A Farmer's Trials.

A SUFFERER FOR YEARS, THE RESULT OF A FALL.

In His Weakened Condition La Grippe Fastened Itself Upon Him, and Brought Him Near the Grave.

Mr. William Silver is a well known farmer living near Hemford, N. S., During his life he has passed through much sickness, but now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is again enjoying vigorous health. To a reporter who recently interviewed him Mr. Silver said:—"I am now in my 62nd year, and I may date the beginning of my trouble to my sixteenth year when I was thrown from a horse's back, and had my spine somewhat injured. This was always a weak spot and it seemed to leave me more susceptible to other troubles, as it grew worse as I advanced in years. As a farmer I always had to work hard, and often expose myself to inclement weather. My back trouble was finally aggravated by indigestion, and as this affected my appetite, I was very much run down. Finally a few years ago I was attacked with la grippe, which developed into pneumonia. My family doctor succeeded in conquering this trouble, but for six months I was not able to leave the house, and all that he could do for me did not bring back my strength. Finally I consulted another doctor, but with no better result. In fact before I stopped doctoring I had tried four different physicians, and all the time instead of getting better I was growing weaker. Some eighteen months have now elapsed since my attack of la grippe, and during that time I was not able to do any work. My whole system seemed exhausted, and my nerves shattered. On fine days I would go out for a while, but often I would become so weak and dizzy that I could scarcely get back to the house. One day a neighbor asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought the advice might be worth taking and I sent for a half dozen boxes of the pills. Before they were gone there was no doubt I had found a medicine that was helping me, and I got a further supply. I continued taking the pills for about three months, and before I quit using them I was feeling better and stronger then I had done for years. Every symptom of the weakness that had followed la grippe was gone, and my back which had bothered me for so many years was almost as strong as in boyhood. I have since done many a hard day's work, and been exposed to bad weather, but without any evil effects, and I can truly say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to vigorous manhood."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NOTED PEOPLE.

Interesting Gossip About Prominent Men and Women.

The Duchess of Fife is an excellent fencer.

The salary of the young King of Spain is £150,000 a year.

The German Emperor is said to receive more than 600 letters a day on an average.

Few men of the Bar are more able and popular than Mr. John G. Butcher, K.C., and member for the City of York, England. The son of an Irish bishop, he had a very brilliant career at Cambridge, capturing a double first and a fellowship, while his elder brother, Professor Butcher, was a senior classic. In spite of his forty-six years he is a singularly youthful-looking man, and when he first "took silk" was popularly known as "the boy Q.C.," Mr. Butcher is a keen cyclist, and has been a fine steeplechaser and hunter.

The new Controller of the Navy, Captain W. H. May, R.N., of H.M.S., Excellent, has had a very varied experience, serving in the Arctic Expedition of 1875-6, and annexing Christmas Island in 1888. From 1895 till 1897 Captain May was Assistant-Director of Torpedoes, one of the most exciting and difficult posts in the Navy. In the Diamond Jubilee procession he commanded the Naval contingent, the section of the procession which undoubtedly came in for the most enthusiastic applause, so admirably had the men been selected and so well organized.

It is in the perfecting of all the by-play of his productions that Sir Henry Irving excels. He works as hard in training the humblest of his people as he does on bringing out the most telling points in his own part. He makes the men take off their hats, and inspects the length of their hair. He it is who arranges the proportionate elements of youth and age in the mob. Miss Terry is of great assistance to him in planning a production. They discuss frankly at the rehearsals whether this or that pose or piece of business will be more effective. She is very particular about the music cues, and painstaking in the care with which she arranges that the fortissimo passages shall not come in at inopportune moments when they will drown her voice.

Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A., who has been honoured by the command to paint the official portrait of the King, has latterly painted many portraits. His best-known pictures are perhaps "The Village Wedding" and "The Doctor." Mr. Fildes has a good story of a rustic whom he employed as a model for the bridegroom in the former work. Soon after the drawing began the artist noticed that his model became very pale. He made him rest, and presently work was resumed. The model soon became more ghastly than ever. "You don't seem well," said Mr. Fildes. "I'm a' right, zur," answered the model, "only for holding my breath so long!" The poor rustic imagined it was necessary for the portrait to be taken that he should hold his breath the while!

The Duke of Cornwall always performed his full duty when he was an officer in the Navy. While sailing under Admiral Sir F. Bedford, the vessel was coaling off Symrna, when a comfortable Turkish Pasha came on board to pay his respects to the grandson of the great Queen. After being received with due ceremony he asked for H.R.H., and was pointed out a coal-begrimed officer who was superintending the coaling operations. Anyone who knows what coaling means on board a man-of-war will at once understand the condition in which the Duke of York was at the time. The look of incredulity and offended dignity on the face of the Pasha cannot possibly be expressed in words, and to this day he believes that the matter was an ill-timed joke at his expense

Heiress and Wife.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—Rex Lyon secretly marries Daisy Brooks. They are separated by force of circumstances on their wedding day. Daisy thinks that Rex has cast her off. He is true but believes that she is dead. According to his mother's dying wish he engages himself to Pluma Hurlhurst, the daughter by the first marriage of the master of Whitestone Hall. Mr. Hurlhurst's second wife, whom he loved better than the first, died and her child is supposed to have died with her. After seventeen years' silence, his dying housekeeper confesses that his child did not die, but was stolen. He sets out to find her. Pluma was responsible for Daisy's removal. Lester Stanwick, her tool, threatens to expose her if she will not marry him. She defies him. Daisy after many viscissitudes determines to visit her Uncle John, but falls ill and is cared for by Detective Tudor whose aid is sought by Mr. Hurlhurst in search for his missing daughter. Daisy sets out to stop the marriage of her husband and Pluma by telling Mr. Hurlhurst that she is Rex's wife.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

"You will not let my—Rex know until I am far away," she cried, piteously, as she put her marriage certificate in Mr. Hurlhurst's hand.

"I am going to send for Rex to come here at once," he made answer.

With a low, agonized moan, Daisy grasped his outstretched hand, scarcely knowing what she did.

"Oh, please do not, Mr. Hurlhurst," she sobbed. "Rex must not see me; I should die if you sent for him; I could not bear it—indeed I could not." She was looking at him, all her heart in her eyes, and, as if he he felt magnetically the power of her glance, he turned toward her, meeting the earnest gaze of the blue, uplifted eyes.

The light fell full upon her fair, flushed face, and the bonnet and veil she had worn had fallen back from the golden head.

A sudden mist seemed to come before his eyes, and he caught his breath with a sharp gasp.

"What did you say your name was before you were married?" he asked, in a low, intense voice. "I—I—did not quite understand."

"Daisy Brooks, your overseer's niece," she answered, simply.

She wondered why he uttered such a dreary sigh as he muttered, half aloud, how foolish to catch at every straw of hope.

Carefully he examined the certificate. It was too true. It certainly certified Rexford Lyon and Daisy Brooks were joined together in the bonds of matrimony nearly a year before. And then he looked at the paper containing the notice of her tragic death, which Daisy had read and carefully saved. Surely no blame could be attached to Rex, in the face of these proofs.

He was sorry for the beautiful, haughty heiress, to whom this terrible news would be a great shock; he was sorry for Rex, he had grown so warmly attached to him of late, but he felt still more sorry for the fair child-bride, toward whom he felt such a yearning, sympathetic pity.

The great bell in the tower slowly pealed the hour of eight, with a dull, heavy clang, and he suddenly realized what was to be done must be done at once.

"I must send for both Rex and Pluma," he said, laying his hands on the beautiful, bowed head; "but, if it will comfort you to be unobserved during the interview, you shall have your wish." He motioned her to one of the curtained recesses, and placed her in an easy-chair. He saw she was trembling violently.

It was a hard ordeal for him to go through, but there was no alternative.

He touched the bell with a shaking hand, thrusting the certificate and paper into his desk.

"Summon my daughter Pluma to me at once," he said to the servant, who answered the summons, "and bid Mr. Lyon come to me here within half an hour."

He saw the man had a letter in his hand.

"If you please, sir," said the man, "as I was coming to answer your bell I met John Brooks, your overseer, in the hall below. A stranger was with him, who requested me to give you this without delay."

Basil Hurlhurst broke open the seal. There were but a few penciled words, which ran as follows;

"Mr. Hurlhurst,—Will you kindly grant me an immediate interview? I shall detain you but a few moments.

"Yours, hastily,

"Harvey Tudor,

"Of Tudor, Peck & Co, Detectives, Baltimore."

The man never forgot the cry that came from his master's lips as he read those brief words.

"Yes, tell him to come up at once," he cried; "I will see him here."

He forgot the message he had sent for Pluma and Rex — forgot the shrinking, timid little figure in the shadowy drapery of the curtains — even the gay hum of the voices down below, and the strains of music, or that the fatal marriage moment was drawing near.

He was wondering if the detective's visit brought him a gleam of hope. Surely he could have no other object in calling so hurriedly on this night above all other nights.

A decanter of wine always sat on the study table. He turned toward it now with feverish impatience, poured out a full glass with his nervous fingers, and drained it at a single draught.

A moment later the detective and John Brooks, looking pale and considerably excited, were ushered into the study.

For a single instant the master of Whitestone Hall glanced into the detective's gray eyes for one ray of hope, as he silently grasped his extended hand.

"I see we are alone," said Mr. Tudor, glancing hurriedly around the room—"we three, I mean," he added.

Suddenly Basil Hurlhurst thought of the young girl, quite hidden from view.

"No," he answered, leading the way toward an inner room, separated from the study by a heavy silken curtain; "but in this apartment we shall certainly be free from interruption. Your face reveals nothing," he continued, in an agitated voice, "but I believe you have brought me news of my child."

Basil Hurlhurst had no idea the conversation carried on in the small apartment to which he had conducted them could be overheard from the curtained recess in which Daisy sat. But he was mistaken; Daisy could hear every word of it.

She dared not cry out or walk forth from her place of concealment lest she should come suddenly face to face with Rex.

As the light had fallen on John Brooks' honest face, how she had longed to spring forward with a glad little cry and throw herself into his strong, sheltering arms! She wondered childishly why he was there with Mr. Tudor, the detective, whose voice she had instantly recognized.

"I have two errands here to-night," said the detective, pleasantly. "I hope I shall bring good news, in one sense; the other we will discuss later on."

The master of Whitestone Hall made no comments; still he wondered why the detective had used the words "one sense." Surely, he thought, turning pale, his long-lost child could not be dead.

Like one in a dream, Daisy heard the detective go carefully over the ground with Basil Hurlhurst—all the incidents connected with the loss of his child. Daisy listened out of sheer wonder. She could not tell why.

"I think we have the right clew," continued the detective, "but we have no actual proof to support our supposition; there is one part still cloudy."

There were a few low-murmured words spoken to John Brooks. There was a moment of silence, broken by her uncle John's voice. For several moments he talked rapidly and earnestly, interrupted now and then by an exclamation of surprise from the master of Whitestone Hall.

Every word John Brooks uttered pierced Daisy's heart like an arrow. She uttered a little, sharp cry, but no one heard her. She fairly held her breath with intense interest. Then she heard the detective tell them the story of Rex Lyon's marriage with her, and he had come to Whitestone Hall to stop the ceremony about to be performed.

Basil Hurlhurst scarcely heeded his words. He had risen to his feet with a great, glad cry, and pushed aside the silken curtains that led to the study. As he did so he came face to face with Daisy Brooks, standing motionless, like a statue, before him. Then she fell, with a low, gasping cry, senseless at Basil Hurlhurst's feet.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Pluma Hurlhurst received her father's summons with no little surprise. "What can that foolish old man want, I wonder?" she soliloquized, clasping the diamond-studded bracelets on her perfect arms. "I shall be heartily glad when I am Rex Lyon's wife. I shall soon tell him, then, in pretty plain words, I am not at his beck and call any longer. Come to him instantly, indeed! I shall certainly do no such thing," she muttered.

"Did you speak, mademoiselle?" asked the maid.

"No," replied Pluma, glancing at the little jeweled watch that glittered in its snow-white velvet case. She took it up with a caressing movement. "How foolish I was to work myself up into such a fury of excitement, when Rex sent for me to present me with the jewels!" she laughed, softly, laying down the watch, and taking up an exquisite jeweled necklace, admired the purity and beauty of the soft, white, gleaming stones.

The turret-bell had pealed the hour of eight; she had yet half an hour.

She never could tell what impulse prompted her to clasp the shining gems around her white throat, even before she had removed her dressing robe.

She leaned back dreamily in her cushioned chair, watching the effect in the mirror opposite.

Steadfastly she gazed at the wondrous loveliness of the picture she made, the dark, lustrous eyes; gleaming with unwonted brilliancy, with their jetty fringe; the rich, red lips, and glowing cheeks.

"There are few such faces in the world," she told herself triumphantly.

Those were the happiest moments proud, peerless Pluma Hurlhurst was ever to know—before the hour should wane the fruition of all her hopes would be attained."

No feeling of remorse stole over her to imbitter the sweets of her triumphant thoughts.

She had lived in a world of her own, planning and scheming, wasting her youth, her beauty, and her genius, to accomplish the one great ultimatum—winning Rex Lyon's love;

She took from her bosom a tiny vial containing a few white, flaky crystals. "I shall not need this now," she told herself. "If Lester Stanwick had intended to interfere he would have done so ere this; he has left me to myself, realizing his threats were all in vain; yet I have been sore afraid. Rex will never know that I lied and schemed to win his love, or that I planned the removal of Daisy Brooks, from his path so cleverly; he will never know that I have deceived him, or the wretched story of my folly and passionate, perilous love. I could not have borne the shame and the exposure; there would have been but one escape"—quite unconsciously she slid the vial into the pocket of her silken robe—"I have lived a coward's life; I should have died a coward's death."

"It is time to commence arranging your toilet, mademoiselle," said the maid, approaching her softly with the white glimmering satin robe, and fleecy veil over her arm. "My fingers are deft, but you have not one moment to spare."

Pluma waved her off with an imperious gesture.

"Not yet," she said. "I suppose I might as well go down first as last to see what in the world he wants with me; he should have come to me if he had wished to see me so very particularly;" and the dutiful daughter, throwing the train of her dress carelessly over her arm, walked swiftly through the brilliantly lighted corridor toward Basil Hurlhurst's study. She turned the knob and entered. The room was apparently deserted. "Not here!" she muttered, with surprise. "Well, my dear, capricious father, I shall go straight back to my apartments. You shall come to me hereafter." As she turned to retrace her steps a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a woman's voice whispered close to her ear:

"I was almost afraid I should miss you—fate is kind."

Pluma Hurlhurst recoiled from the touch, fairly holding her breath, speechless with fury and astonishment.

"You insolent creature!" she cried. "I wonder at your boldness in forcing your presence upon me. Did I not have you thrust from the house an hour ago, with the full understanding I would not see you, no matter who you were or what you wanted."

"I was not at the door an hour ago," replied the woman, coolly; "it must have been some one lose. I have been here—to Whitestone Hall—several times before, but you have always cluded me. You shall not do so to-night. You shall listen to what I have come to say to you."

For once in her life the haughty, willful heiress was completely taken aback, and she sank into the armchair so lately occupied by Basil Hurlhurst.

"I shall ring for the servants, and have you thrown from the house; such impudence is unheard of, you miserable creature!"

She made a movement toward the bell-rope, but the woman hastily thrust her back into her seat, crossed over, turned the key in the lock, and hastily removed it. Basil Hurlhurst and John Brooks were about to rush to her assistance, but the detective suddenly thrust them back, holding up his hand warningly.

"Not yet," he whispered, "we will wait until we know what this strange affair means. I shall request you both to remain perfectly quiet until by word or signal I advise you to act differently."

And, breathless with interest, the three, divided only by the silken hanging curtains, awaited eagerly further developments of the strange scene being enacted before them.

Pluma's eyes flashed like ebony fires, and unrestrained passion was written on every feature of her face, as the woman took her position directly in front of her with folded arms, and dark eyes gleaming quite as strangely as her own. Pluma, through sheer astonishment at her peculiar, deliberate manner, was hushed into strange expectancy.

For some moments the woman gazed into her face, coolly—deliberately—her eyes fastening themselves on the diamond necklace which clasped her throat, quivering with a thousand gleaming lights.

"You are well cared for," she said, with a harsh, grating laugh, that vibrated strangely on the girl's ear. "You have the good things of life, while I have only the hardships. I am a fool to endure it. I have come to you to-night to help me—and you must do it."

"Put the key in that door instantly, or I shall cry out for assistance. I have heard of insolence of beggars, but certainly this is beyond all imagination. How dare you force your obnoxious presence upon me? I will not listen to another word; you shall suffer for this outrage, woman! Open the door instantly, I say."

She did not proceed any further in her breathless defiance of retort; the woman coolly interrupted her with that strange, grating laugh again, as she answered, authoritatively:

"I shall not play at cross-purposes with you any longer, it is plainly evident there is little affection lost between us. You will do exactly as I say, Pluma; you may spare yourself a great deal that may be unpleasant—if you will not only listen but quietly obey me. Otherwise—"

Pluma sprung wildly to her feet.

"Obey you! obey you!"

She would have screamed the words in her ungovernable rage, had not a look from this woman's eyes, who used her name with such ill-bred familiarity, actually frightened her.

"Be sensible and listen to what I intend you shall hear, and, as I said and repeat, obey. You have made a slight mistake in defying me, young lady. I hoped and intended to be your friend and adviser; but since you have taken it into your head to show such an aversion to me, it will be so much the worse for you, for I fully intend you shall act hereafter under my instructions; it has spoiled you allowing you to hold the reins in your own hands unchecked."

"Oh, you horrible creature! I shall have you arrested, and——"

The woman interrupted her gasping vindictive words again, more imperiously than before.

"Hush! not another word; you will not tell any one a syllable of what has passed in this room."

To Be Continued.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

DINING WITH THE KAISER.

The Servants Do Well Out of a Court Dinner.

A Court dinner in Germany is a most elaborate affair. A high servant has admitted that nothing save the linen, plate, china, and glass is ever served twice at Court tables. Thus bottles of wine that have been sent up and not uncorked, huge pieces of meat, game, poultry, and sweets in profusion are of necessity left over. These become the perquisites of the servants, who, as can be well imagined, do very well out of a Court dinner.

The Kaiser has made it a new fashion in Germany for host and hostess to sit side by side half-way down the table, and not at each end as here. The guests are supposed to arrive at least twenty minutes before the dinner is served. The actual banquet does not last long.

A man in Berlin, who had been dismissed from the Royal service, boasted that he made a very comfortable income every year by selling the leavings from the Kaiser's feasts. He asserted that many of the restaurants in Berlin subsidized him to secure bottles of Imperial wine and delicacies from the table, a source of income that, if true, can be well imagined as being peculiarly lucrative.

LIVELY!—WHEN HE MEETS HER!

An officer, who had been recently transferred to a new garrison town, was highly displeased to find that the grass-plots on the exercising ground of the troops were largely utilized by the inhabitants of the little town for the purpose of bleaching their linen. He at once issued peremptory orders that all certificates of leave for this privilege were to be withdrawn.

Nevertheless, a few days later, as he marched his troops on the ground for exercise, he found the whole grass-grown surface completely covered with every description of newly-washed linen. Intensely mortified at this contemptuous treatment of his orders, he commanded his troops to go through every species of evolution—march, counter-march, right-about-face, etc.—over the innocent bed-sheets, shirts, etc., etc., until suddenly, pale as death, and with loose flying hair, the commanding officer's own servant-maid rushed on to the scene and, wringing her hands, broke forth into the lament:—

"Gracious me, master, sir! what will the missis say?"

What the "missis" had to say to the ruthless destroyer of his own linen has, we regret to inform the reader, not been communicated to us.

41,000 visits a day are paid to London pawnbrokers.

FRAGRANT
SOZODONT
a perfect liquid dentifrice for the
Teeth and Mouth
New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c
SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c
25c
At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

ABOUT SOILING CROPS.

An old adage hath it that closing the barn after the theft of the horse is not the best method of preventing burglary. Yet it is held to be worth while as a discourager of further pilfering. The dairyman who this past summer has seen his cows shrinking, feels inclined to shut the barn door. How may he do his best? If he has planted soiling crops like peas and oats, Hungarian millet, and the like, and has been supplanting the dying pastures with green feed in the barn or yard, he has closed the door before rather than after the theft. Moreover, the necessity for the summer feeding of grain is greatly lessened. If he has no recourse to soiling crops, nothing but buying grain can lessen the shrinkage. The Vermont experiment station has for many years experimented with soiling crops and recommends to dairymen the large use of summer ensilage and of oats and peas sown at weekly intervals, and fed during July and August. Ensilage is probably the cheapest food; oats and peas somewhat the better. If the former is contemplated as a steady summer diet for years. it would be well to consider the erection of a special summer silo, preferably round, with a small diameter and a relatively greater depth. Ensilage spread over a large surface in summer spoils rapidly and loses largely in feeding value. If oats and peas be chosen, they must be sown in successive lots at weekly intervals, the two sown separately, the peas first rather deeply and harrowed in; the oats two or three days later and bushed in. A better catch is likely to be secured in this way than if sown together. The crop may be either fed green, hayed, or put in the silo. Let those whose July and August milk yields prove disappointing try ensilage or oats and peas next year.

SPRAYING POTATOES AND FRUIT TREES.

It is no longer a question of whether or not it pays to spray, for this has long been settled in the affirmative. Nearly all experiments show that it does, although some seasons it pays better than others. The time and method of application, and the materials to be used are important. For fruit trees one spraying before the buds open, using bordeaux mixture, is advisable to prevent scab and rust. Then give another, to which is added paris green for the codling moth, as soon as the blossoms are nearly all off. One or two applications thereafter at intervals of 10 days to two weeks of the same mixture will generally be all that is necessary.

For potatoes the same materials are used—the bordeaux to prevent blight and rot and the paris green to kill the bugs. The pumps must be started early; in fact, much earlier than is the common practice. As soon as the vines are nicely up give them an application of weak bordeaux and repeat this from five to seven times at intervals of 10 days each. This will prevent the spores from getting a foothold and it is only in prevention that any good is accomplished. The paris green may be added as needed. With the improved sprayers, which cover four or six rows at once, from 20 to 30 acres may be gone over in a day of 10 hours, so that the expense of labor is slight.

The spray must be fine and evenly distributed. A heavy application of big drops runs off and does not accomplish as much as a fine light mist. Paris green is commonly used at the rate of 1 lb to 150 or 200 gals water for both potatoes and apple trees. Bordeaux is made by slaking 6 lbs fresh stone lime in water, then strain and dilute to 25 gals. Dissolve 4 lbs sulphate of copper in 25 gals water and when ready to spray mix the two. Several firms have undertaken to make prepared mixtures similar to the bordeaux or to this and paris green combined. They are called by various names and their use is quite satisfactory. They need only to be added to water before applying.

PRUNING CURRANT BUSHES.

I am not certain as to the best way, writes Mr. A. G. Sharp. My practice has been to begin with the bush at two years old and cut back at least one-third to one-half of the new growth each year, at any time when the bush is dormant, either late in fall or very early in the spring. Also cut out all the suckers that may have started within the plant. In this manner there is no great shock to the plant and it makes a stocky, stiff, upright plant, taking less space and giving a chance to get more plants on an acre.

It keeps the bush more compact and fruit shaded. It extends the season of picking, increases size and helps to keep the fruit up and out of the dirt. A plant left to itself will grow long stems and arms that when loaded with fruit and dripping with rain will bend down so that much of the fruit lies flat upon the ground, to be spattered with mud. Some branches will be broken with the winds, besides being much in way of cultivation.

In regard to trimming or renewing old plants long neglected, I know of no better way than to cut the whole bush off near the ground, when if the root is worth saving it will send up plenty of shoots the first year. These can be treated in the same manner thereafter as a two-year-old plant simply by selecting a few of the best shoots and trimming as at first described. Keep all slender, weak stems cut out or pinched out as they appear.

Perhaps it might be as well to treat half the bush at a time, taking two years to renew the plantation, and at the same time growing some fruit on the plants while renewing. In this case the plants will require more fertilizer as well as cultivation, to make both fruit and a good growth the same season. Currants will stand a good top-dressing every year if fruiting heavily.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD CULTIVATION.

Whenever the soil crumbles it can be worked for the greatest benefit to plant growth. How often we see the plow started when every furrow looks as if it had been run in a mold, the soil particles sticking to each other because of a surplus of moisture, Too often such work is termed scientific, because of the handsome even appearance. Land thus managed, though it may be a sandy loam which would be much less damaged than clay, will not gain that fine garden tilth, which is so desirable, perhaps, for the whole season.

Rich clay lands which are so valuable for the production of high-class hay and corn, are most seriously damaged by plowing and cultivating when too wet, because when the drying out process begins the furrows break up into lumps or clods which become more thoroughly baked as the heat of the sun increases. Often the field must remain idle for two or three years before the unfavorable lumpy condition is overcome. The novice just commencing will get caught in this way often, thinking that all soils can be worked without regard to quality or texture.

For the double purpose of forwarding spring work and plowing when the land is in its most favourable condition, and also taking into account that frost and air are very important factors in our farming operations we believe that a large proportion of the plowing should be done in the fall, commencing as soon as haying is over. Then the following spring the harrow, spring-tooth if possible, will do all that is necessary for the forthcoming crop.

HOTEL PROPRIETOR WINS HIS CASE.

Under an Unjust Penalty for Eight Years

Bright's Disease Hold the Sentence of Death Over His Head—Suffered all the Misery of Broken Health in the Meanwhile—His Deliverance by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dresden, May 13, (Special.)—Allan McIntosh, proprietor of the well known Clifford House here, in conversation at his house to-day, made a statement that cannot fail to carry with it the weight and influence of the speaker.

"Gentlemen," said he, "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Bright's Disease after eight years of torture."

To say that his hearers were surprised, but faintly expresses it. Mr. McIntosh looks so far from an invalid at the present time, that the news of his former affliction with a dreadful malady, like Bright's Disease, sounds unreal and improbable.

The subject arose from a conversation in which one of the gentlemen present complained of backache. Mr. McIntosh at once advised Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Following some further discussion on the merits of Dodd's Kidney Pills came the statement above quoted.

"I had Bright's Disease for over eight years," repeated Mr. McIntosh. "I could get absolutely nothing to help me. Bright's Disease was incurable I found. My back was a continual ache. My urine was of that dark color which is the most alarming symptom of the disease.

"Gentlemen, I tell you, I was in a bad way. Bright's Disease means death if you don't cure it, and I could get nothing to cure it. In fact, I was told it was incurable, and believed it. But it isn't. Dodd's Kidney Pills can cure it. They cured me. I used seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Bright's Disease left me. Only for Dodd's Kidney Pills you wouldn't see me here before you this minute."

The facts as related by Mr. McIntosh are universally confirmed by the people of Dresden.

BERLIN'S MODEL P. O. SYSTEM.

Letter Boxes Are Now Cleared Every Fifteen Minutes.

Although Berlin's postal service is the unattainable model for the rest of Europe, the excellence already attained does not satisfy the postal authorities. The problem, of course, is the accurate collection and distribution of mail matter in the shortest possible period of time. By a recent innovation the letter boxes in the principal thoroughfares are now cleared every fifteen minutes during the busy hours of the day. Illustrative of the perfection to which the department has attained is the following story. Also it is an instance in which stern officialism saved a human life. A young girl wrote to her parents expressing her determination to commit suicide, and incidentally mentioned the place where her body would be found. She mailed the letter. Her father received it within an hour of its being posted, hurried to the spot in the Thiergarten, where the body was to be found, caught his daughter in the commencement of her rash attempt, and took her home.

LAWS OF SUCCESSION.

Many people have been confused by the various laws of succession which prevail in Europe. There are three different systems, the most general being that known as the Salic system, under which women are completely excluded. This is the rule in Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Denmark and Germany. Then there is the German-Dutch system, under which males in all degrees of relationship take precedence of females, the thrones passing to the female line only in case of the extinction of all the male lines, however remote. This is the rule in Holland—from which it takes its name—Russia, and some of the minor German States. The third system is our own, under which females are excluded when there are males in the same degree of relationship, but take precedence of males whose degree of relationship is not so close as their own. Thus an elder daughter of the ruling Sovereign gives way to all her younger brothers and their issue, but takes precedence of male cousin or a nephew. This system is the rule in Spain and Portugal as well as in England.

A QUESTION OF DISTANCE.

A traveller riding in a wild part of Caithness came to the edge of a morass. Seeing a peasant-boy near, he inquired whether the bog were hard at the bottom.

Oh, ay, replied the lad—quite hard.

Reassured, the traveller spurred forward, but, to his dismay, the horse and its rider sank rapidly into the bog.

Here, you young rascal! shouted the affrighted horseman, you said it was hard at the bottom!

Ay, sir! was the calm reply. But ye hav'na got there yet!

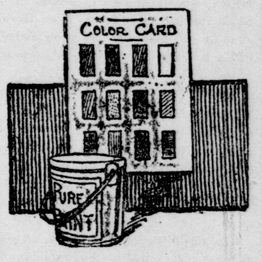
A CHOICE OF TWO.

A number of Glasgow schoolboys went into a doctor's consulting-room to avail themselves of the corporation's offer of free revaccination. After the operation was completed one little fellow was asked to give his name, and the answer came back:

They ca' me Breeks, but ma maiden-name's McPhairson.

THE BEST TEA you had ever tasted before trying
LUDELLA CEYLON
becomes a memory and a back number.
LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60 Cents.

PURE PAINTS.



Now the season for painting is on. Get your house touched up with paint—good paint. Don't use any common brand of paint because it is cheap. Don't use cheap paint at all, it is dear in the end. Get a good old brand that has been known in Canada for sixty years.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

are the oldest and best known paints in Canada, made to beautify and preserve the house. We will send you a booklet showing how some houses are painted and telling all about paint if you will drop us a card and ask for Booklet "K" free.

A. RAMSAY & SON,
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Est'd 1842.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

A boy was summoned to testify in a case of assault, in which one man had hit another with a shovel. A host of witnesses had been called, who "beat about the bush" in the most tedious and provoking manner.

This annoyed the lawyer for the prosecution who broke out as follows: Here, boy, we've been going round this case for hours, and yet have no evidence to convict the prisoner. Now, sir, he savagely continued, do you hear me? I want you to come to the direct point. Did you see the blow struck?

Yes, sir.

Ah, ha, chuckled the lawyer, rubbing his hands, we have something to work upon. Here, my good lad take this cane, handing him his walking-stick. If you saw the blow struck, you must know how it was given.

Yes, sir, I——

Now, then, no words about it, I tell you! thundered the interrogator. I'm the complainant and you are the prisoner. Now, just raise the stick, and show the Court.

The bewildered lad did "raise the stick," and the next moment it came down upon the bald pate of the astonished lawyer, and sent him staggering to his seat.

That's the way it was done, sir, said the boy, amid the shrieks of laughter of the whole courtroom. The discomfited counsel, with a ghastly attempt to smile, said that he had done with the witness—the evidence was direct.

Alfred A. Taylor, of Margaree, says: 'One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured a swelling of the gamble joint, and saved a horse worth $140.00.

Thos. W. Payne, of Bathurst, saved the life of a valuable horse that the Vet. had given up with a few bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

THEN SHE CEASED TO TROUBLE.

A gentleman who was in love with a lady, and had no opportunity to unfold his passion, appeared before her house and cried out Fire! fire! fire! upon which she threw up the window and asked where; when he placed his hand upon his heart, and said, Here, here, here!

KAWARTHA LAKES.

One of the finest of the many excellent summer outings open to the tourist on a holiday is a trip through the Kawartha Lakes, Lindsay, Cobocouk, or Lakefield, are the best points to start in from, and the scenery is well worth the time, to say nothing of the fresh air the traveller can imbibe. The steamers which are running in the route, are all fast, safe craft and are well appointed. The Kawartha Lakes are the summer pleasure grounds of the continent.

The Misericordia Hospital of Rio Janeiro is the largest in the world; 14,000 patients are treated in a year.

$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.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best

Lady Roberts brought from South Africa a wonderful collection of plants, which she presented to the Queen, and they are now in the conservatories at Osborne House. Some rare and exquisite orchids are among them, and several of the curious rock plants found in the Transvaal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The first submarine cable was laid in August, 1850, between Dover and Cape Grisnez.

E. W. Grove
This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

INFLEXIBLE JUSTICE

What kind of man is Jipps?

He's this kind. If you invited him to dine with you and he lost his umbrella at your house he'd make you pay for it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Boiling 100lb. of raw fowl reduces it to 80lb., roasting it to 75lb.

Armstrong's first breech-loading gun, invented in 1859, fired a shot 5 miles, with only 5lb. of powder.

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."

Only 12 acres in every 100 of Japan's 47,000 square miles are under cultivation.

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AVENUE HOUSE—Mount—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

7lb. of American flour will make as much bread as 8lb. of English flour.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Rent may be sued for on the day following the one on which it is due.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

France pays Great Britain $500,000 a year for the use of submarine cables.

W. P. C. 1076

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.
For all skin ailments.
J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

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