SOME STIRRING STORIES.

INDIVIDUAL HEROISM SHOWN IN LAST BOER WAR.

Incidents of the Memorable Conflict of 1881 Between the Transvaal Forces and the British.

The Gordon Highlanders, the old 92nd, have no need to be ashamed of Majuba Hill, for, whatever the faults of the general may have been, the men at least did their duty as gallantly as they have ever done on any of the many glorious fields emblazoned on their colours. They kept their ground coolly and steadily till ninety-six of them lay dead or wounded on the spot they were told to defend. Only twenty-four out of the one hundred and twenty who scaled the heights escaped unscathed. Here is one out of many instances of individual heroism displayed by the "Gay Gordons." (Private John Murray was close to the brow over our line of advance during the final forward movement of the Boers. A renegade Scotchman in the Boer ranks called upon him to surrender. To which John Murray scornfully replied: "I'll see you hanged first," anf jumped down, receiving a bullet wound in the arm. Half-way down the hill his knee fell out of joint, but obtaining the assistance of a romrade to restore it to place he returned at six o'clock with his own rifle and side-arms and those of a dead comrade. Murray was awarded the distinguished service medal.

AN ARMY HOSPITAL HERO.

But the honours did not all rest with the Highlanders on that disastrous, but not inglorious day, The two army surgeons, Doctors Landon and Cornish, were both killed, whilst, with noble disdain of the bullets that flew thick as hail around them, they devoted themselves to the care of the wounded. And Corporal Farmer, of the Army Hospital Corps, was specially recommended by Sir Evelyn Wood for the Victoria Cross in these terms: "I recommend to favourable consideration for the Victoria Cross Corporal Farmer of the Army Hospital Corps, who showed a spirit of self-abnegation and an example of cool bravey which cannot be too highly commended. Whilst the Boers closed with our troops near the wells, Corporal Farmer held a white flag over the wounded, and when the arm holding the flag was shot through, he called out that he had 'another.' He then raised the flag with the other arm and continued to do so until that also was pierced with a bullet."

BRONKHORST SPRUIT AVENGED.

One of the most successful sorties made during the siege of Pretoria was the attack of the Zwart kopje, a rocky knoll rising to about thirty feet, formed of large boulders with brushwood growing between, about twelve miles from Pretoria. Here the Boers had a waggon laager defended by a strong force. This laager Colonel Gildea, at the head of one hundred and forty mounted men and two hundred and eighty infantry with one gun, set out to destroy on the morning of January 66th, 1881. The kopje was stormed by the Fusiliers, and one who was there thus describes what he saw in the captured stronghold; "The first thing that attracted my attenion was a young Boer, evidently mortally wounded and struggling in the agony of his death throes. I lifted his head and poured a little brandy down his throat; but he was beyond all human aid, and in a few minutes his pain was over. He had his cartridges in a little leathern military pouch, all dabbed with his life's blood, and I loosened it from his belt to find that it had belonged to one of the 9th Regiment and had in all probability been taken at the Honde River; so truly, in this individual case, Bronkhorst Spruit had been avenged. Another fine young Boer, broad-chested and powerful, was lying over a piece of boulder-stone just as he had fallen, a smile on his face an a bullet in his brain."

THE MAJOR AND THE INFIDELS.

When Major Robarts was in command at Fort Weber during the early part of the Boer campaign, he paraded his forces, chiefly volunteers, the first Sunday they were in the fort, for church service. Having only a Church of England chaplain, the major desired all the Roman Catholics to fall out, as he had no priest to attend to their religious wants. On the next Sunday a number of ingenious volunteers, in the hope of being also ordered to "fall out," together with the Catholics, handed in their names as infidels. The major drew up the line and gave the word of command, "Infidels, fall out!" Whereupon some five-and-twenty of the "boys" "fell out." But the major promptly re-formed them, and quietly addressed them, thus: "Infidels, attention! As you have, of course, no religious scruples, you can't object to working on Sunday. You will therefore be told off in fatigue parties to clean the camp." On the next Sunday there was not a single infidel in the fort. The major had converted them all to Christianity!

SOUTH AFRICAN FLAGS.

Colors and Mottoes Adopted by the States of South Africa.

The flag of the Transvaal is a very simple affair. It consists of one broad vertical bar of green next the flag pole, and three horizontal bars, respectively red, white and blue, the red being at the top. Take, for instance, the simple red, white and blue flag of Holland and sew a vertical bar of green on the flagstaff end of it. That is all.

The Boers speak of their flag as the "vierkleur," the four color, just as the French call their flag the "tricolor."

The Orange Free State flag is a simple rectangle of vivid orange.

The motto of the South African Republic, the formal name of the Transvaal is "Een DraghtMaakt Magt," which means, "Right Makes Might." It is on the truth of this adage they pin their faith in the present struggle.

The dominant feature of their coat of arms is a vulture, on the left hand quarter a lion couchant, on the right an armed Boer with a rifle, a Boer ox wagon filling the remaining half of the picture, in the centre of which is an anchor, typifying the Cape Colonial origin of the Transvaalers. A long time ago a die was made in Holland for a Transvaal government official, but was rejected because the ox wagon was depicted with a pair of shafts instead of a single pole, or "disselboom."

An orange tree in full fruit is the most distinctive feature of the arms of the Orange Free State. Beneath the tree are on one side a lion and on the other a number of oxen. An ox wagon similar to that on the Transvaal arms and three suspended horns complete the whole.

MONEY IN SWITZERLAND.

Two years ago it was easy in Switzerland to borrow money on good security for 3 to 3 1-2 per cent. Since then money has become so scarce that 4 and even 5 per cent is often asked.

DURABLE SOAP BUBBLES.

Bubbles made of filtered Castile soapsuds and glycerine will last for days.

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"She is deep enough to make fools of us, my brother included, if we do not take care. I know nothing but that. To the world she has hitherto been merely the daughter of a Doctor Richmond, an obscure country practitioner. Her mother is close by, living in a cottage belonging to a person called Warrender. I may warn you that in him you will find your greatest danger.

"Warrender? Christopher Warrender, of Merridale. Does he know her?"

"Yes, if you have heard any damaging stories about him, I advise you to let Miss Richmond hear one or two in a casual manner."

"I am afraid that I know none."

"Then invent them. After that go on with your courtship, it will be safe. And confide your hopes to my brother, without seeming to be too eager for money."

"Your instructions are rather difficult," he said with a laugh. "However, it all seems plain sailing, and I will risk it. There is always some way out of the difficulty in such a case, if things turn out disappointingly."

"It may not be so easy when you have my brother to deal with."

"He is nothing more to me than any one else. I am not a child to be frightened by an old man."

He rose and strolled away. Kilmeny had promised him another dance, and he was waiting for it.

"How did you enjoy your promenade with Mr. Daryl?" he asked her when they were again together.

"More than any other part of the evening, but I had time to observe that you paid no attention to my admonition. You have relapsed into laziness ever since I left you."

"Oh, I never try to do any better! What is the good of life if one does not suit oneself? Do you know all the people here? Mr. Daryl has made a careful selection and every one whom he asks always comes. There are a few unhappy wretches who are biting their nails with vexation at being left out."

"How do you know?" the girl asked.

"I miss the party from Monkton Castle. For my part, I never could see the sense of interfering with people or bothering about whether they are strait-laced or not. One does hear queer stories about Lord Monkton, and they are a wild set, if one is to credit all that people say, but what is that to anybody else?"

"It ought to make a difference. One ought to choose one's friends. I am glad to know, for instance, from what you say, that everybody here is the right sort of person. I like Mr. Daryl for that."

"Do you? Well, it seems quite different to me. Then there is Warrender—Warrender of Merridale. I never quite believed that any of the stories about him were true until I missed him to-night."

"Mr. Warrender?" Kilmeny said uncertainly.

"Yes. He lives quite close to Mr. Daryl, and belongs to a good family. I suppose it is because our host got too much of that kind of thing from his own people that he is so particular now."

"What do you mean? What kind of thing?"

"Oh, well, one does not speak of it openly. Sowing one's wild oats generally takes pretty much the same form. And there was some excuse for him, for he did not expect to be rich, and I dare say he wanted to get some enjoyment out of his money."

"I do not believe any stories. I know Mr. Warrender, and I am certain that they are not true, if they are bad ones!"

Lord de Bruyne brought his gaze to her face, with a look of concern and compunction.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured. "I would not have said a word if I had known that Warrender was an acquaintance of yours! But I understood from you that you were a stranger and knew nobody. You are quite right to stand up for your friend, and, for my part, I am sure that nothing they say about him is true. I too never believe these things; they are no concern of mine."

"Then you should not speak about them," Kilmeny said, holding her head very high. It is not right to take away a man's character first, and then to say that you don't believe the stories. Besides, I know that you do believe in them. You said what you did only when you found out that I knew Mr. Warrender. He is much better away from this place, if people talk as you do."

"I am really awfully sorry," he answered, with a look of what seemed to the girl to be genuine contrition. "If he is your friend that is enough. I will believe that he is everything that is good. Please forgive me for retailing gossip, and forget what has been said. I shall not rest until you tell me that I am absolved."

"I thought that nothing mattered to you? Let us say no more about it."

"Some things matter to me. If I am careless and let people manage their own affairs, I do not want to be unjust."

"Let us change the subject. Don't tell me any more of the exclusions from the ball. Tell me about the people who are here. They are all good and irreproachable, and have never done anything wrong in their lives. I know you and Lady Penryth and Mr. Daryl. Tell me about some of the others."

Lord de Bruyne had to look away to hide his smile.

"I don't pretend that I have never done anything wrong," he said. "Goodness knows I have many a sin on my conscience. Your rebuke is just Miss Richmond. But of late, you see, I have turned over a new leaf, and am quite steady now. Mr. Daryl, too, has become a man of benevolence, and Lady Penryth is reconciled to her brother. So we are all on the good side and deserve some commendation."

But Kilmeny's brow was clouded during the rest of the time that they were together.

CHAPTER V.

Kilmeny had taken the latchkey, and she let herself in on her return home. There was a lamp lighted for er in the hall, and she made her solitary way to her own room, which she occupied alone. She longed to see her mother, though it had been arranged that no one should sit up for her, and she felt a terrible loneliness for the first time in her life, as she sat down in all her finery on the side of her bed and looked around her. Her father was far away and Christopher Warrender seemed to be separated from her in some inexplicable fashion. He scarcely ever called, and then only when she was out.

Kilmeny's thought went back miserably to the evening when they had dined at his house, which seemed to her now to have been the last happy time that she had known. Her mother had been different ever since, and had treated Christopher differently. Could it be that these stories which Lord de Bruyne had spoken of as notorious had she sat there upon the bed, with her gay ball-dress crushed around her. She hated it as she rose and put it off before she crept into bed, her heart aching and her mind full of unrest.

The next day Jessica brought her breakfast to the bedside to her, and Mrs. Richmond followed, with a kind, wistful face, to look at her daughter. Jessica was eager to hear all about the ball, and Kilmeny tried to tell it with her usual spirit, conscious all the time that her account was a failure. She knew that Mrs. Richmond was watching and listening anxiously—less to what Kilmeny said than to how she said it—but, when it was over, she went away, and Kilmeny was left alone again.

The sound of Chris Warrender's voice outside and the tramping of his horse's feet presently aroused her. She sprang from her bed and placed herself where she could hear what he had to say. He seemed to have brought his horse close to the window of the sitting room in order to speak to Mrs. Richmond.

"Good morning. All are well, I suppose?"

"All are well, thank you,"

"Have you heard from Doctor Richmond?"

"No—there has been no time yet."

"Well, good morning, Mrs. Richmond,"—"Good morning."

The horse drew back from the window, and Kilmeny could hear its retreating footsteps as Christopher rode away. She dressed hastily and went downstairs. Mrs. Richmond was alone when she entreed the sitting room, and her eyes looked as if they had been lately filled with tears.

"Mamma," Kilmeny said abruptly, "Chris has been here. I could hear all that you said from my window. He did not ask for me; you did not invite him in. I want to know what has made this change?"

"Dear Kilmeny, when Chris comes here you are nearly always out, and I dare say that disappoints him"

"That might account for the change in him, but not for the change in you. It began that evening in his garden."

Kilmeny spoke in a voice which faltered in spite of her resolution. If Mrs. Richmond confessed to having heard anything against Christopher, anything which she believed to such an extent as to make her resolve to put an end to the intimacy between him and her family, Kilmeny felt as if nothing was worth living for. She would not care then what became of her or where she went. But Mrs. Richmond was silent.

"You heard something that evening which made you anxious to break off acquaintance with Chris. You wrote to papa next morning about it. Chris knows you wrote, and you and he are only waiting to hear what papa will say. Chris comes here no more until papa has written. Mamma, I heard something last night that gave me an idea what it was about, but I could not believe it. If it is true, if you are convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is true, do not speak. Just be silent, and I shall know what to think. I could not bear to have it put into words."

Her straining ears waited for a sound, but none came, and when she looked at Mrs. Richmond she was weeping.

"Mind, I don't know what it is!" cried Kilmeny. "It was only a whisper which reached me, and I said that I did not believe it, but it must be true. Don't tell me any more. I could not bear it. Let us never speak of it again."

"I hoped it might be arranged somehow," said Mrs. Richmond. "I hoped you might not have to leave me, darling. Even now, if your father were home, something might be done. But he has not even had time to write, and I do not know what to do."

"Could we not go away? We need not stay in this house!" Kilmey cried wretchedly, sitting down at her mother's feet and looking up into her face. "If we cannot speak to—to—Mr. Warrender, or have anything to do with him, we ought not to be in his house. Let us leave at once."

"We cannot—that is the worst of it! And I feel just as unhappy as you at having to stay in Chris's house when we have to treat him so. But I have promised not to leave until your papa's return, and he is to settle everything."

"Then, mamma," Kilmeny said, "I must arrange so that I shall not see Chris again. Please do not say any more about it, and let me go away myself Do any of the others know?" she asked suddenly.

"No one knows anything about it but you, and I hoped that you might not hear of it until papa's return. If you like, darling, I will tell you the whole story now that you know something. I can fancy what a shock any whisper of it must have been to you."

"I don't want to hear it," Kilmeny said, rising. "What I know is quite enough. I think, mamma, I will lie down for a little while, and please don't let anybody in."

She went away without waiting for her mother to speak. If she could only escape anywhere! If she need not continue living in Chris's house where everything reminded her of him! Last night's scenes, which the shock of the morning had driven out of her mind, came back on her with a sense of longing. She might find oblivion there for the pain which she was experiencing. She did not care for Lady Penryth's insolence or for any humiliation which might await her if only she could get away. A knock at her door roused her after a long time, and a note was thrust under it.

She went to pick it up. It was in Mrs. Richmond's writing and contained these words—

"Mr. Daryl's carriage is waiting outside, and you are to go in it to see him. He has something important to say to you. I am not to speak to you before you leave. May Heaven watch over and protect my darling!"

Kilmeny threw the letter down and ran out. She met the old servant in the hall.

"Where is mamma?" she cried.

"She went away a good while ago. She told me not to disturb you until she had gone, and that when the carriage came I was to give you the letter."

"Gone! How could mamma go without me? Who has been here today?"

"Mr Daryl was with the mistress for a long time. But you need not ask me anything, miss. I never saw such goings on since I came into the family, and that was just after Miss Jessica was born. Mr. Christopher never comes to the house now, and you are taken up with Mr. Daryl and his fine friends, and the mistress crying her eyes out whenever nobody is looking. And now she and the children are all gone off home, leaving me to pack up and follow, without me knowing what anything means. But you, Miss Kilmeny—you can go to Mr. Daryl's and enjoy yourself, and not trouble your head what becomes of any of us."

"As if I could enjoy anything without them all!" cried Kilmeny indignantly. "You know that is impossible, Hannah. Oh, if there was only some one to tell me what it means! Why did mamma go away, and why am I left behind without a word? Tell me, Hannah; you know more than you say! Tell me what has happened!"

"I know no more than you indeed, Miss Kilmeny! Your mamma said you were to go to Mr. Daryl's, and he would tell you everything."

Outside the horses were stamping, and the coachman was looking in curiously and impatiently. Kilmeny glanced round the empty house, where her voice and Hannah's already went echoing through the silent passage. Everything was indeed changed, and nothing was left to her but Mr. Daryl, whose acquaintance she had wilfully chosen. She turned away from Hannah and went back to her own room.

Presently she returned with her hat on. She hugged Hannah silently and went out, looking very proud. The footman ran to open the carrage door, the coachman touched his hat, and they were off.

Kilmeny's bearing was just as proud when she went up the steps of the gloomy gray house which she had once so much longed to enter. Her eyes were dry and bright.

There was a footman waiting who requested Miss Richmond to see his master in his own room, and she followed him. He took her to a part of the house where she had never been before, and ushered her into a splendid apartment in which the master of the house was seated, waiting impatiently. As Kilmeny's eyes fell on him, she experienced a revulsion of feeling. He looked so shrivelled and cynical as he sat there waiting for her, and there was such an evil gleam in his eyes, that she wished she had never seen him, He smiled, but the smile failed to brighten his face as he held out his hand to her.

"I hope Mrs. Richmond told you nothing further?" he said abrubtly. "How any one guessed my secret I am at a loss to know, but, as you know something and as other people have found out more, nothing remains but for the rest to be published. Sit down; have you any name but that outlandish one?"

"I have no name but Kilmeny. And if you please, I would rather not hear any more of the story you speak of."

"Nonsense!" he cried sharply. "You have left your old life behind, and you must forget all these people who brought you up. You belong to me—not them! They were paid for what they did, and they have done with you. It is not fit that my granddaughter and heiress should be mixed up with people who are merely respectable and nothing more."

"Your granddaughter!" Kilmeny cried. "What can you mean? Doctor Richmond is my father, and he is nothing to you! I do not know what you are talking about!"

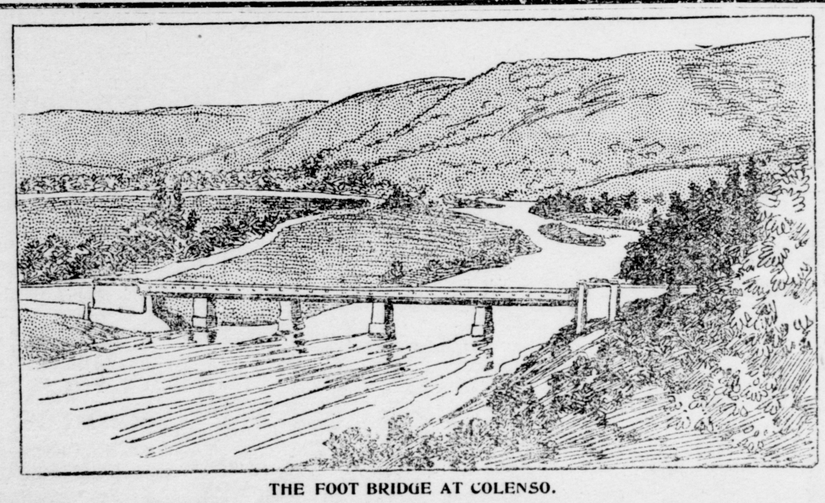
"Then you did not hear the story? What can that woman have been thinking of?"

"Do you mean, my mother, Mrs. Richmond?"

"She is not your mother! Sit down; what I have to tell you will take some time, though I shall make it as short as possible. It is not exactly the kind of thing one cares to dwell on."

Kilmeny obeyed. Everything seemed to be reeling round her in the shock of what she had just been told.

To be Continued.



THE FOOT BRIDGE AT COLENSO.

KIDNEY DISEASE.

THE RESULT IS OFTEN A LIFE OF PAIN AND MISERY.

Mr. David Crowell, of Horton, N. S., Was An Intense Sufferer and Almost Disparred of Finding a Cure—Tells the Story of His Release.

The Acadien, Wolfeville, N. S.

Recently a reporter of the Acadien was told another of those triumphs of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are becoming very common in this vicinity. The fortunate individual is Mr. David Crowell, a highly respected resident of Hortonville.

Below is his experience, in substance, as he gave it to us:—"About two years ago, for the first time in my life, I began to realize fully what ill health meant. The first symptom was a feeling of overpowering drowsiness which crept over me at times. Often I would be at work in the field when the drowsiness would seize me and I would find that it required the exercise of all my will-power to keep awake. In a short time I was attacked by sharp piercing pains, which shot through the lower part of my back. At first this did not trouble me very much during the day, but at night the pain became almost unendurable and often I would not close my eyes throughout the whole night. Gradually a nausea and loathing for food developed. Sometimes I would sit down to a meal with a keen appetite, but after a mouthful or so had passed my lips, sickness and vomiting would follow. I became greatly reduced in flesh and in a short time was but a wreck of my former self; The doctor said the trouble was disease of the kidneys, but his treatment did not help me. My mother who was something of a nurse, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last to satisfy her more than from hopes of being cured, I took up their use. After taking one box I seemed better and I resolved to try another. Before the second box was used my condition was improved beyond gainsay and I felt sure the pills were responsible for it. I took two more boxes and before they were all used the pain in my back had wholly disappeared, my appeitte had returned, and I felt like a new man. For the sum of two dollars I cured myself of a painful disease. There cannot be the least doubt but that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was the sole cause of my recovery, and I consider them the best medicine in existence.

Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all substitutes.

Agricultural

AUTUMN CARE OF YOUNG STOCK.

Many farmers neglect their young animals in the fall. The spring calves had been well raised, so long as they had the milk and bran and oat rations, they were left in a thriving condition, and made good growth. Too many were put to grass with the dry feed ration, left off, and before the time for winters quarters are left during the cold and wet weather in November without shelter. Not only do they run down in flesh, but too lay the foundation for permanent disease. Commence giving shelter, clover or other sweet hay and some kind of grain ration. This will prevent the loss of flesh which is so desirable for young stock to hold during the winter. Upon the approach of severe cold they should be put into winter quarters and have good care throughout the winter, and then, a robust, thrifty and profitable animal is assured.

The young colts are very apt to suffer after weaning by being exposed to the raw and chilly weather in autumn. These should be looked after in time to prevent the loss of flesh and prepare them for the winter storms, which are so disastrous to the weak colt. But of all young stock, the spring lambs suffer most during the cold rains of the fall and early winter without shelter. The wool becomes thoroughly saturated, keeping them for hours after a rain in a chilly condition, causing them to cough and sneeze and suffer intensely. They should have a trough where they can be fed quite early in the fall, on oats, or better, bran and oats. Good treatment at this season will not only give them strong muscles and good constitutions, but will cause them to produce a heavier and more valuable fleece of wool in the spring. It will also pay the flock master to care well for the breeding ewes. To neglect them will cause many weaklings, both in carcass and fleece, and quite often in premature parturition. But few farbarns and sheds that leave their stock as was customary 15 or 20 years ago, but there are some who have good barns and sheds that leave their stock in the fields until the very cold and severe winter has set in.

After the unusual hot weather which often occurs in October and November, should the cold rains set in every stock breeder should be prepared for the change. No kind of farm work will pay so well. It is in keeping with this subject, to be careful with the hay and fodder corn. No waste should occur, as there will be a scarcity in many sections of the country. Be sure not to stint the animal, but do not waste.

The dairy cow, especially those that have come into servce in the fall, should get a liberal ration of grain in same shape, to give her strength to endure the changeable weather, and to keep her in a condition to secure a good flow of milk rich in butter fats. To have a profitable dairy cow during the winter she must be well fed, early in the fall. Do not follow the advice of a stingy feeder, but feed well and regularly. He will say the cow will run to flesh, and not pay to milk in that condition. Cows give the most and richest milk when in good flesh. Whether our farm animals are young or old, we should endeavor to keep them so far as possible from losing the flesh made during the fall grazing season, that they may be prepared to start in good flesh next spring.

WHITEWASH.

Sweep down the cobwebs, sweep the accumulated dust from the wall, and then whitewash your hen houses.

Why?

Because they look much better. Looks go a long way toward making life pleasant. Looks help to stimulate to better care. Looks indirectly make the hens lay better, for the better care they receive, results in better health, and better health means more eggs. Looks assist in the selling of fowls, for a house that looks well is to the fowls, what a nice frame is to a picture, it sets them off to advantage, and they appear more attractive buyers are more easily made out of visitors.

Because whitewash is an excellent vermin destroyer and germicide. Lice don't like lime. The caustic qualities of it are death to them. Disease germs are, many of them, also destroyed by its action. The foulness gives place to freshness. A sense of cleanliness and healthfulness is present. The fowls do much better because the house is healthier for them.

How?

Thoroughly. Into every crack and crevice, into every corner and angle, as well as along the broad, smooth surfaces of the walls and ceiling, apply the whitewash. An unlimed spot may be a lurking place for disease or vermin.

With brush or pump. A brush does the nicest work, a pump does the easiest and quickest. It costs more to whitewash with a brush, and this has led many to employ a small force pump with spraying nozzel, either will do. The main thing is to do it.

When?

Now. Let us emphasize it, now. No time like the present. The fowls like a clean, healthy house during the breeding season. Then, if ever, they ought to be in the most healthy and vigorous condition. The eggs will hatch better, chickens will thrive better, and there will be much less mortality among the broods if the stock is in the pink of condition.

This is the why, the how and the when of one of the most important operations connected with poultry breeding. It is good, every day advice too often neglected. It is a practice that is more honored in the observance than in the breach, but is often less observed than neglected. Be sure and whitewash the houses, and do it now and do it thoroughly, and you will day by day, see the why of it in better returns, both of satisfaction and money.

FARM CAPITAL.

The capital stock of any business enterprise goes up or down, according to the condition of the business. If a manufacturing concern or a railroad company neglect improvements and repairs, and the plant "runs down," the value of the capital stock goes down until it may only be a nominal value. Nobody wants it.

The farmer's stock in trade is in his farm and farm animals. If he fails to improve the farm, if it lacks proper cultivation, and he fails to return the elements of plant food which his crops have taken from the soil, if he fails to keep his buildings and farms in good repair, or to give good care to his animals, his capital stock will immediately decrease in value, and nobody will want it even at a low valuation. If the farmer takes from the capital stock of his farm and puts it in the bank he is in the end the loser. This does not mean that the farmer should not have a bank account to his credit from the actual profits of his farm after keeping the capital stock of the farm at its par value. An exchange suggests that it is a good time to look over the farm carefully and see whether its capital stock has increased or diminished during the past year. Why not put a little of the thought force of the business man into the management of the farm?

A REMEDY FOR BAD LANGUAGE.

An ocean-going captain was so much given to using bad language that his first mate made a bet with him that he could not do without swearing for a week. It went on all right for the first two or three days, until a bit of a squall came on, and the sailors were up aloft doing their different duties. But their captain was displeased with their work. He stood it as long as he could, and then he threw his cap on the deck in a towering rage, jumped on it, and shaking his fist up at the men with an angry scrowl, he hissed: "Bless you, my dears—you know what I mean!"

FROM GANANOQUE.

Correspondent Writes That Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Cured Him of Kidney Disease.

Daniel Boucher Experimented With Medicines for Eighteen Years—Finally Persuaded to Try Dodd's Kidney Pills—Five Boxes Cured Him.

Gananoque, Nov. 20.—Mr. Daniel Boucher, of this town, suffered with Kidney Disease for eighteen years. And for the best part of that eighteen years he has been striving to get cured. Experimenting with medicines and doctors all the time, he had never experienced the slightest relief. And now after eighteen years of it he is cured by five boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The question arises, why did he not try Dodd's Kidney Pills before? The weapon has laid ready to his hand for the last ten years, why did he not use it? Surely he must long have known that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured hundreds of others right in his own town.

It is hard to understand. Natural perversity is often the only explanation in such cases. Mr. Boucher may have been deceived by the pretensions of imitators of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He may have been prejudiced by some other means, but however it was Mr. Boucher came round to Dodd's Kidney Pills at last and is a healthy man in consequence.

He writes: "For eighteen years I have been troubled with Kidney Disease. I have used all sort of medicines but could get no relief. I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have finished five boxes and am completely cured. I highly recommend them to all suffering as I did. I used to have to stop work for two or three days in the week on account of backache, but now I can do a day's work with anybody."

SWEDISH FARM LABORERS.

There is a special class of farm laborers in Sweden who are given so many acres of land for their own use, in consideration of so many days' laber during the year for the owner of the farm. They are a sort of fixture to an estate, and their like exists in no other country.

To Cure Catarrh and Stay Cured

You must use the most up-to-date and most approved method of treatment. This can only be had in Catarrhozone which cures by inhalation and is sure to reach the right spot. Treatments requiring the use of sprays, douches, snuffs, ointments, are a thing of the past, and the medicated air treatment supersedes them all. There is no danger or risk in using Catarrhozone. It is both pleasant and effective to employ in any case of Irritable Throat, Fetid Breath, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma. For sale at all druggists, or by mail, price $1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 518, Kingston, Ont.

PATENTS BY WOMEN.

From 1884 to 1895 women have taken out 3,905 patents. Women have invented many important things. The woman who began by inventing a corset is now inventing reservoirs and dams. Another woman has invented a lock with 3,000 combinations and a letter box now in daily use for houses.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

HAND-PAINTED COATS.

The latest thing in male fashion, is to have painted silk facings to our white or black cloth coats, and, to be quite in the very forefront of fashion, we must have our favorite flower painted thereon. We all have our favorite flower, of course, and so this fashion may be a popular one.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF **MALT**
Invigorates and Strengthens.
LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT

STRAINERS OF HAIR.

It is not generally known that clippings from masculine heads of hair are used for making strainers through which sirups are clarified.

CALLA LILY CREAM

ensures a youthful complexion. Send 25 cents for trial bottle, or post card for circular on skin and complexion. Address W. J. UROUHART, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

ONE OF MANY.

Quadds—Hello, old boy! What are you doing now?

Spacer—Writing for the press.

Quadds—Don't you find it rather thankless sort of work?

Spacer—On the contrary, nearly everything I write is returned with thanks.

CHAMPAGNE.

It is said there is more champagne drank in one year than the champagne districts produce in seven.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

SPAIN'S SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

In all Spain, there are only 3,230 children in the Sunday schools.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

GOOD DIAMOND TEST.

One test for distinguishing diamonds from glass and paste is to touch with the tongue. The diamond feels much the colder.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

NO STREET SMOKING.

The town of Westhofen, in Germany, still enfores an old ordinance which forbids any one walking in the street with a lighted cigar.

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA Possesses a combination of richness and strength that cannot fail to please the most critical tastes.

Lead packages— 25, 40, 50 and 60c.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES!

To make sure that when you wish to color any article, viz.: Dresses, Suits, Feathers, Carpet Rags, or anything that requires dyeing, that you get the best dye in the market, known as HOME DYES. Home Dyes are the latest and positively the best that can be produced, as they will dye Cotton, Silk, Wool or Mixed Goods, with equally as good results, without the necessity of a preparation bath to make them take the dye, as HOME DYES are known as the ONE DIP DYES, and a trial package will convince you that they will do all we claim for them. Do not be put off with something just as good because you know what failure you have had in the past, therefore ask for HOME DYES and insist on getting them. To be had of your druggist, or mailed direct free of postage. 10c package, or 3 for 25 cents. Have you tried them? If not, get a package and be convinced.

TORONTO HOME DYE CO., TORONTO.

The Farmer's Wife with all her cares and labors soon becomes nervous and weary, and unless she has something to aid her will have that constant tired feeling, headaches, dyspepsia, and all their disagreeable consequences, chronic constipation, etc.

DR. WARD'S Blood & Nerve Pills are the proper assistant to health, and the remedy for these disorders, because they contain the necessary quantity of iron in soluble form, in combination with the latest discoveries in medical science, so that their use enables one to SLEEP SOUNDLY, EAT HEARTILY AND DIGEST THE FOOD PROPERLY.

The Man of the House will also find himself greatly benefited by the use of these AIDS TO HEALTH AND VIGOR. We have at our office thousands of testimonials, and will send a book of information containing some of these, free on application.

50 Cents per box, five boxes for $2.00. All Druggists, or

SAM. WILLIAMS & CO., - Toronto, Ont.

CZAR'S HOUSEHOLD.

The military household of the Czar is composed of 98 officers of various ranks, 82 of whom belong to the army and 15 to the navy. Nineteen members of the royal family are included in the list.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best

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Twenty years ago Egypt had hardly a single good road. During the last six years over 1,000 miles of good roads have been built.

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The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

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BIBLE'S OLD MEANING..

The word Bible means simply book, but it is now confined to the Book of Books.

W P C 999

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Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.

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Music Teachers Wanted To send for our complete SHEET MUSIC CATALOGUE and SPECIAL RATE OF DISCOUNT. We are equipped to supply every MUSIC TEACHER in Canada. Whaley, Royce & Co., 158 Yonge St., TORONTO, ONT.

LAW Mills, Mills & Hales Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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HARRIS Buys Scrap, LEAD, COPPER, BRASS. Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1729. WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

I.C.C. permanently cures Catarrh of nose, throat, stomach and bladder. 50c & $1 a box. Write for particulars, The Indian Catarrh Cure Co., 146 St. James-st., Montreal.

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

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 581 Queen W. Toronto.

POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, APPLES, and other PRODUCE, to ensure best results consign to The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Cor. West-Market & Colborne St., Toronto.

WANTED—Men to travel, salary or commission; experience unnecessary. Write LUKE BROS. CO., Montreal.

WANTED—Salesmen; "Arborine" protects fruit trees from all pests; $30.00 week. ARBORINE CO., Montreal.

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$2.00 PER DAY SURE — RELIABLE person, gentleman or lady, to represent reliable firm; position permanent; $600 per year and expenses; experience unnecessary. M. A. O'KEEFE, Dist. Manager, Montreal, Que.

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