railroad and express companies would carry free packages intended for Christmas presents and dinners for the soldiers.

That year there was a Christmas dinner for every mess. From the rich homes of the large cities had come the best in the market. From tens of thousands of farms had come the daintiest dishes that mothers, wives, sisters, daughters and sweethearts could prepare.

On Christmas, 1863, the army was shivering along the rivers Rappahannock and Rapidan, and as far out as Culpeper Court House. It was too cold, and the men were too poorly housed to enjoy the day. It was not a holiday to many—a day of misery, instead. That was the coldest Christmas the south had seen for 50 years, and it has not seen one like it since.

Christmas dinners were the order of the day in 1864. The army was strung along behind fortifications from Richmond to below Yellow House, on the Weldon railroad, a distance of nearly 40 miles. The sanitary and Christian commissions had arranged to supply the army with a Christmas dinner. Few men were overlooked. Except that in 1861, it was the happiest Christmas for the Union army since the trouble began. There were many signs that the next Christmas would be enjoyed at home, and so it was by all who escaped the hot times from March 29 to the evening of April 9, after Grant and Lee met at Appomattox.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Christmas Table Decoration.

A very pretty decoration for the table at the Christmas dinner is a tiny Christmas tree. Candied fruits and gilded and silvered walnuts make it bright and seasonable, while a little frosting with the powder that comes for the purpose makes it a beautiful object under the glitter of the lights. The tree will be trimmed and prepared for you by any florist and should be planted in a fancy low vase or dish. The picturesque dwarf evergreens that come from Japan are most effective when used in this way, and yet they are such costly treasures that few who own them are willing to make table decorations of them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S PLUCK.

Story of a British Barbara Frietchie at Ladygrey, Cape Colony.

The correspondent of the Mail cables from Cape Town under date of November 19 as follows: "A superb instance of woman's pluck is reported from Ladygrey, the chief town of the native reserve near the Free State border. When the Boers entered the town they went to the post office with the intention of taking possession of it. They were met by the postmistress, an English woman, who not only declined to turn over the office to them, but ordered them off the premises. The Boers were nonplussed by the lady's determined manner, but went outside and hoisted the Free State flag. The postmistress tore it down and put up the Governor's proclamation against treason. The Boers finally retired. The last accounts from Ladygrey state that the heroic woman is still in possession of the post office. Free Staters are gradually advancing on Barkley East."

A WONDERFUL FEAT

All Toronto is Talking of a Most Remarkable Occurrence.

Are the Days of Miracles With Us Again?—Recent Events in Certain Directions Would Seem to Indicate That They Are.

Toronto, Dec. 13.—A few weeks ago the press of this city gave the particulars of a successful case of skin-grafting, a large number of patients in the hospital voluntarily permitting the surgeons to take from their arms and chests small pieces of skin, which were "grafted" on the back of a young lad who had been terribly burned some time previously, and whose back was entirely covered with these engrafted pieces, which have "taken root" so to speak, in the most satisfactory manner.

Now comes the report of a still more wonderful triumph of medical skill—a man who was horribly mangled and broken by a fall of forty-five feet, and who has been an almost totally helpless cripple in consequence, having restored to him the comparatively full use of his limbs, and fully all his wonted strength and health. The narrative is a most interesting one and shows clearly the wonderful extent of modern medical resources.

The man who has had this rare experience is George Roberts, a well-known bricklayer, who lives at 82 Armstrong Avenue. At the time of the accident he was working on one of the walls of the building now known as the Toronto Opera House, but which was then the Adelaide Street Roller Skating Rink. The bones of both his legs were broken at the ankles, the joints in his left foot were dislocated and other injuries equally severe, were inflicted. For six months the victim lay in the hospital, his legs in splints, and his foot in a plaster of Paris cast. The most skilful medical men in Toronto attended him, and succeeded in setting the fractured bones in the legs, but the dislocated joints of the foot defied all their skill. It was found utterly impossible to keep the bones in their places, and at the end of six months Mr. Roberts left the hospital a helpless cripple, with little prospects of ever recovering the use of the foot. After a time, however, the bones grew together and he was thus enabled to move about, though there was not the least semblance of movement in the joints. But with this change came new troubles. Rheumatism of the most agonizing nature set in, and his nervous system became a source of continual torture. Day after day, experiments intended for his relief were made, doctor after doctor treated him, one kind of medicine after another was used, but all efforts were fruitless. For two years he endured increasing torment, and, as he told the reporter, had it not been for the sinfulness of the petition, he would have prayed that he might die. This pitiable suffering continued until a few weeks ago, when what many of his neighbors look upon as a genuine miracle he was completely restored to health. In a voice broken and quivering with emotion, he told the reporter how this happened.

"Of late my sufferings had grown almost unbearable. The lower portion of my body was entirely without feeling, except that of the burning agony caused by my rheumatism, and my quivering nerves. I was at this time, watching with interest the case of a young girl, Laura Sheehan, who had been brought home from St. Michael's hospital to die, but who was steadily getting better since her mother began giving her Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills. So wonderful was her improvement that I thought I would try the medicine myself. I did so, and thank God, it made a new man of me. My terrible, agonizing rheumatic pains are gone. My nerves are now as sound, strong and steady as ever they were, and I am enjoying the best of health and can eat and sleep naturally, and do a full day's work. I have used, I believe, every remedy you can name, but they did me not a particle of good. Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills alone benefitted me. They have given me new life—made me a new man in fact—and I earnestly and honestly urge every man or woman who suffers from rhumatism or broken down nervous system to take this most excellent medicine. When it cured me, it will cure anyone."

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills are made to cure disease in the only rational way—by killing the germs that cause it. They stand alone in this respect, for no other medicine made destroys the germs of disease in the system.

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills are sold by all first-class druggists at 75 cents a box, sample box 25 cents, or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King West, Toronto.

Made a Clean Job.

Twitter—I hear you had a sneak thief at your house last night. Did a pretty fair job, didn't he?

Trotter—Well, yes. In fact, he left nothing to be desired.

Housekeeper's Suggestion.

"The leopard," he quoted, "cannot change his spots."

"How do you know?" she asked. "Has he ever tried benzine?"

BACK TO SAVAGERY

Domestic Animals That Return to a Wild State.

Wild cats, the genuine article, are getting very rare in Great Britain. Yet every keeper of big preserves shoots each year several cats, which are, to all intents and purposes, wild animals.

Pussy very easily reverts to a savage life. He takes to the woods, where he lives on the daintiest fare—young rabbits and pheasants being his favorite food. Cats are favorite pets with sailors. The consequence is, several islands have become peopled with cats from wrecks.

Sandy-Sable Island, the "graveyard of the Atlantic," is one. Cats there run wild in dozens and are very savage. A lighthouse keeper was attacked last year by one he had tried to shoot, and was shockingly bitten in the face.

The sand-dunes of a tiny island off the Jersey coast were until lately infested with the descendants of a number of Manx cats which escaped from the wreck of a brig bound from the Isle of Man to New York. There were hundreds of them. They lived on rabbits, and became such a nuisance they had to be hunted down with dogs and guns.

Dogs do not run wild so easily as cats. But collies, which seem the nearest English breed to wolves, will sometimes take a wild life. Notably is the case in Northern Patagonia, where the Welsh sheep farmers are suffering heavy losses from a pack of wild collies.

These are supposed to be the descendants of a pair of real Scotch collies owned by an up-country farmer. He died suddenly, and his dogs took to devouring the sheep they had hitherto protected. Not even wolves are as destructive as these wild dogs.

The Island of Ascension was once covered with fine forests. It owes its present desolation to the goats which the Spaniards turned loose there nearly 300 years ago. They increased to thousands, and devoured all the vegetation. The torrential rains finished the mischief, and to-day Ascension merits only too well its title of "The Cinders."

Pigs are notoriously able to shift for themselves. The northern province of New Zealand has suffered severely from a plague of hogs, descendants of plump English porkers. Captain Cook is said to have been responsible for their importation. They are being cleared out now, but 20 years ago two men shot over 5,000 in one year.

On the coast of Maine, U. S., is an island inhabited by sheep, which are as wild and as well able to take care of themselves as the goats on Ascension. They climb the cliffs like chamois, and are not easily seen or shot at.

That horses run wild over the Western States of America everyone knows. They are of mustang stock, and descended from the barbs imported long ago by the Spaniards.

Battle Scenes to be Biographed.

Unless the zeal of the operator places him hors de combat, the people of this country will have an opportunity of witnessing the battle scenes in South Africa without turning a hair. The War Office have consented to allow Mr. Kennedy L. Dickson, of the British Mutoscope and Biograph Company, to accompany the army corps. He started in the same vessel with Sir Redvers Buller, and he will reproduce and dispatch to London the scene of the general's embarking at Southampton.

To a Chronicle representative the managing director of the company confided the information that Mr. Dickson's chief instruction is to biograph "at any cost and under any circumstances the views showing the Union Jack going up at Pretoria." He stated further that pictures of Sir Redvers Buller taken on the voyage would be dispatched from Maderia. The operator is to "snap up" as many battlefield engagements as he can after landing, and by an arrangement with the Castle Line Company the films will be forwarded to England with all possible speed.

Points to Remember.

There is a Ladysmith in Natal and a Ladysmith in the Cape Colony.

Mafeking, in Bechuanaland, should not be confounded, as it very often is, with Mafeking, a district of Basutoland.

Maraisburg is a valley in the Cradock district of Cape Colony, while Murraysburg also in Cape Colony, is in the Graaff-Reinet district.

Langlaate, part and parcel of Johannesburg, is not to be confounded with Elands Laagte, where the battle was fought in Natal.

Bira is a seaport town in Portuguese East Africa. Berea is a district of Basutoland, and Berea, again, is a suburb of Durban, Natal.

Durban and Durbanville are far apart. The former is the most important seaport town in Natal, the latter being a small village eighteen miles from Cape Town.

Jacobsdal is a small village near Zeerust, while Jacobsdal is in the Orange Free State.

Sterkstroom in Cape Colony has no connection with the place of the same name in the Transvaal.

Summer Revolutions.

How doth the merry biking girl,
Improve each shining minute,
As her dainty feet the pedals whirl
For everything that's in it.

DAIRYING IN ALBERTA.

Considerable Development Has Taken Place in This Line.

Mr. William Pierce, of the Dominion Land Granting Department, with headquarters at Calgary, N. W. T., is in Montreal, and in conversation with a reporter gave some interesting facts concerning conditions in Southern Alberta.

Although Alberta is primarily a stock raising country, Mr. Pierce says that the industry of dairying has recently received a considerable development there, and come to figure conspicuously among the activities of the people of that section. The physical features and climatic conditions are such as to be very favorable for dairy purposes, and it is probable that exports of butter, cheese and eggs from Alberta will figure largely among the products of the Dominion within a few years.

Cattle raising, of course, will always have a great hold on Alberta, the country being especially adapted to grazing purposes, and the mines of British Columbia offering a near and profitable market. The larger of the animals are exported to Great Britain, whilst British Columbia takes the smaller but equally good stock.

The dairy industry in Alberta is reaping excellent results, Mr. Pierce says, from the government establishment of creameries in the North West. The facilities afforded by cold storage accommodation at Calgary were still further instrumental in the same direction.

As for the possibilities of the country in the way of development of any mineral resources which it may possess, Mr. Pierce says that so far little gold has been discovered. Coal, however, is mined in large quantities, and affords very large profits to the owners of the mines at Lethbridge, Canmore and other places.

Irrigation is largely practised in Southern Alberta, and Mr. Pierce says that about 100,000 acres are thus artificially watered by private owners there. During the past two years, however, the rainfall has been abundant, and the need of irrigation has not been felt.

Private irrigation costs about $6 an acre but when carried out on a large scale by co-operative measures, the expense is considerably less. At present a large company is engaged in the work of irrigation along these lines, and the officials of the company are using their efforts to induce immigration into the country from across the border. Their efforts in this direction, Mr. Pierce says, have been very successful, and Alberta is rapidly filling with a desirable population of intelligent farmers.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
(SEAL.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Size of the War Territory.

Few persons have anything but the vaguest of ideas concerning the size of the territory in which the war is being carried on. Roughly speaking, that part of South Africa which is affected is about as long as the distance from Quebec to the regions of Lake Superior and as wide as from the Great Lakes to the waters of Hudson Bay. Here are some of the distances which must be traversed: From Cape Town to De Aar is 501 miles, to Kimberley 647, to Vryburg 774, to Mafeking 870, to Bulawayo 1,361, to Bloemfontein 750, to Viljoen's Drift 959, to Johannesberg 1,014, to Pretoria 1,040; from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria 349, to Johannesberg 395; from Fort Elizabeth to Bloemfontein 450, to Viljoen's Drift 659, to Johannesberg 714; from Durban to Pietermaritzburg 70, to Ladysmith 189, to Glencoe 231, to Newcastle 268, to Lain's Nek 301, to Volksrust 308, to Johannesberg 483, and to Pretoria 511.

Ends in a Tragedy.

Hewitt—Does the new play have a happy ending?

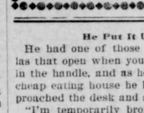
Jewett—No; the hero and heroine marry in the last act.

Manuscripts in Vatican Library.

A few decades ago the manuscript treasures in the vatican library were practically inaccessable. Since then one barrier after another has been removed, and now the present director, Ehrle, has decided to have duplicates made of many of the most valuable and oldest manuscripts, with all their illustrations, for the benefit of other libraries.

Mind This
It Makes no Difference

RHEUMATISM



CHRONIC, ACUTE, or INFLAMMATORY, of the Muscles or Joints, is cured by St. Jacobs Oil

He Put It Up.

He had one of those patent umbrellas that open when you touch a spring in the handle, and as he drifted into a cheap eating house he hesitatingly approached the desk and said:

"I'm temporarily broke. Can I put this up for a meal?"

The man behind the desk gave a quick glance at the silver handled silk umbrella and nodded his head.

Thereupon the stranger touched the spring, thus putting the umbrella up.

The man behind the desk breathed hard for a minute and then said:

"It's on me. You can have the best there is in the house."—Chicago Post.

AFTER EFFECTS OF FEVER.

Mrs. Angle, of Merritton, Suffered so Severely That Her Friends Feared She Was Likely to Be a Permanent Invalid.

In the picturesque village of Merritton resides Mrs. William Angle, who, after months of suffering, has found a cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Angle relates as follows the experience through which she has passed. "Four years ago this spring, while a resident of Buffalo, I had an attack of typhoid fever and the disease left me in a worn out and extremely nervous condition, so that the least noise startled me. I could not sleep at times for a week on account of terrible attacks of heart trouble. Then again my head would trouble me and I had bad dreams. I had no appetite and lost twenty-two pounds in weight and had become so very thin that my friends were alarmed. While in this condition I was treated by two physicians but with no avail. I tried everything recommended but still found no relief. Finally a relative persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After I had taken the first box I could see a change for the better, so I continued the use of the pills until I had finished six boxes and the results were most gratifying. I now have normal sleep, there is no more twitching in my hands, the palpitations have ceased, and I have gained in weight and strength. My whole system seems toned up, and I feel entirely well. I feel grateful to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., and hope they will keep up the good work of administering to the afflicted."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

TO PREVENT THE GRIP
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

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The Best Made. Send for Catalogue.
COCKSHUTT PLOW CO., BRANTFORD.

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL, Circle Teas, L.S. & B. Coffees, L.S. & B. Extracts, L.S. & B. Spices
Specialties at wholesale.
Write us. HAMILTON.

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WATCH ABSOLUTELY FREE, warranted perfect time-keeper to Boys and Girls for distributing Advertising Matter. Won't cost you a cent. Send address for particulars. SMITH BROS., LONDON.

T. N. U. 250

Germany's Need.

Germany is now worrying over the fact that there has been a serious decrease in sheep breeding there and a consequent increase in imports of wool. The number of sheep in the United States has increased from 5,000,000 to 50,000,000 head, while in Germany the flocks have decreased from 40,000,000 to 10,000,000 head. German imports of wool have jumped from 25,662,555 pounds in 1880 to 210,614,103 pounds in 1898. In spite of this enormous extension of the German market and the equally phenomenal increase of sheep breeding in the United States this country supplies Germany with practically no wool at all, the principal sources of her supply being Argentina, Australia, Cape Colony and Great Britain.

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

Customary.

"Leave the house," cried little Binks, making a brave bluff of strength to the burglar. "I intend to, my small friend," replied the burglar, courteously. "I am merely after the contents. When I take houses I do it through the regular real estate channels."

That Red Nose will soon become respectable in appearance by taking Miller's Compound Iron Pills. 50 doses 25 cents.

Mormons in Switzerland.

Mormonism has taken refuge in Switzerland. Recently published statistics apprise us that there are no fewer than 1,100 Mormons scattered about the Swiss republic.

Economics.

"The present trouble is that there are too many men for the number of jobs," said the amateur lecturer on the situation.

"And that ain't all, mister," interrupted Dismal Dawson. "Another trouble is that there is too much work to the job after a man get's it."

CANCER RUNS IN FAMILIES.

Those With Hereditary Predisposition Should Take Treatment in Time.

The writer on cancers, in the British Encyclopedia, says that nearly half of all cases can be traced to hereditary predisposition. Nearly every authority on malignant growths emphasises the fact that in a large proportion of cases it will be found that either the father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, died of the disease. This hereditary tendency to cancer shows that the disease must be of a constitutional nature, and it should always put these persons, whose progenitors have died of the disease, on their guard to take treatment on the very first indication of its approach.

And now light has been shed on the methods of treating this serious malady. The barbarities of the knife and plaster with their seven-in-the-hundred chances of failures and recurrences, have been superceded by a constitutional remedy that builds up the depleted strength, searches out the cancer poison in every corner of the system, and without any cutting or suffering radically and permanently cures the disease.

We do not publish testimonials in the papers, as sensitive people do not care to parade their ailments for the benefit of the curious. These people are only too glad, however, for any sufferer to have the benefit of their experience. If you are interested in this matter and desire further information, send us two stamps and we will mail you treatise and testimonials. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont. Mention this paper.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Permanently Cured. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No Fits of Nervousness after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle sent through Canadian Agency FREE to Fit patients, they paying express charges only when received. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Philadelphia, Pa.