

## Agricultural

### THE HORSE'S FOOT.

In the natural construction of the horse's foot, the horn is secreted from the living surface, and myriads of beautiful vascular and sensitive tufts dependent from this surface enter the horn fibers to a certain depth, and play an important part in the formation of the sole. The newly formed horn is soft and spongy, and incapable of resisting exposure to the air, but as it is pushed further away from this surface by successive deposits of fresh material it becomes old horn, loses its moisture, and doing so acquires hardness sufficient to withstand external influences. Then it is subjected to wear and if this be insufficient to reduce sufficiently it falls off in scales. This natural diminution in the excess of horn of the sole is a most beneficial process for the hoof.

Horn is a slow conductor of heat and cold and when thick retains moisture for a long period. These flakes then act as a natural "stopping" to the hoof by accumulating and retaining moisture beneath and this not only keeps the foot cool as it slowly evaporates, but insures for the solid and growing horn its toughness, elasticity and proper development. In addition to this every flake acts more or less as a spring in warding off bruises or other injuries to the sole. Any one can readily understand the damage that must result in consequence of the sole being thus ruthlessly denuded of its protection and exposed to the most serious injury. A shoe should never under any circumstances, remain on a horse more than two months, and a less time would be all the better.

The first operation generally after the horse arrives at the forge for shoeing is to tear off the old shoes, if any are on; then the shoeer takes his knives, and the process of paring out the hoof commences. This procedure is as barbarous as it is unnecessary and unreasonable especially when carried to the extent that it often is, viz to pare the sole until it springs to the pressure of the thumb. In the great majority of shops this most pernicious practice is carried out, either because the owner of the horse thinks it necessary, or the blacksmith that it is more workmanlike, though if he is pressed hard for any other reason he is unable to give one of a satisfactory character. The practice of the paring of the sole is, in my opinion, absurd in the extreme, and has not the most trifling recommendation to support it. Nor do I believe that in the operation of shoeing a horse an edged tool should ever be used. The rasp is all that is necessary, and that should be used with extreme caution.

### MANY KINDS.

As there are many kinds of people, so there are many kinds of sheep. We must not expect every ewe in the flock to bring us good and strong lambs—there are always weaklings and degenerate lambs in a flock—and it may be wise to let these go as weeds, to the waste pile, before they have cost more than they will ever come to.

The weak in a flock are crowded from their feed; they get the worst in every encounter with the stronger sheep; and when so mixed up it is impossible to give them the special care and treatment which is necessary to save them. The only safe and sure way to save these sheep is to separate the flock into distinct parts, and to treat each of these in a rational, safe and so successful a manner. This is especially necessary as to the feeding. Weak sheep need special feeds and the best and most digestible which should be kept distinctly separate for their use. They frequently need medical treatment; they need watching closely, to observe the effects of this, and sometimes even separate pens should be provided in which the needed attention may be given.

### IMPROVING HOGS.

A herd of common hogs may be quickly and cheaply improved by introducing a boar of any good breed, but of pure blood. Select a new breed of the same breed each year but not a near relative. Such a course will give a herd all the characteristics of that breed in a few years. But if each year a new breed is selected the attempted improvement will prove a failure. In-and-in breeding is another and fatal error in perpetuating our best breeds and families, as no animal shows deterioration from that cause as soon as the hog.

### BUTTER MAKING.

Quick churning in nine cases out of ten means quite a loss of butter fat in the buttermilk.

Have you ever noticed white specks in the butter? The cream has been allowed to become overripe and has not been well stirred each time fresh cream was added. The curd matter or casein has settled to the bottom of the cream can and become so hard that churning does not break it up, and so some of the specks cling to the fat

and reappear in the butter, causing it to soon go off flavor.

Strucky butter is the result of the salt not being evenly distributed. Where the salt has not penetrated a white streak appears, as salt develops color. A little more working remedies this defect. Coarse, inferior salt frequently contains lime, and if used on butter, the lime which is a great bleaching agency, takes the color from the butter.

Mottled butter is usually due to the butter being too cold and firm when worked, this salt not being able to dissolve and penetrate through it.

The only way to procure gilt-edged butter is by eternal vigilance, as that is the price of success.

See that your cows are healthy, study their nature, cater to their comfort, give them plenty of wholesome food and pure water, and above all exercise the most exacting cleanliness, for thereon hinges the most important factor in dairying.

### BEE BUZZES.

One advantage in favor of the black bees is that in capping their honey they use heavy capping.

The cause of clustering is usually an over full hive. While bees are clustered work is in a measure suspended.

Colonies having defective queens are always the foundation of trouble and never fail to come to naught if neglected.

Heavy foundation running four square feet to the pound, will produce when drawn out nearly a comb with full-sized cells.

The supply of drones depends entirely upon the amount of drone comb furnished, and care must be taken not to overdo it.

Hives with thick walls made of some porous material that is a good non-conductor of heat as well as an absorbent of moisture have decided advantages over hives made of a single thickness of boards.

Bees build a regular series of cells—drones and worker cells. The worker comb measures nearly five cells to an inch.

But the bees are less particular about the size of drone cells than they are that of the worker cells.

### THE CHINESE CALENDAR.

Many Old Features That Have Lately Been Perplexing.

Many perplexing problems were presented to the different Powers in the messages from their Minister, but none is a greater Chinese puzzle to the average citizen than the problem of determining time according to the Celestial system.

The Chinese have no use for the generally accepted calendar. This resulted in the to us odd expression which appears in the messages sent by the "Sung-li-Yamen to Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister in Washington. This message began:—"Your telegram of the fifteenth day of this moon."

Experts in the use of the Chinese calendar readily understood what was meant by the "fifteenth day of this moon," but they could become experts only after long and earnest study.

The Chinese month is the lunar month, consisting of twenty-nine or thirty days. A year may have twelve months, and consist of 354 or 355 days, or it may have thirteen months and consist of 383 or 384 days. To bring the calendar year into accord with the solar year, the Chinese provide for an extra month every second or third year. This they call the "second third month," or the "second sixth month," as the case may be. With them an hour consists of 120 minutes. They have no weeks and are content to divide the months into thirds. Thus, where the more modern nations find weeks very convenient in the division of time, the Celestials are satisfied if they can keep within a third of a month of the actual time of any given event.

That there should be many odd features of the Chinese calendar is not surprising when one remembers that the yellow race still adheres to the system adopted in the year 2300 B.C.

Yao, who was counted a wise ruler by his race, revised the calendar in that year, decreeing that thereafter time should be measured by the moon. In order to make the calendar accurate he further provided that there should be seven extra months in the course of every nineteen years. As a result Chinese time varies little more than an hour every nineteen years from the true time.

In a general way, time is counted in China by two methods—first, by cycles of sixty years each, and second, by the reigns of the successive Emperors. A Chinaman, in giving his age, may report that he was born on the tenth day of the third month, in the fifth year of Hien Fung, or in the fifty-second year of the cycle. That year corresponds to our own year 1855. As the third lunar month, the tenth day of the third month, in the fifth year of Hien Fung, or in the fifty-second year of the cycle, that month was April 25, 1855.

Another illustration of the oddity of the Chinese calendar is brought out in the despatch from the Tsung-li-Yamen. By our calculation the day to which he referred as "the fifteenth day of this moon" was the eleventh day of the month.

### IN FOR REFORM.

Sanctifying Sim—Here's a piece in this paper wot says more men die from over-eatin' dan from bullets.

Tired Treatwell—Gee! We got to be more careful about ourselves. Disting of eatin' eight meals a day just because you ain't afraid to eat fer'em is a habit dat it's dangerous to let grow on you.

## THE LETTER BOX.

The Jealousy of a Judge Came Very Near Being His Ruin.

One day as he entered the vestibule of a large house inhabited by merchants and government officials he found the janitor sorting the morning mail and putting some of the letters into the mail boxes which were nailed to the wall near the front staircase. Somehow Hansa caught a glimpse of one of the letters. The address struck him as being in a familiar handwriting, and no sooner had the janitor dropped the letter into one of the boxes than it flashed upon him that it was Wilhelmina's. A wild feeling of curiosity took hold of Hansa. His sweet heart had never told him she knew anybody in this remote part of the city, much less that she was in correspondence with a resident of this house. Who could it be? Or was he mistaken? Was it merely an accidental similarity of handwriting? He turned to see the janitor once more, and as his eyes met the janitor's he asked involuntarily:

"Whose box is that?"

"A young gentleman's. He has lived here since Christmas. He is a young man, is single, yet he occupies a large apartment. He's rich and handsome," said the janitor, with obsequious garrulity.

Ludwig's heart sank within him. At the same time he was overcome with a keen sense of his self humiliation at discussing a gentleman with a janitor.

"You are not asked to tell all this," he said gruffly and betook himself to the house of his uncle, the old town clerk, on the third floor, rear staircase.

That evening Hansa said to Wilhelmina:

"As I passed through K— street this morning I met an old chum of mine whom I had not seen for three years, and as he spoke he watched her closely to see the effect which the mention of the street would have on her. She blushed, she cried, she repeated the name again and again, staring her full in the face. She did not exactly blush, but her eyes certainly had an uneasy look in them. She seemed to be painfully embarrassed."

"What's the matter, Wilhelmina?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Are you sick?"

"What's got into you?"

"But you look—er—I thought—er—you looked—"

She burst out laughing, and he couldn't help joining in, but in the depths of his heart lay a trouble which was growing more excruciating every minute. If he could only ask her and have done with it! But this he had not the heart to do. Indeed she might take offense and return his engagement ring. The judge shuddered to think of it.

The next day he went to his uncle's. As he passed the painter's letter box he took a look at the peepholes in the door. There were no letters within.

His curiosity kept growing and with it his uneasiness.

"What were you laughing at the other day, Wilhelmina?" he inquired.

"When?" she asked with a blank face.

"When I was telling you about K— street."

"K— street?" she echoed. "Where is K— street?"

"Can it be that she does not remember the way she burst out laughing that day or is she acting a part?" he asked himself. "She certainly heard me speak of K— street."

"Why, I told you I met a friend whom I had not seen for three years, and—"

"That I remember, but what has that got to do with K— street?" she demanded rather testily.

"Simply this," he answered morosely, "that I told you how my friend and I had met on K— street."

"But what of it? What difference does it make whether it was K— street or Charlotten street or any other street?"

"To you it does not perhaps, but to me it does," he declared vehemently and dropped his glance.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Ludwig," she rejoined, whereupon he scrutinized her face for some moments, and convincing himself that her remark was perfectly sincere, he broke into a merry laugh as he said:

"I don't know what I am talking about myself."

"They went out for a walk and passed the house where you live, and as he proceeded on his way home he beat him self for a jealous idiot and a booby. He went to bed in excellent spirits and slept like a top. Nevertheless the next morning as he bent over his washstand and began rolling up the sleeve of his undershirt a disagreeable thought planted itself in his brain. There was a question mark to that thought. 'Can it be that the painter might be prevented from marrying Wilhelmina?' he asked himself. 'If she loves somebody else, what made her accept me?' he argued and regained his composure, but the next moment he reflected that the painter might be prevented from marrying Wilhelmina. He imagined a weird love intrigue, a mysterious plot with his Wilhelmina as its central figure, and his curiosity and the mystery grew."

"What has this got to do with K— street?" she asked him one day, noticing his worried look.

"Nothing at all."

"But you look of sorts."

He assured her he was in good spirits, but inwardly wondered whether her questions were not part of a complex scheme to deceive him.

One day, as he entered the vestibule of the house where he lived, he beheld a letter in the painter's box. He took a close look at it through the little holes in the door, and, oh, horrors, he was sure the "pen" which he could make out near the corner of the envelope was in her handwriting. An ungovernable desire to pry out the letter and to see the whole address seized Ludwig. He struggled with the temptation like a lion. He

curled himself, he gnashed his teeth, he growled, but he took out his penknife all the same. He put it back into his pocket, asked himself whether he was crazy, but two or three minutes later, when he was about to open his uncle's door, he suddenly started back, and before he could stop himself he stood, knife in hand, struggling, not with his own temptation, but with the letter. He was all perspiring and the letter was fairly covered with the prick of his knife, and when he had got hold of it at last and was about to fish it out footsteps were heard outside the gate, and the judge turning pale as death, let go of his quarry and tiptoed his way back to his uncle's door.

That night he dreamed of a letter box. It was somewhat confused with his courtship of the painter. In the dream was at the same time an eye, an eye which was winking, while a crowd of people were hooting and jeering at him.

"This foolishness must stop," he said to himself in the morning. But it did not stop, and a week had not passed before he found himself in front of the terrible letter box once more, grappling with his temptation and the painter's letter. This time he fished it out undisturbed, but to his great joy and at the same time to his great chagrin, the address turned out to be so utterly unlike Wilhelmina's chirography that he hastily slid it back. But then the next letter he pulled out was addressed in a hand so strikingly like hers that his head grew dizzy, and he seemed on the verge of a fainting spell. He heard a noise, however, and in his rush to restore the letter to the box he escaped the fainting spell, which was an excellent thing to escape, out, then, how was he to find out what Wilhelmina was writing to that accused painter? "Oh, heavens!" he exclaimed, dropping his arms in blank despair. "What is he? What is he? Why have I not the courage to speak to her frankly, openly, and put an end to my misery?"

"What's the matter with my letters?" asked the painter, holding out one which was all dashed and crossed and full of triangular holes in the center.

"I'll ask the letter carrier," answered the janitor.

"Never mind asking the letter carrier," retorted the painter. "I have spoken to him myself, and he says he delivers my letters free from postmarks. This is the fifth letter I have received in this condition. There must be some fiend in the house, some fellow who has a knife and doesn't know what to do with it, and I tell you, this thing will have to stop or I'll move to a place where my mail will be safe."

The upshot of it was that a trap was set, and his honor was caught with an empty envelope in his hand.

"So you are the chap!" shouted the janitor, grabbing him by the collar. "You are dressed like a gentleman, but you act like a miserable snail."

"Hush, hush!" the unhappy young man besought his captor. "A great misfortune has befallen me, but I'll explain the matter to your satisfaction and make it worth your while if you only make no noise and let the affair go no further."

"What! Bribing me to keep quiet? Who are you, anyhow, and what do you do here so often? Are you a thief?"

Hansa trembled. "After this I have no right to continue as judge. I am going to resign," he thought to himself. "I am going to commit suicide," he added, a moment later.

There was nothing for it but to tell the janitor about his uncle. As good luck would have it the uncle was an old and respected tenant, and what was still more to the purpose, the aunt and the janitor were bosom friends. The matter was hushed up without Hansa being put to the necessity of telling the whole truth.

"It struck me as if it were the handwriting of a man whom I used to know," he said, and, although the explanation was anything but exhaustive, no further questions were asked. And as the offense was not repeated the janitor was satisfied and the episode soon faded out of his mind.

The incident cured Hansa of his jealousy and of part of his sentimentality. The wedding took place shortly after, and the proud new bride presided over the proceedings of her court with his old time dignity, but often when he gives himself airs, he checks himself. Often, too, when about to pronounce a heavy sentence the letter box stands forth before his mind's eye, urging the weakness of human nature and pleading for mercy. The judge smiles when he thinks of that affair. "What a child I was!" he says to himself. And yet the letter box has done him a considerable amount of good.—Translated from the German for Commercial Advertiser.

### INSTINCT OF CATS.

They Found Refuge In the Building That Did Not Burn.

The instinct of animals in the matter of self-preservation is curiously illustrated by the fact that several dozen cats found refuge during the Ottawa fire in a wooden house which, although the buildings on each side were burned down, refused to catch fire and remained intact. Cats have a peculiar gift in this direction, since, in addition to their reputed nine lives, there is a popular superstition that they will only eat what is good for them.

This may or may not be a fallacy; but the instinct of self-preservation, which is common to all animals, except horses who, being very bags of nerves, will during a fire behave with suicidal obstinacy, has been proved time and again. The rats which, in practice as well as in theory, desert the ship which is no longer seaworthy, are a notable example of it; and there are many animal lovers who would not consider it any way extravagant to suggest that the quaking of the geese in the capital was due to a knowledge on their part of the facts that the entry of the enemy would mean the cutting of their throats, while the rousing of the Romans would earn them a debt of gratitude and personal immunity from the poultry-er's shop windows.

She—Two weeks seems such a short vacation. He—That depends on where you spend it. I struck a place where it seemed long.

### TEMPERING PROCESS.

Which Makes Steel in Creusot Guns the Best in the World.

Probably the most famous gun manufactory in the world next to that of Krupp in Germany, is that of MM. Schneider et Cie more popularly known in France as "Le Creusot."

The business was founded by an Englishman, an engineer of the name of Wilkinson, who established himself at Creusot in 1782, and erected iron smelting works. It was here that shortly after Watt's discovery the first steam engine was put into use. At the present day, the works, mines, railways, etc., owned by the firm cover 485 acres. The number of persons employed by the firm average about 15,000, but this will be considerably increased by the new buildings now under construction. The stability of the personnel has been most remarkable. One third of it has over 20 years' service, a quarter has over 25 years, and an eighth has over 30 years' service.

The casting of one of the enormous guns, made famous by the Transvaal war, is one of the most picturesque sights to be seen in the mechanical world.

The absolute care with which all the operations are conducted is apparently from the following description of the process of construction of a Creusot-Canet gun furnished by an official of the firm:

"The ingot of steel on being taken from the steel works is carried to the forge, and there given a first forging in order to give the metal the qualities of cohesion and homogeneity which the ingot does not possess, on being simply cast, in an equal degree from the center to the surface."

The ingot is placed in a furnace heated to the necessary temperature and taken to the forging press to undergo the operations of hammering and drawing. In the course of this operation it is given an octagonal shape.

In the course of the second operation, known as the "etampage," in which it is heated and reheated several times, the ingot is given the shape it should have when it is sent to be roughened. During these various operations the extremities of the ingot are cut off for experience has proved that the metal in these is generally of poor quality. Then to give the metal back the homogeneity of which the successive heatings and reheatings deprived it it is heated to a brighter red and then allowed to cool slowly and progressively.

The gun is then roughened and brought to something like its final dimensions. The roughened piece is then tempered to give the necessary hardness to the metal. In order to do this the gun is suspended in a vertical furnace. In order that the heating may be regular a rotary movement is given to it. At the precise moment that it reaches the desired temperature the door of the furnace is opened and the tube plunged rapidly into a bath of oil. In spite of the precautions taken it sometimes happens that the tempering is not absolutely regular. In this case the operation is repeated.

The gun thus tempered is ready for the finishing work. In order to follow the quality of the steel through out all the operations small rings are cut from the extremity which are broken into what are known as "barreaux d'essai." These are carefully tested being drawn, struck and bent to verify whether or not the metal possesses all the necessary qualities."

MM. Schneider et Cie are under contract with the French Government not to supply their guns to any Power of Europe. They can however, supply nations in other parts of the world and, in addition to the Transvaal the greater part of the Japanese and much of the Chinese artillery comes from their works.

### QUEER RULES.

That Are Strictly Observed By China's Emperor.

The Emperor of China is a most unhappy individual. He is surrounded by a wall of etiquette as old as the great Chinese wall and even more unchanging.

Here are some of the rules he must follow unflinchingly, and with the greatest care. They are imperative, and are never known to be broken:

He must rise every morning at two o'clock.

The dishes served at breakfast are to same day after day, and have been fixed from time immemorial.

Every dish is served in couples—two ducks, two chickens, two soups, two cups of tea, etc., following the other in time-honored succession.

He must eat just so much of each dish, and show no partiality. If he appears to like any food particularly, and eats heartily of it, the state physician, who stands behind him, immediately orders it to be taken away.

The Emperor must never turn a corner when out for a drive. If he is seized with a fancy to drive out, which, fortunately, does not occur often, it means enormous expense, as all the streets must be made straight; if any houses interfere, they are promptly swept away, while even a dried-up watercourse must be spanned with a bridge.

## SUPPRESSION OF ANARCHY.

TREAT THEM AS LUNATICS SAYS A SCIENTIST.

Such is the Novel Advice Given by the Author of a New Book on Regicides.

European statesmen, who are somewhat puzzled as to the steps which should be taken to suppress anarchy, are just now much interested in the views on this subject which have been set forth by Doctor Emmanuel Regis, an authority on mental diseases and a professor at the Medical College of Bordeaux. Doctor Regis has made a special study of regicides, and a book by him on that subject has just been published.

In it he dwells at length on the necessity of preventing anarchy from spreading any further, and he insists that the surest way to effect this object is to treat regicides and other criminal anarchists as if they were lunatics. Nothing is gained by killing them, he says, whereas much will be gained by shutting them up in lunatic asylums. Regicides, he explains, may be divided into two classes, the true and the false. The former try to kill sovereigns because their temperament and training impel them to commit such crimes; the latter follow their example because chance or a momentary impulse has driven them half crazy and has filled them with a desire to shed blood.

The sole aim of the true anarchist is to destroy a potentate; the sole aim of the pseudo-anarchist is to punish some one who he thinks is his enemy. True anarchists, are neither wholly sane nor wholly insane. Most of them however, have hereditary blemishes and are so unbalanced that, no matter how intellectual and brilliant they may be, they are in reality abnormal beings, a striking characteristic of whom is their inability to resist the temptation to commit crime which constantly besets them. They are, in fact, degenerates, and statistics show that in most cases several of their immediate relatives have been the victims of suicide or epilepsy. They are also as a rule sickly in childhood—witness the cases of Jacques Clement, Chatel, Ravallac, Damians and others—and furthermore they commit their atrocious crimes at an early age, the large majority being under thirty-five at the time of their arrest. Mystics they also are the result being that they believe themselves destined to do some great deed which will win for them the crown of martyrdom.

According to Dr. Regis the criminal acts of regicides are always premeditated. The anarchist, he says, is proud of his mission and takes care to strike the blow in open daylight, before the public, and in a manner which is almost theatrical. Therefore he rarely, if ever, uses poison. His favorite weapon being a steel blade. Death he does not dread, and the most cruel torture he bears bravely. Most of the regicides have suffered death for their crimes and have surprised every one by their calmness. Those who escaped death, like Parassanotto who tried to kill King Humbert, ended by becoming lunatics.

In answer to the question, "What should be done with an anarchist?" Dr. Regis says:—"The prevailing idea is that the only way to suppress anarchy is by killing the regicides, but, though this is certainly a radical method, I am satisfied that it will not prove as efficacious as is expected. The fact is there is no proof that this is the best possible method of protecting society from the attacks of fanatics of this type. Indeed, I have shown that anarchists consider death a glorious martyrdom, and that the greatest boon that can be conferred upon them is death. The reason is because they are convinced that, once dead they will take rank among the immortal voluntary victims of a holy cause. On the other hand, the punishment of one regicide has never prevented another regicide from committing crime. On the contrary, the death of a regicide causes his colleagues to envy him and spurs them on to meet a similar fate. There is, so to speak, a contagion of martyrdom."

It is important now to note the fact that nothing annoys or humiliates these fanatics so much as to be considered insane, and hence irresponsible for their crimes. Against such an imputation they have always protested, and still protest most loudly. In view of this fact, the suppression of anarchy can only be effected by treating the regicide as a lunatic. Complete suppression we need not expect, since there have been regicides, just as there have been lunatics, since the world began, but partial suppression we may confidently hope for. Nothing hurts an anarchist more than to hint that he is not in his right mind, and nothing is more likely to make him abstain from crime.

A most valuable object lesson could also be taught in this way. Let those unbalanced persons who seek to become illustrious and to win the praise of posterity by burning the temple of Ephesus, as Erostratus did, or by killing the best of kings, as Ravallac did—let them, learn, once for all, that they will be treated as lunatics and that they will be locked up for life in lunatic asylums, far from the scenes of their former deeds of prowess. Such an announcement and such a policy would have a marvellous effect upon their colleagues, and would help greatly toward the suppression of anarchy.

## A Great Repu

HAS BEEN ACHIEVED BY WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

NOT ONLY IN CANADA, BUT CIVILIZED COUNTRY THE WORLD—MERIT GIVEN THIS MEDICINE PROMINENCE OVER C EVERYWHERE.

The reputation achieved by Williams' Pink Pills not only in Canada, but throughout the world, upon a very solid basis, was summoned in two words. The Enterprise occasion to investigate a cures effected by this medicine knows that in some instances these cures were wrought by medicines had failed of relief. Recently another under our notice that can increase the popularity of Williams' Pink Pills in the which it occurred, and vouch for the facts, I bring hope to sufferers.

Mr. Walter H. Johnson, best known residents of section of Queen's County in the town of Caledonia keeps a hotel, and also a that carries passengers between that town and distance of some thirty Johnson is in Bridgewater on which occasion he gave of this paper the following three years ago he was ta He had the best of medical but made very little pro recovery, and the doctor there was very little h would be able to return work. The trouble app located itself in his kidn eight weeks or more he to his bed. He suffered constant pains in the bac tie became impaired, ant tution generally appea shattered. At this junctur to try Dr. Williams' Pin got a half dozen boxes. of a couple of weeks he improvement in his cond continued the use of the had taken some ten or t when he not only felt t was complete, but also f respects his health was had been for years. Sin he has been continually coach between Caledonia pool, and has not had return of the trouble, not that he has had to face a inclement weather, that bring on a return of the not his system been so stified against it through the Williams' Pink Pills.

If the blood is pure an disease cannot exist. The Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of forms of disease is that upon the blood and re reaching the root of t Other medicines act on symptoms of the trouble the reason the trouble al when you cease these me Williams' Pink Pills mak cures in kidney troubles, erysipelas, anaemia and eases. Be sure you get which bear the full name Puk Pills for Pale P wrapper around every bo

When I married you, indignant wife, you hadn't name! I haven't now, either howled. It's all in your name!

Hands Cracked With S Mr. James McLeas, Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I salt brine for upwards of skin on my hands cracking as to make them useless. all sorts of remedies in vain, and thought my life never end. Last spring I used Ointment and in a short time cured." Dr. Charles Ointment allied merit and a cure for disease. All druggists.

Pa, I want to go to college. Are you so eager for learning pa; but ma makes me run so I can't never git no education.

One Minute Cure For Toothache, one of the most one of the most pains is instantly cured by the Poison's Nervine. Poison's combination of powerful and strikes at once to the nerves, and affording in one minute pain. Mothers, try it for toothache. Nervine is sold in cent bottles.