

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 25.

VERY WICKED WAYS.

That the man who gambles is a fool or a knave is a tolerably certain conclusion in these days. In the former instance he is apt to lose his money, while in the latter the resources of civilization enable him almost certainly to win every time. Betting is hazardous enough, when a suspicion of trickery may attach even to the English university races, but now and then there is a fair contest of some kind or another which leads optimists to believe that there are honest men in the sporting fraternity still. With what are known as games of chance, however, the swindler would appear to be in a large majority.

In anticipation of the advent of all sorts of gullible people at the World's Fair, the sharpers are beginning to feel happy over their prospective gains. If some of the United States papers are to be believed, Chicago itself is a very wicked city at the best of times, and will be tenfold worse when the geese from all over creation flock there to be plucked. Some of the store-keepers, it would seem, are affording all the facilities in their power to aid in the nefarious work.

The extent and variety of these schemes, and the utter impossibility of an innocent stranger falling among thieves and escaping with his money is shown by some of the devices advertised in circulars sent openly through the mails. They advertise a variety of swindling devices which in some instances seem to be the perfection of ingenious rascality, or rascally ingenuity, whatever one may choose to term it.

Everybody who knows anything of the matter knows that while the throwing of dice is supposed to be purely a game of chance, there are certain slight of hand tricks that give a skillful manipulator big chances with an ordinary player, and it is known too that loaded dice are an old device. The right kind of loaded dice are not so plentiful as might be supposed, however, but this Chicago house (said to be a reputable firm, by the way) advertises that it has an article in loaded dice which will absolutely control the game every time. So, too, a complete triumph of art has been achieved in marked-back playing cards which defy detection. Then, again, some specialties in "hold outs" by which cards can be secured for unfair use in a game, and there are specially constructed card tables by which even a stupid sharper can easily empty the pockets of the brightest genius who is unacquainted with the ways that are dark.

A very ingenious apparatus is a small convex reflector, to be used on the knee or on the table, by which a player can read his opponent's cards. There is also a table reflector, which can be adjusted to any angle, for a like purpose, while a reflector attached to a ring worn on the finger, seems to leave little for the well dressed thief to desire.

There are many other things which a man with plenty of rascality and small capital can obtain at a moderate cost, such as rings by which cards can be marked in a safe and systematic manner. The fakir, with any enterprise, can find faked roulette tables, wheels of fortune, jewelry spindles, etc., every one of which can be manipulated as the dealer pleases. The emporium where all these articles are sold must be a veritable swindler's paradise.

The moral to be drawn from this state of things is the obvious one, that it is never safe to gamble. The man you think you can trust, if he is a gambler, may be availing himself of these ingenious devices in the same way that a professional does. The greed of gambling is apt to make any one oblivious to the sense of right and wrong, and a man who will coolly sit down to make money on a fair game of chance has not a long road to travel morally before, if pushed, he may avail himself of any expedients in his power. Honest men may play for stakes and keep honest, but there is no

telling what may happen in time if they are driven to extremities.

Yet the more the swindling devices are advertised and sold, the sooner will honest people learn to avoid gambling of every kind from that of the fakir who deals out bad cigars to the polished rascal who to all outward appearance is every inch a gentleman. It is a form of recreation which has its fascinations, but it also has its penalties which are usually in the majority in the long run.

CONCERNING COMMA BACILLUS.

Comma Bacillus is not dead. He is only taking a rest for the winter season. To what extent he will be prevalent next summer remains to be seen, but there is much reason to hope that he will not take up his residence on this side of the ocean.

In other words, the dormant germ of the dreaded Asiatic cholera will doubtless assert its presence in parts of Europe next season, for it seems pretty well established that the cold weather does not kill it, as some epidemics are killed. The germ is alive, with full potency for evil when the conditions are favorable for its development. To some extent, it has been doing its work of destruction in various parts of Europe during the coldest winter known for years, and it is one of the things which, once in possession, it is difficult for science to dislodge. The epidemic runs its course, as it did in Hamburg, where it appears to have stopped for the want of fuel to feed upon. All susceptible to the disease had taken it, many to die and some to recover. Those who did not take it were living under conditions in which it could not affect them.

For the cholera germ, like any other seed, can be developed only in a soil and under conditions favourable to its germination. It has been swallowed by daring and distinguished scientists, with no serious effects. It can affect only those whose constitutions or environment are favourable to the growth of the disease.

From what has been learned of the cholera germ since the subsiding of last summer's scare, certain definite propositions are laid down by pathologists. These are readily summed up. First, the seed is carried by persons and their effects. Next, there must be a local disposition for its development, in the way of heat, dirt and bad water. Then, the individual must have a condition of health which renders them susceptible to the attack, and lastly there is what scientists call "the epidemic influence" which they are free to say they have yet to clearly understand.

The most hopeful of those who have studied the matter have little doubt that cholera will be brought to America to some extent during the great flood of travel that will come over the ocean this year. It will be vigilantly guarded against, however, in both Canada and the United States. In the latter country nearly half a million dollars is to be appropriated for quarantine purposes, by the federal government, and the defence of such ports as New York will be a most vigorous one. The disease, it is believed, can scarcely become epidemic in America, but that it may not become so, rests with individuals in their co-operation with the authorities. If every city is kept clean, and if the majority of the people observe the ordinary and most obvious rules of health and cleanliness, the cholera can have but little sway on this continent. Such laws will be observed, however, is not to be expected. Local authorities will be careless and a large portion of the human race have but a dim idea of sanitation. The great effort, therefore, will be to fight the disease before it lands. To the importance of this it would seem the authorities are fully awake, and they have valuable assistants this year in the steamship companies. The latter concerns are possibly actuated less by motives of philanthropy than by their own interests. Cholera means an enormous loss to them in the decrease of travel, and so they will try to do their duty by bringing to America as clean human cargoes as is possible.

Had the cholera become epidemic in America last year, there would have been a gloomy outlook for this season. As things now are, the outlook is encouraging. Comma Bacillus may come, but it is not likely he will come to stay. There is no need of a cholera scare.

NO POLITICS ABOUT IT.

Referring to the prosecution of Mrs. STEVENS, the Chignecto Post says: When the proceedings were first started it was thought that political motives were working behind the scenes, but later these thoughts have disappeared. It is true those newspapers opposed to Mr. Stevens politically have endeavored to make the most of the circus stance and the heavy scare head-lines, unsupported by what followed suggests that there is considerable glee in those circles because of the trouble. With Mr. Stevens personally however, the people of Moncton and elsewhere are in full sympathy.

The idea that there was any political motive in trying to ascertain how poor MABEL HALLET came to her death could have occurred only to a rather narrow mind. In the first place Mr. STEVENS has long ceased to be a factor in politics, and in the next the papers dealt with the affair as a matter of public interest. In the case of PROGRESS, for instance, there could be no such motive, as this paper takes no sides on Dominion politics, dealing with one party as fairly as with the other. The writer who could suggest that anybody felt a glee be-

cause of Mr. STEVENS' trouble must have a pretty bad nature, and judge his fellows by himself.

A worthy reader in a Nova Scotia town appears to be anticipating rather than stating a dereliction of duty on the part of some correspondent. He thinks that when "balls, parties, church sociables, tea drinkings and at homes, marriages and engagements, journeyings and visitings," take place among people who do not keep Lent, the news should not be suppressed by "a so iety correspondent with ritualistic tendencies." He is quite right, but as Lent began only a week ago Wednesday and correspondence must reach this office not later than Thursday, there could hardly have been an omission to notice any festivities that ushered in the present issue. If there were any balls, parties, etc., during the latter part of the week it is probable they will be referred to in the present issue. The idea of PROGRESS is to record what is happening in good society at all seasons, and so far as can be judged the correspondents are anxious to get all the news they can, whatever their "tendencies" may be.

It is stated that the minor poets of Great Britain are endeavoring to form an association for mutual defence and protection. The idea seems to be to secure a better recognition than they have heretofore had, and to enjoy other privileges as members of a union. The union poets of the maritime provinces, judging by the manuscripts in PROGRESS office, are numerically strong enough to make a very powerful organization on the same lines.

The commissioners of the World's Fair have engaged Miss IDA HEWITT to run the first train over the grounds at the opening of the exposition. Miss HEWITT is a locomotive engineer on a road in West Virginia and runs regularly on it. She is not a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, but despite of this nobility has yet suggested that there ought to be a strike on account of her working at the business.

An English authority, Mr. PREECE, predicts that the cost of electric lighting will soon be materially reduced—that it will be only half that of gas, which is very much cheaper in Great Britain than in this country. Unfortunately, no particulars are given, and the public have heard such stories before.

HOW THEY LIVE IN ITALY.

The Habits of Life of an Ancient and Easy Going People.

The fairest possession of all Italy is sunny Sicily, writes Edgar L. Wakeman. Yet Sicily has no homes for the lowly of the countryside as we know and love even the lowliest home. Nearly all Sicilians are serfs of the few. Doubtless 2,500,000 souls out of Sicily's entire population of 2,584,000 inhabitants hold this relation to the nobility, governing classes and ecclesiastics. An infinite compassion fires one's heart for the hopelessness of such a people; and when interest in tremendous natural phenomena, classic regions and dead-age remains lessens, the pathetic side of life begins to possess and hurt you. Any land boasting no progressive farming population, masters of the soil they till, or without a fairly contented peasantry possessing secure and well-defined rights in their holdings, is doomed to desertion and decay. In the entire length and breadth of this island, from the highways not half an hundred "farm-houses" will be seen. These are not farm-houses as we know them. Each is a desolate stone structure, inhabited by the family of some soprantende or overseer, where tools are stored, and in the busiest seasons of labor a gang of wolfish-faced men and women are fed on slops, and herded at night on stone benches for sleep. The montanaro or mountaineer, the atore or ploughman, the peccorajo, or shepherd, the vignajo or vine-dresser, the vendemmiatore or grape-gatherer, the militeiro, or reaper, and every manner of human animal that labors with floods, or in vineyard or field, is in fact a contadino or villager, living in low and poisonous hovels in cities or hamlets, from out of which hollow-eyed crowds pour before day-light, munching their food as they drag themselves to their flocks in the mountains or their toil in the vineyards and fields.

A Young and Growing Industry.

The Provincial Chemical Fertilizer company has been manufacturing its products steadily since last season and the orders already placed for phosphates and bone meal this year are far in advance of what were in, at the same time last year. The demand for bone meal is really in excess of the supply. The spring catalogue of the company is out, and in it many farmers speak in glowing terms of the excellence of the phosphates. The industry is a growing and a prosperous one which promises in the years to come to assume large dimensions.

Oculist and Aurist.

Dr. Crawford, oculist and aurist has a card for the readers of PROGRESS this week which will interest those afflicted with eye or ear trouble. Dr. Crawford graduated in London, Eng., and is attached to the staff of the General public hospital in this city.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

A Trip to Mars. Away to the planet Mars, We sped through the frosty air! While the morning stars looked down On the earth, so still and fair!

And progress our watchword was, As we flew to the world on high, And to teach the people of Mars, We kept a PROGRESS night! Some feeby floating clouds, Dissolved as we near them drew, And o'er us a mantle cast, That glittered like diamond dew.

But upward still we sailed, Till the earth was lost to sight; Down sank its mountain peaks, And the sun rode high and bright.

But at length we neared the bound Of the limitless realms of space, Where mortal has ne'er been found, Nor of life or breath a trace?

But should science be dismayed? Our theology teach in vain? When out from our robes of flesh, A thought-body we could gain?

Untroubled by lack of air, We swept through the upper world! While meteors hissed and glared, And comets their fire-brands hurled!

The star-dust fell in showers, And gleamed on our robes of thought; But our garments of flesh was safe, Where the fire could harm them naught.

And soon we descried a wall, That circled what seemed a flame, And around it figures tall, Appeared, as we nearer came.

And these were the people of Mars; And they spoke a language new; It resembled no tongue of earth, But its meaning soon we drew.

"So you come to teach us truth? And to aid up to progress then? If that be your errand forthwith, Go back to the children of men!"

"We have measured your earth afar," And know all its patric laws, A nation of warriors we, Who have fought in a noble cause!

"We follow the meteors track," As it dashes and whirls thro' space, And we moulder its raging fires, And slacken its reckless pace.

"And the wandering asteroids" That will not keep their course, We drive still nearer the sun, Who absorbs them all, by force."

"The people that dwell in the moon," Once dared to defy the sun, And refused to reflect his light, On our earth when the day is done."

"But their triumph soon was o'er; We siew, and battered the moon! But we missed one ancient man, Who patched it up quite soon!"

"But we cast on his work a spell, And it larger and smaller grew, Until only one could dwell Where multitudes once we knew!"

"But we'd weary you while we relate, How we help keep up the sun, But his heat seems to lessen of late, And some day his course will be run."

Just then came a piercing note, That made us tremble and quail; And back to our robes of flesh, We sped through the fiery hail!

And we ventured never again, To instruct the people of Mars; But rejoiced to get back unharmed, From our wonderful trip to the stars. S. P. M.

The Deacon's Brother. The Deacon closed his "Baxters Rest," And hid his glasses down, And every trace of earthly care, Had from his visage flown.

"Ah! yes," he sighed, "that great good man, Is surely with the blest; And I must live, so I with him, May enter into rest."

"I've always done my level best In caring for the poor And—" Bless me, Betsy, there's some one A-knocking at the door."

The door was opened—In he came, A ragged, wretched "bum." "Night, Sir," he p'raps y'ell 'scuse me Et I make rascals' 'lum."

I'm most tarntion hungry, 'N his awful cold 'n' night; 'N I thert, thet 'p'raps yer would 'n' mind, A-givin' me a bite."

Lambert's Cove, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Fair is the scene where Lambert's Cove reclines In influence of beauty on the Sound; Its emerald shores, its trees' unbragous shade Depleted in its crystal depths profound.

Here, in the eerie twilight, stalks the crane Along the reedy shores in quest of prey; Here, too, the vesper song of Whippoorwill Dies o'er the rolling waters far away.

Here, beauty lurks, in mingling light and shade, In rustling leaf, in silvery ocean strand; In the wild gull's exultant sweep through heaven, And sad voiced waters sobbing on the sand.

Here is her dearest haunt when to the shore The crested billows roll, or ripples play; When moonlight's solemn melancholy beam Or purple gloaming wraps the waters gray.

Here, silence broods, save when the restless winds Sigh through the trees on sloping hillside's green; Here solitude, abstraction halt divine, Enfold's your soul in a supernal dream.

Here, roll bright waters spreading far and wide Past rock, and cliff and promontory bold; Where fleets the lordly oak his branches high, Flecked by the sunlight with a transient gold.

Enchanting spot! where Romance lies perdu, Weaving her spells bright hued as Iris' Bow, Potent as famed Castalian fount whence drew The ancient inspiration long ago.

At famed Parnassus fount we need not drink To thrill our souls with sweet poetic fire, These boscy dells, these glens and sylvan shades Bid us awake, and strike the sounding lyre.

The bending heavens above, lie glassed below, In mimic azure they reflected lie; Afar the white-sailed yachts go floating by, Like snowy birds disporting airily.

Divinity, thine impress here we trace In bluebell's chalice, and in blushing rose; In every tree that breaks the desert waste, In constellations grand, and wind that blows.

Fair Lambert's Cove, in retrospection Of Shall memory's magic glass again restore; The Sound's blue waters cradled in thine arms, And lipping in soft murmurs to the shore. MISS FREDRICKS.

"Then Sing a Bravé Refrain." Today the wind blows bleak and chill, The sun is hid behind the mist; But with the morn each date and bill Shall with his glad'ning beams be kissed.

And so, my dear, cheer up! you'll find Each sombre cloud is silver-lined. The harp today twangs out of tune, And mournful sound the piper's notes; But soon the birds of em'rald June Shall trill lost lays from joyous throats.

And warm shall blow the scented wind— Each sombre cloud is silver-lined. Today the heart feels fraught with woe, And keen-pronged thorns lie in the way; But as the spring's breath melts the snow, 'E'en so our sorrows flee; and gay And peaceful sears each troubled mind— Each sombre cloud is silver-lined.

And so, in humble key, my dear, I sing to you of coming days, And bid that with a sunsight clear You watch the star-gleams thro' the haze; For, though today the sun's unkind, Each sombre cloud is silver-lined. T.

Parting. Parting with some's 'but a kiss. A clasping of the hands; But we must tear the cruel twist Of love's resisting bands.

Ah, 'tis hard indeed to sever, Hard indeed so soon to part, Perhaps for years, perhaps for ever, Hand from hand and heart from heart.

But our love will live for ever, Though long years may pass away, Hearts once linked no power can sever, They will remain for aye.

How, alas, we must be parted, Sad it is to say farewell, I am almost broken-hearted, Bearing grief too deep to tell.

But the rays of hope shall brighten Years that must be fought in pain; Never heart its burden lighten Till at last we meet again. KIRK.

A Quarrel. A look, a stare, a burdened sigh; We never speak as we pass by, A toss' head, a frowning glance, In shaking curls the sunbeam's dance; In lovely eyes see friendship die— We never speak as we pass by.

A thought of me must surely lie Within the bosom of that sigh, Else why would she so different be; 'Tis hard for me to think or see; But here she's cut, I've cast the die, We never speak as we pass by. C.

She Began the Profession Early. The female contortionist in Daniel's Specialty Company is not quite 21 years old. She was adopted from a mission home fourteen years ago. One day a lady visited the home in search of a child for adoption. In looking over the large number of children at play her attention was attracted by the peculiar position of Leonora lying upon the floor with her feet elevated above her head.

"That is the child I want," the visitor remarked to the lady in charge. Leonora was permitted to accompany her and was adopted by her. The lady was none other than the wife of Ajax, the well-known contortionist of fifteen years ago. Leonora under the direction of her foster mother was put in a course of training. Her limbs were soiled and it was an easy matter for her to place herself in many difficult positions after practising but a few days. The child, for she was then only 7 years old, first learned the forward bending of the body and then backward bending. She has attracted a good deal of attention in this city on the stage and the large audiences in the institute show that she is a drawing card.

Where Horses are Well Cared For. Every owner of a good horse likes to have him well stabled and cared for, as well in his absence as his presence. Such a stable is that on Leinster street, so well known when kept by Roland Bunting, latterly by Johnston & Moore, and now by W. B. Campbell. The barn is on high ground, airy and healthy, with plenty of light, and well ventilated. It is a splendid boarding stable, and is worth the attention of any one who is looking around for a good place for his horse.

KINGSTON.

Feb. 21.—Mr. James F. Morse, well known to many of the older citizens, died Tuesday morning, the 14th inst., at the age of 77 years and 9 months, after a painful illness of a few weeks. "Uncle Jim," as he was familiarly called, was born in St. John, and moved to Kingston about thirty years ago. His visits to St. John were always a welcome to the young and old, his jovial nature imparting genial warmth and sunshine. It can be truly said that a good man has gone! Always generous to the poor, to the extent of his means, and with a kind word and a warm heart for the oppressed and afflicted. Two and one half years ago we chronicled the death of his estimable wife, whose companion he had been for upward of half a century. Funeral services were held Friday, at 10 a. m., the 17th inst., at Trinity church, Kingston, and interment was in the family lot, rural cemetery, St. John, at 3 o'clock p. m. of same day. Four daughters survive him: Mrs. Richard Lawrence, of Everett, Mass.; Mrs. A. S. Harwood, Brookline, Mass.; and Mrs. Robert Godfrey and Lydia G. Morse, of Kingston.

MAUGERVILLE. The entertainment given by the teachers and scholars of the church of England Sunday school, Monday evening last, was a grand success. The amount of \$12 was realized. The parishioners and friends of the Rev. H. E. Diblee have presented him with a very valuable fur coat.

Mrs. B. H. Thomas, of Jacksonville, has been spending a few days at her old home here. Mrs. G. T. Taylor, of Fredericton, spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Bent.

Mr. Alfred Wisely, of Fredericton, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. R. A. McFadden. Mr. Arthur Harrison, son of C. B. Harrison, P., who has been employed with Johnson & Newcastle, has returned home to spend the winter.

Mr. Lewis Bliss, of Fredericton, spent Sunday with friends here. LITTLE LEAFY.

A Nova Scotian Discusses Lent. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—In last week's issue of PROGRESS, we noticed some beautiful sentiments expressed and some nice exhortations given in reference to the keeping of Lent, all of which would apply equally to the whole three hundred and sixty five days of the year and not be limited to the forty days in winter called Lent. It is just here where the danger comes in, with those admitting the principle that Lent must be kept or those of divine appointment. They forget that those duties and privileges are every day alike. To all churches founded on New Testament principles every day is alike except the Sabbath, and I have noticed in those countries where Lent is best kept and where holy days are multiplied, there is a corresponding desecration of the Sabbath, which if we believe the Bible is the only holy day of divine appointment. This is the conclusion to which logic shuts us up. I admit that outside of logic we may express many fine sentiments. The Sabbath in winter termed Easter Sunday, viewed in the light of chronology may or may not be an anniversary of the resurrection. It is impossible at this distance to fix dates for an anniversary. The sacred writers never intended us to wait a whole year to rejoice in the fact of a risen Redeemer. Every Sabbath morning brings that to our minds, and for this reason the christian Sabbath was divinely appointed. This is the primary reason all other benefits to us follow. Your readers in the Maritime provinces, in Boston, and in every large, perhaps, except Quebec, are by far the largest number of them protestants, and protestants who have left Lent and all its belongings behind them, at the time of the second reformation. PROGRESS being essentially a society journal and its prerogative, to give society news, it is bought and perused by the aforesaid parties to know the doings of society, and as balls, parties, church sociables, tea drinkings and at homes, marriages and engagements, journeyings and visitings, go on as usual with the above mentioned parties, it is a detriment to your paper when these things are kept out by a society correspondent with ritualistic tendencies. A. M.

Baptist Church Policy. TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—In your issue of Feb. 18 you report that the Rev. Sydney Welton's resignation was accepted by his late charge—the Main street Baptist church of this city—and that he retires in good standing and retains his ministerial functions. To this conclusion you have evidently been misled. The fact is, Mr. Welton has been deprived of the denominational standing he once enjoyed; and it is not in the power of any one baptist church to re-establish him in that position. The finding of the ecclesiastical council before whom his standing in the baptist ministry was examined is final, barring a re-examination by a like body. Only in an irregular way can he find a place in any baptist pulpit, as his case now stands.

BAPTIST. A Cat's Trip To India. A good cat story (says the London correspondent of the Yorkshire Post) comes from Bombay. In August a Liverpool resident proceeding to Bombay took out with him a cat which he intended to present to a friend in India. Some days after the arrival of the steamer in Bombay puss was missed, and, though she was searched for high and low, she was nowhere to be found. Her owner had quite given her up for lost when he received intelligence from England that the cat had made her appearance at her old Liverpool home on the 25th October as calm and collected as though a trip to India and back was quite in the ordinary course of her life. The facts are vouched for by a Bombay paper, and there is no reason to doubt their substantial accuracy, but it is not made clear whether the cat was stowed away in the steamer in which she went out to India, and carried back on its return voyage in the ordinary course. Under any circumstances her adventures are, however, sufficiently remarkable to deserve recording.

Very Venerable Turtle. When Mauritius was ceded to Great Britain in 1810, there was a gigantic turtle in a court of the Artillery Barracks at Port Louis, which is there still, although almost blind. It weighs, according to a French observer, 150 kilograms, and measures 2.59 metres (about 8½ ft) across the carapace. Its height from the ground to the top of the carapace, when it walks, is 0.63 metres (about 2½ ft). It is believed to be 200 years old at least, nevertheless it carries two men on its back with ease. It is evidently a survival of the large turtles which formerly existed in a wild state in the Seychelles and other islands of the Indian Ocean, but are now only found wild in the Aldabra Islands, north-west of Madagascar, where they are rapidly disappearing.