AFTER THREE YEARS.

MR. JOSEPH ROCHETTE RELEASED FROM RHEUMATISM.

Suffered Much Agony, His Appetite Failed, and His Strength Left Him—Hope for Similar Sufferers.

Only those who have suffered from the pangs of rheumatism know how much agony the sufferer has at times to endure. The symptoms often vary, but among them will be found acute pains in the muscles and joints, the latter sometimes much swollen. At times the patient is unable to dress himself, and the slightest jarring sound aggravates the pain. Liniments and outward applications cannot possibly cure rheumatism; it must be treated through the blood, and for this purpose there is no medicine yet discovered can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When given a fair trial, these pills never fail to cure even the most stubborn cases of rheumatism. Mr. Jos. Rochette, a well-known resident of St. Jerome, Que., in an interview with a reporter of L'Avenir du Nord, offers a strong proof of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. Mr. Rochette says: "For nearly three years I was a great sufferer from rheumatism. The pains seemed at times to affect every joint, and the agony I endured was terrible. Sometimes I could scarcely move about, and was unfitted for work. The trouble affected my appetite, and in this way my weakness increased and my condition became more deplorable. I tried a number of remedies, but nothing helped me until I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and then relief came. Gradually the pains left me, my appetite improved and I became greatly strengthened. Before I had taken a dozen boxes my health and vigor was such that I felt better than I did before the trouble began. I have not since had an ache or pain, and I feel convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine in the world for rheumatism."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in every civilized land, and their enormous sale is due entirely to their great merit as a medicine. They cure all such troubles as rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, nervous headache, kidney ailments, neuralgia and the weaknesses that afflict so many women. Do not let any dealer persuade you to try something else which he may say is "just as good." See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt, send direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed, post paid, at 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

UNDER THE GUILLOTINE.

There is a story of a ghastly quarter of an hour once passed by a young Parisian who wandered into the "Chamber of Horrors" at the wax works show in London. Finding himself alone, he was seized with an inspiration. What a glorious thing to put his neck under the guillotine where had rested the neck of Marie Antoinette! He lay down, touched a spring and closed the collar. But how was he to release himself? If he touched the wrong spring the fatal axe might descend. Unable to speak a word of English, he yelled lustily for help in French, and before long a crowd of visitors led by an attendant came on the scene. The guide was a bit of a linguist and saw an opportunity with himself as master of the situation. He at once began a practical lecture on the guillotine, interrupting his remarks with little asides in French to the indignant victim, asking him to scream louder or writhe more agonizingly. "How well he acts!" exclaimed the gratified onlookers. Finally, the Parisian was released, and, answering the applause with maledictions, fled, leaving his hat behind.

WEARINESS OF WEALTH.

The very rich men of the world are growing exceedingly tired of the vast wealth accumulated. In New York scores and hundreds of men to-day are paying anywhere from $9,000 to $16,000 a month rent for suites of rooms, not homes which they have built for their famil es, but simply apartments which they have rented for a while, says a writer in the Homiletic Review. The godless magnificence, the selfish prodigality, the overwhelming ostentation of the wealth of New York in certain circles cannot be described; but it is all an indication of the fact that the climax has well-nigh been reached in the display of what wealth can get. The world is waiting now to know what wealth can give. It is the nemesis of vast wealth that it brings its own retribution, and that retribution is the weariness of being unable to find happiness in merely having things.

MISERABLE NIGHTS,

What to Do When Baby Is Fretful and Sleepless.

It is wrong to take up a wakeful baby from the cradle and walk it up and down the floor all night. It demoralizes the infant and enslaves the parents. Baby does not cry for the fun of the thing; it cries because it is not well — generally because its stomach is sour, its little bowels congested, its skin hot and feverish. Relieve it and it will sleep all night, every night growing stronger in proportion. Just what mothers need is told in a letter from Mrs. E. J. Flanders, Marbleton, Que., who says: "I cannot say too much in favor of Baby's Own Tablets. They have worked like a charm with my baby, who was very restless at night, but Baby's Own Tablets soon brought quiet sleep and rest. I shall never be without a box while I have a baby." Baby's Own Tablets cure all minor ailments of little ones, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. They are sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers, or you can get them by mail, post paid, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schnectady, N. Y.

An order was received by a large shoemaking firm in Cawnpore from the Middlesex Regiment for shoes for the men. The manager passed the order over to the head baboo and told him to see it was attended to at once. The baboo read it over and seemed rather mystified, but went away. After a short time he returned and said to the manager of the firm: "Please, sir, don't understand. Male sex I know, female sex I know, but what is Middlesex?"

Mrs. Bugsby—"You can't deceive me, John! I'm sharp, you know, sharp as a knife." Mr. Bugsby—"Yes, Maria, you resemble a knife—a table knife — you never shut up."

Thomas James, aged 40, a sergeant in the 2nd Volunteer Battalion, Highland Light Infantry, Glasgow, committed suicide the other day by blowing out his brains.

38½ millions of horses are available in Europe for military purposes.

ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK OF PRECIPICES

CHAPTER V.

How or when I fell asleep I could never remember. But I did fall asleep. Neither can I remember how long I slept. From the time that I threw myself despairingly upon my bed all is hazy. . I can never precisely separate the vision from the reality. I will, as faithfully as lies within my power, describet he remaining incidents of that terrible night in the order that they occurred.

First, the dream.

I was living back in the past. I was standing at the window of the boys' bedroom; I was surrounded by old faces that had departed long ago; the moon was shining brightly. Just on a level with my head, writhing and twisting its coils round one of the protuberant branches of the pear tree, was a red snake; but although its body was a mass of moving coils, its head was perfectly motionless — stiff and erect as a petrification; and out of it glared a pair of cold, stony eyes, that held mine with a horrible fascination. I tried to take away my gaze from them, but they held me with a resistless power. Without any perceptible motion, they drew nearer to my face, until they glowed like balls of fire.

The reality:

I awoke—not with a start, but I slowly rose up into a sitting posture, as though an iron lever, worked by some hidden power, had pressed me upward. I could feel that my eyes were wide open and staring — my whole body locked and rigid.

Upon the desk at the foot of the bed stood a lamp, the light of which was strongly intensified by a reflector. It's glare fell upon a woman's face. In an instant I recognized Judith Porter. She was attired in a dress of black velvet, made high up to the throat; draped behind her head was a curtain of black velvet, upon which was, as it were, thrown in powerful relief her pale countenance and red hair. Like my own, her features were rigid as those of death; like mine, her eyes were unnaturally dilated and fixed. But, oh, their expression, or rather absence of expression! They seemed drawing my soul out of my body, and absorbing it in themselves.

My next sensation was that I was speaking — answering questions, of what nature I could not tell, for the answers were made without any volition on my part; they seemed drawn by some occult influence from the most secret recesses of my memory. By and by all consciousness deserted me, and I became motionless.

When I awoke, I was lying just as I had thrown myself, half-dressed, upon the bed. The dull light of a lowering sky, out of which the rain was descending in torrents, was upon me. My limbs were numbed with cold, and there was a dazed feeling in my head, as though I had received a violent blow. The first idea that rose upon my stupefaction was the remembrance of those terrible eyes; and I looked round, expecting to encounter their gaze from some corner of the room. I found myself alone, and with only the old familiar objects about me.

It must have been a long time, I think, before the power of thought came back to me. Then I tried to persuade myself that all this was a dream, engendered by my own fears. My visitant, or supposed visitant, had left no trace behind her; every article was precisely in the same condition, as I could remember, as when I retired to rest.

I got off the bed, and bathed my head and face with cold water. This revived me; but there was a dullness about the brain, or, to speak more forcibly, a numbness, that I could not clear away. As my faculties resumed their functions, I became conscious of sensations yet more strange. There was a feeling of voidness, as though some vital principle had been withdrawn from me; but, above all, there was an intense longing to be again within the influence of those eyes—yet I shuddered at the thought. There was a spell upon me — that drew me irresistibly toward Judith Porter.

Even after the lapse of many years the memories of this period of my life are so painful that I dare not dwell longer upon them than is necessary for the purpose of explaining and tracing future events.

Mr. Porter's threat was no idle one. Body and soul were, through his daughter, utterly subdued to his will. Out of her presence, I felt that I could not exist. It was not love that she inspired me with, but a fearful fascination; while I lay at her feet, passionately imploring her to take pity upon me, to give me her love, to become my wife, I would have given the world to have possessed the power to fly from her to the furthermost extremity of the earth. I was her slave—bound to her by chains stronger than were ever forged by human hands.

And she was merciless in her power. She hated me, loathed me, despised me! She did not tell me so, but my instincts, now preternaturally sensitive, needed no words to divine her thoughts. While a free agent, I had refused, shrunk from an alliance with her, and she was now enjoying her vengeance.

"You should have taken me when I was offered to you," she said, mockingly; "now it is too late!"

I knew she did not mean the latter part of the sentence. I knew that after she had glutted herself with my torture, she would become my wife. I could read it as plainly as though her mind had been a printed book open before me.

One evening several of the principal members of the congregation of the Little Bethlehem were invited to tea. I was present, and was seated next to Judith, who was kind and almost affectionate in her demeanor toward me.

When the meal was over, we went and sat together at the window, she drawing her chair close to mine, now and then laying her hand upon my shoulder, suffering her long hair to brush against my cheek as she pointed out some object in the garden; and now and then casting a furtive glance from beneath her drooping lids, that shot through me like a flash of fire.

At the other side of the room, Mr. Porter was talking to his friends in a subdued voice. I and Judith were the subjects of the conversation. A portion of it occasionally fell upon my ear.

"He dotes on the ground she walks on," I heard him say. "It is sinful to so love a creature of dust; but she is a treasure more precious than gold."

"Yes; she has always been a pious, modestly behaved young woman," answered one of the tea drinkers, Mrs. Humphries, in a mollifying tone; "but what has become of that Mr. Rodwell? I thought there was going to be a match there?"

"Could I trust my precious lamb to that man of sin?" ejaculated the reverend hypocrite, in a voice of pious horror. "I had hoped to turn his heart from the ways of the wicked; but it was callous and unregenerate; and, finding that, I bade him go his ways, and told him my child was not for him."

The party groaned an approval of this conduct.

"This young man," he went on, evidently referring to me, has nothing—neither money, nor birth, nor friends; but, thanks to me, he has godliness, and a humble heart that reverences those who have been good to him. And is not that far above the riches of this world, which are but as dross?"

"Yet a little worldly wealth is necessary to us while we are sojourners in this vale of tears," remarked Mrs. Humphries.

"Yes, verily; but a crust of bread, and a cup of water, and a prayerful heart, sufficeth to feed the godly," snuffled the pastor.

Much more was said in the same strain.

By and by the party left, and we were alone. I and Judith sat still at the window, watching the angular, gloomy-looking figures go down the garden walk, preceded by their host.

"Ah, if you would always be to me as you have been this evening!" I said to her, gently laying my hand upon hers.

She repelled me with a gesture of disdain. "Poor idiot!" she cried, with a mocking laugh; "do you think it was for your sake that I played the fool to-night? It was only to throw dust in the eyes of those hypocrites, and give a color to what I have to do. You see, I have no secrets from my lover," she went on, with momentarily increasing irony. "You will not be able to accuse me hereafter of having deceived you. My candor relieves you, too, from the trouble of eavesdropping. You can learn nothing fresh from behind the rhododendron bush."

"You know, then, that?" I began, faintly and nervously.

"I do know that, and every secret thought of your soul," she interrupted, fiercely. "There is nothing that you can conceal from me. I have but to ask, and you must answer."

I shuddered, but could not speak.

"Now listen to me, Silas Carston, or whatever your name may be. You have made me drink my degradation to its bitterest drop. My father asked you to make me your wife—only as a last desperate resource, it is true — but you would not have known that, had you not played the sneaking spy; and you refused me—you, a base-born, pitiful, mean hound like you; refused me—you, whom I look upon as dirt beneath my feet! Had you spared me that degradation — had you taken me then, I would have fought against the contempt I felt for you; I would have even been grateful to you for saving me from shame, though it had been done unconsciously. Now I hate you, I loathe you; and yet I will marry you, that I may degrade you, make you my tool, and your life a curse! I tell you all this boldly and fearlessly, for you cannot shake off my power. You will be my slave as much as ever, and crawl and fawn upon me, and implore my love as much as you did before."

Judith was quite right; although her words filled me with fear, they could not destroy or even weaken the fascination she exercised over me. Our marriage day was fixed; I looked forward to it with terror, and yet I never ceased to feverishly long for its arrival. I knew that it would consign me to an existence of misery and agony, and yet I knew that I must fulfill it. I dared not project any thoughts into the future, nor shape the shadow of a picture of it, but yielded myself passively to the lethargy that drugged every vital principle, laid myself quietly to rest upon the wing of time, to be borne onward wherever or to whatever it might carry me.

Such a condition of mind may appear utterly impossible to matter-of-fact people. But setting aside the occult influence that was brought to bear upon me, is it anything more extraordinary than what we find constantly transpiring in the world around us? Do we not continually see girls marrying men whom they know are drunkards, reprobates, when they are inwardly convinced, and openly admit, that they will seal their life-long misery at the altar? Do not the gambler and the drunkard know in their sane moments that they are destroying themselves body and soul — that they are dooming themselves to the workhouse, the hospital and the lunatic asylum? But, nevertheless, they cannot resist the infatuation, and plunge into the gulf of perdition with their eyes wide open.

And so the days passed on just as I have described, until the wedding day came. How distinctly I remember every aspect and event of that day! The ceremony was, of course, to be celebrated at Little Bethlehem, by the bride's father. All the principle members of the congregation were to be of the party, and the Reverend Obadiah Porter provided the entertainment with no niggardly hand.

When I entered the parlor I found it full of people. Of these, two solemn-looking young men, whom I had often seen at chapel, represented the groomsmen, and two remarkably sour-looking girls, daughters of Mrs. Humphries, the bridesmaids.

But no one wore any wedding finery—their peculiar creed forbade them; all were somberly dressed, more fittingly for a funeral than for a wedding. I was solemnly greeted by each person; but there was no smile upon their face, for with these people to be joyous was to be wicked.

Although in the height of summer, it was a most miserable morning. From edge to edge of the horizon the sky was one of uniform leaden hue; there was a fine, soaking rain, that blurred and blotted to the eye every more distant object; the saturated trees, kept up a constant drip, drip; the calyx of every flower was a minature lake; and on the point of every leaf and blade of grass quivered globules of water. Large pools lay in the graveled path, and the earth was soddened. Not an insect of that teeming July month was to be seen, not a bird; there was a death-like silence in the air, as though the very voice of Nature were drowned; only the patter of the rain and the shivering of the trees as they tried to shake off the cold weight of water that oppressed them.

The little chapel was chill and gloomy as a vault, and the damp atmosphere clung upon every object, dimming the windows, and half-veiling the cold, gray light that struggled through them.

The ceremony, according to the tenets of these people, commenced; and as I took her hand, I looked at Judith for the first time that morning. She seemed unconscious of my glance. Her face was deathly pale, and very rigid, like one who had nerved herself to a terrible and repulsive task, as indeed she had. The touch of my hand awoke her from her reverie. She shuddered; but I though there was less hardness and scorn in her manner, as well I might for her tears were falling fast.

Mr. Porter also was not quite himself; he seemed agitated and nervous. To my morbid fancy his prayers sounded like a service for the dead. At last, it was all over. The whole party was gathered near the door preparatory to leaving. Judith and her father had gone into a little room that stood near the entrance, where she had left her wrappings. I was the last. Moodily I was following the rest, when my eyes happened to fall upon a small glittering object. It was a golden locket. In picking it up, my finger pressed the spring and opened it. What a thrill ran through me! It contained the portrait of a girl of about fourteen. It was a face of a child and my memory struggled to place it, as it was strangely familiar.

Who had dropped it, or how had it come here?

Putting it in my pocket, I resolved to carefully note any person who should appear to or speak of having lost anything.

The cabs conveyed us home again, and the dinner was waiting. Toward evening, the company dispersed, but no person spoke of a loss, and the mystery of the locket remained an inscrutable mystery. I would not make any inquiries for the owner, as I had resolved not to part with it. I hugged it as a treasure; and, somehow, amidst the misery of that day, it fell upon my heart like a gleam of hope.

It was one of those strange, inexplicable instincts that defy the analysis of reason, and are yet ever more unerring than reason itself.

While waiting at table, Martha contrived to slip a piece of paper into my hand. My fingers instinctively grasped it. Our visitors had gone. Judith had retired to her room to change her dress, and Mr. Porter was in the store-room getting another bottle of brandy. I seized the opportunity to examine the paper. It was a note, but written in a scrawl almost illegible. It ran thus:

"This is my last day here. I leave to-morrow morning. Always to be heard of at No. 3 Rackstraw's Buildings, Eling Road, Camden Town, London. Take care of yourself. God bless you.

Martha."

So I was deprived of my only friend. I was now utterly alone in the lion's den. A new feeling of fear and desolation fell upon my heart.

(To Be Continued).

No Danger.

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, has proved by analysis that "Sunlight Soap is a pure and well-made soap, and has a thorough cleansing power, without danger to the clothing or skin."

Clothing is worn more in the wash than in use where common soaps are used, and the hands are liable to eczema. Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see Prof. Ellis is right. No one should know better than he. 222

CANADA LEADS THE WORLD IN THE FIELD OF MEDICAL RESEARCH.

William Henry, the Celebrated English Medical Authority, Experiments on Himself with Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Gives the Results.

Englishmen are proverbially slow to take up new things. They cling to the old till the new has been proven beyond a doubt that it is sound in its every principle.

But once they have passed on it, and passed favorably, it goes forth to the world bearing a stamp of genuine value that nothing else could give it. And from that time forth that new thing, be it a thought, a fabric or a remedy, bears the hall-mark of sterling worth that nothing can destroy.

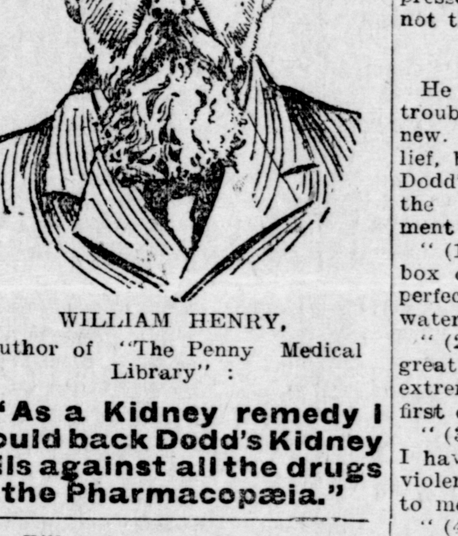
WHY CANADA IS PROUD.

It is for this reason that Canada has now cause to be proud of her advance along the walks of science. For an English authority one of the highest in all England, one of the highest in the world, has declared, and declared as emphatically as man can do it that Dodd's Kidney Pills, a Canadian discovery, is the one remedy that treats diseased Kidneys as they should be treated, and effectually and permanently cures them.

AN EMINENT AUTHORITY.

William Henry is the name of the English scientist who makes this statement. He is known, respected, and followed in thousands of British homes, for as the author of "The Penny Medical Library" and kindred words he has talked medical science in simple words to almost the entire British family. And William Henry makes this statement concerning Dodd's Kidney Pills, because he has tested Dodd's Kidney Pills thoroughly, because he has given Dodd's Kidney Pills the most thorough and practical of all tests, he has used Dodd's Kidney Pills himself for Kidney Trouble, and has been cured by them.

Nor is this eminent Englishman mild in his expressions of the satisfaction he feels at the result produced by this remedy. "Dodd's Kidney Pills is certainly a wonderful remedy," he declares. "As a Kidney remedy, I would back it against all the drugs in the Pharmacopaeia."



WILLIAM HENRY,
Author of "The Penny Medical Library":

"As a Kidney remedy I would back Dodd's Kidney Pills against all the drugs in the Pharmacopæia."

William Henry has of course watching the working of Dodd's Kidney Pills from a scientific standpoint, and he affirms they are alike right in theory and practice. He says of the theory:

KIDNEY THERAPEUTICS.

"I had read one of the Dodd's Kidney Pills pamphlets, and could tell from it that the discoverer of Dodd's Kidney Pills had really studied what I may call Kidney Therapeutics. I saw that he was on the right track, cleanse and tone up the Kidneys, and they will not only get rid of the uric acid, but will prevent it accumulating. That is his argument. I take it, and it is a sound one. This soundness has been strongly proved in my case."

Mr. Henry goes on to relate how he was so troubled with Gravel that he was often unable to follow his literary calling—he could not stoop or sit, and so could not work. The pains in the back and loins were excrutiating. Another marked symptom was bladder irritation. He also had heart "fluttering." He was depressed, irritable, and subject to bad dreams. He was frequently oppressed by a drowsiness he could not throw off.

RESULTS OBTAINED.

He tried all sorts of things for his trouble, medicines old and medicines new. Some gave him temporary relief, but that was all. Then he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and he gives the following results of his experiment:

"(1.) Before I had finished one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I was perfectly free from uric acid, my water being quite normal.

"(2.) Three doses brought a great improvement, though I was extremely bad before taking the first one.

"(3.) Every one of the symptoms I have mentioned, as well as the violent headaches which I had forgot to mention, had disappeared.

"(4.) Though it is now six months since I took the last dose of Dodd's Kidney Pills, there is not now a trace of uric acid in my urine, notwithstanding that my diet and mode of life are just the same as they always were."

WHAT IT MEANS.

This, in brief, is the experience of William Henry, perhaps England's greatest and best-known medical authority. It puts the stamp of genuine worth on Canada's greatest medical discovery, Dodd's Kidney Pills. This, added to the testimony of the thousands who have been relieved and permanently cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, must convince even the most sceptical that Canada stands in the front rank of medical research, and that chief among the remedies she has furnished the world stands that sure cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and all other forms of Kidney Complaint, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

FERTILIZERS.

For fruits which grow through a long period, those forms of fertilizer materials may be selected which decay slowly, in order to provide the food only as rapidly as it may be needed, and to prevent the overgrowth of leaf and branch, particularly after the trees have come into bearing, hence the basic formula for the class of crops may consist of mixtures of ground bone, acid phosphate and muriate of potash, in equal parts, or even of ground bone and muriate of potash, the nitrogen to be supplied in this case only when the trees show by the color of the foliage that there is a need of nitrogen.

We hear much in these days of the advantage of gathering nitrogen from the air by the use of leguminous crops, and while really but a few farmers are utilizing actually as they might this source of nitrogen, the fear of a larger use by them seems to have already excited the manufacturers of fertilizers, and has drawn from them, or their representatives, many arguments, to show that this source of nitrogen is not to be depended upon, and that, all things considered, it is not likely to result in a profitable income to the farmer of this constituent. These attempts to obtain nitrogen from the inexhaustible stores of the atmosphere should be encouraged, though much needs to be learned concerning how far the introduction of these crops, as well as others, may de depended upon, not only in gathering nitrogen, but also what direct bearing the practice may have upon the conservation of soil fertility. In the first place, we do not as yet appreciate as we should the importance of keeping the soil constantly occupied with a growing crop. We do not realize as we should that any soluble nitrates that may be present in the soil in the fall, a time when there is a large accumulation of them as a rule, must be carried out of it by the heavy rains of the fall, winter and spring, unless there is during those periods a growing crop, which has the power of using and thus fixing it for further use. We mention nitrogen, particularly, because of all the constituents it is the one more liable to be lost, not that the others are not lost, but because they are less likely to be carried out of the soil, than the nitrogen.

THE LEGUMINOUS CROPS,

or "nitrogen gatherers," are believed to possess the power of acquiring nitrogen from the air, and thus are distinguished from all others which must obtain their supply from soil sources. Their advantage, then, comes in the enriching of the soil in this element, and in improving its condition, because in addition to the nitrogen the organic matter of the crop incorporated with the soil improves in physical and chemical character. It must be remembered, however, that any leguminous plant, in order that its nitrogen may be obtained from the air, must have in the soil a specific germ, the presence of which is manifested by the growth of nodules on the roots, and through which the nitrogen is obtained. All soils do not contain these bacteria, in which case it is necessary, in order that the powers of the crop may be used to full advantage, to have the soil inoculated, which may be done by adding to it earth that has been obtained from the soil in which the specific germ exists.

The point of particular importance here in reference to the fertilizer question, lies in the fact that plants belonging to this class are ravenous consumers of phosphoric acid, potash and lime, hence attempts to rapidly improve poor soils by means of them will fail unless they are supplied with an abundance of these minerals. The improvement of poor soils by means of clover, peas, beans, etc., will be in proportion to their ability to obtain the minerals, which on these soils must be supplied. There is no doubt that in cases where soils are rich enough in dormant constituents, but lack physical character, being either too loose, or porous, or too compact, the growth and incorporation of these crops will result in very considerable and quite rapid improvement, due both to genuine gain in the nitrogen of the soil from atmospheric sources, and to improve physical character.

SHEEP NOTES.

A sheep will consume about two and a half pounds of cut fodder per head a day.

Cooking the food for the sheep has proved a saving when the houses are proof against freezing. Cooked food is succulent and relaxes the system, which renders the sheep sensitive to the cold.

Cooking food does not add to its nutritive content, but it renders this nutritive content more available.

Four or five pounds of rutabaga turnips is the usual daily allowance for a sheep.

The sheep should be in fairly good flesh when yarded for winter or they will not be profitable feeders. Sheep are yarded for the winter about December 1st in the latitude of New York.

It does not pay to let the sheep run down on the frozen grass in the fall. There is no sustenance in the frozen grass. The sheep should be given hay after the first hard frost.

Give the poor fodder in the early part of the winter. Some straw, corn fodder and pea vines can be fed at this time. When you come to the bright, early-cut clover hay the ration may be lessened if the sheep are in good flesh, otherwise it should be continued.

Breeding ewes should be wintered at a cost of about one cent per head a day.

The grain troughs should have a wide, flat bottom; this causes the sheep to eat slowly.

Fifteen inches of linear trough should be provided for each sheep.

Sheep should not be confined in warm barns. They sweat badly with their heavy coats. Basements or poorly ventilated barns are damp and unhealthy.

Ewes weighing 100 pounds should have ten square feet of floor space.

DAIRY AND STOCK.

Do not winter more stock than you can feed well. Sell the surplus in the fall.

Do not allow a rough, noisy man around the stables. The fellow who works for his board is often expensive help.

When we get so we study as hard on how to give our cows more to eat, as we do now on how to scrimp them, we will have better success in dairying.

The crops are gathered and stored. We have time these short days to look after stock and give it the best of care. Our wealth is represented by the stock. Surely our time cannot be spent more profitably than in caring for it and studying its needs. Prime stock is made by shelter, food and care. Such stock is a good advertisement for the owner and the farm. It proclaims the farmer who cares for it to be ambitious and progressive.

BEFORE WINTER SETS IN.

It is good time to plow and manure the ground just before winter begins. Apply a liberal quantity and harrow it in. Some object to this practice on account of the wind blowing away the fine particles when the ground is bare in winter, but that objection is not well founded. Such land will produce much better crops the next year than land that is manured at the time of planting, as the rain and frost extract the virtues of the fertilizer and mix them thoroughly with the soil. Coarse manure applied to poor soil is of little benefit the first year. Many farmers are a year behind on the manure question. They are like the old man's watch that was twenty-four hours too slow.

CHARCOAL FOR TURKEYS.

Charcoal is a valuable addition to the bill of fare for poultry. An experiment was tried with two pens of turkeys, each being fed on the same rations, but one pen having pulverized charcoal mixed with their food and an abundant supply of broken charcoal convenient of access at all times. When the turkeys were killed and dressed, those which had been fed the charcoal averaged 1½ pounds apiece heavier than the others, and their meat was also superior in flavor and tenderness.

626 per million of British people die yearly by violent deaths.

CONFUSING TO THE COURT.

At a trial before an Irish justice the plaintiff's attorney had made an eloquent and logical argument. When the counsel for the defendant took the floor a dialogue ensued which is thus recorded:—

"What are you doing?" asked the justice, as the defendant's counsel began his argument.

"Going to present our side of the case."

"I don't want to hear both sides" replied the justice. "It has a tindency to confuse the Coort."

Italy has fewer horses available for military purposes than any other Great Power. She has only 2,000,000, while Germany has 3,350,000.

IN GOING TO NEW YORK

Take the Lehigh Valley Railroad route of the Black Diamond Express. Everything strictly first class. Sumptuous Dining Car Service, a la carte. Through Pullman. For tickets, Pullmans, time of trains, and further particulars, call at Grand Trunk ticket office or on Robt. S. Lewis, Passenger Agent, 33 Yonge street, Board of Trade building, Toronto.

Vesta is the only one of the small planets which can be seen with the naked eye. Her diameter is but 300 miles, and her surface, therefore, but one-ninth that of Europe.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

ONE TRIAL WAS ENOUGH.

Man (to a large employer of labor)—"Want any hands this morning, sir?"

"What have you been used to?"

"Making myself generally useful in a large factory."

"Who for?"

"For the Government, sir."

"Have you a good reference?"

"I was seven years at the last place."

"Take a seat; I think I'll give you a trial."

"No, thanks. The last time I had a trial I got seven years. Good morning."

"Knowledge comes but Wisdom lingers," says Tennyson. You attain the former when you buy Blue Ribbon Tea and exhibit the latter by using no other.

Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

The record speed for an electric car is 110 miles an hour. This was reached on the electric railway between Berlin and Zossen. The line is 26 miles long.

In cases where bronchitis has become chronic from want of proper treatment in the earlier stages, there is nothing so good as Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, in conjunction with which is strongly advised the use of St. Jacobs Oil as an outward application along the front of the throat, from close up under the chin to well down to the top of the chest; the one remedy assists the other, and as intended, they work in complete unison. The wonderful penetrating power of St. Jacobs Oil enables it to reach the adhesion of foreign matter which lines the bronchial tubes and which makes breathing more and more difficult. As these adhesions become inflamed and enlarged, St. Jacobs Oil causes such adhesion to break away, making expectoration easier and more free. Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, drank slowly and very hot, soothes and heals the parts, is comforting and quieting, stops the cough and relieves the breathing. This manner of treatment (and there is no other two remedies that will work together so successfully) reaches the difficulty from the outside and the inside at the same time. St. Jacobs Oil reaches the roots of the adhesion, and assists Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea in clearing them; then both remedies act in unison in healing and curing. The above remarks apply with equal force in cases of asthma, croup, whooping cough, enlarged tonsils and all bronchial affections. Every family should have St. Jacobs Oil and Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea always in the house in order that they may be promptly used in the first stages. Often the maladies develop with wonderful rapidity, and complications take place with equal suddenness.

"Did you ever stop to think, my love," said Mr. Micawber, gazing at his plate of lobster salad, "that the things we love most in this life are the very things that never agree with us?" "Will you be so kind, Micawber," said Mrs. Micawber, straightening up, "as to tell me whether you are speaking of the salad or of me, sir?"

He was a rackety young man, and kept very late hours. He was going a long journey, and on bidding farewell to his beloved, he said to her: "Darling, when I am far away, wilt thou gaze at yon star every night and think of me?" "I will, indeed, dearest," she replied. "If I needed anything to remind me of you, I would choose that very star." "Why?" he asked. "Because it is always out so very late at night, and looks so pale in the morning."

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

When traveling you should bear in mind the road and the trains that will take you to your destination in the fastest time, and in the most comfortable manner. The Grand Trunk service excels in both particulars and passengers from Toronto to Montreal, Buffalo, New York, Detroit and Chicago, will find the day trains equipped with wide vestibuled coaches, handsome Cafe Parlor and Dining Cars serving meals "a la carte." The night trains carry Pullman sleeping cars to all above points. You can leave Toronto for Montreal and east at 9 a. m. and 10 p. m. for Buffalo and New York at 9 a. m., 4.50 and 6.15 p. m. and to Detroit and Chicago at 7.35 a. m., 4.50 p. m. and 11.20 p. m. Tickets, reservations, etc., at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

THE DAY HAD ARRIVED.

"George, dear," said Mrs. Darley to her husband, as she poured out the tea the other evening, "I drew all my money out of the savings bank to-day and went shopping with it. I spent every penny."

"But, my dear," protested George, "the understanding was that our savings were put by for a rainy day."

"Precisely; and my dear boy will remember that to-day was one of the rainiest days we have had for several months."

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer

The boiler tubes of an ocean steamer, if laid in a straight line, would reach 10 miles, and the condenser tubes over 25 miles.

How's This!

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

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Applause is strictly forbidden in Russian theatres.

For Over Sixty Years.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY. — Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

The finest avenue of trees is that between Namanda and Nikko, in Japan. It is 50 miles long. The trees are crytomerias, and average 150 feet high.

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe

Fossil coral, found in Fiji, is the best building stone in the world. It is soft when first cut, but hardens to the consistency of fire brick after a few months' weathering.

AN ADMIRABLE FOOD

EPPS'S

FOR MAINTAINING ROBUST HEALTH

COCOA

IN COLD CLIMATES.

CABBIES WANT TO SELL OUT.

The "cabbies" of Vienna are in a sorry plight. Owing to the completion of the electric cars they are left almost without a fare. A meeting of the cabmen was held the other day, and it was agreed to petition the Government for compensation, by giving each cabman $600, the value of the license—and issuing no more licenses in future. The men then propose to sell their vehicles and with the additional grant of $600 start in a new business. Unfortunately for the cabmen, the possibility is exceedingly remote of the Government meeting their suggestion.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeny, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by all druggists.

A.—"Is it true that your cashier has eloped with your daughter and a large sum of money?" B.—"It is true; but he is an honest fellow and means to repay me. He has already returned me my daughter."

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine, was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above fact can be verified by writing to him, to the parish priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE,
Merchant, St. Isadore, Que.
May 12th, 1898.

There are between 6,200 and 6,250 railway stations in the United Kingdom.

Minard's Liniment is the best,

One woman always pays more attention to what another woman has on than to what she says.

Monkey Brand Soap removes all stains, rust, dirt or tarnish — but won't wash clothes.

Fully nine million Indian subjects are now more or less acquainted with the English language. The language most spoken in India is Hindustani, by 82 million people. Bengali is the tongue of 39 million.

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums.

HEAVY GOLD PLATED WATCH beautifully engraved, American lever, short wind and long run, heavy bevel crystal, stem wind, stem set, regular 16 size, fully guaranteed, a genuine good timepiece. A great bargain. Order now. Sent by mail post paid. Address,

Dept. B, VIM SUPPLY CO., Hamilton, Ont. **$2.35**

Potatoes If you have one or more carloads of good Potatoes to offer quote us, or if you put your price on it we will place it for you.

Cranberries If you have any it will pay you to ship them. Demand is good.

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