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AS THE VISITOR SEES THE GREAT NIAGARA

The Beauty of the Mist is Yearly Viewed by Thousands of Sight Seers.

VICTORIA FALLS, May 11—On getting out of the train one stops short to listen to the rolling of the water which thunders furiously, filling the air with sound. What can one say? The pen is powerless to describe the beauty of the scene—the majesty of the falls—the poetry of the surroundings! Many people have spoken of it, no one has been able to give an idea of the magnificence of the Victoria Falls—"Mosioa Tunya" in the native language, which means, "smoke that sounds." One is fascinated, attracted, held by the sight of this imposing mass of water. Above the falls the river is spread out, wide and shallow. Black rocks appear on the surface, others are covered with vegetation; everything seems to sleep. The river flows gently, almost calmly toward the precipice, seemingly quite unaware of the abyss about to engulf it. It flows on, thus, like everything else, subject to the inviolable law of the course of nature. Then, suddenly, emptiness attracts it hurries on, hurtling against the big rocks placed there like boundaries, heralds of danger; the obstacle only increases its pace; it rushes swiftly on—and plunges down. While falling the water foams, and a thick mist rises so high that one can see it from afar like a column of smoke. The falls are 2,029 yards long and 400 feet high—nearly twice as long as, and two and a half times higher than, Niagara. The surrounding vegetation is luxuriant; the constant moisture and the atmosphere of a hot house give an exuberant vigor to nature.

To obtain a complete impression of this wonder, we follow all its evolutions; we go up the river a few hundred yards to where the water is calm, and so shallow that by jumping from rock to rock one can get right to the middle of the stream dry shod. Then we descend along the bank as far as the level of the fall. One feels very small in front of such a great wonder; one stops—without words—almost without thoughts; overcome by the beauty of the sight. Following along the cliff in front of the falls, we go through the "rain forest," a mass of trees, palms and lianas, through which the light hardly penetrates, the air hardly circulates, while the atmosphere is full of moisture. Clearings among the trees allow one to see, through a wonderful picture frame, the boiling water, which having dashed itself upon the rocks at the bottom of the gulf, rebounds toward the sky, imploring to be taken back among the luminous clouds. But it is not taken up and it falls back dispersed by the breeze, scattered in refreshing drops on every leaf, and even on the smallest blades of grass.—The Duchess of Aosta, in Harper's Weekly.

NEW GUINEA'S PEOPLE.

The savages of British New Guinea are an entertaining sort of people. Speaking at the London Colonial Society recently A. H. Dunning gave an amusing account of his adventures among these untamed British subjects one of his stories relating to a bottle of strong smelling salts. The first man who smelt, under the impression that it was a white man's "love charm," was so startled that he asked a friend to try. They then formed the salts into a trust and scoured the neighborhood for recruits. Nobody gave the show away. They brought new people up one after the other, propped them up against a tree, and sat round like Christy Minstrels, to wait for the result. Kissing or fondling, added Mr Dunning, was unknown in New Guinea until the advent of the missionaries. They were seen kissing the children, and the custom spread. Having been kissed by oily natives, he preferred the old style of salution.

"GOOD BYE."

We say it for an hour, sometimes for years,
We say it smiling, sgy it choked with tears,
We say it smiling, say 'it choked
And yet we have none other word than this,
Good-bye.

We have no dearer word for our Heart's friend,
To him who journeys to the world's far end,
And scars our soul with going, thus we say,
As unto him but steps o'er the way,
Good-bye.

Alike to those we like and those we hate,
We say no more in parting at life's gate
To one who passes out beyond Earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night.
Good-bye.

HUMANITY IS FIRST IN THE BUILDING OF GERMAN CITIES.

This paramountcy of private property does not exist in Germany. Humanity is first. The city enjoys some of the sovereignty of the empire. It can promote the beautiful. It can destroy the ugly. It can protect the poor. It can educate as it wills. It can plan for the future. It can have city dreams. And the German city has dreams, dreams which are fast being visualized. The German burgameisters are laying the foundation of the city of tomorrow as an architect lays the foundations of a forty-story sky scraper or the designer of a world's fair plans his play city built in advance of its excavation.

German architects saw the obvious. They saw that the city would grow as it had in the past. So they enlarged the boundaries. They annexed suburban land. The present area of Dusseldorf, with its 300,000 people, is 29,000 acres; of Cologne with a population of 428,700, is 28,800, of Frankfort, with a population of 335,000, is 23,205. Having enlarged its area the city was in a position to control its development, to plan for its building. It called in its architects and its engineers or it sent to a neighboring university for an expert. A plan is made of the surrounding territory, of the topography of the land, the natural advantages, the proximity to the railways, and the probable uses to which the region will be put. The prevailing winds are studied, and factories are only permitted to locate in certain prescribed areas. In some cities they are excluded from the business and residence sections altogether. If the neighborhood is suited for manufacturing, it is dedicated to industrial uses. If it is a working class quarter, the streets and parking are adjusted to workingmen's homes. If it is suited for homes of a more expensive sort, the plan is upon a more elaborate scale.

The foresight of the city does not end here. Streets, boulevards, parks, open spaces and sites for public buildings and school houses are laid out far in advance of the city's growth. From City Building in Germany by Frederic C. Howe, in the May Scribner.

THE DOINGS OF A TALENTED WOMAN

As she drew off her long coat she noticed that another rip had appeared in the fur, one which could neither be concealed nor denied this time for it was exactly in the back. She stared at it, forgetting for the moment the greater calamity in the lesser. It was bitter winter weather and the coat was the only warm wrap she had. It had served well its time, it was true; she had bought it at the beginning of her career, when her purse was as well supplied with money as her heart was with hope. But now—how could she buy another? She laid the coat across a chair, drew another chair close to the radiator and sat down. The gas jet beside the bureau flared dismally upon the litter which her hurried dressing a few hours before had occasioned. It showed also a ragged crack in the wall-paper and a stain on the threadbare carpet. She reached out, shivering, and drew in her long red satin train. She hated red, but they had told her at the shop where she bought this gown that it would show soil less than any other color. Besides it would look attractive on the stage.

The steam in the radiator was low and the room was growing colder every moment. Upon the other side of the wall she could hear somebody going noisily to bed. Outside the wind coming in from the prairie raced madly through the broad streets, threatening every brick and board with violence. The papers predicted a storm on the morrow—snow. How much snow? Enough perhaps to block the wheels of the train which would be taking them to their next stand. They must be on the move by seven o'clock, and it was after twelve now—less than seven hours in which to sleep and dress and breakfast and get to a train. Yet she could not go to bed just yet, tired and cold enough she was. Her glance went to the fur coat on the chair beside her. Good old coat! It had stood between her and many a storm. She drew it to her and wrapped herself in it, and ceased to shiver. She was warmer so than she would be in that flat, thinly covered bed, whose pillows rustled horribly with moths. Yet it was not the worst kind of a bed. Neither was this the worst kind of a hotel. She had been in poorer places. One got used to inconveniences after travelling about a couple of years. Used to them! She knew that she had not got used to them. A sob burst from her and she bowed her head on the back of the next chair. After all why shouldn't she cry if she wanted to? There was relief in tears. Had she not proved it often? As she cried the pressure lifted from her brain and she was able to review the experien-

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INSTITUTIONS OF TODAY AS SEED CORN OF TOMORROW

A Prominent American Preacher's Fine Discourse From a Timely and Interesting Subject.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of Plymouth Church, took for his subject recently, "Our Country—American Institutions of Today as Seed Corn for the America of Tomorrow." The text was in the words: "Where there is no vision (moral ideas) the people perish." Dr. Hillis said:

Our study will concern the American institutions of today as the seed corn of the America of tomorrow. Let us begin with the statement that the limit of the population in old countries is the limit of food supply. India has only three hundred millions, because she can feed no more. China has only two hundred and fifty millions, because this is the limit of her agricultural resources. Japan's fifty millions, so long stationary, will now increase because of the new food supply in Corea. Observation and experience tell us that the future population of any country is fixed absolutely by its agricultural lands. Social experts feel confident, therefore, of the future population of this Western continent. The three old continents, Asia, Europe and Africa, have ten millions of square miles of good agricultural land. This Western continent has eleven millions. Providence, therefore, through the food law, has ordained a population here one-tenth larger than now found in the Old World. Europe, Asia and Africa now about fourteen hundred millions of people; this Western continent should have about sixteen hundred millions—that is, more than half of the entire human race. Professor Guyot thinks our future population will be two thousand millions. There are certain peculiarities belonging to this Western continent that befit it, he thinks, to be the centre of a new and unique civilization. First, it is long and slender, like the human figure, and as the planet turns eastward, the trade winds, bearing rains, sweep over the narrow continent, just as the steam from a flying locomotive falls behind the engine itself. This gives our continent five-sixths of all the fresh water of the planet, through the Yukon, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi and the Amazon. Second, the Atlantic coast is low, sloping gradually toward the Rockies and the Andes, so that the rain storms sweep across the entire continent before the mountain distills the mist into snow, giving us great rivers, fruitful valleys, rich forests. The mountains to the east of Asia and Africa precipitate the rain, and as the planet turns eastward leaves two-thirds of Africa a desert and one-half of Asia a desolation and waste.

UNIQUENESS OF AMERICA.

Third, because the old Equator, before the planet tipped, ran across Alaska and Hudson's Bay, the great coal deposits of the world lie in an Alaskan continent which ensures our future workshops and factories. Fourth, the mountain range, running north and south, made possible this international railway line, the contracts of which have been let, and which now extends, with but a few unbroken lengths, from the lower valleys of the Yukon, through British Columbia, the United States, Mexico, Panama, straight through to Patagonia, thus uniting the tropics and the Arctics. Now any continent that has coal, and iron land for the tools, wheat and corn lands for the food supply, cotton lands for the raiment, has the future. Nor must we forget that the Western continent is peculiarly blessed through the indentations of the ocean, at Hudson's Bay, the Great Lakes, the entrance scooped out at the Gulf of Mexico, the Amazon, and Behring's Strait, and the Alaskan waterway. For while Asia and Africa on the east are convex, our continent is concave, giving the waters access to cool the land and drench the rich valleys with rain.

The land this side of the Panama Canal produces what the Amazon needs, and the valleys of the Pa Pi ata and the Orinoco produce what the people of our continent must have. The institutions of today, therefore, derive their importance from the fact that they are the seed-corn of an immeasurable tomorrow. What ninety millions are, a thousand millions will become. That was a thrilling moment when Henry Clay, standing on the tops of the Alleghenies, put his hand to his ear and exclaimed, "I hear the tramp of coming millions." But Clay was listening to the march of a hundred millions, and we are listening to the march of regiments twenty times as large. The hour is big with destiny for America. The institutions of today, like acorns, hold the oaks of tomorrow. Our ideals, our homes, our schools, the laws we are making, the manners and customs we are developing, the churches we are founding, are the moulds into which two thousand millions of souls are to be poured. Futurity is vulnerable at this open gate at Ellis Is. land. Such thoughts stir the soul like winds from the white throne where the Eternal dwells, and compel us in our thinking to fall upon the knees.

WHAT KIND OF AMERICANS IS AMERICA PRODUCING?

These great considerations lend importance to the question, What kind of Americans America is producing? On the industrial side, the undeveloped resources of the country has made our people alert, resourceful, energetic and rich. On the individual side the emphasis of the doctrine of equality has made Americans self-reliant, somewhat conceited, impatient of class privileges, and caste divisions. On the side of political liberty, the consciousness of the right to be one's own king, has brought a reaction from tradition and existing institutions, until our liberties sometimes become license, while our irreverence often degenerates into the nothing-to-admire spirit. Much is to be desired on the side of seriousness, solid culture, continuity of work, stability that will hold the young men in the chosen task, obedience to law, loyalty to the great convictions of the fathers, and the high ideals of the republic.

Indeed, the great peril of the moment is the rule of the illiterate class. For the hour we are in bondage to the ignorant multitude, and wear their yoke. In general there are fifteen million voters in the country, represented by the five fingers of this hand. The first finger stands for three million voters who can neither read nor write. This second finger stands for three millions who can read a little, but cannot write at all. This third finger stands for three millions of intelligent, industrious, and highly moral Republican voters; this fourth finger for three million intelligent, industrious and highly moral Democratic party voters; now midway between these two great regiments of intelligent Republicans and intelligent Democrats, stands three millions of intelligent, and industrious, but immoral and corrupt voters, who hold the balance of power in this country. They cast their votes now for the saloon element, now for the gambling element, now for the political gangs, and they live by appealing to the passions of their fellows, and degrade men by stirring up vicious appetites. They represent a peril so vast that Carlyle once prophesied that they would take America with its institutions over Niagara Falls before the experiment of such government has been worked out.

In a letter hanging in yonder lecture room Herbert Spencer prophesies a battle between this class and the poor who are following them on the one side and the prosperous on the other. Herbert Spencer foresees rivers of blood, and finally out of the darkness and confusion he beholds a man on horseback coming in to protect property by the force of armed regiments. We do not so read the signs of the times, even while we do recognize the peril. The taree millions of negroes who cannot read nor write must either learn or lose their vote, and so must all illiterate whites. No ignorant engineer has a right to lay hand on a locomotive and risk the lives of a thousand passengers. No ignorant black man nor white man nor yellow man has any right to pass judgment on silver money or paper money, high tariff or low tariff, government regulation of corporations or vast corporate wealth, moving on without engineer, like trains running wild. There are many, many thousands of children, not in our public schools in New York, many, many thousands in every one of the ten largest cities, two or three millions in the entire country, whose parents are allowing them to grow up wild, as a menace to free institutions. But this republic has become so complex, and its institutions are so involved that every peasant will have to become a scholar, in order to keep up with our social progress. Education must become compulsory, ignorance may be endurable in a monarchy controlled by an aristocratic few; ignorance is impossible in a republic. Either we must free ourselves from our slavery to the illiterate three millions, or the republic will suffer permanent injury.

THE OVERFLOWING INFLUENCE OF GREAT CITIES.

All lovers of their country must recognize the ever-increasing importance of the city as the real battlefield of free institutions. In 1850, one man of eight lived in the city; in 1960, one family out of four dwelt in the large town; now one family out of three, and soon, by reason of the increase of tools, perhaps one-half of out people will live in small towns, or great urban centers. The reasons are not far to seek. Tools have released farmers from drudgery. Today five men with their reapers, thrashers, flour mills, can produce enough wheat, converted into flour and changed into bread, to feed a thousand families for one year. Today one man, in one year, with the new spindles and looms, can produce enough cotton and wool goods to clothe a thousand men and women for one year. Every man has now sixty-man power, and soon will have two hundred-man power, through electric devices.

Once the farmer's boy was a mere slave, revolted from his task, and grew bitter. Now we have emancipated the boy, and sent him to the college and the city, and have captured the wind and the steam and sent them to the slave gang, while an engineer lifts the electric whip. On the other hand, the city has become increasingly attractive. The millions of peasants, newly come from centuries of out of door toil in Central Europe, bring nerves like steel. They hunger for companionship. The thunder of the streets, the noise of the multitude like a flood of waters, gives them the excitement they want and need. The crowded city will do them good, and not evil. After ten generations of town life, your children are over sensitized, and need the farm. These peasants are over muscled, and they need the city. That which threatens your health is bread and meat to them. And more and more they will come to the great city, and every day makes the problem of Americanizing them more pressing. We need to open all our public schools for night lectures. We must found night colleges, in which there will be a hundred thousands students, doing in six or eight years, with night work, what Yale and Harvard do in four years by lectures. We need social settlements, Bible schools. We must quadruple our churches; we must make the truth attractive. The new church must be a Biblical church, a democratic church, and a scientific church, a kind of college in morals, a school of friendship, and a hospital of hurt hearts; in short, an institution for man making and man mending and character building. Other parts of this continent are asking anxiously what kind of Americans is America producing. The usual answer, "We point with pride," is not forthcoming.

THE TYRANNY OF AMBITIOUS BUT UNWORTHY AND INCAPABLE RULERS.

Nor must we overlook the problem involved in the kind of men chosen to rule over our great cities, our states and our nation. Terrible the bondage—the illiterate multitude, but

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FOR THE WOMAN WITH THE NEEDLE.

When mending a glove turn it wrong side out and sew the rent over and over with cotton thread. Silk thread has a tendency to tear the kid.

Do not move the shoulder seam to the front when altering a waist. It is better to drop it backward than forward.

When sewing fine matrial, like chiffon or voile, and the stuff has a tendency to gather on the machine, put a piece of brown paper under it. This will keep the needle from catching on the fine threads of the material, and the paper may be pulled away easily when the sewing is finished.

When a bias edge is to be sewed to a straight edge, put the bias edge underneath and the danger of stretching will be lessened.

Never bite your thread when embroidering. It not only draws the thread, but roughens thread and silks unnecessarily.

The stilletto will always be at hand when you want it, if you will take the trouble to tie it to the embroidery hoop.

MEANING OF THE GREEN BOUGH.

The custom of placing a green bough on the roof of a newly built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French Canadians who brought it with them from Britany. The custom originated from the superstition prevalent centuries ago that every tree is inhabited by a spirit; consequently it was believed that every time a tree was felled another spirit was dispossessed, and this was supposed to cause some bitterness on his part against society. Rather than having these homeless and disgruntled spirits vent their ill feeling upon the houses under construction or upon the builders a branch was planted on the highest part of the house for their occupancy. They were then supposed to be mollified, and if they remained so until the roof was put on any evil design contemplated would prove harmless, for the spell would be broken.—Van Nordens' Magazine.

CAMPAIGN FOR PURE FOOD UNDERWAY

Arousing the Housewife to Refuse Poisoned and Adulturated Foods.

No one doubts the tremendous influence of women if they are thoroughly aroused and when they appreciate how they are being duped and defrauded and poisoned the food adulterators will need to make themselves scarce. A word to the wise should be sufficient, and the wise manufacturer and wholesaler will begin to clean house at once. The Canadian Home Journal has drawn the first sword in this campaign, in the May number.

"Health, like liberty, is only bought at the price of eternal vigilance. If we are desirous of securing it, we must not fail to study this question of pure food. Medicine is not food, and a baking powder containing cream of tartar, which leaves a residue of rochelle salt is an irritant and continual use weakens the stomach and bowels. All persons having weak stomachs should avoid such an irritant laxative mixture with their everyday food. As baking powder is on every shelf in the Dominion it is essential that it should be of the best quality. The housewives of the land cannot afford to have anything but wholesome and nourishing ingredients in their bread and cakes.

"Out of one hundred and fifty eight samples collected, only seventeen do not contain alum. According to the best medical and chemical authorities, the use of alum in foods is injurious to the system and particularly to the digestive organs. The heart and nervous system are also very liable to be affected. To safeguard the health of the family, the housewife should settle on some well known baking powder that is guaranteed by the manufacturers not to contain alum.

"The use of alum in foods in Great Britain has been prohibited for many years and the same thing is true of many States in the Union, and there are many reasons for supposing that the Government authorities at Ottawa will not be long in following suit. Quite recently the State of Pennsylvania made very stringent laws in regard to the use of alum, and its use is now positively prohibited, not only in baking powder, but pickles and other similar articles that are consumed by human beings.

"There is every reason to believe that a pound of first-class baking powder in which alum is not one of the ingredients, can be obtained for 25c, and this should be the standard price for a first-class article. There is no doubt the majority of the goods in the baking powder line, which are sold at the latter price, are not worth over half of this price. The anti-alum crusade is one of the liviest topics of conversation in Canada today, and it seems rather strange that considering the poisonous effects of alum, that the ladies have not become interested in this matter sooner. A general agitation by women, on the non-use of alum will likely be productive of considerable good.

"The worst practices that have ever prevailed in the States and Canada have been the use of unfit raw materials; cheapening adulterations, such for instance, as apple juice colored and flavored as a foundation for currant jelly; the use of tomato cannery waste—skins, cores, rotten tomatoes, etc,—as a stuff from which to make tomato catsups and soups; the use of old evaporated fruits, more or less spoiled and verminifested out of which to make preserves; the use of glucose instead of granulated sugar in sweet goods and, also the use of saccharine to take the place of granulated sugar; the adulteration of vinegar by an admixture of water and commercial acetic acid, obtained from the destructive distillation of wood.

"The great snare of the unskilled housewife is the advertisement which extols the cheapness of certain foods. There are women so entirely lost to the best interests of their households as to squander their money on preserves, jams or spices advertised as bargains. These foolish matrons never seem to pause to consider what cheapness means in inferiority of materials. You cannot obtain pure food at 'cut rates.' Cheap butter, cheap preserves, cheap cloves, and cheap catsup mean that you are buying adulated goods. If you prefer to feed the family on rotton fruit, skillfully disguised, if you do not care whether nutmegs are the real thing or a wooden substitute, by all means buy the bargain foods.

"Pepper is an article which is frequently adulterated and which should be carefully examined as to strength and quality. A certain firm was offering pepper in pails at a price which was surprisingly low. An expert in pepper who was talking to one of the firm's customers, declared that the articles could not be pure and sold at the price alleged.

"To prove it said the expert, 'telephone and ask them what they will charge for whole Singapore pepper.'

"The answer came back promptly and, strange to say, the underground pepper would cost more than that which was ground. As it costs one-half cent to grind and three-fourths of a cent to put in pails, the inference was obvious.

"The adulterants of pepper are flour, cornmeal, pepper-shells, cocoanut shells and ground olive stones. The last named adulterant is decidedly harmful, as it is indigestible to a dangerous degree.

"Lime fruit juice, or lime juice, as it is more commonly called, is an object of frequent adulteration ...and only the best brands of this beverage should be procured. It is most refreshing and beneficial drink, when obtained in a pure form and is extensively used in fevers; but care should be taken to examine label and brand. This is becoming an increasingly popular article in Canada, and is used in jellies, fruit punches and puddings with a piqant effect in such dishes. But acid adulterants are common, and the housekeeper who wants genuine lime juice must "look out for the label."

The story is told of a traveller in the employ of a certain Canadian spice manufactory, who called on a grocer in a small northern town and was met with a refusal. 'Yes, sir,' replied the grocer, 'ground cloves, cheaper by ten cents a dozen than you can sell them.' ...

"'Then I'll take a package,' said the traveller, who is a man of resource. The firm which he represents is one which has been making an effort to procure and manufacture high-class goods, in spite of the fact that the Canadian housewife requires to be 'educated up' to pure food values. Consequently their representative was anxious to see the quality of this cheap package of ground cloves—and was even willing to spend a few cents on the investigation. He opened the package, took a pinch of dull brown powder between finger and thumb and smiled in superior fashion.

"'What's the matter?' said the grocer suspiciously.'

"'I don't wish to be disagreeable,'

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BLACK LETTER WEEK.

This has been an eventful week in the history of Leakesville. When on Sunday the bright air seemed to breathe the glad chant of a thousand unseen coquettishly prancing and singing naiads and nymphs proclaimed Nuptial Bans, these heavenly symphonies had hardly ceased before another day was dawning to the tune of a happy refrain caught up by the same invisible choristers, rejoicingly announcing the advent of not "The New King," but a little stranger. The echoes of this died away Monday night just as the Aeolean harps began to play their sad requiems over the telephone wires as an aftermath in the wake of the death angel's visit at Morrill, the strains of their weird music wailed and sobbed out into nothingness, but the end was not yet. Fortune had still another ill turn to play us, another drop was to fall from her chalice; this time on Tuesday, just as the day was fading, the dolefull toll of the bell rang out upon the peaceful atmosphere with slow and measured peals, telling us that the wand of death visitor had touched one in our midst.

Late Wednesday evening the scene of havoc shifted out to Big Creek. Here Fortune played her last caprice, closing the chapter of this black letter week, when the imps sang their plaintive harmonies over the little body consigned to their realms. —Green County Herald, Waynesboro, Miss.

BAD AND GOOD GEORGE!

Naughty Georgie Washington—
What do you s'pose he's gone and done?
He chopped his father's cherry tree.
Oh, that was bad as bad can be!

But trustful Georgie Washington
Told his pa what he had done.
"I cannot tell a lie!" cried he.
And that was good as good can be.

RAILWAY MEN DISCUSS TELEPHONE.

The Association of Railway Telegraph Superintendents met in convention June 24. Train dispatching by telephone was the main subject discussed. It appeared that many railroads in the United States and Canada are ready to adopt the telephone system. A number of interesting papers were read.

P. E. ISLAND 63 YEARS AGO

The arrivals from Pictou on the Albion on the 11th included Hon J. H. Peters and Lady, James Peake, Esq., Mr Deblois and Mr Anderson.

Eggs are quoted at 8d; pork, carcass, 5d to 6d per pound; and turkeys at 4 shillings.

The American papers refer to an invention which is reported to sew beautiful and strong seams in strong cloth and do the work of six tailors.

An Engine on the Great Western Railway of England made as high as seventy miles in an hour at a recent trial trip.

Collections are being taken up all over the Island for the relief of the poor and famine stricken in Ireland and Scotland.

The following are the officers of Fire Co. No. 1. at this date:—Captain—James Watts; 1st Lieut—Jas. Hobbs; 2nd Lieut—Joseph Weeks; Pipemen—Stephen Bovyer, Edward Chandler.

Mr George Coles having accepted a seat in the Executive Council of P. E. Island his seat was declared vacant, and contested by Mr James McCallum of Brackley Point Road and Mr Coles. Mr McCallum claiming that a resident of the district should be elected. The following was the result of the then 1st District of Queens Co. George Coles—438, J. McCallum—411, Majority for Mr Coles—27.

On May 4th the weather conditions are referred to as follows:—"The weather is unusually backward for this season of the year and until a few days ago people were still crossing on the ice. There is much suffering in the country districts for lack of fodder and the seed grain had to be used to save the cattle. There has been no arrivals of vessels at this port up to date."