

## The White Plague.

ONE-SIXTH OF ALL DEATHS DUE TO CONSUMPTION.

It Ravages Spares No Class—Rich and Poor Alike Fall Victims—How This Dread Disease May Be Prevented.

Consumption has been well named the great white plague. One-sixth of all the deaths occurring in Canada annually are due to the ravages of this terrible disease. Its victims are found among all classes; rich and poor alike succumb to its insidious advance. Only a few years ago the victim of consumption was regarded as incurable, and horror-stricken friends watched the loved one day by day fade away until death came as a merciful release. Now, however, it is known that taken in its earlier stages consumption is curable, and that by a proper care of the blood-keeping pre-disposed to the disease escape its ravages. Consumption is now classified among the preventable diseases, and among those who are pale, easily tired, emaciated, and whose general debility should at once fortify the system by enriching and purifying the blood—thus strengthening not only the lungs, but all parts of the body.

Among those who have escaped a threatened death from consumption is Mrs. Robert McCracken, of Marshville, Ont. Mrs. McCracken gives her experience that it may be of benefit to some other sufferer. She says: "A few years ago I began to experience a general weakness. My appetite was poor; I was very pale; was troubled with shortness of breath and a smothering feeling in my chest. Besides these symptoms I became very nervous, at times dizzy and faint, and my hands and feet would get as cold as ice. As the trouble progressed I began to lose flesh rapidly, and in a short time was only a shadow of my former self. I had good medical treatment, but did not get relief, and as a harsh cough set in I began to fear that consumption had fastened itself upon me. This was strengthened by a knowledge that several of my ancestors had died of this terrible disease. In this rather deplorable condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At once procured a supply and have not taken them long when I noted a change for the better. By the time I had taken six or eight boxes I was able to move around the house again and felt better and stronger in every way. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken a dozen boxes, when all my old time strength and vigor had returned, and I was as well as ever. During the time I was using the pills my weight increased twenty-six pounds. Several years have since passed, and in that time not a symptom of my former trouble has made itself apparent, so that I think I am safe in saying that my cure is permanent. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I strongly advise ailing women to give them a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last and thus bring health and strength to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

## WINTER WRINKLES.

Will nothing induce you to change your mind and marry? he asked. Another man might, she replied. Old Grinch went to the masquerade the other night disguised as a bear. Did any one recognize him? Nobody but his wife.

Maud suffers so much with her eyes. Well, she need not complain. She would probably suffer a great deal more without them.

Samuel, I think we will be more certain to get away without detection if we elope on a railway train. Well, ask your father to get us a pass.

I am willing to do anything, said the applicant for work. All right, said the hard-hearted merchant. Please close the door behind you when you go out.

The way to get rich is to save money. That's only half; after you have money you have to resist all the people who want to tell you how to spend it.

Would you rather be free or beautiful? asked Fate of the Coy Young Maiden. Beautiful, replied the damsel. Ah, you are wise already, commented Fate, as she tied up a package of cosmetics.

Jackson—What time do you wake up in the morning usually? Jimson—Four o'clock. Great snakes! Why so early? I board at a hotel, and that's the hour the man in the next room goes to bed.

Slopay—I want you to make another suit for me. Tailor, reluctantly—Yes, Slopay—Yes, now, let me see something in the way of a check. Tailor—All right, but suppose you do the same for me.

Young Sport—Look at that fool city guy pointing his gun right at us! Yell at him! Old Sport—Shut up! That's our only salvation! If he turns the muzzle the other way and pulls the trigger, we'll be hit sure.

Cassidy—The driver at the funeral asked me to 'th' driver at the funeral. O told him. Dugan—Thin ye are a hoderaker no more. Cassidy—Phwat am Oi? Dugan—Ye are a funeral director. Hang out yer sign.

Mrs. Brown—Does my husband ever deceive me? Of course he does. But then I get square with him. Mrs. Green—You don't mean that you deceive him? Mrs. Brown—That's just what I do. I deceive him by pretending to believe the fairy stories he tells me.

Johnny—Pa, doesn't a man sometimes speak so rapidly that the stenographer can't follow him, and say so many wonderful things that they are lost in admiration of his eloquence? Pa—Yes; I have heard that something of the kind does happen now and then. But why do you ask, Johnny? Johnny—I notice that when you make a speech the papers always say, Mr. Breeze also spoke.

## Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

"My dearest mother," he cried, "you know I would die for you. If dying would benefit you, why do you doubt my willingness to obey your wishes, whatever they may be? Whatever I can do to comfort you I will surely do it, mother."

"Heaven bless you, Rex!" she cried, feebly caressing his face and his hands. "You make death a thousand-fold more easy to bear, my darling, my son!"

"My dear sir," said the doctor, bending over him gently, "I must remind you your mother's life hangs on the thread of excitement, and she will be dead before you can call for help. No matter what she may say to you, listen and accede."

Rex bent down and kissed the pale, agitated face on the pillow.

"I will be careful of my dearest mother. Surely you may trust me," he said.

"I do," replied the doctor, gravely. "Your mother's life, for the present, lies in your hands, Rex. I must remind you, Rex, that I must die."

He gasped. The look of anguish on his face answered her. "Rex," she whispered, clinging like a child to his strong white hands, "my hope and trust are in you, my only son. I am going to put your love to the test, my boy. I beseech you to say 'Yes' to the last request I shall ever make of you. Heaven knows, Rex, I would not mention it now, but I am dying—yes, dying, Rex."

"You need not doubt it, mother," he replied, earnestly. "I can not refuse anything you may ask! Why should I?"

But, as he spoke, he had not the faintest idea of what he would be asked to do. As he spoke his eyes caught the gleam of the moonlight through the window, and his thoughts traveled for one moment to the beloved face he had seen in the moonlight—how fair and innocent the face was as they parted on the night they were wed! The picture of that lovely young girl-wife, going home by herself, brought tears to his eyes.

"Was there ever a fairer so cruel?" he said to himself. "Who ever lost a wife on his wedding-day?"

Surely there had never been a love-dream so sweet, so passionate or so bright as his. Surely there had never been one so rudely broken.

Poor little Daisy—his wife—lying cold and still in death. Even his mother was to be taken from him. The feeble pressure of his mother's hands recalled his wandering thoughts.

"Listen, Rex," she whispered, faintly, "my moments are precious."

He felt his mother's arms clasp closely round his neck.

"Go on, mother," he said, gently. "Rex, my son," she whispered, gasping, "I could not die and leave the words unspoken. I want my race to live long generations after me. Your poor little lame sister will go unmarred to the grave; and now all rests with you, my only son. You understand me, Rex; you know the last request I have to ask."

For the first time a cry came to Rex's lips; her words pierced like a sword in his heart.

"Sincerely, mother, you do not mean—no, no, this I could never—"

The very horror of the thought seemed to completely unman him.

"You will marry again," she interrupted, finishing the sentence he could not utter. "Remember, she whom you loved is dead. I would not have asked this for long years to come, but I am dying—I must speak now."

"My God, mother!" he cried out in agony, "ask anything but that. My heart is torn and bleeding; have pity on me, have pity!"

Great drops of agony started on his brow; his whole frame shook with agitation.

He tried to collect himself, to gather his scattered thoughts, to realize the full import of the words she had spoken.

Marry again! Heaven pity him! How could he harbor such a thought for a single instant, when he thought of the pale, cold face of little Daisy—his fair young bride—whom he so madly loved, lying pale and still in death, like a broken lily, down in the dark, bottomless pit which never yielded up its terrible secrets!

"Rex," wailed his mother, feebly, gazing into his eyes with a suspense heart-breaking to witness, "don't refuse me this the first prayer I had ever made. If you mean to refuse it would be kinder for me to plunge a dagger into my heart and let me die at once. You can not refuse."

His trembling hand she laid on his breast, and with the other caressed his face. "You are good and gentle of heart, Rex; the prayers of your dying mother will touch you. Answer me, my son; tell me my proud old race shall not die with you, and I will rest calmly in my grave."

The cold night-wind fanned his pallid brow, and the blood coursed through his veins like molten lead. He saw the tears coursing down her pale, withered cheeks. Ah, God! was it brave to speak the words which must bring despair and death to her? Was it filial to send his mother to her grave with sorrow and sadness in her heart? Could he thrust aside his mother's loving arms and resist her dying prayer? Heaven direct him, he was so sorely tried.

"Comfort me, Rex," she whispered, "think of how I have loved you since you were a little child, how I used to kiss your tiny little face and dream what your future would be like. It comes back to me now while I plead to you with my fast-fleeting breath. Oh, answer me, Rex."

All the love and tenderness of the young man's impulsive heart was stirred by the words. Never was a man so fearfully tried. Rex's handsome face had grown white with emotion; deep shadows came into his eyes. Ah, what could it matter now? His hopes were dead, his heart crushed, yet how could he consent?

"Oh, Heaven, Rex!" she cried, "what does that look on your face mean? What is it?"

The look of terror on her face seemed to force the mad words from his lips, the magnetic gaze seemed to hold him spellbound. He bent over his

mother and laid his fresh, brave young face on the cold, white face of his dying mother.

"Promise me, Rex," she whispered. "I promise, mother!" he cried. "God help me; if it will make your last moments happier, I consent."

"Heaven bless you, my noble son," whispered the quivering voice. "You have taken the bitter from death, and filled my heart with gratitude. One day you will thank me for it, Rex."

They were uttered! Oh, fatal words! Poor Rex, wedded and parted, his love-dream broken, how little he knew of the bitter grief which was to accrue from what that promise wrung from his white lips.

Like one in a dream he heard her murmur the name of Pluma Burthurst. The power of speech seemed denied him; he knew what she meant. He bowed his head on her cold hands.

"I have no heart to give her," he said, brokenly. "My heart is with Daisy, my sweet little lost love."

Poor Rex! how little he knew Daisy was at that self-same moment watching with beating heart the faint light of his window through the branches of the trees—Daisy, whom he mourned as dead, alas! dead to him forever, shut out from his life by the rash words of that fatally cruel promise.

## CHAPTER XXI.

One thought only was uppermost in Daisy's mind as she sped swiftly down the flower-bordered path in the moonlight, away from the husband who was still so dear to her.

"If I could but see Birdie for a moment," she thought, "and beseech her to keep my secret!"

Birdie had said her brother was soon going away again.

"How could I bear it?" she asked herself, piteously.

It was not in human nature to see the young husband whom she loved so well drifting so close to ruin, and yet, from her and still remain silent. "I will watch over him from afar; I will be his guardian angel; I must remain as one dead to him forever," she told herself.

Afar off, over the dancing, moonlight waters she saw a pleasure-boat gliding swiftly over the rippling waves. "It is coming to search for me," she whispered to herself.

A tremor ran over her frame; the color flashed into her cheek and parted lips, and a startled, wistful brightness crept into the blue eyes.

Ah! there never could have been a love so sweetly trustful and child-like as little Daisy's for handsome Rex, her husband in name only.

Poor, little, innocent Daisy! if she had walked straight back to him, crying out, "Rex, Rex, see, I am Daisy, your wife!" how much sorrow might have been spared her.

For, little, lonely, heart-broken child, how was she to know Rex had bitterly repented and come back to claim her, alas! too late; and how he mourned her, refusing to be comforted, and how they forced him back from the edge of the treacherous shaft, lest he should plunge headlong down the terrible depths. Oh, if she had but known all this!

If Rex had dropped down from the clouds she could not have been more startled and amazed at finding him in such close proximity away down in Florida.

She remembered he had spoken to her of his mother, as he clasped her to his heart out in the starlight of the night, never to be forgotten, whispering to her of the marriage, which had been the dearest wish of his mother's heart.

She remembered how she had bid her happy, rosy, blushing face to his breast, and asked him if he was quite sure he loved her better than Pluma Burthurst, the haughty, beautiful heiress.

"Yes, my pretty little sweetheart, a thousand times better," he had replied, emphatically, holding her off at arm's-length, watching the heightened color that surged over the dainty, dimpled face so plainly discernible in the white, radiant starlight.

Daisy rested her head on one soft, childish hand, and gazed thoughtfully up at the cold, brilliant stars that gemmed the heavens above her.

"Oh, if you had only warned me, little stars!" she said. "I was so happy then; and now life is so bitter!"

A sudden impulse seized her, strong as her very life, to look upon his face again.

"I would be content to live my weary life uncomplainingly, then," she said.

Without intent or purpose she walked hurriedly back through the pany-bordered path she had so lately traversed.

The grand old trees seemed to stretch their giant arms protectively over her, as if to ward off all harm. The night-wind fanned her flushed cheeks and tossed her golden curls against her wistful, tear-stained face. Noisily she crept up the wide, gravelled path that led to his home—the home which should have been hers.

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A post card with your name and address will bring you free sample of

SALADA.

OSYON GREEN TEA.

"Salada," Toronto.

Was it fancy? She thought she heard Rex's voice crying out? "Daisy, my darling!" How pitifully her heart thrilled! Dear Heaven! if it had only been true. It was only the restless murmur of the waves sighing among the orange-trees.

A light burned dimly in an upper window. Suddenly a shadow fell across the pale, silken curtains. She knew too well whose shadow it was; the proud, graceful poise of the handsome maid, and the line of the dark curls waving over the broad brow, could belong to no one but Rex.

He came! He came! but the pitying moonlight cut there to see how pale he was from the atom and placed it close to her beating heart—that lonely, starved little heart, chilled under the withering frost of neglect, when life, love and happiness should have been just bursting into bloom for her.

"He said I had spoiled his life," she sighed, leaning her pale face wearily against the dark-green ivy vines. "He must have meant I had come between him and Pluma. Will he go back to her, now that he believes me dead?"

One question alone puzzled her: Had Birdie mentioned her name, and would he know it was she, whom every one believed lying so cold and still in the bottomless pit? She could not tell.

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## THE FARM.

TABLE POULTRY FOR ENGLAND.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture gives the following information relating to the breeds of poultry whose chickens fatten most profitably.

We are pleased to note the advancement of chicken fattening in Canada, and would advise all farmers intending to fatten their chickens, to raise the suitable breeds recommended by Prof. Robertson.

Since the preferences in every market determine what sort of goods are most readily sold on that market, in catering for the high-class poultry trade of England, the qualities sought for in the best table poultry must be carefully considered. These qualities are:—plumpness of breast, whiteness of skin, fineness of grain, smallness of bone and absence of offal.

Breeding stock, whose chickens fatten profitably and are suitable for the best English markets, consists of fowls of a square shape, with long, broad breast, and straight, keel. They are of large size, and the combs are small as possible. The birds must be active, healthy and vigorous; the chickens should be hardy, mature early and fatten readily. Heavy-boned and heavy-legged poultry must be avoided.

With regard to the breed of fowl to be made use of, the barred Plymouth rock has fattened very satisfactorily at the Dominion Government poultry fattening stations. At the Bonville, Que., station, Mr. Hillhouse fattened a number of Barred Rock cockerels that when dressed and ready to pack into the cases, weighed eight pounds each. Some of these chickens were exhibited at the fat stock show in Guelph, Ont., last December, and were greatly admired. Whilst they all had bright yellow legs, the skin of each chicken was perfectly white. The color of the skin is due to the feeding. Not one of the several thousand chickens shipped to England last year from the poultry fattening stations had a yellow-colored skin. Legs must not be dark or black in color. All other qualities, being equal, a yellow-legged chicken brings the same price in England as one having white legs.

In breeding Rocks for table quality, select a male bird with short legs, and a small low comb. The English poultryman, remember, buys the head and legs of the chicken, and pays less per pound for chickens with long, heavy legs and large combs. Do not develop these useless qualities.

White Wyandottes fattened well at the Whitney, Ont., fattening station. They are superior to the Barred Rocks in that they have less offal, i.e., smaller combs and lighter bone; they do not, however, fatten so heavily birds. The chickens mature quickly, and are plump broilers at almost any age.

Throughout Canada, chicken fattening is developing into an important branch of Agriculture. The above breeds of poultry, Barred Rocks and White Wyandottes, are recommended for fattening purposes by the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

To show that they suit the high class English market, the following letter from the agent of the department of agriculture in London England:

"Chickens were of good condition; the cases marked 'A' (Whitby) particularly good, as bright and sweet as possible and in splendid condition. The dealers that handled these goods said that they were as fine chickens as they ever handled, and would only let their customers have one or two cases at a time, as they would sell for best prices to parties that demanded the very best class of goods. They were prepared and packed in the best manner; cases the right size. These chickens compare very favorably with the best English fowls."

To be Continued.

GOVERNMENT SELLS SNOW.

Curious Results of Making Money to Reduce Taxation.

Snow is a Government monopoly in the north of Sicily, and the Prince of Palermo derives the greater part of his income from it. The snow is obtained from the mountains in felt-covered baskets, and is sold in the towns for refrigerating purposes.

The right of obtaining and selling the snow is sold to contractors, who pay a royalty upon every basket. It sells retail at about one halfpenny a pound in our money, and is largely used for making delicious ices, for which Palermo cooks are famous.

Many other countries have equally curious methods of making money to reduce taxation. In Hesse, Germany, a tax has been put upon bachelors, who now have to pay 25 per cent more in taxes than married men. The result has been that many well-to-do bachelors have emigrated to Prussia, where they are free from this tax.

In England, Sutton Urban Council keeps down taxes by the industry of growing peppermint, and the ratepayers are benefited by the sum of about \$750 every year.

In Greece the Government has a monopoly on playing cards. Paris is glad to increase its revenue by the cultivation of a little orchard in the Luxembourg Gardens, just as it takes its share of the profits of the Eiffel Tower.

FIRST THOUGHT.

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amount of wood at one time, but go over the orchard each spring and thin so the light can enter and color the fruit. I do not believe in cutting out the centre of the tree, for when the tree is heavily loaded with fruit, the sun will shine on the large limbs and injure them. All fruit spurs along the large limbs are carefully left on and here I get my largest and best fruit. So many orchards you see cut off for several feet. When the centre of the tree gets too thick I cut off the shoots with my shears, instead of cutting the spurs off.

"In the spring the ground is harrowed and cultivated once a week with a spring tooth harrow until the last of August. Should a rain come it is immediately harrowed again. Crimson clover or rye is usually sown to plow under in spring. The orchard is thoroughly sprayed with Bordeaux mixture and paris green, usually three or four times. I use a strong pump and high pressure as I can do so much better work. The first spraying is given just as the trees begin to show green, the second before the blossoms open and third immediately after the blossoms have fallen.

A SAD CASE.

"For God's sake, get me a place to die in."

These words were uttered a few weeks ago by a poor fellow as he lay on his death-bed in a hotel at Gravenhurst. A week before he had travelled a whole day to reach the Sanatorium, but on medical examination it was found that the disease, consumption, was too far advanced to admit him. He tried to get board in Gravenhurst and finally after repeated failures, secured admission to one of the hotels. He soon became worse and the resident physician of the Sanatorium was called in. When it became known that he had consumption, it was found impossible to get attendants to wait on him through fear of contagion. The hostler of the hotel was asked to help and on his refusal he was offered \$1 up his position rather than expose himself, as he thought, to the danger of infection from the patient. The physician from the Sanatorium had to perform the duties of nurse and maid as well as his own. When the poor fellow found that the management of the hotel wished to get him out he begged the doctor for God's sake to get him a place to die in. The doctor looked after him for some days, remaining with him on his last visit until one o'clock in the morning. The poor sufferer was found dead next day in his bed and beyond the need of further help. Telegrams had been sent to his friends, and his sister reached Gravenhurst only in time to take away the dead body of her brother.

Various proposals have been made to erect suitable structures to commemorate our late beloved Queen. When her Diamond Jubilee was celebrated four