The Lesson of Health

IS ONE TAUGHT US BY THE EXPERIENCE OF OTHERS.

Learn This Lesson Well and the Ravages of Disease Will No Longer Be So Prevalent — The Story of One Who Has Been Benefited and Who Offers Her Experience To Aid Others.

From L'Sorelois, Sorel, Que.

Among the multitude of ailments that afflict humanity there are few that cause more acute misery than indigestion or dyspepsia, as it is variously called. Both young and old are susceptible to its attacks, and its victims throughout the country are numbered by tens of thousands. Among the disagreeable symptoms which accompany dyspepsia and make it easily recognizable, are weight, uneasiness and a heavy feeling in the stomach after eating, a feeling of weariness, sick headache and dizziness, pains in the stomach, offensive breath, irritability, etc. Ordinary medicines will not cure dyspepsia. They may relieve its symptoms temporarily, but the trouble always returns and each time in an intensified form. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine which will thoroughly and effectively cure dyspepsia. These pills act not merely upon the symptoms, but on the disease itself through the blood, hence through the stomach, which is strengthened and restored to its normal functions.

Mrs. Alp. Lussier, a lady well known in Sorel, Que., is one of the many who have been released from the clutches of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in the hope that her experience will be of benefit to some other sufferer she gives the following story for publication: "For over two years I was a sufferer from dyspepsia or bad indigestion. The disease became chronic and I was an almost continual sufferer from headaches, heartburn and heart palpitation. All sense of taste left me and at times my stomach was so weak that I was unable to keep any food on it, and this caused me more distress than one could imagine. Although I tried several remedies, none of them gave me any relief, and I began to regard my life as a burden, rather than a joy as it should be. One day while reading I came across a case similar to my own, cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so in the hope that I would receive similar benefit I decided to give the pills a trial. I had not taken the pills long before I could see that my hopes for recovery were being realized. By the time I had taken half a dozen boxes all symptoms of the trouble had disappeared and I was able to enjoy life as I did before being seized with the malady. I have no hesitation in saying that I think that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best known cure for dyspepsia, and I would strongly advise all sufferers to give them a trial.

The old adage, "Experience is the best teacher," might well be applied in cases of dyspepsia, and if sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, there would be less suffering throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SALMON RIVER RUNS DRY

Fish Waiting for a Chance to Ascend the Miramichi.

The news that comes from the Miramichi River, N. B., one of the greatest salmon streams of New Brunswick, must prove somewhat tantalizing to fly fishermen, who found the sport rather below the average there this season. Now the lower waters of the Miramichi are teeming with splendid fish. This is due to a most unusual state of affairs.

No rain has fallen in the watershed of the Miramichi for the past three months, and the northwest and southwest branches are extraordinarily low. For nearly 200 miles, indeed, they are almost dry, so that the salmon are unable to move up to their accustomed spawning grounds. The fish have gathered in unprecedented numbers in the tidal waters of the river, and the attention of the Department of Fisheries has been called to the fact that there is likely to be wholesale destruction of the salmon unless measures are taken to prevent it.

Nothing like the present condition of affairs has been known on the river for more than twenty years. Moreover, the runs of fish on the Miramichi have been greater this season that they have since the famous runs of 1893.

MORE SCHOOLBOY HUMOUR.

There is invariably a gread deal of amusement to be found in schoolboys' examination papers. Here are a few recently written :—

A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there.

Alias means otherwise. For example, he was tall and she was alias.

Soap is a kind of stuff made into nice-looking cakes that smell good, but taste awful. Soapjuice always tastes the worse when you get it in your eyes. My father says the Boers don't use soap. I wish I was a Boer.

Hens is a curious animal. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swallow their vittles whole, and chew it up in their crops inside of them. The outside of hens is all feathers, and is sometimes put into pillows or made into dusters. The inside of hens is sometimes filled with marbles and shirt-buttons and such. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more potatoes and eat more corn than anything that isn't a hen. Hens, however, is useful to lay eggs for plum-puddings. Hens have got wings and legs, and can fly when they are scared out of the garden. Hens sometimes makes very fine spring chickens.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

A Parliamentary candidate for a Scotch constituency came across a crofter, who seemed to be dissatisfied with both candidates.

"It's nae use a-talkin' to me, sir" said the man to his would-be representative in Parliament—"not a bit o' use. The kind o' man we want here is a richt-doon rascal—one that disna care a rap for man or beast!"

Hopeless as the case appeared to be, the candidate bravely persisted in expounding his views, and soon succeeded in interesting the seeming irreconcilable. Indeed, the crofter was so carried away by the earnestness and enthusiasm of the vote-seeker that, glowing with satisfaction, and anxious to make amends for his first reckless remarks, he seized the candidate's hand, and exclaimed:

"Sir, ma vote's yours! Ye're the very man for us!"

Of men who marry, 10 are bachelors to 1 widower.

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carringford the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait gallery at Hartleigh Hall. He is passionately fond of her and to be often in her presence asks leave to paint her portrait. Guy, a nephew of Sir Richard, to avoid seeing Wilton's admiration for the girl he thinks he loves, rides off and calls on his old nurse. He meets Mildred Thorpe. Lady Gladys a rival for Guy's affections takes steps to uncover Maida's past. Maida dismisses Wilton.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A couple of hours later Guy was smoking a cigar in the gallery. On the morrow the long-looked-for excursion to the Titan's Shield was to come off, and, as an early hour or two in the fields had been planned, the male visitor's, all ardent sportsmen, had gone to rest.

Guy sat alone, his eyes half closed, his thoughts wandering to the little cottage at Lougham, and the sweet, friendless little organist there.

He had done his best, during his long ride, to make up his mind and arrive at some decision. On one side stood his promise; on the other, the sweet face which had haunted him since the first moment he had seen it. There was no longer any doubt that he loved her. He would gladly have sacrificed any material consideration to have secured her for his own; but what was he to do with his promise to his uncle? He knew that the old man had set his heart on the marriage between his daughter and nephew, and, with all he owed him, could he ask him to release him of his promise?

If she had loved him it would have made the sacrifice less bitter; but he knew she did not love him, and he shuddered to think of a marriage under such circumstances. And yet his promise! If Constance did not ask to be released—if she was willing to yield for her father's sake—how could he do so?

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

For hours he had been asking himself the same question, and, all he could answer was that he had promised. He was still wrestling with the problem, with no nearer approach to a solution, when a messenger came to say that Sir Richard wished his presence in the library.

Guy went at once, glad of a respite from the vexing question. There was a dim light from a reading lamp in the library, and Guy entered in his usual direct fashion.

"Do you want me, sir?" But his voice dropped suddenly as he crossed the room, and he hurried up to the chair with an expression of concern, for Sir Richard was sitting, lying rather, in his usual arm-chair, his face white and drawn, his hands lying on his knees, supine and limp.

"Uncle, you are ill!" he cried, anxiously.

"Yes, yes; but never mind that now. Where is Constance?"

"She has gone to her rooms. Do you want her, sir? I can fetch her."

The old man looked wistfully at the door, and then at Guy, but held his hand as Guy arose.

"No, not yet—I want to say a few words to you alone first. Guy, do you remember the night you started to seek her?"

"Quite well, sir. But are you sure you ought to allow——"

"You are alarmed at my state. It is nothing unusual. Let it pass, Guy, and listen. You have not forgotten the bargain we made that night, Guy?"

"I have not forgotten, sir."

"It was a solemn engagement, was it not, Guy? Neither of us knew then what the future would bring forth. But now that I know, I am as much concerned to have the engagement fulfilled as I was then when I thought it might mean the whole future of my wronged child. I am so anxious that I cannot rest longer in this uncertainty. Guy,"—and his voice quivered appealingly—"I am an old man, tottering, waiting on the brink of that dark river which all must cross. The grim ferryman will be here directly—how soon I cannot tell. Already I hear the splash of his oars, catch glimpses of his black boat. Guy, I cannot cross contented and resigned until I see the dearest hope of my life fulfilled."

He bent forward in his eagerness. Guy was about to speak when the old man stopped him.

"Don't speak; hear me out, Guy. Since the night of her return—a blessed night for me—I have watched you—her and you, Guy. Neither of you can be completely happy; there seems to be some difference between you. What is the barrier? You love her, Guy; I saw that long ago—and indeed it would be wonderful if you did not. Who could live near her and fail to love, to worship her? And—and, Guy, I think, I am almost sure, she returns your love."

Guy looked up with a sudden start of consternation, which the old man took for one of surprise.

"This is no time for modesty, my boy," he said. "A father's eyes are sharp, and can penetrate the veil which a young, pure-hearted girl strives to throw over her love. She loves you, Guy. Why—why wait? For my sake join hands, as you have joined hearts, and let me go hence in peace and contentment. I have only one thought—for your joint happiness. What is to prevent it?"

Rapidly, as the old man talked, Guy ran over in his mind the weight of obligation he was under to him, noticed his weak state, realized that he was not long for this world, and remembered his own promise.

"Nothing on my part shall prevent it," he said.

As he said the words he felt that he had sounded the knell of his own dearest hopes. He recalled the sweet face he had had so near his own but a few hours ago, and inwardly suffered that anguish which only the man can comprehend who has deliberately sacrificed all his hopes of happiness in this world.

Sir Richard, unconscious of the self-abnegation of his nephew, extended his hand gratefully, and with a certain sort of congratulation, too, and Guy grasped it with what fervor he could assume. Poor Guy! It was his first attempt at dissimulation, and any other than the old man would have seen through it.

"Heaven bless you, Guy!" said the old man, brokenly. "I was not deceived in you. But do not think I could have done this if I had not known, almost surely, that it would come back to you. I know she loves you, Guy."

Guy sighed inwardly. But a few days ago he would have feared that his uncle was deceived. To-day he dreaded lest he was not.

"Come, let me do your wooing for you, Guy. She is a strange girl—poor darling. Let me—— Go Guy, and see if she is still up. If she is, ask her to come to me. You shall hear it from her own lips."

Guy slowly left the room. It was as if he was going to call his own executioner. He went up the stairs and knocked at her door, expecting her maid to open it. Instead of that Maida herself did so. She had thrown off her magnificent evening dress, and was clad in a clinging robe of some soft material. Her face was pale, but flushed as her eyes fell upon him.

"I thought it was my maid," she said. Then with a look of apprehension: "Is anything the matter? Has anything happened?"

"No," answered Guy. "Your father is not quite well, but is not seriously ill. It is not for that that he sends for you. Will you say to him that I shall be in the dining-room in case he should want me?"

She looked keenly at him, and, noticing his downcast eyes, leaped quickly to a suspicion of what was about to be required of her.

"I will tell him," she said, and went down stairs.

She stood for a moment at the door of the library, looking in at her father. Then, as she noticed his attitude, and grasped the tale it told of weakness, she glided across the room and fell at his knees.

"Father!"

"It is nothing, nothing, my darling," he murmured. "Don't be frightened. Not a word about myself—not yet, at least. Has—has Guy told you?"

She shook her head, her eyes fastened on his face.

"It is as well," he said. "I can speak for him better than he can speak for himself. Constance, he loves you."

With a slight start she drew her head back and looked at him; and then, with her hands clasped on his knees, drooped her head and was silent. He lovingly passed his white, trembling hand over the thick tresses of her beautiful hair.

"He loves you, my darling," he repeated, in a low voice. "Are you glad or sorry? I cannot see your eyes. Are you wondering why he has not told you himself? It is because I asked him to let me do so. Constance, if I know you—if I have not uselessly dwelt upon every word and look since—since you came back to me—I do not think you will say you are sorry. So sure am I, that I have asked him to let me have the happiness—which should be his—of first hearing from your own lips that the great hope of my life will be realized. Tell me that it is so, Constance. He loves—my good, honest, straightforward Guy—as only such a man can love. And how great such a love can be, you cannot even conjecture, but you will learn in time. You do not speak, darling? You are not surprised, not—not sorry?"

At the sharp alarm and dread in his voice she looked up and drew his hand to her lips.

"My child, my Constance," he murmured, "it is as I have wished, as I have longed it might be. You love him Constance? Ah, if you knew how anxiously, how impatiently I have waited for this moment, you would realize how sweet, how glad a one it is to me. Constance I have watched you for months, hung on your every word and look, watching for some sign that would tell me that everything was going well with my great desire. Then you do love him and will be his wife?"

"Would it make you happy?" she asked in a low voice.

"Happier than words can say. It is the dearest wish of my life."

"Then—then," she said, slowly, and with a strange and ghastly look, "I will do it."

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured, brokenly. "Ah, if you knew how happy you have made me! It was the one thing wanting. Could I die and leave my child without a protector——leave her to buffet the world and all its misfortunes alone? No, no. Now, I am content. With Guy by your side you are safe in a haven—safe!"

"Safe!" she murmured, with a sudden start. "Yes; I shall be safe."

He smoothed her hair caressingly.

"Yes, I can cross the river, now, darling, feeling that some atonement has been made. Constance, I have never spoken of your mother——" With a sudden start she shrank from him, but he held her in his arms and drew her closer to him. "It is too late now. I did her a great wrong, Constance—no wife was more foully misjudged by her husband; but—but—I can make some atonement to her child. I have only one wish left, my darling, and that is to be spared to see you Guy's wife, and the future Lady Hartleigh. Call him, Constance. Let me see you join hands, and feel that my hope will be fulfilled. Go, dear; he is waiting."

She arose, and, with slow, faltering steps, opened the door. Guy was in the hall, and came toward her. Sir Richard arose, and, steadying himself by the table, pointed to her.

"Take her, Guy—she is yours," he said, and sank into his chair again.

Guy turned to Constance. With lowered eyes she held out her hand, which he took mechanically. Almost on the same instant she withdrew it from him and threw herself on her knees beside Sir Richard with a cry of alarm.

The old man's head had fallen forward and his eyes were closed. He had fainted. Guy sprang forward to the bell, and Sir Richard's man entered. With a comprehensive glance he took in the situation in a moment.

"Send for a doctor at once," said Guy; but the man hesitated.

"I don't think it's much, sir," he said, with a grave concern. "Sir Richard has been taken ill like this, off and on, for the last ten years. He's seen the doctor, sir," and he can't do anything. There's a medicine here, sir," and he went to a small cabinet, "which I always give him. Let me try the effect of this, sir," and he forced some dark fluid between the thin, white lips.

"For more than ten years!" said Guy, agitatedly. "Why have you not told me?"

"I dared not, sir," said the man, respectfully. "Sir Richard's orders were too strict. He never liked any fuss, as he called it, and was averse to anyone knowing of these attacks. He will be all rigit directly, sir; it's his heart. He is coming to, now. If—if you will pardon me, I think you had better leave him to me, sir. Sir Richard doesn't like anyone to see him like this."

Guy arose, troubled and sorrowful, but Maida still clung to the old man's arm. Slowly he opened his eyes, looked down at Maida with an ineffable tenderness, and then, as the valet came forward, waved him languidly aside.

"No, Harkins," he said; "my daughter and Mr. Guy will help me. We—have—kept—our secret a long while, but it is out now."

Guy and Maida raised him between them, and, with an arm on each, he went slowly along the corridor to his room. At the door he turned and laid his hands on their heads.

"Heaven bless you, my children!" he murmured, and passed in.

Guy put his hand out to Maida, but with a strange look she sank down on the mat, and leaned her head against the door.

"No, no," she said, brokenly; "leave me here."

Guy stooped with a look of alarm and raised her in his arms.

"Come," he said, gently, "you cannot stay here."

"Yes, it is my place! I am his daughter! His daughter!"

He hesitated a moment, but as it would never do to let her remain there, he said:

"Yes, you are his daughter, but you will be my wife. Come!"

At the word wife she started, looked at him fiercely, then turned her head away, and let him lead her to her room.

It was a strange betrothal.

To be Continued.

ABOUT RUBIES.

What They Are and in What Esteem They Are Held.

Rubies are growing scarcer. The most beautiful come from Ceylon, India, and China. The mines of Peru are nearly exhausted or but little worked to-day. The regions where they are situated are dangerous of approach; besides, in the states of the Grand Mogul the exportation of rubies is forbidden until they have been exhibited to the sovereign, who retains the most beautiful. The ruby of Siam is distinguished by its deep red color, somewhat resembling the garnet.

Carbuncles, to which the ancients attributed fantastic properties, were in reality rubies. They served, it was said, to give light to large serpents or dragons whose sight had been enfeebled by age; they bore them constantly between their teeth, and laid them down only for eating and drinking. It was even claimed that the carbuncle emitted light in darkness, and that the thickest clothing could not stop its rays. Without all the exaggeration of such legends, it was believed for a long time that rubies contained luminous rays. The truth is that they have double refraction and send out red rays with unequalled brilliancy. Traversed in a vacuum by an electric current, they are illuminated with a red fire of extreme intensity. The greatest heat does not change their form or their color.

The largest ruby known in Europe is said to be one that the Russian caravans brought from China with other precious stones in exchange for their peltries, and which forms today one of the rarest ornaments of the Imperial court of Russia. The one of which Cardin speaks with admiration was of splendid color, and bore engraved the name of the shiek Lephy. That of the Shah of Persia, of which Travenier made a drawing, weighed 175 karats. That of the King of Visapour was sold in 1653 for nearly $15,000. The one possessed by Gustavus Adolphus was as large as a small egg and of the most beautiful water. It was presented to the Czarina on the occasion of Gustavus Adolphus' visit to St. Petersburg in 1677.

THE PROFESSOR WAS TOUCHED

"I look upon you as a disgrace to the college," thundered the irate professor. "And were it not for my lifelong friendship with your honored father I would expel you, sir."

The present had been about the tenth time during the term that young Fulano had been reprimanded for infractions of the college rules, and it was very apparent from the old gentleman's voice and manner that he was about tired of it.

Had the present offence been merely of the usual character he might not have felt so indignant. Participation in the lively escapades peculiar to collegians, if not carried too far, he was disposed to wink at, if not overlook. But to do as Fulano had now done—actually sell his text books and those of his small library in order to assist in a grand jollification—was something, he thought, that struck at the establishment's very foundation.

Fulano, as one having no defence, offered not a word of explanation or apology.

"And to think that you, a scholar's son and a student at this college, should descend so low as to sell all your books!" ended up the learned but angry man with a fine burst of scorn.

"But I didn't sell them all," feebly answered Fulano. "I have one left."

"Oh, you have, have you?" sarcastically. "And, pray, what is that? A Patent Office Report?"

"No, sir," and the youth blushed as though conscious of showing a weakness of feeling. "It is the presentation copy of your own 'History of Spain' with which you honored me on my arrival here."

The professor was touched in a tender spot. He was naturally proud of his authorship. He also loved the son of his old friend almost as his own, and now that the boy had spared that one book while sacrificing the rest showed there was something good in him after all.

"Well, John, my boy," he finally said, in a gentle tone, putting forth his hand, "all youth has its faults, and I forgive you; but why, why did you not sell that book likewise?"

"I tried to, professor, but nobody would buy it."

CRYING BABIES.

The Cry of An Infant is Nature's Signal of Distress.

Babies never cry unless there is some very good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. Every mother ought to get to work immediately to find out what that something wrong may be. If the fretfulness and irritation are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to administer Baby's Own Tablets without the slightest delay.

For indigestion, sleeplessness, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, diarrhoea, constipation, colic, and simple fevers, these marvellous little tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious baby lives. Do not give a child so-called "soothing" medicines; such only stupify and produce unnatural sleep. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drugs; they promote sound, healthy sleep because they go directly to the root of baby troubles. Dissolved in water these tablets can be given to the youngest infant. Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says:—"I have never used any medicine for baby that did as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them."

Baby's Own Tablets are for sale at all drug stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of price (25 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WORTH OF RAILWAYS.

The railways of the world are today worth from £5,000,000,000 to £6,000,000,000. This probably represents one-tenth of the total wealth of civilized nations, and one quarter, if not one-third of their invested capital. The world's whole stock of money of every kind—gold, silver and paper—would purchase only a third of its railways.

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FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

BREEDING SHEEP.

In buying animals for a start, get the best that can be secured at a reasonable price, writes Mr. J. P. Sargent. Animals lacking constitution and vigor should be butchered. Buy well-matured ewes; better lambs will be produced than from young ewes and in ten years a much more profitable flock will have been developed.

Sheep should always be protected from the cold, especially in autumn and early spring. In winter protect from storms and winds. See that they get plenty of care and that their quarters are dry under foot. Keep in the barn at night during winter, but turn out in the lot every day so they will get the much needed exercise. Keep salt and water always accessible.

It is useless to tell farmers at this day and age that plenty of good feed is absolutely necessary to success. Fine early cut hay is excellent, then straw, silage, etc., may be used as supplementary feed. There is no profit in raising sheep on poor or insufficient feed. If one is obliged to feed poor hay in part, give it in the morning when the sheep are hungry. At night clean out the racks and feed all the good hay that will be eaten up clean. The more clover in the hay the better. Give grain or roots, or both, if available, in connection with the hay. Feed twice a day—8 in the morning and at 4 in the afternoon. When very long days arrive, I feed three times a day.

The time for having lambs dropped must be governed more or less by circumstances. They should always come at the barn unless there is a small pasture close by where the flock can be watched. If the ewes are allowed to shift for themselves, many lambs will be lost and occasionally a mature sheep. There are many good reasons why sheep should be sheared before being turned to pasture. If shorn as soon as the weather permits, they are more comfortable, but must be put into the barn during spells of cold weather. If allowed to carry their coat until late in the season they are terribly annoyed by heat and ticks and are driven into the shade when they should be feeding in the pasture. The skin of the sheep becomes very tender from sweating, and when shorn they often suffer from colds.

All stock must be comfortable to be profitable. Consequently shear early, keep under shelter during stormy weather, and the animals will then be in condition to make the best use of early pasture. While the lambs are in the barn, they should have access to a separate inclosure where oats and bran are available. If the lambs are to go to the butcher corn meal should be added, but those wanted for breeding are better without this heating feed. If the lambs attain any considerable size before going to market suitable racks should be provided and well supplied with hay. If the sheep are sheared, the lambs should be dipped in a decoction of tobacco, for any ticks on the old sheep go to the lambs after shearing. Wean the lambs at four months, so the ewes may gain flesh before the breeding season in the fall.

PORK PRODUCTION.

In producing pork one of the essentials to be taken into consideration is to grow the food that is best and cheapest, on one's own farm. There is a good deal of talk about balanced rations for swine. There is no doubt of the value of a balanced ration and there is much profit to be gained by such a ration, providing the farm produces all the essentials for that ration. Some farmers will tell you that they cannot make any money feeding hogs, or at least that they have paid out all profits in buying feeds. The man who is a successful farmer must take into consideration the economics in running his business. The man who is paying out money for high-priced foods and conditioners that he might produce for himself is not practicing economy. The aim of every farmer must be to produce on his farm all the food that is necessary to both grow and fatten his pork.

Corn and grass are two great feeds that every farmer should pin his faith to in the corn and grass region. The grass can be varied to suit the climate and soil of the various locations. Oats can be used as a change to good advantage, while the product of the dairy can be worked into pork with equal profit.

Every farmer should study his own conditions and environments and produce the food necessary as a matter of economy and profit from the farm. Instead of buying bone meal, feed your charcoal or ashes or cob ashes, also feed with roots, small potatoes, pumpkins and other vegetables grown upon the farm. Study your animals, keep them on the move and on the grow. You will find by careful investigation of the capabilities of your farm that it will produce adequate stuff to meet all requirements of growing hogs without having to buy high-priced feeds, and this method will bring you a profit.

HOW TO TETHER YOUR BEAST.

An excellent method of tethering your horse is as follows; Instead of driving in a certain peg and tying the rope to it, as most people do, take a long, strong wire and fasten it to a peg at either end. The pegs are driven into the ground as far apart as the wire can easily be stretched by hand, and the tether-rope is fastened to a ring sliding on the wire. If the wire used is one hundred yards long, and the tether-rope fifty feet, the animal is allowed to graze over about three-quarters of an acre. As the wire is tight and lies flat upon the ground, there is no fear of the animal becoming entangled in it. Of course it is preferable not to stretch it across a hollow. A strong single fence wire is strong enough, or perhaps the plain double twisted fence wire would be better, as the two-stranded kind possesses a little more elasticity. The wire should be burned before using, so as to prevent its breaking if it should become kinked in changing the pegs.

POULTRY YARD.

If the surplus stock is fat and ready for market it is wise to sell now.

Kaffir corn is a wholesome poultry food, but not so fattening as Indian corn.

A small sleigh-bell on the necks of a few members of your turkey flock may keep foxes and other thieves from carrying out their evil designs.

When young cockerels fight remove the vanquished to the pullet pen for a few weeks. If left with his conqueror he will neither grow nor fatten.

Wheat can be profitably substituted for corn to the extent of one-half of the grain ration where it is relatively cheaper than the corn, which is the case in some sections.

If your early hatched pullets are matured enough to lay, coop them as you intend them to remain for the winter, as it is not safe to move them after they start laying; it will interfere with the egg yield.

When a dozen eggs bring as much in the market as a pound of butter, the farmer who keeps hens and manages them well is a little ahead of the dairyman whose cows hardly return enough for their keeping.

ELEVEN YEARS A CLOSE PRISONER.

STORY OF A QUEBEC MAN'S TRIAL AND HIS LONG UNEARNED PUNISHMENT.

His Recent Marvellous Escape by the Aid of Dodd's Kidney Pills—His Gratitude to the Help that Saved Him—Six Boxes Completely Restored Him to Health.

St. Patrice, Lotbiniere, Que., Oct. 14.—(Special.)—A sad story of unjust imprisonment is that told by Phillippe Boissonneault, of this place. His case was worse than that of the ordinary prisoner, for his bonds were those of pain and disease. For eleven years they held him a hopeless victim, chained, tortured, a slave to Kidney Disease.

Who is there in the world that thinks man was intended to suffer, that he merits his fate, that he deserves the afflictions disease put on him? Surely, no one thinks that. We were put here to be happy, to be healthy, and free from pain. Nobody will say that Phillippe Boissoneault of St. Patrice deserved his long punishment, and nobody but will rejoice to learn that through the aid of a wonderful medicine—Dodd's Kidney Pills—he has escaped.

Dodd's Kidney Pills, the remedy that proved such a boon, have made a reputation all over the world in curing of diseases of and arising from the Kidneys. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Women's Disorders, Dropsy Nervousness and Blood Impurities all come within the scope of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Dodd's Kidney Pills have testimonials for the cure of all of them. Phillippe Boissonneault's case was the common form of Kidney Disease.

"For eleven years I have suffered untold agony with Backache which crippled me as though I were barred and shackled. I dwindled in weight to a mere shadow. I have taken all sorts of remedies, nothing doing me any good. I read in Dodd's Almanac what was recommended for the Kidneys. I decided to try them and sent for six boxes, though without confidence, but to-day I am completely cured, and thank Dodd's Kidney Pills alone for it."

A WAY THEY'VE GOT IN SPAIN.

An Isle of Wight divine went on a yachting cruise to the Mediterranean with a friend of his, who hated putting into ports on the way to his destination. However, after a great deal of persuasion from the Canon, who particularly wanted to get his letters, the yacht was put into Barcelona.

The Canon at once went to the post-office and demanded his letters.

"We cannot give them up till you are identified," was the answer.

"But I am Canon P., and well known in England, and am on board Captain H.'s yacht," replied the Canon.

"You must be identified by the captain of the yacht," answered the post-office official.

There was nothing for it but to go off to the yacht and bring back the skipper, who satisfactorily identified the Canon.

"Now you must come with me to the British Consul and make a declaration," said the official.

They found the Consul was away from home and would not be back till the following night, so the Canon had to go back to the yacht and wait, much to the disgust of his impatient friend.

The next evening he made the necessary declaration and then got back to the post-office, where he demanded his letters, and was told calmly that there were none.

On one notable occasion the Czar reduced a Russian general to a frightful state of consternation. It happened soon after his accession and before his coronation, that he was cycling in the park at Gatschina, wearing, as was his wont, the uniform of a colonel. Something having gone wrong with his chain, he got off to adjust it, and just at that moment a pompous general from a distant province passed. Not receiving the salute due to him, the officer stepped up to the supposed colonel and peremptorily requested an explanation of the seeming discourtesy. "I am so sorry," said the Czar, sweetly; "I have not yet had the honor of becoming acquainted with you, owing to the shortness of my reign, or I should, of course, have done so."

The first Christian Science church was organized in 1887, the second in 1891. To-day there are over 600 such churches.

389,651 Britons live on salaries which average £223 a head.

...Dear Sirs,—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years.

I have used three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT and am completely cured.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the use of your valuable medicine.

Two Rivers. ROBERT ROSS.

LATEST PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT.

The latest penny-in-the-slot device is, if nothing else, a very novel contrivance. It combines a lung-tester with a beverage-dispensing machine. The operator, after having inserted his penny in the apparatus, blows through a tube for all he is worth. The force of the blow is registered upon a dial on the front of the machine, while at the same time the valve of the beer barrel is opened. The longer the operator can keep blowing the larger the drink he eventually obtains. A few of these machines are now in use and others are to follow.

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

has earned for itself THE GOOD REPUTATION it now has and will always sustain.

UNIFORM GOOD QUALITY DID IT. Lead Packages, 25c., 40c., 50c. and 60c.

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

KINGS HATE ADS.

And Have an Unpleasant Way of Showing It.

Britons are quite accustomed to see the names of royalties figuring in the advertisements as patrons of this or that tradesman. This might appear to be good business for the advertiser, but in reality it does him ultimate harm.

There is nothing crowned heads dislike more than seeing their names in advertisements. A prominent London tradesman, who had supplied the Royal families of Europe with his wares for generations, applied for the King's patronage after His Majesty's accession. The King demurred to granting it on the grounds that the tradesman was an extensive advertiser, and was very fond of citing the names of his Royal customers. The patronage was ultimately granted only on the conditions that it was not in any way advertised.

Foreign Royalties are equally annoyed at being referred to by British advertisers, and have often withdrawn their custom on account of this. A manufacturer of health appliances recently found this out to his cost. On applying to a foreign ruler for permission to mention the Royal name as his patron, he received a reply that the ruler in question did not wish to be advertised as a great purchaser of health appliances, for the very good reason that the impression would gain ground that the purchaser was ill, and Royalties hate being thought invalids. The manufacturer was ultimately only permitted to use the Royal name in connection with one of his wares, which had nothing to do with medical considerations.

Another London firm had been in the habit of displaying the Royal arms of England for a quarter of a century without any question being raised. The salesmen were, however, surprised some time since to see a distinguished-looking gentleman enter and demand by what right they displayed the arms. One of them replied that they had enjoyed the royal custom, and presumed they had the right to them.

"You haven't," replied the gentleman—a prominent member of the King's household—"and you had better remove them at once, or there will be trouble. You have no right to display those arms, and take my advice and remove them."

The tradesman did not care to argue the matter, and next day the arms no longer adorned his premises.

No; it does not pay in the long run to "boom" Royalty. They resent it, and have an unpleasant way of showing resentment.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

A THOROUGHBRED.

She—Is it true, dear, that when you proposed to me you didn't know whether I was worth a penny?

He—Absolutely. But I always was willing to take chances."

A penny on the British income-tax represents $31,560,000.

A VANCOUVER LADY

Cured of Asthma After Eight Years of Almost Constant Suffering. She says the Absolute Freedom From the Disease Seems Like a Dream, Clarke's Kola Compound Cures.

Mrs. J. Wise, Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C., writes:—"I have been a great sufferer from bronchial asthma for the past eight years, many times having to sit up nearly all night. Through the advice of a friend who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound I resolved as a last resort to try it. The first bottle did not relieve me much, but before I had finished the third bottle the attacks ceased altogether, and during the past six months of damp and cold weather have not had a single attack. It seems something like a dream to be free from this worst of all diseases after so many years of suffering. I have since my recovery recommended this remedy to others suffering as I was, and know many others in this city whom it has cured. I consider it a marvellous remedy, and would urge any person suffering from this disease to try it."

A free sample bottle will be sent to any person who has asthma. Enclose 6c stamps. Address The Griffiths and Macpherson Co., Limited, 121 Church street, Toronto, Ont.

Clarke's Kola Compound should not be confounded with the other Kola preparations on the market, as this is altogether a different preparation, designated especially for the cure of asthma. All druggists. Price $2 per bottle. 3

FIVE TONS OF TIME-TABLES.

Some idea of the immense amount of work done in the offices of a railway with a mileage of 10,400 miles may be gathered from the fact that the printed matter issued by one company detailing the changes made in the passenger services for the summer months amounted to over five tons in weight.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

HOW CARRIER PIGEONS TRAVEL

The carrier pigeon, when travelling, never feeds. If the distance be long it flies on without stopping to take nutriment, and at last arrives thin, exhausted, and almost dying. If corn be presented to it it refuses to eat, contenting itself with drinking a little water and then sleeping. Two or three hours later it begins to eat with great moderation and sleeps again immediately afterwards.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

YOUNG SIGHTSEERS.

Berlin has a child exchange. The poorer people of the city who cannot afford outings send their children to country peasants and receive in return for an equal length of time peasant children who want to see the city. The plan has worked so well that the charitable German women who originated it would like to extend it. There is even talk of exchanging children between neighboring countries, so that they will gain still more paluable experience.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

When you buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea you get the best in the market and remember there can only be one best.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—PARTIES TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Send stamp for particulars. Standard Hose Co., Depts 3, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—$2 PER DAY SURE—GENtlemen or ladies—not to canvas, but to employ agents; position permanent; $600 per year and expenses; reliable firm; best references; experience unnecessary. M. A. O'KEEFE, address 489 Truth Office, Toronto.

WANTED—GOOD MEN ONLY TO SELL our well known specialties. We are one of the oldest and most reliable firms in Canada. Salary or commission. Exclusive territory. Outfit free. Pelham Nursery Co., Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW Books, "Life of William McKinley, The Martyred President," also our new "Juveniles," Family Bibles, Albums, etc. Our prices are low and our terms extra liberal. A free prospectus if you mean business, or write for circulars and terms. William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED—RELIABLE MEN TO ACT as local or travelling agents, either on whole or part time. Liberal terms on salary or commission, with expenses guaranteed. Apply now. STONE & WELLINGTON, Canada's Greatest Nurseries, Toronto. Dept. A.

THE SUN SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY is selling stocks and debentures drawing good rates of interest and taking deposits; these opportunities for investment are unequalled; reliable agents are wanted. Write to the Company's address, Toronto

WHAT IT'S COMING TO.

Master (to journeyman joiner)—Do you call yourself a workman, and turn out a job like that? Have you ever served any time at the trade?

Man—Aye, I served a proper apprenticeship long afore you ever started in