OUR FRUIT AND POULTRY.

REPORTS OF THE ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

Fruit Growers and Poultry Associations Operations in 1899—The Export Trade in Apples—Suggestions for Exhibiting Dressed Poultry.

Many useful publications have lately been issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture in relation to various branches of husbandry and kindred pursuits, with the object of placing in the hands of all interested the latest results of scientific research and practical experiment in relation to their calling. The report of the Fruit Growers' Association for 1899, just published, is one which all concerned in this department of production will highly appreciate. It embraces the proceedings of the annual meeting of the association, a representative body, with which 46 local horticultural societies are affiliated. A large number of practical addresses were delivered on that occasion, embodying the experience of the leading fruit-growers and horticultural experts, and many subjects of vital interest discussed. Among the topics treated of that of extending the market for the fruit products of the Province was accorded a prominent place. Much attention has been devoted of late to developing our export trade with Britain in food products.

BRITISH MARKET FOR ONTARIO FRUIT.

This question was ably dealt with in a paper by A. H. Pettit, of Grimsby, on "Trickery in the Packing of Apples for Export," in which, among other practical suggestions for insuring a high standard of excellence in the goods shipped to Britain, he proposed the appointment of inspectors and the adoption of a system of grades as to quality and condition, each package to be branded by the inspector as a guarantee of the standard of the fruit. Prof. J. W. Robertson, of the Ottawa Experimental Farm, who has given a great deal of attention to the matter of introducing Canadian products into England, told of the results of trial shipments of pears, peaches, and apples made last season, and gave much useful information as to the requirements of the English market and the obstacles to be overcome in placing the shipments on sale in good condition, which ought to be carefully considered by all interested in building up the fruit export trade.

GRAPES SHIPPED TO NORTH-WEST.

Another large and increasing market for Ontario's increasing surplus of fruit has been found in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, which have hitherto drawn their fruit supply mainly from the United States. Dr. Wm. Saunders drew the attention of the association to this opportunity, stating that last season over 200 carloads of Ontario grapes had found a ready sale in that quarter and that the market there was by no means glutted. He advised fruit-producers to turn their attention in that direction.

Mr. W. M. Orr, the President, gave the details of the spraying experiments held last year under the direction of the Department of Agriculture at numerous points in the province. The same subject was treated of by Prof. Macoun, who presented the results of the experimental spraying held at the Ottawa Central Farm. The report is of a highly instructive character and ought to be widely circulated among farmers and orchardists, who wish to be up-to-date in their methods.

POULTRY ASSOCIATION'S REPORT.

Another publication recently issued by the Department is the annual Reports of the Poultry Associations for 1899, which contains a large amount of information regarding the care of poultry and the best varieties to rear. A good deal of stress was laid by some of the speakers at the annual meeting of the Provincial Association on the importance of giving more attention to the exhibition of dressed poultry. Papers on this subject were presented by Geo. W. Miller, of London, and Robert H. Essex, Toronto It was urged that displays of dressed poultry would give a more practical character to the exhibitions and enable visitors to judge more satisfactorily of the qualities of the different varieties than when the show is confined to live specimens. Among, other instructive papers is one by A. G. Gilbert, of the Dominion Experimental Farm, Ottawa, on the question of artificial heat for the poultry-house during the winter. The question is treated as an open one, but it is stated that the experiment is being tried and the result will be awaited with interest.

"GENERALS" IN PIGTAILS.

Why Not Go to China to Solve the Servant Question?

The servant question is becoming more and more acute, and nine out of ten despairing housewives tell you that the end of the world can't be far off, says the London Daily Mail.

Of course the cause of the difficulty is that young girls have the same desire for liberty and recreation as young men, and prefer employment in cafes, shops, or anywhere else that leaves them free every evening, to working every day in the 365 from dawn to midnight, with only an occasional evening to themselves.

That cause is not likely to pass away, therefore it is time for the housekeeper to cast around and find some way out of the difficulty. They have only to go east. Among China's 400,000,000 there can be found servants for all the civilized world.

John Chinaman has a host of excellent qualities. He is civil and respectful. He is neat, clean and tidy. He is sober. He is a first-class cook, a splendid wasnerman and, at a pinch, can wheel out the baby.

He will work twenty hours a day without murmuring. He won't ask for too many evenings out. He will be satisfied with very moderate wages, and at first, anyhow, he would prove highly amusing.

Further than that he would not be an undesirable emigrant, The Continentals who come here bring their wives and children. The Chinaman, on the other hand, are usually single men who emigrate with a view of returning home when they have made their pile and getting married.

In Australia and America the Chinese have been found invaluable as servants. They are not liked by the great mass of the people because they work for lower wages. Here, however, it would be different. The position in England is that you cannot find servants. The supply is diminishing, and will continue to diminish. Therefore the Chinese importations would not result in anyone being thrown out of employment.

OUTPOSTS DON'T SALUTE.

Troops on outpost duty do not salute their superiors, or notice them, unless addressed.

KHAKI NOTE PAPER.

Khaki letter paper is the latest, and being linen it might be made out of the very material made into uniforms, from its appearance. This may not mean that it is altogether beautiful.

Through Storm and Sunshine

"Must what?" she asked, despairingly.

"We must appeal to the law. But until that time, dear Miss Neslie, live in hope."

She remembered so well the time before when he had called her "dear Miss Neslie," and she had been annoyed at it. Now matters were so altered that he was the only friend she had to rely on—the only one who could comfort or advise her. With a sudden, frank, sweet impulse she held out her hands to him.

"You are a true friend," she said. "What should I do in my trouble but for you?"

And if she could have given him the whole world she could not have made him so proud and happy as those few words did. There was nothing for it, she saw, but patient endurance. All hope of anything good from Valerie was at an end.

Several days afterward Valerie said to her—

"You remember, Vivien, what we were lately discussing—the engagement of a tutor for Oswald? I am glad to say that I have succeeded in my wish; Henrie de Nouchet has consented to come."

"Miladi" was looking at her with laughing, mischievous eyes.

"It will be such a relief to me to have some friend of my own, whom I can trust near me. Henri de Nouchet is very clever, of course. In the years to come Oswald will go to your favorite place, Oxford, and then I intend Monsieur de Nouchet to succeed Mr. Dorman."

Vivien said nothing. Words were all so useless.

"Vivien," continued "miladi" "I hope you will find it worth your while to be civil to my friend. If you are not, you know the alternative. I am quite determined that the house shall be made comfortable for him."

For the sake of the heavy stake—the honor of her house—she restrained the burning passion of her indignant pride. Alas, if she went, what would in the present state of things, become of Lancewood?

"Alas, my father," sighed the unhappy girl, "what a charge you have left to me!"

She was somewhat surprised to find that Lady Neslie had selected two of the best rooms in the house for the tutor. He had a sitting-room that had been in former years a state-room, and one of the finest bedrooms."

"He is no common person," said "miladi," proudly. "For any one like Mr. Dorman I should not think of arranging such rooms; but Monsieur de Nouchet is a French gentleman and a distant relative of my own."

"I always understood that the D'Estes were a wealthy family," observed Vivien. "How is it that this gentleman is compelled to work for his living?"

"Miladi" coughed a very little cough.

"My dear Vivien," she said, "my father was a D'Este, my mother a De Nouchet and the De Nouchets were all poor."

The rooms were prepared, much to Vivien's secret annoyance. Another saddle-horse was bought—one would do for Monsieur de Nouchet.

"Do you intend your son's tutor to spend much of his time in riding?" Vivien asked; and Valerie, with a sneering laugh, replied—

"What my son's tutor will do will be seen when he comes."

He came in May. Apparently he was in no great hurry to accept the post that Lady Neslie had offered him. He came in May, when the lilacs were budding, and the laburnums gleamed like yellow flame among the trees.

Vivien looked on in wonder that the results of the experimental spraying held at the Ottawa Central Farm. The report is of a highly instructive character and ought to be widely circulated among farmers and orchardists, who wish to be up-to-date in their methods.

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burned with shame and humiliation saw the wondering looks of the servants; she noticed the old butler's gaze as it rested indignantly on Lady Neslie. She could imagine the comments, the gossip, the disgust of the few faithful retainers left

Monsieur de Nouchet tried hard at first to engage her in conversation; he was most polite and deferential—he paid her compliments which she received in perfect silence.

"He does not know his position," she thought; "a tutor has no right to place himself on an equality with me."

Then all her late good resolutions returned to her mind. If she could benefit Oswald by talking to the man, obnoxious as he was to her, she would certainly do so; if she could interest him and try to make him understand her views concerning the child, she would trample under foot all smaller feelings of annoyance and mortificatoin—she would rise above all mere personal feelings, and do her duty.

She was sorely tried; before dinner even was ended it was patent to her as well as to the servants that the tutor would be to all intents and purposes, master. Lady Neslie consulted him, deferred to him as she would have done to Sir Arthur, the finest wines in the cellar, were ordered in for him, messages were sent that the cook must prepare a certain number of French dishes every day. Lady Neslie asked him if he would take coffee in the drawing-room, and he went there with them.

Vivien was horror-stricken. What new terrible evil was this which had befallen the unhappy house of Neslie? She would fain have escaped to her own room but that she feared the comments that the servants would make if she left Valerie and the tutor tete-a-tete. The boy was dismissed, and Vivien fancied—she was not sure, but she fancied—that she heard Valerie say to Monsieur de Nouchet—

"You will not be troubled much with him."

She asked herself whether she was in some terrible dream, some waking nightmare. She went to the piano and began to play. Valerie took no notice of her and the tutor resumed his place by "miladi's" side. They laughed, talked, jested; the dainty bloom deepened in Valerie's face—she was all brightness and smiles, while Vivien looked up in silent dismay.

Suddenly Lady Neslie crossed the room to speak to her.

"Vivien," she said. "Monsieur de Nouchet and I are going to Ladypool to-morrow. It will be a pleasant ride; will you go with us?"

The question was simple, the answer difficult. Vivien asked herself if she could condescend to make a third in such a party. Her heart rebelled against the bare idea; she could never bring herself to be on equal terms with them. Then conscience asked her which was the worse—that she should seem to identify herself with them or that they should attract attention by riding about the country alone.

A sudden escape from the dilemma occurred to her.

"To Ladypool?" she said. "Why, Valerie, there will not be time for that if Oswald's lessons begin.

"Monsieur de Nouchet will take a holiday just to look about him," she said. "I have promised to show him the country; you can please yourself as to going with us."

"Heaven help me," thought Valerie, "for I know not what to do."

"I will make no engagement now," she said, coldly, "I will decide in the morning."

She thought to herself that perhaps the morning might bring her wiser counsels. "Miladi" seemed perfectly indifferent. Vivien played until she was tired, and then she took a book. She read until long past their usual hour of retiring. Valerie and the tutor were still talking and laughing. Vivien decided that however painful it might be, it was her duty to remain. Whatever shield her presence could throw over Valerie's want of propriety, she would throw.

It was nearly midnight when Valerie rose and said—.

"I am losing my beauty-sleep. Vivien, are you not tired?"

Monsieur de Nouchet bowed profoundly over her ladyship's jeweled hand; Vivien never even raised her eyes as he bade her good-night.

Miss Neslie could not sleep; she was restless and miserable. What did this horrible familiarity mean? How would it end? How was she to keep the honor of her house stainless and scathless?

The next morning she rose, hoping against hope for better things; but when she went down to the breakfast room, the tutor was there, and there was no excuse this time in the fact of the boy's being present. He had the favorite chair, in which her father had preferred to sit; he asked if the papers had arrived; he named a dish that he should like for luncheon. If that breakfast had lasted much longer, Vivien's patience would have given way. He conducted himself in every way as though he had been master of the house. Miss Neslie could hardly trust herself to think of it.

After breakfast the horses were brought round. Her ladyship descended, looking very bright and bonny in her riding-habit. She had a pretty jeweled riding-whip—Sir Arthur's gift—in her hand.

"I shall not ask you again to join us, Vivien," she said laughingly. "I have remembered the old adage—"Two are company, three are none." So the onus of the decision did not rest after all with Miss Neslie.

She watched them until out of sight and then, with dismay on her face and despair in her heart, she went to consult Gerald Dorman.

"What must I do?" she cried to him in passionate wrath. "What can I do! If I speak to Lady Neslie, she will only be defiant and make matters worse. Has such a thing ever been heard of, that a man should be taken into a house and treated like the master of it, as this stranger is?"

Gerald was at a loss what to do or advise; he could only try to soothe her and calm her angry despair.

"Things will probably alter in a few days," he said. "Lady Neslie evidently likes her relative. After she has shown him the country, and the excitement of his arrival is over, she will doubtless behave differently."

"And in the meantime what about the scandal?" asked Miss Neslie. "I saw the strange looks yesterday on the faces of the servants. Think of the scandal, the comments, and the gossip, when it is known that Lady Neslie and her son's tutor ride out together—that he, in fact, lives with us as one of ourselves."

"We can only hope that Lady Neslie will remember the public opinion, and think twice before she outrages it," said Gerald.

And, when Vivien began to think matters over she saw she could only await the course of events.

Things did not improve. Monsieur de Nouchet took luncheon with them; he spent the afternoon loitering through the conservatories with "miladi," he dined and spent the evening with them. There had been no allusion to the boy or his lessons. Vivien bore the irregularity patiently that day, but she promised herself that she would speak on the following morning.

How she detested the idea of sitting down to breakfast with them no one but herself knew; yet she saw that if she gave orders for breakfast to be taken to her own room, it would give rise to all kinds of gossip amongst the servants, and that above all things, she wished to avoid. She went down-stairs; it seemed to her that her absence or her presence was of little consequence—"miladi" and the tutor were engrossed in each other. In answer to some remark of Monsieur de Nouchet's Valerie said—

"We will have a long ride to-day. We will go to Nuneham Park."

Then Vivien seemed to think it was time to speak. She raised her head, and looked the tutor full in the face.

"When do you think, Monsieur," she asked, "of beginning Sir Oswald's lessons?"

Somewhat taken aback at this direct attack, he glanced at "miladi."

"Whenever Lady Neslie thinks well," he replied.

"And that will not be just yet," said Valerie.. "You will begin when I tell you—not before. Have you any reason for wishing to know, Vivien?"

"Only that people will think it strange you should engage a tutor who never gives a lesson," answered Miss Neslie.

"Never mind that," laughed Valerie; "if Mrs. Grundy chooses to ask rude questions, refer her to me."

The tutor looked again from one to the other.

"Who is Mrs. Grundy?" he asked wonderingly.

A lady whom I like to pique and to startle," said Valerie. "I will manage my own affairs, Vivien, thank you."

And that day Gerald Dorman resumed his teaching of the boy.

To be Continued.

Deeded to the Lord.

The most remarkable deed ever drawn may be seen on the private estate of a resident of Worcester in Massachusetts. It is chiseled on a rock on what is known as Rattlesnake hill, situated near the boundary line between Worcester and Leicester.

Old Solomon Parsons, who was widely known in Worcester county as an eccentric character, and particularly as a crank on the subject of religion, paid William C. Hall $125 for a parcel of land, and directed Hall to convey it by deed to the Almighty. In order that the greatest possible publicity might be given to his disposition of the property Parsons had the deed of transfer cut into the rock verbatim et literatim.

During his lifetime Parsons is said to have made several attempts to have the deed recorded, but the register of deeds, who was aware of his eccentricity, each time put him off with the explanation that no official record was required in the case of a transfer of real estate to the Almighty.

Parsons died intestate several years ago, and the administrator included the parcel of land on Rattlesnake hill in the inventory of the old gentleman's estate which he filed in the probate court. A wag of a lawyer raised the question of title, but the judge decided in the favor of the administrator.—New York Journal.

Chinese Arithmetic.

The Chinese rejoice in a wonderful talent for inaccuracy in every detail. For instance, a pound or a pint varies as it suits the merchant's fancy. In some part you get half or a quarter as much as you do in others for the same price and measure.

Then, again, their way of calculating distance does not at all tally with Euclid. For instance, you are told from A to B is four miles, but from B to A is eight miles. If you ask how this is possible, you are told it depends from which end you start; if you start from A, it is down hill, so much easier to walk; whereas, starting from B, you have to walk up hill, which is much more exerting and fatiguing—in fact, it is the same as walking a longer distance on even ground.

This form of argument always amused me nearly as much as the way the Chinese have of counting a person's age by tens. "My mother," they will tell you, "is 30" (or 40). When she leaves 30, she is getting near 40. Should we all like to be told that, I wonder?—Leslie's Weekly.

Household Worries

MAKE SO MANY WOMEN LOOK PREMATURELY OLD.

They Are the Fruitful Source of Headaches, Nervous Disorders, Pains in the Back and Loins and the Feeling of Constant Weariness That Affected So Many Women.

Almost every woman meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. Perhaps they are too small to notice an hour afterward, but these constant little worries have their effect upon the nervous system. Indeed, it is these little worries that make so many women look prematurely old. Their effect may also be noticeable in other ways, such as sick or nervous headache, fickle appetite, pains in the back or loins, palpitation of the heart, and a feeling of constant weariness. If you are experiencing any of these symptoms it is a sign that the blood and nerves need attention, and for this purpose Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale people are woman's best friend. They are particularly adapted as a regulator of the ailments that afflict women, and through the blood and nerves act upon the whole system, bringing brightness to the eye and a glow of health to the cheeks. Thousands of grateful women have testified to the benefit derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Among those who freely acknowledge the benefit derived from this great medicine is Mrs. Jas. Hughes, of Dromore, P.E.I., a lady who possesses the respect and esteem of all who know her. Mrs. Hughes speaks of her illness and cure as follows: "Until about four years ago I had always enjoyed good health, and was looked upon as one who possessed a robust constitution. Then I began to grow weak, was troubled with severe headaches, and frequently with violent pains in the region of my heart, from which I would only find ease through hot applications. My stomach also gave me much trouble, and did not appear to perform its customary functions. I was treated by a skilful doctor, but although under his care for several months, I grew gradually weaker and weaker, until finally I was not able to leave my bed. Then I called in another doctor, whose treatment, although continued for some eight months, was equally fruitless. I was scarcely able to hold my head up, and was so nervous that I was crying half the time. My condition can best be described as pitiable. At this time a friend brought me a newspaper in which was the story of a cure of a woman whose case was in many respects similar to mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided that I would give the pills a fair trial. When I began the use of the pills I was in such a condition that the doctor told me I would always be an invalid. I used four boxes of the pills before I noticed any benefit, and then I could see they were helping me. I used twelve boxes in all, covering a treatment of nearly six months, when I was as well as ever I had been in my life, and I have ever since enjoyed the best of health. I believe there would be fewer suffering women throughout the world if they would do as I did—give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial.

A medicine that is not right is worse than no medicine at all—much worse. Substitutes are not right; more than that, they are generally dangerous. When you buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be sure that the full name is on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50. by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

JAPAN TEA DRINKERS!

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

Cheaper to use than Japan tea.

The Giving-up Of Mother.

"Now, mother, there is no use in talking about it; you are too old to go on living here alone in this way. Sister Hannah and I have talked it all over, and we think that the thing for you to do is to come and live with us. We've both got a nice comfortable room and you can stay part of the time with me and part of the time with Hannah; can't she, Hannah?"

"Yes, you can, mother; and the sooner you make up your mind to it the better, for, as Sister Martha says, we're not willing that you should go on living here alone now that father's gone." Little old Mrs. Raynor looked helplessly and appealingly into the faces of the two large and determined looking women before her. If they noticed the half-repressed quivering of her lips or the appealing look in her dim eyes they gave no sign of relenting on that account.

Hannah and Martha had "made up their minds," and when they had once done this they were not to be moved by quivering lips nor hearts. They really felt that they were doing the wisest and best thing for their mother by insisting upon a compliance with their wishes. The old lady had been a widow for two years and had lived alone in her comfortable little house ever since the death of her husband. Her daughters had for some time been telling her that she ought to "give up" and live with them. But the old lady did not take at all kindly to this suggestion.

"I've kep' house ever since the day I was married," she said, in gentle opposition to her daughters' plans for her. "I've always had a home o' my own, an' it don't seem as if I could give up now an' go an' live any place where I wouldn't be free to do as I've a mind to. I know that I shouldn't be happy outside my own home."

But Hannah and Martha had said that this was "all nonsense," and they had now decided that their mother should sell her comfortable little house and spend the rest of her days with them. She knew that she would be treated as a child in the home of either of her daughters, and their ways were not her ways. She knew that she would not have the free use of her own small income, but that Hannah and Martha would insist on directing her expenditures.

Her daughters were married to prosperous men, and they had large and showy homes in which their mother had never felt comfortable even when visiting them. They kept servants and lived in what they proudly felt to be "style," and their mother had always lived in the simplest way, and had never been happier than when busy in her own cozy and comfortable little kitchen. And Hannah had said, "A woman of your years ought to keep out of the kitchen and be dressed up nice and tidy all the time with a dainty little cap and a pretty white apron."

"I don't know what in the land I'd do if I couldn't get up of a Monday an' do out my own little wash, and my own ironing on Tuesday. And I can't tell the time when I ain't baked on Wednesday and gone to the sewing circle and ladies' prayer meeting at the church in the afternoon and had someone in to tea with me as often as once a week. Then I don't know what I should do if I couldn't make up a lot o' jelly when currants got ripe, and can and preserve all summer. I ain't half as lonesome livin' alone here as I'd be in either Hannah's or Martha's house. Oh, I can't go there to live! I can't give up my own home and my own ways, I can't, I can't!"

And yet Hannah had said when she and Martha were about to depart, "Now, mother, you can just make up your mind that you are going to give up and come and live with Martha and me the first of the year. We will come over then to help you to break up."

She was still sitting in the kitchen with her gray head bent to the arm lying on the kitchen table, when there came a knock at the rear entry door. Rising hastily she went to the kitchen sink and quickly bathed her eyes in cold water before opening the door.

"Why, Jared!" she said when she had opened the door and found a short, stout, kindly looking man with eyes as blue as the sky and twinkling with cheery good humor, standing on the little back porch. "I'd an idea it was Philena Moss. She said that mebbe she would come over to-day and get my copper kettle to do some preserving in. Come in."

"It ain't hardly wuth while, for I've got so little time to stay. I thought I'd just come over and see if you didn't want me to come over some day this week and gather that tree o' Baldwins for you. They ought to be got in soon, and you can't do it. Or, anyhow, you ain't going to do it while I'm around, Gittin' up in the top of a tree and pickin' apples ain't no fit work for a woman."

"No, it isn't, and I was thinkin' that I'd have to get someone to pick my apples for me on shares. It's very good of you, Jared, to offer to do it, and I'll pay you——" "Stop right where you are, Huldah!" exclaimed her caller with a fine show of indignation. "When the time comes that Jared Hawkins wants pay for gathering a tree or a dozen trees of apples for the widow of his best and truest friend, he'll let you know. If you want to see my dander rise and hear me use language unbecomin' to a Methodist in good an' reg'lar standin', you go on offerin' to pay me for pickin' them apples. Can't a man who has known you from the time you was knee-high to a duck an' who used to drag you to school on his sled when you was in your a b abs, an' who beaued you home from singin' school later on, an' who stood up with you an' Hiram Raynor at your weddin', offer to—why, Huldah, you been cryin', and you look as if you were goin' to go at that sort o' foolishness ag'in."

"Yes, I have been crying," admitted the old lady, frankly, feeling sure of the sympathy of this friend of her youth, who had also been the lifelong friend of her husband. "I bet I can guess what you have been crying about," said Jared. "I saw Hannah and Martha driving down the road as I come along. It was the old story, wa'n't it? They want you to give up an' come an' live with them, hey?"

"O, Jared, they not only want me to do it, but they say that I've got to do it by the first of the year. And, oh, I can't, I can't!" "Then don't, said Jared, promptly. Then he added, more seriously, "Don't you give up your home as I have given up mine to live with my children, don't you do it. My son and his wife an' my daughter an' her husband, they mean to be kind, I reckon, an' mebbe it is my own fault, but I knew more real comfort an' happiness in one day in my own home than I have known in all the three years I have lived with them, an' you would have the same experience if you gave up an' went to makin' your home with your children. Don't you do it. If I was back in my own little house that I was fool enough to sell an' go an' live with my children, I tell you, I'd stay there if I had to do my own cookin' an' washin', an' sew carpet rags an' braid rugs for a livin', I would, Huldah."

"But what can I do? You know how immovable the girls are, an' I don't feel that I have the strength to hold out ag'in them any longer. They've been at me so persistently ever since their father died, an' now they say I've got to go." "Don't you do it. You'll sip sorrow if you do. You'll be dictated to ev'ry day o' your life, an' if you so much as offer a suggestion to them or to their children, you'll be 'interferin,' an' they'll tell you so mighty quick. There ain't the respect for old folks nowadays that there used to be, an' society is so constituted that it's never very safe for old folks an' young folks to mix up together in the same house. Old folks' ways an' young folks' ways, ain't alike, an' they'd better dwell apart. It is because I have proved it in my own experience that I want to keep you from makin' the same mistake. An' I'll tell you in solemn confidence, Huldah, that I have made up my mind to go back to havin' a home o' my own, yes, I have."

"Why, Jared!" "Yes, I have." "What will your children say?" "I can't help what they say. An' neither the Lord nor the law has said that a man in full health an' in possession of all o' his faculties shall be obedient to his children. I have made up my mind about the matter, an' I don't feel under any obligation to say anything to my children about it. If I can get the person I want for my housekeeper, I plan to have a home o' my own mighty soon."

"I declare I would if I were you, Jared, When folks get ole like you and me there is nothing they 'preciate more than a home of their own, and they ought to have it. What you say makes me feel like trying to stand out more and more ag'in my daughters. But who do you reckon you can get to keep house for you?"

Jared looked at her for a moment with his kindly face all aglow and his blue eyes twinkling merrily. Then he said, "There's just one person I want, an' I'll throw up the whole scheme if I can't get her." "Oh, I do hope that you'll get her, then, Jared; for I think I understand just how you must want a home of your own."

"If you had any influence with her would you be willing to use it in my favor and say a good word for me to her?" "Indeed I would, Jared." "Would, eh? Much 'bliged, I'm sure. I—I—the fact o' the matter is, Huldah, it's you that I want not only for my housekeeper, but for my wife! Don't look so scared an' shocked, Huldah. I reckon it does kind o' daze you if you ain't never thought much o' the thing. It dazed me some at first; but the more I've thought of it the more set I've been on bringin' it about, an' what you been tellin' me 'bout Hannah an' Marthy wantin' you to give up an' live with them has brought things to a focus, an' I want you to give up an' live with me as my wife. We ain't neither of us real old folks yet, Huldah, an' we might have many happy an' peaceful years together yet. I can see that you're too dazed to give my answer now, an' I'll go away an' come over an' see you this evening, when you'll make me one o' the happiest old boys in the world by saying 'yes,' an' we'll have a home of our own in spite of our bossy children, eh, Huldah?"

Huldah's answer must have made Jared a "happy old boy," for, three days later, Hannah and Martha were on their way to see their mother when they met her returning from the town in a buggy with Jared by her side. Jared had on his "Sunday best" and he wore a big white aster in his buttonhole, while Mrs. Raynor, to the surprise and disapproval of her daughters, had put aside her mourning and wore her gray silk and a new gray bonnet with white flowers in it. Jared drew rein when they met the sisters, and Hannah said sharply:

"Well, mother, I must say that this looks a little strange. You know very well what a neighborhood this is for gossip, and some people might make very unpleasant remarks if they saw you and Mr. Hawkins riding on this way. Martha and I want that you should pack up right away and go home with us, and we will come over next week and pack up the furniture. We think that there is no use in your waiting until the first of the year to give up and live with us."

It was Jared who made triumphant reply. He threw one arm around the half-frightened old lady by his side and said boldly, "You're a little too late, Hannah. Your mother can't give up and go an' live with you for the reason that she has already given up an' is going to live with me or rather I'm goin' to live with her, since she prefers to stay in her own house. Leastways I'm interdoose you to Mrs. Jared Hawkins!"

Martha lifted up both hands in speechless amazement, but Hannah said gaspingly, "Mother! is this true?" The bride of an hour held up her head bravely and made unfalteringly reply, "Yes, Hannah; it is true."

Hannah broke forth in a violent outburst of wrath, but Jared gathered up the reins and drove on, calling back through a cloud of dust, "You nor no one else can mess my wife!"

He was right when he said soothingly to his wife, "Don't you worry, my dear; they'll come 'round all right, an' so will my children. An' if they don't they will drew her to him and kissed her smiling and happy face, "why, we have each other—dearest."

ENGLISH WEDDING GOWNS.

They were worn by Miss Whitehouse and Miss Hobhouse, who were quite recently married. The first named wore a very artistic dress of white China crepe, embroidered with designs in silver; the yoke and sleeves in lace "au clair." The Splendid court mantle of white panne, embroidered all over with lilies of the valley, in pearls and silver foliage, stood out in relief. The classic veil, of tulle illusion, was charmingly chiffonne among the hair, decked with orange blossoms, amid which sparkled out the pure water of a superb diamond crescent. The bouquet carried by the bride was composed of lilies of valley and white roses.

Miss Hobhouse wore an extremely rich toilet of white panne in the empire style, a marvelous scarf of old English point forming a drapery round the yoke of ridged mousseline de soie and fastened on the left side with an artistic bow, tied up with orange blossoms, and having long ends edged with symbolic flowers extending to the bottom of the dress. The train was formed of many soft flounces of mousseline de soie; and over the tulle veil was a tiara of orange blossoms.

OF INTEREST TO BRIDES.

Bridal bouquets are made very light and loose, daintily tied with ribbons, and veiled with tulle or enveloped in valuable lace. The prayer book is in tooled white morocco, with gold monogram. Very few jewels are worn, beyond a pearl engagement ring, a few diamonds from the trousseau or presents from relatives.

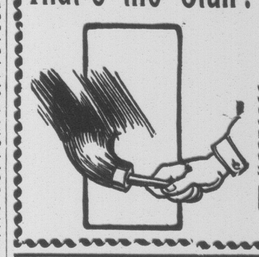
"The test of selfishness is not to forget ourselves - it is to remember others."
Would it not be kind to tell your friends about Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea?

ONE ROUNDING TEASPOONFUL OF

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA will make two cups of delicious tea. It's most economical.
LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

That's the Stuff!



The first stroke shows you how it covers, how easily it goes on, how nice it looks and what a fine gloss it has.

Ramsay's Paints,

wear better than leather. It is well to have a paint that wears, that protects your house, that always looks pretty and makes you feel comfortable, with just a little pride in the beauty of the thing. Ask your dealer to show you. 50 shades ready for use.

A. Ramsay & Son, MONTREAL. Est'd 1842. Paint Makers.

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

Mrs. Harduppe—O! John, just think, Mary is engaged to young Bilyuns.

Mr. Harduppe—Eh! I must object to that.

Mrs. Harduppe—What! Are you crazy?

Mr. Harduppe—Not at all; if we don't make a bluff at objecting to it, his folks will consider us of no account and call him off.

FRENCH CANADA

Stirred up over the Cures Dodd's Kidney Pills are Making.

Hilaire Derosier, of St. Edwidge, the Latest Reported—Formerly a Delicate Man—One Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills Instituted a Change.

St. Edwidge, Que., May 7.—Nothing has ever taken place in Quebec that has caused such a universal sensation among all classes of people as the miraculous cures performed by the world-famous remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

From all over the Province new cases are reported every day. First we hear of a case of Chronic Rheumatism down in Drummond, cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills; then a man in Sherbrooke is cured of Bright's Disease. Then another cured of this formerly incurable disease in Richelieu. Then away down the river, a woman in the County of Rimouski, is cured of Dropsy.

In Montreal the cases of cures of various forms of Kidney Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills are legion.

Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Women's Weakness, Blood Disorders—all the kidney diseases, including Bright's Disease, have been permanently eradicated in scores of cases.

It is claimed that wherever Dodd's Kidney Pills are honestly used they never fail to drive kidney disease out of the human system. This has been found absolutely true by thousands of people throughout Quebec.

Hilaine Derosier, of St. Edwidge, a village near the Grand Trunk line in Compton County, is among the latest reported. He was tortured with kidney disease. He was naturally delicate, never having been very strong. He was treated by numerous and various doctors, but they availed nothing He was then living out west, but came home east to be treated. Here he heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. One box sufficed to show him that he could be cured if he kept on. This spring he is returning with his family to his home in Western Canada, Dodd's Kidney Pills having made a strong man out of him. Similar cases are coming to light from all over the Province.

PLAUSIBLE.

What is the defense of that man whom Miss Fortyodd is suing for breach of promise?

Insanity.

Topics of the Day.

Everyone is surprised at the rapidity and efficacy with which Nerviline—ease-in-pain cures—relieves neuralgia and rheumatism. Nerviline is a specific for all nerve pains and should be kept on hand by every family.

SHE WAS LATE.

House cleaning now! exclaimed Snaggs, when he went home and found everything topsy-turvy.

Yes, dear, replied Mrs. Snaggs.

You ought to have done it in Lent. That is the proper season for penance.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box

HER OPINION.

Yes, said the self-satisfied young woman, I have had several proposals. Don't you think a man seems absurd when he is proposing!

Sometimes, answered Miss Cayenne. It depends, of course, on who the lady in the case happens to be.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT
Invigorates and Sustains.
LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT

NEVER.

Suicide is getting fearfully common remarked Mrs. Northside.

"O, I don't know, remarked Mr. Northside. The one who once makes a success of it never does it again.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best

UNLUCKY.

McJigger—Borrows is crafty. He paid back to Hoodew one dollar of the fourteen he owes him.

Thingumbob—It's unusual for Borrows to pay anything back.

McJigger—True; but Hoodew is so superstitious Borrows knows he'll never ask for the balance.

ABOUT PONTOON BRIDGES.

Wide pontoon bridges are steadier than narrow ones. The boats for such structures should not be immersed de