Winsome Winnie

herself excessively reciting in full to the very person most concerned the real cause which he aunt would have absolutely ignored and denied-of madem's decision to rid herself of her poor little companion. Madam Vivian would not any account have allowed Stephen Tredennick to discover that she had had the slightest apprehension with regard to poor Winnie Caerlyon's dangerous attractiveness.

fildred had, of course, discovered this. long with others of her astute aunt's cret purposes and desires, as a bold, we, single-hearted nature' will often cover the craftiest policy of a worldhampered brain at a single effort— she had a score on her own account likewise in pay off, and dutifully delighted in the thought of Madam's discomfiture. "Wery likely," she repeated, laughing, "but I have heard of fatal gifts efora www. Captain Tredemick. Deanirale personed garment may rave een gustry enought—doubtless as pret-y as that beautiful sealskin jacket I ve fleard so much of-but you know what Bejanira's gift did for poor Her-

Between the terrible allusion to "poisoned garments," the sarcastic blame implied in his cousin's manner, and the attack upon his mythological memery, Stephen Tredennick felt quite ever-whelmed.

"Why Mildred, what harm was it Did 1 -was it wrong?" he stammered. "I thought I might give a young lady a girlor her age—a present—a little gift for a keepsake. It is not unusual, 1 think? Was it wrong? What harm was it, Miller I did not think there could be any harm indeed!"

In fifs earnestness he stood clasping his cousin's fair jewelled hands, while Mildren's handsome face grew radiant with griish fun, both on account of "poor old Stephen's uneasiness," and st the sudden belief that there was a deeper feeling than mere annoyance prompting his earnestness and excitemnt which her clever teasing had brought to fight.

The ved glow of the firelight revealed them standing so together —Mild red's bright, upturned face gleaming with smiles, Stephen's full of earnest questioning - revealed them so plainby that a watcher outside in the chill intry glosming of the dark, frozen shrubbery could notice even the pattern of the fragile white lace collar and sleeves which adorned Mildred Tremnick's rich dark silk dress, the brilint climter of golden toys swaying at hain, the restless flash of rings on her long, thin white

olit room, with those soft, on the corm dark carpet— the subter of dark polished woods, and ines and spots of bright gilding glimg from moor to celling—that dark of books the light, warmth, comfort, hers poor, innocent child! Because I Mildred Trendennick—these were the ssories of the picture whose central figure she had alone come to look lyon -that little dark-robed watcher in the cold and snow outside—to look

her fast upon. She crept nearer and nearer for that long fast farewell look—so near that had Captain Trendennick not been look- | wrong! All are unjust, unkind, tyraning into his cousin's eyes, he must have ! met the gaze of those deep, dark, yearning ones outside in the evening gloom.
"Heaven bless her-Stephen Treden-

nick's wife!" whispered the pale, quivering lips; and then the dark evergreens and frozen shrubs rustled softly, parted and closed, and the lone little watcher was gone.

"I say very sorny, Stephen; I should not have annoyed you by repeating this spiteful gossip," Mildred said, penitently, at the close of their prolonged tete-atete in the study-Mildred and Stephen were rather fond of tete-a-tete interviews and tete-a-tete rambles, Madam Vivian noticed, with much stately eatisfaction-"and I promise you that, as far as I am concerned, there shall be no further ground for people's unkind remarks about your poor little Winnie

"My poor Httle Winnie Caerlyon?" Stephen Tredennick said, raising his brows in a frown; whilst in the eyes beneath a curious smile was shining.

"Well my poor little Winnie Caerl-yon, then," returned Mildred, coldly. "She shall be my friend, and I shall nequest Madam Vivian, our worthy and grievously-mistaken relative, to permit Miss Caerlyon's visits here as my friend. But I believe I must make you my ambasador in the first instance, Captain Tredennick; it would be less formal and more friendly; besides, to tell the truth, I am half afraid of enuntering that terrible step-mether, and should not wish to do so unless you object to the office. In case it should be too disagreeable and troublesome an undertaking for you, I will defer my invitation until I can pay a visit in

Her sparkling eyes shot glances barbed satire and malice at her cousin. who, after a struggle to look coolly indifferent or indignant, failed utterly. and got up a violent fit of coughing instead, which perhaps accounted for the flushed confusion of his face.

"Nonsense, Mildred-I will go," he said, quickly; "not this evening, though it is too late now, I think." "Rather," returned Mildred, laconieally-"unles you want me to make my appearance in half an hour at the dinner table alone, and, when my cousin is inquired for, tell Madam that he is

gone after my Winnie Caerlyon!" "Mildred, how can you be so ridicul-ous!" ther cousin cried, laughing excesfvely, in a rather uncalled for manner But as he turned to leave the with me. If you will be kind enough to tell her and allow her to come," he concluded, sharply, Mrs. Caerlyon's cold cluded, sharply, Mrs. Caerlyon's cold cluded, sharply, many dear. Whoever thinks the property of the prope

"Ver Maly." Mildred replied. She I only hope," he went on, more earnest ly and tenderly, "that no one will ever possess the love of that true heart who shall not be in all respects worthy of

> "He is worthy," Mildred cried. passionately, her eyes and cheeks aflame in an instant in proud assurance-"you

> know he is, Stephen!" "Bertie Gerdiner?" her cousin half queried, with a rather pitying smile, haughty Mildred fancied. "He is a brave, some, high-spirited lad, I know; but, oh, Millie, my dear, he is very young, he is very far away, and constancy is not one of the virtues of youth under temptation."

The imperious forbidding gesture of her quick upraised hand stopped him suddenly.

"Temptation," she said, the proud tears flooding her brilliant eyes temptation to be false to me, Stephen? Why do you speak so," she demanded in haughty rebuke, "when you know that we love each other-that we mean to live for each other—that no one could tempt us to forsake each other," poor Mildred cried, in her proud devotion to her young lover-"when you know that nothing could separate us Bertie and me nothing but death!"

"Nothing but death," her cousin repeated, mechanically, and he softly stroked the fair white hand lying in his own, with a certain sense of sadness thrilling him from the proud defiance of the declaration of her fond, impetuous. wayward love-"nothing but death-I believe it. Millie!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"I must not be too late," he said to himself, as he hastened his steps down the winding descent of the road at the farther side of Tregarthen Head-"I wish I could have gone to deliver Mildred's message yesterday evening-I must not be too late now."

He quickened his steps again-the oastguard station on the rising eliff beyoud was very hear now-he would not lose a minute more than he coul

"Heaven bless Mildred! What a kind, generous nature she has!" he went on thinking, pleasantly. "What a brave. true, high-spirited beautiful wife she will be in the years to come—a proud, nobleminded, generous, loving mother .whom her children will naturally turn to in reverence and admiration! How kindly she spoke of poor little Winnie Caerlyon! She will be a real friend to her. I am sure, quick-tempered and haughtv as she is as haughty as my old grand father, 'Proud Tredennick,' as people used to call him. She is warm-hearted and true to the eare somewhat similar in character, yet full of dissimilarity, to

my poor little Winnie herself." It had a pleasant sound, this last phrase, to Stephen Tredennick's ear, and he repeated it again ere he angrily ruminated on another topic.

"How dare they gossip about her! sed wall, with its close-packed rows How dare they couple my name with oiness, and the beauty of beautiful ventured to bestow on her a few-friendly words and a friendly gift! If I heard them, they should stow their words faster down their throats than they could uter them!" he said, wrathfully. "And Aunt Vivian is most blamable of all! She gave the gossiping rumors stability by her unkindly treatment. As if the child had done any wrong-thought any nical towards her-my poor little Winnie!"

> He had almost reached the Coastguard station now, and his feelings had quite reached an altitude of indignation and chivairie resolve which would have dismaved Madam Vivian's very soul within her, as the result of her own injudiciousness, could she but have known it; buthappily for her peace of mind—she knew nothing further that the fact that her much-indulged; imperious niece had made the abrupt and capricious request that she might be allowed to invite Miss Caerlyon to spend the evening at Rose. worthy, to which request Madam, in much surprise and outward-seeming graciousness, gave her assent.

Outside the whitewashed porch, Capt. Tredennick paused for a moment, in the hope that the busy little housekeeper herself might dart out on an errand. and save him from abruptly confronting the high-tempered step-mother.

"She is cutting the bread-and-butter for the children's supper with her big apron and her big knife, I dare say," he muttered, laughingly; "or minding the baby that she regrets is so quiet."

He listened to the voices that he could faintly hear through the closed doors and windows listened for that clear gentle one he remembered so well; but it was not to be heard.

"I wish Mildred had come with me," he said, uneasily; "Mildred could go in and bring Winnie back with her better

He listened again, uneasily and longingly, before he knocked, and paused even when he was told to enter, listening in vain.

"How do you do, Mrs. Caerlyon?" he said, entering through the narrow passage to the meagrely furnished, tidy little sitting room, with a most fetitious assumption of easy cheerfulness. "I am the bearer of a note from my cousin, Mildred Tredennick, to your daughter,

Miss Caerlyon. Is she at home?" "Good evening, Cappun Tredennick," Mrs. Caerlyon said, rising hastily, but confronting him with hostile stiffness and straightness, keeping the stocking she was darning pulled over her left hand, and the worsted needle in her right. "Do ye want to see Winiford?" she demanded.

"Yes, if you please," he answered trying to smile conciliatingly, and finding the effort to be a total failure in front of Mrs. Caerlyon's petrifling stare. Madam Vivian and my cousin Mildred want her to spend the evening with us, and I am deputed to bring her back with me. If you will be kind enough to

Weary Tiredness Changed to Vigor

That Played-out Feeling was Quickly Remedied and Health Restored.

Story of a Merchant Who Almost Losi His Business and His Health Through Neglecting the Early Symptoms of Disease.

"My life for years has been of dentary character," writes T. B. Titchfield, head of a well known firm in Buckingham, "Nine hours every day I spent at office work and took exercise only on Sunday. I desregarded the symptoms of ill-health, which were all too apparent to my family. I grew thin, then pale, and before long I was jaundicedeyes and skin were yellow, my strength and nerve energy were lowered, and I was quite unfitted for business. In the morning a lightness in the head, particularly when I bent over, made me very worried about my health. Most of the laxative medicines I found weakening, and knowing that I had to be at Business every day I neglected myself rather than risk further weakness. Of course I grew worse, but by a happy chance I began to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I was forcibly struck by the fact, that they neither caused griping nor nausea, and it seemed incredible that pills could tone, cleanse and regulate the system withut causing any unpleasant after effects. Dr. Hamilton's Pills acted with me just as gentle as nature they gave new lift to my liver, strangthened my stomach, and won me back to perfect good health. My skin is clear, dizziness has disappeared, and my appetite, strength, spirits are perfect." Refuse anything offered you instead of Dr. Hamilton's Fills, which are sure

While he spoke, he glanced about anxiously for a sign of the little shabby black straw hat, the thin gray plaid shawl, or haply that fatal sealskin incket. Anxiously he longed for the sound of the light footfall, the soft patient voice. More anxiously than he could have believed possible—with a strange keen longing-he looked for the pale little face, the dark sad gray eyes, and the crowning tresses of silken brown hair. He had even begun to think how he would tease her for not having kept her promise, and would claim the keepsake he had requested during that cold walk in the wild March morning on their way from Roseworthy-if she would come with him-if she would but come! "You can't see her," Mrs. Caerlyon

to cure. Sold in 25c boxes, five for \$1,

at all druggists and storekeepers, or

postpaid from the Citarrhozone Co.,

Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

said, shortly, "she's not here."
"Not here!" repeated Stephen Tredenniek, feeling as if a cold wave of disappointment had chilled him to the heart.

"No." returned Mrs. Caerlyon, with a spiteful air of triumph in her gloomy face, "you'll inever see her again, Cappun Tredennick. She's gone! "Gone!"

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Caerlyon, shortly, taking up her darning again, "Winnifred Caerlyon is gone to America!" CHAPTER XV.

Six months sped quietly away, and state of Massachusettes. United States of America, summer in Miss Sarah Whitnev's front parlor, in Miss Sarah Whitnev's own purchased dwelling house, No. 30 East street. Miss Whitney had just "washed up" he breakfast things, locked up the buffet, and now stood surveying with some disfavor a a large bouquet of white roses, wild sweet geranium, and drooping maple leaves which her niece. Miss Winifred Caerlyon, was tastefully arranging in a great china

"You'll mess the room and break my green jar that I've had these thirty years!" cried Miss Whitney, with a frown. "Where did you get those flowers.

"Out of the English cemetery, Aunt Sarah," replied the gentle voice of the young relative, "there's such a quantity of honey scented geranium growing there, and a great bush of white roses in the corner by the old wall."

"Hum-queer notion to go gatherin' ilowers out of a churchyard to bring into a body's sitting room!" returned Miss Whitney, in a dissatisfied tone, sitting down to her mending basket. "Is that an English notion, Winifred If it is," she added, putting on her spectacles, "you'd ha' better left it behind

No. I never saw any one do it." Winifred replied, gently as ever. The low, sweet, patient voice sounded lower, softer, perhaps, sadder than of yore. "like the twittering of a lonely bird." Miss Whitney averred shortly. "But the white roses looked so fresh and beautiful. "Ay, I remember well enough, I ful, Aunt Sarah, that I thought it guess," responded Miss Whitney, snip-

would be no harm to plack a few I love white flowers so much."
"What took you into that old cemetery at all?" queried Miss Whiteny. You're for ever going there. It is because there happened to be English. cause there happened to be English bones laid there fifty years ago that you have such a fancy for among graves and head-stones." sitting

"Perhaps that is one reason, Sarah," answered Winnie, truthfully; but the chief reason is that there is one corner in it so like Trewellian Churchyard at home, with the ivy crooping over the stones, and tufts of Prom Pair Wounded by Louiscould almost declare it was my mother's grave that lay in the sunny angle; and I feel as if I were actually back in Cornwall again when I sit there and hear the sea down at Saunders' Point.

Miss. Whitney felt a little softened at the allusion to the fair young niece she was fond of eight-and-twenty years before; but she would not show it

"for the world." "You're homesick for Tolgooth Bay, and your stepmother, and her pack of children, I suppose, miss," she remarked, snipping away at the patching of a kitchen towel-Miss Whitney never let "rubbishing fancy-work" enter her house "on would think that a decent quiet home would content you after that!"

"Oh, aunt Sarah," cried Winifred, lifting a pained white face, "you know that I am contented and very grate-

ful for it!" "Then you oughtn't to mope!" torted Miss Whitney, sharply. "I suppose the house is to quiet for you, or you want girls to chatter with. You may go into other houses, then, you won't have any chattering in here, Winifred Caerlyon! I'll have no fussing and dressing and talking about beaux and parties and fal-lals under my roof!' Six months before Winifred would have shrunk, pained, mortified, and displeased, at her old maiden grand-aunt's peevish accusations. She had learned better now. The patient meek girl had grown wiser through the teaching of ber hidden sorrow.

"Give me those stockings to darn, auntie," she said; with a slight smile; "they are a great deal more in my way than finery and parties."

"Oh, girls'll be gire to the end time," rejoined Miss Whitney; "and of course you've your notions about fine clothes and sweethearts and getting married, like all the rest."

Winifred laughed. "Well, if I have, what is the use of my troubling my head about them, aunt Sarah?" she asked gaily. "You know you wouldn't permit it, if I wanted ever so much to have fine clothes

and sweethearts, and get married." "Oh," Miss Whitney returned, grimly, "old as I am, I am neither so old nor so silly as to think that I could prevent you if you took the notion, any land one day, ran her down and killed more than I could stop the grass from growing.

"Well, but I shall never take the no- ties. tion; so you will be spared all trouble about me in that respect ,at least, aunt Sarah.

"Why, pray?" demanded aunt Sarah, looking over her spectacles. "You'll get married when your time comes, though I dare say you've an idea in your head now that you won't have any one but some fine, tall, handsome fellow with curly hair and a straight nose- girls

are always going on with that rub Winnfred smiled slightly, but made no reply; and Miss Whitney impatiently regarded the quiet attitude and the busy fingers for a few moments in

silence. Crochety and eccentric as she was, there was one thing which provoked her into incessant suspicion and impatient curiosity-her young grand-niece's ungirlish quietness, docility, and reserved old fashioned womanliness; though, had she been otherwise. Miss Whitney would have been merciless in rebuko and chiding.

"That's what he is. I suppose. Winifred?" she resumed, with a sour smile on her wrinkled face.

Who?" she asked, with a start. "That fine gentleman you left, at howe in Cornwall. You needn't deny it. I know well enough. That's what you're always thinking about, and going into years he has had eczema on his nands the old churchyard for, and erving over graves. Your step-mother hinted enough to me."

"Aunt Sarah, you are wrong, and you are wronging me," said Winifred, Winifred, quietly, but trembling. "There is nothing in Cornwall which I have any right to love outside of my father's house, except my mother's grave. There is no one that cares for me, unless my father and the children do: and my up the case as hopeless. Naturally, stepmother knows that," added Wini. Mr. Marsh tried remedies of all kinds, fred, with a touch of bitterness. "No one ever wanted or asked to marry me, except that man I told you of the first and night so terrible was the pain and night that you came, aunt Sarah -you itching when the air got to the sores. remember?"

white face and awall or a nume that had been attending patients for a year running, than a girl of twenty-my niece Winifred's child-and so I told your step-mother!"

(To be Continued.) BREEDS WILD GERSE

iana Hunter.

From the time that the earliest settler first reached the shores of Louisiana this state has been famed as a feeding ground for innumerable thousands of ducks and geese, to say nothing of the waders and long bills, come out of the north and spend the winter in the marshes and on the prairies of the Delta

But of all these thousands of birds, scarcely any remain within the borders of the state to nest and rear their young. A few varieties of ducks, such as the wood duck or brancheur, the Florida duck or canard des isles, an occasional pair of teal-that is about all. As for geese, at the earliest sign of spring these big fellows start for the far north and select the wildest and most inaccessible portions for their summer

Not until the past season, it is believed have a pair of Canada geese ever been known to young in Louisiana.

About two years ago a sportsman living in West Feliciana, while hunting in shot and slightly wounded a pair, male and female, of wild Canada geese. Seeing that the wounds were very slight and would not permanently injure the hirds except to prevent them from flying, he took them home and placed them in his barnyard.

As time passed, the birds completely recovered from their injuries, became quite tame and associated with the other domestic fowl. They were novel pets, and were kept and fed for this reason.

Winter passed, and with the coming of spring the instinct to go north, mate and rear a brood of downy goslings took possession of the birds and they would have carried out their desire had it not been for the fact that neither could fly.

This being the case, they did the best

they could, and mated and produced their brood where they were, probably a thousand miles further south than they would under ordoinary circumstances have remained.

The young birds grew and thrived and the flock, now numbering five, was the pride of their owner. Then came tragedy in the shape of a hungry dog, which happened to catch the mother goose on her, and the dog was in turn killed by its owner for its murderous propensi

The damage it seemed was irreparable for no other wild goose could be secured as a mate for the old gander. With the advent of spring, however, the old fellow solved the problem for all by mating with one of the tame geese on the farm and from this mating was produced a hybrid, a pale edition of the wild stock.

The old gander, with three young birds and the hybrid are now alive and well, according to the owner, who intends trying a number of experiments in mating with the rare stock that he possesses as a result of two lucky shots.

A MODERN MIRACLE

He Had Eczema 25 Years and Doctors Said "No Cure."

Yet Zam-Buk Has Worked Complete Cure.

This is the experience of a man of high reputation, nightly known in Montreal, and whose case can readily be investigated. Mr. T. M. Marsh, the gentleman referred to, lives at 101 Delorimier avenue, Montreal, and has lived there for years. For twenty-five and wrists. The disease first started in red blotches, which itched, and when scratched became painful. Bad sores followed, which discharged, and the discharge spread the disease until his hands were one raw, painful mass of sores. This state of affairs continued for twenty-five years!

In that time four eminent medical but he, also, at last give it up. For two years he had to wear gloves day Then came Zam, Buk! He tried it, just as he had tried hundreds of remedies_before. But he soon found out that Zam-Buk was different. Within a few weeks there were distinct signs of benefit, and a little perseverance with this great herbal balm resulted in what he had given up all hope of-a complete cure! And the cure was no temporary. cure. It was permanent. He was curednearly four years ago. Interviewed the other day, Mr. Marsh said: "The cure which Zam-Buk worked has been absolutely permanent. From the day that I was cured to the present moment I have had no trace of eezema, and I feel sure it will never return."

If you suffer from any skin trouble, cut out this article, write across it the name of this paper, and mail it with one-cent stemp to pay return postage, to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. We will forward you by return a tree, trial box of Zam-Buk. All druggists and stores sell this famous remedy, 50c. box, or three for \$1.25. Refuse harmful sub-

IS THIS SERIOUSLY MEANT? (Niagara Falls, N. Y., Gazette.)

War is not all economic loss. in means good times for those who furnish the material. The Krupp gun works in Essen, Germany, the largest ordnance plant in the world, shows a \$12,500,000 surplus and a 12 per cent. dividend for the twelvemonth just closed, and the reason for this prosperity is found in the Tripolitan and Balkan campaigns. If two comparatively short wars bring so much benefit to a community of 50,000 employees, what would a general European conflict mean?

Blobbs-Why do you call Grouch-

THE WEARY SMEE THAT COVERS PAIN

Women Are Themselves to Blame For Much of Their Suffering.

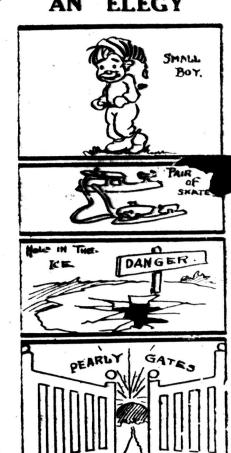
Women are weak, yet, under a smile they will try to hide pain and suffering that any man could not bear patiently. If women would only remember that their frequent failures of health arise from feeble or impure blood their lives would be smoother and they would longer retain their matural charm.

When the blood fails then begin those dragging backaches and headaches; unrefreshing eleep that causes dark lines under the eyes; dizziness; fits of depression, palpitation or rapid fluttering of the heart: hot flashes and indigestion. Then the cheeks grow pale, the eyes dull and the complexion blemished. Women should know that much of this

suffering is needless and can be prompty remedied. Purify and enrich the blood through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and your suffering will vanish. Thousands of women know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brightened their lives by making the new, good blood of health, and so toning up all the vital organs into healthy, vigorous action. Here is an instance from among many. Miss Cora A. Cornell, St. Catharines, Ont., says: "Ever since the age of fourteen I have suffered terribly with pains in my back, and severe beadaches. I was also much troubled with indigestion, and had to be extremely careful as to my diet, and sometimes did not feet like eating at all. Some two years ago the marshes near the Mississippi River the headaches became so bad that I had to give up my position, which was clerking in a store, where of course I was constantly on my feet. I took a position in an office where I could be seated most of the time, but even then I suffered terribly most of the time. As the medicine I had been taking did not help me, I finally decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a supply, and soon feit they were helping me and I continued taking the pills for several months until I felt perfectly well. Although my doctor adised me not to go back to my old posttion. I decided to do so and have not felt any ill effect. I never have backache now, seldom a headache, and all tra es of the indicestion have disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, and I hope this letter will help someone who suffers as I used to." Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50,

AN ELEGY

from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.



WHAT TO DO FOR CROUP.

(By a Physician)

CROUP is the small child's aliment Though the symptoms are often very alarming and distressing, death from an attack of croup, pure and simple, has probably never or rarely occurred. Croup is an acute laryngitis of childcroup is an acute laryngins of emid-hood usually occurring betwen the ages of two and six years. The frouble fra-quently arises as a part or forerunner of a cold.—It is often heralded by some parseness during the day which increases toward night. The child may then be slightly feverish. He goes to bed and to sleep. Toward midnight he awakens

with a hard, harsh, barking cough and difficulty in breathing. When the air is drawn into the lungs there is a sort of whistling or crowing noise produced from obstruction in the due to a spasm of the muscles and to dried mucus coating the lining membrane or to swelling in the larynx The whole household is probably aroused. The child and the parents are fright ened. The child struggles and adda to his own difficulties.

He has the CROUP.

A SIMPLE TREATMENT

Place the child in a warm oath. Hold a sponge soaked in hot water over the Adam's apple of the throat, changing it as frequently as it cools.

Rub hot camphorated all over the neck and chest. If there is the slightest tendency to constipation give a simple cath-

One of the most successful means of looseffing the cough is the use of specac. Repeated doses of specac (one-quarker to "one-half teaspoonful) should be given every hour till the child vomits and the cough is loosed, and every two hours

afterwards. It is wise to generate steam near the child. Heat a kettle of water over lamp or small stove in the room where the child is, Attach a rubber or tin tube

to the spout and run this under the bedclothes through a sort of sheet tent.

A severe attack may make it necessary to employ a surgeon to pass a tube down the throat into the lasyax, or to

open the child's windpipe and introduce a tube through the neck to prevent suffoeation. If ipecae causes nauseau or vomiting it will be best to reduce the doses. To prevent the disease, there are simple

ways. A simple diet, especially at should be followed. Enlarged tonsils and adenoids should be cared for or removadenoids should be cared for or removed. A daily sponging in cold water before breakfast, while the child stands in a hot footbath, is excellent. An outdoor life, plenty of fresh air and

of the preventive programme. A warm bath before bed time with a thorough rub ell over the enest and eck, using hot camphorated of. bly prevent the cold which

starts the crous.

leigh the Human Football? Slobbs-Oh, he siways feels that he has a kick coming to him.

THE HENS ARE TRAINED TO LAY EGGS FOR OMELETS AT MEAL

EFFICIENCY ON THE FARM