Jeremy York.

IV.

The name of the landlady with the apple-red cheeks and array of white chins was Mrs. Mate, and this good woman had received instructions from Mr. Worksop, the boatswain, from the first day on which he had arrived, to call him every morning whilst he slept at her house, at seven o'clock, neither sooner nor later, and to have his breakfast of small-beer, rashers of ham, cheese, red herrings, and brown bread ready for him in the little front parlour downstairs punctually by a quarter to eight. Mrs. Mate was always careful to humor such sailors as stayed at her house with money in their pockets. Mr. Worksop had now used the Lonely Star for five days continuously, not to speak of his being a regular customer whenever in those parts; and in those five days he had spent his money handsomely, begrudging himself nothing, tippling with a quarter-deck rather than a forecastle taste, and there was good prospect of his remaining in the house until the following Wednesday.

When next morning came, then, exactly at the hour of seven, Mrs. Mate went up the somewhat darksome staircase that led to the chamber in which Mr. York and Mr. Worksop had slept, and knocked at the door. She received no answer. She was not surprised, for Mr. Worksop was a stout sleeper, apart from his trick of going to bed with his skinfull. She knocked again, and yet again, accompanying her blows by a vigorous kicking; and failing to receive any sort of reply, she lifted the latch of the door—understanding, of course, as the landlady of the house, the trick of opening it—and walked in.

It was broad sunny daylight outside, but the little window set close under the ceiling admitted but a pitiful light. However, at one glance Mrs. Mate saw that the bed was empty. She was prepared to find the boatswain alone, knowing, as we have seen, that Mr. York meant to start for his sweetheart at daybreak; but on glancing around she observed that not only was Mr. Worksop gone but his clothes likewise. This was unusual. She stepped to the bed, and more through habit, perhaps, than with design, she pulled down the bedclothes, which lay somewhat in a huddle on the side the boatswain had occupied, and instantly uttered a loud squeal of fear and horror.

There was a great stain of blood upon the sheet, with smaller stains round about it, that seemed to be sifting out even as she watched them like a newly dropped blob of ink upon blotting-paper. Mrs. Mate squealed out a second time even more loudly than before, following the outcry by an hysterical shriek of "Murder! murder!" meanwhile noting, with eyes enlarged to twice their circumference by fright, that there was a pool of blood on the floor on the side where the boatswain had lain, with other marks which vanished at the door.

So shrill-voiced a woman as Mrs. Mate could not squeal twice at the top of her pipes and yell "Murder! murder!" also without exciting alarm. The first to rush upstairs was her husband, an old man in a white nightcap, an aged frill-shirt, and a pair of plum-coloured breeches. He was followed by the drawer, by a couple of wenches who had been busy cleaning rooms down-stairs, and by five or six sailors, who came running out of the adjacent bedrooms on hearing Mrs. Mate's cries. Grasping her husband by the back of his neck, the landlady pointed to the bed, and exclaimed: "Mr. Worksop has been murdered! murdered, Joe, I tell you! Blood in our house! Murder done in the Lonely Star!"—uttering which, she fell upon the floor in a swoon, but contrived to rally before her husband seemed able to grasp the meaning of what she had said.

One of the two wenches instantly slipped away to give the news. A cold-blooded murder was no common occurrence in Deal. A Customs' man found dead with a slug through his heart, the body of a smuggler washing ashore with a ghastly outlass-wound upon his head, the corpse of a gagged "blockader" at the foot of the Foreland Height, were mere business details, necessary items of a programme that was full of death, hard weather, miraculous escapes, murderous conflicts; but a cool midnight assassination was a genuine novelty in its way, and in a very few minutes, thanks to the serving-maid, the pavements outside the inn, the passage, the staircase, the tragic bedroom itself, were crowded with hustling men and women, eagerly talking, the hinder ones bawling to those ahead for news, and the whole rickety place threatening to topple down with the weight of so many people.

The story soon gathered a collected form. It was known that about nine o'clock on the previous evening a tall young fellow with his hair curling upon his back had applied at the Lonely Star for a bedroom, and was admitted by Mr. Worksop to a share of the great bed in which that worthy lay. It got to be known, too, in a wonderfully short space of time that Mr. Worksop carried in his breeches' or other pockets, some thirty or forty guineas and half-guineas, loose, a handful of which he had exhibited with uncommon satisfaction on several occasions when overtaken in liquor. It also got to be known in an also equally incredible short space of time, thanks to one of the watermen who had rowed Mr. York ashore from the brig Jane, that the tall young man with the long hair had owned himself worth only half a guinea, of which he had given four shillings to the boatmen after a tedious dispute, one to the landlady for his bed, and a six-penny bit for liquor, leaving him with five shillings—all the money he had in the world, according to his own admission; "and quite enough," exclaimed a deep voice amidst the jostle of men on the staircase, "to account for this here murder."

Presently, there was a cry of "Room for Mr. Jawker!" The crowd made a lane, and there entered a round, fat, fussy little justice of the peace, with the only constable that deal possessed—a tall, gaunt, powerfully built though knock-kneed man, in a rusty three-cornered hat, and a long stick—following close at his heels. Little Mr. Jawker approached the side of the bed, and after taking a long look, full of knowingness, at the blood-stains, he ordered the constable, giving him the name of Budd, to clear the room of all save those who could throw light upon this matter. This being done, Mr. Jawker fell to questioning the assembled folks, and bit by bit gathered as much of the story as they could relate. The landlady, Mrs. Mate, was ignorant of the name of the tall young man with the long hair; but he told her, she informed his Worship, that he meant to leave her house before daybreak that morning, to be in time to breakfast with his sweetheart, who lived Sandwich way, and who was none other, as she supposed, than pretty little Jenny Bax, for 'twas the widow Bax's name he mentioned when he spoke of walking over to his love at dawn.

At this point there was a disturbance outside. Budd, the constable, looked out, and presently looked in again to inform Mr. Jawker that fresh prints of bloodstains had been discovered on the pavement, and could be traced some distance.

"They must be followed! They must be followed!" cried little Mr. Jawker, "they may lead us to this discovery of the body of the murdered man.—Follow me, Budd!" with which he went down-stairs, the gaunt immense constable close behind him, and the people shouldering one another in pursuit of both.

There was a great crowd outside. Deal was but a little place in those days; indeed, it is but a little place now, and the news of the murder—if murder it were—had spread with something of the rapidity of the sound of a gun. It was a sparkling morning, a small westerly draught rippling the sea into the flashing of diamonds under the soaring sun, the Downs filled with ships as on the previous day, the white front of the Foreland gleaming like silk upon the soft, liquid azure past it, with, noblest sight of all, the line-of-battle ship, the central feature of the mass of craft, in the act of tripping her anchor and flashing into a broad surface of canvas with her long bowsprit and jib-booms to head to the north and east presently for a cruise as far as Heligoland.

The instant the little justice of peace made his appearance there arose a stormy hubbub of voices of men eager to point out the bloodstains. It was a tragedy that went too deep for merriment, yet one might have laughed at the eager postures of square-sterned boatmen, bending in all directions in search of new links of the crimson chain of crime, as though a vessel full of treasure had gone to pieces close aboard the land on top of a furious inshore gale, and there were ducats and doubloons and pieces-of-eight in plenty to be found at the cost of a hunt amongst the shingle. So many inquiring eyes were sure to discover what was wanted. Stains unmistakably of blood could be followed at varying intervals from the pavement in front of the Lonely Star; then into the middle of Beach street; then an ugly patch, as though the burden of the body had proved too heavy, and the bearer had paused to rest; afterwards, for a hundred paces, no sign; then half a score more of stains, that conducted the explorers to the timber extension that projected a little distance into the sea, and there of course the trail ended. Nothing could be more damnifying in what they suggested than these links of blood, starting from the bedside, and terminating, so to speak, at the very wash of the water. It was universally concluded that the tall, young man with the long hair, name unknown, who had slept with Mr. Worksop, had murdered that unfortunate boatswain for the sake of the guineas in his pocket; and under cover of the darkness of the night, had stealthily borne the corpse to the timber extension and cast it into the sea.

Mr. Jawker started off at a rapid pace, followed by the constable, to make out a warrant for the apprehension of the tall young man, with the long hair, for wilful murder; whilst a number of boatmen went to work with creeps or drags to search for the body in the vicinity of the beach; but though they persevered in their efforts till noon, watched by hundreds of people ashore as well as by the innumerable ships' crews who crowded the shrouds and tops to observe the result of this patient dredging, nothing more than a very old anchor, which was supposed to have belonged to one of Tromp's ships, was brought to light.

V.

The world moved very slowly in those days, and Deal's solitary constable Timothy Budd, had not fairly started for the house of the widow Box on a road that would have brought him in time to the ancient and beautiful minster of Minster, until the clock in Deal church showed the hour to be a quarter before nine. He was mounted on a clumsy village cart, like to what Hogarth has more than once drawn, armed with the warrant, a full description of the tall young man, to the obtaining of whose name from the brig Jane, still lying in the Downs, the magistrate objected on the grounds of delay, and animated with full conviction that he would find the malefactor at his sweethearts' house.

The old village cart was drawn by a lame horse, that was occasionally to be impelled into a brief staggering trot by the one-eyed driver who sat by Constable Budd's side, and who on occasions acted as assistant or "watch" to that worthy. A crowd followed the cart out of Deal, for the excitement was very great indeed; and many would have been glad to have accompanied the constable the whole distance, but this he would not suffer, sternly ordering them to turn about when they had proceeded half a mile, "lest," as he bawled out, "the criminal should catch scent of their coming and fly."

It was a drive of five or six miles. Constable Budd stolidly puffed at his pipe, with now and again a glance at his heavy stick, and an occasional dive into his coat-pocket, where jingled a massive pair of gyves or handcuffs, for such ease of mind, maybe, as the chill of the iron could impart to him. Seawards, where the blue of the ocean showed steeping to the golden line of the Goodwin sands, hung the huge white cloud of the line-of-battle ship, scarce stemming the slack westerly tide, though every cloth was abroad with studding-sails far overhanging her black sides and grinning batteries. Little was said by the two men as they jogged along between the hedgerows and past the sand-downs on that rosy and sparkling September morning, saving that when they were nearing Sandiwch Budd's mate turned and said to them: "Timothy, it's the long chap, as he's described, as slept with the bo'sun, that you're to take, ain't it ?"

"Oy," said the other with a slap at his breast, where lay the warrant.

"But who's to know," said the driver, "that it wasn't the bo'sun as killed the long chap ?"

"If you'd heerd what was said, you wouldn't ask such a question," answered Budd. "I knew Mr. Worksop. He wor a proper gentleman. Mr. Worksop worn't a man to shed the blood of a flea. —Whoy, look here,—the long chap comes ashore wanting money, and he goes to bed with a man with noigh hand forty guineas in gold. It speaks for itself, Willum; it speaks for itself. Now, then, probe this old clothes-horse, will 'ee? We shall be all noight at this pace."

They rumbled through the streets of Sandwich, over the quaint old structure that bridged the little river of Stour; then to the left, into the flat plains—dashed here and there with spaces of trees—that stretched nearly level all the way to Canterbury; and as the great globular watch in Constable Budd's breeches' pocket pointed to the hour of ten the cart came to a halt opposite one of a group of cottages—the prettiest of them all, a little paradise of creepers and green bushes and small quickset hedge, shadowed behind with trees, with the dark glass of the windows sparkling in tiny suns through the vegetation, and the air round about sweet with a pleasant farmyard smell and melodious with the voices of birds, and the bleating and low of cattle in the distance.

Budd and his man got out of the cart, threw the reins over a post, and walked to the house-door. It stood open. With a mere apologetic blow upon it with his fist, the consatble marched in, and swiftly peeping into a room on the left-hand side, and noting that it was vacant, he turned the handle of a door on the right of the passage and stood in the threshold, filling the frame with his gaunt, knock-kneed figure and huge skirts.

A little table was laid for breakfast; the room was savoury with the smell of eggs and bacon and coffee. Half risen from his chair was the figure of York, a table-knife in his hand, a frown of amazement and indignation upon his brow; confronting him was a comely old lady in mourning, half risen too, and staring with terrified eyes and pale cheeks at the constable and the one-eyed face that showed over his shoulder. Close to York was his sweetheart, Jenny Bax, an auburn-haired little woman of eighteen, with soft dark eyes and girlish figure and breast of snow scarcely concealed by the kerchief that covered her shoulders.

"It's the Deal constable!" cried the comely old lady.

"What do you want?" exclaimed York, slowly rearing himself to his full stature.

"You!" thundered Budd. "Put that knoife down."

York did so with an expression of amazement. The constable produced his warrant.

"I'm here," he cried, "to arrest you for the wilful murder, oither last night or in the small hours this morning, of Gabriel Worksop, mariner, who shared his bed with 'ee and who's missing."

He thrust his hands into his pocket with a look behind him, and in a breath almost, so quickly was it done, he and his assistant had thrown themselves upon York and handcuffed him. Ten minutes later, York, pinioned in the cart, between Budd and the driver, was being leisurely conveyed to Sandwich jail, whilst the widow Bax hung weeping bitterly over the form of her daughter Jenny, who lay motionless and marble-white, as though dead, upon the floor.

(To be Continued.)

WAS ADAM A NEGRO?

Curiosities of Human Coloring—Color of the Original Man.

In the first of a series of articles, upon anthropological data which Prof. Arthur Thompson is writing for Knowledge he discusses the original color of mankind and weighs some evidence bearing upon the question whether the earliest races were black or white, says the London Mail.

At the same time he mentions Alfred Russell Wallace's idea that primitive man was a Mongol. This would infer that our original color was yellow, and when we consider the civilization of remote times which existed among the Chinese, that the people of Europe sprang from Asiatic stock, and that the identity of the earliest cave dwellers in this country and in France with the Eskimos, also Mongols, has been demonstrated, this view does not seem so very unlikely. Prof. Thompson characterizes the theory as suggestive, but goes into none of these outside details, confining himself to a study of skin, hair and their pigments.

Sorby, he says, isolated three pigments, using hair as the most convenient subject for experiment. In light-coloured hair a brown red and a yellow pigment, occur, to which in black hair a black coloring matter is added, and it is a remarkable fact that there may be in a negro's "wool" as much red pigment as in the European variety sometimes alluded to as "carrots."

Again, when a piece of white skin is grafted, as is often done in modern surgery, upon a black man, it becomes black, while black upon a white man loses its pigment. This, Prof. Thompson thinks, supports the theory that man has developed a white skin from a black, rather than the other alternative.

Other interesting points are brought forward. For instance, there is always a certain amount of pigment in the skin of even fair people, that is, of the red and yellow kinds found in their hair, but not enough to prevent the blood in the vessels which do not come nearer the surface than the true skin showing through the semi-transparent layers of the epidermis.

Bronzing through exposure to the sun is due to an increased blood supply and a corresponding development, freckles and pigmented spots, similar in structure, to the general skins of darker races, while dark-complexioned people among us, have, in addition to the ordinary pigments, a trace of the black color of the negro, more commonly present in our hair. There is not, however, enough to destroy the radical fairness of our skin, though in exceptional situations, such as in the arm pits, its presence may be very evident.

As to the use of a black skin, Darwin hinted that it might have been developed in corelation with the immunity from malarial diseases which "darkies" enjoy, as it is true that white sufferers acquire a darker complexion.

In support of the idea that the ancestors of negroes and white men more nearly resembled the latter in color, a point not mentioned by Prof. Thompson, might be brought forward, and that is that "pickaninnies" at their birth are not black in color, but of a dirty gray. If original man were black just as the original lion was spotted, we should expect to find in the negro infant the black color, as we find in the young cub the traces of spots.

Suffered Twenty-Five Years.

Samuel F. Perry, of Port Maitland, N. S., Has Recovered From a Long and Trying Illness.

Samuel F. Perry, Port Maitland, N. S., is one of the oldest residents of that town. He is a ship builder by trade, but like many others living along the sea coast has also followed the occupation of a sailor. Owing to an injury to his back some twenty-five years ago, he has, until lately, led a life of more or less suffering. Mr. Perry tells of his trouble as follows:—"About twenty-five years ago, I strained my back severely, and the result was that for six months following this I could not take a single step without the greatest agony. I doctored for about a year with a local doctor and while the pain was eased to some extent, the trouble spread from my back to my hips and legs and it was almost impossible for me to get around. I had to exercise the greatest care when walking, else I would fall to the ground. It was not exactly paralysis, and yet it was something very nearly akin to it. For about twenty-five years I have suffered in this way, and although I doctored more or less, and tried many remedies I could not get relief. One day I read in a newspaper the particulars of a cure in a case very like my own, through the means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. I began their use about two years ago, feeling that what they had done in the other case they would no doubt do for me. The trouble had fastened itself so firmly that I did not hope for a speedy cure, but as I found the pills were helping me I continued their use until I had taken some thirty or more boxes, with the gratifying result that they did for me what long years of other treatment failed to do, restored me to an excellent measure of health, and I can now go about almost as actively as in my young days. I gladly make known the benefit I have received, and hope my statement will give new hope to some other sufferer.

ELECTRIC LIGHT BATHS.

Electric light baths seem to have become an established therapeutic agent in Germany. Their principle is that of ordinary sun baths, but advantages are claimed in that the electric light is always available; that it can be regulated according to the patient and the disease; that the action upon the heart is slight, and harmful bacteria in the body are destroyed. Baths are administered in a mirror-lined box in which the disrobed patient is seated with his head projecting outside

HIS MEMORY.

I tell you, Mr. Billus was saying, there is nothing like a bunch of keys to develop one's memory. Now I have twenty-seven keys on this ring, and I add a new one every few days, yet I am never at a moment's loss to select the right one when I have occasion to use it.

What have you got that brass button strung on there for?

Um—that was put there by my wife a day or two ago to remind me of some trifling thing I was to get for her, but I've forgotten what it was.

CONVICTS FOUND THE GOLD

NEWS OF THE AUSTRALIAN FIELDS WAS LONG SUPPRESSED.

The British Government Feared a General Revolt—Men Who Got the Benefit Came on the Field Forty Years After the First Find.

The history of the discovery of gold in Australia makes peculiar readings in these days when the mere suspicion of gold in a district, however close to uninhabitable regions, will cause a rush. Gold in Australia was discovered—one might almost be pardoned for saying first discovered—many times. But the news of the earliest discoveries was jealously kept from spreading. The secret of this reticence lay in the presence of the army of convicts which then composed the balance of the population. Had a gold panic broken out, it was feared that a general uprising of the prisoners would take place.

CONVICTS FIRST FOUND GOLD.

Nevertheless, the first gold found in Australia was by convicts, in 1814, near Bathurst, New South Wales. The discoverers gathered together a quantity quite sufficient to lead them to believe that they had found a gold mine. But when they reported what they considered their good fortune to the keeper he, instead of undertaking to recommend them for pardon or easing their hard labors in any way, threatened to give them all a sound flogging if they ventured again to say a word about the matter, or to spend any more time picking up gold. The next find was made on the Fish River in 1823, not far from the spot where the convicts had come across it nine years before. This news being reported to the authorities, was also ordered suppressed. Within the course of the next two years finds were so frequent that the London Government began to take great interest in the affair. But the fact that another region of the yellow metal might be at the disposal of such as might seek, was kept rigidly secret until in 18.5 a dramatic incident precluded all possibility of further secrecy.

FLOGGED FOR HAVING GOLD.

A convict was discovered with a nugget of gold in his possession. When asked how he had come by the metal he said that he had picked it up in the bush. He was cautioned and told that the authorities had no doubt that he had stolen the gold, but the prisoner stoutly held to his original tale. At length he was taken out and severely flogged in public as a thief. There is now no doubt that the man told the truth. After this, although the public were every now and then keyed up to great expectations by some reported find, no further veins were discovered until 1839, when a Russian nobleman found a rich deposit in Blue Mountains. The British Government again became fearful of the consequence of such news upon a colony of convicts and ordered the matter suppressed. Yet sufficient people had heard of it to keep the story alive and give credence to such rumors as arose from time to time. So matters drifted on. Time and time again bushmen, shepherds, convicts, surveyors picked up small nuggets and brought them to the centers of population, but at that day people were nothing like so keen on gold mining as they subsequently became, and the subject of gold in Australia was not pursued as one would expect it to be.

CALIFORNIA DISCOVERIES.

The discovery of gold in California changed all that. Those rich fields, panning out their golden store and filling the coffers of lucky individuals and governments at a rate never dreamed of, awakened a thirst for prospecting all the world over. In every part of the earth men went out with pick and pan hoping to come across the precious metal.

When the news of California's fortune reached Australia many took ship to America's shores and among these was Hammond Hargreaves, an Englishman, native of Gosport, who had emigrated to New South Wales in 1832. In Australia he engaged in farming without much profit, and was among the first to rush for California.

On reaching the auriferous region the first thing that struck him was the similarity of the geological formation in California and Bathurst, Australia, and there and then he made up his mind to inquire into the subject should he ever return to Australia. He worked for something like a couple of years in California and then set sail for New South Wales. Returning he, of course, carried in his mind the thought that perhaps there might be gold in Bathurst, and when he landed he set to work to make a thorough search.

POCKETS FULL OF THE YELLOW.

Before this, however, he had made the acquaintance of William and James Toms and J. H. O. Lister, who were anxious to prospect for gold. Hargreaves taught them how to use pick and pan, the dish and the cradle; in fact, gave them a practical if rough education into the mysteries of gold and gold-bearing rocks and gravel. These men struck out, and, as has been said, Hargreaves "chucked it." But in April, 1851, the three pupils returned to their old master, and lo! in their pockets they carries gold to the amount of four ounces. Hargreaves, knowing the ropes, took this gold and full directions to the proper quarter. The news went forth, the rush began, rich finds were made, and Hargraves was hailed as the discoverer of gold in Australia. In reality he had won the title for it was his knowledge that first educated the Thomses and Lister, and it was his knowledge again that sent them in the right direction.

Hargreaves was presented to Queen Victoria in 1851 as the sole discoverer of the Australian gold fields and was made much of in England. He died in 1891. Up to the end of 1888, the total yield of gold in Australia was 83,918,133 ounces, valued at $1,800,000,000, and since then the output has steadily gone on, and to all appearances Australian yields will continue to pour out the yellow metal for many a day.

HOW FAR IS LIGHTNING VISIBLE?

Now that the summer season is well on and thunder storms are of frequent occurrence, scientific men are trying to find out how far lightning is visible. It is said to be visible one hundred and fifty miles. A French astronomer, declares, however, that it is impossible for thunder to be heard more than ten miles. An English savant has counted a hundred and thirty seconds between a flash of lightning and the report. If this be true, thunder is audible a distance of twenty-seven miles. If the thunder succeeding a flash of lightning cannot be heard, it is impossible to estimate the distance away of the flash. If an allowance of one mile is made for every five seconds after the flash the distance of the electrical discharge is quickly known.

LAGER BEER IN ENGLAND.

A big brewing firm is preparing to make lager beer at Burton-on-Trent, the greatest ale town of Britain. By next month Englishmen will drink the favorite drink of Germany, which, having conquered France, now comes pretty near being a world beverage.

A CLOSE QUESTION.

Dick—Isn't it good to have a close friend?

Jack—Not always. Suppose you want a loan for a few days. Do you think a close friend would be the one to approach?

CANADIAN BUTTER TRADE.

EXPORTS INCREASE ABOUT 1,000 PER CENT. IN SIX YEARS.

What Should Be Done to Secure the Principal Business With Great Britain—Interview With a Prominent London Butter Importer.

Some six years ago British butter importers, those of London especially, looked askance upon shipments of Canadian butter, and, in fact, it was a matter of difficulty to find any one who had a good word to say for it. To mention Canadian butter to a London importer in a large way was to touch upon a grievance, and complaints and attendant queries induced were many.

"The butter was of a distinctly inferior quality;" "the tubs in which it was packed were ill-suited in every way for the trade when compared with the 56-pound cube boxes in which butter was sent from New Zealand and Victoria;" "the packing in paper was a bad system, and in a great many cases, further deteriorated the quality of the butter;" "only fit for confectionery purposes;" "will not handle it at all except on order"—all these and many more remarks were uttered in the autumn of 1893 by wholesale butter merchants of first standing in London to a Canadian newspaper man who was interviewing them on the subject. The importers further asked what the Canadians were about that they did not see the natural advantages they possessed for manufacturing a good article, and also why it was that Canada, having worked up such a trade in cheese, should not do the same in regard to butter.

Mr. William Gunn, of the firm of Campbell, Shearer & Co., butter importers, of London, who is at present in this country, in an interview alluded to

THE GREAT CHANGES

in the same which have taken place since the period above mentioned.

"The increase," Mr. Gunn remarked, "is a wonderful one. From 36,000 packages of butter exported to Great Britain by Canada in 1893 the quantity had increased to a total of some 350,000 packages last year—nearly ten times the export in 1893, while up to the present this year the quantity of butter already exported shows a material increase over the quantity exported up to the corresponding date of last year."

It may be parenthetically remarked that every one interested in commercial matters is aware that this great increase in the export of Canadian butter is due to the inauguration of a better system of manufacture, the establishment of a refrigerator service for transportation by both sea and land, careful selection and supervision of the cows, well-appointed dairies, and the use of up to date appliances that in 1893 were conspicuous by their absence. Mr. Gunn, however, who is in a position to know all the ins and outs of the trade, while admitting this all round improvement, does not think that this country has yet done all that it can do in the matter.

"I must say," continued Mr. Gunn, "that the quality of Canadian butter is far from being perfect as yet. The Canadian product at present compares very favorably with that of Austria and New Zealand, and in some instances is not to be excelled, realizing in the English market prices equal to those given for the very best Danish.

THE UNIFORM QUALITY,

however, must be raised.

"For some years past no less than £6,000,000 annually has gone to Denmark, for butter, whereas, although the export of the article on this side has increased no less than 1,000 per cent. the amount the Dominion receives for it is considerably under £1,000,000. There is no reason, whatever why Canada should not take as good a place in supplying butter to Britain as she has done in regard to cheese. Both in quantity and quality Canada is able to rank first in the United Kingdom, and she possesses every possible natural advantage that can enable her to achieve this end, namely, a good climate, a splendid soil, and an excellent water system.

"Australia, on the other hand, has to contend with inequalities of climate and meteorological caprice. Every now and again that country suffers from terrific droughts, and the recurrence of these prevents uniformity in its butter output. For instance, the output four years ago was no less than 13,000 tons in the year. Since then owing to the prevalence of drought, the shipments have diminished fully one-third."

"You have, I believe, Mr. Gunn, visited Australia and New Zealand, and have seen the system of butter manufacture in vogue in those contries?"

"Yes, I have, and I have also visited a number of the dairies in operation in this country, and I am glad to say that those of the Dominion compare most favorably in every way with those I have seen in Australia and New Zealand."

"Great Britain imports largely from the Continent. Is not this trade, by reason of cheaper transportation owing to shorter distance, government assistance and cheapness, too firmly established for Canada to compete with?"

"By no means. Great Britain can buy every pound of

GOOD BUTTER

that Canada can export. There is at present a vast quantity of oleomargarine used in Great Britain both in its ordinary condition, simply colored, and mixed with butter, in which latter case it is put up like butter and sold as such."

"I would say, then, that it is the duty of this country to try and be at the head of butter-exporting countries, as it is at the head of cheese-exporting countries. To do this she must aim at securing a uniform good quality and endeavor that the export shall not merely consist of the best grade in a few isolated cases, and the bulk of a medium grade, but that the whole be of a very high standard of quality. In order to attain to this pitch of perfection, the animals must be above even the suspicion of disease, the sheds and stables must be always scrupulously clean, and the pasture and water both of good quality. Under these circumstances, with the other advantages, the country possesses in respect to transportation, appliances and cold storage facilities, there is no reason to doubt that the export of Canadian butter to Great Britain will continue to increase, and that ultimately the trade will take the same relative position in respect to the same trade of other countries, as that of cheese has done already."

"There is at present a bill before the House of Lords, which will, when law, by forbidding the coloring of margarine, its admixture with butter, and its being sold after being thus mixed as butter, greatly diminish the sale of margarine in the United Kingdom, and thereby increase the consumption of pure butter. There is no likelihood as far as I know, of any opposition to the bill, which will, no doubt, become law in due course.

Success

In business comes when thorough satisfaction is given the public. That's why Nerviline sells so rapidly. Toothache is cured as if by magic. Pain, internal or external, finds a prompt antidote in Nerviline. Try it.

HOW THE WORLD LIVES.

Of the entire human race it is estimated that 500,000,000 are well clothed—that is, they wear garments of some kind; 250,000,000 habitually go naked, and 700,000,000 only cover parts of their bodies. Five hundred millions live in houses, 700,000,000 in huts and caves, and 250,000,000 have virtually no shelter at all.

LOFTIEST WEATHER COCK.

The loftiest weather cock in the world is to be found on the summit of a tower, 370 feet in height, rising above the Hotel de Ville in Brussels, which is generally accounted to be the most beautiful building in Belgium, and some say in Northern Europe. This is a gilded copper figure of the Archangel Michael which was executed by Martin van Rode in 1454. Although, in consequence of the height of the spire on which it is mounted, this figure looks much smaller than it really is, it is 16 feet high, and, being of solid metal, and hung on a pivot turning with the wind, it is both the largest and heaviest weather cock in the world.

DISCOVERED AT LAST.

A wholesome, nourishing preparation which takes the place of tea and coffee cures indigestion, and all complaints caused by tea and coffee which are poisonous. "Rocko Health Drink" is absolutely pure and is used at your meals instead of coffee. A 10c. package will make 75 cups. Rokco also makes a delicious summer iced drink. For sale by grocers. Ask for it.

GROWTH OF MELBOURNE.

Melbourne, now the seventh city of the British Empire, consisted at the time of Queen Victoria's accession of 13 huts.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF **MALT**
Invigorates and Strengthens.
W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

THE MODERN CIRCUS.

The origin of the modern circus dates back to about 1770, when Philip Astley, a discharged soldier, gave exhibitions of horsemanship in an improvised ring at Lambeth.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

PINCHING FLOWERS.

A peculiar species of climbing plant from Brazil has lately been introduced in the south of England, where it grows freely in the open air. Its flowers are provided with flat, horny plates situated above the nectar cups in the centre oft he blossom, and which are called "pinching-bodies." When an insect thrusts its proboscis into the nectar, the plates pinch it fast, and on its departure the insect must either carry off the pollen masses of the flower, or leave its proboscis behind. In the former case, the pollen is likely to reach and fertilize another flower; in the latter, the unfortunate insect, deprived of its proboscis, dies. Sometimes the legs, as well as the noses, of insects are found sticking in the flowers. Only the bumblebee appears to be strong enough always to escape amputation.

The wise man seeks a woman with an independent fortune rather than a fortune with an independent woman attached.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

GUARDING FRENCH BABIES.

A law has been passed forbidding any one to give solid food of any kind to infants in France. Owing to its low and rapidly declining birth rate, France has awakened to the fact that she must take care of her babies. So low has the birth rate become that it means an annual loss of 20,000 in population.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Props.

INDIA'S INCOME TAX.

The income tax in India is levied on all incomes of $165 and upward, and then only one man in 70 comes within its scope.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que' Cigar Manufacturer.

ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

"My Queen," exclaimed her adorer, timidly, "may I kiss the royal hand?"

"My faithful subject," replied the young woman, with an air of one gently chiding him, "what is the matter with the royal lips."

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

MOST INTERESTING ANIMAL.

For students of psychology ants are considered the most interesting of animals. To a large number of treatises on them a new one has been added by E. Wasmann, Stuttgart, who shows that ants can be taught to give up instinctive actions by showing them a better way.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A SUSPICIOUS SYMPTOM.

Mr. Bloomfield—Ma, I'm afraid there's something the matter with Rover.

Mrs. B.—Oh, I hope not. Dear, darling little Rover! It would break my heart to lose him. Why do you think there is anything wrong?

Mr. B.—After I had washed him, this morning, he didn't run out and roll in the dirt.

MINERAL WOOL.

This material being fire, frost and vermin proof is now being very largely used as a non-conductor of heat, cold and sound in cold storage, public buildings private residences, etc., also for covering steam, hot water, hot air, and cold water pipe. The Eureka Mineral Wool and Asbestos Co., Toronto, will be pleased to send descriptive pamphlet if you are interested.

COMPULSORY ART.

A Visitor—How fond your husband must be of having his portrait painted?

Doctor's Wife—No—he hates it; but those eleven pictures of him you see were made by grateful patients who couldn't pay their bills.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE FOR
LUDELLA
It never fails to Give satisfaction. CEYLON TEA. Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

BEFORE AFTER

A BOON FOR THE LAME!
THE IVEY PATENT EXTENSION SHOE CO.,
Are anxious to secure the address of every lame man and woman in Canada whose lameness consists in one limb being shorter than the other, and are offering good paying employment to every lame person who will take the trouble to write for circulars and care to act as agents. Get one of the Extensions for yourself and you will, after wearing it a week, have no trouble to convince others of its value.
This Extension is by far the best of its nature ever placed on the market, and enables the wearer to walk upright, to walk with ease and comfort, to wear any ordinary store shoe, and gives them the same appearance as their more fortunate friends. Descriptive circulars free to all. Ask for terms to agents. Address
170 BAY STREET, - - - TORONTO, CANADA.

A VENGEFUL THOUGHT.

In some future year, said the citizen with a powerful imagination, "the human race will find the sun extinct. That once glowing orb will cease to shed its rays upon our world. Then what'll we do.

What will we do? echoed the morose man, who was grinning for the first time in weeks. That isn't the question. What'll the ice man do?

To Ladies.

The face receives the record of daily experience. Constant suffering from corns will mar your beauty. Do not look anxious and discontented, but use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which will extract that sore corn in a day without pain.

HARD ON HIM.

Something must be done with those boys of mine at college, exclaimed a staid old citizen. They're wilder than March hares and in hot water all the time.

Oh, well, they're young yet, and you must make allowances.

Make allowances, man? That's what's keeping me poor.

WPC 980

$5 Tires
Double Tubes, give good service—Send in early—won't last long.
—Headquarters for
—Coodrich Single Tubes,
—C. & J. Detachable,
—Morgan & Wright,
—Bicycle Sundries, Saddles, Tubes, &c.
Dealers' prices on application.
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Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superiority of excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.
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MANCHESTER, - - ENGLAND.

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Beautiful as a rose-leaf; clear, soft and velvety as an infant's, can be obtained. Sent free on application.
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