he flock carefully: at for signs of nt and bagging , and reject all that have crocke birds with long the keel is where amine the bead with right, round. oving ones, these at the feed paff. eyes, and these through the day. again, choosing birds as a uni pen. Take the ids and the same

itates a separate house may be a run is absoion for lack of we the breeders nge on alternate ve the breeders a pen of fine less as breeders ned too closely ason. If from but one or two breed, furnish yard, and put r a few hours

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# THE THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PART Sybil's Doom xxx g

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But Colonel Trevanion did not answer. | very low voice. "Mr. Macgragor will not They were crossing some fields within a marter of a mile of Monkswood, and the Indian officer was looking before him with, for a hero, rather a startled expression of face. Sybil followed his gaze, and turned paie; Gwendoi'n looked and uttered a shrick. For there, straight in their path, between them and the boundary wall, stood a huge white buil, with every hair and every horn bristling with flory rage. The scarlet feather in Miss Chudleigh's pork-pie hat, and the searlet sash she wore picturesquely over her shoulder and knotted under her arm, had caught his lordship's eyes and set his back up at once. The huge was lowered, the eye-balls glared, a long, low ominous beliew warned them of the wrath to come.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, good gracious!" Gwendoline, clutching Sybil's "Oh, Colonel Trevanion! Oh—

Her ejaculations ended in a long, wild shrick of affright, for the bull, with a about the man that bent them all to second terrific bellow, was making straight toward the red plume and scarf. And Colonel Trevanion, hero of hundred Indian victories, invincible in Russian trenches and Balaklava heighta, turned ingloriously and—fled! Yes, fled! In half a dozen bounds he wa sever the stone wall and safe, and the girls were left in the middle of the field to face their doom alone.

But the guardian angels of the two heiresses were surely on the lookout that day, for ere Taurus, foaming and emaged, could reach them, a wild halloo rong through the field-a man leaped stone wall and planted himself full in his path an imprompts matador. the engry animal stopped, attracted by his new foe, who armed with a huge stick, stood between him and the scar-

For God's sake, fly! run for your Charley! Charley! take them away - I'll face the buil!" called a hoars breathles voice—the voice of Macgregor, the tenant of the Retreat.

and Guandoline wound themselves hur-rind along by Charlie, who appeared before them as if he, too, had arisen out of the bewels of the earth. They reached the boundary wall, they were over it, and the instant Miss Chudleigh found esself in safety, of course, her first act was to go off into a dead faint.

But Sphil never looked at her. Pale, breathless, terrified, her sole thought was for the man who had saved her How he managed it she never could tell; but in two minutes he had leaded the wall, and stood in safety by

as though the late skirmish had been a contest with an excited turkey gobbler. I here hi sangry lordship in the field yender did not frighten you very much? As how's this? Miss Chudle gh faint-

"Den't distress yourself," said Charley, who was plentifully sprinkling poor Gwen with water; "I'm bringing her to. And when I've brought her to, I'm going to hunt up the gallant Colonel Trevanies, and bring him too, also. We'll find blen in a death-like swoon, I'll be sweet, behind the nearest hedge. He ought to enter himself as the favorite for the Derby. There isn't a racer in Bagland can best his time, making for the boundary wall."

Again Macgregor laughed.

"He who fights and runs away, May live to tight another day.' There's Miss Chudleigh opening her ayes. Really, Charley, you ought to take out your diploma. Your skill in bringing round swooning females isn't to be surpassed. My dear Miss Gwendoline," bending over her, as that young lady haen's quite drowned you? He didn't lady, with rather a wild expression of countenance, sat up, "I hope Charley hasn't quite drowned you? He didn't soare cold water-I'll say that for him." The bull!" gasped Gwendoline. "Oh,

good gracious, that horrid brute! Where are we? He can't get us, can he?" "No. he can't," said Charley; "and if he could, Gwen, here's Macgregor and 1 a match for a whole herd. You're as right as a trivet, and righter, if

"Were you going to head him off with that bamboo switch, Charley?" asked Macgregor. "It would have been a novel sort of bull-fight, certainly." Charley held up the switch in questign, and snapped it in two.

My loss has paid my folly's tax, Pre broken my trusty battle-axe. Ch, w Jove! here comes the hero of a handred fights, and as chap-fallen a hero as I've sen this month of Sundays, Maccgreger, you paint-here's a subject for your sext picture. Coeur de Lion running. Ike mad, from an excited buil, and leaving two young ladies to face him alond. Ah, colone!" with mock politeness, "I trust I see you none the worse for your recent little ahem! -fright. We were going to hunt you up—thought you might be in a fainting fit somewhere, and egad! you don't look unlike

it this moment." Truly he did not. His dark face had turned of an ashen white, and his fierce black eyes had a wild, vengeful glare as he turned them upon the speaker. He mustered something, hoarsely and incoherently no one knew what and Charlay looked with a cynica leye, and listen-

ed with a pitiless face. Trevanion blood never breeds cowards, eh, my colonel? So we'll call it constitutional caution. Gracious! though the constitutional caution would have been unfortunate for the girls, if Machadn't chanced along. Sybil, I it worth a thank you to save your

The had been standing, white as a state of mow, with many conflicting employed and quite unable to speak. At compliment. He was standing, a half sucher's rebuke she turned to her been his face, looking at Sphile punched, wistful inquiring counterment. He was standing as half such as and held out her hand.

The many conflicting employed to the compliment. He was standing, a half subther's rebuke she turned to her punched, wistful inquiring counterment. It was been to the punched, wistful inquiring counterment. It was been to the punched, wistful inquiring counterment. The many than the country was ever more runtile than she. It must be that the without changing cars?

Will you watch for my sister and the look of the l

think so badly of me as that." "I can never think otherwise than well of Miss Trevanion," he said, with well of Miss Trevanion," he said, with grave courtesy, his eyes lingering on that pure white hand with its one sparkling solitaire. "As for you, my dear Charley, I think you had much better hold your tongue, and give your arm to Miss Chudleigh, who looks fit to drop. Make sure there are no excit-

able quadrupeds, for the future, in the fields you cross, with searlet scarfs and feathers, my dear Miss Gwendoline. You're a heroine, beyond a doubt, but not where angry bulls are concerned. You fainted in the most approved fashion, in the 'arms of your preserver!' as the Radeliffe romances have it-meaning Charley, of course. It was quite a tableau. Miss Trevanion, we are very near the Retreat. You will do me the honor of coming in and resting for a few moments, I trust."

He offered her his arm, and Sybil took it at once. Had he not saved her life, and was there not a subtle charm

"You, too, colonel," he said, courteously. "We have to settle about those repairs, you know. It will be altogether a charitable act, Miss Trevanion," with one of his light laughs, "for visitors at my humble wigwam are like angels, few and far between."

Macgregor's pretty dwelling, with its elustering roses, its climbing ivy, its sweetbrier and honeysuckle, came in sight even while he spoke. The red glory of the sunset blazed on its diamond paned casements, and turned the waterpools in the misty woodland into pools of blood.

The deaf old woman who "did" for Mr. Macgregor stood in the vine-wreathed door-way, like an ancient Venus framed in sweets, and dipped a courtesy to her master and his guests.

"Welcome to the Retreat, Miss Tre-uanion," he said, throwing open a door to the right of the spacious entrancehall. "This is my drawing room, atelier, smoking room, study—all in one. You'll overlook the general topsy-turvyness of things I trust. Mrs. Dobson, here, does her best; but really I never could be brought to see the beauty of order. Throw off those books and papers, Charley. They can't be in a worse muddle han they are now."

Sybil and Gwendoline dropped into seats, and looked about them with considerable curiosity. Certainly it was a scene of "most admired disorder," yet fastidiously clean, and possessing a cer-tain element of the picturesque through all the confusion. The bare walls were literally covered with pictures—many of them priceless gems all beautiful in "Sharp work, eh, Charley?" with a covered canvas; in another a writing desk, strewn with MSS, proofs, bowing with as easy courtesy books, and all the paraphered of the precises gems—all beautiful in their way. In or e corner stood an easel, with a covered canvas; in another a writing desk, strewn with MSS, proofs, ber hock, and her Gionnet It way and like to look at her exceedingly—but as to marrying her may dear her way, and like the reparaphered in her way, and like the sparking Moselle, but that. I'll pay you any vessengely but that. thorship. And there were pistols and sabers, and fencing-foils, and tobaccoboxes, and dice-boxes and meerschaume, and lorgnons, statuettes, and parrots, and cockatoos, and canaries in cages, and geraniums in pots, a piano, a violin, no end of fishing rods and the novels of

> owner of this apartment, vanished, and presently reappeared with Mr. Fran-cais, the valet, laden with wine and cake and grapes and peaches, for the ladies. And Gwendoline, who had regained all her brusque insonciance, partook of the fruit and fluttered about the room, looking at everything and lost in admiration.

"Just hear this lovely green parrot chattering French, Sybil! I wonder if Mrs. Ingram would approve of his accent. Do you play the violin and piano both, and paint pictures and write books, too, Mr. Macgregor? Dear me, you're distressingly clever! It really makes my poor head spin to think of it!
And we may look at the pictures, may
n't we. And I may take this cover off,
mayn't I? Oh, Sybil, how sweet! Just come here."

She had whipped the screen from the painting on the easel, and stood wrapped in admiration before it. The artist had made a slight motion as though to prevent her, then checked himself and stood a little aside, his lips compressed under his dark beard.

Sybil arose and went over. A moment she looked; then she uttered a faint ejaculation, and her eyes turned full upon the artist in mute inquiry.

It was an evening scene an avenue with waving trees park gates in the foreground, and the turrents of a stately mansion rising in the distance. A tall, slender young man stood holding

a little girl — a mere child—in his arms, his tall form bent over her. You could see neither face distinctly, but he was in the act of placing a ring upon her finger. And under the trees crouched a weird figure a gypsy-faced old crone glaring upon the youthful pair with malign old eyes Beneath was written: "Until we meet again."

Very pretty, indeed," said Charley, with his customary drawl; "only why won't they let us see their countenances, and what's the elderly party under the trees making faces for? She's not in love with that slim young man, and jealous of the little one, is she? By George! the sucient dame isn't unlike old Crazy Hester."

"And the place looks like Monks-wood," added Gwendoline. "Couldn't they have faced the company, Mr. Macgregor, as well as not? Nice, isn't it? Sybil! Why don't you say something? I never knew you tongue-tied before." And then, without waiting for a reply, the volatile baronet's daughter darted

off at a new tangent, and pounced upon a portfolio of sketches upon the table. "Charley, come and untie the strings I adore pictures, you know. How Mr. Macregor finds time to do all these things, and lie under the trees and smoke the way he does, is a mystery to

She turned away accupitly and walked diver to the table where Gwandeline and Charley animatedly discussed the contents of the portfolio.

"Crossing a brook with pitchers."

They're always crossing brooks with pitchers and always in their bare feet.

Heron drinking out of a californ med.

pitchers and always in their bare feet. Heron drinking out of a solitary gool.' How thirsty the herons invariably are in water colors! 'Speiring fortunes.' Oh, of course, the everlasting red cloak and gypsy face, and she's charmingly pretty, and the gentleman's a perfect love. And—oh! why, good gracious me if there isn't Mrs. Ingram!"

Gwendoline jerked out a sketch in a violent hurry and held it up to general view. It was a water-color-a woman's head, with long, almond eyes and melting smile. And beneath, in pencil, "A Rose Full of Thorns."

"It is Mrs. Ingram, by Jupiter!" ex-claimed Charley. "I say, Macgregor, where did you ever see the little widow and how do you come to be so deuced uncomplimentary? 'A rose full of thorns' Do you hear that, colonel? Be warned in time."

Sybil looked swiftly over her shoulder at the artist. He was standing behind her brother, and the darkly handsome face had turned a dead white. "The original of that picture is dead," he said, hoarsely. "I don't know your

Mrs. Ingram." "Egad, then, you've painted hert" said Charley, "the original may be dead ten times over, but that's Mrs. Ingram to a clear certainty, and a capital like-ness, too. If he doesn't believe us he can step over to Chudleigh Chase—ch, Gwent—and satisfy himself as soon as

he pleases." "I think we had better go," said Sybil, rising hurriedly; "mamma will fazey I am lost. It will be quite dark before we reach home, and there is no moon to-night.

"With Colonel Trevanion to protect you, what need you fear?" said Charley, firing a parting shot at the Indian of ficer. "Come, Miss Chudleigh, you must tear yourself away from Macgregor and his manifold attractions. Time in on the wing."

The trio departed—their host made no attempt to detain them. The dead whiteness that had settled on his face was there still when he bid them good evening there still, when, an hour later, he leaned over his garden gate, watching the summer stars come out and glimmer in their golden beauty on the still black

"And I thought her dead," he said, between his teeth; "and once more she rises before me where I had hoped even to forget her memory. Oh, my God-am I never to be free!"

CHAPTER XIV. The pretty little widow who had come to "form" that fast young lady.

Miss Gwendoline Chudleigh, made herself entirely at home at Chudleigh Chase. It was a very pleasant house—the rooms large, lightsome, elegant-Sir Rupert's French cook was an artist, and the id all the paraphernalia of aubarenet entertained some very pleasant people; and if his daughter's governess and companion had been a duchess, he could hardly have treated her with more courtly Grandisonian respect. It was no end of fishing-rods and the novels of Paul de Kock—all the unsanctified thousand and one things of a bachelor's apartment. Mrs. Ingram dearly loved flirting she was a coquette, and, as Miss Trevanion had said of her, would make eyes at the stable lads, if no better game was to be had. But better game was abundant at Chudleigh Chase. First of all, there was the baronet himself, upon whom old point and floating draperies, and plump shoulders and perfumed tresses, and long, almond eyes were never thrown away? And there were the officers of the rifle brigade, very heavy swells, indeed, from the colonel, who wrote his name high in the peerage, to the dashing young subs, with the green down yet callow on their military chins, and who invariably lost their heads at the first sight of the gorgeous widow. And there were the county magnates, ponderous young squires in top boots and pink coats, with mutton-chop whiskers, and an overfed look, like their own Durham cows, who stared at the brilliant little lady in speechless admiration, and whispered clumsy compliments in her pretty pink ear after dinnir in the drawingroom. And lastly, there was Cyril Trevanion—hero and knight-errant—a modern corsair as to his mysterious moodi

ness, who lived but in her divine presence, and who glared ferociously upon everything masculine that dared approach her. Sir Rupert Chudleigh had been one of

the first to call upon the returned heir of Monkswood-his old friend's son-and welcome him heartily back to England. But the returned heir had met the baronet's courteous advances with that silent sulkiness that appeared his normal

"Your cousin is very much changed, my dear Miss Trevanion," Sir Rupert had said to Sybil, stroking his beard thoughtfully; "changed out of all knowledge, and not for the better, I regret to say. The Trevanions were always gentlemen—thorough-bred: but your cousin-I give you my word-he is as rude as the most uncouth boor in Sussex. And I remember him sixteen years ago, with the polished manners of

prince regent himself."

Nevertheless, Sir Rupert invited the ex-colonel to Chudleigh Chase, and the ex-colonel, finding his Circe an inmate of the house, accepted at once, and haunted the manor as a ghost. elderly, elegant baronet frowned a little at these too assiduous attentions. "The feliow is a fool as well as

boor. He's after that little woman like a ferret after a rabbit, a terrier after a cat, or a hound after a fox. He'll want her to marry him next—the super-human idiot, and he'll fetch her to Monkswood, and shut her up with the prior's ghost, and feed her on greens and bacon, and shoot any man who so much as looks at her. And to think that that scowling, sullen, ill-manuered lout—for he is a lout—should; be Ewes Trevanion's son, with the best blood of the kingdom in his veins. And yet why need I talk—there's Gwendoline—no

# a half-formed question on her lips, and said time noting those clear dark eyes; her own fell and her color rose. The inquiry she would have made died on her lips. No More Headaches No More Headaches



That sick women are made well by Dr. Hamilton's Pills is proved in the following letter:

"For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would nevr look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried, without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr .Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them, and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's by their mild yet searching action very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once griped me, yet they established regularity. My appetite grew—my blood red and pure—heavy rings under my eyes disappeared, and to-day my skin is as clear and unwrinkled as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all.

The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a well-known citizen in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's, 25e per box. All dealers, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

ambitious. I dare say she would like to become my Lady Chudleigh, and display the family diamonds on that superb neck of hers, and reign Lady Paramount at the county balls. She's capital style, past mistress of the art of dress—looks like one of Lelw's women, with their ripe figures and smiling lips and scented curls; or Reynold's brighteved. laughing girls, who hewiteh you eyed, laughing girls, who bewitch you from the canvas. I admire her imme but that. I'll pay you any reasonable yearly salary you like—I'll listen to your delicious little chansons and hallads—I'll play ecarte with you—I'll admire your exquisite toilets—I'll pay you high-flown compliments; but as for making you Lady Chudleigh, no, madam, I

never will." But Mrs. Ingram could not read,

clever as she was, the haronet's com-placent thoughts, and her motto was still "hope on." She spent two or three hours a day over her toilets, and came down to dinner as elaborately dressed as though the baronet entertained a perpetual dinner-party. She had diamonds, and opals and emeralds, whose radiance opals and emeralds, whose radiance made you wink again; moires and brocades stiff enough in their richness to stand alone. They were rather suspicious, those splendid jewels, seeing that governesses, poor things, as a rule, don't sport such splendor; but Mrs. Ingram looked up at you with tears in the soft, luminous dark eyes, and told you how "poor, darling Harry"—the late lamented lngram—had given her the diamonds and opals, and her grace of Strathbane, the emeralds; and how could you be monster enough to doubt the wruth of those innocent, tearful

(To be Continued.)

### BABY'S HEALTH IN WINTER

During the winter months the mo-ther finds it very difficult to keep her little ones well. Colds come on quickly and the discomfort to the baby affects the whole household. To keep baby well during the winter he should be warmiy clothed, have a daily bath, lots of fresh air, and Baby's Own Tablets should be given him occasionally to keep his little bowels working regul arly, as nothing will bring on colds so quickly as a clogged condition of the bowels. Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine a mother can give her little ones They break up colds, cure constipation and indigestion, expel worms and make baby bright and happy. The Tab-lets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

THE STATION AGENTS' JOB

"Do vou suppose No. 17 will be in on time day after to-morrow? Why not?" "Can you tell me if a young lady in a blue dress and straw hat got off the train which got in from the north at

"What time does the 5 o'clock train leave and is it going to leave on time!" "Is the train going to get into Fort Wayne on time, do you think?" "What made No. 7 so late a week age last Tuesday?" "Do you think it is safer to ride in a

parlor car or is there apt to be a rear end collision?" "Why is No. 13 marked up for fifteen minutes late?" "Have you noticed an old gentleman

with white whiskers and a telescope go through the gate any time to-day "
"I lost a back comb on the south bound train three weeks ago last Wednesday. Can you tell me where I can

#### IT PAYS TO AWALLES COAL

Chemistry has shown that each from the same district may vary as greatly That coal varies greatly in its protion of sale, sulphur and heats units (the elements that affect the value of steam coal) is shown by the exhaustive tests that many large users now require

tests that many large users now require before purchase.

A neglect of this precaution often results disastrously. For instance, according to Business, a manufacturer who had taken advantage of an opportunity to save a few dollars on the first cost of his coal by buying some that he had been assured came from the same district as the good coal he had former ly used, soon found himself in considerable trouble.

The increase in consumption to keep up the required amount of steam was so great that the added labor brought forth immediate complaints from the engine room. Firing had to be almost incessant and grates became clogged so rapidly that stoking was also close to a continuous operation and all the while the ash pile was growing into a moun-

A chemist was called in finally to look into the condition. He did so, and his test proved that the coal contained a fraction less than two-thirds ash. Such lessons cost money, but they have to be learned in some way and the great ash heap, two thirds the size of the original coal pile, made a striking object

The storage of coal is also a consideble item. Frequent handling kill greatly increase its cost. In one plant where an expert was called in to advise on this subject he discovered that the company was spending 53 cents a ton on the transportation of coal from the time it reached the siding until it went into the

In a German factory firemen trained to appreciate the scientific principles involved in the work produced a saving over the work of the regular but trained stokers of \$8.50 a day, or \$50 a week of 144 hours. The untrained men had produced a thermal efficiency of 66.6 per cent., while the trained stokers on the same job, brought it up to 72.7 per cent.. an actual saving if expressed in dollars and cents of \$8.50 a day. In another German plant where a similar test was made, a saving three times the ameunt of that just quoted was produced

### **CURED ACHES AND** PAINS LIKE MAGIG

When he used Dodd's Kidney Pills for Rheumatism.

Saskatchewan Man Tells of Quick in the United States is about statemany ing.

Holbeck, Sask., Feb. 5.—(Special)— Among the many on the prairies who are shouting the praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills none speak with more enthusiasm than Mr. Matt. Syverson, a wellknown resident of this place.

"I suffered from rheumatism for three years," Mr. Syverson says; "and I was also troubled with an acute pain around my heart. My case was a severe one and several times I doubted if recovery was possible. But seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely.

"I can truly and honestly recomm Dodd's Kidney Pills as a remedy for cases like mine. They surely cleared out all my aches and pains as if by magic." Rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. When the kidneys are right they strain all the uric acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys right. That's why they never fail to cure rheumatism and kindred diseases.

THE BEST WAY

To Make Good Use of Old and New Things.

Among the best uses to make of old tabledoths is to cut out worn places and out of the best parts left cut square or obtong doylies. These should be neatly hemmed. They serve excellently as doyhies on which to lay fish, doughnuts, fried potatoes or eroquetres; or to enwrap cookies, bread or cakes—placed in tins or other receptacles.

The cotton of old sheets and pillow cases is far better for scrubbing purposes than any new material manufactured. Strips of old muslin are useful for ironing boards and clothes pressing purposes. chambermaid's mat made of a doubled piece of old muslin is useful to spread under the slop jar and pail while attending to the bedroom crockery. The best way to make a kitchen fire in

the morning is not to let it go out the night before. In fixing it for the night rake the ashes out, put fresh coal on it and open the draughts for 10 or 15 minutes till the coal is fairly kindled. When this is accomplished the draughts should all be closed, the upper stove door was believed to be connected with the opened and the fire left to itself. The following morning the draughts should be opened, the upper door closed, and as soon as the fire "comes up" a little, fresh coal should be put on. Afterward the ashes may be shaken down and more coal added

WHAT THE TENNESSEE GENTRAL TAPS

(From one of its Folders.)

Of all this beauteous, pendant globe, no fairer, richer realm unfolds tiself to no fairer, richer realm unfolds itself to tempt the angels down. No mightier treasure houses or ore, coal and phosphate rear their proud heads heavenward in any land or one. No prettier unbroken forests of majestic hardwood ever kisaed a sor thern breeze. No more overflowingly beauteous golden grain fields, or heavier lades fruit trees ever gladdened the heart and pocket or sunbrowned husbandman with many-fold harvests. No greener pastures ever feasted the frolic-some mule colt, or fatted the festive gentleman calf.

Hoex-What would you do if a bill

## CORD OF ETHEST

I Can The Should had Ber

Spilopay is one of the most control that afflicts the human !

This trouble is also known as "bille sickness" or "fits." The politest on

epey is generally regarded as incurable, but taken in its earliest stages has in many cases been sured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, strengthen the system, thus enabling us to resist the progress of the dis The following case will be of interes to any who suffer from this terrible mal-ady. Mrs. John Mather, Baseroft, Out., ady. Mrs. John Mather, Hancroft, Unt., says: "My little son, Clive, at the age of five, was stricken with spasms or fits and despite all we did for him, for the next five years was afflicted with them, apparently growing worse. He was under care, at various times, of five different doctors, but they did him no good. He was growing worse all the time, un-til he got so had he would somethuse have twelve of these spasms in twentyfour hours. I sent him to the Sick Children's Hospital, where they pronounced the trouble epilepsy, but did not help him. Later he was treated by a specialist, but to no avail. I was almost in despair when my mother advised me to give him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I get the Pills and gave them to him, strictly following the directions as to diet. He continued taking the pills for several months, the spasms gradually coming less frequently and with less severity. and finally they coased altogether. It is now about two years since he took the last of the pills, and he has not had a fit in that time, and is now as well and strong as other boys of his age. I have great reason to be grateful for what the pills have done for him, and hope this may be of value to some other sufferer."

These pills are sold by all medicine dealers, or may be had by mail at 50 cents a hox or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WORLD OF SCIENCE.

One of the newest musical insireme operated by electricity, reproduces notes of forty-five orchestra posterior German postal authorities are an menting with a small three wheeless a mobile for the use of letter carriers. The world's rangest cheese, well more than 12,000 pounds, recently made in Wiscousin for exhibition poses.

The skeleton of a man who had been buried at least 4,000 years ago recently was discovered by archaeologists in ling-

that of coffee is steadily increasing.

In some parts of Mexico the natives hang the nests of large spiders in their homes to trap flies and other small in-

Because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruit, the apple is one of the best brain foods.

Under the direction of an expert from the United States the Australian State of Victoria has spent nearly \$33,580,680 for irrigation.

of Victoria has spent nearly \$31,500,000 for irrigation.

In China stags are raised for their horns, which are cut when soft and used in the manufacture of medicine.

The Japanese make vegetable isingtees from six varieties of seaweed.

An ingenious German baker utilines a windmill to mix and kneed his breed as well as to grind his grain into flour.

A sash lock makes an effective substitute for a boit on a door if the door and casing are flush with each other.

Iron has been malted in Sweden for more than 2,000 years and some of the ancient furnaces still are in existence.

A method of planting eyelashes and syebrows has been developed by a French surgeon.

eyebrows has been developed by a French surgeon.

Japan's newest battleship also has become the speedlest by the installment of American turbine engines as preper-

lers.

If a little chalk be rubbed on a file bafore filing steel it will prevent office
sticking to the file to scratch the work.

Telephone service between England
and Switzerland has been established over two routes.

Esperanto has been officially recognized as a language by the United States

THE HAND

The hand is described as the organ of the mind. The hand that is not constructive must be destructive; there is no inter-

mediary. Giving the hand is always a token of peace and submission, whence arises our custom of shaking hands. The bride gives her hand in the mar-

riage ceremony in token of her submission to her husband; he pledges his in token of submission to her wishes. We kiss the hands of princes in token of submission to them, and of fair wom-

en in acknowledgment of allegiante. The 14 joints of the hand form the rosary of the Turks. The custom of raising the hand in vot-

ing or in taking oath came from the per-iod when a man always attested to his honor with a prayer.

Ecclesiastical blessings indicating the trinity are formed with three fingers of

the hand. The ring finger was selected to hold the wedding band for the reason that it

### Shiloh's Gure STOPS COUCHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

heart by the most direct artery.

THE BRETHREN.

(Chicago Tribune.)

There are estimated to be 8,0000 members of fraternal insurance societies in America. Besides providing cheap insurance, they achieve a great service socially throughout the count ry. The socially throughout the count ry. The socially throughout the count ry. The social properties and supplies in many communities the chief and the best; social opportunities. Because of this, unquestionably these societies accomplish the insurance of hundreds of thousands who would not make provision in the old line companies. Young men. (Chicago Tribune.) in the old line companies. Young men especialy are disposed to neglect this but the social attraction of the societies bring them in.

> GROWING BETTER. (Philadelphia Record.)

poster should give you a paste on the jaw? Joax—I suppose I'd feel stuck up about it.

Our civilization is a little on the mend. Although there were more of up in 1982 than in 1910 we only found it housessers to lynch it.