

## THEY TAKE GOOD CARE

HOW BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES ARE MADE AND USED.

The Utmost Precaution Taken to Prevent the Counterfeiting of Bank Notes—How They Are Made—An Incident.

"The Bank of England and some of the cleverest criminals have been running a race—the bank to turn out a note which might defy the power of the forger to imitate, and those nimble-fingered and keen-witted rascals to 'keep pace' with the bank," says the author of a chatty article on Bank of England notes in the Cornhill. The paper from which the notes are made, we are told, is manufactured entirely from new white linen cuttings, and the toughness of it may be roughly estimated from the fact that a single bank note will, when unrolled, support a weight of thirty-six pounds. "The paper is produced in pieces large enough for two notes, each of which exactly measures five inches by eight inches and weighs eighteen grains before it is sized; and so carefully are the notes prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery. Few people are aware that a bank of England note is not of the same thickness all through. In point of fact, the paper is thicker in the left-hand corner to enable it to retain a keener impression of the vignette there, and it is also considerably thicker in the dark shadows of the centre letters and beneath the figures at the ends. Counterfeit notes are invariably of one thickness only throughout."

The notes are printed at the rate of 3,000 an hour, and the bank issues 9,000,000 of them a year, representing roughly about \$1,500,000,000 in hard cash.

"The number of notes coming into the Bank of England every day is about 50,000; and 350,000 are destroyed every week, or something like 18,000,000 every year. As a matter of fact, the average life of a note of the Bank of England is just under seventy days, and curious to say bank notes are never on any account re-issued. The destruction of the documents takes place about once a week, and at 7 p. m., after the notes have been previously cancelled by punching a hole through the amount (in figures) and tearing off the signature of the chief cashier. The notes are burned in a close furnace, containing merely shavings and bundles of wood. At one time they used to be burned in a cage, the result of which was that once a week the city was darkened with burned fragments of Bank of England notes.

"Bank notes of the value of thousands of pounds are annually lost or destroyed by accident. In the forty years between 1792 and 1832 there were outstanding notes of the Bank of England, presumed to have been either lost or destroyed, amounting to \$6,650,000 odd, every cent of which was clear profit to the bank. In many instances, however, it is possible to recover the amount of the note from the bank in full. Notice has to be given to the bank of the note supposed to have been lost or stolen, together with a small fee and full narrative as to how the loss occurred. The note is then 'stopped'—that is, it is the document should be represented for payment the person 'stopping' the note is informed when and to whom it was paid. If represented (after having been 'stopped') by any suspicious-looking person (and not through a banker) one of the detectives always in attendance at the bank would be called to question the person as to how and when the note came into his or her possession."

The writer of the article tells one very good story, which we do not remember to have seen before, and the important part which bank notes have sometimes played in our modern life: "Some sixty odd years ago the cashier of a Liverpool merchant had received in tender for a business payment a Bank of England note, which he held up to the scrutiny of the light so as to make sure of its genuineness. He observed some partially indistinct red marks of words traced out on the front of the note beside the lettering and on the margin. Curiosity tempted him to try to decipher the words so strangely inscribed. With great difficulty, so faintly written were they, and so much obliterated, the words were found to form the following sentence: 'If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing as a prisoner in Algiers.' Mr. Dean, on being shown the note, lost no time in asking the government of the day to make intercession for his brother's freedom. It appeared that for eleven long years the latter had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers, and that his family and relatives believed him to be dead. With a piece of wood he had traced in his own blood on the bank note the message which was eventually to secure his release. The Government aided the efforts of his brother to set him free, this being accomplished on payment of a ransom to the Dey. Unfortunately, the captive did not long enjoy his liberty, his bodily sufferings while working as a slave in Algiers having undermined his constitution."

## HE WAS NOT PASSED.

Although He Betrayed Genius of a High and Lofly Character.

Quite a stir was made at a recent public examination by the appearance of one of the candidates, a native of South Africa, whose ebony skin was effectively set off by a West end costume so faultless in fit and fashion that it would have excited the envy of many a Pictorially saunterer.

To the examiners' surprise he appeared to do little or nothing in the way of answering questions, and on going over the papers they found, to their great amazement, that the colored gentleman had addressed to them the following pathetic appeal on the papers relating to each subject:—

"Dear, kind Mr. Examiner, 'I am a poor South African boy, but a Christian, and I want to become a doctor. I have no money and no friends, and I do not know anything about this subject, but all the others I know a great deal about, because I was taught by a kind missionary from your great country.

"Please, dear, kind Mr. Examiner, do not let me pass in this subject, and then I can

become a doctor, as I want, and shall go back to my own dark land with a full heart."

Then followed the signature, which, of course, may not be made public.

It is hardly necessary to say that so far as the examiners are concerned, the following natives of this enterprising young South African are, up to the present, happily preserved from his ministrations in the medical line.

## SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

Sometimes it's the Fault of Bad Air; Sometimes That of the Preacher.

Dr. Chalmers went to preach for Edward Irvine, the erratic genius who asked the privilege of making a few preliminary remarks and spoke an hour or so in a crowded building, says the Christian Advocate. Chalmers referring to it afterward said: "What could I do in an exhausted receiver?" There are many cases justifying sleeping in church; the mother who has been watching two or three nights with a sick child; the father who has been thoroughly overworked, and invalids, are not to be condemned if they doze in the sanctuary unwillingly. The carbonic gas resulting from crowds, and especially from gas jets, old air heated by steam pipes, the effects of furnaces with red hot frepots, through which not only carbonic acid gas, but a far more dangerous gas, can permeate, make the most devout and attentive drowsy.

Sometimes the first signs of old age are a tendency to sleep in church. The philosophy of the nod and of the attitudes of the head is this: Unconsciously we hold our heads in position by an effort of the will. When sleep begins that is relaxed; gravity takes charge of the head and also of the under jaws, but as the head slips back it produces an uncomfortable feeling that slightly awakens the sleeper, who spasmodically exercises his will and straightens himself up, and relaxes it immediately afterward. This may continue in some cases, putting the man in the attitude apparently of bowing assent to every succeeding sentence. No woman will voluntarily sleep in church if she has the ordinary desire to appear well. It must, however be conceded that in many instances the minister is to blame. If he succumbs to depressing influences and especially if he drones or is prolix, or preaches only "words, words, words," or has a canting tone, so that on whatever he says the same stress is laid at regular intervals; if he turns his face to the wall and does not look at the audience, or fixes his eye upon a point and never removes it, or is very long, or makes the same gestures frequently, he may lull the people. Some preachers have to preach half an hour or so to become interesting. It was well said to one of them: "If you had delivered the first thirty minutes of your discourse in the adjoining graveyard before entering the church the effect upon the living would have been greater."

## A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

Related by a Former Governor-General and a Nova Scotian.

Sir Edward Kenny was a fine old Irish gentleman, and a member of the government during Lord Dufferin's term in Canada. He was a great favorite of Lord Dufferin, and used to tell many a good story with which His Excellency used to treat his friends when enjoying his hospitality at Rideau Hall.

One was this:—"You know," said Lord Dufferin, "my wife is related to the Duke of Abercorn's family. Before he was made a Duke he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and lived at Dublin Castle. One day he gave a state dinner at the castle, and among the guests was a new member for Skibbereen, County Cork. At that time it was customary to place a round finger bowl of water on a napkin, beside each plate, at the commencement of the dinner. The new member was thirsty, for it was a hot day in summer; and he was remarkably 'green.' He lifted up the bowl to his mouth, seeing nothing else to drink just then, and satisfied his thirst. The attentive waiter, without a smile, filled up the bowl again, though others who saw the performance tittered. The laugh was general, however, when the new member said to the waiter: 'Oh! take it away, I have had enough. Sure water is a weak thing to make a dinner on.'

## Blind Boys who Play Football.

Football playing by the blind sounds something like a novelty, and a writer on a visit to the Royal Victoria Blind Asylum in England recently had the pleasure of watching two teams of blind boys engaged in a hot game. The ball with which the youngsters play the game is made of wire, and the inside is fitted with bells, so that wherever the ball goes it can be followed by the sound. The goal posts are flags, upon which are also a number of bells and it was very rare for the boys either to lose the ball or kick in a wrong direction. They enjoyed the fun immensely, and when a goal was scored it was the signal for loud cheers.

## The Flight of the Flyer.

[Cy Warman, author of "Sweet Marie," never wrote a more poetic, with the following, which is the result of his own experience as an engine-driver:]

Near where the hill-girl Hudson lay,  
Down the steel track the engine  
Checked his swift steel at close of day,  
As, leaping like a frightened deer,  
At each wild surge he seemed to say:  
Away! Away! Away! Away!

The slow train toiling up the hill,  
The light boat drifting with the breeze,  
The swiftest trains seemed standing still,  
And red vines were twining round the trees,  
Whose leaves made golden by the frost  
Gained more of lustre than they lost.

The trackman tamping up the rail,  
Felt the perfume of dying flowers;  
The shadows lengthened in the vale;  
And watchmen watched from out the towers  
The little cloud of dust behind,  
As we went whistling down the wind.

Night's curtain falls; and here and there  
The housewife lights the evening lamp;  
And where the fields are cold and bare  
His fire is kindled by the tramp.  
Down through the midnight, dark and deep,  
The world goes by us, fast asleep.

Up through the morning, on and on!  
The red sun rising from the sea,  
As we go quivering through the dawn,  
Lights up the earth, reveals to me  
In the first ruddy flash of morn,  
The golden pumpkins in the corn.

From west to east, from shore to shore,  
The black steel tramples through the night,  
And with a mighty rush and roar  
Breaks through the dawn, and in their flight  
Wild birds, bewildered by the train,  
Dash dead against the window pane.

"Beswift," I cried, "oh, matchless steed,  
The world is watching, do your best!"  
With quick and ever quickening speed,  
The hot fire burning in her breast,  
With flowing mane and proud neck bent,  
She laughed across the Continent.

## FOR THE CANARY.

If It Is Homesick Tie a Piece of Mirror In the Cage.

The following interesting story of how a canary was cured of homesickness was told by a man. "Not long ago my wife purchased a canary at a bird store. It had been accustomed to companions of its kin at the store, but at our home it was entirely alone. The pretty little songster was evidently homesick. It would not sing, it would not eat, but just drooped and seemed to be pining away. We talked to it, and tried by every means to cheer the bird up, but all in vain.

"My wife was on the point of carrying the bird back to the store when one day a friend said: 'Give him a piece of looking-glass.' Acting on this suggestion, she tied a piece of a broken mirror about the size of a man's head on the outside of the cage. The little fellow hopped down from his perch almost immediately, and, going up close, looked in, seemingly delighted. He chirped and hopped about, singing all the pretty airs he was master of.

"He never was homesick after that. He spends most of his time before the glass, and when he goes to sleep at night he will cuddle down as close to the glass as he can, thinking very likely, that he is getting near to the pretty bird he sees so often."

## An Odd Feature of French Racing.

The names of the starters in the trotting Derby at Rouen, France, all began with the letter N. The French name all their colts of a certain year with names beginning with a certain letter. Next year it will be the letter following. This custom is general among all breeders, the idea being to help to fix the age in the memory. This year the names of the winners in the race were: Nove, Narcisse, Nastradamus, Nangis and Narquois. The distance was two miles, to saddle, on the turf, and the time 2:38. Others entered, but distanced, were: Nintouche, Navarrin, Neully, Nizan, Neron, and Neut. Nove, Nangis, and Narquois were by Fuchsia. Last year's winner, Messagers, was also sired by Fuchsia. All the winners were stallions but Narcisse, a filly.

## AN HOTEL MAN'S STORY.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE GRAND UNION, TORONTO, RELATES AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Suffered Intensely from Rheumatism—Six Doctors and Mineral Springs Failed to Help Him—How He Found a Cure—His Wife Also Restored to Health—Advice to Others.

(From the Toronto World.)

One of the most popular officers at the recent meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada was Rev. L. A. Betts, of Brookville, Grand Chaplain for 1893-94. While on his way to grand lodge Rev. Mr. Betts spent some time in Toronto, and among other points of interest visited the World office. It seems natural to talk Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one coming from the home of that world-famous medicine, and incidentally the conversation with Mr. Betts turned in that direction, when he told the World that he had that day met an old friend whose experience was a most remarkable one. The friend alluded to was Mr. John Soby, for many years proprietor of one of the leading hotels of Napanee, but not a resident of Toronto, and proprietor of one of the Queen City's newest and finest hostels, the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Union depot. The World was impressed with the story Mr. Betts told, and determined to interview Mr. Soby and secure the particulars of his case for publication.

Mr. Soby freely gives his testimony to the good done him by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago rheumatism with its attendant legion of aches and pains fastened upon him, and he was forced to retire from business. "For months," said Mr. Soby, "I suffered and could find no relief from doctors or medicines. The disease was always worse in the spring and fall, and last year I was almost crippled with pain. From my knee to my shoulder shot pains which felt like red-hot needles. Then all my limbs would be affected at once. Half-a-dozen doctors, one after the other, tried to cure me, but did no good. The rheumatism seemed to be getting worse. As I had tried almost everything the doctors could suggest, I thought I would try a little prescribing on my own account and purchased a supply of Pink Pills. The good effects were soon perceptible, and I procured a second supply, and before these were gone I was cured of a malady six doctors could not put an end to. I have recovered my appetite, never felt better in my life, and I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills credit for this transformation. My wife, too, is just as warm an advocate as I am. A sufferer for years she has experienced to the full the good of Dr. Williams' invaluable remedy, and recommends it to all women." "From what trouble was your wife suffering?" asked the reporter. "Well, I can't just tell you that," said Mr. Soby. "I do not know, and I don't think she did. It's just the same with half the women. They are weak and dispirited, have no appetite and seem to be fading away. There is no active disease at work, but something is wrong. That was the way with my wife. She was a martyr to dyspepsia, never in perfect health, and when she saw the change the Pink Pills made in me she tried them. The marvelous improvement was just as marked in her case as in my own, and she says that her whole system is built up, and that the dyspepsia and sick headaches have vanished. She, as well as myself, seems to have regained youth, and I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the remedy one of the most valuable discoveries of the century. Let the doubters call and see me and they will be convinced."

These pills are a positive cure for troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

## CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to not only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also to the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of thousands who use them—One Pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble that will ever increase unless relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B. Johnson, Holland Landing, who says: "I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day; Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a good night's sleep; they cured me."

3. Constipation often exists with Kidney Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's combined Kidney-Liver Pill, one 25 cent box will do more good than dollars and dollars worth of any other preparation, this is endorsed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

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