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TO IMPROVE THE ROADS

Delegates to the Good Roads Convention Assemble in Toronto.

STATUTE LABOR IS OF THE PAST

The Increasing Interest Which is Being Taken in the Subject of Improved Highways Shown to the Best Advantage at the Convention.

TORONTO, Feb. 10.—A large number of delegates to the good roads convention assembled at the Canadian Institute yesterday. The delegation was composed of the following representatives from different parts of the province.

The Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, signified by letter his inability to be present at the opening of the session. Before the meeting was over, however, the hon. gentleman made his appearance and was greeted with much applause.

The delegates comprising the convention were:

J. Hill, Monck county; E. Cohoe, Monck county; H. C. Garbutt, West Peterborough; J. Sheppard, Lincoln; N. Monteith, Downie tp.; P. Mahon, South Wellington; J. A. Bell, Elgin; A. W. Campbell, St. Thomas; J. C. Judd, Toronto; R. A. Riky, Shelburne; F. Birdsall, East Peterborough; G. E. Foster, Burlington; S. Pedlar, Toronto; W. A. Howell, West Huron; M. B. Barnhard, Welland; R. G. H. Gardner Buckner, Toronto; A. S. Foster, Oakville; C. H. Mortimer, Toronto; H. B. Dously, Simcoe; G. G. Marsh, London; F. Ballantyne, Beverly; Wm. Robson, Whitby; W. A. Hunter, Toronto; J. F. Beam, Black Creek; H. Eagle, West. Dairymen's Ass'n.; A. D. McGwyan, West Elgin; J. Beatty, West Elgin; J. Steer, S. S. Farmers' Inst.; B. Stone, Stayner P.O.; Alfred Hansted, Harrowsmith; J. McEwing, Drayton; R. Wilson, Cobourg; H. Goodwillie, Welland; L. Backton, Welland; J. C. Clark, East York; K. W. McKay, St. Thomas; J. Reid, North Grey; A. P. McDougall, West Middlesex; J. N. Sipes, Waterloo county; J. S. Bricklay, St. Thomas.

Mr. Allan McDougall, secretary of the Canadian Institute, in opening the meeting, said he was pleased to greet the delegates, and hoped the results of the meeting would be that substantial progress would be made. He gave a short and concise outline of the program of the convention, and the events which led up to it. He spoke of the increasing interest which was being taken in the question of good roads, as evinced by the instructive articles which are now appearing in the press and elsewhere. He defined the Canadian Institute as a body devoted to the practical advancement of mankind in everyday life as well and in the more obtuse sciences. Its age of 45 years had given it a privilege of those present together to condense in an obtainable knowledge the scattered information as to roads. He recounted as some of the triumphs of the Institute, the saving to the city of the Magnectic Observatory, now the best fitted institution of its kind in the world, the re-establishment of the geological survey, and the agitation for the use of the telegraph for collecting weather reports. The public highways of a country were as the veins and arteries of a body, and were just as important and needful. The extension of electric railways to the country districts would aid greatly and improve personal locomotion as well as the transport of light freight, but the heavy staple articles would still require the highway for transportation.

Mr. Andrew Patullo, of the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, who has been a vigorous and long-continued advocate of good roads, was unanimously elected chairman, and Mr. Allan McDougall, secretary. Mr. Patullo read an interesting and able paper on practical roads. He has given much time to the consideration of this particular work, and his suggestions were the result of information obtained by practical experience. The best material for road construction, the effect and value of statute labor and other items bearing on the question were reviewed.

The present system in Canada is that of statute labor. It is a system which may have done well enough in the old pioneer days, but which has long outlived its usefulness, and should be modified at once. In time it must be replaced by more rational and intelligent methods, and a general system capable of producing good results. For his law business, for his barn-building, for medical treatment, for his cheese making, a farmer employs competent experts; for building his roads, over which he must drive his family and take his produce to market, he places his work in the hands of those who know nothing of the principles of road-building and whose appointment has usually more reference to municipal politics than to their fitness for the place.

When Mr. Patullo had finished, he was warmly applauded by the convention.

A general discussion on the best means of improving the present roadways followed. Every delegate was severe in his criticism of the existing system of statute labor.

In the afternoon a valuable paper on "The Management, Construction and Improvement of Common Roads," was presented to the meeting and created spirited debate.

The present plan of statute labor came in for considerable discussion, the unanimous opinion being that they had served their turn, and that for the further betterment of our highways some other plan must be adopted.

Then followed the election of officers, which resulted as follows:—

President, A. Patullo; First Vice-President, J. F. Beam, Black Creek; Second Vice-President, A. P. McDougall, West Middlesex; Secretary-Treasurer, K. W. McKay, St. Thomas. An executive committee was formed, in which the different sections of the province are ably represented.

It was decided to form good roads councils for each county, to be appointed by the executive committee.

A number of resolutions relating to the subject in hand, were read and referred to a committee on the report of which they were further referred to the executive.

A vote of thanks was tendered the Hon. Mr. Dryden for the interest he displayed in the work, to which the Minister responded, encouragingly referring to the worthiness of their efforts and assuring them of his hearty co-operation and confidence in the ultimate success of the project.

A vote of thanks was also accorded the chairman, Mr. Patullo, who responded in a brief speech of earnest confidence in ultimate success.

"GIBSON, OF TORONTO."

HOW HE WAS CALLED UP AND SHOT BY PIRATES.

A Genuine Pirate Story of the South Seas, in Which a Toronto Man Meets His Death—A Very Thrilling and Dramatic Chapter—A Treasure of $100,000.

News has just been received of the murder of a Torontonian named Gibson by pirates in the south Pacific. He was a supercargo on the French barque Ninorahiti, and had charge of a treasure of $100,000, which was being taken to the Tuamotu islands from Tahiti.

After a long trial the maritime tribunal of Brest has sentenced to death the brothers Rorique, who, by means of a conspiracy involving murder and robbery, obtained possession of a French vessel bound from Tahiti to the Tuamotu islands with a cargo of treasure worth 400,000 francs. The owner of the ship was the Tahitian Prince Hinoi, a nephew of the King, Pomara V., whose confidence of Borique brothers had gained during their residence in the island, where they had originally arrived as the survivors of a wreck.

Their first crime was the treacherous murders of Gibson, the supercargo, and

"GIBSON, OF TORONTO."

the captain, after which they terrorized the crew into submission, and assumed command of the ship. Subsequently they also murdered the crew.

Having painted out the name of the stolen ship and substituted a new one, they hauled down the tricolor and hoisted the Stars and Stripes.

On December 15, 1891, the French barque Ninorahiti, of 500 tons, commanded by Tehae Tara, a native of the Isle of Ramaroa, left Tahiti, in the south Pacific ocean, bound for the Tuamotu islands. Stowed away in the ship was a quantity of treasure aggregating in value some $100,000, consigned to various parts of the archipelago, the larger amount being destined for the Isle of Kaukura, where the first mate's brother was temporarily engaged in bartering pretty merchandise with the natives.

Besides the captain and the first mate, who was Joseph Rorique, the crew of the vessel comprised four Tahitian natives, a half-breed cook named Hippolyte Mirey, and the supercargo, one Gibson, a Canadian from Toronto, who is said to have been formerly a resident of New York, and an employe of the once well known importing house of Schuchardt & Co.

When the Ninorahiti arrived at the island of Kaukura the brother of the first mate, Alexander Rurique, came aboard and gained the confidence of the captain. When the ship was ready to clear he asked permission to sail with her. He wanted to go to some other island, where he might find a market for his wares. The captain gave his consent.

From the time the vessel left Kaukura nothing was heard of her. Many were the speculations of the owner, consignors and consignees as to the fate which had befallen her. It was finally concluded that she had been lost, with all on board. But the evidence before the maritime tribunal reveals the dark story of her career.

When Kaukura was left behind and the crew had settled down to the regular routine of shipboard life, no one on board was more affable than the new passenger, Alexander Rorique. He hobnobbed with Captain Tehae Tara, joked pleasantly with Cook Mirey, and loved to take a hand at the rope, laughingly remarking that he was something of a sailor himself. It was noticed, however, that he and his brother, the first mate, were in each other's company a good deal in remote parts of the deck. The unsuspecting victims little thought that at these conferences the plot for their destruction was being hatched with diabolical ingenuity.

One fateful evening when phosphorescent sea fires gleamed fitfully around the vessel and overhead the Southern Cross disputed with the moon the sovereignty of the heavens, the first scene in this horrible drama was enacted.

Cook Mirey had just put his galley in apple pie order. The captain was below, chatting with the Canadian supercargo, Gibson. The Rorique brothers were pacing the deck, conversing in low tones. Presently the first mate called down the companionway:

"Hallo, there, friend Gibson! Can I see you on deck a moment?"

"What do you want with me?" asked the supercargo.

"Oh, I merely wanted to ask you a question," was the reply.

Mirey, who overheard this colloquy, saw Gibson come up on deck and observed the figures of the three men sharply silhouetted in the moonlight. Then a pistol shot smote the silence and the supercargo fell mortally wounded. Seeing Gibson fall, Mirey rushed forth.

"Halt!" cried the assassins, simultaneously covering Mirey with their revolvers. "Advance another step and you are a dead man."

The Roriques, raising the body of Gibson by the hands and feet, carried it to the side of the vessel and, balancing it an instant in midair, swung it out into the sea. Ordering Mirey to go forward and tell the four sailors to remain where they were, the murderers set to work to wash away the bloodstains from the deck, and on Mirey's return he was sent below to inform the captain that they wished to see him. When the captain appeared the Roriques covered him with their pistols and warned him that his day of authority was over.

"If you obey orders," they said, "you will not be injured. Otherwise we will shoot you and throw you overboard." The luckless Tehae Tara could but bow to the inevitable, and ruefully surrendered his authority into the pirate's hands. Not long afterwards, however, the two Roriques, in the presence of Mirey, who stood by trembling with horror, seized the captain bodily and, after a desperate struggle, hurled the wretched man into the sea.

Having intimidated the crew and possessed themselves of the vessel, the Roriques, opened the strong box, lately in charge of the murdered Gibson, and made sure of the treasure.

The Roriques now decided to rid themselves of another possibly dangerous witness against them. This was a sick passenger, who was in his bunk below. They gave him several doses of a white powder, and in about 24 hours he expired.

The body was sewn up in a piece of canvas, preparatory to burial. Alexander Rorique then ironically read several verses of the Bible over the dead body, and one of the Tahitian sailors, acting under orders, chanted a funeral dirge in the unintelligible language of his race. Then the corpse was committed to the deep with as much outward reverence and show of piety as though the scene had been the deck of an American man-of-war.

The next day the name of the vessel was affixed to the stern in letters made of zinc, and these, having been carefully painted over, the words Roi-Averna were substituted. An American flag, which Alexander Rorique produced from his discarded pack, was hoisted in place of the tricolor of France.

It was a day of rejoicing on board—at least for the two conspirators. They directed the cook to bring several bottles of rum to the captain's cabin, and then carefully closed themselves in. After awhile the rum was served out to the crew, who, after enjoying a mild sort of saturnalia, were taken violently ill. Two of them died, and their bodies were thrown overboard. It is believed they were poisoned.

"Alas!" cried the villains, "we are undone. A plague has visited the ship and all of us are doomed. We must pray for deliverance."

Then they spoke to the sailors, and told them that the only hope of life was a certain medicine which they—the Roriques—had mixed in a bottle of wine, and if they wanted to be saved they must partake of it. They refused, but when driven to bay by a loaded revolver the distracted men jumped overboard and were drowned.

All the witnesses, with the exception of the cook, were now disposed of, and the next thing in order was to put into the nearest port and ship substitutes for the murdered crew. This accomplished, by the engagement of the Kanakas, the Rorique brothers cruised among the lesser and more remote islands of the Tuamotu Archipelago, often staying for days together in one place. Alexander resumed his role of peddler, demoralizing the natives with fire water and the seductive flattery of his tongue, securing merchandise of value and giving little in return.

As time went on the pirates grew more and more reckless under the sense of their security. The vessel was allowed to lie in port for still longer periods, and the pretty colored dignitaries of the place would be invited aboard to join in a wild carouse. Upon such occasions the Rorique brothers became utterly careless, drinking, singing and dancing with their guests.

"Why," they would say, "no one knows where we belong, and we have destroyed all the witnesses of our brave deeds! We can talk almost any language and so pass for natives of any country we choose. Bah! we are safe and happy, as brave men deserve to be. We fear nothing, nor any man." They forgot that the cook Mirey was still alive and in possession of their secret.

It happened that at Ponape Mirey went ashore one afternoon with Joseph Rorique, and towards nightfall the two visited a wineshop. There they quarrelled and Rorique began to abuse the cook. In a drunken stupor Rorique drew a pistol and threatened to kill Mirey then and there. Mirey managed to escape from Rorique, and, in revenge, went to the authorities and disclosed the whole horrible story of the crime.

The Spanish Governor of Ponape arrested all hands upon this information and sent the prisoners, with the ship, under guard to Manila. Thence the French authorities forwarded them to France for trial.

On the trial Mirey turned state's evidence. The Rorique brothers, who are supposed to be of Dutch extraction, tried to escape on a plea of self-defence, so far as the deaths of the captain and the supercargo were concerned. As for the deaths of the crew, they asserted that Mirey had lied about them. But they could not explain away the hauling down of the French flag, the changing of the ship's name, or the fact that the ship's papers were in the name of the Ninorahiti. A letter from Joseph to Alexander Rorique was read, requesting Alexander to be ready to join the ship. The tribunal found the Roriques guilty on December 5 last and sentenced them to death within 40 days.

This Cat Didn't Come Back.

The pet of the Forty-seventh regiment for many years was Rata, a large, gray male cat, who had the freedom of the armory at the corner of Marcy avenue and

RATS IN HIS PETRIFIED SUSPENSION.

Heyward street, Williamsburg, until he disappeared under very mysterious circumstances more than four years ago.

The mystery was explained the other day when laborers employed to increase the length of the rifle range in the cellar brought out the petrified body of Rats.

Poor cat! It was driven to death by a colored man who used to be employed as a marker in the rifle range. The marker had to walk through a long, dark passage way in the cellar to get to his position beside the target. Rats was in the habit of catching at least one rat a day in this passageway.

The marker's hatred of the cat increased and he chased it one day until it disappeared, but where to, the marker could not say. The mystery was solved by the laborers making repairs the other day. One of them saw a cat in a crouching position in the space between the iron sheeting of the rifle range and the armory wall.

When it paid no attention to his calls he threw a pick at it. Still the animal refused to budge. It was then dug out and found to be thoroughly petrified.—New York Herald.

A Chinaman Naturalized.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Treasury officials are much exercised over a recent decision of a Kansas local judge who naturalized a Chinaman. The case has been called to the attention of Attorney-General Olney, who will make a thorough investigation into the matter. Under the law of 1882 Chinamen are prohibited from being naturalized by either State or federal courts and the action of the Kansas judge is regarded as inexplicable.

Board of Trade Building Destroyed.

DULUTH, Minn., Feb. 12.—The Board of Trade building, where were located the offices of the board, the North American and W. D. Telegraph Co., the American Steel Barge Co., the Lake Superior Union Improvement and Duluth Elevator Companies, and the offices of nearly all the city grain and vessel firms was entirely destroyed by fire on Saturday. Loss, $94,000; insurance, $80,000.

Shot His Rival.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Feb. 12.—At Johns, a mining town near here, Dennis Clements and Will Barge, rivals for Miss Cora Burgess, met at her house. A quarrel ensued and Barge drew a pistol and sent a ball through Clements' head, Clements falling dead in the arms of the girl. In resisting arrest Barge was shot dead.

Hamilton's Smallpox Cases.

HAMILTON, Feb. 12.—All the patients who were confined in the pest house suffering from smallpox are now well. Three of the patients were liberated from their enforced confinement some days ago and the remaining two will be set at liberty in a few days. All danger of contagion is now past.

MONTREAL SKATING RACES.

Johnson Again Shows His Superiority Over the Norwegian.

MONTREAL, Feb. 12.—The skating race between Johnson, Norseng and several other cracks, which took place here on Saturday in connection with the Montreal Snowshoe Club races, proved somewhat disappointing, owing to the weather.

The principal events of the day were the mile and half-mile amateur between Johnson and Norseng and the one mile and two mile professional between Breen, of St. John, N.B.; Marveldt, of Minneapolis; and McCormick, of St. John.

Johnson and Norseng were the only two contestants in the three-mile amateur, each contestant starting from different points. Johnson again showed his superiority over the Norwegian, who had considerable difficulty with his skates and fell twice. Johnson kept up his record and won the race, his time being 11.44 3-5; Norseng, 11.52 2-5.

In the half mile Johnson and Norseng again tried each other's mettle, but Johnson again had the advantage. Norseng lost time by falling and Johnson won, covering the distance in 1.36; Norseng, 1.43 4-5.

The professional races resulted as follows: One mile professional, W. Brien, St. John, N.B., 3.25 3-5; O. Norwaldz, Minneapolis, 3.31 2-5; H. McCormick, St. John, 3.45 3-5. Two mile professional, W. Breen, St. John, 1; H. McCormick, 2; O. Norwaldz, 3. Time 1.35. The time, considering the condition of the track, was fairly good.

HIS OBJECTIVE POINT

Was Promptly Overruled by the Daughter and Her Assistant

"My boy," said the old banker, in a kindly, benignant way, to the timorous youth whom he had invited into his study: "I wish to speak to you for your own good, and in a spirit of the utmost friendliness. I have observed your attentions to my daughter—in fact, I may say, they have excited general comment; and I must admit that they do not seem to be wholly unwelcome to Eudoxia herself. For that very reason, this affair must be stopped before it goes any further. I have nothing to say against you personally, but your fortune is not sufficient, and you have not as yet shown enough business ability to warrant me in confiding to your care the only daughter, reared in the very lap of luxury, and accustomed to have every wish gratified at whatever cost. More than this, I may add that I have other plans for her. I have no son, and the man who marries Eudoxia must be able to care for and keep together the not inconsiderable fortune which I have succeeded in amassing; in fact, he must be a man accustomed to managing large estates and handling millions of money. Perhaps I may as well tell you plainly that my daughter is destined to be the bride of Mr. Thomas Scadsby, the son of my old friend and former partner."

"Thank you, sir," said the young man; "may I inquire whether my friend Tom Scadsby has said anything about this to you?"

"Mr. Scadsby has said nothing definite," said the banker, with some embarrassment, "but the project is one which has been long considered by his father and himself, and I have no reason to doubt that the young man will take exactly the same view of it as we do."

"He has, however, kept entirely silent on the subject, has he not?"

"So far, certainly, he has."

"In fact, you may have noticed on his part a certain unwillingness to do what was expected of him in this matter—a chronic deliberateness, a well-defined hanging-backness and reluctance to toe the mark?"

"Your language, sir," said the banker sternly, "is such that I do not care to prolong the conservation. Mr. Scadsby will be my daughter's husband."

"So I think," assented the young man calmly.

"And for that reason I shall request you to discontinue your attentions to my daughter."

"And for that very reason, sir," interposed the young man, in a firm tone, "I must ask you to permit me to continue my attentions to your daughter for a short space of time."

"I do not understand you—" began the old gentleman.

"I will explain. Having, like most other people, observed this recalcitrancy, this coyness, this diffidence on the part of Mr. Scadsby, if you prefer such language, I some time ago suggested to your daughter that possibly an animated attack upon her affections, made by another suitor, and received in such a manner as to give every promise of success, might stimulate his lagging zeal. She saw the force of the suggestion. Hence the attentions which have attracted your attention, and, I humbly venture to hope, the attention of Society at large. The scheme has worked to perfection. Your daughter and I have every reason to expect that after the exhibition which we intend to make of ourselves at the Patriarchs' Ball to-night, Mr. Scadsby will propose for her hand with promptitude and decision—that he will, in fact, step up to the captain's office and settle."

"This is a most extraordinary performance," said the astonished banker; may I ask what personal benefit you expect to derive from rendering my daughter this service?"

"Oh" replied the young man, in a tone of cheerful confidence; "Tom Scadsby's sister is getting pretty howling jealous, too."—Puck.

Popular Pins.

Mrs. Honeymoon.—"I wish to select a pin for my husband."

Jeweller.—"What style of a pin would you like, madam?"

Mrs. Honeymoon.—"A terrapin, please. I have often heard him say how much he liked them."—Harper's Bazar.

A Bluff That Failed.

Mrs. Barre—Don't you think it enough to be getting in at 2 o'clock in the morning without sitting up after you do get home?

Mr. Barre—M' dear, I was jus' studyin' map of the English and Af'can war a few minutes—that's all.

Mrs. Barre—I must admit that sounds well—but that happens to be the pattern supplement of my fashion weekly you are looking at!

ORIGIN OF LYNCH LAW.

Just, Inexpensive, and Lacking Wholly the Brutality of the Present Method.

Lynch law had its origin in Virginia, according to the conclusions of a gentleman who has been investigating the early history of that State. It was not mob law, as it is now understood. It was orderly, methodical, and fair in its processes, and was strongly opposed to violence or mob rule. Its distinctive feature was simply that its decrees and findings were executed sternly and swiftly upon the spot of their delivery.

Charles Lynch, whose name is associated with the summary proceedings now known as acts of "lynch law," was a Revolutionary soldier, and after the war ended took up his residence in Pittsylvania county. The region in which he lived became at one period of the Revolution infested by bands of Tories and outlaws, whose depredations upon the defenceless people extended from the lower parts of North Carolina and Virginia to the passes of the Blue Ridge and the headwaters of the James and other mountain streams. Deserters from both armies added strength and a semblance of organization to their operations. Wherever they appeared the terror-stricken inhabitants were plundered, harassed and subjected to every variety of insult and outrage. A remedy was needed for this insufferable state of things, a remedy that should at once strike such terror to these miscreants as would relieve a community already suffering from the effects of hostile invasion. Col. Lynch was the man to take the lead in such an emergency. He succeeded in organizing a body of patriotic citizens, men of known character and standing.

Having laid his plans before them, and securing their approval, he at once proceeded to put them into execution. At the head of his followers he promptly got upon the track of the unsuspecting enemy, captured many and caused the others to flee from the country. When any of these outlaws fell into his hands they were not taken at once to a tree and hanged or tied to a stake and shot, as is now done under the perverted system of the present day. This was not according to the code of Col. Lynch and his followers.

So far from such a lawless procedure, a jury was selected from Lynch's men, over which he presided as Judge; the captives were tried separately, the accused allowed to make his own defence and to show cause, if he could, why he should not be punished. If found guilty the punishment was inflicted on the spot. The general impression has been that in all cases of Lynch law the penalty was death. This is a mistake. A writer who knew Col. Lynch well was assured by him that he never willingly condemned a criminal to capital punishment, that prisoners were frequently let off with a severe flogging and then liberated on condition that they would leave the country.—Cincinnati Com.

THE GIANTS OF JUPITER.

It Would Be Just as Well to Leave That Planet Alone.

A great deal has been said and much speculation been indulged in with reference to the question whether the celestial worlds are inhabited by intellectual beings similar to the earth-inhabiting man. It scarcely admits of a doubt that this interesting question will ever remain a mere matter of speculation, but let us suppose that beings resembling men in stature were dwelling on those glorious orbs we see in the vast vault of the heavens, and let us investigate what proportions they would bear to us provide the length of their bodies were in the same ratio to the diameter of their respective globe as ours to the diameter of the earth. For this reason we have chosen the largest orb of our solar system, the central body of that system itself and the most brilliant fixed star in the sky.

The average inhabitant of the planet Jupiter would stand about 60 feet in his shoes. Were such a Jovian to visit our earth he would be able without the danger of dislocating his neck to look into the topmost stories of our metropolitan buildings. A Jovian infant's cradle would be considered by us a very comfortable bed to rest in. The huge soldiers of Ariovistus, whose mere sight struck terror into Cæsar's legions, would dwindle into very pigmies were they to be compared with the Jovian soldier, nay, the latter would coolly pick up King Ariovistus himself, with three or four of his body guard, and put them into his knapsack to keep them as animated toys to play with during the hours of rest.

Nature's Care of Seed.

In some parts of the world, notably in the Malay Archipelago, vast quantities of vegetable matter are always floating about on the sea, says the Washington Star. On the Molucca Islands the trees seem to dispute with the waves of the ocean for the possession of the soil. Not only are their roots and often portions of their trunks immersed in water, but their branching crowns incline in the same direction and are bathed by the tides. Thus the numerous currents of the Molucca Sea are charged with seaweeds, intermixed with flowers, fruits, cocoanuts, nuts or other palms and even whole trees. The amount of driftwood thrown upon all shores is enormous. Eskimo along the Arctic coast of Alaska depend upon it wholly for wood supply. Natives of the coral islands of the Pacific get all their stones for tools from the roots of drifted trees, in which the stones were found imbedded.

The carrying of seeds by ocean currents is one of nature's most interesting methods of distributing plants through the world. Darwin, who devoted much attention to investigating the matter, proved that many kinds of seeds will bear immersion in water for 100 days, or even more, and still retain their vitality, so that when thrown ashore they are ready to sprout. Not a few species, which will sink when green, float if they have chanced to dry before falling into the stream which carries them to the ocean. For the very purpose of accomplishing this distribution by water, nature has made the husks of many seeds practically waterproof. Among the familiar objects picked up on the ocean beach are the so-called seabeans. It is popularly supposed that the plants which bear these beans grow in the water. The beans are found in enormous quantities on the Florida shore, and in diminishing numbers northward along the Atlantic coast. They are the seeds of pod-bearing vines—climbing plants plentiful along the shores of the Caribbean sea. Each pod, resembling an exaggerated peapod, contains a number of seeds. The latter, falling when ripe into the water, are carried by the gulf stream around the south end of Florida and up the Atlantic coast. There are three important varieties, one reddish and flat, another more round and gray, and the third much bigger and of a mahogany color.

THE WASP AT HOME.

A Funny Little Housewife of the Window Cleaning Type.

Like many disagreeable people, the wasp, though intolerable in society, is a paragon of domestic virtue—of the fussy, hardworking, grate-and-window-cleaning kind. Moreover, the wasp invented papier mache, and the material she lays the production of this patent material with all the energy and conscious merit of a South Yorkshire manufacturing community. The nests, if less beautiful than some enthusiasts assert, are extremely curious and interesting, and in the early stages of their construction they gain much in elegance from the nature of the building material used. The first few cells are built by the queen wasp herself, who, unlike the queen bee, is the actual founder, builder, mother and nurse of the infant colony. The nest, begun early in the spring, is often destroyed, together with the queen wasp herself, by the rains of April and May, and the extraordinary drouth of these months is the key to the wasp plague of the past summer. Roughly speaking, of the six hardly distinguishable kind of English social wasps, the three least common make an elegant pendent nest in the branches of trees, the others preferring either a hole in the bank or some natural hollow. In the nests of the tree wasp the first few cells are hung under an elegant umbrella roof to shelter them from the rain; this is then surrounded with successive layers of thin papier mache, opening at the bottom, so light, flaky and filmy that the whole resembles the gray and uncrumbled ashes of a rose, supposing that the flower could, when burnt, retain, as paper does, its form, while losing weight and color. The cells are hexagonal, like those of the hive bee, but being meant as nurseries, and not as honey stores, are built in single layers, each story being supported by rows of pillars of cellular papier mache.

The swarm are as busy as ants, each wasp having its own set portion of the walls to complete. But, unlike most ants, though their camp is organized, their commissariat depends on individual exertion, and it is to the independent zeal of the foraging insects that the great wasp nuisance is due. One third of the colony is busy all day long in bringing food to the rest, each wasp getting what it can where it can, with an aggressive, noisy, headlong industry which will take no denial, and having just one idea in its head, it usually succeeds in carrying it out. Thirty or even forty visits was not an uncommon day's work for one of Sir John Lubbock's wasps when the honey which he provided had been discovered. Sweet-stuffs seem a necessary part of their food, but hardly anything comes amiss to them; meat from the butcher's and even garbage of all sorts is carried to the nest. It is perhaps fortunate that wasps do not bite as well as sting, for the blood poisoning that might follow would probably be serious. It has been urged on behalf of the wasp that it kills flies and thus plays a useful part in nature. The plea can hardly be successful, for the wasp kills spiders, as well.—London Spectator.

Truth Versus Fashion.

Mrs. de Swell (peering from her carriage)—Oh! I see Mrs. de Stickler up at her window.

(To coachman)—James, stop the carriage. I wish to see if Mrs. de Stickler is at home.—Puck.

JOY IN TWO HOMES.

A GENUINE SENSATION IN GREY COUNTY.

How Baby was Saved, and How a Young Lady Regained Health After Doctors and Friends Had Given up Hope—Grateful Parents Speak for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

From the Collingwood Enterprise!

Situated some fourteen miles from the town of Collingwood, on the border line between the counties of Simcoe and Grey, is the thriving village of Singhampton. It was the duty of the writer to visit this charming locality, recently on a mission of more than local interest, and to Mr. Geo. F. Riddell we are indebted for the really startling facts elicited as a result of the trip. Having resided in the locality since boyhood, Mr. Riddell is one of the best known citizens in the village and his word is respected as that of an honest, intelligent gentleman. He was found engaged in his work at Mr. Pearson's mills, and cheerfully went with the reporter to his residence where Mrs. Riddell was found with her little girl. The little girl is two years and four months old, very bright and intelligent. Her name is Lizzie Bell, but her parents informed the reporter that they called her the "Pink Pills baby," and they gave these reasons: When Lizzie was ten months she was taken ill, the trouble being ascribed to her teeth, and so bad did she become that she was quite blind for two weeks. A doctor said there was no hope for her, and the parents shared his opinion, for the child was exceedingly puny and weighed only nine or ten pound when a year old. Mrs. Riddell said, "We frequently could not help wishing the little one was at rest, so much did she suffer." Mr. Riddell about this time, heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and determined to try them. As baby continued taking the pills she began to grow well and strong, and has gone on steadily improving. "I think," said Mrs. Riddell, "that baby would long since have been in her grave had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I unhesitatingly recommend them as a most reliable remedy." Mr. Riddell said he had been ill for some time himself, feeling nervous worried and losing his appetite. His left hand also seemed to be losing its strength, and his weight decreased to 132 pounds. He resolved to try Pink Pills, and in six weeks he regained good health and appetite, while his weight showed an increase of 32 pounds. He is enthusiastic concerning Pink Pills with good reason.

While in Singhampton the reporter heard much talk of another remarkable case, and being anxious that all the facts obtainable should be placed before the public he called at the home of Miss Ellen Cousins. The young lady was absent visiting friends, but her mother cheerfully gave the facts of this truly remarkable case. Miss Cousins was troubled with dyspepsia since childhood, and as she approached maturity other complications followed. At sixteen years of age she weighed 125 pounds, but her troubles so reduced her that she fell away to a mere skeleton of 56 pounds, and at this stage her trouble was aggravated by erysipelas in both legs. Medicines of various kinds were tried without avail until the doctor finally advised that none be taken and that the diet be carefully watched. Then another doctor, who it was said had cured a girl similiarly afflicted, was tried, but three month's treatment produced no good results and Miss Cousins was in such a condition that the family and friends sat up one night fully expecting death to ensue before morning. The spark of life flickered, and on the suggestion of a friend two boxes of Dr. William's Pink Pills were procured. After taking them a slight gain was noticed, and two boxes more were got, and since that time Miss Cousins has taken eleven boxes and has continually gained in health and strength and her weight has increased from 56 to 85 pounds. Mrs. Cousins said that they look upon Ellen as one raised from the dead, and they cheerfully recommend Pink Pills to all sufferers from similar complaints.

Dr. Williams's Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or and impairment of the nervous system such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling there from, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud and should be avoided.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50. They may be had from any dealer, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

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Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South Amerian Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy." A trial bottle will convince you. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

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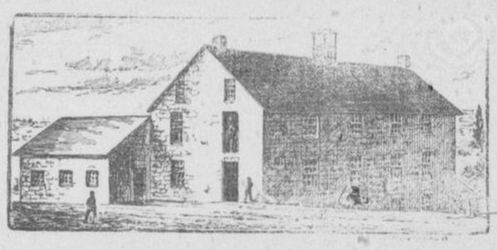

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