Agricultural

SAVING SEED CORN.

Few farmers realize the necessity for care in the selection of grains and other farm products intended for the next year's seed. With wheat and oats there is usually but little difficulty, provided the grain has been well ripened and is thoroughly dry when garnered. Any grain that has heated excessively in the bin, says a writer, will be found to be injured in vitality and will not give a full and uniform stand. When there is any suspicion that all is not right, it will be better to reject it and secure some from sources known to be reliable. Run no risks on poor seed, directly and indirectly on corn alone, amounts to thousands of dollars annually in the aggregate, most of which might have been avoided by proper precaution at the right time. The practice of taking seed corn from the crib just before planting should not be relied on. There is much disappointment in store for those who select seed in this way. There is no better way for selecting than when husking. While handling, the best ears will be readily seen and can be thrown aside. The largest and most perfect ears should be selected; those well filled at the point should be taken in preference to others. Also those with small cob and long, plump grains. It is well to select twice as much as one expects to use. It frequently happens that one plants a larger acreage than he had expected, or some neighbor who has been less careful than you will want some. If plenty is stored it can be culled again before planting, using only the very best. By careful and continued selection, the yield may be materially increased. When we consider that the seed for the planting of an acre of corn costs but a trifle, we see the folly of risking poor seed. Where one wishes to improve the early maturing qualities of the crop, it may be well to go through the field in advance of the cutters and select the earliest ripening ears. This method continued several years will result in making the same variety very much earlier. The best place to store seed corn during the winter, is in a room where the temperature will seldom or never go much below freezing. While freezing may not kill the germ entirely, it will lessen its vitality, and a weak, puny stalk be the result. One would suppose that if corn would germinate at all, it would give satisfaction under all circumstances but such is not the case. I remember, very well some years ago, seed corn was very scarce in our locality owing to early frosts the year previous, and many farmers depended upon buying. A local dealer shipped in a lot to supply the demand. Some of the purchasers tested it in the house under the most favorable circumstances, and about 90 per cent. failed to grow, the season being cold and unfavorable. The failure to get a good stand is a matter of serious loss and great disappointment, especially if the planting be done late in the season. To be obliged to replant from any cause means additional expense, and the field always presents an uneven, patched-up appearance. It is best to leave the corn unshelled until wanted for planting; it retains its vitality better and longer. Instances are known where seed corn that had been stowed in the ear, in a dry warm place, retained its vitality for ten years. Notwithstanding all precaution has been taken in selecting and storing, it is safest to test it before planting, to learn just what per cent. can be depended on. A week or two before planting time, take a couple of grains from a number of ears, sufficient to give a correct estimate, and plant them out of doors, subject to all climatic changes. The per cent found growing under those conditions can be depended on in field culture. It is always safer to plant rather thick and be certain of a good stand; it can be thinned later if necessary for one-fifth the expense it would require to replant. The easiest way to thin hoed crops is to cut them out or cover them with a hoe. This requires no stooping and can be done almost as fast as one can walk.

WINTER BUTTER MAKING ON THE FARM.

Dairymen who expect to make butter this winter and produce it at a profit, should be prepared to conform to certain conditions. First, cold weather unless successfully combated is antagonistic to the production of milk. Milk must be had both of good quality and liberal in quantity, to insure raw material for butter manufacture, writes Geo. E. Newell.

It is imperative then that the cows be surrounded by warmth, to husband the animal heat within, and be fed well balanced rations conducive to the highest production of milk. To give one without the other would be to cause the cows to shrink in yield. A milch cow in winter needs the highest grade of care—thorough, systematic care, given by an experienced and conscientious hand. Regularity in feeding and milking must be enforced and the stable kept sweet and well ventilated. Care of a winter dairy should not be termed "chores," and left to boy help, as is too often done. It is next to impossible to wring profits out of the cows by any such plan.

Every precaution should be taken to preserve the natural flavor of milk. Even the slightest bit of stable tang will ruin the quality of the butter. The immaculate flavor of winter-made butter will commend it more than any other feature, and win it friends everywhere. To insure this quality cleanly methods must be employed in milking. Clean, sweet bedding must be used under the cows, and directly after the milk has been drawn it should be removed from the stable. Outside of the stable, and in a sweet, pure atmosphere, preferably the dairy room, the milk should be strained and aerated. It is then ready for any method of creaming that is to be employed. If a hand separator is to be used of course that part is soon settled, but if you can rely on deep or shallow setting, set the milk at once after aeration. I spoke of a "dairy room," attached or adjacent to every farm house where butter is made winter or summer, there should exist an especial room for this purpose and for the housing and creaming of milk.

This plan of "setting" milk in a pantry or "buttery," off from the kitchen, will result now as it has always resulted, in second or third class quality butter. To obtain a first-class article, which is the only kind of butter, that will yield a profit to the home dairy manfacturer, it must be made in a room removed from all cooking odors. Get the cream all out of the milk within 24 hours at least. If you keep it setting 36 or 48 hours, as is sometimes done, the milk, cream and resulting butter will have a bitter taste that is ruinous to good flavor. I have found an even temperature of 50 to 55 degrees to be a good one to facilitate the raising of cream. Do not heat the milk by setting the crocks on the stove to start the cream to rise. It will simply melt the butter globules and result in an inferior manufactured article.

After the cream has been taken from the milk in a sweet state, it is then ready to be matured or ripened. Perhaps 12 hours at a temperature of 60 to 65 degrees will be sufficient to do this, but not in any apartment where kitchen or other foreign odors are accessible. Cream moderately acrid ought to act all right in the churn at a temperature of 65 degrees and "come" readily into butter. If it does not, the cream from a fresh cow, if obtained and added to the rest, will quickly remedy difficulty. Make winter butter only on the modern improved plan, i.e., washing the buttermilk from it when it is granulated, using a pure soluble grade of salt, and placing it on sale in neat attractive packages. You will find that by pursuing this plan and offering for sale butter with a perfectly sweet natural flavor, it will win more ready customers than the average creamery article, and pay you a handsome profit.

CAREFUL SELECTION IN RAISING HORSES.

It requires six years from the time of breeding until we have the animal of marketable age generally sought for. The best time to go into the business of horse breeding is when breeding stock is cheap—little or no demand in the markets—when selections of the desired types and blood can be carefully made with the adaptation of both sires and dams to be coupled together for the most uniform results, with the view of improving all the good qualities of our horses and eradicating their defects, at a reasonable outlay of money.

To maintain any of the specific types of horses, we must confine ourselves in the selection of breeding animals to the desired type, let it be draft, coach, carriage or road horses, and never try to improve either type by crossing one type with another. By so doing we are in great danger of losing the good qualities of both and all subsequent breeding will be more or less guess work.

While we may confine all our horse breeding to a specific type, we cannot expect to overcome the imperfections of many of the individuals of the type, without very careful selection of the brood mares and stallions that should be mated together for the improvement of that type, and herein lies the great secret of the improvement of all the types of our best horses. Thousands upon thousands of farmers in the last decade have had some experience in cross breeding, or rather "haphazard" breeding from which the country became flooded with a great mass of horseflesh that they themselves did not want and there proved to be no sale for at living prices, which should be a lesson for us in all future efforts in horse breeding.

MANURE PRESERVATIVES.

About the stable and the compost heap much valuable ammonia escapes and is lost. This can be largely prevented by the application of materials which will absorb and hold the volatile gases. Possibly the best and cheapest is dry earth containing a considerable quantity of humus. Every farm has plenty of this, the only cost being the placing under cover, Gypsum or land plaster is highly recommended, but its influence is not very markes. Sprinkle the absorbent over the manure pile and about the stalls when the stable has been cleaned. Disagreeable odors will be prevented and fertility saved.

A NOVA SCOTIA FARMER.

TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED OF SALT RHEUM.

His Fingers, Hands and Wrists Were a Mass of Cracks and Sores, by Reason of Which He Was Unable to Work.

To the Editor of the Enterprise:—

I have read from week to week in your paper, testimonials from those who have been cured through using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I have experienced much benefit from the use of that medicine, I believe it my duty to let others know they can be relieved from a very painful malady. I am now 75 years of age, and am at the present time, and in fact ever since I took a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, have been enjoying excellent health. Before that time I had been ailing for some months, finally I was attacked with salt rheum, which came out mostly on my hands. It was not long after its first appearance before I was unable to do any work at all with my hands. I resorted to all the domestic cures I could hear of, but the disease kept on its course, getting worse and worse, until the palms of my hands and my fingers were a mass of cracks, open sores and hideous scabs. I then got medicine from the doctor, which I used for several weeks, with no benefit whatever, — my hands still becoming more and more crippled with the disease. My general health, too, at this time was poor and I got discouraged altogether, believing there was no help for the terrible complaint that was gradually spreading over my hands and up my wrists towards my arms. It happened one day in conversation with an acquaintance that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were mentioned in connection with some other case in the neighborhood, and it was suggested that I try them for salt rheum. I had not much faith in the trial, but concluded to get a box and see what good they might do. To my great delight, after using the box I found an improvement in the condition of my hands, and I got six boxes more. I did not use all these, for before they were hands were as sound as ever. The new gone the disease had vanished and my skin came on as smooth and fresh as if nothing had been the matter. I took no other medicine while using the pills and the whole praise of the cure is due to them. My general health was also greatly benefited by their use and I attended to my work with more energy and in better spirits than I had done for a number of years. I have been in excellent health ever since for a man of my years, and no sign of salt rheum has since appeared. The box or two of Pink Pills which I left unused were taken by my wife and did her much good. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and am pleased to give my testimony to their merit, hoping others may thereby be induced to use them in cases like my own.

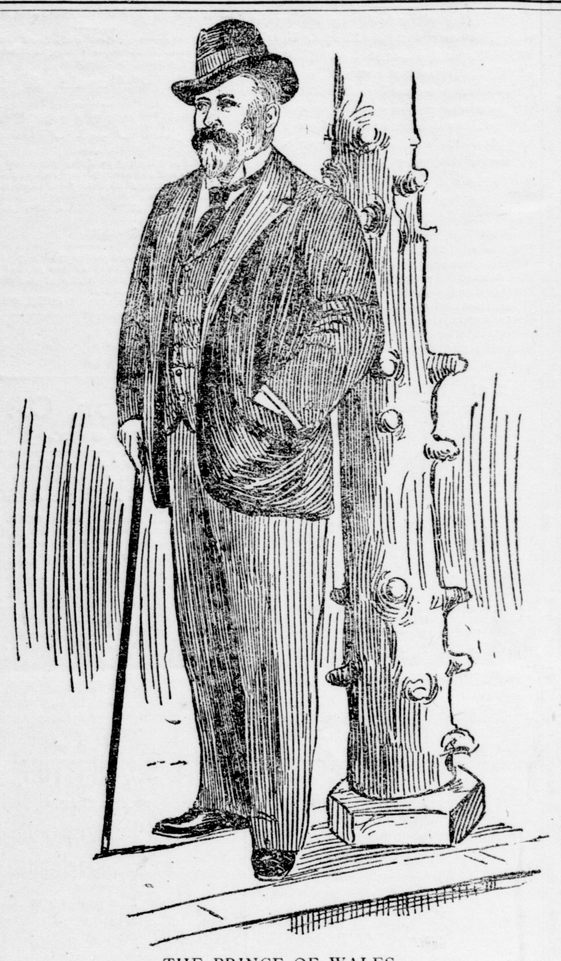
Henry Chesley.

The editor of the Enterprise can add that Mr. Chesley is a representative farmer living about three miles from the town of Bridgewater, N. S., and the utmost reliance can be placed on his statement.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood and in this way drive disease from the system. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical. Sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A LIBRARY IN ITSELF.

The printing of the catalogue of the British Museum will be finished before the end of the year 1900. The work will then consist of about 600 quarto volumes, containing on an average 250 columns each. When the printing began, in 1881, the number of titles in the manuscript catalogue was about 3,000,000. The accessions since that time exceed half a million, their average annual number during recent years having been about 40,000. The number of printed volumes in the Museum may be roughly estimated at about 2,000,000.



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince is fast recovering from his regrettable accident, and now looks as well as ever.

PROVIDENCE AND JUDGMENT

A hundred miles from Aden Her Majesty's troopship Idena steamed along bound for home.

All day the fierce sun had streamed down with blazing beams which those on board endured, cursed or grumbled at, according to their various dispositions.

The sensation of the day had been provided by a Lascar stoker, who, rushing from the inferno of the engine-room, leaped headlong overboard, mad for one delicious plunge into coolness after enduring the torments of heat.

"Man overboard!" rang out. Engines were reversed. Ladies started from languid recumbency. A smooth-faced subaltern offered a hundred to one against "the nigger being picked up," but no one troubled to listen to him, for the water hereabouts is swarming with sharks. However, just as horror became subdued into resignation, a black speck was seen swimming vigorously. A boat was lowered and the poor wretch was dragged back, collapsing utterly when certain of safety.

All this, however, had happened six hours ago. The incident had been discussed, commented on and capped by similar cases, and long before the dinner bell rang the customary state of boredom had again set in.

After dinner, when the sun had finally disappeared, and the stars shone out of the wonderful luminosity of a southern night, some one (probably the major's wife) proposed a dance, and presently the notes of a waltz rose and fell, alluring with its languorous lilt of melancholy sweetness even those who vowed they "didn't dance" to seek out partners.

Among the many who circled around were the officer in command, Captain Assheton and his partner Miss Phyllis Welsh.

The ladies of the Dovecot denied that Miss Welsh had any claims to the attractive adjectives by which the men on board ship described her charming manners and face. They emphatically agreed among themselves that the only epithet, she deserved was that of being "an outrageous flirt."

Whatever her character might really be to-night, more men than Captain Assheton thought Miss Phyllis Welsh looked "uncommonly fetching." Her eyelids, heavy with dark lashes, dropped as though to hide the exulting brightness of the eyes they shaded, while excitement restored the bloom which a year spent in Indian gayeties had somewhat paled.

As she glided round she breathed quicker than the heat of the evening or the motion of the dance accounted for. She wondered at her own sensations. To experience the delight, fear, rapture and doubt which it had amused her to make others feel half terrified, half charmed her.

Once raising her eyes she met full a glance from Captain Assheton, and a thrill of certainty swept away the last doubt whether or not her love was returned.

"Let's come and sit it out," said Captain Assheton, then he added, "I want to speak to you—to tell you, Phyllis"—He stopped abruptly on perceiving an orderly coming to speak to him.

"Well, what is it?" he asked, peremptorily.

"Please, sir, the doctor says Private Robinson is seriously ill."

Captain Assheton turned apologetically to his partner. "I must leave you for a few minutes. Will you wait for me here? I shall be back in five minutes."

"Yes," assented Miss Welsh, leaning back languidly in a deck chair. "I'll wait for you here if you're not too long."

Captain Assheton and the orderly strode away.

Custom had not yet steeled Assheton's heart against feeling a pang of sorrow when called to visit the poor fellows whose dying words it was his duty when officer in command to note and report.

When Tommy Atkins dies there is no useless fuss made over the event. No loving hand clasps his to strengthen him during the last struggle. No tears fall to tell him that even he, poor fellow, has some one who will miss him. No! The doctor merely reports him "seriously ill." The officer on duty comes to stand by his bedside and note down whatever message "Tommy" may choose to send to his mother or sweetheart waiting for him at home. Then a few hours later, if on land, "Tommy" is buried in a coffin the price of which government stops out of his pay, or, if he die on board ship, with some shot tied to his ankles, overboard he is dropped, to sink out of sight and join that weird company of shrouded corpses which stand upright, drifting and swaying in the currents of the sea, halfway between the bottom and the surface of the ocean.

On reaching the stifling deck where the sick, the wounded and the dying lay, the orderly stopped beside the berth of Private Robinson.

Usually the officer in command knows nothing of the man whose dying words he has to report, but, as it chanced, Assheton had heard something of Private Robinson's career. He knew that Robinson was "a gentleman ranker" one of those good-looking, reckless, unlucky fellows, against whom fortune seems to have a spite.

As Assheton came to the side of his berth the dying man stared up with a curious expression of defiant despair. Above him, beside him, all around the deck lay other sufferers, listening and watching to hear what "the poor beggar" had to say.

It was hardly the place for confidences and Assheton felt fully the embarrassment of the position. Robinson, however, had reached the time when the world recedes into the background of one's consciousness, and what has to be done must be done at once, or left forever unaccomplished.

He feebly strove to take something from under his pillow.

"Can I reach that for you?" asked Assheton, gently.

"I've waited too long," said Robinson. "I intended to send this back myself, but somehow I put it off from day to day. I couldn't bear to part with it." He stopped a minute as he succeeded in lifting up an envelope, then he continued: "I want to send this back to her, and tell her that though she sent me to the devil—I loved her to the end." He added, as Assheton took the envelope containing the photo from him. "The address is written at the back of it."

"Is there nothing else I can do for you?" said Assheton huskily.

"Nothing. Thank you, sir," replied Robinson, and Assheton felt he was dismissed.

He turned away in silence and left the hospital deck

As he again passed through the dancers the waltz was hastening to its conclusion, and the laughing, talking company were dispersing in search of ices and comfortable seats,

Phyllis Welsh was still sitting where Assheton had left her.

"You weren't long," she said, smiling. "What did 'Tommy' want to tell you? Do tell me all about it."

Something in her words grated against Assheton's feelings. He sat down and replied slowly: "He asked me to return a photo to a girl and tell her that, though she played him false, he loved her to the end."

"Oh!" cried Phyllis, "How interesting it sounds! Have you the photo there? Do show it to me."

"You must not ask me to do that," said Assheton, gravely.

But Phyllis was not accustomed to have her wishes ungratified. She leaned forward and looked up with her wonderful dark eyes glowing. "Will you refuse the first request I've ever made of you?" she urged.

"Of course, if you insist"—hesitated Assheton.

"I do insist! I must see what the girl is like! Some common, vulgar creature, I suppose, that the poor fellow idealized into a piece of perfection."

"Probably," assented Assheton dryly taking the envelope from his pocket and producing the photograph.

With eager curiosity Phyllis bent over.

For the space of a second she stared, rigid with astonishment and dismay, then exclaiming, "Give it to me! Oh! give it to me!" she tried to snatch the photograph from Assheton.

It was too late. Assheton, with blank disgust, had already recognized the beautiful likeness.

"Give it to me!" she stammered.

"Certainly," replied Assheton. "It was what I promised to do."

He dropped the photo into her hands and strode away.

GUESTS MUST BE HEALTHY.

People Who Die are Not Wanted by the Riviera Hotel Proprietors.

The hotel proprietors in the South of France and the Riviera, that land of sunshine and roses, where happiness and holidays are the business of life, will not take in a traveler who has the appearance of being ill or is consumptive-looking. They would rather have a fire than a death in the house any time. For a death is the worst luck that can befall them.

People go to the Riviera to enjoy themselves, and anything which reminds one of the dark side of life acts as an effectual damper to gayety. It was found some seven years ago that hotels where death took place got a bad name and did not prosper.

So at the present day, when, notwithstanding all precautions, a death does happen to occur at a Riviera hotel, the corpse is taken out the very next night by the back entrance and deposited in the nearest church or cemetery. No mention is made of the death by any of those who are aware of it, and if one of the attendants should chance to whisper a word of it to another it means instant dismissal, never mind how old a servant he is of the hotel.

A very gruesome sight it is if you happen to be returning late to your hotel, and chance to meet one of those silent processions bearing a corpse to the neighboring church. And under no conditions, can you find out whose body it is, as strict silence is observed by the bearers.

Is It Scrofula

That Fills Your Life with Pain and Bread?

A Disease from Which Countless Thousands Suffer.

Scrofula is emphatically a disease of the blood. It causes eruptions, inflammation and sores. When it affects the glands of the neck they become swollen, causing disfigurement and discomfort. Affecting the eyes, it causes blindness. Though most common in childhood, it is liable to break out at any time, fully equipped for its terrible work. Scrofula may be thoroughly eradicated from the system by Hood's Sarsaparilla and all its painful and disastrous consequences avoided. This great medicine has made thousands of people grateful by its cures of this disease. It attacks the enemy at once and with the first few doses the healing work begins. If you have any taint of scrofula in your blood it is your duty to yourself and to others to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Canada's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. $1; 6 for $5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THREE WONDERFUL MARKSMEN

Adolph Toepperwein, Young Petmecky, and Joseph Tumlinson.

Adolph Toepperwein, the youngster who has been astonishing Londoners by drawing pictures of Commodore Schley and other notables with a target rifle, is of German breed, as his name shows. He is of the German type also—burly, blonde, blue-eyed, jovial and phlegmatic. He is the son of a small farmer who lives just south of the Helotes Hills, fifteen miles north of San Antonio, Texas. It is a country specially adapted for the development of perfect sight, the air being always pure and thin, the light mellow and the surface of the land a constant green from the never-changing cactus and mesquite. In this country everybody sees well. A person less than 50 years old wearing glasses is looked upon as one sadly afflicted. I do not think that the distressing incident of a little child peering through spectacles has even existed there. We dwellers in the cities, where night is turned into day and the winter climate turns day into night and the electrics burn nearly always, pay dearly for the privilege.

Young Toepperwein was known as a remarkable shot in a community of good shots when he was 16 years old. He has been familiar with the rifle since he was big enough to hold one up, and has used it steadily in the field where blowing winds and running shadows and different lights force a man to learn all that there is to be learned of the science of projectile hurling. He is not only a strangely efficient long-distance shot, but he is a wonderful trick shot, and it is trick shooting he is doing on the other side of the water. Severing swinging strings and splitting bullets driven against the edges of knives and

SNUFFING LIGHTED CANDLES

fifty yards away, and boring holes through silver dollars tossed in the air are matters of every-day practice with him. It should be said of him, too, that in these exhibitions he uses always the single ball of .22 calibre. Many people who have seen William F. Cody career around the ring smashing glass balls with a Winchester carbine, are not aware that the Colonel uses a shell loaded with fine shot, but that is what he does. He does not use the single ball in the carbine for two reasons: He could not hit anything with it except at infrequent intervals, and the Winchester bullet has a habit of flying a mile or so and killing the inoffensive stranger standing on the corner not meaning any harm.

Toepperwein, before he took to shooting as a business, had dreams of becoming what he called "a artist," meaning thereby a newspaper cartoonist. The picture of Commodore Schley, which he makes with 200 bullets fired with wonderful rapidity from a target rifle, is not a speaking likeness. He draws better with a bullet than with a lead pencil or carver.

It is singular, but true, that a comparatively restricted territory has produced three single ball shots who are probably the greatest the world has ever known. Toepperwein is one of them. A boy named Petmecky is another. This youth, who is now in his early twenties, is the son of an Austin Texas, gunsmith, inventor of the well-known "Petmecky gun cleaner." Young Petmecky is as remarkable for the rapidity of his firing as for its accuracy. He is able, in the picturesque language of the South-west, almost to "melt the bullets together in the barrel."I A man

CANNOT COUNT THE SHOTS

he fires when going at full speed any more than he can count the beats in a drum-roll. A favorite feat of his is to toss a brick in the air, break it in two, and then break both pieces before they strike the ground. This feat is especially remarkable because nobody can toss a brick to a great height, and the shooting must be done with inconceivable rapidity. We have never known any other person able to repeat this performance, and we do not believe that Toepperwein can do it.

Joseph Tumlinson, now dead, was for many years one of the most noted killers of the lower Rio Grande district. He is said to have had the ghosts of nearly fifty men following him about, "that is," as an admirer once remarked with naivete, "countin' Mexicans as men." It is certain that he had slain in personal encounter nearly twenty whites. His private graveyards were numerous. He shot equally well with the Winchester and with the Colt's six shooter of .45 calibre. This is a force-ball weapon, with a heavy charge behind the lead. It has much "kick-up" to it, and with it accuracy is specially difficult of attainment. Tumlinson used to take a six-shooter in his hand and write his initials into a tree while galloping past it; would scallop the edges of a tin plate set up at thirty yards by striking it with half the bullet; would stand with his heels close together and wheel rapidly, clipping the red "pearapples" from cactus leaves twenty yards away; would shoot geese, sandhill cranes, ducks and Mexican quail upon the wing; using a Winchester; would stand for hours on the banks of Soldier Lake, in Dimmitt county, severing the heads from moccasins which swam far out; would take a pistol in each hand and send two tossed Mexican dollars spinning far upward and bored through. He shot, if anything, better when drunk than when sober, and desperadoes with smaller reputations went into back rooms and locked themselves in when he came to town, which was not often. Nobody had any trouble with him if they saw him first. He died by his own hand in his sixty-fourth year.

KITCHENER AND THE DONKEYS.

An Incident of the Resourcefulness of the Sirdar.

More than a year ago General Kitchener, the hero of Omdurman, was rather inefficiently supplied with the appliances and rolling stock necessary for his undertakings, the Sirdar being anxious to get a telegraph wire from a certain post to another ten miles further up the river without delay. He gave his orders and went his way. Coming back he found the work at a standstill, and his electrician and engineer complained that although they had all the necessary wires they had no means or appliances for rolling them along the ten miles to the next post.

The matter was very pressing. The Sirdar knitted his brow and said:—There are these donkeys. I can give you donkeys." But that was no good. How was the wire to be unrolled without a trolley, truck or drum? Again the Sirdar stood baffled, deep in thought. Suddenly he picked up a piece of loose canvas matting and wrapped it round a donkey's neck; then he seized the roll of wire and passed it over the donkey's head. He gave the animal a kick and off it cantered, unwinding the wire as it went, for the other end was duly secured to the ground! The Sirdar laughed, "You must use the donkeys," he said.

And in this way the donkey was kicked and goaded along the ten miles, unwinding the telegraph wire, the purpose was achieved and the necessary communication between two important posts was secured. It does not signify in schemes of such magnitude that the donkey's neck was cut to ribbons! It had to be killed; other donkeys took its place. What mattered a few donkey's lives? The Sirdar is a man of determination; a thing that has to be done must be done. But still—it was a little hard on the poor little "mokes."

MANY GO INSANE.

WOMEN'S BURDENS ARE HEAVY AND HARD TO BEAR.

Unless Dodd's Kidney Pills are Used, Then Diseases of Women are Cured, and Suffering Ceases—Mrs. Ellen Dowson's Case.

Toronto, Nov. 28.—The daily papers from day to day contain reports of the wrecking of once happy homes, through the insanity of mothers, whose reason has been destroyed by illness.

Women's burdens are many and heavy, and hard to bear. They are, as a rule, borne in silence, for women don't want to incur the expense of calling in doctors; they don't want to worry their husbands. They continue suffering in silence, while their ailments are sapping their strength, undermining their health, and reason, and hurrying them to the grave.

It is needless to call in a doctor in most of such cases. The suffering woman can cure herself at very small expense. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the remedy she needs.

In ninety-nine of every hundred cases of "Female Complaints," the trouble has its origin in diseased Kidneys. Very soon the urinary, and reproductive organs are involved, and the sufferer becomes a frail and wasted shadow of her former self.

By restoring the Kidneys to sound health, and so ensuring their prompt and proper action. "Female Complaints" can be quickly, thoroughly and permanently cured.

Mrs. Ellen Dowson, 640 Gerrard St. E., has discovered the value of Dodd's Kidney Pills in these cases. She writes: "For over six years I suffered intensely with Palpitation of the Heart, and Feamale Weakness. One of Toronto's best doctors attended me, and I used many different medicines, but got no relief, till I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have taken eight boxes, and am completely cured."

Dodd's Kidney Pills will do for all suffering women, what they did for Mrs. Dowson. Test them. They'll convince you by curing you.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

The Lancet publishes some curious facts with regard to the number of false eyes which are turned out annually by different factories in Germany and France. The total of these ornamental appendages made in the German empire is said to amount to the enormous total of two millions yearly; and, at the same time, one French factory, out of many, makes three hundred thousand in the same period. But we must not jump to the conclusion that these figures indicate in any way the number of human beings who have been deprived of the sight of one eye, for the artificial eyes include those used by waxmakers, by taxidermists, and even by the doll manufacturers. It is noteworthy that the totally blind never wear false eyes. The person who has been deprived of the sight of one eye sees his disfigurement whenever he looks into a glass, and his aesthetic sense—or perhaps his vanity—leads him to make good the deficiency in the best way he can. In the case of the wholly blind such feelings die out, or are submerged in the immensity of their loss.

The New Woman.

Now enters upon pursuits formerly monopolized by men. But the feminine nerves are still hers and she suffers from toothache. To her we recommend Nerviline, nerve-pain cure, cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline, the most marvellous pain remedy known to science. Nerviline may be used efficaciously for all nerve pain.

ONE ADVANTAGE.

Still, living in a boarding house has its advantages.

I don't know of any.

Well, there are generally a few umbrellas around that one may borrow.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

EARLY DEPRAVITY.

Let it alone, Willie, said the bad boy's mother. Don't try to tear it open. It will be a beautiful butterfly next year.

Mebby it will, and mebby it won't, replied the bad boy, proceeding to dissect it. All cocoons look alike to me.

ACCEPTED AUTHORITIES ON MANURING.

David Popplewell in writing from Low Fell, Gateshead, in May of this year to the "Scottish Farmer," concludes:—"These investigations of Germany's most eminent agricultural chemists furnish unanimous evidence of the value attached to Thomas-Phosphate Powder in Germany, where they are accepted as trustworthy and correct by all farmers, and in that country Thomas-Phosphate Powder is becoming more and more recognized as the great fundamental factor in manurial practice."

It was a wise woman that said "Blue Ribbon Tea is good enough for me!"

Attack of the Blues

is quickly dispelled by using

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

It is a sure antidote.— Lead packages.— 25, 40, 50 and 60c.

IF you have any APPLES, BUTTER, EGGS or POULTRY to ship, ship them to

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

HEALTH RESTORED WITHOUT MEDICINE OR EXPENSE to the MOST DISORDERED STOMACH, LUNGS, NERVES, LIVER, BLOOD, BLADDER, KIDNEYS, BRAIN and BREATH by

DU BARRY'S REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which SAVES INVALIDS and CHILDREN, and also Rears successfully Infants whose Ailments and Debility have resisted all other treatments. It digests when all other Food is rejected, saves 50 times its cost in medicine.

50 YEARS' INVARIABLE SUCCESS. 100,000 ANNUAL CURES of Constipation, Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diabetes, Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Phlegm, Diarrhœa, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Despondency.

DU BARRY and Co. (Limited), 77 Regent-street, London, W., also in Paris, 14 Rue de Castiglione, and at all Grocers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere, in tins 2s., 3s., 6d., 6s. 5lb., 14s. Sent carriage free. Also DU BARRY'S REVALENTA BISCUITS, in tins, 9s. 6d. and 6s.

FREE.

We give this fine watch, and also a chain and charm for selling two dozen LEVER COLLAR BUTTONS, at 10 cts. each. Send your address and we forward the Buttons, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the Buttons among your friends, return the money, and we give the watch, prepaid. A genuine American watch, guaranteed a good timepiece.

Mention this paper when writing.

LEVER BUTTON CO., 20 Adelaide St. E. Toronto, Ont.

EARN A WATCH

Earn this valuable Watch, Chain and Charm by selling twenty **Topaz Scarf Pins**, at 15 cents each. Send your address and we forward the Pins and our Premium List, postpaid. No money required. These Pins will almost sell themselves, for the Topaz has all the brilliance of the best diamonds, and has never before been offered at anything like this price. The Watch is neat in appearance, thoroughly well made, and fully guaranteed. Unsold Pins may be returned. Mention this paper when writing.

THE GEM PIN CO., Freehold Building, Toronto, Ont.

WILKINS & CO.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

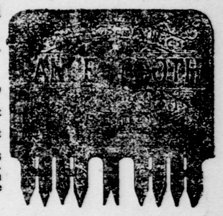
AXES, Solid Steel, 50 Cents Each.

Hammers solid steel 25c each

Violins $1.50, $2.50, $3.50 and $5.00 each.

Lance-Tooth Saws, THE "HEADLIGHT," One of the fastest and most perfect saws made, every saw guaranteed only 50c per foot

Mouth Organs at 10, 20, 25 and 50 cts. each. Our 25c and 50c Mouth Organs are post-paid at the price.



WILKINS & CO., 166 and 168 King St. East, Toronto.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Did you hear about Bumps?

No, what is it?

Slipped on the sidewalk and broke his arm.

H'm! that was bad.

No, that was good. He sued the city and got $10,000 damages.

Well, that was good.

No, that was bad. As soon as she found it out, his wife sued for a divorce and got all the money.

H'm! that was bad.

No; that was good. His second wife get rid of her at any price.

That was good.

No; that was bad. As soon as he could he married again.

That was bad.

No; that was good. His second wife had twice as much money as he'd had before.

That was good.

No; that was bad. They went to live in a flat. The janitor kept it so hot that the silver melted and all ran away.

Oh, that was bad.

Yes; but it wasn't the worst. A cold snap came the next day, and he froze to death.

TURKISH BATH MONEY.

Among the Turks bath money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. If it be withheld she has only to go before the Cadi and turn her slipper upside down. If the complaint be not redressed it is ground for divorce.

Active Man Wanted.

To read this advertisement and then give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. It never fails to cure. Acts in twenty-four hours and causes neither pain nor discomfort. Putnam's Corn Extractor extracts corns. It is the best.

LADIES WILL BE GLAD.

San Francisco now has a law by which a peddler who rings a door bell of a house where the sign "no peddlers" is displayed is liable to a fine of $100 or six months' imprisonment, or both.

PHOSPHATING PASTURES.

"The Rorder Counties Advertiser" discusses the clover and phosphate matter, and speaks of "the remarkable examples of the effect of Thomas-Phosphate Powder on grazing pastures."

An old bachelor says the difference between firmness and obstinacy is merely a matter of sex.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

INCENTIVES TO EFFORT.

"Brother Staybolt," said the amiable Mr. Gratebar," which should you say was the greater incentive to effort, the fear of punishment or the hope or reward?"

"Well, I should say," said the somewhat acid Mr. Staybolt, "that necessity was a greater incentive than either."

ALBERT'S THOMAS-PHOSPHATE POWDER

W P C 948

SAUSAGE CASINGS—New importations finest English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at right prices. PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

LITTLE GIANT TYPEWRITER—A really practical machine and not a mere toy. Price delivered $1.25. Agents wanted. The HOWELL BOOK COMPANY, 25-28 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Speech Impediments of any nature successfully treated. Consult a qualified practitioner, who was for years a painful stammerer, and has cured many who failed elsewhere. Write to W. J. Arnett, M.D., Berlin, Ont.

MINERALS TESTED for gold, etc. Write for prices. MILTON HERSEY, B. A. Sc., 16 St. Sacrament St., Montreal, Que.

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Birds Choice Singing Canaries $1.50 up—Hens 50 cents—guaranteed. Expressed on receipt of price. J. WALLIS, 345 College St., Toronto.

Stammerers—Your trouble has been solved at last. I have spent 40 years of incessant toil, the fruit of it can be yours. Call or write W. K. BATE, Specialist, 382 College St., Toronto.

Free One 3-cent stamp will get you a free sample of Campana's Italian Balm, the best preparation for all roughness of skin, chapped hands or face. The Hutchings Medicine Co., Toronto.

THE TRIUMPH ADJUSTABLE STOVE PIPES. Easy put up and taken down. Can be cleaned, nested, and put away in a small space. Ask your dealers for them. Manufactured by C. B. BARCLAY, 168 Adelaide St. W., Toronto. NESTED CLOSED.

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