HEALTH.

Mineral Water Treatment in Heart Diseases.

The following interesting and valuable paper is by an eminent Paris physician; The advisability of the use of mineral waters in the treatment of diseases of the heart is a question that has been not a little discussed of recent times, and during the last few years the waters of Aix-les-Baines, of the Mount Dore and the mud baths of Dax have been especially recommended.

The use of the latter, when they are handled with skill, is quite supported by the heart. They give it a relative amount of rest by lowering the arterial tension without hastening its contractions and at the same time they act as an energetic stimulant to the general nutrition of the body, which may possibly have a certain influence over the different forms of myocarditis, which are, after all, connected in some way with a disorder in the cardiac nutrition.

This physiological action justifies in a measure the use of certain springs and mud baths in the treatment of diseases of the heart, but I cannot go so far as to share the conviction of a certain class of physicians who are in favor of sending rheumatic patients with heart trouble to some warm mineral spring at the earliest possible moment—in other words, twenty-five or thirty days after the acute cardiac manifestations have disappeared—in the dangerous hope that the more recent the lesion the greater the chances of its being benefitted by the waters.

HYDRO-MINERAL TREATMENT BAD FOR OLD VALVULAR COMPLAINTS.

As a general thing valvular complaints of long standing are an absolute counter indication to all hydro-mineral treatment of whatever kind it may be.

The only things that we ought to treat and that we can treat are the general diseases under the influence of which cardiac trouble is produced and grows I refer especially to rheumatic complaints. At the Mount Dore, at Neris, at La Malore, at the Eaux Chaudes, at Chaudesaigues, at Saint Nectaire, at Nauheim and sometimes at Aix-les-Bains, the fits of palpitation and of oppression, and in some rare cases, the cardiac murmurs of certain rheumatic patients have been observed to disappear.

Certain cases are cited in which Bourbon-l'Archambault has caused pericardiac deposits to disappear. Young patients suffering from repeated acute rheumatic attacks and with aortic insufficiency have been known to bear for many years an energetic treatment at Dax without being at all inconvenienced thereby and have had their rheumatic manifestations greatly benefited without increasing in any way their cardiac lesions.

The conclusion which I draw from all these facts is that certain mineral waters and mud baths can be used with perfect safety with young rheumatic patients with whom the cardiac disorders are neither too recent nor too far gone, with whom the compensation is well established, and especially with whom there are no signs of endarteritis.

But to infer from these facts that all diseases of the heart can be benefited be mineral springs or mud baths is an immense mistake, as the two ideas are separated by a vast abyss which will not be closed for many a day yet.

TREATMENT OF MYOCARDITIS.

A very interesting chapter could be written on the hydro mineral treatment of the different forms of myocarditis, but in the present state of our knowledge we have not at our disposal the facts which could give to such a chapter the indispensable clinical basis of which it stands in need. I shall, therefore, be obliged to place myself on a purely theoretical standground, but at the same time on one that may at some future day be the starting point of a rational line of therapeutics.

The pathogenesis of the different forms of chronic myocarditis is still a mystery as regards its essential, anatomical process at any rate. What the bond is which connects the arthritic diathesis to the different cardiac scleroses no one is in a position to say; we do not, therefore, know of any form of preventive therapeutics.

Now the study of the disorders in the nutrition of arthritic patients with arterio sclerosis and myocarditis has led me to the following theory:

One of the characteristic points in the nutrition of uricæmic patients, for instance, is the presence in excess in the plasmata of different products of hydratation and of waste, of nitrogenous or ternary nature, with marked irritating properties and difficult to eliminate on account of their little solubility. The muscular fibres of the heart, which are in direct contact with a lymphatic cavity, pour into it constantly products of this nature. If the elimination of these products is lessened for one reason or another, (superabundance of waste products, temporary insufficiency of the passages by which they are carried off, sluggishness of the lymphatic current, &c.) these products will exercise their power of irritation on the intra cardiac connective tissue, which will proliferate, while the muscular fibre will react and become hypertrophied. Such will be the first act of an interstitial myocarditis, of which the ulterior evolution will depend on the length and degree of the source of irritation and on the nutrition of the muscular fibre.

In presence of a pathogenesis such as this what should theoretically be the treatment to be advised? It will be a treatment capable of putting a stop to the unnatural process of disassimilation which is producing these irritating substances, to hasten the lymphatic circulation and to favor all forms of elimination; it is, therefore, a treatment which both lessens the formation of irritating products and also the length of time during which they remain in the lymphatic spaces of the heart, in order to reduce to a minimum the interstitial process of irritation, which is the greater number of cases of myocarditis.

MINERAL WATERS BETTER THAN DRUGS.

Certain mineral waters can fulfil this purpose far better than all the drugs of the pharmacopœia put together. I will take for example the treatment at Aix-les-Bains.

Let us imagine a patient of hereditary anthritic temperament, with a slight degree of arteric sclerosis, not very active, following the sedentary life led by fashionable women in the country, endowed with a vigorous appetite, and satisfying it very fully at a well provided table. Little by little she notices that she loses her breath in walking; she has palpitations and irregular movements of the heart, but the ear can detect no abnormal sounds by auscultation. Slight, painful manifestations of rheumatic nature attract the attention of her physician, who advises a course of treatment at Aix-les-Bains. While there she takes a douche massage for ten minutes every other day and a short bath on the intervening days. At the end of three weeks she is obliged to interrupt the course of treatment, during which the cardiac symptoms had not seemed to have been affected in any way; but on returning to her home she soon perceives that she can now walk more easily, that she is less liable to get out of breath and that she has fewer and less intense palpitations. On comparing the analyses of urine made before and after the treatment, it is found that under its influence the process of disassimilation has been modified and that the extractive substance and uric acid, which are irritating for the different tissues, have diminished in quantity.

Have we not the right to think that there is some connection between these changes in the nutrition of the elements and the improvement in the functional cardiac symptoms? And as this patient, who is already affected with arterio sclerosis and in all likelihood predestined to interstitial myocarditis, finds that the symptoms, however slight they may have been, which betrayed the first stage of the disease, are lessened, can we not establish a relation from cause to effect between our therapeutical action and the result that has been obtained, and deduce a species of proof in support of the truth of the pathogenesis which I formulated a little above?

THE WALKING CURE.

The walking cure, which, connected with a special *regime*, has given such good results to certain physicians in Germany in the treatment of fat around the heart, probably acts in a similar way. Absolute quiet, which has for so long been enforced with cardiac patients, does them actual harm in some cases, as it favors the stagnation of the irritating substances in the lymphatic spaces of the heart. Regular and moderate exercise helps to carry off the irritating elements, mechanically at first and chemically afterward, by hastening their combustion. If the means of exit (the kidney) be sufficiently permeable the elimination of these products proceeds just so much the better. It has been noticed in the German treatment that success is more likely to follow when the urine contains no albumine.

It will be easily seen that at the present time I can do nothing more than state this theory, which seems to have a great future before it—that is to say, the prophylactic hydromineral treatment of the different forms of myocarditis at their beginning. I would like to call the careful attention of the physicians practising at the springs to this subject.

The only remaining point is to consider which springs can be used in applying this new method. They are very numerous. To the resorts which I have already named can be added Badenweiler, with its large baths, which render such great service in cardiac neuroses brought on by sexual exhaustion, hypochondria, the abuse of tobacco, &c.

In the same order of ideas the waters containing sulphate of sodium, combined with a strict *regime*, seem to me also worth trying. It is already known that Saint-Neclaire with its slight mineral qualities, has, when the treatment is well handled, an action which is very like the one of which I am speaking. This would lead me also to try Carlsbad; Brides and Mirs, but in slightly axative doses.

A Boar-Hunt in Germany.

The Germans, most philosophic of peoples are peculiarly sentimental and conservative. In the Fatherland we find customs which, strangely clashing with modern life, give a touch of romance to the prosaic occupations of this workaday century. While in France the watchword is *Nous avons change tout cela!* the stolid German, with his strong undercurrent of sentiment, has a deep reverence for the ways of his ancestors. One of the survivals from the middle ages is the royal sport of *venerie*, which in the age of chivalry was accounted scarcely less honourable than that of war itself. There is one branch which, although not now engaged in with the zest of their forefathers, still is, in its outward forms at least, followed with all the pomp and circumstance which distinguished it hundreds of years ago. We refer to the chase of the wild boar in the forests of Germany. The foremost hunt is that of the Grunewald, which, coming at frequent intervals, gives us a welcome glimpse into the manners and customs of rough old-world German life.

Invitations have been issued to the favoured, who take good care to be present at the "schloss" on the day before the great event. At an early hour next morning a prolonged blast from the gamekeepers outside informs the expectant guests that the boar has been let free. Fifteen minutes, or so, pass; and then the master of the hunt, Count Richard Dohna Schlohitten, advances to the Prince with all ceremony, and says, "Your Royal Highness, it is time for the hunt to begin." The Prince then raises his hand. With a salute, Herr Palm puts his waldhorn to his lips and blows a long and shrill blast, which, echoing and re-echoing between the castle and the woods, gives the signal for the chase.

"Lay on the dogs! Ha! ha! Tra-la-la-lira-la!" The Prince's horn rings merrily through the woods, as, followed by all the company, he pushes forward on the chase. The hounds are off on a keen scent, and as they pick up the "faehrte" of the game they give the cry that tells the hunters where to follow. Now the whole field is in full chase, and presently the leader makes room for ladies, the restlessness of whose chargers has caused a delay. Quite recently English horses alone were used for the chase. New the Emperor is very partial to Prussian streeds. They are slow; but they have greater stamina than the high-bred English hunter, and are in every way much better fitted for the rough hunt of the boar. The supreme moment has now arrived. The hounds have turned the hard-pressed animal to bay; and a full dangerous enemy he is, as he stands with bristles erect, his dingy body covered with perspiration and dirt, and his fearful tusks menacingly uncovered, while before him, in the last agonies of death, lies some poor dog whom these ugly weapons have disembowelled with one fell stroke. Careful must the hunter be who does not wish to say farewell to life. For at this moment, if the sportsman be on foot, a slip means death or, at the very least, a gaping life-wound. A wild boar at bay is one of the most ferocious of animals. The fovourable opportunity arrives, and at last the terror of the forest lies bleeding and dead. The Prince's aide-de-camp, with his hunting-knife, cuts from the nearest pine-tree a bunch of needles. His Royal Highness distributes these to the fortunate ones who are present, while the "*fang, coup de grace*, or dagger-stab in the lungs, is being given. Only those in at the death are entitled to share the bunch, which is placed in the coat or hat, and preserved as carefully as any brush. The bugles sound the "Hallali! hallali! hallali!" the death-signal of the boar. At the sound the others arrive breathless, their horses covered with foam; and, going up to the dead animal, Herr Palm with his hunting-knife, dexterously administers the "*curee*," cutting the boar open with a single stroke All now return to the castle. Hungry and chatting merrily over the day's sport, they immediately sit down to dinner, a stately and ceremonious repast, the great peculiarity of which is the utter absence of any attempt at toilet. It matters not if the uniforms be torn and bloody from the conflict, or hands and faces besmeared with the obstacles of the chase. Most wonderful of all, the ladies, their habits all dirty and stained, mayhap with blood, sit down to the board, where all are merrily determined to set aside for the time the conventionalities so far as the outward seeming is concerned. After the heavy dishes have been got through, the huntsman who mortally injured the boar has the honour of toasting the Emperor, whose health from time immemorial has been drunk in a brew called "St. Hubert's Grunewald Punch." It has recently been the custom to invite to the dinner a dozen of the most distinguished journalists of Berlin, who, attending in evening costume, are the only well-dressed members of the company. It falls to one of the journalists to prepare and read a *Jagd-Protokoll*, a description of the hunt in verse, and each separate manuscript is kept in the castle as a memorial. This task was for many years ably accomplished by the late Dr. Louis Schneider. The punch-bowl having been drained, the persons residing at a distance bethink them of home, and, with every "bunch" carefully exposed, they depart through the dark forest, the woods echoing with their songs and laughter. Soon all the company have departed; the dark forests are deserted; and the great hunt of St. Hubert is again a thing of the past—and of the future.

An Extraordinary Phenomenon.

A correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner* wrote from Chorlton on August 8, calling attention to "the magnificent phenomenon of Tuesday night last (5th inst.), which appeared in the northern heavens. Returning from the direction of Chorlton Green towards Keppel Road, one's eye was entranced as with a magic spell by one of the most beautiful sights ever witnessed. I have had the pleasure of seeing a goodly number of heavenly or solar sights, but few, if any, surpassing this one. The object must surely have been more than mere nothingness. It was first noticed to the right of and above Ursa Major, shot downwards as a huge ball of fire, then apparently nearing the base of the 'Pointers,' burst with a vivid display of variously coloured sparks, leaving behind it apparently—the distance of the one 'pointer' to the other—a streak or bar, about the length of and resembling the three bright stars often called the 'Yard-stick' in the 'Hunter's Girdle,' part of the beautiful constellation Orion, the bar itself being dotted the whole length with little diamonds of varied brilliance, which continued for the space of between fifty and sixty seconds quite distinct, then gradually, one after the other, along the bar as it were dying out. Succeeding this there was quite a thick kind of nebulæ for some ten minutes over and around the scene, similar to a portion of the 'Milky Way,' which gradually faded away, leaving a clear patch behind it. The heavens around the scene were most brilliantly lighted up for some time. The time of observation was from 11.7 P. M. exact to 11.22, or fifteen minutes, and the occasion one long to be remembered, and indeed strikingly confirming the beautiful words of the Psalmist—'The Heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork.'"

Alleged False Imprisonment.

OTTAWA, Sept. 18.—Inspector O'Leary, o the Dominion police, was last week summoned to give evidence in the suit brought by one O'Brien against Private Detective Grose, of Montreal, for damages for false imprisonment. Last year Roch lake dam on the Rideau canal was cut away, and Detective Grose was commissioned by the Government to investigate the matter. He secured evidence to warrant the arrest of two men, Teeples and O'Brien, but when the charge was heard the jury disagreed. Then O'Brien entered suit for damages for false arrest against Grose, but the case has been quashed.

Stick to the Right.

Right actions spring from right principles. In cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, cramps, colic, summer complaint, cholera morbus, etc., the right remedy is Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry,—an unfailing cure—made on the principle that nature's remedies are best. Never travel without it.

THE ORIGINAL PATAGONIANS.

What Explorer Magellan Found on his First Visit to Them.

Magellan's first American port, writes Edward Everett Hale in the August *Harper's* was the Bay of Rio Janeiro, to which he gave the name of Santa Lucia. It had been explored by Lopez four years before, and even before that time. There was one Portuguese trader settled on an island in the bay, the pioneer settler of the great city which stands there to-day. The whole crew were delighted with the luxuries of the climate and the cordiality of the simple natives. "You can buy six hens for a king of diamonds," says Pigafelta, the amusing historian of the voyage. "They are not Christians, but they are not idolators, for they adore nothing; instinct is their only law." This is his summary account of their religious habit and condition, an account proved to be quite inadequate by more careful inquiries. After thirteen days spent in this bay the squadron resumed its voyage of discovery.

They looked in at the great estuary of the River La Plata, but Solis, who had lost his life there, had already discovered that this was not a passage to the Pacific. Still coasting southward they sighted and perhaps landed on the Island of Penguins and the Island of Sea Lions, and there were struck by a terrible storm. Not far from these islands, on the shore of the continent, they discovered the Bay of San Julian, and here Magellan determined to winter.

Magellan made his ships secure at the shore, built a forge and storehouse and some huts for barracks, and established a little observatory, where Andres San Martin determined the latitude at 49 degrees 18 minutes. Longitude in those times they could not well determine.

While they were thus occupied a little party of natives appeared, and after some friendly signalling one or more of them came on board. Magellan directed a sailor to land, and to imitate every gesture of the first who appeared, as a token of friendship. The man acted his part so well that the gentle savage was propitiated and readily came to an interview. On this or another occasion six Indians consented to go on board the flagship. Their Spanish hosts gave them a kettle-full of biscuits—enough for twenty men, in the Castillian measure of appetite. But the hungry Indians devoured it all. Two, at least, of these visitors were of unusual size. The Spaniards only came up to their girdles. But, as the children's books say, these were "friendly giants." One of them saw the sailors throwing rats overboard and begged that he might have them for his own. Afterward he regularly received the rats caught on board the ships as a daily perquisite. Before their voyage was over Magellan's sailors were glad enough to follow his example and to place these fellow-voyagers on their bill of fare at the rate of a ducat apiece.

This party of six—and a party of nine seen at another time—which may have included part or all of the first six, are all of the natives whom Magellan and his men ever saw. Of these, it seems certain that two at least were very large. All the Indians wore large shoes, which they stuffed with straw for warmth. From this custom the Spaniards gave them the name of Patagons, meaning in Spanish those who have large feet. When Magellan was about to sail he determined to carry the two giants home as curiosities. It was impossible to overpower either of them in fair contest, and he resorted to treachery, which can only be excused on the theory of the Spaniards at that time than all these savages were to be ranked among brutes, over whom Christian men had certain special rights. The two friendly giants being about to leave the ships, Magellan loaded them with presents. He gave them knives, mirrors, and glass trinkets, so that their hands were full, then he offered to each a chain. They were passionately fond of iron, but could not take the chains from very embarrassment of riches. with their full consent, therefore, Magellan bade the smith fasten the chain to their legs by the manacles which were attached to them. When it was too late the poor giants found, as so many wise men have found, that they had accepted too many presents, and that in their very wealth they were made slaves. When they discovered this they were wild with rage, and vainly called on their god Setebos to come to their rescue.

Not satisfied with this success Magellan tried to make more captives. He directed nine of his strongest men to compel two of the Indians to take them to the station where their women were. One of them escaped, but the other was subdued after a hard conflict. He consented to lead them to the wives of the two prisoners. When the women heard of their fate of their lords they uttered such screams that they were heard at the ships far away. The Spaniards had such superiority in numbers that they expected the next morning to carry the Indian women and their children on board ship. But meanwhile two Indian men came, who spent the night with them and at daybreak the whole party escaped together. In their flight they killed one of the Spaniards with a poisoned arrow. Magellan sent a large party on shore and buried him.

And so they parted—the Spaniards and the Patagonians. The two giants were separated; one was placed on the Trinidad and the other on the San Antonio. It was from these experiences that Europe took the notion, which is, perhaps, not yet fully dispelled, that Patagonia was a region of giants.

A Remarkable Escape.

An exciting scene was recently witnessed on the Pankower Chaussee, outside Berlin. While thousands of Sunday excursionists were on the road to Pankow, Schonhausen, and Schonholz, a carriage and a pair, containing a lady and one child, passing along, nearly came into collision with a bicycle, the rider of which rang his bell loudly. The horses, which were very restive, took fright and bolted, scattering the foot passengers right and left. The coachman completely lost control over the animals, and in a very short time both he and the servant sitting beside him were thrown from the box. A dragoon who was in the crowd bravely attempted to stop the horses by catching at their reins; he succeeded in seizing the horse's rein nearest him, but the speed at which they were going was so great that the man was thrown down and dragged along the road for several yards. When the soldier was picked up it was found that his uniform was torn to pieces, and that he had received two or three serious bruises. The horses meantime rushed on, striking a cab and knocking several foot passengers down. A new danger now presented itself. The carriage reached a point in the road which is crossed by the Stettiner Railway; the barrier was already in the act of being lowered to allow the express train that was in sight to pass. To the onlookers the destruction of the carriage and its occupants seemed inevitable, as it was certain that at the rate the horses were going they would dash through the barrier into the railway line. The animals' fright was increased by the screams of the horrified spectators; and it was only when they had arrived within a few yards of the line that two policemen sprang into the road; one of them seized the horses' reins, while the other tore a red flag out of the signalman's hand and waved it in front of the animal's heads, by which means they were brought to a standstill just as the express swept by. The owner of the carriage, a French countess, and her little girl, were taken out, and found to be quite unhurt. The lady, with an extraordinary amount of courage, had not moved from her seat, and in spite of her narrow escape seemed quite calm and collected. She wished to present a large sum of money to her preservers, who, however, refused to take anything, saying they deserved no reward; they had only done their duty.

Esquimaux Superstitions.

Esquimaux are believers in ghosts. They also believe in the transmigration of souls, that spirits return in animals, winds, rocks, ice and water, that they are evil, angry or good, as the elements may be favorable or unfavorable, and that they can be appeased by hoodoo rites, if the performer is sufficiently versed in occult sciences. Childless women, it is claimed, cannot return to the surface of the earth after death. To change the wind, for instance, they chant, drum and howl against it, build fires, shoot again at it, and as a last resource fire the graves of the dead. Tribes put hoodoos on each other by ceremonial dances and howling. The hoodoo of total destruction upon neighbors is the building of a fire within sight of those coming under their displeasure. Tribal relations are severed by making a fire outside and burning all ornaments or disguises used in ceremonial dances, such as raven skins, eagle tails, deer horns and masks. Tribes that are hoodooed answer by a return hoodoo, but with families and individuals it is different. Outlawed by their tribe or relations, they become discouraged, hopeless and gloomy, and literally "go off and die."

YOUNG FOLKS.

JACK'S STORY.

Outside the wind was howling as though all the bad and indifferent spirits had been let loose, and were holding a carnival in mid-air. The shutters rattled; the rain beat madly against the window panes; the trees creaked and moaned, and their long, bare branches came straggling against the house with a creeping, grating sound that was uncanny.

But inside all was light and warmth. A bright fire glowing in the grate sent rays of light and waves of warmth into the corners of the room; the curtains were drawn, and everything looked bright and homelike here, in spite of "wind and weather.

In front of the fire, on low ottomans, and nestling on the hearth rug, were four grave little folks, silently gazing into the fire. As silence was not their strong point, there was something remarkable in it.

"Why, what is the matter with my pets that they're so quiet? Holding a Quaker meeting?"

"O papa! papa! Have you come? When did you come? I'm so glad; so glad; so glad."

Such a chorus of screeches and screams; such an avalanche of kisses and hugs as befell me. I was soon comfortably ensconced by the fire, and then said:

"Well, why was the room so quiet when I entered?"

"O, papa, Bess said she was afraid, and believed there were ghosts around—there were such singular noises outside. I didn't believe her though, and told her she was a goose. Don't you think so too?" replied Jack.

"But what made you so quiet?"

"O we were just kind o' thinking it over, you know."

"So my little Bessie thinks there are ghosts about does she? What put that into her head?"

"O, papa it is such a dreadful night; and this afternoon Jack read such a dreadful story—"

"Aha! Master Jack again! And he is the young man who has been calling his sister a goose because she was nervous. I told you not to read such stories to your sisters."

"It wasn't so very bad, and I didn't suppose she would be so silly as to get frightened over it. She didn't say a word until night. But I'm sorry, and I'll promise not to do so again. And now, papa, please tell us a story, won't you? It will make Bess forget what a night it is."

"O papa, please do!" chimed in all the rest.

"I don't believe Jack meant to be naughty; don't scold him any more," came softly from the region of my shoulder.

"And we do want a story."

"But I've told you every story I ever read, heard, dreamed or manufactured, over and over again."

"O, papa, you surely havn't," piped up Jack. "Tell us a real true story about when you were a boy. Tell us about the wolves. I've heard you say there were wolves around here when you were small."

"O papa, please not that kind of a story to-night;" and a curly head nestled closer down on my shoulder. "It sounds as if there is a whole pack of wolves around the house now."

"Pooh! Bess is afraid again. I tell you I'm glad I ain't a girl. Nothing will hurt you Bess; go on with a wolf story, papa;" said the irrepressible Jack, as he described several somersaults on the hearth rug.

"What a little heathen you are Jack! What other unpleasant thing besides ghosts and wolves will you think of? How unbecoming it is for you to tumble about in such a style in the presence of your sisters! And Bessie dear, if I tell the boys of the wolves (although Jack doesn't deserve anything) the story will not be very terrible. Wolves are not as terrible as many suppose. In fact, a single wolf rarely attacks humankind, and a little child would not be in great danger from a lone wolf. It is only in the winter when they are in packs and nearly starved that they attack human beings. A single wolf, when not hungry, is a very cowardly, sneaking sort of an animal."

"Well, I don't mind hearing of them if they never ate any one," said Bessie, raising her head.

"They most certainly did not eat any one—or at least not to my knowledge in this part of the country, although they ate a number of sheep.

"The farmers used to build high slanting fences around the stock yards, within which they kept the sheep nights, along with the cattle. Then when Mr. Wolf got into the enclosure, which he sometimes did, he could not get back over the high fence sloping inward. Then the cattle, thinking him a stray dog, would kill him, or at least keep him from hurting the sheep.

"One morning my father came in and reported that a nice large sheep was dead out by the barn—killed by a wolf. Father set traps for that wolf, but never caught him. When your grandfather first came to this country (on April 1st, 1791) this pretty valley was nearly covered with woods, the only clear spots being Indian corn patches here and there. Then the woods were full of animals. Bears and wolves were abundant, and deer roamed fearlessly about.

As I was the youngest of a large family, the country was partially cleared in my earlier recollection, and most of the wild animals were gone; but I have heard my father tell a great many stories of his adventures.

The impetuous Jack here burst in: "I wish I had lived then! I would have just slayed the wolves and bears and deers. That would have been just glorious. What fun boys must have had then!"

"Yes, they used to have some fun then, as all boys do; but they had to work much harder then than you do now, and did not have so many privileges."

"But didn't you ever see any bears or wolves yourself, papa?" Jack asked in a disappointed tone. "I thought you were going to tell us about what you had seen."

"Yes, I've seen a great many wolves—"

"There! that sounds rather more like it," murmured Jack.

"And their skins had scalloped red flannel borders."

"What!" and a curly head popped up suddenly from the shoulder it was keeping straight. "What funny wolves they must have been. Was you a little boy when you saw them?"

"Come now, papa," expostulated Jack, "that ain't fair. You're just a teasin' a fellow. It isn't a story at all; and I shall go upstairs and read. Ghost stories are a great deal more interesting than this. Besides, you never saw any such wolves; you saw only their skins."

"Well, if it will do you any good, I can tell you that I have seen a wolf—a real live four-legged wolf—outside a menagerie. One ran across my road when I was a little chap going to school. We had a long way to go to school, and part of the way was through the woods. One morning as we were racing along, just as we reached this piece of woods, a big fellow bounced out of one side, and disappeared in the thicket on the other side."

"Really, papa! What did you do?"

"Do? Nothing, but run along to school as fast as we could."

"Well, that was a pretty thing to do! I just wish I'd been there."

"What would you have done Jack?"

"I should have followed right after him, if I had been in your place."

"If I should have done so, I would probably be following him yet; for he ran so fast I never could have caught up; and then you wouldn't have had any father or story either."

"I've got the father, but I don't know about the story. Didn't they have any bears when you were small?"

"No, the wild bears were all gone then. But there were plenty of deer; and what pretty creatures they were! They used to come in our fields and eat the wheat, of which they were very fond; and they used to drink at the river not far from our house. We used to kill them to eat—venison is very nice meat. I was quite a lad when I killed my first deer, and how proud I was of it, too. An old lady who visited us, sometimes, had a tame deer that followed her about like a dog. She was very fond of her pet, and had a bell fastened to its neck, so that no one would kill it by mistake. She got it when it was a little fawn and raised it herself; so when she came to our house the deer always followed her, staying in the yard until she was ready to go home. Occasionally it would come up and peep in at the windows, to see if she was there yet; and then after finding that she was really there, the deer would lie down, awaiting the appearance of her mistress, as quiet as a kitten.

"It seems strange how you can domesticate wild animals, simply by being kind to them. Even the fiercest of dumb brutes become manageable and fond of you, if you are only kind to them.

"Another of our neighbors had a tame bear, which was captured when a mere cub. That bear was a most friendly fellow. One morning an uncle of yours was chopping, when something came up from behind, and catching him in its huge arms, gave him a vigorous hugging.

"He naturally thought it was a wild bear, and nearly tore his clothes off in a struggle to get away. When he got loose and seized his ax to strike the bear, he saw a strap around its neck, and knew it was a tame bear, that had broken its chain and left for the woods. Your uncle went home and sent word to the owner of the bear, who came and took him home.

"I remember seeing that bear come down the road one morning following his master like a little dog. That was when he was a cub—before he gave your uncle that hearty embrace. And when he got opposite our house, our big dog rushed out and frightened him so that he climbed a tree: and I had to take the dog to the house before his master could coax him down. And when he came down, he went cowing along the rail fence until he was quite a distance from the house, before he ventured upon the ground.

"Bears are very fond of milk, and this one was no exception to the rule. One day an old woman passed him with a pale of milk; Mr. Bruin walked up with her on his hind legs grasped the pail in his fore-paws, took it away from her, and drank up the milk.

"It is queer how a bear walks on his hind feet, and carries burdens in his arms."

"Arms, papa?"

"Well, you little puss, in his fore-paws, then. I have heard your grandfather tell about a huge bear that came into his father's yard and carried off a full grown pig; walked off with it in his arms—beg pardon, his fore-paws—as if it had been a baby. Right in the day time, too. How the poor pig did squeal and cry; but as my grandmother—your great-grandmother was there alone, she had to let him go. Probably if your grandfather had been there, Mr. Bruin would not have gotten off so easily with his booty.

"Your grandfather was out hunting one day, when he met a very large bear. He fired and broke one of its shoulders. He had no more bullets and he knew not what to do. What would you have done in his place, Jack?"

"I don't know papa; what did he do?"

"He tried to flash powder in his eyes and blind him, so that he could get near enough to kill him with a club. But the bear was so furious with the pain, that your grandfather had to get out of his way. The next day he and another man with a pack of dogs went after the bear. They found him under the roots of an old tree and killed him.

"You know bears were valuable. The meat was good to eat and the skin and oil were both useful.

"Now I think we have had quite bears enough; and you little folks must all go to bed."

OUR EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

A Valuable Opinion on Their Practical Utility.

Mr. Henry F. Moore, of the *Mark Lane Express*, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, *Farmers' Magazine* and agricultural writer for the London *Times*, the other day called upon the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa who subsequently conducted him to the experimental farm.

Speaking of his visit Mr. Moore said he was amazed at the extent and value of the improvements that had been made at the farm since he visited it two years ago. "Then," he said, "it was as rough as a person would wish to see; to-day I found it had been brought to wonderful order and is now in such a good state of tilth that in this respect as well as in general appearance it would be no discredit to the older model farms of England. There is, besides, some magnificent stock on the farm. There is bound to result from the establishment of these experimental farms an immense deal of good to the country. You will be able to test by experiments the most suitable kinds of new vegetables and cereals for this country, thus giving the farmers additional eyes and brains for the business in which they are engaged. The great benefit of experiments comes from the fact that they are made on the spot, for the lesson of experiment is only valuable when learned in the locality in which it is to be put in practice." Mr. Moore gave a number of reasons to support his belief in a higher price for wheat this season, among them the shortage of the American and European harvests and the failure of the potato crop in the British Islands. Speaking of the live cattle trade, he hoped, he said, that the people of Canada would be prepared to support the policy of the Government in maintaining the stringency of the regulations in regard to the admission of U. S. cattle. In no other way could the advantages now enjoyed by Canadian cattle exporters in England be maintained. The British farmers are favorable to the importation of Canadian cattle, which are landed alive and fattened on English pastures with the aid of English capital.

Asked if the substitution of Ladoga, or any earlier ripening variety of wheat, would depreciate the superior price now obtained for Manitoba wheat in England, Mr. Moore said not. Canadian wheat is valued for its hardness. That quality is not found in the same red fyfe wheat grown in England, but is given to it by the peculiar soil and climate conditions of the North-west country and of course any other variety would acquire in Manitoba that valuable quality of hardness, just as the red fyfe has done. The Ladoga, or a new variety—the Anglo-Canadian—the latter recently obtained in England by experiment, would attain under the conditions that obtain in Canada the hardness that makes your wheat invaluable to English millers since the introdnction of the roller process.

A Speck of War.

An incident is reported in Venezuela that may lead to one of those miserable petty little wars in which England, even if victorious, always appears in the light of the big persecuting the small. Recently the British gun boat Ready, from Demerara, with Commissioner McTurck on board, arrived at Barima at the mouth of the Orinoco, and ordered the captain of Faro, a Venezuelan man-of-war, to haul down his colors. He submitted to the superior force. The Venezuelan government has sent a commission to the spot to investigate. The commander of the Faro will be tried by court-martial for having yielded without making a proper show of resistance. The press of Caraccas suggests that another vessel be sent with her guns shotted and the Venezuelan flag nailed to the mast, and if worsted to appeal to the United States and the sister republics of South America and to the parliament of England. It appears that a dispute has existed some time between England and Venezuela as to a portion of territory lying between British Guiana and the mouth of the Orinoco river which is the natural outlet for the produce of the country. Lately two Canadians, named William Try Stevens and Charles A. Connolly, representing themselves as Americans from New York, were expelled from the country for selling maps in the city of Caraccas showing this belt of land as being disputed territory.

A Pocket Telephone.

A pocket telephone has been introduced in Berlin. The idea upon which its use is based is that electric bells are found everywhere, and there is no reason why they should not be used for telephoning as well. The pocket telephone is to be connected to the bell wires of hotels and hospitals as well as private houses, and it is claimed that people will be able to speak to distant places by simply taking their telephone out of their pockets as they would their watch.

A Moonlight Sonata.

Young man (with young lady on his arm)—"Can you tell me the way to Maple street, sir?"

"Young lady—"And please, sir, will you tell us the longest way, around, because we are in no hurry at all, sir."

A Wise Girl.

Sunday School Teacher—"Miss Fanny, what are we to learn from the parable of the wise and foolish virgins?"

Miss Fanny (aged ten years)—"That we are always to be on the lookout for the coming of the bridegroom."—[Texas Siftings.

The Flowers of Social Intercourse.

Wife—I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt Lake, dear; shall I put in any word from you?

Husband—That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my kindest regards, of course.

Physician—"Now, Mrs. Smalltalk, will you let me look at your tongue?" Mrs. Smalltalk (two minutes later)—"Well, doctor, why in the world don't you look at my tongue, if you want to, instead of writing away like a newspaper editor? How long do you expect I am going to sit here with my mouth open?" Physician—"Just one moment more, please, madam. I only wanted you to keep still long enough so that I could write the prescription."

A Sabbath Day.

There is no sound upon the grassy plain,
The calm of summer silence lies serene,
And sunlight falls along the winding main
Upon the hills and vales that intervene.

In golden rest the busy cornfields lie,
Ungathered sheaves in yellow clusters stand,
No cloud moves o'er the blue expanse of sky,
Nor song of bird upon the stirless land.

The grazing cattle in the pastures green
Seem silently to move with hushed tread,
And on the sloping meadow lands are seen
Bees here and there among the clovers red.

Save on the clear, sweet air the chime of bells
Echoes across the level stretch of ground,
Each ringing note a varied story tells
Of that far land where love and light abound.

The Extending Sphere.

"The sphere of a woman is constantly extending. It will never stop until it reaches the furthermost limits of human activity. If need be men shall be swept one side by its resistless force as the weed is tossed by the torrent," exclaimed Mrs. Goggles, the eminent reformer.

"There, John, what do you think of that?" whispered Mrs. Heavyweight to her little spouse.

"Well, I guess she's right," sighed John.

"Guess! Don't you know she's right?"

"Yes, Celestina, yes; I do know it. I saw in the paper the other day that hoop-skirts were becoming fashionable, dear."

He Was a Little Off.

Old Gentleman—"You haven't been quarreling with that young man who calls on you, have you, Julia?"

Julia—"Why, no, pa; why do you ask such a question?"

Old Gentleman—"I noticed that he has kept away somewhat lately. He has only been here six times this week so far."—[Boston Herald.

Black lace over white silk is a caprice at evening dress among woman of fashion in Newport. It is declared "very effective."

A FREE TRIP AROUND THE WORLD. This is the age of travel. The people are all educated and cultivated to such a degree, that in the hearts of almost every one there is a longing to see foreign countries and view the places whereof so much has been written and said. THE HOME FASCINATOR Pub. Co., of Montreal, offers a grand opportunity to see the world. To the person sending them the largest number of English words constructed from letters contained in the sentence:—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," will be given A Free Trip Around the World. Also, in order of merit the following additional prizes will be awarded: A Free trip to Florida; A Silver Tea Set, $68; A Domestic Sewing Machine, $60; Ladies' or Gents' 14k. Gold Watch, $50. A present will be given to anyone sending a list of not less than 25 English words, of not less than four letters, found in Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary, allowable. Enclose 50 cts. to pay for a Grand Premium Catalogue and a 6 months trial subscription to the beautifully illustrated family story paper, "THE HOME FASCINATOR." The person sending in the largest list of correct words may not be in a position, or care to make the extensive trip offered, the publishers give such person the choice of the trip or $1000 in cash.
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The most stylish dress of the day is one having only shoulder and under-arm seams and an opening which is almost impossible to find.

One of the most striking and attractive exhibits at the Toronto Exhibition this year, was that of Messrs. Samuel Rogers & Co., Queen City Oil Works, manufacturers of the Peerless Machine Oil, and other well known brands. The pleasing combination of colors shown in the arrangements of the many grades of fine Oils, Wax and Greases, made the exhibit one of unusual beauty and interest. Messrs. Rogers' Oils have received 12 gold medals during the last 12 years, a record unequalled by all the other oil firms in Canada combined. Their S. Peerless Machine Oil is the favorite for farmers' use and sold by dealers everywhere

Gray undressed kid ties with Suede gloves and silk stockings of a corresponding tint are the correct things for this Summer's costumes.

All Men

young, old, or middle-aged, who find them selves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send you, address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

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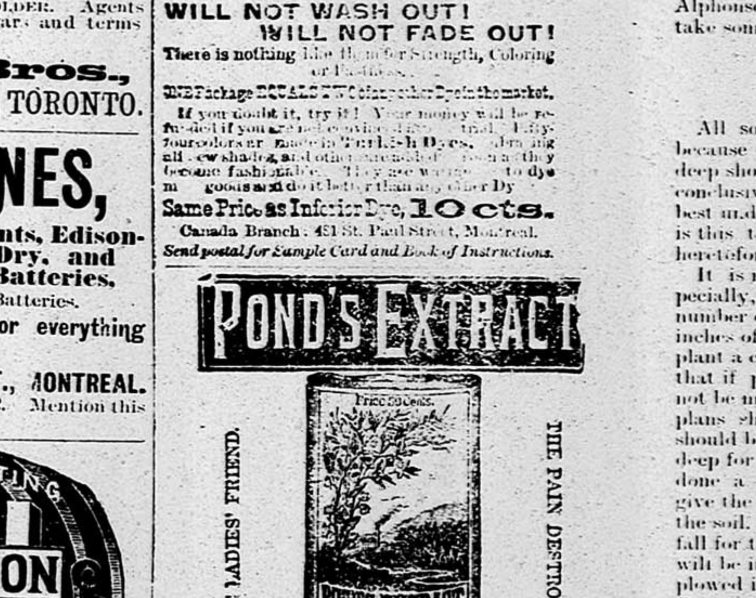

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