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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE

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The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B

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All persons requiring goods in our line will save money by calling on us, as they will find our prices away down below the lowest, prov this by calling.
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OVER THE WIDE WORLD.

PEEP INTO MANY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

Facts Gathered from the Corners of This Great Big Earth.

Next to Great Britain, Russia is the largest exhibitor at Glasgow Exhibition.

Lord Kitchener is now in his 52nd year. His military service is one of 30 years.

Ninety-eight per cent. of the slaves of Zanzibar and Pemba prefer to remain slaves.

France has 60 cities with more than 30,000 inhabitants, and 12 of these exceed 100,000.

The world has two and a quarter million acres under tobacco, which produce 850,000 tons a year.

The lowest tides, where any exist at all, are at Panama, where two feet is the average rise and fall.

The punishment for bigamy in Hungary is compelling the man to live with both wives in one house.

The Egyptian Soudan has 12 provinces, with an area of a million square miles, and 10½ million people.

Patented processes have been devised in Germany for converting sawdust into charcoal and other products.

Four thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight of the present population of the United Kingdom were born at sea.

The Empress of Russia operates a typewriter, and assists her husband by taking down many of his letters from dictation.

London uses one hundred and ten pounds of ice yearly per inhabitant. New York one thousand three hundred pounds a year.

Germany, with one thousand and eighty-three paper mills, makes only half as much paper as England with but three hundred.

Four hundred and forty-eight British gales blew from the southwest in the last fifteen years, only ninety-six from the northeast.

The banking power of the United Kingdom has increased from one hundred and thirty-two millions in 1840 to over one thousand millions at present.

The Norwegian Parliament is called the Storthing, that of Sweden the Regsdag, of Servia the Skupshtina, of Greece the Boule, of Bulgaria the Sobranje.

By the "Australian Naval Force Act," passed in 1887, a fleet of five fast cruisers and two torpedo gunboats was equipped for service in Australian seas.

The Congo is one of the widest waterways in the globe, if not the finest. In some parts it is so wide that vessels may pass one another and yet be out of sight.

As an initiative to secure higher tax assessments in Cleveland, Mayor Tom Johnson asked the assessor to increase the valuation on his home in Euclid avenue from $300 to $500 a foot.

The letter E holds the record for frequent use. In one thousand letters it occurs one hundred and thirty-eight times in English, one hundred and eighty-four in French, one hundred and seventy-eight in German, and one hundred and forty-five in Spanish.

LEMU-EL.

Across the field floated the trembling voice: Lemu-el, Lemu-el. Floated softly, yet far, with a half musical, wholly pathetic cadence, and seemed to nestle and die away at the foot of the low hills which the village folks politely called "The Mountains."

A little old woman with a snowy cap, a small shawl pinned over her shoulders, and a dark dress, stood at the door of a cottage. The smooth silvery hair and the soft withered cheeks seemed to suggest the charm of an earlier day; perhaps she had even been very fair in her long-ago youth. But the large, dark eyes had a strange, restless look, and the hands twitched nervously.

A younger woman stepped up beside her from within. She was taller, larger, and less comely, but the resemblance between them bespoke near relationship.

"Yes, yes, mother," she said, soothingly, laying her hand on the other's shoulder. "Some day he'll come. I wouldn't call him any more now."

"Some other day?" the older queried, a faint color tinging her cheek.

"Yes, yes, some other day; come and get your cup of tea," and she led her mother to the table and seated her beside it.

"Mary, put a plate for Lemuel, he might like a bit too; and why do you forget?" she added half fretfully. With a patient sigh the daughter obeyed. How many weeks, months and years was it she had gone through her useless task?

"He'll come to-morrow," the old woman murmured, half to herself.

"Yes, to-morrow he will come, surely," Mary answered cheerfully.

It was almost stereotyped, their brief talk, repeated daily. For years the mother's heart had yearned and waited for the absent or the dead. But each morning life renewed itself and hope sprang up again in the clouded mind. Each morning of all these long years.

"To-day, to-morrow, he will come!"

In the meantime the hamlet had grown from a straggling settlement to almost the proportions of a town. The narrow, congested main street, where butcher and baker were huddled together in confused proximity, had been widened, and more pretentious stores and offices had taken the place of the smaller wooden structures of twenty years since. Factories and mills had their clustering shops and workmen's dwellings and long fringes of outlying streets with more or less ornate villas and cottages, had succeeded to rural lanes or short cuts across the common.

The street on which our cottage was situated had been graded and kerbed to the foot of the hills which it was meant to climb, but had faint-heartedly given out, and though approached on the other side by many more showy residences the cottage still held its own and looked across the fields as it had done when first built on what seemed almost a prairie. It and the enclosed plot on which it stood was a pattern of neatness which brought no shame, and even set an example to its larger neighbors.

Trees and vines had grown about it, but they were kept sharply trimmed. All necessary repairs were promptly attended to, and each new coat of paint reproduced, as nearly as might be, its predecessor. No changes within or without showed themselves, no added luxuries or adornments crept into any of the four rooms, for the little mother grew restless and unhappy, and what remained for poor Mary but to guard her peace.

Nearly twenty years ago father, mother, son and daughter had occupied the home. The father, somewhat taciturn and cold, had unbent little to his children and frowned upon what he had called youthful follies; when, in the case of the son, his eldest born, folly sometimes deserved a stronger name, he reproved fiercely and sometimes unreasonably. The boy, fired with the independence of youth resented and rebelled, and quarrels ensued till it ended in the father's turning his son out of doors, with the injunction never to let him see or hear from him again. Too literally had his behest been followed. The mother had idolized her boy, and under the strains of silent grief her mind gradually gave way. No word had come back from the wanderer. He had written to his mother several times but the father had destroyed the letters without handing them to her, and when one was returned to Lemuel unopened he wrote no more. He tried to drown the memory of his youth in wild dissipations and, sobering down at last, he tried to put his old life from his thoughts amid new scenes and surroundings.

To his whereabouts neither mother nor sister had any clew, so great a silence had fallen between them. The father's heart was sore, but he gave no sign, not even on his deathbed, which followed in less than a second twelvemonth.

For years and years the two women had lived on together, the snows of age whitening the mother's hair, while the roses of youth departed from Mary's face. The whole village knew the story, and even the stranger passing by would shake his head and guess something of its pathos when a woman's voice rang through the field: "Lemu-el! Oh, Lemu-el!"

Was it a stranger, that bearded man that one day came along the road, with slow steps looking here and there, as if half in a dream? Back from the hill came a faint echo, "Lemu-el!" and he started and pressed forward. He turned unerringly into the gate, passed through the open door, and throwing himself on his knees buried his face in the old woman's lap as she sat by the table: "Oh, mother! mother!"

"Why, father!" she said, with only a faint surprise in her tone. She half put out her hand as if to stroke his hair, then drew it back. The man rose and brushed his sleeve across his eyes. "She does not know me."

Mary stood and grasped the table, looking at him speechlessly for a minute. Later she broke out: "Oh, Lem, is it you! Why, why have you never sent us word all these years?"

"Never sent a word!" he echoed. "Didn't I write again and again, and this is all I got—my own letter returned, and he drew from his pocket an old envelope with postmarks of ancient date.

"Oh, father!" Mary murmured, and then she turned away to stop the fast-flowing tears.

"Where is father?" the man asked, a sterner note coming into his voice.

"In the churchyard this many years," she answered. And he sat down heavily.

The old woman glanced at the newcomer furtively, but silently. The other two fell into talk in low, suppressed tones, going over briefly the life that lay between this and their parting.

"Yes, I sowed wild oats enough at first," the man said, "but I managed to work my way across the ocean, and then there came over me a great disgust of myself and my evil ways. Father was hard enough on me—but I was wrong, too, very wrong, and for mother's sake I should have been patient and tried to do better. Please God, my boy shall have no such experience."

"Your boy!" Mary asked eagerly, her face lighting up.

"Aye, my boy—bless him. He's a great lad. Well, I settled down in England, in a good, sizeable village, after awhile, and I did fairly well. Then we married and we had this one boy and a girl."

"Where are your wife and children?"

He turned his face away for a moment to conceal its quivering. "The boy is with me—the other two lie under the sod. When they were gone Lemuel and I didn't care to stay. So we've been wandering a bit. Then it came over me that I must see the old place once more, and here I am."

"But where is your boy?" pressed Mary.

"He's down at the hotel. I just wanted to walk around and take my bearings first—it's all so changed except this house."

"Yes, mother always wanted this kept just the same until you got back. How like you've grown to father, Lem. Is your boy like you?"

At every mention of his son, the man's face lightened up. "Yes, I suppose he's like me some, but he's taller and rosier, too, since he's English born, whilst I see a look of the mother in him."

"Bring him!" Mary cried. "I am pining to see him."

"Yes, I'll go and fetch him now," he said, rising. "It's seldom we're so long separated."

So she bustled about, tidying up the always neat little house, and looking into the glass to give some touch of improvement to her own personal appearance, of which, poor soul, she scarcely ever thought, but she had a sudden wish to be pleasing in the strange young eyes.

The mother wandered around restlessly, going again and again to the door and looking out toward the hills, but saying no word. And thus they waited. At last the click of the gate sounded, and the two, father and son, came up the path, the latter looking around with questioning eyes. As they entered a wild cry rang out, and the old woman threw herself upon the boy with passionate caresses, exclaiming unconsciously in the words of Scripture:

"O, my son! my son! He was dead and is alive again! He was lost and is found!"

"Humor her, lad," the father whispered, and the boys rosy cheeks grew rosier as he stooped to her embrace.

Then she drew away, yet still clinging to him and looking imploringly to the elder son.

"Oh, father! be friends! be friends. He's a good lad; he means no harm!" and the two men clasped hands silently, while a tranquil happy look crept over the poor harassed face.

So no more the sad cry rang over the fields, but an old woman and a boy might often be seen walking together on the road near the cottage, and the late roses bloomed on the faded cheeks, and the sad eyes grew calmer, though reason no more fully resumed its sway.

Lemuel, the older, remained in his former home and builded onto the cottage, which was kept unchanged, as a wing to the new house, where Mary was happy again in being a mother to her nephew. When her short Indian summer was over and they laid the little mother to rest, they wrote "Peace" on the white headstone.

A WATER CURTAIN.

The public library building in Chicago is protected against the invasion of fire from the outside by means of a so-called "water curtain." At the top of the building is a system of tubes through which water, supplied from a tank, can be caused to flow over the outside walls Some time bacv the e—ciency of the water curtain was tested by the occurrence of a fire in a spice mill adjoining the library building. The water being turned on, the outer walls were immediately covered with a liquid sheet, which, as the temperature was low, became eventually a sheet of ice.

WOOL FROM TURF.

Artificial wool made from turf fibres is now employed at Dusseldorf, Germany, for manufacturing cloth, bandages, hats, rugs, and so forth. Ten years have elapsed since the first attempts to make turf wool, and it is averred that recent improvements in the processes have resulted in the production of a soft fibrous material, which can be spun as readily as sheep's wool, and which, besides possessing excellent absorbent properties, is capable of being bleached and colored for use in various textile industries.

WORLD'S BIGGEST TREE.

What is probably the biggest tree in the world has been discovered to belong to the cypress family, and was found in Mexico. Its circumference 6ft. from the ground is 154ft. 2in., and to see the top of it one must stand many yards away. It is near the famous ruins of Mitla, in the State of Oaxaca. It is called the "big tree of Yule," and its age is variously estimated at from 500 to 1,000 years.

AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED

Look at the stuff that goes to waste in the grocery business, said the lounger in the store, and think of the small margin on most of the goods. Where does the profit come in?

The profit, said the impatient man with the basket on his arm, comes from having only one clerk to wait on thirty-six customers.

SUPERFLUOUS.

Summer Boarder—You didn't mention having so many mosquitoes.

Uncle Exra—No, I knowed it wasn't no use, cuz you'd find thet out soon as y' got here.

HOME.

SUMMER RECIPES.

Jellied Chicken.—Boil a chicken until the meat slips readily from the bones. Season highly with pepper, salt, celery salt and butter. When the chicken is cold, take out the bones, and chop the meat fine. Soften one-half ounce of gelatine in one-half cupful of water. Strain the liquor, add to the gelatine. Place sprigs of mint in the bottom of a wet mould. Pour a layer of the gelatine, then all of the chicken, the remainder of the gelatine. Place in a refrigerator for at least six hours. Remove and garnish with light golden yellow nasturtium blossoms.

Ham Mousse.—Chop very fine two cupfuls of boiled ham, season with one teaspoonful of English mustard. Dissolve one teaspoonful of granulated gelatine in six teaspoonfuls of hot water, add one-half cupful of whipped cream. Mix thoroughly the ham and prepared gelatine. Place in a mould on ice for three hours. Slice very thin and serve with a mayonnaise to which has been added two tablespoonfuls of horseradish, one tablespoonful of Tarragon vinegar, one teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce.

Stuffed Eggs.—Hard boil six eggs, halve carefully. Remove the yolks, make a smooth paste of them with one tablespoonful of melted butter. Add a cupful of chopped cooked lamb or beef, a dash of cayenne, salt. Mix thoroughly. Fill the eggs carefully. Rub a trifle of raw egg white over each piece, and press together. Roll first in beaten egg then in fine bread crumbs, deep fry in very hot fat. Serve cold on lettuce leaves.

Anchovy Eggs.—Cut in halves six hard boiled eggs. Mash the yolks with one tablespoonful of melted butter, one minced bay leaf, one tablespoonful of chopped calf's liver, one tablespoonful of anchovy paste. Fill the whites of the eggs with the prepared yolks, press the halves together. Place on ice until very cold, serve with French dressing.

Peach Salad.—Pare, halve, remove the stones from five ripe peaches. Stand cut side upward on ice, with one teaspoonful of sugar and three drops of lemon juice in each cavity. Crack one-fourth of the stones, chop these kernels, add to the whole stones and simmer. Strain, add one-half teaspoonful of ground mace and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, stir until the sugar is dissolved. When cold, add four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, pour over the peaches, keep on ice until serving time. Arrange the peaches on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Apple Salad.—One cupful of celery and two cupfuls of tart apples, cut into dice. Cover immediately with lemon juice to prevent discoloring. Serve with this French dressing: Cover one teaspoonful of salt with cayenne, add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and six tablespoonfuls of olive oil. When these ingredients are thoroughly blended, add a piece of ice the size of a butternut, stir five minutes until the dressing is perfectly chilled. Remove the ice, beat until thick, serve the salad at once.

Water Cress Salad.—A pint of water cress and a lavish amount of nasturtium blossoms compose an artistic appetizing salad. Serve immediately with French dressing.

Cucumber Salad.—Peel and slice two cucumbers, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, two cupfuls of cold water, simmer until the cucumbers are very tender. Dissolve a tablespoonful of gelatine in warm water, add to the cucumbers and strain. Line a mould with slices of cucumbers and fill with the jelly. When cold serve with mayonnaise on celery, cress or lettuce leaves.

Tomato Salad.—Pare medium sized five tomatoes. Place on ice. Cut off the top, stem end, take out the seeds. Dressing: Two eggs beaten separately, one-half teaspoonful each of white pepper, mustard, salt, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, six tablespoonfuls of Tarragon vinegar. Add salt, pepper, mustard, to the beaten yolks, next slowly the vinegar and butter. Cook carefully over water until thick. Place on ice. Just before using fold in a cupful of whipped cream. Fill the tomatoes, serve very cold, on a bed of green leaves.

Compote of Peaches.—Boil together one cupful of water and two cupfuls of granulated sugar, fifteen minutes. Remove, flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and one teaspoonful of rose extract. Pare eight fine ripe peaches, remove the pits. Place in an agate bake dish, pour the syrup over the fruit, cover, and bake until the peaches are tender and not a minute longer. Place the peaches on ice. Boil the syrup again until it becomes ropy. Pour immediately into a deep pudding dish. At serving time, cover this fruit jelly with whipped cream which has been colored a light dainty pink. Arrange the peaches handsomely on this, fill their cavities with fresh grated cocoanut.

Peach Foam Pie.—Line a deep pie plate with a rich pie crust, brush it with egg white, bake. Pare nice ripe peaches, rub through a coarse sieve, two cupfuls of pulp are required. Beat four egg whites, stiffly. Add slowly four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, then gradually the ripe pulp. Serve this pie very cold, heaping whipped cream artistically over the top.

A SUMMER SKIRT.

By a day's work you may turn out a stylish skirt in pique, linen or denim. Such a skirt is comfort itself, and being easy to make and inexpensive there is no reason why every woman should not be plentifully supplied with them. To avoid similarity the skirts may be trimmed in numerous pretty ways. Rows of braid or embroidery can encircle the lower part of the skirt, put on perhaps in graduated widths or in serpentine waves. If you are stout a more becoming effect would be attained by running the trimming up and down. Let it follow the seams, and put corresponding rows in between. A very pretty way is to run the trimmingdown the front seams to within six inches of the bottom, then turn it backward, extending it around the skirt, but not crossing the front breadth. Two or even three rows look particularly well. In that instance let each turning form a hollow square instead of merely a corner,

White is always the daintiest material to use, but colors make up smartly. Natural-colored linen is extremely popular this season. Trimmed with itself or white the results are very pleasing. Bands of dark blue, of red or bright plaid are charmingly effective and easy to apply, while they have the additional advantage of being inexpensive. Always shrink the goods before using.

VALUABLE HINTS.

A delicious hot weather dessert is lemon jelly and soft custard. But you want your jelly a semi-solid, quivering mass, not hard enough to cut, piled in the centre of a thick, soft custard. Too stiff jelly and too soft custard will spoil it.

In stuffing a chicken for baking, where there is a lot of hungry children asking for second helps of everything including "dressing and gravy" make a generous supply of the stuffing. Fill the cavities in the body as usual, then make an incision in the skin between the thigh and the body, on each side; loosen the skin from the flesh round the breast and down the leg and put in as much stuffing as you can crowd in pressing it close down to the breast and legs, Put another extra portion in the inside of the wings before tying them to the body. Bake in a covered pan and baste frequently.

Figs, dates, raisins and prunes are apt to be regarded as luxuries rather than as rich food substances of a most digestible kind when freed from skin and seeds. Nuts are rich in fat and also furnish muscular energy; they are a form of very wholesome food, with which, however, must be taken fruit or other bulky foods to balance the concentration.

Cure for Rats.—Bait traps with sunflower seeds and rats and mice will soon disappear, says one who knows.

BIG GAME SURE ENOUGH.

A Hunter Who Almost Invariably Got an Elephant With Every Bullet.

Writing of the veteran officer, Gen. J. Michael, C.S.I., of the Madras Staff Corps, who was in his time a noted elephant shot, a correspondent of the Madras Mail states that one of Michael's earliest exploits inspired his native attendants with a wonderful amount of confidence in him, as well it might. He got among a herd of elephants in very long grass, and for some time could not get a shot. At last he got up to one, and dropping it dead, jumped onto the body, and with a second gun dropped two more elephants before they had time to make off.

I had heard it said of Michael that he was in the habit of going out with three double-barrelled guns, and had frequently got five elephants in five shots, but could never get the sixth, as he always made it a rule to keep one barrel in reserve. I had an opportunity of asking him if this were true. I cannot recollect what he said about having performed this feat more than once, but he told me how he just missed getting

A SIXTH ELEPHANT

out of a herd through a mistake. He got up to a herd in jungle and commenced operations on a tusker that was standing by a clump of bamboo. The smoke hung and he could not see what happened, but on the other side of the clump of bamboo he saw a tusker which he presumed was the one he had just fired at, so promptly dropped it. He had got three more out of the herd, and was reduced to his last barrel, when another elephant, a tusker, I think, gave him a very easy chance, which he could hardly have missed, but he would not break his rule, so let him go. On returning to the clump of bamboo he found two tuskers dead, making five elephants in all, and regretted he had not broken his rule for once. Think of 'three brace' of elephants for one day's bag.

The following is the feat in the recollection of which I happen to know the General himself finds most satisfaction because he considers it showed thorough knowledge of the game: One day he was out botanizing with a friend, and was unarmed. They heard elephants in a sholah below and Michael sent back for his rifles. On getting down into the sholah Michael found his quarry was two tuskers, evidently travelling one behind the other. He intercepted them and had covered the leader, and was just going to fire when it flashed through his brain that the second would escape him—greedy man! He accordingly dropped the hindermost elephant first, and, as he anticipated, the leader wheeled around, got blocked by his prostrate companion, and gave Michael time to lay him out beside him—the two fell with

THEIR TUSKS TOGETHER.

Gen. Michael shot the majority of his hundred and odd elephants with a 14-bore, which in the days of muzzle loaders was the ordinary gun, just as a 12-bore is now. The maximum charge in the gauge of his powder flask was five drams, but when he was loading for elephants he used to add a little more. Compare this with the metal and charges used for big game now. His success in this particular form of sport was due quite as much to a perfect knowledge of the game as to splendid shooting. His directions for finding the way to the brain of an elephant were as follows:

"Imagine a ramrod (there were ramrods in those days) passed from earhole to earhole through the elephant's head, and another bisecting it vertically; in whatever position you may be, aim for this point of bisection." I have heard it said of Michael that he used to concentrate his thought on this one imaginary point, that he, in a sort of way, lost sight of everything else. I presume that it goes without saying that if you find yourself in such a position that your gun cannot penetrate to the desired point you must not fire at all. In the old days wild elephants were looked upon as things to be got rid of, and the Government gave rewards for shooting them—I think it was 60 rupees for a cow and 90 rupees for a tusker—and the tusks were the property of the shooter.

LIT BY CHIMNEY-POTS.

A Belgian engineer residing in England has discovered a method by which smoke can be turned into light. In operating his device the inventor collects the smoke from any kind of a fire and forces it into a receiver. It is then saturated with hydro-carburet, and a brilliant light results. The method is simplicity itself, and its discoverer is now at work upon a simple apparatus which can be attached to any chimney to bring about the desired result, so that at night-time, instead of a dense cloud of black smoke being emitted from the chimney-tops a bright light will take its place. The apparatus is already at work in London, and its general adoption is probable, and highly desirable.

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RAILROAD MEN'S NERVES.

Most Accidents Due to Neurosis, Says Dr. Scott.

Two or three important points were brought out at the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association. Dr. Alexander Scott, of Glasgow, made the alarming assertion that most railway accidents were due to neurosis of railway men, caused by the nerve tension of their duties. To prove this he cited many cases which had come under his own observation.

A man who had been promoted from fireman to engineer soon complained of dyspepsia. The usual remedies failed and he sent the man to a consulting physician. The latter also failed to cure the man. Then the engineer went through a whole course of quack medicine without any success. It was only after a big smash-up on the railway, as a result of which the man was dismissed, that he finally got well. He had simply been suffering from nervous tension.

Another man who had been working on a farm became a railway servant and afterwards a signal man. The nervous tension was so great that it brought on headache, weariness and insomnia. He ultimately recovered and is now an excellent workman, but not a signal man.

Another case cited that that of a signal man who was found on the floor in convulsions. When he was able to speak he said he never entered the signal box without feeling that he was on the brink of a precipice and that some day a disaster would occur.

Another man who was put in the signal box after doing general railway work developed an acute mania in the form of an affection of the nervous cells.

Dr. Scott referred to the Slough accident. In this case the engineer declared that he did not know how he had run past the danger signal. The jury found that the engineer had been afflicted for a moment with aberration of the mind, yet this same man had conveyed over 150,000,000 passengers without a single mistake.

Turning to the question of driving electric cars Dr. Scott stated that a Glasgow man who was used to driving horses was put on an electric vehicle. He caused a smash-up in which one person was killed and several injured. It was proved that the man had not tasted drink, and the case was one of nervous tension.

The doctor thought it was time to consider whether more attention should not be paid to the temperament of railway men, and he deplored the fact that the medical profession was so poorly represented at inquiries in regard to the causes of railway accidents.

SEEKING REST.

Mrs. Naggsby—Why don't you spend your nights at home? I always do.

Naggsby—Perhaps, my dear, that accounts for it.