ON A QUEER CRAFT

A Skater's Thrilling Experience in Northumberland Straits.

I had been spending the Christmas holidays with friends in Prince Edward Island, and was crossing to the mainland on my way to Ottawa when our stout steel steamer ran into a pack of ice just outside Pictou harbor, and seemed likely to be delayed there for hours. There was nothing to do but make the best of circumstances, so the passengers, all men, retired to the smoking room for warmth and talk.

"It's too bad to be stopped here. We might almost swim ashore," said a fat little man.

"You wouldn't find winter swimming pleasant," said a young doctor.

"Have you ever tried it?" asked the fat man.

"Had to once." The doctor's expression betokened recollection of a woful experience.

"Tell us all about it. Come, out with the story," and at the word story there was a general shifting of chairs to face the doctor.

"Well, all right. It will help to pass the time," said he, "so here it is."

In the winter of 1883 I was going to school at Pictou Academy, and a cold winter it was. The harbor froze so early that several barques were shut in. Twice ice held, and before long it was so thick that the island steamer had to cut her way up to the wharf. Splendid for skating and clear, steady weather we boys had, I tell you.

Going to school was a hard trial those days. With eyes on our books, we thought of nothing but skating. Why should dull learning enchain boys who wished to sail down the harbor to Earltown River, and whiz along its picturesque course? But you all know how we felt. After school we'd skate till late at night, illuminating the harbor with bonfires and torches.

One afternoon in January I skated up to New Glasgow to visit my sick friend, Bob Goodyear. He had been taken down with fever, and was dangerously ill. Bob was then boarding in New Glasgow, where he had few friends.

It took me about an hour to skate from Pictou to New Glasgow. I got there a little after nightfall, and found Bob very ill indeed. I decided to stay all night and help nurse him. The doctor came in and, on my own responsibility, I gave him instructions for my night's watch.

About eleven o'clock my real task began, when the people of the house had gone to bed, and I was left to myself in the sick-room. I was somewhat tired after the day's exertion, the wind had made my eyelids heavy, and I soon caught myself nodding.

However, by frequent sips of strong coffee I managed to keep my eyes open for several hours and do my duty, but gradually I felt myself growing nervous. I tried to read, but couldn't, and to keep myself under control I was obliged to pace the floor.

The room was very warm, and in the small hours I went out into the hall. There the cool air refreshed me considerably, and the inspiration occurred to me that I might as well go back to Pictou that night. My way, would be over, at the worst, clear when I started before daylight.

In half an hour I was on the ice, and then I fairly revelled in the delight of swiftly moving about, there was a chance to escape from home haste death, for such must be my fate if I remained in my present restricted position. There was not the same danger of being carried out to sea on the larger ice, I hoped, its surface would prove large enough to admit of my moving about, there was a chance to escape the list of dangers I was exposing.

I was a good skater, and when the wind was behind me I made fine time. I was getting on splendidly, and was congratulating myself on having discovered my error so soon. It was not too late to rectify my course so as to avoid the danger, and I had no doubt I could do that.

There was, though, one other ground for apprehension. Up the harbor for some distance advantage had been opened by the winter boat from Prince Edward Island. This, however, I quickly got to be on the opposite side of the harbor from where I then was, and might be avoided by keeping well to the north.

It was apparent, therefore, that I must shift my course farther north. The wind gained me in this. Pleased to think that I had been careful to note the direction before setting out, I started off once more, and took a course a couple of points north of the wind.

I soon realized that a good hour's work was cut out for me. The snow was so deep as to make progress a matter of difficulty, while the wind came in gusts that took my breath. There was nothing else to do, though, but to set my teeth and struggle on.

Tired out from the exertion of the afternoon, and still more by that of the last hour and a half, I felt a great weariness stealing over me; and now and then I would stumble in the snow, which had drifted in heaps over the crevices of the ice.

I could not tell how far I had gone on in this condition, when suddenly I felt a sensation as of the ice giving way under my feet. It was not imagination, but reality. In the same instant I was struggling in the cold water of the harbor, clutching with my mittened hands a piece of floating ice which seemed to have been broken away the moment when I went down.

Terror seized me. I knew that much swimming in that freezing water was impossible. Besides, where should I swim to?

Fortunately the block of ice to which I clung was pretty firm. To raise myself upon it was my immediate thought. My skates impeded me. Those were moments of anguish; but after a terrible struggle I succeeded in dragging myself out of the water upon the slab of ice.

There was no longer any doubt in my mind as to where I was. I had allowed myself to be carried out of my way into the open sea near the mouth of the harbor. My situation was horrible to think of. The fragment of ice upon which I found temporary safety was being carried away from the main body; and I was moving out with the tide into Northumberland Strait—so I supposed.

To shout loudly for help I could not, benumbed as I was with cold. It would be useless, anyway, for there was no possible chance of my being heard.

My situation was utterly desperate. I was so paralyzed with cold that I could hardly move a muscle. My legs were numb, and the upper part of my body chilled to that degree that I fancied myself burning hot. My senses, instead of being quickened to action, were overpowered. Still, I was conscious that I ought to move my limbs; and by a great effort I raised myself on my knees and began slapping my body and limbs, in order to excite some circulation.

Gradually I recovered the partial use of my legs, and I felt safe to stand erect on the floating ice. My skates, which were of no further use, I tore from my feet and carelessly allowed to tumble into the water.

How far I had floated I could not tell. The tide was flowing out rapidly, and no doubt I should soon be outside the harbor. Horrible fate that threatened! Even though I should not be carried to sea, I must soon succumb to cold and exhaustion. Already the power of my will was strained to keep hold on consciousness.

Suddenly it occurred to me that if I were near the entrance of the harbor the gleam of the lighthouse should be visible. I could not be sure, however, that the light was kept burning in winter, as there seemed no need of it. I might, therefore, be near it now, without being aware of it. A cry of distress might be heard.

Feebly I called, "Help! Help!" Then regaining my voice I shouted out into the storm my cry for assistance.

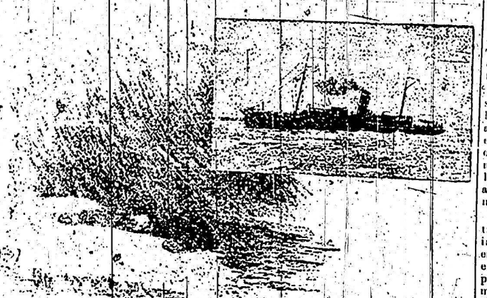
No answer. I might have passed the light already. No hope remained. A great weakness was coming over me, and I must soon wholly give up to it.

All at once I was aroused from lethargy by a slight concussion. Startled, but still drowsy, I could not immediately account for it. Then it dawned upon me that my ice-block had come into collision with some other floating fragment.

There was really nothing in this to inspire me with hope; yet, strangely, at that instant hope did dart through me. I was ready to clutch desperately at anything. My block, at all events, was buoyant, and that partly restored me to my senses. Another effort, and I was fully awake. There was some ground for hope, too. I must have come into contact with some large mass of ice; for I felt that my little float was no longer being borne along by the current.

My mind was soon made up to cross to this new ice. If, as I hoped, its surface should prove large enough to admit of my moving about, there was a chance to escape from imme diate death; for such must be my fate if I remained in my present restricted position. There was not the same danger of being carried out to sea on the larger mass, either.

How long a time had elapsed since my leaving the harbor, I had no correct idea. Possibly no more than a few minutes; often it then seemed to be much longer. When the sudden jar had roused me from that drowsiness that would soon



A CHANCE OF ESCAPE.

have been fatal, I had ceased to move and was sitting on the ice.

Seeing my way cautiously to the edge of my insecure raft, I sought its point of contact with the new ice. My hands were so thoroughly benumbed that I could do no more than guess the relative position of the two blocks. Satisfied, however, that I had really met a larger and therefore safer mass, I mustered my energies, and resolved to cross the chasm.

My little block would not allow of my leaping from it. I could not have done so, anyway, for I was too weak even to rise to my feet. I rather sprawled across to the point I sought; and then not without dipping my legs once more in the water.

More dead than alive I lay, for a moment helpless. I could feel, nevertheless, that the ice on which I rested was more stable than that which I had left. With a great effort I gained my feet. The muscles of my body had begun to contract, and the blood seemed frozen in my veins.

In almost any circumstances a man dies hard, but when cold and exhaustion, like an anæsthetic, have deadened his senses and energies, the struggle for life becomes very feeble.

Consciously I endeavored to shake off my stupor. Violently beating my limbs and body, I succeeded in partially restoring circulation—it was a bee-line I made, as one would think; but I remember the effort of those moments as the most painful of my life.

Vitality gradually came back, and with it a despairing anxiety to know where I was. The stability of the ice under my tread assured me of temporary security, and I longed for daylight.

I tried to move, but it was with pain. My knees sank under me. Hardly realizing what I did, I groped and stumbled forward for perhaps fifty yards. Then suddenly it struck me that I must be again on solid ice.

There could be no doubt of it. The mystery of my position was clear at once. I had broken through the ice not near the mouth of the harbor, but at the edge of the narrow channel cut by the steamer, which ran logs a good right up the frozen harbor to Pictou town.

I had floated down the passage for some little distance, and across it, till my course was stopped by a cake of ice projecting from the Pictou side.

All this appeared as plain as daylight to my brain, now quickened to action by the assurance of deliverance. But how was it possible for me, who knew the way so well, to miscalculate so strangely my true course for home? I certainly had made due allowance for the channel.

The solution of this problem was not revealed until I reached land, and found myself more than half a mile below where I had expected to be. Then all was perfectly clear. Since my setting out the wind had shifted from northwest to due northeast. Consequently my course, instead of taking me where I had wished, carried me far down the harbor. It was indeed fortunate that I had not found myself at the harbor's mouth, far below town.

All peril of water was now past. It only remained to drag myself home. I crawled painfully up the bank, and by a final effort reached my lodgings, completely prostrated.

My hair did not, as you may see, turn white; but my cares and face were of that complexion for a while; for face, hands and feet were badly frost bitten. As I was young and vigorous, the shock to my nerves from fright, cold and exhaustion lasted but a few days. But I didn't skate any more that winter. I have not, by any means, lost my fondness for the amusement. I have persuaded myself that I can get enough of it during the daytime; and I prefer making long journeys by rail or steamer, even at the risk of having to picnic a day or two in Gulf Ice.

Before the young doctor had concluded his story our boat had freed herself from the jam, and was making her way through open water up the Narrows.

Soon we were tearing through ice a foot thick in Pictou harbor, at the rate of eight knots an hour, and the doctor shivered as he glanced over the stern into the seething water.

"I couldn't count much on my keeping company with you down there," he dryly remarked to the fat man. "It looks as cold as ever."—[David Soloan in Youths' Companion.

BRIGHT AND BREEZY.

Savannah is the forest city of the south from its innumerable shade trees.

Paterson, N.J., is the centre of the American silk manufacturing business.

An elevator up Mount Calvary is in construction for the benefit of tourists.

Bismarck, N. D., was so named in 1872, just after the Franco-Prussian war.

New York owns one fourth of the commercial shipping of the United States.

Vincennes is the oldest city in Indiana and was its capital from 1800 to 1813.

Peach stones find ready sale to be used in manufacturing perfumes, flavoring extracts and prussic acid.

Roasted coffee and ground coffee beans mixed with honey are used to restore broken down horses in Germany.

In time of war France is prepared to put 370 out of every 1 000 of her population in the field; Germany, 310; Russia, 210.

The women of the middle ages always parted their hair with a small dagger. When not in use it was carried in the girdle.

Handel's spinet (clavichord) was advertised for sale in the London newspapers two weeks ago, the vendor being a resident of Halle-on-Saale, Germany.

It is complained of English nurses who come to America that they are altogether too self-reliant, and carry their sense of superiority about with them in such an offensive and conspicuous manner as greatly to impair their usefulness.

The wedding of Colin P. Hardy and Miss Eva Maud Byers at Canaris, N. Y., the other day, was the result of a peculiar romance. Hardy had twice saved the life of Miss Byers within the last year, and her hand in marriage was his reward.

In a Brooklyn police court a deaf-mute was charged with stealing a pocketbook. When the prosecutor had testified and the prisoner was asked to defend he took the oath and wrote his denial thus: "I did not take the pocketbook; she didn't see me take it, for she wasn't there when I took it."

The French government intends to bring out a new series of postage stamps, to represent the political regime of the country, and to that end has appointed a jury to decide as to the value of competitive designs. This jury is composed of several high postoffice functionaries, two painters, two sculptors, and two engravers.

The total gold output of the colony of Victoria, Australia, during last year was 707,367 ounces of the value of about $15,000,000. This was 44,000 ounces more than the yield in 1892 and the largest since 1885. The gold echoed from Cape Colony, Africa, during last year was 1,499,736 ounces, valued at about $26,250,000.

A young woman who went before a civil justice in Williamsburg, N.Y., to be married objected to the word "obey" in the obligation, and would not. When the judge said he couldn't omit it or say it under his breath, but she finally took her young man's hand and promised to love and honor, with a mental reservation as to obey him.

Two more international expositions have been arranged for this year. An exhibition of oil and wine industries is to open in Milan some time in the coming spring, and the czar has just authorized an international exhibition of fruit, vegetables, fish, deer, cider, beer and medicine, to be held in St. Petersburg during the autumn.

At a recent meeting of the Japan Society in London the chairman made a practical suggestion, to the effect that the sound produced by bamboo pipes was very sweet and mellow; that it was largely used by the Japanese in the manufacture of musical instruments, and it seemed possible that all organ builders might derive advantage from the use of this reed for organ pipes.

In Ireland vaccination was made compulsory in 1863. Since that time the Irish poor law commissioners have carried out the law and the whole population has been vaccinated. From 1870 to 1880 the yearly average of deaths from small pox was 5,866, in the next decade it was 2,287, and in the next 1,272. In the year 1891 there were twenty, and in 1893 they were nineteen and in the next year six.

A modern treatment for nervous prostration requires that the patient be put to bed in a quiet room and fed for weeks on enormous quantities of milk. He must take exercise, however, and this he does by proxy through the device of massage. He must do absolutely nothing for himself, and if his nose itches the nurse must scratch it. Patients under such treatment sometimes gain four or five pounds of flesh per week. It is of course a luxury for the rich.

Pittsburg, which used to be a little town squeezed down into the narrow triangle of the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela has grown into a city of unusually large area in proportion to its population. The city engineers were cutting streets through dense woodlands more than twenty years ago, and farms miles from the city hall were held at speculative prices. The city line is now more than six miles from the Ohio east ward, and its length between the Alleghany and Monongahela is between four and five miles.

The number of reindeer owned by Laplanders in Sweden varies to a considerable degree. The poorer may have from fifty to 200 reindeer, those better-off from 300 to 1,000, and the rich Laplanders will keep 1,000 and even 5,000 reindeer. There is some difficulty in collecting statistics on the number of reindeer, as the Laplanders may sometimes be unwilling or unable to give any correct statement. According to the latest statistics the number of reindeer in Sweden would amount to 296,220, of which 52,530 were in the Province of Jemtland, 40,500 in the Province of Vesterbotten and 203,170 in the Province of Norbotten.

According to some statistics quietly circulated in Washington, a distinctly English style of adding to one's income prevails in that city. It is well known that in London the aristocracy and run as a fine profession. The Washington society woman has occurred to such an illustrious example by operating a similar industry. She buys up from time to time carriages in varying states of repair or dilapidation and rents them as "night liners." This fact has, of course, endeavored to keep from her friends, as she wisely grasps the fact that while they one and all would be glad to benefit themselves by such an unusual enterprise they would be the first to turn and rend her for going into the nefarious business that now nets her a comfortable sum.

The Prince in the Prussian Army.

The appointment of the Prince of Wales as a suite of the First Russian (not German) Dragoon Guards, of which the Queen is titular chief, confers upon his Royal Highness a second brand of the Prussian army, seeing that he is already "chief" of the Blucher Hussars. When the Prince went over to Berlin to assist at the celebration of his sister's (the Crown Princess) silver wedding, the old Emperor presented him with a complete Blucher Hussar uniform, emblazoned on the shoulder straps with the insignia of a field marshal, which caused his Royal Highness to jump to the conclusion that he had actually been raised to this rank in the Prussian army, and he was very proud of the fancied honour. This was, however, a misconception of the incident. The Prince of Wales was not made a Prussian field-marshal in the sense that the Duke of Wellington was one, for the latter had commanded a Prussian army in the field (at Waterloo). The truth was, when the Prince got the titular command of the Blucher Hussars he also acquired the right of adding to the uniform the insignia of his future field marshal, as the Emperor could not, according to the rules of military etiquette, ask his Royal Highness to accept a status in the German army lower than that he already held in England, and consequently the Prince received the crossed batons of colonel's uniform which he crossed batons on the epaulette. The uniform of the First Prussian Dragoon Guards, being light blue, is not particularly martial, but the regiment—which, by the way, included the two sons of Prince Bismarck—distinguished itself nobly at Mars la Tour.

Man's Heavy Burden.

Mrs. De Science—"If I am able to carry the baby around, I should think you ought to be."

Professor De Science—"You forget, my dear, that an average man has to carry an atmospheric pressure of fifteen tons, while women, being smaller, do not have to carry over ten or twelve tons."

BRITAIN RULES IN AFRICA.

From Lake Tanganyika Southward.

How "The Meteor Flag of England" Has Been Carried Northward by the Cape Colonists—All in Twelve Years—Cecil Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony, is Looking Forward to a Great United British South African State.

An amiable Dutch lady, who lives in Capetown in the house her family have uninterruptedly occupied for more than 100 years, has among her heirlooms a 150 years ago. It is curious to note how, in a map of the Western Hemisphere, South America is dealt with in comparative detail. So is the eastern coast of North America. But when the draughtsmen approaches the western coast, he does not go much further than San Francisco. Here his pen is uplifted, and the rest is left to the imagination. Naturally Africa, a country which at the time the atlas was published had been 100 years partly occupied by the Dutch, receives special attention. The interior is marked out with great minuteness, though there is nothing to indicate the location of particular tribes, the longest mountain admitted that he is guided by what he has heard and read. Amongst other things, the map proves that the knowledge of the existence of gold in South Africa is not a modern possession. In various districts, notably in Mashonaland, a patch of yellow colors the map, and underneath is written the magic words.

"HERE IS GOLD."

School maps of the era immediately preceding Dr. Livingstone's exploits did not deal with the interior of Africa with any distinction, and the fullness that followed on the acquisition of Bechuanaland.

"I will stop only where the country has been claimed," said Mr. Rhodes.

Sir Hercules, taking up the map, found that territory extended to boys and girls by the time to-day is in this respect much harder. Africa has been surveyed from north to south, from east to west, and hides no mysteries from the map-maker. Worse still, it is a congeries of nationalities, the land being divided among Great Britain, Germany, France, Portugal, Turkey, Italy, and Spain, with here and there a purely African state, a miserable slice left to the ancient possessors of the land.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes has been busy of late.

PAINTING THE MAP RED.

Poring over it, to-day, he looks longingly at some stretches of country covered with a tint which map-makers have agreed to assign to other nationalities. Only a year ago there was but a slip of South Africa painted red, including the Cape Colony. It is to-day that since 1885 Bechuanaland has been under British protection, as a crown colony. But England's chief interest in that district has been an annual expenditure of a number of thousands of pounds sterling, for which there is absolutely no return. Since the Chartered Company came into existence a huge patch of Central South Africa has been painted red. To-day it is all red from Capetown up to Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika. The red boldly pushes its way up, taking the pick of the lands, pushing aside the green of Germany, and the blue of Portugal. North of German East Africa the red shows again over the liberal space of British East Africa. Studying the latest map the candid Briton is driven to the conclusion that there is nothing more than the capacity with which grabs land in foreign parts, unless it be the indignation with which he regards any attempt, however modest, made by other nations to extend their boundaries.

Mr. Rhodes dreams of a day when there shall be direct telegraph and railway communication

BETWEEN CAPETOWN AND CAIRO.

That is a big order; but he is the kind of man who is apt to realize his wildest and most extravagant they may appear to the prosaic mind. He has marched, as he has since he set his steps in the direction of carrying the British flag northward. Five years ago, when Mr. Rhodes, returned to the Representative Chamber, first promulgated the idea of obtaining the unknown interior of Africa as a reversion to the Cape Colony, he stood alone in his crusade. Nobody, not even the Legislative Assembly, but the country entire, laughed and enthusiastically at his back. Nothing is more common in the general elections still going on than to hear a member of the Opposition criticise, as his duty bound, some portion of the Premier's domestic policy, winding up with the emphatic statement that he is entirely with him in his imperial policy.

It was during the governorship of Sir Hercules Robinson that Mr. Rhodes began his work. Sir Hercules was not averse to

A LITTLE REGULAR AND ORDERLY EXPENSION

of our empire in South Africa, but the magnitude of Mr. Rhodes' ideas was apt to startle him.

"Where will you stop?" Sir Hercules asked him during one of the conversations that followed on the acquisition of Bechuanaland.

"I will stop only where the country has been claimed," said Mr. Rhodes.

Sir Hercules, taking up the map, found that this would take the British territory up to the southern border of Lake Tanganyika. He was, as Mr. Rhodes' eyes, in telling the story, "a little upset."

"I think," he remarked, "you should be satisfied with the Zambesi as a boundary."

That was ten years ago, and to-day the map is painted red up to the southern borders of Lake Tanganyika, with the Zambesi river far in the rear. Talking on this subject, Mr. Rhodes recalls the fact that 200 years distant, when the Dutch settlers at the Cape built a block house on Table mountain, and regarded it as the limit of their geographical ideas. The block house still stands, but Cape Colony has spread lustily limbs in all directions, and there are some of its sons who look forward to the day when the colony shall be the centre of a great united South African state.

THE WAY IS CLEARED.

In that direction, as a glance at the map will show, the way is now pretty well cleared. The proposed state could never run east and west from coast to coast, since on the west Germany has Damaraland, and on the east there is a long strip of blue showing Portuguese territory. But Damaraland is scarcely worth the trouble of holding—a worthless creature. How injudicious, how destructive of health, therefore, it must be to shut out the light from our parlors, and particularly such rooms as are more generally used by the family simply to prevent the fading of the carpet, etc., this, apparently being regarded as of more consequence than the freshness, the glow of health, the real vitality of our children. It should be remembered that it is far easier to spread a covering over such a carpet, or to replace it by a new one, putting it in a less important room, than to pay the increased doctor's bills, and that carpets can be more easily changed than the health of our children restored when once lost. This principle applies with special force to the sick room, which is, or has been, so often darkened by the ignorant or such as have not given the subject due consideration. Instead, the sunlight should be admitted to the greatest possible extent, the eyes being protected, if necessary, by wet cloths, while as an additional precaution, the patient should be well covered with bedding, then the doors and windows opened allowing quite a current of air to sweep through the room, carrying out the pestiferous gases, the comfort of the patient, of course, being constantly cared for, as comfort is an indispensable condition of a cure.

A Word to the Sleepless.

Dr. J. E. Huxley, of Maidstone, Eng., thinks he has hit upon the natural remedy for sleeplessness. It is, in brief, to cut under the clothes like a kitten, or put the head under the wing like a hen. He says: "This insomnia seems to be now a universal affliction. We live wrongly; sit up late and overwork the brain and then go to bed in an excited condition. No one seems to have it in their power to sleep. The natural remedy, I think, I have. People take clinical and like at their peril, and the clinical consequence not seldom ensues. It is all wrong, for you cannot control the dose required for the exact circumstances. But try nature's plan instead; lower the supply of oxygen to the blood, produce a little asphyxia, limit the quantity of air to the lungs, and the heart and circulation becoming quicker, the brain loses its stimulant and sleep follows. When you find yourself "in" for a sleepless night, cover your head with the bed clothes and breathe only the respired air. Thus you may reduce the stimulating oxygen, and fall asleep. There is no danger. When asleep you are sure to disturb the covering, and get as much fresh air as you require. Or, when once drowsiness has been produced, it is easy to go on sleeping, though the air be fresh.

What do the cat and dog do when they prepare to sleep? They turn round, generally three times, and lastly bury their noses in some hollow in their hair, and off they go. They are in no danger, although it might look as if they were from the closeness with which they embed their noses."

CAPTAIN GOLD.

How the Precious Metal Was First Discovered in British Columbia.

A Victoria, B. C., despatch says:—The steamer Boscowitz, which arrived from northern ports a few days ago, brings word of the death at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, of Captain Gold, a Haida Indian, widely known as the discoverer of gold in the coast islands of British Columbia. The story dates back to the early fifties, to the time when eastern civilization wrecked itself on these western shores. Some of the debris drifted northward along the British Columbia coast, and then it was that public attention was first directed to the auriferous rocks of the Queen Charlotte group. But even before this, traders seeking furs had exchanged a few blankets for the yellow metal with Captain Gold and his tribe on the west coast of the islands. The first discovery was, of course, by accident. The "captain," accompanied by his wives, was carrying bark to camp when, slipping down a steep declivity, he uncovered a yellow surface of unusual appearance. He called his wives, and, clearing away the dead leaves with their hands, they soon discovered the extent of the little pocket. They tried to break off a piece from the edge, but, instead of breaking, they found it pliable, and readily rolled from the rock underneath. Now that they had discovered this queer "stone," the next thing was to find use for it. Their doctors pronounced it to be the elixir of life, so they pulverized it and drank it in their water until some of them died. Then they decided they were mistaken. The medicine men having nothing more to say about it, they next tried a big piece for a canoe anchor. Then the trading schooners came, and the prospect of getting a few blankets set the whole village to work gathering all they could find. This is the history of the discovery of Haida Tom, which gave him his title of "Captain Gold."

"AS A SACRIFICE TO THE GODS,"

An Insane Torontonian Throws His Money and Ticket Into the Sea.

A Victoria, B. C., special says:—Martin Baker, who has been a charge on the hands of the police at Victoria for some time, will be sent to San Francisco this week at the expense of the corporation. Baker, who is 25 years of age, has a wife in Toronto, while his mother lives in San Francisco. He was on his way to Toronto when first arrested at Victoria and gravely informed the magistrate that he had thrown his money and ticket into the sea "as a sacrifice to the gods." His habits had led to a mental unbalancing of a temporary nature. Baker's mother wants him home, but has no money with which to pay his fare.

A Large Waist

Is not generally considered a necessary adjunct to the grace, beauty or symmetry of the woman's form. Within the body, however, is a great waste made necessary according to the condition of things—continually in process and requiring the perfect action of all bodily functions to absorb or dispel the refuse. When there is irregularity or inaction, ladies who value a clean, pure, healthy body will take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the only remedy for woman sold with a positive guarantee to *right* all her peculiar *wrongs*.

To those about to become mothers, it is a priceless boon, for it lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens labour, promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child and shortens the period of confinement

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness, constipation, sick headache, indigestion, or dyspepsia and kindred diseases.

Why He Voted Blue.

During the last British General Election a man rode up to the polling-place on a donkey-cart, his animal being gaily attired in blue ribbons, amid loud cheers from the adherents of the Parliamentary candidate, whose colour was blue.

On coming from the polling-place a man shouted:

"Well done! you have done right to vote blue!"

The man laughed as he replied:

"I have no voted blue—I know better than that."

"Not voted blue!" cried the other "then why is your beast dressed up in blue—Mr. ——'s colours?"

"Because, although he may be a donkey, I am not," was the answer, and the owner of the donkey whipped him up, feeling he had scored heavily there.

Nerve Pain Cure.

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HEALTH.

Sunlight.

Dr. J. H. Hansford writes the following on the healthful effects of sunlight: We need no better evidence of the real value of the light of the glorious sun than its abundant, if not limitless, supply. Indeed, our observations in the vegetable world will teach us that no plant, shrub, twig, or wide, however small and insignificant, can possibly grow and thrive, coming to maturity, in the dark, while we may reasonably infer that the same vitalizing influences are received by the animal kingdom. A paleness and weakness is soon observed when a plant is deprived of its natural right to grow in the sunlight, while the animal under similar circumstances, becomes stunted, inactive, losing the unseed sight—a worthless creature. How injudicious, how destructive of health, therefore, it must be to shut out the light from our parlors, and particularly such rooms as are more generally used by the family simply to prevent the fading of the carpet, etc., this, apparently being regarded as of more consequence than the freshness, the glow of health, the real vitality of our children. It should be remembered that it is far easier to spread a covering over such a carpet, or to replace it by a new one, putting it in a less important room, than to pay the increased doctor's bills, and that carpets can be more easily changed than the health of our children restored when once lost. This principle applies with special force to the sick room, which is, or has been, so often darkened by the ignorant or such as have not given the subject due consideration. Instead, the sunlight should be admitted to the greatest possible extent, the eyes being protected, if necessary, by wet cloths, while as an additional precaution, the patient should be well covered with bedding, then the doors and windows opened allowing quite a current of air to sweep through the room, carrying out the pestiferous gases, the comfort of the patient, of course, being constantly cared for, as comfort is an indispensable condition of a cure.

A Word to the Sleepless.

Dr. J. E. Huxley, of Maidstone, Eng., thinks he has hit upon the natural remedy for sleeplessness. It is, in brief, to cut under the clothes like a kitten, or put the head under the wing like a hen. He says: "This insomnia seems to be now a universal affliction. We live wrongly; sit up late and overwork the brain and then go to bed in an excited condition. No one seems to have it in their power to sleep. The natural remedy, I think, I have. People take clinical and like at their peril, and the clinical consequence not seldom ensues. It is all wrong, for you cannot control the dose required for the exact circumstances. But try nature's plan instead; lower the supply of oxygen to the blood, produce a little asphyxia, limit the quantity of air to the lungs, and the heart and circulation becoming quicker, the brain loses its stimulant and sleep follows. When you find yourself "in" for a sleepless night, cover your head with the bed clothes and breathe only the respired air. Thus you may reduce the stimulating oxygen, and fall asleep. There is no danger. When asleep you are sure to disturb the covering, and get as much fresh air as you require. Or, when once drowsiness has been produced, it is easy to go on sleeping, though the air be fresh.

What do the cat and dog do when they prepare to sleep? They turn round, generally three times, and lastly bury their noses in some hollow in their hair, and off they go. They are in no danger, although it might look as if they were from the closeness with which they embed their noses."

CAPTAIN GOLD.

How the Precious Metal Was First Discovered in British Columbia.

A Victoria, B. C., despatch says:—The steamer Boscowitz, which arrived from northern ports a few days ago, brings word of the death at Skidegate, Queen Charlotte Islands, of Captain Gold, a Haida Indian, widely known as the discoverer of gold in the coast islands of British Columbia. The story dates back to the early fifties, to the time when eastern civilization wrecked itself on these western shores. Some of the debris drifted northward along the British Columbia coast, and then it was that public attention was first directed to the auriferous rocks of the Queen Charlotte group. But even before this, traders seeking furs had exchanged a few blankets for the yellow metal with Captain Gold and his tribe on the west coast of the islands. The first discovery was, of course, by accident. The "captain," accompanied by his wives, was carrying bark to camp when, slipping down a steep declivity, he uncovered a yellow surface of unusual appearance. He called his wives, and, clearing away the dead leaves with their hands, they soon discovered the extent of the little pocket. They tried to break off a piece from the edge, but, instead of breaking, they found it pliable, and readily rolled from the rock underneath. Now that they had discovered this queer "stone," the next thing was to find use for it. Their doctors pronounced it to be the elixir of life, so they pulverized it and drank it in their water until some of them died. Then they decided they were mistaken. The medicine men having nothing more to say about it, they next tried a big piece for a canoe anchor. Then the trading schooners came, and the prospect of getting a few blankets set the whole village to work gathering all they could find. This is the history of the discovery of Haida Tom, which gave him his title of "Captain Gold."

"AS A SACRIFICE TO THE GODS,"

An Insane Torontonian Throws His Money and Ticket Into the Sea.

A Victoria, B. C., special says:—Martin Baker, who has been a charge on the hands of the police at Victoria for some time, will be sent to San Francisco this week at the expense of the corporation. Baker, who is 25 years of age, has a wife in Toronto, while his mother lives in San Francisco. He was on his way to Toronto when first arrested at Victoria and gravely informed the magistrate that he had thrown his money and ticket into the sea "as a sacrifice to the gods." His habits had led to a mental unbalancing of a temporary nature. Baker's mother wants him home, but has no money with which to pay his fare.

A Large Waist

Is not generally considered a necessary adjunct to the grace, beauty or symmetry of the woman's form. Within the body, however, is a great waste made necessary according to the condition of things—continually in process and requiring the perfect action of all bodily functions to absorb or dispel the refuse. When there is irregularity or inaction, ladies who value a clean, pure, healthy body will take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the only remedy for woman sold with a positive guarantee to *right* all her peculiar *wrongs*.

To those about to become mothers, it is a priceless boon, for it lessens the pains and perils of childbirth, shortens labour, promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child and shortens the period of confinement

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness, constipation, sick headache, indigestion, or dyspepsia and kindred diseases.

Why He Voted Blue.

During the last British General Election a man rode up to the polling-place on a donkey-cart, his animal being gaily attired in blue ribbons, amid loud cheers from the adherents of the Parliamentary candidate, whose colour was blue.

On coming from the polling-place a man shouted:

"Well done! you have done right to vote blue!"

The man laughed as he replied:

"I have no voted blue—I know better than that."

"Not voted blue!" cried the other "then why is your beast dressed up in blue—Mr. ——'s colours?"

"Because, although he may be a donkey, I am not," was the answer, and the owner of the donkey whipped him up, feeling he had scored heavily there.

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A NEW BRUNSWICK MIRACLE.

The Terrible Experience of a Well-Known Gentleman.

So Badly Crippled With Rheumatism that he was Helpless as an Infant—How he was Cured—A Lady Relative also Restored to Health.

From the Richibucto, N. B., Review.

The attention of the Review having been called to two cases in Kingston in which it was alleged remarkable cures had been effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter was sent to interview the parties named, and find out whether the cures were really the result of the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Samuel Barnes, who formerly resided in Dorchester, N. B., and who removed to Kingston, Kent Co., some time ago, was first interviewed, and asked whether the reports concerning his illness and his recovery from the use of these pills were true. He expressed himself willing to add his testimony to the many he saw in the papers concerning the wonderful cures effected by Pink Pills, and hoped his story might be the means of bringing relief to others. We give his story as nearly as possible in his own words:—"I was first attacked with acute muscular rheumatism in March, 1891. I was then living in Dorchester. For three months I lay in bed unable to move hand or foot, more helpless than an infant. The joints of my arms and legs were much swollen, and my hands and fingers twisted almost out of shape. The physician who attended me bandaged my joints and in every way attempted to give me relief, but without effect. Two other doctors were called in consultation, but could do nothing for me. I was told by a friend who called to see me of the wonderful cures reported to have been effected by the use of Pink Pills, and I resolved to cast aside doctors' medicine, and give the pills a trial. When I had about half finished the second box Raleigh to feel slightly better. After taking four or five boxes I was able to get out of bed and walk around the house on crutches. I continued taking the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes, when I stopped for a time. I was then able with the help of crutches to get out of doors and around. I have since removed to Kingston, and continued taking the pills, and have continued to improve and hope soon to be entirely cured. Mr. Barnes is a gentleman of education, whose statements will carry weight. The writer remembers when Mr. Barnes first came to Kingston he was forced to use crutches, and was able to get around only with great difficulty. He is now able to move around using only a cane, and apparently without any difficulty. His hands and fingers, however, still bear traces of the severe suffering he has undergone.

His sister, Mrs. John Taylor, was also a sufferer from muscular rheumatism. She was first attacked by the disease eight years ago, and at that time it was only with great difficulty she was able to move around. Doctors' medicine did not help her, and she tried all kinds of so-called cures for rheumatism, but they appeared to do her no good whatever. Through the advice of Mr. Barnes and with the consent of her physician she began taking Pink Pills last fall. By the time she had finished the second box she felt decidedly improved. She has now finished her fourth box, and is apparently as well as she ever was. She said she was perfectly willing that the public should know that she was a firm believer in the efficacy of Pink Pills. The improvement wrought by these pills in the case of Mr. Barnes had first induced her to give them a trial, and she was now satisfied that the pills possessed wonderful curative powers.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles pecular to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. The price at which these pills are sold, makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A Pleasing Moment.

Squire B—— is the "first citizen" of the New England town in which he lives, and is respected by all classes for his sterling qualities and abstemious habits.

He has much of the courtliness of the old school, coupled with great personal dignity, yet tempered with so keen a sense of humor that he can appreciate a joke, even though it be at his own exp