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Won at Last

'It is a serious matter to take anyone for a husband," she said, coloring. "I like my liberty."

"Liberty is no good for women," he returned, for Uncle Sandy had by no means a high estimation of the fair sex. "And, Mona, my lassie, your old uncle's heart is set on seeing you a happy wife."

'Thank you, uncle, I should like to please you, but we must be sure of the happiness."

He opened his mouth to reply, but some wave of thought arrested his words, and he closed it again. He was, however, cross and contradictory all the evening, and Mona knew he was not well pleased.

Meanwhile the usual round of London life ran its course. Parliament assembled. New players and old favorites enchanted the public. Fresh scandals and novelties of toilets, enlivened the pages of society papers. Another batch of little girls were promoted from the nursery to the school room, and both Mme. Debrisay's and Mona's hands were full.

Lady Finstoun's name at drawing-room, dinner, ball, and garden party frequently met Mona's eye as she looked through the papers for the articles most suited for Uncle Sandy's consumption. Yet she made no sign. Kind and pleasant though she was when face to face with her friend, the rush of the season, the number of attractive engagements, crowded out those who were not constantly with her, from Evelyn's mind.

Se did write once, begging Mona to come and have a cup of tea with her at an hour when she could not meet any one, but Mona thought it wiser not to go.

"If you stay late in London, I will come when the tide of gaiety is ebbing. You would hardly have time to speak to me while it is the fleed," she wrote in reply.

By some slip in conversation, Mme. Debrisay managed to make this invitation, and the reply, known to Mr. Craig, who seemed a good deal impressed by it.

May set in with unusual warmth, dry east winds prevailing, and Uncle Sandy grew discontented with his food, restless at night, feverish by day, dissatisfied with his liver, and suspicious of his digestive organs.

"I am no sae sure that Sir Andrew Coleman gives me that attention he ought, 'sidering a' the guineas he has had from me! Mr. Maclean" (this was the minister) "advises me to try that man in Saville Row, Dr. Carmichael; they say he is wonderful for liver and digestion, and I am regular out of sorts."

"Well, I would, Mr. Craig," said Mme. Debrisay, to whom Uncle Sandy confided his doubts and intentions; "you have not been looking at all well—not a bit like yourself of late. I have felt rather uneasy about you. Perhaps a new doctor may observe something that has escaped the other. May be change of air might do you good."

"Haven't I had a total change coming here? and last year I felt a new man! How is a puir frail body like me to go wandering about by my ain sel'? Why, the curse wad be worse than the sickness."

"Still, my dear sir, it is well worth while to face some difficulties rather than not recover your precious health."

"I know it—I know it," he growled, impatiently; "and I am just thinking what's best to be done. I'll get Mona to write and ask for an appointment, when she comes in."

"I am sure, Mr. Craig, my poor pen is quite at your service."

"Oh, thank'ee, thank'ee; I'll just wait till my niece comes in."

Mr. Craig was quite nervous about his visit to a new doctor, and at length expressed a wish that Mme. Debrisay should accompany him to the doctor's house, though he did not wish her to be present at the interview.

"Why did you not say so at once?" she cried. "I should have offered to go with you, but seeing you are a particular man, I did not like to intrude."

"Intrude! Why, no, of course you would not. I did think of taking my nephew, but it is not easy for him to get away from business."

"Do not think of it, my dear sir. I am, you know, quite an experienced nurse, and when Dr. Carmichael makes an appointment, I will arrange to go with you. You are not really fit to go alone."

"You are verra good. I shall be much indebted to you."

For the remainder of the day Uncle Sandy was amiable enough; but, as is not uncommon, when the immediate sense of obligation wears off, the politeness it engenders also disappears, and next day Uncle Sandy was as querulous as ever.

"I believe his digestion is all wrong, poor man, and his eyes are like boiled gooseberries, but there is nothing else the matter with him. He is shaky on his legs, certainly, though I rather think that's just nervous fancies. I doubt his dying before he is a hundred, he is so contradictory."

"Why, Deb, you would not cut short his little span of life? If I thought you were serious, I would be quite angry with you."

"I would not do the poor soul the smallest harm, God knows; but he is very trying, and I don't think he cares a straw about any mortal but himself."

"I think he cares a good deal about himself, but he is affectionate, too. He is fond of me; he begins to cling to me, I am almost sorry to say, for in some measure it binds me to him. One cannot desert a creature that depends on you. Still, he is not an enlivening companion."

"All I hope is he will not prove an ungrateful old hunks after you have sacrificed your youth to him."

"My youth, Deb? I feel as if my youth had gone."

"Ah! what nonsense you talk! Gone, only to come back again. My dear child, there's been more wrong with you than the death of your poor dear grandmother, or the loss of your fortune, or even your rejection of that poor fellow."

"Is that not a sufficient catalogue, Deb? What more do you want?" and Mona sat down to work, but really to think.

Since Kenneth's confession, she had thought more of Waring than she had ever done before. Did he love her with the same honest, enduring love that the young Highlander bore to his Mary? Hardly. Kenneth and Mary had grown up together, and the power of association was interwoven with the warmth of early passion. Then a simple life of duty and enforced self-denial deepens the channels of the heart, while an existence of mere pleasure,of constant friction with calculating, cynical men of the world, has an indurating effect. The emotions and affections spread thinly in a shallow stream over a stony surface, through which no fertilizing drops can percolate to the hollow beneath. Still, the impression remained with her that there were possibilities of true tenderness in Waring, which might have made her life happy, had her wounds not been so sore and recent that they could not endure the touch of a new love. She never regretted having broken with him, but she grieved to thing that from a wish to provide for her grandmother she had caused him so much pain. The recollection, too, of his aspect when she had accidentally seen him in the street, haunted her. Could her refusal have influenced him for evil?

* * * * * * *

The day that Uncle Sandy went to consult the well-known Dr. Carmichael, Mona was rather late, and went up to his sitting room before she took off her hat.

She found him at his evening meal—a chop and some dry toast—while Mme. Debrisay was busy over a cup of cocoa, which she was making with the help of a kettle and spirit-lamp.

"Well, uncle, what did the doctor say?"

"Not much. He evidently thinks I am in a bad way. He went so far as to say that medicine could do me varra little good. He just altered my diet a bit. I am not to touch tea or coffee, only a wee drap whisky in cold water; and he has ordered me to a foreign place I never heard tell of before. That's the worst. If I'm to dee, let me have one of my ain to close my eyes. Out of Lon-Lon I will not go, unless you come with me, Mona."

"My dear uncle, this is very serious. Where are you to go?"

"To a queer, out-of-the-way water-drinking toun ca'd Conter-x-ville, away in France. Madame there seems to know about it, as she does about most things."

Mona looked at her.

"Yes, dear," cried madame, briskly, as she blew out the lamp, and carried the cup to the invalid. "The waters are admirable for gout, and rheumatism, and liver, and indigestion, and all sorts of things. It is a well-known water in France. Monsieur Le Duc de Monceau and Madame La Marquise de Suresenes both derived the greatest benefit from the cure."

"And whereabouts is it?"

"Oh, on the German side; in the Department of the Vosges, not very far from Nancy."

"It's an awfu' lang journey," groaned Uncle Sandy, "and will cost a mine o' siller."

"Not more than a journey to any other health resort, my dear Mr. Craig. We will ascertain the rail fares. You are not going away all in a minute. We have time enough to look about us."

"And will you come with me, dearie?" asked Uncle Sandy, looking wistfully at Mona. "I canna go without you!"

"If I can go I will, uncle; but I must hear a little more."

"It's just awfu' to be alone in this wicked world, and neither chick nor child to fight for you. You ought to think on that, Mona; and get me a little mair toast, like a good lassie—my appetite is varra indifferent."

"He has just devoured a rackful!" whispered Mme. Debrisay; "one round more is as much as ought to have."

Mona waited downstairs till the toast was ready, considering what answer she should make to her uncle's request, though she well knew that she would ned by accompanying him. How could she refuse the poor old man, who seemed to look to her for held and comfort? Yet how much pleasanter it would be to stay and work, and be free with Mme. Debrisay!

When she carried back the toast, and Uncle Sandy had finished it, he said he could have a little sleep if he were left quiet, and would make up his mind what he would do next day.

Then Mme. Debrisay and her young protegee held high counsel as to what should be done.

Mona avowed her reluctance, yet made up her mind to accompany her uncle.

"I am young, you see, Deb; and after a few months' absence, I might pick up my pupils again."

"No doubt you could, dear," cried Mme Debrisay; "anyway, I will represent things to him in a proper light. If he drags you away from your employment, he ought to make a settlement upon you. What I am afraid of is that he will spoil your prospects, and leave you in the lurch. I can't get over the notion that young Masalister will come in for everything."

"Pray do not try to drive a bargain about me, Deb! I must do the best I can. If poor Uncle Sandy never were to leave me a sou, I could not refuse him my company or my help. 'Fais ce que dois—advienne que pourra.'"

"Oh, it's all very fine to do what you ought, come what may! but Heaven always takes care of those who take cae of themselves!"

"You have not acted on that principle yourself, Deb; neither can I. Just let me go, and leave the morrow to take care of itself."

The day following Mr. Craig spent in gloomy silence; and when Kenneth Macalister came in the evening, contrary to his usual custom, no message was sent to request the ladies to come and make tea for him. Kenneth remained till Mr. Craig's bed-time, and only looked in on Mme. Debrisay and Mona for a few moments. He said his uncle was much depressed, and in a very bad temper. Kenneth himself seemed preoccupied, and by no means in good spirits. He said he would be up again in an evening or two, and Mona fancied his tone was rather significant.

The next day Uncle Sandy had brisked up again. He begged Mona to come to him as soon as she returned from her work, which happened to terminate earlier on that day than on any other.

She guessed what that invitation meant, and only hoped that no allusion to Kenneth would add to her difficulties. Yet she felt extremely reluctant to give up the increasing independence of her present position—to be the nurse and companion of so uncertain a person as her uncle. True, she was often weary after a day of continuous teaching—often irritated and discouraged by careless, stupid pupils—but her day's troubles ended with the last lesson, and the quiet of their home-like lodgings and the sympathy of her devoted protectress awaited her.

However, the old man sorely needed her help, and she would not refuse it.

As soon as she had changed her dress, for the day was wet and stormy, she went upstairs, and found her uncle seated near the fire, the table drawn up beside his chair, and on it a map, a guide-book, a "Continental Bradshaw," and several scraps of ruled paper covered with figures.

"Come awa'! come awa'!" he cried, his brow clearing, "I'm wearyin' to talk to you. My puir head is just dazed with trying to understand whaur I'm going, and what it will cost me!"

"As to where you are going, uncle, I may help you to find out; but as to the cost, you must ask Madame Debrisay; she knows all about French railways."

"And when will she be in ?"

"Not till six, or half past."

"Aweel, I have something quite private to sey to your own self, and I'd best tackle that first."

He stopped abruptly, and began to gather up the papers and books somewhat nervously.

"I am all attention, uncle."

"It's a delicate matter to speak aboot, but I feel bound to do it, for your ain good, and—and benefit; and so I'll just speak my mind."

This with some hesitation, ending with a sudden assumption of resolution, steadily avoiding his niece's eyes at the same time.

"Certainly, Uncle Sandy."

"There's that lad, Kenneth," he went on, in his thin, high-pitched, querulous voice; "a fine young man, steady and weel-disposed; what for canna you mak' up your mind to wed him ? He's awfu' fond of you, and ye seemed good friends together. Why canna you mak' it up?"

"I thought," returned Mona, gravely and calmly, though she felt that the tug of war had come, "I thought I told Kenneth that though I liked and valued him, I feared I could not give him wifely affection. He ought to have been satisfied."

"And wha wad tak' a lassie's first 'no'?"

"First or last, my dear uncle, my answer would be the same."

"And what hinders you frae liking him for your husband ?"

"Who can tell, uncle ? perhaps liking him too well in another way."

"Ah! but I am sorry for the puir lad. He is varra fond o' ye."

"Well, yes, I think he likes me, but I do not think he would ever have asked me to be his wife of his own free will. It was to please, you, uncle."

"Ah, ha! Is it a bit jeamousy ? Don't you think he loves you weel enough?"

"No, uncle, I would never accept him."

'Dinna say it!" cried Uncle Sandy, earnestly. "I am just in a dificulty. Ye see, I always promised to look after Kenneth before I knew I should ever see my poor brother's girlie. Aweel, I'd like to leave my bit o' money to both o' you,and ye see, if you were wed, it would be keepit together."

"Dear uncle," said Mona, smiling, 'do not let that trouble you. Leave everything you like to Kenneth; men want money much more than women, and I am young. I think I can earn my own bread with Madame Debrisay's help; so do not let any thought of me interfere with Kenenth. I have made up my mind to be your escort to Centrexeville, and I hope you will return so well as to be quite independent of us all."

"Eh, that will never be, my lassie—never! But you have disappointed me; only I don't give up hope yet. I have just set my heart on a match between you and Kenneth. Eh! we'd a' be happy at Craigdarroch; he'd look to the lands and the beasties, and you would mind the hoose and watch your puir auld uncle's last days. Then a' would be yours—I'd know you were both settled and comfortable, and that the place would be in the hands o' my ain kin."

"Yes, it would be a very pleasant arrangement. I wish I could encourage you to hope for its completion."

"I dinna like unreasonable contradiction, and I will not put up with it," said Uncle Sandy, angrily. "What for will you be so foolish?"

"Do you believe that human love is the growth of human will, uncle?"

"I am sure I canna tell." He paused and thought for a moment, a change passing over his face. "Yes, but I did though," he said. "I tried hard to keep frae loving my old master's daughter, and I could not. Eh! I had a sair heart in those days. I daured na speak, for she was a rich heiress, and I but a puir lad. Yet I think—I always thought she cast a kindly look upon me. However, there came a grand gentleman from England, and they married her to him. She did not live long after. Maybe she'd have had a longer and a happier life if she had been my wife, and lived in her ain country."

Mona listened with a curious mixture of sympathy and amusement. There was true pathos in his voice; yet the evident self-conceit that made him quite sure he had but to ask to be accepted struck her as too comical when she gazed at his insignificant, shrunken figure, his short, shrewd face, and contemptuously upturned nose. Had he ever been a man on whom a lady might have loved to look? Still there was at times a kindly expression about his mouth which belied the keen hardness of his eyes.

"Yes, uncle,' she said, softly, "it must have been a trying time. That useless struggle ought to teach you how hard it is to govern 'unruly wills and affections,' and to leave Kenneth and me to follow our own devices."

'Answer me one question. Have you a fancy for any other mon, or are you pledged to any other?"

"Neither, uncle; I can assure you unhesitatingly."

"Aweel, then, I'll just posses my soul with patience; but it's bad taking you awa', just when you and the lad are good company to each other; but I must, I must, and I canna go without you."

'Never mind, uncle; whether we 'keep company' or not, it will all come to the same in the end."

Uncle Sandy kept silence for a moment or two ,and his brow contracted; but there was something in Mona's indescribable superiority—her kindly, gentle, but distinct independence—that he dared not flout.

"Weel, weel,' he said at length; "you'll come with me, anyhow?"

(To be continued.)

SUMMER FAG.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Best Tonic for Summer.

The long hot summer thins the blood, and leaves you weary, worn and wretched. Nothing can cure that summer fag except Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—because they actually make new blood, and thus strengthen every organ and every tissue in the body. Every dose fills you with new strength, new energy, new life. Purgative pills only weaken you more. Common tonics only stimulate for the moment. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood, and nothing but good, pure rich red blood can brace you to stand the summer. That is why you should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. Mr. W. J. Norfolk, White Horse, Yukon Territory, says: "I am thirty-nine years of age and have been an athlete who scarcely knew the meaning of illness. Last year, however, my health gave way. I became nervous, did not sleep well and grew as weak as a kitten. It seemed as though I was completely worn out. I tried several so-called tonics, but it was only a waste of money, for they did me no good. Finally I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they put me on my feet again, and gave me new health and strength."

Every weak and easily tired man and woman will find new health, new strength and new energy through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cure all blood and nerve diseases like anaemia, nervous exhaustion, headaches and backaches, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and the special ailments that afflict most growing girls and women of mature years. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Ancestral Memory.

As I walk along a dark lonely road, my ears are on the alert, I glance right and left, I look over my shoulder. Where did I learn this habit ? May it not be the memory disk giving of fits record ? My savage ancestor learned by long years of experience to be specially on his guard in a lonely place, and in the dark. When my indignation is thoroughly roused, I find my hands clench, there is a tightening of the lips, the teeth are more plainly visible, and the whole attitude is suggestive of making a spring. Here is a trait of early man, who gathered himself together and then sprang upon his enemy to rend him with tooth and claw. I have often noticed that when people use the word "offensive" it is accompanied by a quiver of the nostrils and an involuntary movement of the nose. The imagination is still haunted by that piece of very offensive carrion which my primitive ancestor with a prejudice for raw meat found too strong for him, so strong that his nose rejected it at once.—Nineteenth Century.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

In thousands of homes throughout Canada there are bright, thriving children, who have been made well and are kept well by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. In many homes parents say this medicine saved a precious little life. Dr. A. Danais, L. D. S., Riviere du Loup, Que., says: "At the age of five months we thought our little girl dying. Nothing we did for her helped her until we gave her Baby's Own Tablets, and only those who have seen her can realize what a change this medicine has wrought in our child. She is now about eighteen months old, eats well, sleeps well, and is a lively, laughing child, and weighs 37 pounds. We always keep the Tablets in the house now, for we know their great value." If mothers wish to feel absolutely safe they should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house always. They cure all the minor ailments of children and are absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Proof of Good Judgment.

(Somerville, Mass., Journal.)

Hicks—Your wife is a mighty sensible woman, isn't she?

Wicks—Sure! She married me.

Royal Pawnshop in Berlin.

All Profits Are Devoted to Charitable Purposes.

(New York Times.)

The Bureau of Manufacturers of the Department of Commerce and Labor has obtained from several leading European cities statements concerning the working of pawnshops and their regulation in those cities. A strict supervision is maintained by the state or municipalities, and in some instances the state itself maintains pawnships.

Consul General A. M. Thackera, of Berlin, in speaking of the pawnbrokers of that city, and also of other parts of Germany, says:

There are no pawnshops under the management of the municipal authorities in Berlin, but there is a royal pawnshop office and numerous private pawnbrokers, who have to be licensed and are strictly regulated by law. The Rayol Prussion pawn office was established in 1834, under the control of the Royal Bank. All profits from the business, or any surplus which remains after charging a moderate rate of interest and deducting all costs of administration, are devoted to charitable purposes. The institution lends from one-half up to two-thirds of their estimated value upon jewels, precious stones, gold, silver, copper, brass, tin, and similar metals, clothing and other objects for the storage of which no great space is required.

Persons who want to borrow money from the pawnshops have to establish their identity. If the pledge is not redeemed it is sold, and if any greater amount is obtained for it than the amount loaned, the excess is returned to the borrower. The rate of interest is 1 per cent. per month, or 12 per cent. per annum. Upon easily negotiated city, state, or government bonds, 6 per cent. interest is charged.

The surplus in 1888 as $14,764, in 1889 it fell to $10,765, and in 1900, there was a loss of $2,860. The profits in 1904 were $2,131.

There are 174 private pawnshops in Berlin, so much more conveniently situated that they take business away from the royal office. These private establishments are regulated very strictly. In none of the cities in Germany can the public pawn institutions compete with the private pawnbroker, notwithstanding that the public institutions, on account of their official character, afford greater security. A private pawnbroker may charge interest of 2 per cent. per month.

Consul-General Mason, of Paris, says that the municipal pawnshop system is a distinct bureau of the Municipal Government. There is a main office and twenty-one branch offices. It is organized and administered to fulfil a distinctly philanthropic purpose. In 1904, 1,449,168 loans on jewellery, clothing, bicycles, etc., were made of the average amount of $6.46 each and the total sum loaned was $9,361,625. Besides these there were made during the same year 3,610 loans of $200 or more each, the total sum of which was $1,709,832. The rates of interest amounted in all to 8 per cent. on jewellery, articles of clothing, household equipments, etc., and 6 1-4 per cent. on stock, bonds, and other securities. In 1904 the profit above expenses amounted to $99,417, which was turned over to the fund for the support of municipal hospitals.

This is an official monopoly no other pawnbroker is allowed to exist or do business within the limits of the municipality. But there is a class of outside operators, whose traffic forms the one really sinister feature of the whole system. These are the brokers or dealers in pawn tickets, who work more or less secretly. It frequently happens that a person who has pawned an article wants more money than he has been able to obtain at the municipal pawnshop, which does not exceed one-third of the real value of the article. He goes with this pawn ticket to the broker, who lends him 20 per cent, of the face value of the ticket, but at an extortionate interest from 3 per cent to 7 per cent per month. If this interest is not paid when due the broker redeems the article, which he sells and thereby reaps a large profit. The story is told of a wedding dress on which interest was paid for fifty years by a poor woman who could never command enough money at one time to redeem it.

Various measures have been proposed to counteract this evil, but nothing satisfactory has yet been devised. People in good circumstances, who are leaving the city for the summer, not infrequently take jewels and other valuables to the Monte de Piete, or pawnshop, borrow a nominal sum on them, and thus secure their safekeeping with little expense.

Consul-General Roosevelt, of Brussels, says that the Brussels Monte de Piete was established in 1810, since which date it has exercised its functions without interruption. The legal rate of interest charged on loans is 6 per cent. per annum. It is the intention of the administration to apply for authorization to reduce this rate to 2 per cent. per annum for loans less than 5f.

The administration of the pawnshop system in Brussels is somewhat similar to that in Paris. During the year 1905, the establishment loaned on 312,794 pledges was $1,258,173. The net profit for the eyar was $6,401. The Brussels pawnshop is under the management of three appraisers and other officers. It is obligatory that one of the three appraisers must be an expert gold and silver smith.

Vice-Consul-General Mueller, of St. Petersburg, reports that there are six institutions loaning money on chattels at a rate of interest stipulated by their by-laws, as follows:

(1) The State Loan Office, (controlled by the Central Government). The rate of interest is 6 per cent. per annum. Only gold, silver, precious stones, and valuables are accepted here. Such articles are also taken for safekeeping at a low rate of interest for storage and insurnace. (2) Society for pawning chattels. (3) St. Petersburg Company, for storage and pawning chattels, and goods. (4) St. Petersburg City Loan Office. (5) St. Petersburg Private Loan Office . (6) St. Petersburg Municipal Loan Office, organized in 1898. Paid-in capital, 2,000,000 rubles—about $1,000,000.

In 1904 the loans aggregated $1,753,550, of which sum $1,569,065 was repaid Goods unclaimed were sold at public auction. The net profit on the transactions of 1904 was about $37,251. The interest charged is 6 per cent.

The Swine Industry of Ontario.

A bulletin upon this subject has been prepared by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, which contains information of an instructive and suggestive character.

The following questions were sent to several thousand carefully selected correspondents, and from the replies received, a report is given in detail by counties, together with a summary for the Province as a whole:

1. What breeds, grades or crosses of hogs appear to be most popular in your district?

2. Has there been any general tendency to change from one breed or type or hog to another during the last two or three years?

3. If there has been any change in the kind of hogs fed, please describe the nature of the change?

4. Are grade sires used in your district?

5. What is the general feeling among farmers in your section as to the hog production this year? Do they show a disposition to increase their output and to what extent?

6. About how many breeding sows were kept by the average farmer of your section in 1904? How many in 1905? How many this season?

7. What is the average number of pigs to reach weaning age in spring litters this year? Has the percentage of loss been greater than usual?

8. How will the delivery of hogs between no wand September 1st compare with that for market. (a) Summer feeding; (b) Winter feeding?

Breeds—The Yorkshire is the most popular breed. In 33 out of the 42 counties reporting it gets first choice, and in 7 others it is a tie with some other breed for first place. Berkshires come next in favor, followed by Tamworths and Chester Whites, in the order named. Duroc Jerseys and Poland Chinas receive but little mention outside of the counties of Essex and Kent.

Crosses—While many crosses are used, the most popular is that between the Yorkshire and the Berkshire. In the western portion of the Province there is a tendency to use the Berkshire more than formerly in crossing, while in the eastern half the trend is more toward the use of the Yorkshire.

Sires—Pure-bred sires are used almost entirely in twenty-five per cent. of the counties, while grade sires are used to a limited extent in about twenty per cent., and to a still greater extent in fifty-five per cent. of the counties; while in a few sections grade sires are still used almost entirely. The district taking in the northwestern peninsula will be found to be freer from the use of grade sires than any other section of the Province, although there are individual counties elsewhere from which reports are just as favorable. Grade sires appear to be in most use in the more eastern counties.

Production — The general tendency throughout the Province is to increase production slightly. In many of the eastern counties it has been the custom for farmers to depend upon breeders in their locality for their supply of young pigs for feeding, and it has been noted that the demand this spring considerably exceeds the supply, the breeders who usually sell their pigs retaining them on account of the good prices for hogs. Considerable caution, however, is observed among many individual breeders, and feeders, not to go into the business too extensively, for fear that over-production might bring prices down to an unprofitable point.

Breeding Sows—The number of breeding sows was decreased considerably in 1905 over 1904, while 1906 shows an increase in the number comapred with both 1905 and 1904. Vomparing 1906 with 1905, thirty-five counties report increases, while only two counties report decreases, and five counties no change in the number of sows. Reports indicate that the eastern part of the Province is relatively increasing production much more rapidly than is being done in western Ontario. In all parts of the Province the demand for brood sows appears to exceed the supply.

Litters—The percentage of loss of young pigs is greater than usual in a large proportion of the counties, which will have its effect upon the fall deliveries. The average number of pigs in spring litters reaching the weaning age is estimated as 7.61, as compared with a normal litter of 7.77 pigs at weaning time.

Cost of Feeding—The average cost of summer feeding is placed at $4.51 per cwt., and of winter feeding, $5.38 per cwt. In very few cases, however, do correspondents state definitely that the figures given are the result of actual experiments, but where these are reported it is almost invariably noticed that the cost of both summer and winter feeding is considerably below the figures already mentioned. A number of correspondents, especially in western Ontario, state that with comfortable quarters and roots the cost of feeding is no greater in winter than in summer.

Prices of Wild Animals.

A good Nubian lion is worth $1,000 a Senegal specimen little more than half this sum. A fine tiger is also worth about $1,000. In Bengal, where the most beautiful and largest tigers are trapped, there is a government bounty paid on each, for the annual mortality in India through tigers and snakes — chiefly cobras — is something appalling. The long-haired Chinese and Siberian tigers bring as much as $1,300, and other very valuable varieties come from Persia and Persian Turkestan.—Technical World.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Dr. Osler has passed the 40-year mark, but in spite of his alleged theory we fancy many Canadians would regard him as a very suitable person for the Presidency of the University of Toronto. And he would be more at home in Toronto than in Oxford.

The canned beef scandal is not only hurting the trade of the Chicago packers, but grocers and all those who deal in such articles are heavy losers by it. The boarding house missus is also a sufferer to the extent that her daily bill-of-fare is just so much the more limited in variety.

Patrick, the New York lawyer-murderer, who has just been granted a new trial after several elaborate previous ones, seems likely to die of old age before his case is disposed of by the courts. That is the sort of thing that undermines respect for the administration of justice, and makes a travesty of the process.

The cost of governing the great cities is growing at an alarming rate, and yearly a larger percentage of the people seek to earn their living as officials. New York city has 51,614 officials on her payroll and they receive annually $64,264,547.62 in salaries. Last year the pay roll was only about $60,000,000, and in 1904 something less than $57,000,000. The city debt amounts to $457,832,745.03, and $91,870,796 must be raised by taxation. Nevertheless, the borrowing capacity of the city for the year will be $132,968,368 and $83,000,000 will probably be expended for new works. Pay as you go is sneered at.

The horrible massacres of Jews at Bialystok as told in the press despatches have all the appearance of being planned and carried out by the Russian officials, perhaps in the hope of creating a diversion, and making it easier for the bureaucracy to effect its designs. The prospects now are for a campaign of terror, and who could blame the long-persecuted Jews if they lent their aid against those who have so inhumanly outraged their rights? It is believed that the Czar will early attemp to dissolve the Douma by force. Such an action will be equivalent to a declaration of war against the newly granted liberties of the subject, and will not fail to cause a revolutionary crisis. Again we shall have an appeal to the bomb and the dagger. Goremykin's life will not be worth many days' purchase, if the issue is once squared, and the sanctity of Czardom may not be respected. The army is said to be disaffected, and if any considerable number of the military were to side with the people a real revolution might not be far off. The struggle between autocracy and constitutionalism may soon develop into civil war.

In Montreal a campaign is being waged against indecent picture postcards, and a man named J. H. Superior has been convicted of importing improper cards. It seems that the act extends the star-chamber power of the customs officials to impose a fine on any importer whose goods they decided come within the condemnation of the law. Superior was advised by a lawyer to pay the fine and secure secrecy, but he refused "on principle," and carried the matter to the courts, although unable to pay for counsel to represent him. The power given to customs officials is a dangerous one and does not make for justice, and it is well that this case had the publicity of the courts. There have been abuses of laws administered in secrecy by men who are not in any sense judicially minded or free from influences that rarely operate in open court. There does not appear to be any reason why a customs officer should be left to deal with such cases; the courts exist for that work. Perhaps there are post cards sold in many places that are indecent—certainly many are coarse and unedifying—; but it is not necessary to their elimination that one should travesty our system of justice.

From time to time we hear of people being buried alive, but we were not prepared to hear of the numerous cases stated to have occurred by Dr. Hadwen, of Gloucester, England, at a meeting of the London Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial. We do not know the extent of territory or the length of time covered by his figures, but under any circumstances they are rather startling. Here they are:

Persons buried alive	149
Narrow escapes from burial alive	219
Dissected alive	10
Narrow escapes from dissection alive	3
Embalmed alive	2
Cremated alive	1

Many people have a dread of being put under ground while breath is in their bodies, and these statistics will not tend to reassure them. The question arises are we in too great a hurry to bury the departed? Were decomposition allowed to begin before the body was put away there would be no danger of such a fate overtaking any one. But are the statistics trustworthy?

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