

ination, for, if a cow be inoculated with small-pox an eruption is produced, which in time closes up and forms a scab, and if the smallest piece of this be introduced under the skin of a child it produces the various changes seen in vaccination. The operation can be performed either with a needle or sharp-pointed knife, and the arm should be scratched until blood can be just discovered. Blood must not be drawn or it will wash out the vaccine; the object is simply to introduce the vaccine beneath the outer skin. Usually about the third day red points appear, which gradually grow larger and become filled with a fluid. These points unite about the 5th day, and form one vessel containing a thick fluid, the vaccine lymph. This is the best to vaccinate with; a needle is inserted into the vesicle and the arm scratched with it, and one good vesicle is sufficient to vaccinate a dozen or more. If the vessel is allowed to dry it forms the scab which is so much used, it is moistened on a plate or a piece of glass with water, and the needle dipped in it. Near Boston there is an establishment for the production of vaccine from the cow. It has an extensive sale throughout the United States and Canada, and is supposed by some to be the best protection against small-pox, but the irritation it produces is generally greater than that from vaccine, which has been humanized. Lately a good deal has been said about other diseases being communicated with vaccination; but there is not the slightest danger of this, if the vaccine is always selected from a strong, healthy child, and in no case should any other be used, and in vaccination only this should be used, the lymph or second vaccination is generally considered useless. It is not known how long vaccination does protect a person; most likely the duration is different in different persons. A very simple test to find out whether you are sufficiently protected or not, is every few years to be re-vaccinated. If the vaccine is good and it does not take, it shows you are still protected, but if the vesicle forms, it shows that if you had been exposed to small-pox you would most likely have taken it. Statistics prove that if a person is vaccinated and later in life is infected with small-pox, the disease is always milder, and the mortality very much lessened, while each re-vaccination diminish both the number of cases and the percentage of death. Then, if vaccination will do this, it is surely your duty to use every precaution against the loathsome disease, and if every one would do so small-pox would in time become a disease of the past.

W. E.

The Story.

Three Times.

A TALE OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Len thrust the papers into his pocket and took her tiny little hands in his.

"Cousin I may call you that soon," he said, "but the first time I came here you called me 'Nanny' and I have never since still, for I could never bear part with it. And I have prayed a thousand times that I might some day be able to repay your goodness. Let me, then, do so this night. If you will, I will renounce everything I could have claimed, and go back to my security, that you may be the happy wife of Maurice Capel. Kiss me once in token that you will remember me fondly, and I will never trouble you with my presence again."

Before the troubled Hetta could ask herself whether she ought to sanction so great a sacrifice, he had touched her lips with his own, and rushed from the room.

As one door closed on the departing Len, another flew open, and she beheld Maurice Capel and his mother.

"Deceitful, unworthy girl!" exclaimed the latter. "Was it so willingly? Do you think, after what I have seen, that I can permit my daughters to associate with you again? You must quit this house immediately."

"No, no," cried Hetta, imploringly. "I have done nothing wrong. You are mistaken dear aunt—you are, indeed!"

"Must I disbelieve the evidence of my own eyes? Can you deny that I seen you clasped in the arms of a stranger?"

"Exonerate yourself, Hetta! For my sake, tell the whole truth!" implored Maurice, speaking for the first time.

"I can only repeat that, although appearances were against me, I have done nothing wrong. When I am your wife, Maurice, I will tell you all."

"My wife!" he cried scornfully. "Do you think I would wed a girl that holds clandestine interviews, and permits the carcases of such a fellow as he who just left you?"

"But, Maurice, hear me. By my unspotted life I judge me, and not by the one act of which, for your own sake, I withhold the explanation."

She turned to her aunt. Would she not be more merciful in her judgment? No. Mrs. Capel had eagerly grasped at such a chance of ridding herself of the niece who was no longer a good match for her son, and within an hour after Leonard quitted the house, Hetta was expelled from it, to begin the New Year in the home of the humble friend to whom she had hastened—an old servant, who could not be

induced to believe that the girl she had nursed and known from her infancy deserved the cruel stigma cast upon her.

THE THIRD TIME.

There was to be a juvenile ball at 25 Dalby Crescent—a Twelfth Night ball—and the tiny king of the festival was to be the baby son of Maurice Capel. He had married the woman of his mother's choice soon after Hetta had been driven from the house; and it was in honor of another Maurice Capel that his grandsire proposed to throw open his door to the youthful members of his lady's large circle of his acquaintance.

The Misses Capel had ordered new dresses to their own fancying from a fashionable modiste, and it was their whim that their skirts should be trimmed with scarlet flowers of a most expensive description. Madame declared that she would have to send to Paris, but this was false, her best flowers being made by a young girl whose taste in grouping them and blending the colors was exquisite. Strict injunctions were given and to expedite her progress, she was told why they were wanted and by whom they would be worn.

More than once a tear fell upon them as she sat in the poorly furnished sitting room of her faithful friend—for Hetta Capel still loved the cousins who had discarded her. Did they ever think of her now? What would they say if they knew that it was she who had devised the wreaths and bouquets with which they would adorn themselves?

"Have ye nearly done, Miss Hetta, darling?" asked old Nanny, who was sitting with her bonnet and shawl on ready to take home the work as soon as it was completed. "That's some body else instead of your own pretty self you don't a single pleasure in life—you that once had so many! Dear heart! when I think of the Christmas and New Year's presents that used to be sent to you—but that reminds me, Miss Hetta, Biddy, came to the door this morning and popped this parcel into my hands. You'll open it before I go out, won't you?"

Hetta smiled, hesitated, and then cut the string of the parcel. Ah, the donor knew precisely what she most needed at this inclement season. A set of furs, not very costly, but well chosen, and a soft, warm crimson scarf, to wrap round her slender throat; how it cheered her to find that one friend thought kindly of her still!

"I'd dearly like to know who sends these parcels, Miss Hetta," said Nanny. "I used to think it must be Mr. Maurice, till we heard that he was married. But Biddy's as close as wax; not a word will she say, coax her as much as I will."

"There's warmer, truer hearts, thank heaven! than Maurice Capel's," sighed Hetta; "and if I were rich, Nanny, I would soon devise some way of proving my gratitude to one generous friend who never forgets me; but alas! work as hard as I will, we can barely live."

"That's because I've got such an unfortunate appetite!" lamented Nanny. "I could but do without eating! Now, don't ye laugh, Miss Hetta, just as I'm so miserable, and there's footsteps coming up the stairs. It's never the landlord for the rent, and we not ready for him!"

Silently, Hetta slipped her hand into the woman's, and they stood together listening, till the steps paused at their door. It opened. Mr. and Mrs. Capel appeared, and with a joyous cry, their niece bounded toward them. Had they discovered her innocence, and hastened thither to express their regret? But no; they waited her back with stern, cold looks, and stepped aside to make room for a gray-haired stranger, who had not only nursed her for a year, but had long mourned as dead. He had been saved by an Indian Begum, who had not only nursed him back to health, but given him a high post in her own court, reluctantly consenting at last to his returning to his native land, where he had arrived enriched by her costly presents.

"My child," he said, mournfully, as Hetta flew to him, "my joy at beholding you once more is marred by the tidings that you have deserted yourself. Can this be true?"

Hetta wrung her hands, and looked from one to the other. To tell all now would sound as if she sought to avenge herself on those who had so harshly condemned her; to remain silent would be to lose her father's affection for ever.

But while she hesitated, Mrs. Capel interposed:

"It is evident that Hetta is obstinately determined not to confess, but she cannot deny the proofs of her guilt. The fellow for whom she deserted our esteem is frequently seen lurking about the neighborhood. A message, purporting to come from this or any other girl, has been conveyed to him, and he will be here directly."

"At midnight, what have you done?" gasped Hetta.

"My duty" was the exulting reply, for Mr. Capel, in her anxiety to prove that she had acted rightly, was pitiless. "We will bring you face to face with your secret lover, and his first words when you meet will, doubtless, confirm all I have asserted."

There was a tap at the door, and Leonard—now tall, robust, all traces of his early trials effaced; a man, in fact, whom they might ignore, but could not despise—came in. The sight of Hetta's relations surprised but did not abash him, and when Mrs. Capel tauntingly told him why he had been lured there, his eyes flashed as proudly as her own.

"Sweet cousin, he said, respectfully taking the hand of Hetta, "I can be silent no longer. While I was ignorant of your reasons for leaving your uncle's house, I kept my promise; but now, those who have dared to doubt you, must know all."

"Dared?" echoed Mr. Capel, angrily. "Dared, did you say—and to me?"

"Yes, sir," answered Len, confronting him, undauntedly. "Your looks ask me who I am. Let me then tell you what you would have learned long since but for the entreaties of your niece; I am the lawfully-born son of your elder brother."

"Impossible!" murmured Mr. Capel, growing very pale, however; and Hetta's father repeated the word.

"Leonard smiled; and that smile of conscious power carried conviction to his dismayed kinsmen.

"An angel pleaded with me when I would have claimed my inheritance, and for her sake I vowed to let you and yours retain it. But I little thought that you would requite her as you have done!" he added, indignantly, "and if she bids me revenge her, I am ready."

"No," said Hetta, softly. "I prefer to forget everything but the days when my uncle and aunt treated me as if I were their own child."

"I thought this would be your decision," Leonard exclaimed; "but if you are so generous to those who have persecuted you, will you not be equally so to me, whose respect and affection have never wavered? Hetta, it is true I have hovered near your dwelling, for I have not been able to deny myself the pleasure of watching over your safety, and supplying you with such few comforts as my own scanty means enabled me to procure. I dared not come to you and say, 'Let me shield and defend you always,' for I was too poor; but now that the good doctor who has treated me as a son, has promised me a lucrative situation in Australia, Hetta, best and dearest, will you not be mine?—will you not let me teach you in another land to forget the sorrows you have endured here?"

"Ah, papa! how am I to answer him?" faltered Hetta, hiding her face on the shoulder of her father.

"Give me your hand, Leonard," he exclaimed. "You are the image of your father; God grant that you may possess all his virtues, and avoid his mistakes! If my child thinks she loves you, I will not oppose your suit, only you must not carry her away to Australia, nor let your romance be stronger than your commonsense. 'Brother!' he added, addressing Mr. Maurice Capel, "the justice refused to the dead must be done to their son. Leonard must take his rightful place in the house of Capel. I am wealthy enough to promise that neither you nor yours shall suffer by this concession."

"So Len—no longer the outcast, but flattered, honored, looked up to—now for the third time ascended those steps on which he had once sat sick and shivering; ascended them with his bride upon his arm—for the wedding breakfast was given in sumptuous style at No. 25 Dalby Crescent; and every one looked satisfied but Maurice Capel. His rich wife turned out a shrew, whose fortune, after all, was smaller than he would have had with Hetta, the little cousin, who, as she leaned on the arm of her smiling bridegroom, was pronounced by all, the fairest, even as she was the happiest bride of the season.

Messrs. H. R. Page & Co., of Toronto, are now preparing a useful Atlas that is much required. It is to contain maps of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba and adjoining territory, and of the States; also maps of counties and townships. The township maps are to show all principal buildings and names of subscribers, and to be illustrated with persons and buildings of note. It is to be got up in a style superior to anything that has yet appeared, and to furnish such information as is now required. We wish them success in their enterprise.

Water for Horses.

Mr. B. Cartledge, of Sheffield, a member of the Royal Veterinary College, calls attention to the very common mistake made by keepers of horses in limiting the supply of water to their animals. Many owners of horses, most grooms and others who have the charge of them, profess, he says, "to know how much water a horse ought to be allowed, and when a poor, thirsty, overdriven animal arrives at his journey's end, he is treated to a very limited supply, and the pail is taken away before its necessity is half met. It is a mistaken notion that cold water does cause abdominal pain; it is from long abstinence and when the horse drinks to excess. But even this is rare. I allow my horse to drink from every trough I meet on the road, if the water be clean, and, in my own stud, I never had a case of colic. At home my horses always have water before them. A friend of mine to whom the other day I gave this advice, directed his servant to adopt it. The servant shook his head and said, 'he thought he knew as well as any man or Mr. Cartledge, when his horses wanted water, and how much.' The owner, in reply, told the servant that might be so, but he must allow his horses to drink as often and as freely as he did himself."—*English Farmer's Journal.*

Stock Notes.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS SHORTHORN.—The Earl of Bective has had the misfortune to lose by tuberculosis the famous Shorthorn "Tenth Duchess of Geneva," which was purchased by his Lordship at the New York Mills sale, United States, in 1873, for over 6,000 guineas.

Mr. W. Hood, of Guelph, has just sold by auction a lot of Galloways and horses. The highest price realized was for a horse, \$161; a lot of Galloways were sold, bringing from \$16 to \$42 each. Had Mr. Hood advertised his stock, we believe he would have received double the price for many animals. Some of the purchasers will do well on their bargains. We did not hear of the sale till it was over.

Officers of Cramahe Agricultural Society.

President, H. P. Gould, Castleton; Vice-President, Joseph Jaques, Colborne; Secretary-Treasurer, H. J. Scripture, Colborne. Directors—J. H. Chapman, Geo. Cockburn, Ira Brown, Geo. Sanderson, and G. N. McDonald, Colborne; Walter Newson, Dundonald; Geo. Winn and John McCarl, Castleton; Andrew Ryal, Norham.

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