

The True and The False

CHAPTER VIII.

The governor and his family were settled in the executive palace. Daniel Hunter had instructed his wife to invite her sister-in-law to take up her abode in the palace for the period of their own residence there. It had been a very delightful task for the merry girl to range from room to room, through the spacious suites of elegantly furnished chambers, and choose those of her own apartment, and much chatting, changing, and disputing ensued before they could be exactly suited.

Every one admired Mrs. Hunter, but it was with a deep, hushed enthusiasm of admiration, as of some being far removed above their sphere of thought and sympathy. And, indeed, Augusta was too much absorbed in the deep joy of her domestic life to be familiar with her social circle. Her life was a worship of unclouded joy. But the centre of all the interest in that mansion was the infant, Maud. She seemed absolutely to be the first and last, the prevailing thought of parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and servants. She was the heiress of her father and mother, of course, but she was also declared to be the heiress of a wealthy relative in England, who had recently sent out to the infant costly christening presents, and as gold or gold presents have a sort of cohesive attraction about them, no sooner was little Maud's future English inheritance heard of than her father's two elder bachelor brothers, John and Joseph Hunter, more, had made their way, leaving their immense property solely to Maud Percival, only daughter of Daniel and Augusta Hunter. And so the little lady was destined to be probably the richest heiress in America. And what was strange, no jealousy was felt by her young unmarried aunts and uncles—they seemed to think no offering too rich to be laid on the shrine of the little goddess, and only felt themselves the want of fortune in having none to bequeath to her.

And the devotion shown to the child was not only worship, but superstitious idolatry. Even Daniel Hunter was not free from it. Inordinate affection for his only daughter was the one sole weakness of his mighty nature. His first visit in the morning and his last at night was to her crib, and he would sit there, and gaze upon the State business, or other pleasant and long-protracted festive scene, he was never too weary with business or with pleasure to go and stand and gaze upon his sleeping child, until anxiety and weariness and time itself were forgotten in the fascinating spell.

The fashionable season in town was over at last. The balls and concerts all forgotten, the theatres and public halls and "palatial" residences all closed, and the gay world dispersed to the mountains and the seashore, and to fashionable watering places. Official business kept the governor late in the summer at the executive mansion, and Daniel Hunter kept his family there with him. An excursion was, however, planned to alleviate the heat and tedium of the July days. This was a steamboat trip down the bay as far as Witch Island, and a picnic party there. The members of the governor's council, with their families, remained in town, and these formed a very pleasant select party of the right stamp for the occasion.

The day appointed for the excursion was the 15th of July, and the steamer chartered for the use of the party was the beautiful little Sea Mew. Every member of Daniel Hunter's numerous family connection, from grandparents to the infant, were to be of the party. There was but one child on board—little Maud Hunter—and excited as all the weary city party were with the prospect of the wild sea trip, the greatest interest was shown in her. She was taken from the arms of Stella, her pretty nurse, and passed from one to another of both ladies and gentlemen, and admired to excess. And, in truth, little Maud looked very beautiful; and it seemed an exaggeration at all to call her a little seraph. She seemed one without the wings.

While they were crossing the beautiful child, the steamboat cast loose from the wharf, turned, and took its course down the bay. The city gradually receded, and the bay, or rather, that arm of the bay, miscalled a river, widened before them. But few could leave the lovely child to look upon the lovely scene.

The boat was well out to sea in three hours' run—that is to say, by 9 o'clock—and by 10 o'clock they reached Witch Island, a wild, desolate, sandy isle of about a hundred acres, covered with coarse, reedy grass, and a grove of giant pine trees—hence sometimes called Pine Island—it lay some thirty miles south of the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and within a mile of the shore. The shore for many leagues up and down was sandy and desolate, and covered with a growth of pine trees, hence the name of the State was called the Pine Barrens. The shore and the isle were both uncultivated, uninhabited, and unrequented. They had never been the resort of picnic or excursion parties. And it was upon these accounts that the isle had been selected by our party; and it was this set of circumstances that lent

to the excursion something of the novelty and adventurous aspect of an exploring expedition.

Everybody enjoyed the outing, and it was with regret that the trippers got aboard the gay little steamer and put off from the isle.

Augusta remained in the cabin, engaged in a much more interesting occupation than that of gazing upon the fairest scene that ever nature spread out before the eye of man. She was seated in a low rocking chair, nursing her child to sleep, pressing the babe to her bosom, and singing in a low, sweet voice, as she gently rocked to and fro.

At last the deep sleep of the baby warranted its being laid down, and the mother softly arose and went on deck, followed by Letty.

They were approaching very near the city now, and very soon the steamer touched the wharf. Carriages were seen waiting there, according to order, to carry the company home. In a moment all on the steamer was in a gay bustle; ladies looking for their bonnets, scarfs and parasols, etc.; gentlemen hunting up hats, gloves and umbrellas, or assisting their ladies with their light shawls and mantles.

Augusta left her husband's arm, and went down below to attend to little Maud. There was no one in the cabin, except Letty, who was standing before a glass, trying on her bonnet, and Stella, who stood near her, with a large lace shawl and an infant's cloak hanging over her arm.

"We have not taken Maud up yet," said Letty. "We did not wish to disturb the darling till the last moment."

"It is time now, however," the steamerboat is at the wharf," said Augusta, and she opened the state-room door and went in.

But the window was open and the babe was gone!

Paralyzed by the sight, the mother stood—yet she did not believe the worst. She thought grandmother, or one of the young aunts, had taken her up and thrown the window open for more light—only that open window above the water—it gave her such a shock! She hastened out, still trembling, and asked, in a faltering voice:

"Letty, who did you take the baby up without telling me? It has given me such a—almost fainting, she leaned against the door."

"I haven't taken the child up! Didn't I tell you just now I thought I wouldn't disturb her till the last moment?" replied Letty, in surprise. "Somebody else has, then. Oh! I wish they would not do things without letting me know. I am so nervous when my baby is concerned. Mother! Harriet! Elizabeth! Where are you, girls? Bring Maud here directly, please!" exclaimed Augusta, hurrying from the cabin to the deck.

"What is the matter, Augusta? Good Heavens, Augusta! what has happened? You look so deadly pale and faint!" said Daniel Hunter, meeting her.

"Nothing—nothing at all has happened. Only my excessive foolishness again. I want my child! Lucy! Lucy!" Daniel Hunter frowned.

"You are really getting to be a very absurd woman, Mrs. Hunter!"

"Oh! I know it! I know it! But I want my baby! Elizabeth! Lucy!" exclaimed Augusta, hurrying past him.

Old Mrs. Hunter and her daughters were standing on the forward deck, ready to go on shore, when Augusta rushed among them, and afraid to give verbal utterance to the fears that her reason seemed to have abandoned, while her every act and look betrayed them, she asked, in fainting tones:

"Where is my child? Is she wrapped up well? Give her to me!"

"What do you mean, Augusta? We have not lost her! We left Letty and Stella to take her up and dress her. They have got her. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh! my God!" cried Augusta, sinking down upon the deck.

"Why, Augusta! Good Heavens, Augusta! Drowned! My child has fallen out of the window into the water, and is drowned!" cried Augusta, and fell upon her face with a shriek which those who loved her might well hope to be her last.

CHAPTER IX.

Loathing the sunlight, cursing earth, and blaspheming Heaven, the wretched, awful sight still glaring on her eyes, one awful sound still ringing in her ears—the vision of her son as he stood upon the fatal drop—a living man enveloped in a shroud—and the instantaneous click of the spring, the fall of the trap and the rushing whirl of the falling body. It was glaring on her sight, it was ringing in her ears, it was maddening her brain as she fled away. A pall of sin and misery and death seemed to lower dark and stifling over the city.

With her hand pressed upon her ears and eyes, as if to shut out sight and sound; she fled through the city, and past them into the darkest depths of the forest.

On the fourteenth of July she heard of the governor's projected trip down the river and bay, and a keen desire for revenge surged in the woman's breast.

With the surpassing subtlety of insanity, Norah managed the very thing that she had planned to do on the 15th of July to conceal herself on board the boat, she accompanied the party down the bay.

To make away with "sweet Maud" was her purpose, but there seemed no opportunity of carrying out her design till the little party were on the return journey.

Ever on the alert, she had heard two persons, the mother and the nurse, enter the deserted cabin. She heard the gentle voice of the mother directing the nurse to put out the lights. She heard her also dismiss the nurse. And then followed darkness and silence, softly broken at last by the mother's low, melodious voice as she sang and rocked the babe to sleep. Next she heard the entrance of another—Letty—and she listened to the conversation that ensued. Lastly she heard the mother and the young aunt open the state-room door adjoining her own and lay the babe to rest. She laughed at the careful, ovine colloquy between them, and they took her the most perfect precaution after the other against any chance harm or inconvenience to their darling. She laughed when she heard them talk about the window, and each ask and assure each other that the window was perfectly safe. And she laughed when she heard the mother and the nurse leave the babe alone. But soon she heard the voice of the nurse as she came and drew a chair near the baby's state-room door. And then Norah looked out from her window and saw that they were approaching the wharf. When the steamer again she listened and found that the cabin was still. She looked through the keyhole and saw that it was deserted. And then the heavy breathing of the nurse, stationed at the baby's state-room door, assured her that she slept.

Now or never, she thought. It was a great risk, but it should be run. Stealthily unlocking the door, she glided into the cabin. It was vacant of company, except Stella, who, with her head thrown back over her chair, was hearing the profound death-like sleep only enjoyed by the child of Africa. Norah opened the baby's state-room door, and revealed a vision beautiful as that of a sleeping angel—the gold silk curls and delicate, blooming face of the slumbering child as she lay enveloped in her white gossamer drapery. There was not a moment to be lost.

First, remembering the mother's talk about the window, with fiendish malice she unhooked the blind and swung it wide open, and trailed a portion of the counterpane out, as if it had been dragged there by a falling body.

Then she softly raised the child in her arms and gathered it close to her bosom.

Little Maud, accustomed only to love and care, and knowing no of make and dream, when asleep of nothing else, half smiled as she was lifted up, and murmuring "Minnie," put her arms around the neck of her terrible foe and, with a sigh of infant infancy, resigned herself to rest again.

Norah wore a large shawl. Laying the babe flatly as possible against her breast, and folding the shawl closely over her, Norah stole from the cabin, and creeping along under the shadows, reached the lower forward deck, which was also a deep shadow.

The boat had now reached the wharf. A crowd of men were forward—some securing her to the pier, some throwing out the plank, some bringing forward baskets, casks and hampers there to go on shore. And everywhere there was too much energy to notice a new-comer, who, besides, kept out of the range of observation.

Then Norah heard a sudden running to and fro up in the cabin and she knew they had missed the child. Seizing a hamper, she rushed to the deck, and mingled with the crowd. Creeping along under the shadows she gained the city streets, and swiftly and stealthily passing through them, ran at last reached the opposite suburb, ran across the green fields and gained the forest the scene of her deed after her retirement. Here she sat down in the trepidation, in the breathless delight of an accomplished vengeance. She knew the hearts of those she had left behind were very sweet. She laughed aloud. Her wrung with agony and her heart was as strong as iron. She had done it. The child moved restlessly in her arms. She did not notice it. She was palpitating with joy at the fruition of her vengeance. She needed not to see the anguish of her adversary. She felt it! But the strong little child moved vigorously under her shawl and heaved itself over, and threw out one of its fat, pearly arms. Then she opened its shawl and fanned its robe to give it air. And then little Maud, wearied to exhaustion by the play and tossing and caressing she had undergone during the day, fell asleep again.

CHAPTER X.

When that awful day—that day of the darkest doom—was over, when the last sorrowful offices of love and the last solemn rites of religion had been performed for the dead, and when all efforts to recover the living and the lost had failed, and when the faintest hope of the youthful widow could remain no longer absent from her ill and orphaned boy—then Father Goodrich placed his parish for a week under the sole charge of his colleague, and hurried up the little donkey-cart to take Ellen and her child home. To the poor young widow this was a very sorrowful journey, full of harrowing recollections and associations. In passing every familiar scene he had loved so well, her heart bled afresh—and on reaching the chosen spot of which he had spoken so hopefully on the last dark day of his life, her grief burst forth with passionate violence. And nothing could have sustained her through this last trial but the presence, the prayers, and the religious consolations offered by the good priest.

It was late in the evening when they reached Deep Dingle, the forest home of Ellen. It was a gray rock cottage, overgrown with moss and creeping vines, and overshadowed by high, wooded hills, with no cultivated ground near it, except a small garden, with a few fruit trees inclosed by a low stone wall, moss grown and covered with creepers, like the cottage. As the little old donkey-cart wound slowly and creakily down the rocky hill, old Abishag, the nurse, stood watching at the cottage gate. And when it drew up and stopped, and Ellen got out, the old servant came forward to meet her, and the young widow burst into a flood of tears, and threw herself, weeping, into the arms of the faithful and affectionate creature.

That told the tale!

Ellen almost instantly disengaged

WANTED
A good Cook for family of two. Highest wages paid. References required.
Write MRS. JOHN H. EASTWOOD,
P. O. Box 97, Hamilton, Ont.

herself, and, asking how the sick boy was, without waiting for the answer, rushed into the house to ascertain for herself.

"And where is the old mistress?" asked Abishag, as she received the young baby from the arms of Father Goodrich.

"We do not know—she has been missing since the day of the execution. When I returned to the city, I shall prosecute the search for her. And now, Abishag, you must not inflict your young mistress with any questions or comments upon anything that has occurred in the city. You must not even give her the slightest encouragement to talk about those things, even if she is disposed to do so, but try to draw her mind off, and interest her in the affairs of the household and the children. How is the sick child?"

"A good deal worse, sir," said old Abishag, heaving a deep sigh at these accumulated troubles.

The priest hastened into the house, where he found Ellen in the extremity of anxiety by the bedside of her boy, who was rolling about in the delirium of fever, and piteously calling for the mother, who, unrecognized, bent over him.

The imminent danger of this child was of the greatest benefit to Ellen. It aroused her from the deep despair that might else have been fatal. It taught her, by the fear of losing them, how great the blessings were that yet remained to bind her to life—to excite her to action. The extreme illness of her boy lasted several days, and when the profound death-like sleep only enjoyed by the child of Africa. Norah opened the baby's state-room door, and revealed a vision beautiful as that of a sleeping angel—the gold silk curls and delicate, blooming face of the slumbering child as she lay enveloped in her white gossamer drapery. There was not a moment to be lost.

First, remembering the mother's talk about the window, with fiendish malice she unhooked the blind and swung it wide open, and trailed a portion of the counterpane out, as if it had been dragged there by a falling body.

Then she softly raised the child in her arms and gathered it close to her bosom.

Little Maud, accustomed only to love and care, and knowing no of make and dream, when asleep of nothing else, half smiled as she was lifted up, and murmuring "Minnie," put her arms around the neck of her terrible foe and, with a sigh of infant infancy, resigned herself to rest again.

Norah wore a large shawl. Laying the babe flatly as possible against her breast, and folding the shawl closely over her, Norah stole from the cabin, and creeping along under the shadows, reached the lower forward deck, which was also a deep shadow.

The boat had now reached the wharf. A crowd of men were forward—some securing her to the pier, some throwing out the plank, some bringing forward baskets, casks and hampers there to go on shore. And everywhere there was too much energy to notice a new-comer, who, besides, kept out of the range of observation.

Then Norah heard a sudden running to and fro up in the cabin and she knew they had missed the child. Seizing a hamper, she rushed to the deck, and mingled with the crowd. Creeping along under the shadows she gained the city streets, and swiftly and stealthily passing through them, ran at last reached the opposite suburb, ran across the green fields and gained the forest the scene of her deed after her retirement. Here she sat down in the trepidation, in the breathless delight of an accomplished vengeance. She knew the hearts of those she had left behind were very sweet. She laughed aloud. Her wrung with agony and her heart was as strong as iron. She had done it. The child moved restlessly in her arms. She did not notice it. She was palpitating with joy at the fruition of her vengeance. She needed not to see the anguish of her adversary. She felt it! But the strong little child moved vigorously under her shawl and heaved itself over, and threw out one of its fat, pearly arms. Then she opened its shawl and fanned its robe to give it air. And then little Maud, wearied to exhaustion by the play and tossing and caressing she had undergone during the day, fell asleep again.

CHAPTER X.

When that awful day—that day of the darkest doom—was over, when the last sorrowful offices of love and the last solemn rites of religion had been performed for the dead, and when all efforts to recover the living and the lost had failed, and when the faintest hope of the youthful widow could remain no longer absent from her ill and orphaned boy—then Father Goodrich placed his parish for a week under the sole charge of his colleague, and hurried up the little donkey-cart to take Ellen and her child home. To the poor young widow this was a very sorrowful journey, full of harrowing recollections and associations. In passing every familiar scene he had loved so well, her heart bled afresh—and on reaching the chosen spot of which he had spoken so hopefully on the last dark day of his life, her grief burst forth with passionate violence. And nothing could have sustained her through this last trial but the presence, the prayers, and the religious consolations offered by the good priest.

It was late in the evening when they reached Deep Dingle, the forest home of Ellen. It was a gray rock cottage, overgrown with moss and creeping vines, and overshadowed by high, wooded hills, with no cultivated ground near it, except a small garden, with a few fruit trees inclosed by a low stone wall, moss grown and covered with creepers, like the cottage. As the little old donkey-cart wound slowly and creakily down the rocky hill, old Abishag, the nurse, stood watching at the cottage gate. And when it drew up and stopped, and Ellen got out, the old servant came forward to meet her, and the young widow burst into a flood of tears, and threw herself, weeping, into the arms of the faithful and affectionate creature.

That told the tale!

Ellen almost instantly disengaged

BADLY RUN DOWN
Through Overwork—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Health and Strength.

Badly run down is the condition of thousands throughout Canada—perhaps you are one of them. You find work a burden. You are weak, easily tired; out of sorts; pale and thin. Your sleep is restless, your appetite poor and you suffer from headaches. All this suffering is caused by bad blood and nothing can make you well but good blood—nothing can make this good blood so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills never fail to make rich, red, health-giving blood.

Mr. H. B. Reed, Quebec city, says: "About twelve months ago I was all run down as the result of overwork. My doctor ordered me to take a complete rest, but this did not help me. I had no appetite, my nerves were unstrung and I was so weak. I could scarcely move. Nothing the doctor did helped me and I began to think my case was incurable. While confined to my room friends came to see me, and one of them advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so, and soon my appetite improved, my color came back and in less than a month I was able to leave my room. I continued the pills for another month, and they completely cured me. I am now in the best of health and able to do my work without fatigue. I feel sure that all who are weak will find renewed health and strength in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They certainly saved me from a life of misery."

When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood they go right to the root of the trouble, cure rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, kidney trouble, indigestion, headache and backache, and those secret ailments which make the lives of so many women and growing girls miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at \$6 a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Down on the Prairies.

While he ate the eastern sky lightened. The mountains under the dawn looked like silhouettes cut from slate-colored paper; those in the west showed faintly purplish. Objects about us became dimly visible. We could make out the windmill, and the adobe of the ranch houses, and the corrals. The cowboys arose one by one, dropped their plates into the dish pan, and began to hunt their ropes. Everything was obscure and mysterious in the faint gray light. I watched Windy Bill near his tarpaulin. He stooped to throw over the canvas. When he bent, it was before daylight, when he straightened he was in daylight. It was just like that, as though some one had reached out his hand to turn on the illuminations of the world.—From Round-up Days, by Stewart Edward White, in The Outlook Magazine for October.

So it seems that the Japanese have been "hectoring" President Roosevelt. Don't like being hectoring, eh?—Baltimore Sun.

POTATO IMPROVEMENT,

As Carried on Throughout Canada Under the Direction of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association.

(Extract from the last annual report of the Secretary.)

During the past year very material progress has been made by way of perfecting our methods of potato improvement and in instituting their application throughout the country. At the last meeting of the association a very excellent paper on "Potato Improvement" was read by Mr. W. T. Macoun, horticulturist at the Central Experimental Farm. Upon the work which Mr. Macoun and many other authorities on the potato plant, both at home and abroad, have done, a system of potato improvement suitable for use among Canadian growers was drafted and is being applied by several this year. The system adopted is simple and practical, yet is founded on scientific principles, the individual plant being taken as the basis for improvement. The tubers produced by each plant are morphologically considered, and not of one reproductive system. The question has therefore been raised as to whether or not the principles through of breeding which apply in the case of sexual reproduction through the seed, obtain in a sexual reproduction or perpetuation through parts of the vegetative system. Bud variation is, as a rule, more narrow than is seed variation, and some investigators claim that a part of any plant cannot possess qualities which differ materially from those of another part of the same plant. The best obtainable evidence at the present time does not support this view, and the "individuality" of different parts is now generally recognized. Since the tubers produced by any single plant are all distinct parts of that plant, the possibility of variation in the reproductive capacity and in other qualities is recognized.

The system drafted for use by this association enables the grower to plant the seed tubers taken from the different hills which were especially chosen for seed purposes the year previous, so that any promising variation which may result may be selected and used in endeavoring to build up a strong, healthy and productive type. Furthermore, it is almost all parts of Canada no matter how suitable may be the conditions, there are some severe conditions with which the potato has to contend. Unfortunately, man himself is often the worst enemy of the potato, and unconsciously, though very materially, assists in its downfall. The using of small potatoes from degenerate hills is perhaps one of the most glaring examples of able to depart somewhat from this rule and to reduce the size of the plot to one consisting of 25 rows—with 8 hills in each row, both rows and hills to be at least 24 inches apart. A plot of this size, it was thought, should not require more work than the average grower can well afford to expend, and more careful work on the part of the grower should be encouraged. From each of the 25 chosen hills 8 of the best, smooth, smooth tubers are then chosen, and each set of 8 tubers so selected is used to plant one of the eight-hilled rows, a this as far as the seed is concerned. The practicing of improper cultural methods is another common error. Against these things this plan is really struggling to win after year, and while there is a continual survival of the fittest, wherein a few plants succeed in rising above the prevailing difficulties in an endeavor to maintain the standard of the race, yet, unfortunately, these are quickly drowned in an hurried off to market, leaving the smaller, less desirable, and often degenerate tubers remaining to be used for seed purposes. With such a system is there any wonder why many of our best varieties have suffered a rapid decline, and why they are now practically worthless? What is needed among potato growers to-day is some practical system whereby it may be possible to select for seed purposes those hills which have shown themselves superior to others in the seed tubers which rank above the average would be chosen while those falling short would be ignored, hence making for an upward instead of a downward tendency. The need of just such an arrangement has been met by the adoption in its system of potato improvement already referred to.

In undertaking systematic work according to this system it is recommended in the first place that a good standard variety be chosen, and that the best possible seed of that variety with which to start be secured. The new beginner is advised to test two or three leading varieties the first year in small plots side by side, to keep the hills separate and distinct, and after having decided which variety is the best, to select the best of the hills of this variety for planting in the breeding plot of the following year in accordance with the regulations as drafted. While the minimum size of the seed plot recognized by the association is a quarter acre, yet in the case of potatoes it was thought advisable single whole tuber being used to plant each hill. At harvest time each hill is dug separately, and the individual hills within the rows are likewise kept separate for examination. This arrangement permits the grower to determine, first, the best rows, and secondly, the best hills in these rows. The required number of specially desirable hills can then be laid away for planting on the plot the following spring as above indicated. Special blank forms are sent each grower in duplicate in order that he may record certain information regard-

ing the performance of each row, referring especially to yield, quality and freedom from disease. While it is urged that the crop on the improved plot be sprayed for blight, yet the spraying of the breeding plot is left to the discretion of the individual grower. In districts where disease is troublesome the desirability of developing strains capable of withstanding these maladies is such that spraying is ignored, and those plants which have shown the greatest power in resisting disease are chosen. The difference between varieties in their attitude toward blight and other diseases as observed at the different experiment stations is so noticeable that the development of disease-resistant strains seems to offer great possibilities.

Note—Potato growers looking for maximum crops are recommended to try the above system. While anyone may carry on the work independent of the above association, yet there are certain advantages which come through organized effort. We advise all, therefore, who desire to know more of this work to communicate at once with the secretary, Canadian Seed Growers' Association, Canadian Building, Ottawa, Ont., as the best time for selecting for next year's crop is not far distant.

Crops the World Over.

Broomhall estimates the world's wheat crop this year at 3,084,400,000 bushels, having added 31,000,000 bushels for more liberal and later estimates of the United States and Argentine crops, says "Crop Reporter" of the Department of Agriculture.

The most serious wheat losses are looked for in Hungary, the Balkan countries and Germany. Increases are expected in Russia (spring wheat) and in France.

Hungary will make up some of its wheat loss by an increased crop of corn. Deterioration of the corn crop, however, is reported by the Danubian States, owing to the lack of rain. A failure there of that crop would entail serious consequences.

Egypt promises a fair crop in Germany and a better than average yield in Russia, but elsewhere the prospects are only moderate.

Barley is expected to give a satisfactory yield in Austria-Hungary, Germany and Russia, but fears are expressed as to quality and color.

Oats promise generally to be the crop of the year in Europe.

Sugar beets in general are extremely backward. Both in France and Germany the average weight of the roots and the condition of the plants are much below that at the same time last year. The sugar content is likewise lower, but in Germany the difference is not so great. In Hungary sugar beets, while backward, are developing gradually, and are expected to give a satisfactory yield.

In Great Britain potatoes are the worst crop of the year, owing to widespread disease. Oats are the best crop of the cereals. The quality of hay is generally poor, but in bulk it is the crop of the season. Root crops and oats are next; then wheat, barley and potatoes. Apples and pears are in short crops, but plums are very abundant in England, and bush fruits have done well. An under-yield of hops is indicated.

The 1907 current crop of Greece is commercially estimated at 155,000 tons. Last year Great Britain imported 4,453,704 bunches of bananas. The imports are increasing largely each year. They are from Madeira, Canary Islands, Costa Rica and British West Indies. The chief consumption is in the manufacturing district, stretching east from Liverpool in a broad belt across England, where the cheap Western banana finds a ready and growing market among the workers in the factories. Banana imports increase as the raw apple imports decrease. Since 1903 Great Britain's raw apple imports have decreased from \$13,530,906 to \$9,533,000.

Costa Rica in 1906 exported 8,672,726 bunches of bananas, valued at \$4,438,364.

"Dornbusch" puts the deficiency in the European wheat crop at 179,000,000 bushels.

BABY AND MOTHER.

A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets relieve and cure constipation, indigestion, colic, diarrhoea and simple fevers. The Tablets break up colds, expel worms and bring the little teeth through painlessly. They bring health to the little one and comfort to the mother. And you have the guarantee of a government analysis that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff.

Mrs. C. F. Kerr, Edinburg, says: "Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine I have ever used for stomach and bowel troubles and destroying worms." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN IMPRESSION.

"Ah, I have an impression!" exclaimed Dr. McCosh, the president of Princeton College, to the mental philosophy class, according to Judge. "Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, as he touched a head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer.

"What, then, are known?" No one can tell me what an impression is?" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft place."

"Young gentlemen," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red, in the face, "you are excused for the day."

POOR WAGES.

John B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, delivered recently in Bloomington an address on strikes. Turning to the amusing features of the strike question, Mr. Lennon said: "I remember a strike of bobbin boys. These boys conducted their fight well, even brilliantly. Thus the day they turned out they posted in the spinning room of their employers' mill a great placard inscribed with the words: 'The wages of sin is death, but the wages of the bobbin boys is worse.'"

No, Maude, dear, you can't send shoes through the mail by simply stamping your feet.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.

It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 50c. AND \$1.00.

