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...ics of the annual statement
...e institution which appears
...ese columns. Year after
...phenomenal gains have been
...rticulars which go to pro
...up a financial institution.
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...sults probably unattained
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...me. The policy of the
...ays been progressive; its
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...blic, and in the words of
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...ner's every single dollar
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...ent will put you in being a
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...an excellent
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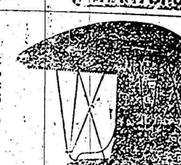

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A SCRATCH IN PLAY.

PART I.

...ere, my friends, of fiends an...
...ittle angles' wiles yet more beware theo...
...ot such a one to kiss her did ensnare me,
...ace of fifteen—blithe and soft be way,
...ly sweetheart was just such a little fairy,
...ow she well-nigh scratched my heart to
...pieces
...Oh, O sweet love! dear beyond all
...measure
...How could those eyes so bright and clear de...
...That softer paw so sore a heart-wound give me!
...My fifteen-tender paw, then soft small treas...
...ure,
...Ah, I to my burning lips but press thee,
...Ah, how could thy white blood to death and
...dress thee.
...I am sorry to have to say it, yet I
...am sorry to the truth even of her I love
...best; and I repeat, what I always have
...insisted, not only that she was com...
...pletely in the wrong, but that she ought to
...own it.
...We had loved each other all our lives. Our
...fathers were old brother-officers and
...next-of-kin of friends; and each being
...a widower and the father of an only child,
...it was more natural than that when
...Jack left the service and her father
...died on his estate, my father should
...send for his quarters in a pretty cottage on
...one of his domains? What wonder that the two
...children used to make for their children's
...future! It, of course, should enter the old
...people's head that, of course, should marry
...each other? I myself was the cause of the
...first check in that current and subsequent
...events very nearly put an end to all chance
...of their ever being realized.
...When I had reached the age of seventeen,
...my mum ought to have been on fire
...to send me off to him, and my dear,
...good old father discovered—through an
...officer-friend which prevailed the house,
...was traced to a mysterious box in my
...room—that my mind turned towards
...matrimony, and that a penetrating pot or the
...kettle was more to me than the ex...
...ample of the noble British army. I
...know I think of this sad head-
...long folly of my poor old gentlemen must have
...had many discussed my extra-
...vagancy over their wine; and I
...dare say my little playfellow,
...Jack, treated me to a good deal
...of chaff when it was confessed that I
...turned from the military profession suit-
...able for a gentleman, and deliberately
...chose a more sensible
...calling rather. He loved me too well
...to blame me; and one chill autumn morning
...left the old home to enter upon my studies
...at the University of Edinburgh. Why did I
...go to Edinburgh and not London? Well,
...it was partly because I had a feel-
...ing that was breaking with all the old life;
...therefore wanted to put hundreds of
...miles between me and the old home, as I had
...fondly dreamed of all difficulties between my
...self and the realization of his old hope.
...But well I remember my arrival, that
...cold, raw morning, in the beautiful city! I
...was met at the station, and climbed
...up all the weary flights that leads from the land of
...steam and noise to the most beautiful street
...I have ever seen in my wanderings. How
...I, away from my home, the magnifi-
...cent old town, perched with its castle;
...the night, the gardens and splendid
...Princes Street; while behind
...them rose the Lion, watching over the
...whole of the modern city! How lonely I
...felt now utterly lost! I think
...that I had approved my decision to be-
...come a doctor. I thought at the moment
...I returned and came back to England, and
...begged my old father to do anything he
...liked. But the vision of a child with
...golden hair, defiant face, and hands
...that could throw, cause across my
...memory. She had refused to bid me
...good-bye. How she would triumph if I
...came home, my work undone! No I
...pressed my heart, and
...I remember in that unknown city,
...I was wretched to lay my weary
...head. Long, friendless days, and
...then those removed to a little street
...not far distant. And now many weeks had
...passed before I was as happy as a king,
...reading all the new mysteries of my
...chosen science. Ah! that first enthusi-
...asm, why doesn't it last? Why, as the
...years on does that come in its
...place? Why does clothing of each
...kind not in the least mind the
...dirt? Why does not the operating
...table—the terrible thing for it is all
...well—lose, and in that subscribers
...become with the flying hair and the
...clasped hand do I owe the obstinacy that
...arrests the thought in those four years of sun-
...shine and shadow. Good, my when she had
...said "I hope you will hate it. I hope you
...will ever regret, and give it up." Never!
...In the height of the look of triumph I should
...see in the eyes of that young girl acted as a
...goad to me.
...I worked on. I hardly ever went home;
...I lived entirely on my work, and
...kept free of my spare time among the
...poor in my own rooms, and in the
...hospitals and schools. Then a seri-
...ous illness coming upon me just as I had
...completed my course made me decide, on my
...recovery, to become doctor on board a great
...liner, and to see the ends of the earth.
...So one fine morning, and after, it was
...with a weak and thin man of eighteen had
...changed into a great weather-beaten man of
...four or five and twenty, that I once more
...stood on the old waited terrace of the home
...of my childhood. And by my side was the
...little boy herself. And such a little love!
...She was no bigger than she was
...at fifteen—oh! so much prettier. The
...last that had often been dragged back into
...a still past, was wandered in wonderous
...ways over her little head, poised, like a
...bird, on her sweet neck. No more ink-
...spotted fingers and scratched hands;
...no more torn pinafore-shanks showing
...under a dirty and dumpy skirt! No; she
...was done as a fairy, and took now as
...many pains to adorn her already perfect
...little self as she had seemed to
...expend energy to persuade a scarecrow.
...Her hair—for my dear father
...was getting—had begged to have his
...own cut short, so I was only too de-
...lighted to see it in the fashion of a practice in
...the neighbourhood. Yes, I had come home
...to love and be loved by my aged sister after-
...fully patient, in the home of my childhood;
...and I could believe I was not a child
...again, as I settled into the well-
...known nursery; and with the two old gen-
...tlemen; and sat as of old on the terrace
...with my pipe, I remember, climbed at night
...see more to the similar room under the
...thatch; and listened to the rain in vain
...the summer of the stream that ran from her
...home to mine. Yes, it was all the same!
...The fields were a little bigger; the river just
...as fine always been. Only, how different
...it all was! How changed the thoughts that
...tangled once in my brain—the feelings
...that throbbed in my heart!
...Well, well, we need not go over all that
...strange, agitated, happy time when my
...mind was filled with doubt and fear; when
...I knew not whether I was to be the most
...blessed of the most wretched of men;
...whether I was to stay contentedly at home
...for the rest of my life or start once more on
...my travels to break a broken heart as best I
...could among foreign lands and unknown
...faces. Sometimes fancy that if we could
...but turn back the "forward-flowing tide of
...time," I would live these weeks over again.
...But at length the end came to an end. One
...still and evening, when the moon was but
...a crescent in the sky, and the nightingales
...were singing with all the strength of their
...tiny throats and fervour of their great
...hearts, my little love had her golden head
...somewhere about the flower edge of my
...breast-pocket, and gazing up in my face,
...promised to overlook the fact that I was
...only a medicine and no gallant officer.
..."What," you see," whispered the little
...rogue, "if you are so big and strong and hand-
...some, it is no use trying to fight against you.
...I love you. I love you! and after all, you are
...my own dear old Clinton; and I'd marry you
...if you were a sweep, which is even worse
...than a doctor." And the brave blue eyes
...looked up at me so proudly and so trusting-
...ly, that I thought no man had ever before
...such loving glances cast upon him.
...Oh, what a happy time we had! I thought
...that trouble could never touch me more.
...As I strolled home through the soft air to tell
...my father the glad news, I felt like an arch-
...angel.
...Yes, I fancied my troubles were at an end
...—that I was going to be blessed beyond all
...human fate; but I did not yet realize what
...it is to be an engaged man! No sooner
...were we safely and firmly betrothed, than
...my young lady contracted such a habit of
...flirting as made me stand agape. I main-
...tain that she flirted. She insists that she
...did not! She says she was only making
...herself agreeable for the sake of my prac-
...tice. She repeats that she smiled on the
...curates, youths from Oxford, retired milli-
...tary men, &c., not as men at all, but purely
...as possible future patients. Future patients!
...Did I want them bought with her smiles?

Still, such an injured saint did she look when I ventured to expostulate, that I hardly knew how to bear myself; and I used to wonder whether I really was the most suspicious brute on the face of the green earth.

At length matters reached a climax, and I turned at last.

It was in the week of the "Lawn Tennis Tournament"—the one great excitement of our little country-side—when a young hussar made his appearance, and contrived to get himself drawn as her partner in the doubles: *She* declares that I am simply talking nonsense when I assert that he *got* himself drawn as her partner; and she says that it is all done by lots, and that people *must* play with just whoever falls to their lot! Well, that is neither here nor there. She need not have behaved as she did. He did not live in these parts of the world: he could not be considered as a possible patient; yet the interest she took in him was most marked. If it is a fact that she could not help having him for her partner in the "doubles"—as they call the thing—need she have stood watching him with all her eyes in the "singles," clapping her hands at each stroke he won, or have been the first to congratulate him the moment he had put on his abominable loud "blazer" and marched off the field or court, victorious?

I do not play tennis, having more important matters to attend to; nor do I dance particularly well; still, at their insufferably dull "Tennis Ball," shenced not have thrown me over for him in the pronounced way she chose to do.

"Oh, Clinton, may I give Captain Smyth one of your dances? You won't mind, *will* you?"

"Oh, certainly not; give him the lot if you like," I answered blandly.

I did not know till that moment that the sweetest of blue eyes can flash sparks of ice; but I saw them do it then.

"Oh, thank you so much.—There, Captain Smyth; that is delightful: you can have three more than I promised you at first."

And without waiting to listen to my angry expostulation, she sailed away on his arm. I knew I had been rude and wanted to apologise; and tried hard to catch her eye as she swam round with the handsome captain, who *could* dance. But never once were the long dark lashes lifted, never once did the old smile play across the sweet little face.

I went home utterly wretched. Ah, how the little paw could wound my big stupid heart! I lay awake all night, and during the long hours I made up my mind, to hasten the very first thing in the morning, to make friends with her. I should tell her I was sorry; I had been rude, but should also make her understand I had a good deal of cause to feel injured.

"Clinton," she began very quietly the moment she entered the room, "I am glad you have come. There are some things I must say to you. I consider that the way in which you have behaved since our engagement has been most humiliating to me."

"To you! I do not see what cause you have to speak," I broke out.

"I am going to speak," her soft, even voice went on. "I consider your unreasonable jealousy as nothing short of an insult. If you cannot trust me, you had better bid me good-bye. There can be no happiness in a marriage without absolute trust."

I hardly know what I said then, whether I pleaded or upbraided. I remember little of what befell till I found myself striding through the fields, their corn-flowers blue like those angry eyes, and their poppies bright like her scornful red mouth.

Was it all at an end, then, the dream of my life? Yes, of course it was—over, all over! I must get away, away back to the sea and the wild strange lands; away, somewhere, anywhere, from all this. But my poor old father could not leave him. I must not leave my work: some of my cases were in critical condition. There was no escape. Here I must stay: meet her constantly, shake hands with her; and yet be as if the world stretched between us. And the dreadful part of it all was that she seemed not to care one little bit. She was the same bright, merry, dainty little creature that she has always been. Why was she so cruel? Why would she not once look at me with a glance of pity, love, remorse? How gladly, at her smallest overture of grace, would I have cast myself utterly on her mercy, and vowed anything she chose to demand of me. But she gave no sign; and I was too proud to approach her unless she herself seemed to summon me.

What a wretched time it was! How fiercely week by week did I try to harden my heart against her! But everything conspired to make that impossible. Hardly a day or night did I enter but I heard of her loving kindness. She seemed to go about like a sunbeam, smoothing coarse pillows, comforting sad hearts, calling smiles to parched and fevered lips, and looks of love to heavy eyes.

How was it that she could be so tender to others, could so hurt the heart that loved her? How could she keep up our quarrel all this time, when she must see how it was wounding me, killing me? I only she would say she was sorry she had vexed me, I should not whisper a word of blame. But she would not. And so the summer passed: autumn came with its storms and decay; and yet we were no nearer being friends again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Beekeeping in Ontario.

President Allen Pringle, of Selby, in the course of his annual address before the Ontario Beekeeping Association last week, said the changes in bee culture during the past 50 years had been greater than during the previous 5,000 years, especially in the methods and appliances of beekeepers. The honey season of the past year had been fairly prosperous throughout the Province. The principal work of the association had been the warfare against the foul-brood pest, the prevalence of which had been wider than generally supposed. Some beekeepers had not properly co-operated with the inspectors in fighting the disease instead of destroying the colonies. The Government grant had been insufficient to keep both inspectors at work during the whole season, but although they had exceeded the grant the Minister of Agriculture paid their accounts in full. The president urged the inadvisability of exceeding the Government grant during this season. The inspectors had performed their duties faithfully and well, and had succeeded in overcoming the disease to a certain extent. Their English brethren, he said, treated the disease to fit the theories which they held, while the Ontario foul brood doctors paid but little attention to theory, but adopted a treatment that resulted in a cure. After communicating with the Minister and Deputy Minister of Agriculture, the president was instructed that an order in Council would be passed, if the association so desired, quarantining or checking altogether the importation of bees into Canada.

A Mohammedan Evasion.

Youth's Companion: According to one of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion it is a sin to make a picture of any living thing.

A gentleman who visited a mosque in Algiers found that the tiles with which the building is decorated, which were very old and beautiful, adorned with flights of birds. He expressed much surprise at this, and asked if the command against such representation were a modern edict.

"O, no," answered the pious Algerian to whom he addressed the question. "These are not pictures of living birds."

"But they are painted as if flying across the tiles," the other said in some astonishment.

"Yes," the Mussulman replied, "but do you not see that about the neck of each there is a fine black line? That is to show that the artist painted only dead birds, and the command of the Koran is not violated."

When is a young man making love and not making love? When he is pressing his suit.

One of the attractions of the Chicago Exhibition is to be a pyramid of 400 pianos connected by electricity and manipulated by one woman.

The project of making Brussels a real seaport is making progress. According to the official statements made in the Provincial Council of Brabant, the cost of widening the canal connecting Brussels with the sea will be 20,000,000f, that of the harbour works to be executed at Brussels, 12,000,000; that of a dry dock, 1,000,000f; and, finally, the vaulting over of the River Sennette, 2,000,000f. The question now is how this expenditure is to be apportioned between the State and the townships interested in the schemes.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Value of Experimental Farms.

Prof. Saunders, of the Dominion Experimental Farm, Ottawa, delivered an address to the Central Farmers' Institute last week on the benefits derived by farmers from the experimental farms. He said the subject was a very wide one and admitted of many different kinds of treatment. In their distribution, selection and in the special lines of work being carried on, the experimental farms have been designed and operated with the express purpose of helping the farmers of the Dominion in every possible way. The science of Agriculture, in which term was included its practice, was in many ways still in the experimental stage, and in regard to some of its operations it could never expect to get beyond that. Every farmer carried on, to a greater or lesser extent, an experimental farm, for the reason that no two farms have exactly the same soil and the same conditions in every respect. An agriculturist, if he was to succeed in his calling, must use such skill as he could command in finding out for himself what were the good points of his land and what were the weak ones, so that he might by judiciously adapting his crops to his fields, bring about the best results. He tried first one thing and then another, and gradually found an opinion, based on experience, as to what was best in his particular case. The conclusions he reached, and which were so valuable to him, might be of much less value to his neighbour, and it often happened that where the result of one man's labor and experience would be of value to another, that experience was private property and was not always at the command of the individual who needed it.

Here was on the other hand the experience gained by tests made at the experimental farm, and all that was deemed valuable to the farmer was published in bulletins and reports, which every Canadian farmer could obtain for the asking, so that if he had not the opportunity of visiting any of the farms he could in the quiet of his own fireside, at his leisure, acquaint himself with all the more important results obtained by careful and persistent experimental effort.

Attention was first called to the system and plan of the experimental farms. They were five in number. The central farm was located near Ottawa, to serve the farmers of Ontario and Quebec, and there were four branch farms to cover the rest of the Dominion.

At Nappan, N.S., the farm was designed to assist the agriculturists of the maritime provinces. A large area of these provinces was suitable for general farming, and especially adapted for raising the coarser grains and roots for stock feeding and for the production of butter, cheese and beef. The natural advantages of these provinces were very great. They possessed a cool, moist climate, an abundance of nutritious pasture and a plentiful supply of good, pure water. There are also marsh or dyke lands of almost inexhaustible richness for the production of hay. In most districts the earlier ripening varieties of corn could be grown to advantage, and cured or converted into ensilage for winter feed. By providing an abundance of succulent winter food farmers could keep more stock, and thus add considerably to the returns from the farm. In the maritime provinces it had been too much the custom to ship away the crop of hay instead of feeding it at home, and thus benefiting the land. Great as the fertility of the farming lands was, they had become more or less exhausted by careless use. At the Nappan farm the example had been set of feeding nearly everything at home to stock, and with the manure obtained gradually enriching the land. To secure the 300 acres required for the work, two adjoining farms were bought. One of these were esteemed good land in fair condition, and the other had the name of being exhausted. It had been abandoned for some years, and when it was purchased to form a part of the experimental farm the act was the subject of much criticism. But, with reasonably judicious treatment, this land had rapidly improved, and from the crops harvested during the past year it might be safely said that the land now was as good as that of any other part of the farm. The testing of a large number of varieties of cereals had been carried on from year to year with the view of ascertaining which were the most profitable and most suitable to the maritime provinces. Among the varieties of fodder plants, including early sorts of corn had its sheen tested, as well as many sorts of roots, grain and other farm crops. Beefing and milking strains of shorthorns, also Ayrshire and Holstein cattle, had been introduced, and the foundation thus laid for a very useful herd of animals which would prove a benefit to the whole country.

At the Manitoba farm a large number of experiments have been carried on with wheat, barley, oats, rye and peas; also with corn, roots and mixed fodder crops in order to ascertain which were likely to be most useful and profitable for the farmers of this province. Special attention had been paid to those varieties of grain which ripen early. Successful efforts had also been made to solve the problem of winter food for stock. In the earlier history of the country, when settle next was sparse and cattle few, there was an abundance of wild hay to be had almost for the cutting. Now all this was changed. Cattle had increased enormously, the land was being taken up, and farmers must now, in most districts, produce on their own farms the food necessary to sustain their stock during the winter. Various mixtures had been made of oats, peas, barley, tares and wheat, and those had been cut in the green state, yielding crops varying from 31 to 37 tons of cured fodder. The highest obtained at the Brandon farm in 1890 was with a mixture of oats and peas, sown after roots, which gave 3 tons and 1,659 pounds of cured hay to the acre. During the past season, 1891, other mixtures did still better. One of eight pecks of Black Tartarian oats, with four pecks of Prince Albert peas, yielded 13 tons and 1,675 pounds of green fodder, which, when cured as hay, weighted 4 tons and 1,675 pounds. A mixture of eight pecks of black Tartarian oats and four pecks of large English tares gave the still heavier crop of 13 tons 650 pounds of green fodder, and five tons 510 pounds of cured hay. Experiments have also been made in methods of treating the soil by summer fallowing, fall and spring ploughing, in seeding at different depths and with different quantities of seed, also with the use of different sorts of seed drills. Experiments were carried on with roots and potatoes, and the fruit and forest trees and shrubs to determine their relative hardiness and adaptability to the climate. To further test forest tree planting large shelter belts, and clumps had been planted as wind breaks and for ornament. Stock had also been sent to this farm, consisting of milking strains of Durhams, Holsteins, Ayrshires and Galloways. Feeding experiments were in progress with steers to determine how beef can be produced at the lowest cost. Experiments were also in progress with pigs to ascertain the value of frozen when for pork raising. Several breeds of poultry had been sent to Brandon and this case of work would probably be extended as soon as a suitable building could be provided.

Experiments with grain very similar in character with those in progress at Brandon were being carried out at Indian Head, but the climate and soil being so different the results are not always the same. Much useful information concerning tests of grain had been given in the annual reports and much more was being accumulated. Excellent results have been obtained in producing large quantities per acre of cured fodder by growing mixtures of grain. In 1890 mixtures of rye and tares and rye tares and oats gave good results, but spring rye alone cut green produced the best quality and the largest quantity of hay, the crop ranging from two and a half to three tons per acre. In 1891 the best crop was had from a mixture of wheat and rye cut green, which gave four tons of cured hay per acre. The next best was a mixture of wheat and oats, which gave 3 tons and 1,200 pounds of cured hay. Experiments with fodder corn were not as successful as at Brandon, but rape has yielded an extraordinary crop, and would of almost every sort have given good returns. The highest yield of potatoes was 363 bushels per acre—seeding No. 80 of the Experimental farm. Experiments with native grasses and clovers had been very encouraging. On the farm were milking strains of Durhams, Holsteins, Ayrshires and Polled Angus cattle, and experiments had been made in cross and line with the grade stock of the country. The male animals at all of the farms were available for service for the use of farmers. Poultry is also kept at all of the institutions. Feeding experiments with steers are being made, and fruits and forestry were paid much attention. At Agassiz, where the British Columbian Experimental Station was situated, the same experiments made at the other farms with roots, fodder plants, Indian corn, potatoes and grasses were being carried on. At the end of 1891 there were 473 varieties of shrubs and trees for economic and ornamental uses. Forest belt planting was carried on and much desired timber, tree and hard woods were sytematically planted on the slopes of the Rocky mountains. Extensive experiments with poultry were in progress. A barn was being built where dairy breeds of cattle would be introduced to improve the stock of the province. At present milking strains of Shorthorns were on the farm, and others would be added shortly. There were 525 varieties of large fruits and 755 of small fruits planted.

All branches of agricultural work were carried on at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa. Last year there were 181 specimens of wheat, barley and oats under test. It would add nearly $2,000,000 annually to the value of the crop.

Prof. Saunders pointed out the advantage of growing large peas on account of the higher price. The field crops at the farm had run the past year as follows: Crown, 47 bushels and 11 pounds; Golden Vine, 44-07; Prince Albert, 40-02, and Manning, 39-13.

The grade cattle of the country were being improved by crossing with them useful breeds. Milking strains of Shorthorns, Ayrshires, Holsteins, Jerseys, Devons and Quebec Jerseys. Careful tests were being carried on to determine the value of different sorts of food and the effect they had on the quantity and quality of the milk. Also in the feeding of steers of different ages and under varying circumstances.

A working dairy was in full operation where all sorts of tests are applied to determine the most profitable methods of handling milk. A useful adjunct to the dairy was the piggery, where experiments were being conducted to determine the most economical methods of producing pork with different breeds of pigs. At Brandon, Manitoba, there were milking strains of Shorthorns, Holsteins and Ayrshires. The general plan covers the whole Dominion. In 1890 seven instructors were at work. The instructor visited a factory and took in charge during his stay. Information was freely given in all departments, the object being to introduce everywhere the best practices, and thus secure a uniformly first-class product in all the provinces. After the general instructive work was completed in July special investigators carried on work at two factories in Ontario and one in Quebec. It has been found by experimenting that the proportion of rennet has not much influence on the quality of cheese under uniform conditions, but, where the milk is ever ripe, a decided advantage had been gained by its use in large proportions. The principal line of experimental dairy work was in determining the quantity and quality of cheese made from milk with different percentages of butter fat. Beginning with milk having not less than three to four per cent. every increase of two-tenths per cent. of fat had brought three-tenths of a pound of cheese for every hundred pounds of milk. The cheese was also of a better quality. It seemed fair and just to take the proportion of butter fat in milk as the basis of valuation in cheese making. A large number of tests had been made to obtain the averages given. A few facts about the Mount Elgin Creamery ended Prof. Saunders' lecture. He said that in December, patrons had been supplying from 7,000 to 9,000 pounds of milk per day, and the butter output had been from 330 to 450 pounds per day. In the earlier part of the season the milk contained four per cent of butter fat, but later on the percentage rose to four and three-quarters. The milk was tested when received and was paid for in proportion to the butter fat contained. The skim milk was ready to take home in half an hour. As to prices, a charge of 3 cents per pound was made to cover cost of making and marketing. Two cents was charged for commission, and it was expected 27 cents would be received for the butter, thus netting the farmer 22 cents per pound. At the end of each month an advance of 15 cents per pound was made to the farmer. The farmer received thus about $1.10 for every 100 pounds of milk. The quality of the butter was equal to the best Danish article.

Cheese makers were seeking information where had been rarely less than three to six cheese-makers present to learn the butter making, in order to carry on factories in the winter. These men came at their own expense.

After Prof. Saunders' discourse one speaker said the Manitobans are rapidly substituting White Fife for Red Fife wheat on account of the former standing the frost better, and when it does freeze it turns red, while Red Fife turns black and the difference at market is considerable. He considered that the success of Manitoba for the next 50 years depended much on the finding of a suitable grass. At present there is none. Timothy is not a success and while alsike will winter fairly well it has a popular appearance in the spring.

One of the amusing incidents of the Stanley Show was a trial between a "Rath" pneumatic and a Dunlop ditto. Mr. Rath got together a goodly number of interested spectators at the Crystal Palace track and rode the machines over broken bottles, tin tracks and such like, but neither of the tires would be induced to burst. As there was a supposition that the glass and other obstructions sank into the ground under pressure, another trial was suggested and this time a representative of the Pneumatic Tyre Co., was invited to attend. He did so bringing with him a machine fitted with the 1892 pattern of Dunlop tire, and rode it repeatedly over the broken glass, etc. Mr. Rath got a boy to ride the machine fitted with his tire and the fun waxed fast and furious, other riders making attempts to burst the Dunlop with fair riding, but all of a sudden the tire on the rear wheel of the Rath machine went and of course the laugh went too, the Dunlop tire, which is without saying too much, the best pneumatic tire we have in this country.—[Sporting Goods Gazette.

LIFE IN ACADIA.

BY MRS M. L. RAYNE.

It has often been referred to by the historian as a matter of surprise that the narrow width of the English Channel should separate two people as diverse in character as the French and the English, who as a rule, cannot speak together in the same language, and who are totally opposite in their characteristics. The same conditions based on historical facts will apply to the capital city of Nova Scotia, Halifax, which is within thirty-six hours' distance of Boston by steamer, yet is as remote actually as if on the opposite side of the world. At that short distance the customs, manners, even the speech of the Nova Scotian—more particularly of the metropolitans—are as markedly different, the broad Scotch or English burr being a prominent voice quality, in direct contrast to the cold, classic, cosmopolitan tongue of Boston.

The first name bestowed on Nova Scotia was given to that country in 1537, when Master Thomas Thorne conducted a fleet of two ships—one of them bearing the religious name of Dominus Vobiscum—to these North American shores. The ships were fitted out by order of the King of England, Henry VIII., and one of them was lost just after the party had passed through the Straits of Belle Isle into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The fleet set sail from England in May, returning to that country in October, minus their lost vessel.

Acadie was the first name of the province, afterwards changed to Acadia. It is not within the scope of this paper to give a history of the earlier days when there was a constant struggle between the English and French in the province for supremacy. That struggle is a matter of history and even as such is of but small interest when compared with the greater and more memorable conflicts of the world at the present day. It is both the exceptional peace that historian has to do, with Acadia and the land of Evangeline, where

Softly the angel us sounds I, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of rosy-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Here dwelt the kindly maiden waiting her Norman cap, the parish priest who passed along murmuring his *benedicite*, the wealthy farmer settled on the broad acres, and the jocund peasant, happy in his thatched cottage where he feared no evil.

"Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their doors were open as day, and the hearts of their owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

Acadia is mainly found in the valley of the Cobequid along the dykes, and in the country of the Grand Pre. There the descendants of the primitive Acadians may be found to-day not sublimized by the poet, lesser in angelic attributes than Evangeline, but pictures and idyllic from that reflex glow which illuminated her on the poet historian's page.

Let it be understood here that these people do not call themselves Acadians. They are known in the province as the French people or localized by village names. "We French Peep," they say in their own vernacular. Since Acadia was ceded to the British in 1713 they have had but one government, and are amenable to the same provincial laws as Nova Scotians proper, but they have local laws and customs which are peculiar to themselves, and they observe the Roman Catholic religion in preference to that of the Church of England.

Acadia, outside of the poet's pages, comprises the length and breadth of the Peninsula of Nova Scotia, which is 276 miles long by 100 miles wide. It is a country of mountain and valley richly wooded with a soil that is not fruitful in agricultural wealth, but with unworked resources in its gold mines and fisheries. It has also iron in abundance.

The Nova Scotian is proverbially slow. He carries a penny in his pocket and turns it over seven years, and does not see a chance before him. He is satisfied to let things take their course, but he works harder to do that than he would to develop the resources within his reach. A few bushels of seed potatoes are of more importance in his eyes than a prospective gold mine. Potatoes and turnips grow in the rocky soil, and the Boston people will buy more of the blue nose potatoe and ruta baga turnip. But coal cannot tickle the earth with a straw and have it yield forth a harvest.

There was a gentleman farmer in Wallis who told his brother from the States, that he had not invested his corn. "A big yield," he said, meaning that he had turned eighteen bushels this year.

That would keep his family in meal as an occasional article of diet the next harvest. Improbable as this seems, it was true at the time of which I write.

Cattle, buckwheat and apples do thrive in the province, but the wild productions of the country are unexcelled. Its salmon leap in every river and are the best in the market. Its strawberries have a flavor that is unexcelled. The smallest mountain brook has a dark pool under hanging branches, where the silver-speckled trout can be hooked without a moment's notice. The forests are full of game, small and large. The climate is cold and bracing, with a keen salt air that gives one a healthy appetite, and hard, squalid poverty is almost unknown in any part of the province, where it exists it is the inevitable result of shiftlessness.

Halifax, the capital city, is an ancient town. It was founded in 1749 by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, and it has always been a military post. For many years it was under the rule of a provincial governor, but is now subject to the authority of the Governor General of the Dominion of Canada, in which it is included.

The Citadel Hill at Halifax commands a view of the finest harbor in the world. It has all the rules and regulations of a garrison, guns, signals when vessels are approaching, drilling morning and evening, and locks its doors on friend and foe.

The quaint old town looks as if it had been asleep for the last hundred years—the same old gable roofed houses, streets no sidewalks, primitive customs and English names. There is a line of street cars, but it is a railroad through the province, which is within a circle of twenty-two hours. Previous to that a line of coaches run by a Yankee named Hyde carried the travelling public and the mails. The special post was a galloping pony, ridden by a courier at breakneck speed.

I am told that the old settlers do not take kindly to the new postal system, and speak regretfully of the good old days when their weekly paper was flung to them from the top of a passing coach landing sometimes on the woodpile and sometimes in a puddle of water.

The streets of Halifax present a foreign element that is at once noticeable and picturesque. There are men-of-war sailors who represent all nations under the sun; army and navy officers in their gay uniform, kilted Highlanders marching to the music of the bagpipes, red-coated soldiers going to parade, and the native Indigenous, dressed and elegant. There are also Micmac Indians selling baskets made of porcupine quills, colored people hawking fish, and the queer Chezetcook people with their basket of eggs or warm knitted socks on their arms.

If in the summer time, you will see boys, men and women carrying bags of dulse, a sea-vegetable that is good either fresh or toasted—poised on their heads. The Indians will have pretty birch-bark trays deep enough to hold a few quarts of huckleberries. These they retail at a sixpence a quart, and get furiously drunk on the proceeds. But never were there such delicious berries as these little native foundlings that draw their sweetness from the barren pasture fields.

Tourists who want good sport, either in fishing or hunting, should go to Halifax, procure an Indian or half-breed guide and start for the region of country about the Shubenacadie, the Tatamagouche, or the Musquodoboit, back from the water in the deep woods. How deep and dense the woods are may be inferred from the fact that a party of government surveyors snow-balled each other there in July. There the mighty moose abound; and are hunted in the fall and winter, when snow-shoes assist in the sport. Caribou and deer likewise abound.

This leads to a memory of a quaint old inn near Halifax which is called "Deer's Castle," a resort for hunters. It has this poetical sign swinging above it:

"William Deer, who lives here,
Keeps the best of wine and beer,
Brandy, cider, and other good cheer,
Fish and ducks, moose and deer,
Caught or shot in the woods just here,
With cutlets or steak as will appear.
If you will stop you need not fear
But you'll be well treated by William Deer,
And by Mrs. Deer, his dearly dear."

All these things will be given to the traveler who will cook them in their haunts. It is worth going that far just to