AGRICULTURAL.

DAIRY ROUTINE

In Summer and in Winter.

BY PROFESSOR ROBERTSON.

Farmers have come to this experience in their calling, that their profits are threatened with annihilation. Times are hard—there is no question about it—times are hard upon the farmers whose profit-producing occupation lasts only half the year. Times are not hard in Ontario with farmers who keep their business going and sell their products in the summer time, and fatten and sell steers and other stock products in the winter and spring. These men have been doing well during these past ten years, even if times were hard. A dairy man who has no fat steers to sell, can do something else. The point is can we begin winter dairying without much further outlay? A creamery Association is an organization which should take hold of this new problem and help the farmers to solve it. A man who runs a creamery for only five months in the year will find his patrons becoming thoroughly dissatisfied with the receipts from their cows. It cannot pay a man to feed cows for twelve months from which he obtains cream for only five months; and the man who runs a creamery can never afford to make a profit out of the losses of his patrons. Put that down as a solid fact. And the man who furnishes skill and helps to make the profit of his patrons larger, will get a larger share for himself. If a man running a creamery, will try and extend the manufacturing season for a few months more, he will find he will get so little cream that the running expenses will run away with the profit. You cannot begin to practice winter dairying in creameries until you educate the farmers to feed their cows so that they will give milk during the winter. You need to begin at the foundation, and educate the farmers to feed their cows so that they will give milk, and send it to the creamery. Then when they have abundance to pay coming in regularly all winter, they will have money to pay their current expenses. It will not take all the summer to pay the accumulated grocery bills of winter; but they will be ahead in the spring and the summer will leave them more profit. I have said that much by way of preface, to try and remove any misconception that winter dairying has any hostility to it to summer dairying.

Now, put this down as my second proposition, that the price of butter in the summer time is one factor in a farmer's business over which he has almost no control. One man, twenty men, fifty men, five hundred men, can never by any manipulation raise the price of creamery butter in summer by one cent a pound. But creamery butter fresh-made will sell, on the average, throughout the winter, for about a half more per pound than it will from June to September. A man has exclusive jurisdiction over that factor. We can make creamery butter from June to September and take the prevailing price then, or he can make it from September to April and get the prevailing price then.

Sowing Seeds.

The more evenly seed can be distributed over the surface the better the growth and yield of crops. The fertility and condition of the soil must determine the amount of seed that must be used. On thin soil, if the plants stand too close together, there will not be a sufficient amount of available plant food to secure a vigorous growth.

One advantage with drill planting of corn, potatoes and cane, and in fact all cultivated crops, is that the plants being more evenly distributed secure a better supply of plant food than if two or three plants must draw their supply from the same area.

With small grain crops like wheat, oats, rye or barley it is that the seed can be distributed evenly that the best results are secured. In having some places thin and other places thick will make a difference in the growth and yield. One of the principal advantages in using the drill or seeder in sowing small grain or grass seed the planter or drill with the cultivated crops is that the seed will be distributed more evenly than will be done by hand.

Having the soil in a good tilth before planting or sowing the seed will help materially in securing a good stand; the seed will not only be distributed more evenly but a better germination will also be secured. Having the soil in a good condition, sowing the seed in good season, taking pains to distribute evenly and having seed of a good quality are all important items in securing a good stand, and the better this is done the better the growth and yield of the crop.

With all cultivated crops, in many cases it is better to use plenty of seed and thin out rather than to be obliged to replant, but with all grass or small grain seeds care should be taken only to sow the quantity it is desired to have grow, provided of course that the conditions are reasonably favorable.—[N. J. S. in Prairie Farmer.

Dairying in England.

In relation to co-operative dairying in England, lately attracting much attention here, the Mark Lane Express says:

There was a specially summoned conference of the whole of the committee men and leading officials of the Leeds Co-operative Society in the People's Hall last week, for the purpose of considering the question of undertaking dairy farming as an additional development of business operations. A paper on the subject, prepared by Mr. J. Smith, of Farsley, was read. Mr. Smith maintained that dairy farming in connection with their society would be not only a safe but a profitable investment, and entered into detail as to the cost of the proposed land, outlay, and the return. He favored the purchase of a suitable farm of several hundred acres within some thirty miles of Leeds, or less, and pointed out the great advantage they would possess in having a market to hand in their own membership. He dwelt upon the ways in which such a farm, in his opinion, might be utilized. Mr. J. Tetley, a director, moved: "That in the opinion of this conference, the time has fully arrived for seriously entertaining the question of acquiring land for dairying and the milk business in connection with the society's operations, and that an early opportunity be taken of bringing the subject prominently before the members, first by disseminating information, and subsequently by holding a special meeting to consider the whole question." That being seconded, a discussion followed, and the motion was carried by a large majority, there being only about a dozen dissentients.

Water for Sheep.

Capt. W. H. Jordan asked the question at the Sheep Breeders' meeting, in Waterloo: "What is the best method of watering sheep in winter?" We felt that we wanted to answer the question at the time, but there seemed to be so many who wanted to speak that we were constrained to keep silent. We do not believe in watering sheep from a bottle, neither do we object to the sheep eating clean snow if they so desire. We have never had just what we wanted in the way of water for sheep till now. If the sheep are required to go any distance for water in the winter, against storms or in snow, they will suffer rather than do so. If the water is too cold they will not drink readily, hence it is necessary that the water be handy and that it be fresh from the well or reservoir. We pump the water from the well by a mill into a large tank, from which the water is conducted into a stock tank by means of a float valve, and when an animal drinks the water fills again to the extent of the amount which has been taken out. The stock tank is near the barn and the sheep will drink at all times through the day and night if the lids are not shut down, which is only done in the severest weather. By this means the water is kept pure, warm, handy and always accessible. We have driven sheep to a well some distance from the barn to drink after they had done without for sometime, and they would not drink.—[Western Farm Journal.

To Kill Wire-Worms.

For three years the entomological division of Cornell University has been carrying on experiments looking to the discovery of some practical way to prevent the ravages of wire-worms. The history of these experiments has just been sent out in a bulletin and the result summarized are as follows:

Grains of corn were coated with a flour paste containing Paris green and planted. The only apparent result was to retard the sprouting of the seeds, the wire-worms apparently thriving upon the poisoned paste. (The rose bug is another insect which it is practically impossible to kill with Paris green.)

Coating the seed corn with tar or soaking in salt brine, copperas solution, kerosene oil, or turpentine interfered with the germination much more than it did with the appetite of the wire-worm. Soaking in strong solution of strychnine failed to render the corn either distasteful or destructive to the worms.

Starvation was found to be as ineffectual as feeding on poison, as soil was kept entirely bare of vegetation for an entire season without reducing the number of worms.

Buckwheat, Chinese mustard and rape have been recommended as crops upon which wire-worms will not feed, but in these experiments the worms lived and thrived as well upon the roots of these plants as they did upon those of timothy and clover.

Kerosene oil, crude petroleum and bisulphide of carbon were applied to the soil as insecticides, the kerosene and petroleum being also used in the form of emulsions. They killed the wire-worms when applied in sufficient quantity to destroy all vegetation also. Their use was found impracticable on account of the cost.

Many farmers believe that salt either kills wire-worms or drives them deeper into the soil beyond the root of crops, and a series of carefully planned experiments were made to test this theory.

The results showed that in order to destroy wire-worms salt must be used at the rate of about eight tons to the acre, or over one per cent of the soil to a depth of four inches must be salt. Half a ton of salt to the acre was found sufficient to prevent one half the wheat from germinating, and four tons per acre, applied in July, killed all the grass in a few days. In soil salted at the rate of 1,600 pounds per acre the worms were found, after some months, as numerous and as near the surface as in unsalted soil.

Kainit, a German potash salt now used extensively as a fertilizer, has been supposed to be useful in exterminating wire-worms, and the syndicate which is pushing the sale of Kainit in this country make great claims on this score; but in the Cornell experiments four to nine tons of Kainit per acre produced but little if any effect upon the wire-worms in the soil.

Other potash salts gave no better results. Lime applied at the rate of 200 bushels per acre had no effect upon the wire-worms. Chloride of lime, used at the rate of nearly six tons per acre (costing about one hundred dollars per ton) was found to be quite effective. Gas lime, applied fresh and at the rate of twenty to forty tons per acre, proved partially effective.

Trapping by baits produced the only result that gave any encouragement, but these baits caught, not the wire worms, but its parent, the click-beetle. The most satisfactory trap was a wad of fresh clover, dipped in Paris green water and placed under a board.

These experiments were made in cages in such manner that the conditions could be absolutely controlled and the results accurately determined. Their negative results may be of great value to farmers by preventing the waste of time and money in trying useless methods of prevention.

The only hope of a practicable remedy the investigators hold out to the farmers is that by fall plowing the worms may be disturbed at a critical period of their existence, when disturbance means death. They recommended ploughing as soon as possible after wheat harvest, pulverizing immediately and thoroughly with the harrow and seeding with wheat or rye in September, followed by not more than one or two crops of grass or clover, this to be plowed under in the summer as before. It will take several years of this method of short rotations to exterminate the worms, as they live for three years in the worm stage, and can only be injured by plowing it at a certain period, but farmers who practice this method have little or no trouble from wire worms.

How an Old Proverb Led to an Innocent Man's Conviction.

A rather striking case has just been brought before a Vicksburg justice of the peace, says the Arkansaw Traveler. A man named Rathbone sued one Jackson for time.

"Well," said the justice, when the case was called, "You have brought an action here for time, but you do not specify. Did you give this man Jackson so much of your time and has he refused to pay you for it?"

"Your honor, this man has had my time and does refuse to pay me. I will explain. I live on the floor just above him, and some time ago bought a fine clock on the installment plan. The other day the fellow came around to collect the installment, and it occurred to me that, as Jackson could hear the clock strike, he ought to help me pay for it. I looked into the matter and found that he had no clock and I also learned that his hours were regulated by my timepiece. Then I told him that he owed me for my time and explained to him, but he refused to entertain my claim."

"Mr. Jackson," said the judge, "have you no time-piece of your own?"

"I have not your honor."

"And have you been telling the time of day by listening to the striking of Mr. Rathbone's clock?"

"Well, yes, but I did not think that it was wearing on the clock. I thought that while the clock was striking for him it could just as well strike for me especially as one set of strikes would do for both families."

"But had you intended to get a clock before Mr. Rathbone bought his?" the justice asked.

"Well, yes."

The justice reflected a moment and then said: "Your delay in buying a clock makes you the victim of this action, for the law plainly says, as every school boy ought to know: 'Procrastination is the thief of time.' You have therefore, stolen this man's time and will have to pay for it or suffer more serious consequences. I assess the damages at ten dollars."

The Columbian Tower.

After much uncertainty and discussion, it has been definitely decided, so says *Engineering*, that a high tower shall form one of the conspicuous attractions of the exhibition at Chicago in 1893. We do not understand that this work is any portion of the official plan; but that, on the contrary, it is made the subject of a concession to the capitalists who provide the necessary funds and expect to gain a large return. We think it a matter of regret that an exhibition so original in all its general features should be marred by the adaptation of an idea—though absolutely novel and successful at Paris in 1889—from another exhibition. But this is a matter of opinion, and it is eminently satisfactory to note that the Columbian tower has been designed by so eminent an engineer as Mr. George S. Morison, of New York and Chicago. It is stated that the capital will be furnished by Mr. Carnegie. We are without details at present of this interesting work, but we publish a perspective view of the general design. The tower will be higher than that of Eiffel by more than 150 feet, and Mr. Morison has been no slavish imitator of Eiffel's beautiful structure. There is not much time to complete the work, and no doubt many difficulties will be met with both as regards foundations and the rigorous winter seasons, but we may feel confident that American skill and energy will carry through the work to a successful conclusion by the spring of 1893. Indeed, we are informed that Mr. Carnegie asserts the work will be completed in six months after it is commenced. The weight of steel is 6,000 tons.

Live It Down!

When the world speaks falsely of you,
Live it down! live it down!
Let your every word and action,
Illustrate a square transaction,
This be your best satisfaction,—
Live it down! live it down!

Should traducers base malign you,
Live it down! live it down!
Soon they'll hang their heads with shame,
Cease to trifle with your name,
Time will show where lies the blame,
Live it down! live it down!

Let not spite or envy vex you,
Live it down! live it down!
Build upon a safe foundation,—
Live within your means and station,—
Do the right and dare creation!
Live it down! live it down!

If false friends betray—deceive you,
Live it down! live it down!
Better now that you should sever
Friendships such as these forever,
Trusting to your own endeavor,
Live it down! live it down!

Should misfortune e'er o'ertake you,
Live it down! live it down!
Own up error or transgression,
Never be above confession,
Cower not beneath oppression,
Live it down! live it down!

Heed not sneaking cowards' railing,
Live it down! live it down!
Winds at stern make fastest sailing!
Right is might and truth prevailing!
God above is never-failing!
He is Judge—let others frown!

Toronto, Can. —JOHN IMRIE

In an Unexpected Fashion.

First Cowboy—Say, is Red Peter the Terror around Poker Gulch yet?

Second Cowboy—Oh, no; feller got the drop on him last fall.

"Yer don't say. Must have been a blamed good man to get away with Pete."

"Good nothin'! He was a durn sheriff."

The prevailing fashion of wearing broad velvet string knotted under the chin pleases the milliners and the patrons as well.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

A telegraph operator in knocking about the country is apt to see and learn a great deal if he keeps his eyes open. It is not generally conceded, but the fact is that telegraph operators are almost as great travelers as compositors or hatters. Operators seldom take to the road and tramp it, like hatters or typos, being a little more æsthetic in their tastes and modes of travel but they manage to get around the world pretty well for all that.

Years back, in Chicago, a character used to haunt the telegraph offices who was as near being a genuine tramp as any brass-pounder I ever knew. He first attracted my attention by the look of utter hopeless despair that always clouded his face. He looked as though he was living simply to meet the time appointed for him to die. He made no effort to obtain work, and seemed to live solely upon the quarters and half dollars that were given him in pity. I asked him once when he requested a quarter if I had it to spare:

"Why don't you get a 'sit' if you know your business; you claim to be an operator?"

"I can't do it, my friend. If I was the best operator that ever touched a key, I could not get a situation."

"Why not? is there something against you?"

"Unfortunately there is."

"It it's not too hard a question, what is it?"

"That I don't care to say, but I will say that it's something that I am in no way to blame for, and could not have helped if I had known. If you can spare a quarter, all right; if not I can starve a little more, or go without a drink a little longer. I'm used to doing both."

I gave him the quarter, and with a "thank you," he went away. I asked the boys about him, but none of them could give me any information further than that they knew him to be a good operator; that he was called Jim, and that he could not get a situation if he tried, and therefore had given up trying.

In the course of time I gave up the key and sounder and took a reportorial position on a morning paper. One night in going through the morgue to see what had been gathered from the river and lake, I stopped beside one of the slabs, for the face of its occupant seemed familiar. I stood racking my brain to place the face, when it suddenly occurred to me where I had seen the face before, and involuntarily exclaimed, half aloud, "Jim the operator."

"Yes, that's poor Jim," said a voice at my side, and I turned to see a member of the detective force standing at my elbow. I had a slight acquaintance with the detective, so I asked him, "Did you know him?"

"Yes, I knew him and all about his case. That poor fellow was gripped by circumstances so strong that he could not break the hold. His story is a strange one and may be of interest to you, as a newspaper man. Come over to the cafe and I'll tell it to you."

We went over, and after getting comfortably seated, he said:

"About six years ago I got orders from headquarters to go out to a little railroad station about a hundred miles from the city and take the operator into my custody. There was ten thousand dollars missing, and I was to bring in the operator and money if I could, but bring the operator anyway. These are the circumstances:

"The station was a small one, and only an operator and freight agent were employed there, but there was considerable freight handled there, and it was a pay station, where many men were paid off each month. The railroad company would send the money to pay off with to the freight agent, who was a thoroughly trustworthy man, a day or so before pay-day, so that he could get his pay roll made out and the money for each man in envelopes. This particular month they sent the money as usual. The next morning they got word that the freight agent had been killed while coupling cars, and that the money could not be found. Then I was sent out there. The balance of the story is as Jim told it to me, and though I have no positive proof to back his statements, I believed him.

"He said that the money was always a source of considerable worry to the freight agent and himself from the time it arrived until it was paid out. The company placed this responsibility upon them, but did not even give them a safe to help them keep the trust. There were a good many hard characters about them among the train men, and the pay-money was something of a temptation. This time when the money arrived he saw the agent put it in a couple of battery jars and just after night fall go out with it. He asked where he was going, and the agent replied to hide it somewhere, so they would not run the risk of having it stolen. Jim never saw him alive after he left the office. He evidently hid the money somewhere, came back and went to work helping make up a train; a few moments after while coupling cars his foot slipped, or he made a miscalculation in the dark, and was jammed between the bumpers and killed instantly.

"I telegraphed the particulars as Jim gave them to the office, and they replied to give him two days in which to produce the money, and at the expiration of that time bring him in money or not. Jim was powerless and nearly crazy; he declared that he had no more idea where the money was than I had. We searched everywhere, but of course without success. The time was up, but Jim begged hard for me to give him one more day, and the boy was so deadly in earnest that I finally agreed to stay a day more. That day, like the others, was spent in fruitless searching. At night, utterly worn out and broken down, Jim threw himself down upon the floor beneath the office window and lay staring at nothing with a blanket rolled up for a pillow. He had lain there about an hour, and I was thinking what a bad scrape the poor chap was in for I believed in him, when he suddenly sprang to his feet, white and trembling. 'Get a lantern quick and come with me; I believe I can find it.'

"I got a lantern, but I thought that it was only another fruitless hunt. We went out and he headed straight for a small creek that ran a few hundred yards from the station. At the bank of the creek he looked eagerly up and down.

"'Where are the tree roots,' do you see any?' he asked.

"We walked along the bank a short distance and came to a large tree that had been undermined by the washing away of the bank and fallen into the river.

"'Here, let's look here, and he commenced searching in among the gnarled and matted roots; suddenly and without saying a word he drew out a glass battery jar, and in a second more another. In the jars was the missing money. I never saw a happier man than he was. The next morning he returned to Chicago with me with a light heart. He accounted for his sudden inspiration to search the creek bank, in this way: As he lay upon the floor thinking, in a half conscious way, he listened to the wind rattling the window above him. At first he paid no attention to the meaningless rattle, but suddenly he became aware, or thought he did, that the rattling window spelled out in the Morse alphabet, 'Roots creek bank.' The first time he paid no attention to it, but the second time that the window rattled the words it suddenly struck him that it might be a sign from his dead friend. Ready to grasp at any straw he searched and found the money. I hardly knew what to make of the story, but I knew we had the money.

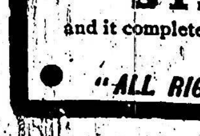
"Jim told the whole story at the office and I backed him up as far as I could, but the superintendent coolly replied: 'A very neat story, but we thought you'd produce the money. You may consider yourself fortunate that we don't prosecute you; as it is you are discharged and can go.'

"That is all there was to it. Jim was black-listed and could never get another job, if he did the story would follow him it seemed with a devilish persistency, and he would be discharged. There is practically but one telegraph company in this country, and if you get black-listed you might as well change your occupation. Jim could not seem to do that and just went to pieces. You see the end of him over there on the slab."—[Edwin Ralph Collins in "Texas Siftings."

If Justice sometimes winks it may be due to the sand that is thrown in its eyes.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.



"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Scrofula

Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck, or goitre, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, and every other form of blood disease have yielded to the powerful effects of this medicine. Try it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Why he Dressed Loud.

"My son," said a New York merchant, "I should think Miss Flutterby would go back on you, and she is considered quite an heiress, too."

"Why, father," inquired the dude, "should you think that Maud would trifle with my affections?"

"Because you get yourself up in an extravagant style. You dress too loud."

"Yes, I know you think so; but you never take into consideration the fact that Maud is a trifle deaf. That's the reason that I dress loud.

Member of the Legislature.

In addition to the testimony of the Governor of the State of Maryland, U.S.A., a member of the Maryland Legislature, Hon. Wm. C. Harden, testifies as follows: "746 Dolphin St., Balto., Md., U.S.A., Jan. 18, '90. Gentlemen: I met with a severe accident by falling down the back stairs of my residence, in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side, and suffered severely. One and a half bottles of St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me. Wm. C. Harden," Member of State Legislature.

Rain and Tears.

I wait the coming of a tardy train,
And while I wait the leaves of thought unfold;
The day is dismal and the wind is cold;
The ceaseless patter of the drizzling rain,
That drips and drops its dreary, sad refrain,
Still chants the burden of a grief untold,
And in the sky gray clouds of gloom are rolled
Till they dissolve in tears to earth again.
So in my heart, where summer used to be,
A wintry sky the sombre landscape blears;
Has nature, then, imposed her mood on me,
And am I sad because she sad appears?
Or, looking through my own grief, do I see
The earth transfigured through the rain of tears?

WM. RICE SIMS.

"August Flower"

What Is It For?

This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

How to Manage Children.

She said that she was utterly worn out when he asked her how she was feeling, writes the Kitcher, that that boy was enough to drive a saint distracted, and that she didn't know what to do to make him obey.

He said that the boy was not quite 3 years old and ought to be easily managed. It was his opinion that she had not sufficient firmness; that she gave in too easily when the boy began to cry.

And then and there he undertook to give her a lesson in the handling of children.

Willie was in the high chair at the table and Willie wanted something. Willie was informed that he could not have it and Willie began to yell. The father immediately became stern.

"Stop that, Willie!" he said sharply; but Willie did not stop.

"Stop that, or you'll have to leave the table!" he exclaimed. Still Willie did not stop.

"Now, I presume you would give in," he said to his wife, "but that isn't my way. We'll fight it right out on this line, and the next time I speak he'll know that I mean business."

She said nothing, and he got up, took Willie out of his high chair, and put him down on the floor.

"When you stop crying," he said, severely, "I'll put you back in your chair."

But Willie kept right on; in fact he yelled louder than ever.

"Willie," said his father at last, "if you don't stop that you'll have to leave the room. I suppose you think that's cruel, Jane, he added, but if we fight it out now we'll have no further trouble. It's the only way."

She made no reply and he again got up and carried the struggling, screaming Willie into another room.

"When you can be quiet, Willie, you may come back," he said.

It was 5 or 10 minutes later that he looked up from his after dinner coffee and asked:

"Do you suppose the boy will make himself sick by his crying?"

She shook her head.

"He stood it for a few minutes longer and then he gave in.

"Perhaps, Mrs. Brinker!" he exclaimed as he opened the door and brought the boy back—"perhaps you are heartless enough to let your son cry himself into a fit. Perhaps you have no nerves to be unstrung by such infernal yelling—Hush, Willie, it's all right now—but I am built on a different plan, Mrs. Binker; on an entirely different plan—shut up, you imp!"

"But a little firmness, James——"

"Mrs. Binker!"

"If you fight it out once, you know——"

He put Willie down on her lap, grabbed his hat, and started out, and as he was closing the front door he heard her call softly after him:

"Whenever you have any valuable ideas on the management of children, James——"

Then he slammed the door. If he had waited he would have found that she had Willie quiet in five minutes and asleep in ten.

Latest From Europe

The Plague in London—Anxiety for the Safety of Gladstone and Other Old Men—Disturbances in Spain—

London, and for that matter England, is still under the spell of the influenza plague. In many localities business is almost suspended and everywhere social life is disarranged. Invitations are being cancelled and plans broken by bereavement. The death rate continues to be heavier than in the worst cholera years, and the papers have all adopted the innovation of long-standing lists of the ailing and convalescent with the comment changed from day to day.

In these gloomy circumstances the thought of Parliament meeting raises apprehensions as to the safety of Mr. Gladstone and other old men in the notoriously noxious atmosphere of St. Stephen's, and nothing but the necessities of the supply prevents a postponement of the date of re-assembling. Mr. Gladstone is reported to be perfectly well and immensely elated over Rossendale, and eager to be on hand at the opening to precipitate an assault upon the Government's Irish local government scheme.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have travelled quietly from Sandringham this week to Eastbourne, where they have been staying at Crompton place, the delightfully secluded retreat of the Duke of Devonshire. Not even the villagers round about knew of the royal visitors' presence among them. The Princess will in a few days leave for the south of France, and in all probability Prince George will accompany her. They will live in strict seclusion there.

The disturbances in Spain are socialistic. It is a country where Socialism has for many years been a force, thriving in a congenial soil of ignorance. The strike at Bilbao ends with a state of siege, the Government believing that its leaders are anarchists and that the disorder is meant to lead to rebellion. The strikes continue, but the riots are quelled. The troops are masters and the mine owners are resolved not to give way. "Government," said a Minister at Madrid, "have hitherto been content to disperse the anarchists. They are now resolved to decimate them." What will be done with the other nine-tenths is not stated.

A BATTLE WITH ICE FLOES.

Forcing a Passage Through The Straits Into Hudson's Bay.

"None except those who have been there," said the Rev. Mr. Simpson, a returned missionary," to an Ottawa reporter the other day, "can fully understand the dangers of that great northern sea, Hudson Bay. I was bound for Fort York, which was to be my base of operations for my missionary services among the Indians of that far-off northern land. We entered Hudson Strait on the 21st of July in comparatively open water, but by noon our three weeks' battle with the ice had begun. The ice-field stretched from Cape Resolution on the north to Buttons on the south, some thirty-five miles, and as far ahead as the eye could reach from the masthead. It seemed somewhat loose, and as we were pressed for time, and not knowing when it would clear, the Captain determined to

PUT THE SHIP INTO IT.

At first we dodged the large pieces, but as we advanced they became too numerous to do that, and we just butted them aside right and left. This kind of thing afforded a little pleasant amusement in the beginning. We had yet to learn the strange freaks of these ice floes under the influence of strong currents. Sometimes ice that you turn from as an utterly impassable barrier suddenly opens out and lets you pass through, while again the loose bits that you are working amid hold you fast.

"It was the evening of our first day's experience. About nine o'clock I heard a tremendous bumping and scraping of the ship fore and aft. Some influence had set the whole field in motion and it had closed in upon us; while yet more floes kept coming in on us. Down they came in thousands, forming a compact mass all around us. We were caught in the ice and would have to remain inactive until the same influence that welded them together would open them and let us out. Where our passage had been was now a mass of surging, crushing ice, and while only about 200 yards off our quarter the channel was clear. But those few yards we could not gain, though we did our best with the ice-grappling hooks.

"About 4:30 next morning I was called on deck to see a polar bear. Hurrying on deck, I saw the head of a large bear looking like a huge pale-colored mastiff, as he swam across in the open water with easy but powerful strokes. I watched him intently, and when he had passed the ship some 500 yards he clambered on the ice fields and waddled away toward the north.

"All that day and the next we spent either in sailing through small clear ponds amid the ice or else

JAMMED AMID THE FLOES.

The 23rd of July closed very dark and wet with a small gale of wind, which soon brought down a heavy fog. Soon after midnight the ice caught the ship and swung her head round toward Cape Resolution. The crew endeavored to turn her back, for the ice was roaring and crashing in the gale and thumping us at an awful rate. Some large pieces of ice were actually flung on the deck. At 3:30 the ice broke our extra rudder and while the crew was fixing it the Captain shouted: 'There is land close to us.' Through a momentary rift in the fog we saw that we were close on an ice shore, whither the gale and the tide must have carried us, and we were driving along it at a rapid rate.

"At 4 o'clock the captain told me to be ready in case we struck the rocks. The prospect was very startling. The fog was lifting, and there not a quarter of a mile away was the rock bound,

BARREN, UNINHABITABLE LAND,

presenting a series of small bays or coves between points which reached out toward us, while we were hemmed in by surging ice which helped to keep us off the shore on which the wind was forcing us. The tide was meantime carrying us and the ice past point after point westward, getting gradually nearer the shore, for the ship, presenting much more surface to the wind than the ice did, was gradually forced through the ice between us and the shore, though we had two ice anchors and two grappling irons out and made fast to any suitable pieces. For hours both men and officers worked without food or rest. After seven miles of this perilous drift the tide turned, and we retraced our course, being carried eastward until we had passed the point where we had first seen the land, and now we were not 200 yards from the projecting capes. It seemed to me that we could not escape the wreck, and I felt anxious about the provisions we were carrying to the mission house. At noon

DESTRUCTION SEEMED INEVITABLE.

All at once the wind veered a little and the ice opened. Every sail was hoisted. The sails soon filled, but not a moment too soon, for as the ship swung herself clear we were not 100 feet away from the ice-bound coast on which we had been drifting.

"What I have just related is a sample of our daily experience for three long and trying weeks in the Straits of Hudson Bay. But finally we got clear of the ice fields and entered the bay proper, and I can assure you our exit was hailed by all on board not only with joy but with sincere thanksgiving. In hands less skilful the ship would undoubtedly have been lost; but the Captain and men have braved the perils of the straits and bays so many times in their passage to and from Fort York that they were thoroughly aware of the danger and knew how to meet it with courage and experience."

Teaching into Death.

Doctor Richet, the famous physician, who died quite recently at Paris, gave, during the course of the disease which carried him away, an example of scientific serenity the equivalent of which can be found only in the biographies of ancient philosophers. During the few days of his pulmonary congestion, Dr. Richet was constantly attended to by his son, a professor of physiology at the Paris Faculty, and by another, a friend of his. He did not cease making to his two companions a lecture on the evolution of the disease from which he was suffering. He kept describing, and analyzing the symptoms, and predicting the course of the disease and its possible complications. At every new step of the invasion of the organs Dr. Richet defined it with great precision. On his last day, when he had hardly any vitality left, he told them "When the phenomenon which you have just ascertained has occurred, every chance is lost, and death is only a question of seconds. In fact, you see it, I am going to die. . . . I am dying." . . . These were his last words.

How to Get a Handsome Husband.

"When some lucky Indian maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
'Muska!' cried they altogether:
'Muska!' you shall have a sweetheart—
You shall have a handsome husband.'

The handsome man always admires the beautiful woman. Then simply make yourself beautiful. Remove all blotches, pimples, "forked signs of turkey tracks" from your features, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a tonic to the nervous, circulatory and procreative systems. It's use brings roses to the cheeks, and sparkle to the eyes. Take it, and you will, like the Indian maiden, find a "red ear" in good health, an omen of future happiness. *Guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

There is to be a new Prussian throne. Frederick I. had one; but Napoleon took it off and melted it, and there are only now two small chairs of small value.

Make A Note of it!

Read it over and over again, spell it out and sing it, until it is indelibly fixed in your mind, that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is an infallible cure for chronic catarrh of the head with all its distressing complications. Impaired taste and smell, offensive breath, ringing noises in the head, defective hearing, nose and throat ailments, are not only relieved, but positively and permanently cured! This is no fancy of the imagination, but a hard, solid fact, proven over and over again, and vouched for under a forfeiture of $500 by its manufacturers, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Several large Vienna bankers and manufacturers announce that they will prohibit all their employees from going to the races during the coming spring season.

Good Sense!

Disease is largely the result of impure blood. To purify the blood, is to cure the disease! As a blood-purifier and vitalizer, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stands head and shoulders above any other known specific! Its power in this direction is nothing short of Wonderful. Guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, or money refunded.

The gold medal given to Virchow on his seventieth birthday is the largest ever made. It weighs nearly six pounds, and the metal alone is worth $1,750.

Grip Vanishes, So Do Deadly Colds,

Headaches, backaches, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney, liver and all kindred troubles if nature's miraculous, disease conquering, life-restoring St. Leon be used. All known mixtures in the world, pale in significance to this creation's mystery. Safe as milk and contains the most powerful poison absorbents known to science to purify blood and flesh; and also every element to build up frail, weakly, despairing sufferers to the highest pinnacle of perfect strength and joy.

On Dec. 21 at midnight, by a new law, Vienna suddenly expanded from an area of 55 square kilometres to 178 square kilometres, or half the size of London and three times as large as Berlin, with a population of 1,300,000.

A Guardsman to defend you against coughs and colds, Adams' Wild Cherry and Licorice Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

The conductors of all the street cars, omnibuses, and other vehicles for public accommodation in Warsaw, in that part of the city between Novaya Praga and the suburb St. Hegendre were women, and fulfil their duties more accurately and to the better satisfaction of the public than men.

As a cure for cold in the head and catarrh Nasal Balm is endorsed by prominent men everywhere. Dr. Derbyshire, president of the Ontario Creamery Association, says:—"Nasal Balm beats the world for catarrh and cold in the head. In my own case it effected relief from the first application." Sold by dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price—50 cts. and $1 a bottle. Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Senor Mata, a moral reformer who is Mayor of Mosquera, a town in the United States of Colombia, has decreed that women arrested for disorderly conduct in his bailiwick shall have their heads shaven before they are set at liberty again.

A peculiar condition of affairs exists in the Red River Valley of Minnesota and North Dakota. The wheat crop was so large that farmers were not able to cut and thresh it and do their fall plowing. Threshing machines have been running all winter and much grain is still in the shock and stack. The plowing will have to be done this spring, and unless help can be secured to do it there will be a decreased acreage in 1892. Hundreds of men can get employment there this spring, plowing and seeding.

In the scholastic year 1890-91 St. Petersburg had 259 primary schools, with 12,760 pupils. This year the number of schools is 267, and the number of attending pupils 13,072. This includes 120 female schools, with an attendance of 5,703.

A New Jersey editor recently opened an ice-cream saloon. He opened it by falling through the window while coming home drunk.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have a wasting away of Flesh—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

The high priests of Persia who forbade smoking in order to break up the tobacco monopoly have triumphed. The monopoly has been officially abolished.

A. P. 591

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

ASTHMA CURED FREE — DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send your address, and we will mail trial bottle FREE. DR. TAFT BROS., ROCHESTER, N.Y. Canadian Dept. 186 Adelaide St. W. TORONTO, CANADA.

HAVE YOU Consumption, Cough, Bronchitis, Lung Troubles, No Appetite, Wasting, Debility. For wonderful cure now try [illegible]. Address, T. BONNER, 179 St. Lawrence St. Montreal.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

Are the best in the world for the Throat and Chest, for the voice unequalled.
R. & T. W. Stamped on each drop.

YOUNG MEN. Learn to cut—No better trade. Thorough instruction given at TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL, 123 Yonge St. Terms moderate. Write for particulars. Also agents for the McDowell Garment Drafting Machine.

OUR NEW BOOK:
HOUSE AND HOME.
A complete house-wife's guide by Marion Harland, the greatest living writer on household matters; a recognized authority in all domestic affairs. Send for illustrated circulars and terms. WM. BRIGGS, PUBLISHER, Toronto.

Universal Testimony.

Cannot be disputed, and the case is yet to be heard from in which Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has failed to perform a perfect cure. This with painless and rapid action and freedom from annoyance during use. The great corn and bunion cure stands unrivalled. Safe, painless. Beware of fraudulent substitutes for the great corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors. Use no other.

The official figures of the French vintage show 30,000,000 hectolitres, nearly 3,000,000 more than in 1890. The cider crop was 2,000,000 less than in 1890.

All the Druggists Sell that well-known preparation T. A. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL, and no preparation for lung troubles, etc., deserve to be better spoken of. Consumptives can now take heart, for at the general office in Toronto, Canada, can be seen the highest testimonials that were ever given a similar medicine. 35 cts. per bottle.

No man ever yet murdered his own business who didn't get into trouble.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM For sale by Druggists. Price, 15c.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

Are a BLOOD BUILDER and NERVE TONIC. They supply in condensed form ALL the substances needed to enrich the Blood and to rebuild the Nerves, thus making them a certain and speedy cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, and shattered nerves, such as paralysis, spinal diseases, rheumatism, sciatica, loss of memory, erysipelas, palpitation of the heart, scrofula, chlorosis or green sickness, that tired feeling that affects so many, etc. They have a specific action on the sexual system of both men and women, restoring lost vigor.

WEAK MEN (young and old), suffering from mental worry, overwork, insomnia, excesses, or self-abuse, should take these PILLS. They will restore lost energies, both physical and mental.

SUFFERING WOMEN afflicted with the weaknesses peculiar to their sex, such as suppression of the periods, bearing down pains, weak back, ulcerations, etc., will find these pills an unfailing cure.

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS should take these Pills. They enrich the blood, restore health's roses to the cheeks and correct all irregularities.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. These Pills are sold by all dealers only in boxes bearing our trade mark or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box or 6 for $2.50.

THE DR. WILLIAMS MED. CO., Brockville, Ont. & Morristown, N.Y.

GARFIELD TEA — [illegible] Get Free Sample [illegible] 317 Church St. Toronto. [illegible] Constipation, Sick [illegible] the Complexion. [illegible] TEA AGENCY.

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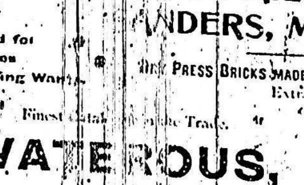
SUSTAINING STRENGTH-GIVING INVIGORATING. Johnston's Fluid Beef IS A PERFECT FOOD FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS. It supplies all the properties of PRIME BEEF in an easily DIGESTED form.

THE Most Delicately Perfumed AND POPULAR SOAP OF THE DAY. SOLD EVERYWHERE, USED BY EVERYBODY AND MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP COMPANY.



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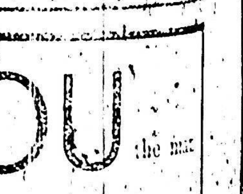

ARE YOU the man we are looking for? If so, we would urge you not to keep PUTTING OFF a matter of so much importance. You will never meet with such another opportunity as INSURING YOUR LIFE as is now presented by us. For full particulars write the Confederation Life, Toronto, or apply at any of the AGENCIES.

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GAIN ONE POUND A Day. Mar 6 — 110, Mar 8 — 112, Mar 10 — 114, Mar 12 — 116. A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda [illegible]

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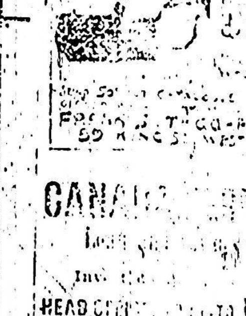

ARM [illegible]

CANADA [illegible] HEAD OFFICE [illegible] TORONTO [illegible]

ON THE MARSH.

CHAPTER I.

"Abraham Richie, Farmer.—What a singular title for a canoe!" I reflected as I laid my fowling-piece across the thwarts and leisurely began to fill my briar, scanning meanwhile the letters painted on the stern—"and what a monster of a gun."

I had seen nothing larger hitherto than an eight-bore fowling-piece; and the six-foot barrel with a muzzle as wide as a half-pint tumbler filled me with astonishment. It was fitted to a stock of ample proportions, and [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]