Coffee is the great drink in the States—but in Canada people prefer
Blue Ribbon Tea
the standard of quality

The Unknown Bridegroom.

"What a fool I was to tell him they had gone to Paris," Leighton sullenly muttered, as he glared fiercely after his rival; "but just as soon as the carnival is over, I will follow them. Blast the fellow. I never dreamed he would play me such a shabby trick."

He was not so overcome by the interview, however, as to permit it to interfere in the least with his amusement. He proceeded directly to make a call upon Inez King, with whom he spent the afternoon, driving out to the Campagna, and afterward dining with her at a fashionable cafe.

Merrill, on the contrary, and literally, "in dead earnest," as he had said, went straight to his hotel, packed his trunk and took the next express en route for Paris.

He traveled night and day, and arrived at his destination some three days previous to the arrival of the Seaver party, much to his disappointment.

He kept a sharp lookout for them, however, but could get no trace of them until they had been in the city several days, and then he lost no time in calling upon them.

Florence was not very well pleased by his appearance, for she could not forget their last interview, and dreaded a renewal of his attentions and importunities. She secretly despised him for the threat he had made, hoping thereby to coerce her consent to his proposal.

Still, she was a lady, and felt that she must be courteous to him. She introduced him to Monica, telling him how strangely they had met on their way from Rome, and by always insisting upon her presence when he called, she hoped to discourage a renewal of his suit.

But the young man had staked his all upon winning her, and he could not be long eluded in this way; and, one afternoon, when they were all out sight-seeing together, he managed to get himself and Florence separated from the others of the party, and then took instant advantage of his opportunity.

"Miss Florence, that all-important question which I asked you the last time I saw you, is still unanswered," he began, as he turned into a narrow, shaded path, for they were in the Garden of the Tuilleries. "I went to Rome, hoping to meet you there, but not finding you, came directly to Paris, to learn whether I am to be happy or wretched during the remainder of my life. Florence, darling! I love you with all my heart and soul. Will you be my wife?"

Florence turned a glance of undisguised astonishment upon him.

"Mr. Merrill," she began, with a chilling dignity that assured him he had nothing to hope for, "I confess I am amazed that you should renew this subject after my attitude toward you upon previous and similar occasions; but let me say now, once for all, that I shall never marry you."

The young man flushed hotly beneath her icy calmness of manner and the inflexibility of her tones.

"I cannot take that as a final answer," he said. "Oh, let me try to win you?"

"It must be final," she replied, without heeding his appeal, and decidedly that he knew his fate was sealed. "And if you persist in forcing the subject upon me, I shall feel obliged to request you to discontinue your calls. I would not willingly wound you, Mr. Merrill," she added, more gently, "but this question must never be raised again."

His face was almost ghastly in its pallor, but it was not caused by wounded love.

He was bitterly incensed over the fact that a fine fortune was lost to him, when he had spent his all in the attempt to win it; and now his chagrin sent all the meanness of his nature, for which so long he had tried to conceal, to the surface.

"And that is really your ultimatum, Miss Richardson?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Most assuredly, Mr. Merrill," she haughtily returned.

"Then—mark my words!" he hissed, bending his lips close to her ear, "I will make you rue this day and this hour as long as you live. I know your secret, even though you think you have guarded it so sacredly that no one suspects it. You love and betroth Lucien Carrol; but he is poor, and you sacrifice for your scorn of me. I swear that you shall crush out your affection, bondage so bitter that you will pray to die!"

Florence drew herself up to her full height and fixed her blazing eyes upon his lowering face.

"Sir," she began, with lofty scorn, "I fail to understand you, but I can dispense with your company here and now, and from this moment [illegible] acquaintance ceases."

They saw no more of Merrill while they were in Paris. His disappearance as suddenly as he had come, and Florence was heartily glad to be rid of his presence.

Thus time passed very pleasantly and rapidly to our four friends until four weeks slipped by, when they were rejoined by Sir Walter Leighton.

He had intended to leave Rome immediately after the carnival, but Miss King had made so many plans ahead which included him, he found it next to impossible to tear himself away; while, too, in spite of his boasted affections for Florence, he found the gay heiress a companion after his own heart, for she led him a lively dance, and he thoroughly enjoyed himself with her, when he was not hampered by the presence of those before whom he felt obliged to behave himself circumspectly.

Inez had been greatly upset over the failure of her plot to capture her hated cousin, on the night of the bal masque—for of course it was by her orders that the two rascals in the guise of pages had endeavored to kidnap Monica—and she was in a state of continual fear that she might any day spring upon her unawares, to wrest her stolen fortune from her; for, she reasoned, that she could have no other object in coming to Rome just at that time.

When the men who had acted as her pages at the ball appeared to claim her promised reward for their services, they related what had befallen them just as they were on the point of abducting their victim.

They could give no description of their assailant, however, owing to the darkness and the suddenness of the attack, and thus the identity of Florence's champion remained a mystery, greatly to the perplexity and annoyance of Inez.

She artfully questioned Sir Walter, and it was through him that she learned the Seavers had left Rome.

* * * * *

On his arrival in Paris Sir Walter easily found his friends and was cordially welcomed by Mr. Seaver and his wife.

Florence was not present when he was first admitted to their apartment; but shortly afterward she and Monica entered the room together.

Sir Walter started to his feet as they appeared, an exclamation of astonishment breaking from him, while he gazed in perplexity, first at one, then at the other.

But Florence advanced with a smile and extended hand to greet him, and then laughingly observed:

"I see you are puzzled to find a duplicate of myself with us; but that will be explained, in a measure, at least, when I introduce my cousin, Sir Walter Leighton, allow me to make you acquainted with Miss Monica King."

The young baronet expressed his pleasure in making the young lady's acquaintance, but to himself he exclaimed:

"Jove! another Miss King, what can it all mean?"

Later, Mr Seaver explained that they had discovered Florence's cousin purely by accident—that she had been travelling with an English lady, who had died very suddenly, and Monica and the lady's maid were returning to England by themselves, when the Seaver party had run across their path. The maid had been sent on her way home, but Monica, at the earnest solicitation of Florence, had consented to remain with them.

"I was not aware that Florence had any relatives; and how remarkable they resemble each other," Sir Walter musingly observed, and still feeling curiously unreconciled to the name of King.

"Yes, the likeness is indeed very striking," said Mr Seaver, replying to the latter observation, but ignoring his reference to the relationship.

They had all agreed, in discussing Monica's affairs, that just as little as possible should be said about her letter; and so, until Mr. Seaver could mature his plans to act against Carl King and his daughter, and these he could not do until they could hear from August Cassard, to whom they had written again, or gather from Mexico some tangible material to work upon. Their sojourn in Paris was not dull, and only the pleasantest relations seemed to exist between Sir Walter and Florence.

No word of love once escaped the lips of the young baronet during the days he was with them, although he had been most devoted in his attentions to both of the young ladies, who accepted them with the same friendly frankness in which they appeared to be offered.

It was a bright, charming morning, late in May, when they finally turned their faces once more toward England.

Romance was over—she could never exactly understand how—Sir Walter managed to get them [illegible] and Florence separated from the others of their party by [illegible] that was [illegible] to Calais, and they barely had time to get upon the last car—the young man waving his hat to Mr. Seaver, who was looking back for them, to show that they were all right—when it began to pull out of the station.

"Never mind," said Leighton, as he saw Florence's anxious face, "we can change and get in with them at the first stopping place."

He made her as comfortable as possible, and then took his own place beside her.

They chatted in a friendly way upon various topics for a while although Florence appeared a trifle restless and constrained.

At length, after a short pause, Sir Walter inquired:

"Has Mr. Seaver told you of my plan to have you all visit me at Worthing Towers next month?"

"Yes, and he appears to be anticipating it with a great deal of pleasure. I have heard that your new home is very lovely," Florence replied, but wishing the train would stop, so that they could rejoin their friends, for the recent pause had made her uncomfortable.

"It certainly is," Sir Walter returned, his face lighting with pride; "it is an ideal spot. It overlooks the sea at the south, and a beautiful stretch of country in all other directions. I am not going to weary you with a description, however—I shall leave you to judge of its merits for yourself."

"You were certainly very fortunate to fall heir to so handsome a property, to say nothing about the title," the fair girl remarked, for the sake of saying something; for another pause had seemed imminent.

"That is true," said her companion, gravely, "but—even Eden would be desolate without its Eve. Florence, when may I claim—my wife?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Florence flushed hotly at this direct and unexpected attack, and for a moment she did not reply. Then, lifting a look of grave surprise to her companion's face, she quietly returned:

"I thought that matter had been settled long ago, Sir Walter."

"Do not say that, Florence," the young man pleaded, earnestly. "I cannot give you up—I have never given up the hope of winning you. I know you seemed inclined to draw back and regret the step we took last summer. I love you, my darling, as well to-day, as I did then, and have never ceased to hope that you will some day be willing to acknowledge the tie that unites us."

"No tie binds us to each other, Walter," Florence coldly responded.

"I know you assume there does not dear," said Leighton, losing some of his color, "but leaving that out of the question, after having plighted your faith to me, and gone to the very altar, surely you can hardly say that I have no claim upon you."

"I know what you say is true," Florence admitted, with a weary sigh; "I did pledge myself to you I did consent to a clandestine marriage; but since then I have often wondered how I could have been so unwise—so reckless. I have sometimes been half inclined to think that you really did mesmerize me into consenting to that wrong and foolish act. There were times when I believed that my happiness depended upon our union, and then there would come graver moments when I felt that we were both making a fatal mistake. Besides, I had grown up with the idea that I must carry out my father's wishes by marrying the son of his friend."

A peculiar look swept over Sir Walter's face at that last observation.

He dare not press her too far, just at present, for he feared she might refuse to become his guest, and he fondly believed that once she saw his beautiful home and realized the position she would occupy as his wife, the temptation would be more than she could resist.

Sir Walter bore himself very well during the remainder of the journey; he was perhaps a little more grave than usual, but his manner was free and unconstrained whenever he addressed Florence, and he was just as kindly attentive as ever.

Upon their arrival in London he saw the party pleasantly located in their hotel, then, bidding them au revoir, in view of their promised visit a couple of weeks later, he returned to Worthing Towers.

* * * * *

It is now time that we were inquiring how life had been prospering with Mr. Carrol during this long interval. After closing with the offer of the London firm, as has been previously related, he left England to take up his new duties, and see what he could do toward turning fortune's wheel revolving the other way for himself.

He was absent three months, during which everything prospered with him most encouragingly; and when he returned to London his firm expressed themselves as more than pleased with the result of his labors.

He found James, his little protege, looking strong and robust.

He had grown taller, and his form had filled out round and full; his face was flushed with the hue of health, his eyes were bright and sparkling with boyish mischief, and his delight in having his kind friend back was unbounded.

They spent a happy month together, and then Mr. Carrol was obliged to go upon another trip.

This time he was absent four months, and whatever he touched seemed to turn in his favor, and when he again presented himself in London he had the energetic manner and bearing of one who realized that he was fast sweeping all obstacles from his path, and was making rapid strides toward the goal to which he aspired.

It was April when he returned the second time, and his business would now keep him in the metropolis for several months.

This fact was the source of great delight to James, or "Jamie," as his friend affectionately called him. The lad appeared to regard him with all the affection of a son for his father, and was never so happy as when he was with him.

After school and business hours were over, the two had many a jolly time together, as they sought various places of amusement and interest, or made excursions out into the surrounding country.

Occasionally they would pay a visit to Tom Dill, who never grew weary of telling Jamie and his friend the story of how he rescued the boy and his nurse from the burning hotel.

One afternoon, while returning from one of these visits, as they were turning the corner of a street, they came suddenly upon a woman bearing a large bundle in her arms.

Before Mr. Carrol could swerve aside he had knocked the package to the ground, and then, with a quickly outstretched hand, barely saved its bearer a fall upon it.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he exclaimed, as courteously as if he had been addressing a grand dame from Upper Grosvenor street; "I did not see you in time to avoid a collision."

He recovered the bundle and was in the act of restoring it to her when, for the first time, he looked her squarely in the face.

A shock of mingled surprise and exultation went thrilling through him, for he instantly recognized her.

She was no other than "Crazy Molly," whom he had seen in the hospital so long ago, and for whom, afterward, he had made such diligent but fruitless search.

"I hope you are not hurt," he added, by way of prolonging the interview, and with the hope of perhaps being able to carry out a long-cherished plan.

"No, sir," briefly replied the woman, as she regarded him with a half-puzzled, half-vacant stare.

"Your name is Mary, isn't it, and you used to live in the Hahnemann Hospital, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember a gentleman who came to see you there last fall?"

The woman shook her head doubtfully; yet there was a look on her face which told her questioner that she had a vague remembrance of his visit.

"I don't live there now," she stolidly remarked, while her eyes wandered with a wistful look to Jamie, who was standing quietly beside his friend.

"Where is your home now?" Mr. Carrol inquired.

(To be continued.)

ACHING KIDNEYS

Can Only be Cured by Enriching the Blood by the Use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills.

The kidneys filter every drop of your blood. The purity of the blood depend upon the kidneys—and the health of the kidneys depends upon the blood. If your blood is weak the kidneys have not the strength for their work and leave the blood unfiltered and foul. If your blood is bad the kidneys get clogged with painful, poisonous impurities. That is what causes your headache with the dull pains or sharp stabs of sick kidneys. And kidney disease is one of the most deadly and hopeless things that can attack you. The only hope is to strike without delay at the root of the trouble in the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood. They flush the kidneys clean, heal their inflammation and give them strength for their work. Common kidney pills only touch the symptoms—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the cause. That is why they cure for good and at the same time improve the health in every way.

Mr. George Johnson, of the village of Ohio, N. S., gives strong proof of the truth of the above statements. He says: "My son, now nineteen years old, suffered greatly with kidney trouble. He was constantly troubled with severe pains in the back, and oftei passed sleepless nights. His appetite failed, he grew weak and could hardly do the usual work that falls to the lot of a boy on a farm. We tried several kidney medicines, but they did not help him any. Then a friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He used the pills for a couple of months and I am thankful to say is now as strong and healthy as any boy of his age."

There is no disease due to bad blood that Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills will not cure, simply because they make new, rich red blood that expels disease from every part of the body. That is why they cure, the worst cases of anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, headache, and backaches, and the special ailments from which women alone suffer. But only the genuine pills can do this and you should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

LIFE ON THE PLANET MARS.

Geographical Map of Our Celestial Neighbor Very Accurate.

We can draw all the geographical configurations, seas, coasts, islands, peninsulas, mouths of rivers, or canals of Mars with accuracy, says Camille Flammarion in Harper's Magazine, and we can anticipate what district will appear in the lens of the telescope, for the length of the rotation of the planet is known to the hundredth part of a second. As the planet turns upon its axis more slowly than ours, the calendar of two consecutive years of 608 days and a bisextile one of 669 days.

It is not many years since Mars entered into the sphere of our observation. And one can say also that there is but a small number of the inhabitants of this world who have observed it in all its details, and of these the most experienced is Signor Schiaparelli, director of the observatory at Milan.

The geographical map of the planet Mars has just been made with infinate care by the above-mentioned astronomer. One might really consider it a terristrial sphere of continents, islands, coasts, peninsulas, gulfs, waters. Moreover, clouds, rains, inundations, snows, seasons, winters and summers, springs and autumns, prevail as they do here; and the intensity of the seasons is absolutely the same as with us, the inclination of the axis being the same as ours.

Our problem of the habitability of the stars is limited to observing the celestial bodies upon which the conditions are such that organized matter can exist in a durable form.

In the planet Mars, the density of a cubic merte of water, earth, or any matter is only the seventeenth of what it is here, and the weight is only 38-100ths.

A kilogram transported to Mars would therefore only weigh 376 grams there, and a man or woman weighing 70 kilos would only weigh 26 there. The years are nearly twice as long as upon our planet, and the climatological conditions seem much more favorable than they are here.

The conditions necessary to life are, we know, multiform, as the structure of the organic matter is so complicated.—Camille Flammarion, in Harper's Magazine for November.

THE DISSEMINATION OF WEED SEEDS.

All weeds are disseminated by means of their seeds, while a considerable number also multiply through the medium of underground root stems. Among the latter we have couch grass, Canada thistle, perennial sow-thistle, bindweed, sheep sorrel, and some others. When a new weed is discovered, it is a good plan to examine into its habits of growth and means of reproduction and dissemination. A knowledge of these is more important to the farmer than the mere name of the weed.

Weeds that depend for reproduction upon their seed alone produce them in large numbers. A single plant of false flax will mature from twenty-five to thirty thousand seeds, and although we sometimes have reason to doubt the vitality of the seed of corn or mangels, that we buy, we need have no misgivings as to the vitality of these weed seeds. The seed of these weeds that mature in our grain crops, even though it shells out on the field, is with difficulty induced to germinate at a time when it can be destroyed. Some of it can be persuaded to grow by stirring the surface soil directly after harvest, but most of it will not germinate until its gets ready. Thus nature provides for the perpetuation of the species.

In the seed laboratory at Ottawa, one hundred fresh seeds of wild mustard were planted in good soil in a box, and under the most favorable conditions only thirty-five of them could be induced to grow. The box was then placed in the open air for a week with the thermometer below zero. When again put in the germinator, seventeen more of the seeds produced plants. The soil was then allowed to become thoroughly dry and again put out to freeze, after which twelve more of the hundred seeds germinated. This operation was repeaaed several times, until finally every seed demonstrated that the mother plant had not lived in vain.

As a rule seeds of the more noxious weeds that grow from the seed alone retain their vitality for several years when embedded in the soil. It is highly important, then, to prevent the formation of seed. It is quite evident that many fields throughout Canada have now a sufficient stock of seeds to produce luxuriant crops of weeds for several years, but by adopting a suitable rotation it is possible to prevent most of the plants from these seeds coming to maturity.

All will agree that most districts have their full share of weeds. Like the poor they are always with us. How do we get them? Many farmers can doubtless remember when the Canada Thistle was a new weed. Perennial sow-thistle, ribgrass, ragweed, bindweed and some others are of more recent introduction. There are many more more to come, and soe of them are even more noxious than those that are now common. For instance, there is the Devil's Paint brush or orange hawkweed, that is already well distributed over the eastern townships of Quebec and part of New Brunswick. Where this weed has become well established, land that was worth forty dollars an acre five years ago, could not be sold for five dollars an acre to-day.

There is also a number of weeds that have been recently introduced into western Canada, and which have proved to be exceedingly dangerous. Most of them were brought in by immigrants. Among them are tumbling mustard and field pennycress or stinkweed. A few plants of each of these have been found in different parts of Ontario during the past season, and the east will know more about them later. One thing seems clear and that is that the weed pests are now gaining headway at a much more rapid rate than they did twenty-five years ago. How can we account for this?

The investigations of the seed division have shown that the seedsmen are to blame to a considerable extent, but there are many other means by which weeds become disseminated, and which are worthy of consideration. Any farmer who has land that is annually flooded by freshets knows the difficulty of keping such land free from weeds. Transportation companies, particularly the railway companies, have much to do with the introduction of new weeds. Most of our noxious weeds are introduced from Europe. Their seeds are often brought in with material that is used for packing articles of commerce. This packing material is scattered about on the tground and the seeds soon germinate. In three or four years the new weed may be found on a large number of farms. That is the way most of our weeds come to us.

The wind and animals of various kinds do much to spread weed seeds in a local way. Seeds of many weeds are provided with special facilities, some like small parachutes as in the Dandelion and Canada thistle, by the aid of which the seeds are carried long distances by the wind. Nature provided seeds of other weeds, such as burs, with the means of clinging to the wool of sheep or to other animals, in order to insure their distribution. In any case, it is the seed that comes first; the weed curse follows.

Yours very truly,
W. A. Clemons,
Publication Clerk.

NUTS ON THE MENU.

Well Prepared, They Are the Best of Tissue Builders.

Nuts may well play an important part in the menu, as they may during the entire cold weather. They must be carefully prepared, however, as few people, even though their teeth be good enough (which few are) will take the time to grind them up into digestible form.

AlmondsAlmonds stand in the first group of nitrogenous or tissue-building foods. These members of the rose family, which are now grown in our own country, are among the oldest and best known. They are delicious salted, though the housewife should remember "not" to place butter or oil in the pan with them, as heat decomposes the fat and defeats their digestive function. There's oil enough in them naturally to hold the salt.

Chestnuts—Undoubtedly the chestnut is the nut of the day!

The chestnut must be cooked to be digestible, since it contains so much starch. It stands first with many as a turkey stuffing.

The English Walnut—Many prefer the English walnut above all dessert nuts. Though very tasty, they are among the most digestible. A little salt adds to their digestibility.

The Filbert—The filbert and the hazel nut are favorites, the English filbert, or cob nut, being the most delicious.

The Brazil Nut—Rich in oil is the Brazil nut. It is so likely to be spoiled by the time we get it that some will have none of it. If kept in a cold place it will not become rancid.

Peanuts—Peanuts, though undeniably bourgeoisie, are tremendously important. They contain starch, and only attain full food value when cooked.

Pine Nuts—Pine nuts, palatable, wholesome and cheap, are used to great advantage in cookery.

The Pistachio—For flavoring and garnishing the pistachio nut occupies a high place.

Improve the Salad—Finely-chopped nuts add to a salad greatly, as they do to a made meat dish.

Better Than Meat—Most nuts are at their best as food when ground and cooked. Though having the value of meat, they are free from disease germs, as they are of vegetable origin.

SLEEPLESS BABIES.

Well babies sleep soundly and wake up brightly. When babies are restless and sleepless it is the surest possible sign of illness—in all probability due to some derangement of the stomach and bowels, or teething troubles. Baby's Own Tablets are the only proper remedy. They remove the trouble and in this way give the little one sound, refreshing sleep, and it wakes up healthy and happy. Guaranteed to contain no harmful drug or opiate. Mrs. Thos. Cain, Loring, Ont., says: "My baby suffered from stomach trouble and teething, and was quite cross. I got Baby's Own Tablets and they seemed to work almost like a charm. I thing nothing can equal the Tablets for children's ailments." You can find them at drug stores or get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Camera Fiend.

He took the house, he took the barn,
The children at their play,
He took the dog, he took the cat,
And Dobbin, Nell and Gray;
He took the pretty parlor maid
A-swinging on the gate,
And posed me with a rake, and vowed
The picture simply great.

He took Priscilla fifty ways—
Indoors and out-of-doors,
I've loved Priscilla ever since
She romped in pinafores);
He took himself away by stealth
One night without adieu,
But, oh—the hardened miscreant!
He took Priscilla, too.

—Minna Irving in Lippincott's Magazine.

TELEPHONES IN THE FOREST.

Stations in the Dense Timber Keep Loggers in Close Touch With Home.

Up in the dense timber along the Big Blackfoot, Montana, where the logs are cut that keep the big mills at Bonner in motion, the traveller is often surprised as he journeys through the logging district to see small telephone stations located at intervals in the forest. There are several of these stations, and they enable the loggers to keep in touch with the mills, and, when the drive is in progress, with the rivermen as they chase the logs down the stream.

These timber telephones are of the greatest service in the conducting of the business of the country. They save a vast amount of time, and in case of an accident or any other trouble they are of indescribable value. During the last two or three years, such telephone lines have come into use in most of the big logging regions.

Throughout the forests, from the St John to Vancouver, lumber camps belonging to the same interests are connected by telephone, the lines running thence to the saw mills or wood pulp works at the frontier towns, from which communication can be had even to the metropolis.

It was formerly the custom of each lumber interest to maintain a force of couriers, like the voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company, and these hardy men with knapsack, would travel twenty-five miles a day through the wilderness over rough forest paths.

Now the mill calls each camp in turn at stated hours, and receives reports and gives instructions to the foremen and it is not necessary to dwell on the commercial advantages of maintaining such close touch between headquarters and outposts in any enterprise. Letters are read to men snowed in the forest fifty or one hundred miles away, and answers are dictated by the lumbermen to a stenographer, who transcribes them in the office and then mails them to their homes.

The relative contentment among the men which is established by this frequent communication is highly advantageous to the working force, and therefore to the employers.—Detroit Tribune.

Life Without Lungs.

The common snail has lungs, heart and a general circulation, and is in every respect an air breathing creature. This notwithstanding, he can live on indefinitely without inhaling the least atom of air, that which is usually considered the essential to existence in all creatures supplied with lungs.

Leppert says: "To all organized creatures the removal of oxygen, water, nourishment and heat causes death to ensue." When that statement was made he did not appear to consider the snail as one among the gerat host of "organized beings," for the experiments made by Professor Spallanzani prove that any or all the usual life conditions can be removed in its case without terminating its existence or in any way impairing its functions.

It is a fact well known that the common land snail retreats into his shell on the approach of frosty weather in the fall, and that the opening or mouth of the shell is hermetically sealed by a secretion which is of a silky texture and absolutely inpervious to air and water. In this condition it is plain that he is deprived of three out of the four elements of life mentioned by Leppert, viz., air, water and nourishment.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO