

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

There are 15,000 acres of oyster beds in the Bay of Archachon, France, which yield 300,000,000 oysters a year.

Gelatine is the latest adulteration of butter. By adding gelatine, which absorbs ten times its weight of water, the consistency of the butter is retained and the water adulteration is not noticed.

It is not necessary to have different metals to obtain a current of electricity. Iron in nitric acid, the two fluids being separated by a porous partition, will give a current, one plate wasting away while the other is thickened.

Steam and gas fitters have just learned that graphite properly prepared is superior to red lead for making joints and connections. It is said that this article will not "set" under any conditions, but that it makes a perfect joint and preserves the iron from rust.

William C. Kingsley, projector of the Brooklyn bridge, estimated many years ago, that in the infancy of the enterprise, that 30,000,000 persons per annum would require its maximum capacity, and that this number of people would be using the bridge in 1900. Already 27,500,000 people cross the bridge, and at the present rate of increase Mr. Kingsley's estimate may be reached in 1890, ten years before the time fixed by him.

Freshly-made glue is stronger than that which has been repeatedly melted. Too large a quantity should not, therefore, be made at a time. Glue may be freed from the foreign animal matter generally in it by softening it in cold water, washing it with the same several times, till it no longer gives out any color, then bruising it with the hand, and suspending it in a linen bag beneath the surface of a large quantity of water at the 66 degrees Fahrenheit. By doing this the pure glue is retained in the bag and the soluble impurities pass through. If the softened glue be heated to 122 degrees without water and filtered, some other impurities will be retained by the filter, and a colorless solution of glue be obtained.

A new idea is a bed-spring which shall serve as a fire escape in time of danger. It consists of four sets of springs, seven feet long and just wide enough when laid together to set in a bed frame. Each set is attached to the adjoining one by a clamp, which unites iron appendages fastened to the end of the springs. These appendages add to the length of the arrangement so as to make it about thirty feet long while hanging out of the window. One side of each set of springs is fitted with rung made of wrought iron, the only part of the contrivance not of steel. The rungs, which are on the outside when the springs depend from the window, and about fifteen inches apart, form a pretty strong ladder, which may be made use of for descent.

A Turtle in the Sea.

Some years ago when doing a walking tour in England with a friend we left the pretty little seaside resort of D—, in Devonshire, for T—, five miles distant, also situated by the sea. As we were about leaving D—, I asked the hotel proprietor on bidding him adieu if he could recommend us to a nice hotel at our next halting place. He named the "King's Arms," said we should find the host a jolly fellow, and, above all, he was the only man in that part of the country who could give us a basin of real turtle soup, and cheap, too. We could scarcely believe it and the few miles flew by in joyful anticipation of our first course. Arrived at the "King's Arms" we sought "mine host," apparently a very genial soul, but to our intense surprise on mentioning turtle soup he flew into a towering rage, said we could see his bill of fair and if that didn't suit us we could leave it. We should have thought him quite insulting and turned our backs upon him but were curious to know what angered him. We stayed, not a very good dinner, minus the soup, but saw no more of the proprietor during our short sojourn. Of the water, however, we inquired about the turtle soup and his abruptness to us. He smiled and said: "Well, I'll tell 'e, gentlemen. Some time ago there was a large dinner coming off here and master bought a fine turtle in London (which cost 25s) about a week before the dinner, and boasted to everybody that he was going to 'surprise the natives.' Well, a day or so before the feast a gentleman told master the turtle would enjoy a sea bath, which would improve him for the soup, so master took him down to the beach, tied a rope on his leg and sat down to watch his prize. Then," said our informant, "the old beggar (master) dropped off to sleep, let go the rope and the turtle went off to sea and so boss has been teased to death about it."

The Czar's Ambition.

The Czar's highest aim is to be crowned "Emperor of Asia" on the site of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Crimean War had its origin in the quarrels over the holy places in Palestine, and was a continuation of the conflict between East and West which the crusades left still unsettled. Every step of the Russians toward Constantinople is thus a step toward Jerusalem. It is of great significance that the Emperor Alexander III. regards much more upon the power of religious enthusiasm than either of his predecessors did. He wishes to procure a more official and ostentatious consecration of his religious authority, and to have his position emphasized as the supreme protector of the Eastern churches and the Orthodox Faith, and so ally all the Greek-Oriental churches and peoples around the person and office of the Czar as the Constantine and Justinian of the modern world. This bold project has been long in preparation, is never lost sight of in any diplomatic movement, and no sacrifice of money is thought too great to secure this end. Numbers of settlements of Eastern sects, of apparently harmless and unprejudiced character, have been and are being founded, and Russia finds money to pay for the purchase of the land. Lonely Jacob's Ladder. On Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in California, at a level of 14,000 feet above the sea and 1,500 feet above the timber line, where there is no soil and no moisture save snow and hail and ice, there grows a little flower shaped like a bell-flower, gaudy in color of red, purple and blue. It is called Jacob's ladder and its fragrance partakes of the white jasmine. It blooms alone, for it has no floral associate, but there is a company, not even bird or insect, to keep

The Pit-Brow Women.

All legislation restricting the occupations in which women may engage should be most closely watched, as what is intended for a philanthropic measure may cause great evil. An instance of the necessity of this occurred a short time ago in England. The law abolishing female labor in mines has admittedly done great good, and when a measure was introduced into the Imperial Parliament preventing the employment of women at the pit-brow, it, on the face of it, looked as if it was but an extension of the principle. These pit-brow women are employed, particularly in Lancashire, to screen over and save the small coal. They earned moderately good wages, and the work while hard was neither unhealthy nor did it bring them into degrading surroundings. The plea of the advocates of the measure was that the work was unwomanly, and as a proof of this they alleged that the women committed the unpardonable offence of wearing trousers and coats when at work. The pit-brow women were not at all inclined to allow themselves to be outlawed without a protest. A strong deputation of theirs, clad in their working clothing, interviewed the Home Secretary in order to induce him to get the Government to oppose the bill. They succeeded in their efforts and have still the right to earn an honest livelihood in the open air. The underlying cause of the bill being presented was that the trades unions were desirous of getting possession of the women's branch of the work.

We all Break Down There.

He was about to die for a cold-blooded murder. Standing beneath the gallows he made a short talk. He spoke of his impending death with slight emotion. Then of "his people" with some signs of tears. Then of his wife with sobs and a trembling voice. Then of "his old mother"—and then he broke down completely and gave way to uncontrollable grief.

Ah, yes! It is right there that we all break down. At the thought of "the old mother," with her graying hairs, her kindly face, across which time and sorrow are cutting their furrows, and her faith and affection that never wavers or doubts, it is to "the old mother" that man's heart turns at last when trouble, or affliction, or remorse overtakes him. Other loves may be stronger, and the passion of other loves may obscure this for a time. The wife clinging in absorbed happiness to the arm, or little ones, clambering, fond and trustful about the knee, may efface all thought of "the old mother." But when a great crisis comes, and the strong man is bending beneath a burden too grievous to be borne, the vision comes to him of one, idealized in his heart at least, who never doubted, who never wearied, but who loved all the time with a love that passeth understanding. The wife wondering at this at first, accepts it at last, quietly acquiescing, but happy in her mother's heart to know that from her own children in the days to come this same miracle shall be rendered unto her!

To Discover his Fate.

Various projects are afloat in England for sending a small expedition to Khartoum to ascertain the actual fate of Gordon and to secure, if possible, the release of the hapless whites who are prisoners there. Mr. Montagu Kerr, who was a member of the New York Stock Exchange before he distinguished himself as an African explorer, has been mentioned as the leader of the proposed expedition. The Sudanese have recently shown a disposition to palaver, if not to submit, and if the new Mahdi is not nursing his wrath over the curt dismissal of the envoys he sent to Cairo last spring, it is possible that he would give a safe passage to the expedition. It would, however, be a risky venture. The Sudan is now nearly in the condition it was in when it fell like a ripe plum into the hands of Egypt. Trade with the outside world is utterly paralyzed, and the intestine fighting of rival chiefs is weakening the central authority at Omdurman. This state of things cannot last forever, and the fact that the actual needs of the Sudanese will some day cause the barriers they had built around them to be overthrown perhaps affords a glimmer of hope to Lupton Bey and the other fellows who are now making cartridges for the Arab musketers.

Self Control.

It is a very meagre conception of self-control that would limit it to the simple restraint, of outward expression. Yet this is frequently the only idea which the word calls up. The passionate man who puts back the angry word that rises to his lips, the inquisitive man who refrains from asking impertinent questions, the loquacious man who imposes a painful silence on himself, the vain man who conceals his self-admiration, the excited man who hides his perturbed emotions under a clam exterior, are cited as illustrations of self-control, and no deeper or wider meaning is attached to it. Yet, in truth, these and similar efforts of repression, while belonging to self-control, partaking of its nature and hinting of its presence, no more comprehend it than the faint perfume of a blossom comprehends the entire plant which bore it; for they have to do only with the phenomena which self presents to the world, whereas self-control has to deal with the real self, its manifold faculties, complex characteristics, delicate variations.

Prince Bismarck's Gallantry.

An interesting anecdote of Prince Bismarck's gallantry is going the rounds of the German press. It appears that two young English ladies living in Dresden went to Berlin on a visit, and wishing to make the most of their time wrote to the Chancellor, expressing their fervent wish to see him, whereupon they received an invitation to his palace, where they were most kindly received. A servant took them through the palace and showed them everything of interest, with which they were, of course, greatly delighted, their joy culminating when Prince Bismarck himself suddenly appeared and addressed them most kindly in fluent English, walking with them for some time in the garden before bidding them farewell.

A New Motor.

A Frenchman drove into Waterville, Maine, a few days ago, his faithful "steed" being a monstrous Newfoundland dog. He came from a town in Canada, distant 150 miles, and had been on the road three days. The driver is confident that he can outstrip the best horses in a day's journey.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A Man Deserts His Wife, Marries Another Woman, Causes Trouble by Dying Suddenly.

A Halifax despatch says:—A most romantic story has just been made public here. Thirty-five years ago Joseph McGill deserted his wife and six children in Edinburgh and came to Halifax, but never communicated with his family or allowed them to learn of his whereabouts. He obtained employment on the Intercolonial Railway as locomotive driver, under the assumed name of Joseph McLellan. Twenty-five years ago he committed bigamy by marrying Margaret Tobin, of this city. They lived happily together, accumulated property and raised a family. Five years ago the Catholic Missioners held service here, when McGill alias McLellan confessed to Father Wissell that he was guilty of bigamy and was now going under an assumed name. Father Wissell prohibited marital relations with the second wife. For four years these were suspended, the couple

LIVING UNDER THE SAME ROOF

with their children, but as strangers. The injunctions of the church and remorse of conscience finally compelled McGill to go to Edinburgh to enquire into the fate of his first wife and family. He went last May, found his wife had been dead two years and four of his six children dead. To the two surviving children he revealed himself as their long-lost father, confessed the story of his bigamy and shame, but promised to provide for them out of his accumulated property. Then he came back to Halifax and privately remarried the woman whom he had lived with a quarter of a century as his wife. He was married to this woman both times under his true name of McGill, though still retaining among his friends and the public the assumed name of McLellan. On the 11th of February last, he was instantly killed by falling from a locomotive and striking his head on the sharp spout of an oil can. He was sixty-six years old, left no will, but his life was insured for three thousand dollars in the Locomotive Brotherhood Association in the name of McLellan. They

REFUSE TO PAY THE POLICY

to his second wife, on the ground that the policy is payable to Margaret McLellan, whereas she is the widow of Joseph McGill. To complicate matters still further, deceased's eldest daughter, Mrs. Jane Fraser, arrived from Edinburgh, a few days ago, made affidavits to the Probate Court, and has been granted the administration of her father's estate, but the second wife and family are in possession and threaten a hot fight. The priest who recently remarried the couple without license is liable to two hundred dollars' fine.

An Armless Man.

Recently there died at Pottsdam, New York, a wonderful man. An accident deprived him of both arms, which were amputated at the shoulder. He earned a living by using his feet and his mouth instead of his arms. We are told that he owned a horse, of which he took the entire care, harnessed it, fastened and unfastened the buckles with his teeth, and drove with the reins tied around his shoulders. Being in need of a wagon, he bought wheels and axles and built a box buggy complete and painted it. He went to the barn one winter day and built a cowstable, sawing the timber with his feet, and with the hammer in one foot and holding the nail with the other, he nailed the boards on as well as most men could do with their hands. He dug a well twelve feet deep and stoned it himself. He could move away hay by holding the fork under his chin and letting it rest against his shoulder. He could pick up potatoes in the field as fast as a man could dig them. He would dress himself, get his meals, write his letters, and, in fact, do almost anything that any man with two hands could do. Many a man with all his physical faculties, unimpaired mourns because he cannot get along, and yet this armless brother made himself independent without arms or hands. He was like the Crimean hero, who, when his lower limbs were shot away, wrote to the woman he was engaged to marry, releasing her. She answered: I will marry you if you have enough body remaining to contain your noble soul.

Russia's Royal Sorrows.

I hear from St. Petersburg that the slight improvement which recently took place in the Czarina's health has not been sustained. The Empress is a prey to a deep melancholy, and so pronounced was this some weeks ago that the Czar, in alarm, called in Dr. Bukowitz—whom, however, the Empress refused to see. The journey to the Don Cossack country somewhat roused the Empress from her sadness, but now that she is back in Gatschina the old depression is again asserting itself. The fact is that the Czarina lives in a state of constant terror, which is all the more oppressive because of the necessity of hiding it from the Czar. Then the young Czarewitch gives cause for no little anxiety. I have it upon undoubted authority that the heir apparent to the Russian throne has been pronounced by physicians to be within a measurable distance of sheer lunacy. Nor is his physical health much better than his mental condition. Of all women in the world the Czarina of Russia is most to be pitied. Her husband is in daily peril of assassination and her eldest son is on the verge of lunacy.

In Business for Herself.

Dry Goods Dealer (to saleswoman)—I was very sorry, Miss Satinette, to receive your resignation. Aren't you satisfied with your place here?

Miss Satinette—Yes, sir; but I've had the offer of a better one.

Dry Goods Dealer—Well, if it is a question of salary, Miss Satinette, I would be willing—

Miss Satinette—It is not a question of salary, sir. Young Mr. Highcollar of the furnishings department made me an advantageous offer last evening, which I accepted. I'm to be the junior member of the firm.

Kentucky Eloquence.

This is how a Kentucky orator talked about his man who was running for something or other:—"Place or banner in the hands of J. M. Sebastian, and the future will show the correctness of my assertion that high over the thunder-eyen arg of politics will it float through the dark hours of the strife, and when the struggle shall have ended, aloft over the thirty-fourth district will its ample folds spread forth, and with wild acclaim of joy will we see emblazoned thereon in burning letters of light the legend of glorious triumph—Victory."

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