An Understanding

Old Bramble—Want to marry my daughter, do you? Let me say, sir, that you are not exactly the sort of man I should like for a son-in-law.

Young Gentleman—Well, you are not the sort of man I should like for a father-in-law; but then you know we needn't be chummy unless we want to.

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A Cough, Cold and Croup Medicine. For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer, easy and pleasant to take. The sick must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally if otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick, but cure. Then around quick, as troublesome as chilblains under long continued irritations. It must do its work in a few doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the children's appetite or general health. These things suit all young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

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FACTS ABOUT THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TRAINS MANITOBA THE NORTH-WEST. Free Facts, Farms and Settlers. SEND NAME AND ADDRESS TO GEO. G. McMURTRY, TORONTO.

GOING AT BLIND. Last letter, the 1st word, first line in plain sight, adds 10 cent. to the pleasure of the game. NO LIFTING OF CARRIAGE. NO RIBBON, DIRECT INKING, STRONGEST AND SIMPLEST, NO FOLDING. POSITIVE ALIGNMENT, UNEQUALLED SPEED, A STANDARD AMERICAN MACHINE, THE HIGHEST GRADE IN EVERYTHING. WE HAVE THE AGENCY. CREELMAN BROS, TYPEWRITING MACHINE MFGRS. GEORGETOWN, ONT.

RUBBERS. Not a finish, and it has become a by-word like iron.

THE TROUBLESOME LADY.

CHAPTER VII.

"Craig," said Doctor John, sitting down on a nail-keg, "why did you come here?"

"Because you sent for a lawyer and for Miss Patten. I connected the mystery with the young lady I had assisted to run away, whose fate has been a good deal of trouble to me ever since. I wanted to help her, if need be. Is she very ill?"

"Getting better fast. It was mad folly to start on a journey sick as she was. I don't blame you, Craig, for that long ride and the risk you ran; she is very winning, this troublesome little lady, and brave too. It is a wonder what a woman can endure, a slight, frail creature whose hand you could crush in your fingers."

"But she had," said Oliver, uneasily, "plenty of money had she not?"

"She was travelling in the day-coach, and has, I think, about five dollars in a shabby little purse. Miss Patten was right when she said we should not send Mrs. Minny until the money you gave her was all gone. Where has she been all those long months? By her finding the dog Miss Patten probably knows now."

"Yes, and it was as I thought,—something entirely original. Near Boston Mrs. de Restaud got acquainted with an elderly female who ran some sort of retreat for aged pets, invalid dogs and cats. The idea was so novel Mrs. Minny decided to stop over and see the place. Finding Mrs. Blinn agreeable, and Skye contented in the society of his kind at the retreat, she remained. She met a sailor from Newcastle in the street one day, and he told her Miss Patten had not been home for a long time. So she decided not to write any one, but to remain hidden. One day a few weeks ago she came home from the village much upset, and acted oddly; she had either seen some one or read something in a newspaper, for the village storekeeper saw her poring over one, looking much upset. Two days later, leaving a note containing board for her dog, she disappeared. This Mrs. Blinn, who seems to be a good sort of a person, worries a great deal, looking for her everywhere, and in her search wrote to the postmaster at Newcastle, for she had heard Mrs. Minny speak of having been there. Through that letter Miss Patten found Skye, and then started for Denver."

"She may have seen De Restaud, or that servant of his," mused the doctor. "Well, now you are here,—though I'll much rather a stranger had come,—I want you to draw up a paper setting forth the facts in this case in proper legal phraseology."

"I fail to comprehend just what you mean."

"You see," explained the doctor, "the French people are particular about documents; and between the property of De Restaud's father and this child of Mrs. Minny's there is only a feeble child."

"Mrs. Minny's child?" repeated Oliver.

"Of course. Perhaps I had not made it. A nice boy,—healthy, I think, and bound to outlive his cousin across the sea. The little chap born in that poor place, that switchman's hovel, may be the heir of millions. So there must be no flaw in his title or the record of his birth."

"A child, and she here friendless, almost alone." Oliver's face saddened. "Poor little thing!" he muttered, "what a hard world it has been for her!"

"She is sensible about it, too," went on Doctor John. "She wanted me to write for a lawyer and have everything straight."

"Did she suggest sending for me?" asked Oliver, oddly.

The doctor hesitated. "No; she has forgotten you, old boy. Women are not particularly grateful. Then it has been a long time since she saw or heard of you. Your vanity may be hurt, but is it not better that she should forgotten?"

"Undoubtedly," Oliver said, coldly. He went towards the house hurriedly. "A freight train passes here in a half-hour; I will go on that; so get your papers ready and have the people here sign their statements. Miss Patten should also get that Mrs. Blinn to give an account of Mrs. de Restaud's stay at her house."

Mrs. Macon cleared the kitchen table and brought pens and ink. Oliver wrote swiftly, comparing his notes with the doctor's remembrance and Mrs. Macon's assertions. Finally she and her husband signed their statements, the doctor his, and then Oliver looked at the clock. How hard that writing had been to him no one ever knew. From the closed door came the murmur of voices,—one that thrilled every nerve and set his heart fast beating. A feeble cry now and then sounded strangely,—the little life that had come in this forlorn place and that might mean so much in the future. Outside, the white headed children played in the sunshine. Skye, liberated from his hideous basket, which he always regarded with terror and plaintive whines, rollicked with them, glad of his freedom. How infinitely painful to record those facts before him, and to think of her as he had seen her first, that child woman in her clinging yellow gown petalled like a flower with its wide ruffle, her glowing hair, her beautiful pathetic eyes! She had gone so far from those days in bitter experience and suffering. Was she changed, grown saddened and old, care worn with thought?—a calculating woman, forced to be for the child's sake? Odd, in his ideal picture of her he could find no place for the child. He could remember her with the little Skye terror and that childish manner, but as a woman, a mother, never.

Ill, friendless, homeless, no waif of the streets was ever more desolate than she when she stepped off the train at this barren spot forced to accept the charity of strangers. Her dead father would have risen from his grave could he have known. His every thought, his sister said, had been for little Minny. Well it is the dead do not know.

"How fortunate you were on that train!" Oliver said, suddenly.

Doctor John started. "Me? Yes, it was, and that I should have found our little runaway. I own up I looked for her all the time I was away."

The door opened, and Miss Patten came softly in.

"She is asleep, poor dear," she said, gently. "I guess my eyes is red. I was upset, and she don't seem to think she done any harm in not letting me know where she was, she was so despirit and scared-like."

"When you return to Boston," said Oliver, "have Mrs. Blinn make a statement of Mrs. de Restaud's stay in her house. I must caution you also to be very careful of the marriage certificate and all other papers you may have concerning your niece."

"You can trust me," said Miss Patten, grimly. "I took 'em away from that farm of theirs when I was a-visiting there, and I mean that Minny's baby shall have his rights, for he's part Patten, anyway, and, would he been my brother Sam's grandson. Sorry I be he ain't alive to see him. Minny says she saw a Boston paper that offered a reward for her whereabouts or any information concerning her, giving her name right out in the paper, and that was what made her leave Mrs. Blinn's, who was a kind, good woman, if she is in a foolish business; but I don't know why dogs and cats shouldn't be took care of, and folks in Boston is always running to some new freak. Minny evidently thought Mrs. Blinn would tell on her and get the reward; but Mrs. Blinn said she'd 'a done by Minny as her own child."

"Was that what made her come West?" asked Doctor John.

"The poor little soul thought it her duty to go to her husband, brute as he is," said Miss Patten, brokenly. "And to think that I said she was frivolous and hadn't no stability! As much grit as I've got, I wouldn't dare go to that wolf's den on the Troublesome and to be in that man's power. I always thought he wa'n't right in his mind. Minny, cal'lated on account of the baby he'd be more kind, and for the b'aby' sake she ought to make up with him."

Oliver drummed idly on the window-sill. Doctor John walked up and down, the room that had grown so still one could hear the ticking of the clock.

"Wimmen," said the switchman slowly, "don't git no credit for bein' brave and goin' through things 'count of what they thinks is their duty. My wife thinks it's hern to live here 'count of me, when she left a good home back East. That little woman in there is larnin' the woman natur' of endurin' for a man; but where my wife 'ud live and make comfort outen it, she'd jest lie down an' die a-frettin'."

"You've read her right," said Miss Patten, solemnly, "an' I'm goin' to take her home with me; she ain't goin' no further West, nor to no lone farms in mountain valleys, which was nearly the death of her afore."

Oliver glanced at the clock, then abruptly said good-bye. He left no message for Mrs. de Restaud, nor did Miss Patten ask him for one. She was rigid in her ideas of what was proper, and he respected her for it.

"P'raps," she hesitated, "you'd like to see the baby. I could fetch him out will just waking him."

"No," Oliver smiled; "a city bachelor, as you called me once, Miss Patten, has no interest in infants. I—I think I should be rather afraid of him."

He and the doctor walked up and down beside the track, waiting for the train. The latter had his big pipe, but not his flowered dressing-gown. His embroidered cap was at the retreat for invalid pets. Skye had not chewed it, Mrs. Minny asserted, for she meant to keep it forever, especially now, as he was such a dear man.

"She—she—likes the baby?" Oliver asked, awkwardly, as he lit a cigar.

"I am sorry to say she does not manifest any rapture at all. I think she was more delighted to see her dog. I always have the idea when I see her with young Francois that she is a little girl playing with her doll. She is afraid of him if he cries, and means because he has black eyes and looks like the Frenchman."

"Well," said Oliver smiling sadly, "the chapter is ended. I have turned a page in my life's story. She will be safe and sheltered now, and I delegate to you my position as adviser. In the next elopement Mrs. Minny makes you must be the assistant. There is my train; and so good-by."

Oliver thought the whole affair would pass from his mind, especially as Doctor John on his return said they had gone to Maine and Mrs. Minny had never mentioned him; but one day a month from that time as the switchman's house a letter came to Oliver. He looked at the scrawly superscription, the postmark Newcastle, and he knew well Hannah Patten did not attempt an Italian hand. He smiled with pleasure; it was good to be remembered after the long silence, and he had braved many dangers for that ungrateful young woman, the worst an encounter with her frenzied husband.

"DEAR MR. OLIVER,—

"To think you never so near and I could not see you! I cried when they told me. I am not going to pay your money back yet until I get my own from Mr. de Restaud. We have put our case in the hands of an old lawyer here who was a college-mate of my dear, dead father, and he thinks I ought to get a divorce; and has written to Mr. de Restaud.

"We watch the baby closely, for fear Henri will try to steal him. I have never thanked you for helping me run away. How good you were! I think of you often; but Aunt Hannah will never speak of you, and folks here think it is dreadful to be divorced. They say I am shes that married a Frenchman—I suppose they think he is from Canada—and am going into the courts to get a separation from him. For no fault of mine I must be disgraced. Even Aunt Hannah admits I never ought to go back to him; it would not be safe.

"I had a nice time at that dogs' home; it was a funny place, with the nicest old dogs and cats. Skye had a grand time. One dog was fifteen years old and had to be fed on gruel. Still, I think taking care of poor animals is better than theosophy and those fads, and Boston does have some real good freaks. I expect some day they will build an old maids' home. You never saw so many old maids as there are there. Mrs. Blinn has seven sisters in one of those Newton towns,—there's an endless chain of them, and not one of them—the sisters, not the towns—ever had a beau.

"Please do not dislike me, or get at the mention of my name put on your haughty look, as you did when I said things offending your nice sense of what a woman's conversation should be; and write me one little letter to say you are still my good friend. I shall never ask you to help me again, I do not need it; so you will be safe in continuing our acquaintance. Aunt Hannah does not know I have written you. I get too many moral lectures anyway from her, for she says I must educate myself so my son will have a high opinion of me. He does not bother about me, but divides his attention principally in blinking at her and the lamp, with a leaning towards the light. That last is naughty, is it not?

"Always your friend
(as the doctor calls me)
"THE TROUBLESOME LADY."

The wound was not healed, Oliver thought bitterly. Why of all women must he care for this one and be so haunted by her memory? Even look of hers, her words, her gestures, the little yellow gown were as plain to him after a year as if he had seen her but yesterday. He had striven hard to forget, to do his duty. Yet was there harm in writing just a few lines? The narrow path was terribly lonely in life,—not a path that had been his in the past; and yet—and yet she was a child. That stern, honest old woman believed in him and trusted to his honor.

While he mused, the shock-headed boy knocked, and timfust in his freckled face. "Cent ter see yer," he said, hoarser than usual, for there had been a lass-ball match the day before, and he had been excused from duty because his "mudder was sick."

"Show him in," said Oliver, locking the letter in his desk. The last man he expected to see entered the room, and the door behind him, took a chair, then with almost a threatening gesture, moved it close to the desk. Henri de Restaud!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Toronto a Seaport.

"Athos" concludes an intensely interesting article on "The Lake Sailor," in a recent issue of the Empire, as follows:—While it is safe to say that there will never be a revival of purely sailing vessels on lake Ontario solely for the lake freight trade, it is not to be concluded from this that Toronto will not in time be an extensive shipping port.

"In less than three years," said Mr. J. T. Mathews, the well known shipper, "Toronto, by the completion of the Lachine and Cornwall canals, will be a seaport. Grain and other produce can then be shipped direct from this city to Europe on board. The shipping trade will pick up then and it will not be a strange sight to see the crews of foreign vessels treading the streets of Toronto."

A prophecy of Toronto's futurolas a seaport may not be amiss here. The coming Jack Orsh prodictities for a seafaring life will if Capt. Mathews' prediction be verified, have abundant opportunity of learning the life and manners of nautical men. Twenty years hence he will wander possibly over several miles of docks along the waterfront groaning under the produce of foreign lands, and swarming with sailors of every nationality. He may possibly be able to study the lithe Lascar or swarthy Spaniard as he shivers in the cold rays of a Canadian sun or listens to the euphonious oaths of the English Jack as he "shivers his timbers" and proclaims England mistress of the seas. Careful mothers will needs then be obliged to look well after their Maryatt reading sons, for the sight of an ocean sailing vessel entering Toronto by under full sail, with pennant flying to the breeze, will be an irresistible incentive to young Canada to try a seafaring life.

Of the advantages which will accrue to Toronto should such a state of affairs ever exist I say nothing.

Chinese Punishments.

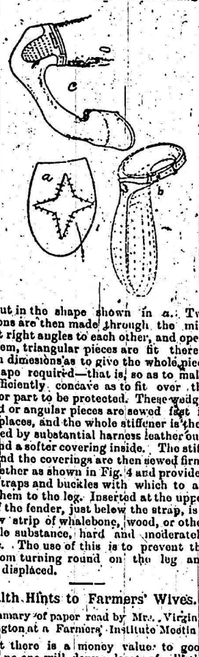
In December, 1891, I was in Canton. One afternoon I visited the principal law court. Two prisoners, in chains were introduced—one an old man, too infirm to walk, the other a youth, tolerably vigorous, but abject and forlorn in demeanor. The presiding mandarin appeared, sat down and sipped his tea, while an official pattered out a long oration, presumably an indictment for the prisoners proceeded, as I understood to plead "not guilty." What followed was this: The old man was held up—not held down—while two stolid Chinamen flogged him with long, pliant canes above the knees. The youth was divested of his chains, which were then piled up in front of him. Upon these he was compelled to kneel, while his feet, hands, and pigtail were all attached by a cord to a post behind him and tightly secured.

The cries of the victims and the complete composure of the spectators were alike disgusting. I said as much to my guide, whom I generally regarded as an amiable being. His reply was. "This very interesting. I never seen this before," though I have no doubt he had. The explanation of the dreadful scene—excuse there could be none—was that, by the law of China, no man can be executed until he has confessed his guilt. These two individuals had been convicted beyond doubt of heinous crimes, but they refused to confess. The alternative before them was execution or death by torture, and apparently they preferred the latter. The ceremony I witnessed was to be repeated de die in diem until either life or resolution gave way. How the end came, of course, I never knew.

PRACTICAL FARMING

Improved Horse-leg Fender.

The nature of this invention consists in providing a fender or leather pad, so made as to fit the inside of the knee-joint or the ankle-joint of a horse addicted to interfering or striking either of those joints with the opposite foot or leg, and thereby to prevent the cutting and bruising of the same. The important feature of the improvement is the interlining or stiffener which prevents the pad from slipping out of place. It is made of stiff leather and is



first cut in the shape shown in a. Two incisions are then made through the middle at right angles to each other, and opening them, triangular pieces are fit therein if such dimensions as to give the whole piece the shape required—that is, so as to make it sufficiently concave as to fit over the joint or part to be protected. These wedge-shaped or angular pieces are sewed fast in their places, and the whole stiffener is then enclosed by substantial harness leather outside and a softer covering inside. The stiffener and the coverings are then sewed firmly together as shown in Fig. 4 and provided with straps and buckles with which to attach them to the leg. Inserted at the upper end of the fender, just below the strap, is a narrow strip of whalebone, wood, or other suitable substance, hard and moderately elastic. The use of this is to prevent the pad from turning round on the leg and being displaced.

Health Hints to Farmers' Wives.

(Summary of paper read by Mrs. Virgil Harrington at a Farmers' Institute Meeting.)

That there is a money value to good health no one will deny; least of all the farmer's wife. She, if any one knows, that the laws upon which the products, not only of the farm but the commerce of the world are based, are the laws of health and to her, if any one, dollars and cents have a definite value.

This is an age of high-sounding, mouth-filling titles. Our doctor tells us we have gastro-duodenal catarrh, when in reality there is nothing the matter with us but a rascally little biliousness. All the time the doctor is but feeling his way over the slender path where our pocketbook lies.

It is a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lips of the lion. When I state the measure of good health to be the resultant of, first, loose clothing; second, ventilation, and so on; my sisters may take exceptions to the first in that it carries a hint with it of tight lacing. In the spirit of just discussion I wish to present "a perfect woman, nobly planned." This we can not be if we are not in perfect accord with the laws of nature and reason.

The veriest novice in anatomy understands how by tight lacing alnfost every important organ is subjected to cramping pressure, its functions interfered with. It is to the laboring incapacity of a heart thus imprisoned that many of the diseases of women are attributable.

The heart has enough to do without imposing extra labor. It is a wonder that this tireless time-keeper does not stop oftener with its hands pointing at the noon-day of life.

The farmer's wife watches her sewing machine so that its moving power is not obstructed; but does she give the same attention to her heart? When we consider, that mind, immortal mind, dwells in our frame, is it not well for us to count the waymarks to better earth-conditions for this monitor?

Women ought to take the equal chances with men for realizing the full perfection of their being. If to secure the best type in men it is necessary to have unincumbered abdominal and thoracic organs, then it is equally important as an agent in securing the fullest development in women.

It is to be hoped that one of the features growing out of the World's Fair will be an improved knowledge and morality. The vibrations of the soul that quickened the young mother's heart into new emotions, will be ministers in the sacred work of inspiring the uncreated mind. Who can say that with a sense of gladness coming from a newly awakened appreciation of the beautiful in sculpture the idea is not born into the world again? We who believe in the immortality of beauty will have no difficulty in adding this seeming miracle to our creed.

There is a money value to well ventilated living apartments. Open your windows to the pure air of heaven and depend upon it, most of your aches will fly out. Chemistry is from time to time revealing what it has to do with the changes going on in nature. No ice in the spring of the year the potato sprout in your cellar twist its white, sickly branch in search of the window. Our house plants bend in order to catch the wizard bath of sunlight, and stretch their arms as if for a blessing.

Light and pure air can do more for human vitality than any other outside force. Oxygen is the most powerful known tonic to the nervous tissues. We cannot have health without pure air and light. There are very few, if any, of the disease-breeding germs that flourish in the full light of day.

Worryments are the ants on the soul, dragging it down into the dust of life. Worry, whose small, repeated blows we do not notice at first; but the last of which is agony! Life is the totality of all the functions—the muscle that is worked too hard becomes diseased; the mind that is worried becomes distorted. If we would throw our influence into the stream which carries the most blessing, let us be cheerful in our homes. Let us not only open the windows of our homes to let in the sweet balm of life, but also the windows of our souls that the loving breath of God's spirit may come in.

There is a money value to the economy of strength. The Italian gondolier at the World's Fair conveyed a hint of perfection as to work and workers, as he stood firmly poised on his boat, plying his single oar with apparent ease which dispelled all notion of hard or unpleasant labor. The necessary sway of the body, the seemingly natural, pleasant exertion—not too rapid, as if urged on by excitement or compulsion; not too slow, as if shrinking from the task—combine to make the gondolier one of the most attractive of laborers. If there was no deeper meaning in this than the gratification of beautiful and graceful postures and movements it might be thought too slight a matter for our serious attention? But it implies much more. Many of our ideas of health, as well as grace, when analyzed, will be found to be based on economy of force. Ease of performance and economy of force is dependent upon the equable development of the different parts of the body and powers of the mind. We want is so great as that of well-balanced individuals men and women in whom body and mind have been harmoniously exercised; where no part has been stunted, or none urged to the point of exhaustion.

Every child knows that the ethics of arithmetic can not be changed—that it is a sovereign power above him; yet he can make that royal authority descend from its throne. The laws of health are no less cogent and irrefragable than the laws of the multiplication table.

Nature is a retributive Nemesis inflecting her penalties unfailingly. Our acts are our own executioners, just as righteousness, goodness and virtue carry their own reward with them. The latter we observe the laws of health the more will we help to advance humanity and the divinity of mankind.

Poultry Pointers.

Half starved hens never lay in winter.

Exercise is better than drugs for eggs.

Do not feed grain as an exclusive diet.

Lessen the expense as much as possible.

Keep the laying hens from getting too fat.

Don't expect poultry to thrive in damp quarters.

Lime is a good material to sprinkle in the dust bath.

Fowls should be so gentle that you can catch one anywhere.

Warm water is a good beverage, and will not cost much.

Wash every fowl, for a private customer, in a pure white table napkin and let the buyer remove it and return with the pay.

The indestructible stoneware, drinking fountains are as good as any kind we have seen, and have the advantage of being cheap.

Left-over cabbages and celery plants and garden greens should go to the shut-in poultry. They are useful meat and egg producers.

Put bones in the stove and allow them to burn white, when they can be easily pulverized. Mix this with corn meal and feed twice a day to the fowls.

Don't market dirty eggs. It takes but little time to wash those that have become soiled, and when clean they will look so much better and will sell so much more readily.

The sugar beet is valuable for fowls as well as for sugar-making. Served raw through the summer, it is very acceptable as a food that cannot range and find green food for themselves.

On all farms large amounts of grain, grass seeds and other foods find their way into the barn-yard there to rot. The sharp eyes of the hens discover this loss, and save it to owners by producing eggs.

To utilize the feathers of ducks, chickens and turkeys, generally thrown aside as refuse, trim the plume from the stump, inclose them in a light bag, rub the whole as if washing clothes, and you will secure a perfectly uniform and light down, excellent for quilting coverlets and not a few other purposes.

It is a mistaken idea that ducks cannot be raised without some body of water for them to spoil in. Ducks have a natural fondness for water, of course, and will take to it whenever the opportunity is presented, but they can be successfully raised with no more water than is required to drink. This is evidenced by the fact that thousands upon thousands are thus raised every year. It has been proved that young ducks are much less liable to disease when raised in dry, warm quarters than when allowed to run at large and spend much time in the water. A good way to add ducks to your poultry flock is to procure the eggs and hatch them under hens.

There is one source of revenue from poultry keeping that is too often neglected. It may be because it is not generally known that all kinds of feathers are salable. The demand is increasing every year, and most country merchants will take them and sell them upon commission. The fowls must be dry picked, and the feathers clean and in good condition. The tail and quill feathers should be packed separately from those which are softer. Separate the several kinds, and also separate those from different kinds of poultry. The proceeds from the feathers should repay the cost of picking and all the labor of preparing the fowls for market.

The Growth of Towns.

A census writer says:—"It is a fact, estimated by careful men thoroughly conversant with the changes that have taken place, that by the improvement in agricultural tools, (machinery) the average farmer can, with sufficient horse power, do with three men the work of fourteen men forty years ago, and do it better." This fact very largely accounts for the much complained of growth of the cities at the expense of the rural districts. More is produced and at the expenditure of a less amount of human labor on the farm, but this fact causes more labor in the cities. The agricultural machinery is made there and in addition to that some of the manual labour that used to be performed on the farm is done in the larger aggregations of men to-day. Hence the relative decadence of agricultural work is not so great as it may seem from a superficial study of census statistics. The crowding of people from the country to the city may be more marked now than it was in ancient times, but that simply is because it is favoured by the progress of civilization. It always has been the rule, and the city has been as largely as could be supported by the country around or behind it. More than one of the English kings had tried to stop the growth of London by proclamation or more formal law, and some years before the Christian era it was complained that Rome was overcrowded. So even in this respect history over-reaches itself.

Facts and Figures.

Exhaustive experiments in the cultivation of tea are soon to be made in Russia. The Czar is personally interested in the plan, and experts are arranging for the cultivation of the plant in the western limits of the Caucasus, where the temperature is much the same as that in which the plant grows in China.

The thousand three hundred and forty-one vessels passed through the Suez canal last year, a less number than in three years previous. The number in 1892 was 3,559; in 1891, 4,207; and in 1890, 3,389. Of the 3,341 vessels using the canal last year 2,262 were English, 260 German, 174 Dutch, and but 160 French.

Some high prices were realized for postage stamps at a four days' sale in London two weeks ago. A Madrid two reals brought $100; a Geneva double stamp, $110; a Cape of Good Hope error penny stamp, blue, $210; and a Canadian 12 penny, black, $250. The proceeds of the entire sale amounted to about $13,000.

A story is now going the rounds, and it pretends to freshness, but is there not an echo of former laughter when it is repeated? An Englishman said to a Boston girl: "What do you do with all your vegetables in the United States?" She replied: "We eat all we can, and we can what we can't."

About 3,000 square kilometres of territory have just been added to France, not by annexation, but by an elaborate system of remeasurement of the area of the Republic. Some years ago, a Russian, General Stebnizki, created a sensation by asserting that the actual size of most European countries differed widely from their published areas, France and Italy the most of any. The geographical department of the French Government inquired into the matter and a recalculation has yielded the gratifying result mentioned above. The method adopted was to cut the country up into curvilinear quadrangles by the meridians and parallels of ten minutes. The coast lines and frontier boundaries required evaluation by a planimeter. The area has been increased from 528,000 square kilos to 536,404 or 536,608 kilos, the experts can't quite decide which.

Some statistics have just been compiled as to the chances that man has of living in different large towns. The town where the greatest percentage of the inhabitants per 1,000 die is Rheims. The proportion is 28.62 per 1,000. Then follow Dublin, 27.05; New York, 26.47; and Vienna, 25.07. Paris occupies the following place with an average of 23.81 deaths per 1,000 inhabitants. In Berlin people only die at the rate of 20.58 per 1,000; in London the proportion is 19.1; in Chicago, 18.95, etc. It appears that the town in which relatively the fewest number of deaths occur is Minneapolis, in the United States. The statistics tell us that only 9.60 persons per 1,000 die in each year. Finally, there is near Faux Chaudes, in the Hautes-Pyrenees, a small village, perched upon the mountains, the name of which escapes us for the moment, which has two centenarians out of a total population of 70.

Preferred It Neat.

It seems that one of our Irish judges is wont to doze during the more or less interesting speeches of counsel, and from time to time to awaken, and ejaculate an odd remark in the course of a speech.

An eloquent Q. C. was lately addressing his lordship on the subject of certain town commissioners' right to a particular waterway, and in his address he repeated somewhat emphatically, "But, my lord, we must have water, we must have water."

The learned judge thereupon awoke, and startled the bar with the remark, "Well, just a little drop, thank you, just a little; although I prefer it neat."—[Spare Moments.

Both Puzzled.

Tom was always an example to the school for politeness, and when, on the railway platform one day, he accidentally trod on the toe of an old gentleman, who, as it turned out, was afflicted with deafness, this was the conversation that took place.

Tom: "I beg your pardon, sir."

Deaf Old Gentleman: "Eh, boy, what d'ye say?"

Tom (raising his voice): "I beg your pardon, sir."

Deaf Old Gentleman: "I don't quite understand you."

Tom (loudly): "I beg your pardon, I trod on your toe."

Deaf Old Gentleman: "What for?"

Tom (shouting): "I did it by accident?"

"I did it by accident, sir."

Deaf Old Gentleman: "An accident bless my heart, you don't say so! Anybody hurt?"

A Slave to Fashion.

"They don't wear collar a little tighter."

"Tight enough, I'm sure. It's the very latest thing out."

THE CANALS OF CANADA.

Mr. Keefer, an Eminent Engineer, Gives Some Valuable Information as to the Purposes They Serve.

Among the papers of great practical utility read at the last annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada was one by the eminent engineer, Mr. T. C. Keefer, C.M.G., upon the canals of Canada, in which the history of these public works was traced from their inception down to the present time, and an immense amount of valuable information afforded as to the purposes they serve, the development of traffic thereon, the changeful views of commercial men and mariners in relation to the capacity necessary to accommodate the traffic, and the part these waterways are likely to play in the future trade between the great lakes and the seaboard. A striking fact brought out by Mr. Keefer is the great differences of opinion which existed only a comparatively short time ago upon the subject of

THE PROPER DIMENSIONS

of the Welland and St. Lawrence canals. The canal commission appointed by the Dominion Government reported in 1871 in favor of locks 270 feet long by 45 feet wide in the chambers, and with 12 feet of water upon the mitre sills; yet when the work of enlarging the Welland was begun in 1875, a draught of 14 feet was provided for. The commissioners, Mr. Keefer tells us, invited opinions from boards of trade and individuals as to lock dimensions and canal depth, and these were so conflicting, and the majority of them so moderate, that the result of the average struck by the commission is less surprising. The then superintendent of the Welland canal (who should have been the best informed as to the traffic by lake from Buffalo westward, in which vessels 265 feet long were then engaged) thought that 200 feet between the lock gates would be long enough. The boards of trade of Toronto and Ottawa voted for 350 feet in the length of the lock then in use at Sault Ste. Marie. Toledo named 215 feet; Oswego, of all others the most dependent upon the Welland canal, 250 feet; Milwaukee, 300 feet, with 15 feet of water; Detroit, 250 to 275 feet, with 15 or 16 feet of water. Among individuals the most notable was the late Alvin Bronson, of Oswego, who had a lifelong connection with the trade of the lakes. He thought a length of vessel of 200 feet and a burthen of 750 tons, "ample for the internal commerce of the lakes, the Lower Provinces, and New England; longer locks would cause expense and a strong current and delay, not warrantable in order to provide for a few and rare cases where large vessels would desire to pass

TO AND FROM THE OCEAN."

In Montreal, at this time the opinion was quite widely entertained that vessels of moderate capacity were best adapted to the lake trade, and that no pressing need existed for any considerable enlargement of the canals. Indeed, the then member for Montreal West, the late Mr. Thomas Workman, voicing this sentiment, voted in the Commons against the proposal to increase the capacity of the inland waterway. Yet even the dimensions fixed by the Government have fallen far short of accommodating the larger class of vessels now engaged in the lake trade, as, according to Mr. Keefer, notwithstanding the recent second enlargement of the Welland canal, the conditions are worse now than they were in 1871, there being now a larger proportion (more than half) of the tonnage upon Lake Erie unable, for want of length of lock, to descend to Lake Ontario than there was at that time.

All this implies that the size of the lake vessels has increased much more rapidly than the increase in the capacity of the canals. Up to the upper lakes there are now steamers 350 feet long with a speed of sixteen miles an hour. The greater carrying capacity thus afforded, combined with improvements in loading and unloading freight at terminal points, has alone enabled

WATER TRANSPORTATION

to successfully maintain competition with railways, and that the advantage has not to a greater degree remained with water carriers during the season of navigation may, probably, be attributed to the cost of trans-shipment rendered necessary by the limited capacity of the canals. As, however, the day is far distant when the modern type of upper lake steamer can reach Montreal, our immediate concern is about the gain to accrue from the work now under way on the St. Lawrence canals. Upon this point Mr. Keefer says:—

"What the St. Lawrence canals will be capable of has been established by what is doing at the Welland. On this canal steamers 254 feet long by 42 feet beam carry 1,825 tons on 14 feet draught through the canal, and 2,300 tons on 15 feet draught through the lakes. About 400 tons are usually lightered, at a cost of 80 cents per ton, involving a detention of from six to eight hours. The capacity of their lower holds is 70,000 bushels, and as much as 112,000 bushels of grain have been carried in the hold and between decks. At Kingston and Ogdensburg grain is transshipped into barges for Montreal, the lake vessels seldom descending to that city. While the St. Lawrence canals had only 9 feet of water, the second Welland had more than 10, besides which lightering there was generally resorted to. Within three years it is expected that the Welland class of vessels will be able to proceed to Montreal, and the important question now is—will they go there?

The question thus propounded may await solution until the St. Lawrence canal enlargement permits of the test of experience, but assuredly one of the principal

OBJECTS OF THE WORK

has been to provide passage to Montreal for the lake craft without entailing the expense of trans-shipment or lighterage at Kingston, Prescott or Ogdensburg. Mr. Keefer appears to regard the cost of barge transport from Kingston to Montreal as excessive, for he says: "The charge for barge transport from Montreal to Kingston, 180 miles, is as great or greater than for 1,000 miles of lake transport, including the Welland canal. The charge must come down or the lake vessels will go down. Some of them will undoubtedly go through, and all will do so if sufficient return freight is attracted to the St. Lawrence by its enlarged inland route to the Lakes." The question whether the lake vessels will descend to Montreal and thus drive barges out of the business can safely be left to time for its settlement. Once the capacity to pass the vessel from Lake Ontario is given, the whole matter will hinge upon the cost, and if the rate of transport by barge is cut below that by vessel—which seems very doubtful—then the barges will continue to do the work. In providing the enlarged waterway, however, the Government is fulfilling an obvious duty to the trade of the country. One point raised by Mr. Keefer in the last citation we have made from his paper is of prime importance, namely, the question of return freights. The navigation laws of the United States exclude Canadian vessels from the coasting trade of that country. They cannot convey freight from one American port to another American port. There is hope entertained that when the canal enlargement is made, the import trade of the American Northwest may be conducted by way of the St. Lawrence, but until that hope is realized Canadian bottoms must continue under a disadvantage upon the round trip.

THE WARY INDIAN HUNTER.

Time is No Object When He is on the Trail.

It Is a Cast of Game or Go Hungry With the Red Man, So He Gets Close Before He Shoots—A Poor Marksman, but a Good Finder—Indian Hunting Methods.

Time is a commodity that has no value to an Indian. This, in connection with his stealth, cunning and knowledge of the habits of wild animals, makes the red man a good hunter. The expression "good hunter," however, must be taken with several qualifying adjectives. He is a good finder of game, but the most ordinary white hunter will kill ten times as much in the same length of time. As a rule the Indian's gun is of inferior make, and his ammunition is limited to barely enough to supply him with food if every shot is successful. He has no powder to throw away in practice, and as a result he is a very poor marksman. In the old days when he depended upon spears, bows and arrows, his accuracy in shooting was marvelous, simply because he had plenty of ammunition and devoted days to practising upon every conceivable sort of target. I have seen some shooting done with a bow and arrow that would seem almost miraculous were I to tell of it, but I have never seen an Indian who could use a rifle with anything approaching accuracy at any distance more than 75 yards. The question then naturally arises, how does an Indian get his game? He does not get much. It is always a case of game or go hungry with the Indian, and he goes hungry oftener than he gets game.

HUNTING THE MOOSE.

In "The Camp-Fires of a Naturalist" Prof. Dyche gives a description of how the Chippewa Indians about the Lake of the Woods hunt the moose. This animal is conceded to be the wariest and gamiest animal of all that are to be found on the North American continent. The Professor tells how the Indian found the trail and then, instead of following directly behind, he went off a hundred yards to one side and followed in a parallel line, keeping well to the leeward.

At stated distances he crawled carefully through the underbrush toward the trail. His movements were so careful that he fooled Dyche, who thought the animal was feeding near where the Indian made the stalk. The fact was the Indian used as much caution in approaching the trail as he would had he known the moose was there. He continued this procedure for hours, and finally crawled up on the moose and shot it at 20 yards. An average white hunter would go insane with nervousness were he to attempt such tactics, but with the Indian it made no difference to him how long he continued on the trail if he were only sure of getting the moose in the end. It was useless for him to go back home empty handed, for the tepee was also empty and he had nothing to do but go on until he killed something to take back with him. I have known Indians to sit two days without eating by the side of a trail where they expected a deer to pass by. Their patience was finally rewarded by getting the animal.

TAUGHT FROM INFANCY.

As the wolf, the mountain lion and other flesh-eating beasts of prey are taught from infancy how to approach and capture their food, so it is with the Indian. Almost as soon as he can run about he begins to practise the ways of the hunter. It may be the dogs and horses about the camp that are the object of the lesson, but he is taught to creep and crawl up to the animal as if it were a veritable hunt that he was being indulged in. As he grows older he becomes possessed of a bow and arrow. These latter are blunt, it is true, for there is too much danger of some member of the tribe being made the recipient of a wound, but he kills small birds, rabbits and such small animals as he can slip upon and surprise. All this while he is learning the habits of the game that one day he will follow 2nd kill. He learns the different sounds of the forest, or plain. He learns the tracks of the deer and of the bear and knows just how the velvet pad of the panther impresses the earth. He finds where the deer feed in the morning and the route taken by the wild turkey in its