THE DEPOPULATION IDEA.

NO DANGER WHILE THE EARTH WILL SUSTAIN LIFE.

This Latest Bugaboo is an Absurdity—Views of One Champion of Progress Who Denies That Nature Will Ever Be Baulked.

For some time past the depopulation idea has been agitating France, and we seem to have received the benefit of at least the outer vibrations of the wave. The cry has gone up from thousands of male throats that this so-called emancipation of women, this educating of the one sex to do the work and press into the place of the other is lessening the value of labor and is slowly, but surely depreciating the chances of matrimony, to the manifest injury of both sexes as individuals and as units of a nation.

The fact that women, through education, and a greater personal liberty, has been given weapons with which to defend herself, to fight her own battles, to allow her natural chastity to assert itself, does perhaps, lessen the chances of matrimony among certain classes, but from that to the depopulation idea is a long cry. It depreciates the chances of marriage among the classes that fill our workhouses, our alms houses and our homes for incurables.

THE TRUE SITUATION.

Time was, not so many years ago either, when the only way in which a poor girl could escape from being a burden on an already overburdened father, was to marry, to exchange one form of dependence for another. Youngsters, mere children, girls ignorant of every law of nature, took upon themselves the cares of maternity, brought into the world puny infants, the quantity, perhaps, making up for the absence of quality, but according to the views advanced by those who are worried over the possible depopulation idea, the parents had fulfilled their destiny; they had multiplied. The young woman of to-day, who, by her own unaided efforts can retain her independence, can afford to, and does, wait for the law of natural selection to assert itself, for the wisdom which comes to us all with the years of discretion, and which shows us that we owe something to posterity; that we, possessing certain physical qualities and mental attributes in excess, should marry some one having other qualifications which will counter-balance our own and produce a healthy physical and well-balanced mental condition in our progeny. The women of to-day are just as willing to marry when the "right man" comes along, as were those of 50 years ago, the only difference being that the women of to-day are not in so great a hurry—they do not marry out of the schoolroom, they do not now, as formerly, recognize marriage as the end and aim of life, but merely as one of the many existing conditions, which condition they realize they can do much toward rendering a happy one.

BETTER FOR POSTERITY.

If the offspring are not so numerous they are healthier, more perfectly formed and have a stronger mentality. As they grow older the same income which would keep 10 children in the bare necessities of life, will provide half that number with a great many comforts; will give them opportunities of education, which will fit them to fight successfully the battles of life, and will make of them law-biding citizens, instead of ignorant, half-clad, under-fed, lawless individuals, who, would in their turn "multiply and replenish the earth" with others of their kind.

It is perhaps true that the death rate is far in excess of the births. That is only an unavoidable transitional condition which a few years will equalize. There is a natural law which declares that there can be no force without a change in the constitution of matter, and that law is in as full force throughout the life of a nation as in the domain of organic or inorganic life.

With every pulsation of the heart a portion of the cardiac tissue is decomposed, but in its place, ready for the work before it is a new substance. The death rate of the old, the birth of the new, go foward in the life of nations as well as of individuals.

Under the old regime woman was considered very inferior to man in every respect and the idea that the wife should be subservient to her husband in all things did more to bring marriage into disrepute than anything else.

It was so difficult for her to feel sure whether she really loved her own husband, for there was so much fear intermixed with the possible wifely affection. This, of course, had its natural effect upon her children, both by example and the laws of heredity

WOMAN'S DECEIT.

Woman is not naturally more deceitful than man, but her worst traits have been developed by her bondage. What right had man to expect her to be frank and magnanimous when he himself refused to exercise equal frankness toward her—and kept her in the dark regarding the largest portion of his life—his business and "other things." Such condition incited her to seek to accomplish her ends secretively, until deceit came to be expected of her and was considered woman's own especial prerogative. No one blames the fox for being sharp-witted, and no doubt those that are the greatest adepts at chicken catching stand highest in vulpine sociology.

The tendency to fraud in these animals might be eradicated by kindness and careful training continued through many generations, just as woman will be improved in the years to come by like treatment. When the equality of the sexes is more nearly an assured fact, Cupid will still continue to have his abiding place in the hearts of men and maidens, but under the new conditions which are arising, as surely as day follows night the little coy god will stand upon a much higher plane, marriage will be idealized, the wife will be a companion to her husband, and neither have anything to gain from the other, the union will be one of pure affection, of mutual attraction.

Our legal lights who now bring the weight of their mighty intellects to bear upon the changes which may be rung in the pleas for divorce, will have to turn their talents to other account. The way to abolish divorce is not to prohibit it, but to allow the conditions of marriage to become so pleasant that under the improved conditions no one will wish to annul them through the Divorce Courts. The old conditions must give way to the new, but as long as the earth will support animal life there need be no fear that she will become depopulated.

DYNAMOS AND DYNAMITE.

Till recently the employment of electricity in any shape or form in Constantinople was strictly forbidden. Incredible as it may appear, the Sultan naively imagined that a dynamo must have something to do with the manufacture of dynamite.

Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world.—Swift.

Childhood may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot.—Holland.

She Would Be a Lady

CHAPTER IX.

Though Eva could never have guessed the truth, Lilas Lampier was indirectly the cause of Mrs. Westbrook's changed feelings towards herself.

Miss Lilas, had, in her own shady world, become a decided success. She had remained with the Barnams until a more wealthy and more enterprising circus proprietor had offered her such terms that she could afford to break faith with her first master, and accept the bribe held out to her.

This man, in his turn, was thrown over for another, still better able to help her up the ladder of success, and so the fair false one got on step by step, and now she is the leading actress at the Palladium, a theatre that ladies seldom frequent, but where a lovely face, a magnificent figure and a good powerful voice, suitable for opera bouffe, will always insure a crowded house, particularly when the possessor of these qualities is backed up by a rich patron.

Lilas had all these claims to constant employment at the Palladium. She could dance and she could sing; few women before the public could rival her in beauty, and the Duke of Dullborough lavished wealth and jewels upon her, as though his own resources were unlimited and inexhaustible.

Not being a young woman troubled with any sensitive notions on the score of virtue you might reasonably suppose that Lilas de Lampier, as she styled herself, had few desires ungratified, but this was not the case.

She would be a lady, and though nothing on earth could make her one in the same sense that Eva Randolph was, she gradually acquired the conviction that if she married a gentleman no one could deny her the social recognition which she coveted.

The duke would not marry her if he could, and there was the disagreeable fact of there being one Duchess of Dullborough already, to preclude even a hope in that direction, so what was she to do to attain her purpose?

When she began to think seriously of matrimony, Lilas realized for the first time that, although beset with innumerable admirers, there was not one among them who ever thought of giving her that plain gold ring which signifies so much.

No pure love and no great passion had touched the heart of this utterly selfish girl, until one night at a boisterous supper party she met Mr. Westbrook. She recognized him in a moment. She remembered his face and his name, and she recollected how in turning to admire him, she had once walked with little Freddie into the river.

In those days he was the handsomest man she had ever seen, and now, looking at him among so many, and after the thousands she had since met, she decided still to give him the palm.

But he seemed ill at ease in the company in which he found himself, and yet there was a certain air of impatience and defiance about him that suggested to her quick intelligence that he had been thwarted or disappointed, and might be ready to perpetrate any piece of recklessness.

To the disgust of many of her admirers, Lilas showed a marked preference for Mr. Westbrook, and, when the party broke up, she gave him her address and invited him to call and see her.

It is needless for us to follow Lilas in her subsequent career for the next few months, except in so far as it regards others in whom we are interested.

But a marked change came over the actress. For the first time in her life she knew the meaning of the word love. Not love in its purest form, but love turned to passion, and a craving desire to make the loved one her own at any and every cost.

Love made Lilas timid and almost modest. She meant that Ernest Westbrook should marry her, and she played her game with such consummate skill that she stood a very good chance of winning.

He had heard the tales that were in everybody's mouth about her, but how could he credit them when she was always so modest and retiring in her relations with him?

She asked him questions about his home and his mother, she narrated little incidents of he past and at length she recalled herself to his recollection as she had once been and implied in a more subtle way than if she had openly avowed it that even in those days she had admired and loved him.

Only once had he stopped her abruptly, and quickly changed the subject when she talked about the past, and that was when she casually expressed some curiosity as to what had become of Eva Randolph.

"She is an artist," he replied, curtly.

"Oh! then, I'll engage her to paint my portrait," said Lilas, in a tone that implied that Eva must feel honored by receiving such a commission.

But the expression of Westbrook's face and the tone of his voice stung her to the quick, as he remarked, somewhat sarcastically.

"I would spare myself the inevitable mortification which must follow such an offer, if I were you."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, hotly.

"If you do not know, I cannot tell you," was the reply. "But I must say good-bye; my mother expects me."

"And Eva Randolph is waiting, I suppose," exclaimed Lilas, with a burst of jealous vehemence.

"No; I have not seen Miss Randolph for some months," he replied coldly.

Then he went away feeling that for a time he had had quite enough of his beautiful fury.

But the story got abroad—it was originally set afloat by herself—that Mr. Westbrook was engaged to marry Mlle. Lilas de Lampier, and the news reached the ears of Mrs. Westbrook.

She knew the actress well by reputation, and she regarded her as a disgrace alike to her profession and her sex.

The idea that her own son should marry this creature transported the proud woman with passion, and she indignantly denied it could be possible.

But when she herself asked Ernest about it he answered moodily:

"I don't know whom I shall marry. I have only loved one woman and she refused me; I don't care much what happens next."

"But surely you could never entertain the notion of making an abandoned creature, whose very name has become a by-word of shame, your wife?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, with undisguised horror.

Her son answered evasively, and then observed:

"She is very beautiful. Have you seen her?"

"No; how should I see such a creature?" was the angry question.

"Easy enough, by going to the Palladium any night," was the careless reply. "I'll take you, if you like."

Mrs. Westbrook's heart felt nigh unto bursting with rage and indignation. But she curbed herself; her son was beyond her control, and she had also an unpleasant consciousness that she had in a great measure brought this new danger on herself.

If she had only refrained from interference when he had evinced a partiality for Eva, this last deplorable condition of affairs could never have come about.

When she spoke again, it was in a hesitating tone, and she asked:

"Might you not have been mistaken; might not the girl you loved have doubted herself when you asked her to marry you? It is not the first time of asking that is always successful if a woman is worth winning."

"I don't care to be refused twice," was the curt reply.

And then he left the room; the subject was as painful as it was distasteful to him.

"How I am punished!" moaned the unhappy mother, when she found herself alone. "Eva would have been a wife for him of whom I might be proud. But that abandoned wretch! I pray that the grave may close over my head before she bears my name and makes me childless; for I will never see or speak to him again if he brings this shame upon me."

But this passion wore itself out, and at length, Mrs. Westbrook began to think how she could save her son from this disgraceful alliance.

Eva was her only resource and her only hope.

To go to the Longfords was the first thing Mrs. Westbrook did the next morning, and she learned from them that Eva had already returned to England—had, indeed, been back a fortnight.

Mrs. Westbrook understood the situation directly. Eva did not intend to seek her out. The girl was offended, and must be conciliated. In a moment the astute woman of the world had made up her mind what to do.

"To-morrow will be her birthday," she observed, sweetly, to Mrs. Longford. "Please don't say anything about this visit of mine, I want to surprise her."

Shortly afterward she took her leave.

"I will go with Ernest to that theatre," she said to herself, as she leaned back in her carriage; "and I will take Eva. The best plan will be to ask her to dinner, without telling him she is coming. If he still loves her, perhaps things will come right without further trouble; but if he sees the two women together, then surely he must be delivered from the toils of that brazen Circe at the Palladium."

Mrs. Westbrook carried out her plan to the letter. She duly informed her son that very evening of her desire to visit the Palladium, and requested him to secure a private box for the next night.

In the morning she sent the carefully-concocted invitation to Eva, which we have seen, but not having received any answer to it when the dinner time was approaching, she began to get nervously anxious about the success of her scheme, and at length dispatched her own maid in a hansom cab with another letter still more earnestly entreating the girl to come to her.

This was successful, the messenger and the guest returned together, but Eva's heart fluttered like an imprisoned bird as she took Mrs. Westbrook's hand and asked:

"Did he know that I was coming?"

"No; he does not know that you are in London; I have been much to blame, Oh, . Eva!" she added, as she heard her son's step on the stairs, "win him if you can; save him for both of us."

Before the astonished girl could reply the door opened and Ernest Westbrook stood before her.

CHAPTER X.

Lilas Lampier is at her very best to-night. The opera bouffe, in which she takes the leading part, has been placed on the stage and got up with the principal object of showing off her voluptuous grace and beauty in most effective manner possible.

Never was she in better form for her work, and never did she feel more confident of triumph. Ernest Westbrook has not yet proposed to her, but she feels very certain that he will do so. Only this morning he told her that his mother was coming to the theatre in the evening to see her act. He did this, perhaps, to put her on her guard, so that she might not indulge in any of the impromptu witticisms and seductive glances with which she often embellished her art.

At any rate, she took the hint and she almost wished she could have selected some other piece in which the proud lady might first see her, for she felt very certain that she would be sharply criticised, and she knew that Ernest would be indirectly influenced by his mother's opinion, however much he might try to persuade himself that he was not.

Many times during the early part of the evening Lilas glanced up at the empty box which she knew Ernest Westbrook had secured. Why was he so late? Why did he not come? She was getting impatient and very cross.

Every day of her life she was becoming more and more infatuated with this man who hovered about her, and yet held back from saying or doing anything that could compromise him. She had, for his sake, dismissed all her other admirers, including even the duke, who could not be easily replaced.

At last, when the evening is fully half over, she sees the curtains of the empty box move, and her heart throbs with proud satisfaction, for she feels that Ernest is watching her at last.

She cannot look at him for a few seconds, for her part demands her exclusive attention; but when she can turn her eyes toward the box, she sees that there are two ladies there, both of them intently gazing at her.

Who can they be? One she recognizes as his mother, but the other is scarcely older than herself, and she never heard him speak of a sister.

The box in which the Westbrooks sit is near one side of the stage, and when Lilas can approach it without attracting observation, she looks up at the fair oval face that looks down steadily and almost sadly upon her.

Where has she seen that girl's face before? In a moment it flashes upon her, and in the same glance the recognition is mutual. Eva sinks back with an expression of horror; while sudden jealousy and hatred transform the sweet face of Lilas Lampier into that of a raging fury.

Only for an instant, however. She is far too good an actress to let her own feelings spoil her part; and, as though to show the prudes who watched her that she did not value their opinions, but defied them, she gave herself greater license than she had ever done before. She must make Ernest Westbrook her slave by intoxicating his senses, or she would lose him altogether; for some subtle instinct told her that Eva was her dangerous rival.

Between the acts Lilas expected that Ernest would come behind the scenes, as usual, to speak to her; but he did not; neither did he throw or send her a bouquet and he seemed to take no more notice of her personally than any other woman upon the stage.

"I will speak to him to night," she thought, passionately; "he will chose between her and me. I will be second to none in his heart, or he shall go, and I will forget him."

With this determination, she wrote a hurried scravl, as she stood in one of the wings, and sent it round to Mr. Westbrook's box. Ernest received it as he and the two ladies were leaving, and he thrust it unopened into his pocket.

A very little of the Palladium was enough for Mrs. Westbrook—still less had been too much for Eva; and as soon as she had recognized Lilas as one of the companions of her childhood, her great anxiety was to get away as quickly as she could.

She had often wondered what had become of the girls with whom she used to play, but she had never for a moment suspected that the woman she had heard spoken of as the modern Dalilah was the Lilas Lampier who used to stagger about Westbrook under the burden of Mrs. Flood's big baby. Of the danger that Ernest was in from this siren she had no suspicion. Mrs. Westbrook had not found an opportunity for telling her, and now she deemed it prudent not to do so.

Ernest had been surprised to meet Eva in his mother's drawing-room, and there was some awkwardness on both sides when she offered him her hand and uttered the commonplace greeting that she hoped he was quite well.

Ernest refused to accept the olive branch, and determined more recklessly than ever that he would marry Lilas Lampier, and thus show Eva that she could not play fast and loose with him at her leisure. His mother divined his thoughts and resolved still to save him.

She left the dining room with Eva, but she returned alone a few minutes later, and approaching her son, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said:

"Ernest, I have something to confess, though you may blame me bitterly for what I have done. I made Eva refuse you; I exacted it as the price of all kindness to her. She went away because I believed she loved you, and she is only here this evening by my entreaty. It was for your sake I did it, but I fear I acted unwisely."

"Very unwisely," replied her son, sternly, rising to his feet, and looking coldly in her face. "But having sent her away, why have you brought her back again?"

"Why?" gasped his mother. "You know why; surely it is not too late?"

"Do you mean to go to the theatre to-night?" he asked, moodily, ignoring the question.

"Yes; I told Eva you would take us," she replied, stung to the quick by his seeming indifference to her feelings and wishes.

"Very well: let me know when you are ready to start," he replied.

And then she left him, with the terrible fear in her heart that her submission had come when submission was useless. Ernest Westbrook sat over his wine much longer than usual, though he did not help himself freely from the decanter.

For a time he sat frowning at the vacant seat opposite him, and then he broke out into a harsh laugh. These women seemed to be playing with his heart as they would with a tennis ball quite regardless of anything he might suffer.

He was angry with his mother, but he was still more angry with Eva. If she had really loved him, would she have refused to become his wife for no other reason than because his mother desired her to do so. No, he could not believe it; rather, perhaps he would not.

And thus he sat brooding, until a servant came to tell him that the carriage was at the door and the ladies were ready.

To Be Continued.

Excruciating Pains

THE VICTIM A WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR HOTEL CLERK.

After Other Medicines Failed He Was Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—Every Dose Counted in the Battle of Pain.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont.

There is no more popular hotel clerk in Eastern Ontario than Mr. Peter McDonell, of the Grand Union Hotel, Alexandria. At the present time Mr. McDonell is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and a stranger meeting him for the first time could not imagine that a man with the healthy glow and energetic manner of Mr. McDonell could ever have felt a symptom of disease. There is a story, however, in connection with the splendid degree of health attained by him that is worth telling. It is a well known fact that a few years ago he was the victim of the most excruciating pains of rheumatism. Knowing these facts a News reporter called on Mr. McDonell for the purpose of eliciting fuller particulars. Without hesitation he attributed his present sound state of health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "I am" said he 33 years of age, but three years ago I did not expect to live this long. At that time I was connected with the Commercial here and as part of my duties was to drive the busses to and from the C. A. R. station, I was exposed to all kinds of weather and subjected to the sud len extremes of heat and cold. Along in the early spring I was suddenly attacked with the most terrible pains in my limbs and body. I sought relief in doctors and then in patent medicines, but all to no purpose; nothing seemed to afford erlief. For two months I was a helpless invalid, suffering constantly the most excruciating pains. My hands and feet swelled and I was positive the end was approaching. My heart was effected and indeed I was almost in despair, when fortunately a friend of our family recommended the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began using them in May 1896, and had taken three boxes before I noticed any change, but from that time every dose counted. The blood seemed to thrill through my veins, and by the time I had finished the fifth box every trace of the disease had vanished. Ever since then I have been working hard and frequently long overtime, but have continued in excellent health. Whenever I feel the slightest symptom of the trouble I use the pills for a day or so and soon feel as well as ever. I feel that I owe my health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and never lose an opportunity of recommending them to others suffering as I was.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE WORRYING HABIT.

Very truly it has been said that we can more easily dismiss a worrying thought about ourselves than about others. The young people have gone on all-day picnic, and in the late afternoon thunder-heads darken the sky, there is the ominous mutter deepening to a growl of a heavy storm about to break, and by-and-by the great drops fall. Then the worrying mother or aunt begins to suffer torments of vicarious agony. Dorothy is beside herself with terror in a thunder-shower; what will the child do, away from home, perhaps out in the open with no shelter! Tom's horses are afraid of lightning; maybe they will run away and break the wagon, and throw Tom's little sister, and Ellen's small laddie out into the road and they will be killed. Evelyn's new gown will be ruined; Frances will not be able to save her pretty summer hat. There is absolutely no end to the variety of distressing probabilities which may be conjured up by a woman given to worry, when she allows herself to dwell dubiously on the perils of dear ones out of her sight. Half the time the spectres which she sees have no existence. The merry party hastens home laughing over little annoyances. None of the dreaded incidents happened. The only person who was particularly annoyed was the one one who sat down and worried all by herself.

There are situations in life fraught with so much intensity of grief, so darkened by trial, that a joyful bearing in the face of their disturbance is both unsuitable and impossible. One does not expect flippancy when a child of the house is lying insensible under the surgeon's knife. One does not admire insensibility to the presence of extreme illness or death in the family. But for great occasions most people find a sufficient fortitude, perhaps an invincible resignation. They worry over the petty irritations of life, not over its vast disasters or terrible calamities. The fact is that worry is a mental habit and may be overcome by reason, by will, by persistent cheerfulness of demeanor, by prayer, and by faith in God.

SPANISH ARE CHARITABLE.

The Spanish are among the most charitable people on earth. Without a poor tax, Spanish communities of 50,000 self-supporters feed a pauper population of 5,000 or more.

Agricultural

SUSTAINING THE AUTUMN FLOW.

At this season of the year it is too cool for cows to lie out in open pasture at night, and not cold enough, perhaps, to warrant housing them in the winter stable. An intermediary place should be provided, that will afford sufficient shelter to keep the milch cows from getting chilled through the prevalent cold dews and frosts of September and October, writes Geo. E. Newell.

A shed tightly boarded and open on the least exposed side will answer this purpose admirably, and add many more pounds of milk to the fall yield of cows. It is best situated near the exit gate of the pasture, so that the cattle may be readily found and driven up in the morning.

Such a shed need not be erected for the purpose alone of protecting cows on cool autumn nights, for it will serve as a shelter against cold rains and hot sun alike. In my opinion no pasture should be without one.

By leaving it open on one side, and of sufficient capacity to comfortably house all of the milch stock, no floor or stalls need be provided. The ground under it should be elevated and well drained, however, and kept covered with dry litter for comfortable bedding.

Where, on the majority of dairy farms, cows receive no shelter at all in autumn, until they go into the winter stable at "freezing-up time," this will keep them from suffering and from physical and lacteal decadence.

To get them accustomed to the new shelter drive them into it at dusk a few times, and they will find it themselves thereafter. A few salt boxes attached to the wall will also bait them to the place more surely.

One has got to be but half way observant to notice how rapidly cows that are not sheltered shrink in milk yield following cold nights. It has seemed strange to the writer many times that this fact was not more generally appreciated and remedied by dairymen at large.

I can only explain it by the hypothesis that most dairymen consider the fall shrinkage of milk inevitable, which I contend is a mistake, at least to the extent now prevailing.

Besides attending to the bodily comfort of cows as cool weather advances, their food supply should be kept at its maximum instead of allowing the vagaries of the season to regulate it.

At no season of the year is milk more profitable for butter and cheese making than during the autumn months, but a limited yield means only a limited amount of profit.

Corn fodder cut early, before it has been touched by the frost, and then well stocked to preserve it bright and green, loses little of its succulent value fed after frost has come. It should be cut and fed from the mangers, where the cattle cannot trample half of it under foot, as would follow where spread on the fields.

Pumpkins, if taken from the field before hard frosts, and then judiciously fed to cows from the manger, form valuable supplemental fall feed. When root crops, as mangles, turnips and carrots, are pulled, the tops should be saved and fed fresh to cows, for there is much milk in them.

DRILLING GRAIN.

Many old farmers believe that with modern improvement in cultivating implements, the grain drill for seeding grain is not much if any improvement upon the old-fashioned practice of broadcasting the seed and harrowing it in. The drill distributes the seed more evenly than can be done by hand sowing, but the grains are left in lines closely crowding each other, and between two ridges which when beaten down by rains or melting snows cover the seed and plant too deeply. When the drill was first introduced it was reckoned an advantage that its tubes made some impression on the clods which the cultivation at that period usually left on the surface. But the clods prevented the wheels of the drill from sinking so deeply in the soil, and thus keep the points of the distributing tubes near the surface. When the grain field is prepared with the disc harrow or the spring tooth cultivating harrow the soil is mellowed much deeper than it should be. To sow the grain on the surface of a mellow seed bed, and then merely run a smoothing harrow over it to press it into the soil, leaves the grain in better condition for growing than to cover it as deeply as the drill is sure to do.

Winter grain is to some extent protected from heaving out by the ridges which the drill leaves on each side of the rows of grain. But if the land is heavy and the soil is frozen under the grain rows, these hollows often fill with water in winter, and this entirely destroys the plant, for its root, being held tight by the frost, the expansion of the water in freezing snaps the leaf growth just at the surface of the ground, making it impossible for it to sprout again. Spring grain is not subject to this injury, and therefore for spring grain drill seeding has advantages over broadcasting, especially if there is a fertilizer attachment whereby fertilizers may be distributed in close contact with the seed. This has proved so great a benefit to grain crops on loamy land that most farmers now scarcely attempt to grow grain without putting some mineral fertilizer with the seed.

HOG FEEDING.

The hog is generally termed the money maker for the farm. He enables the farmer to convert his grass and coarse grains into cash and to do so at the least expense to the productive capacity of his farm, says a writer. The man who sells grain produced upon this farm year after yuear will soon exhaust his farm, while the farmer who feeds the productions of his farm will not only maintain but may improve the fertility of his soil. Farmers as a rule do not give sufficient thought to the food question, as to the best method of feeding for securing the largest amount of grain from the feed. It is not always a question of what will produce the greatest amount of pork, but how can I get the largest amount of pork, from the food grown on my farm, being those for which it is best adapted. The chief expense in growing hogs is the feed. Therefore it is a matter that is entitled to the greatest study of the farmer. It is apparent to everyone that the more gain that can be got out of pastures the cheaper is the production of pork and experience will teach that some grain with the pasture is more profitable than an exclusive grass feed. There are a great many root feeds and vegetables that have but little feeding qualities, except that they enable the animal to get more out of his grain. The hog that doesn't eat, doesn't grow and doesn't gain and is no profit to the owner, therefore it is necessary to see that the hog is kept in a condition that will give him a natural and strong appetite to insure the best growth and profit. It is not a good plan to overfeed. It is also important that feeding should be done regularly at stated times. There is nothing that will throw an animal out of feed and out of condition and in an unprofitable state so quick as constipation, and this should be provided against. It is the forerunner of various diseases and complication.

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

The Works of the Late Charles Dickens, Esq.

"Oliver Twist," who had "All the Year Round," seen "Hard Times," in "The Battle of Life," and the story of his narrow escape from "The Wreck of the Golden Mary," from which he was almost miraculously saved by "Our Mutual Friend," and esteemed companion, "Nicholas Nickleby," having become as familiar as "Household Words," has just finished reading "A Tale of Two Cities," to "Martin Chuzzlewit," during which time "The Cricket on the Hearth," has been incessantly chirping, whilst the musical tones of "The Chimes," from "Master Humphrey's Clock," in the ivy-mantled tower of an adjoining church were faintly heard, when "Seven Poor Travellers" commenced singing "A Christmas Carol" opposite "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings." "Barnaby Rudge," who had been busy arranging "The Pickwick Papers," then arrived from the "Old Curiosity Shop," with some "Pictures from Italy," and "Sketches by Boz," to show "Little Dorritt," who was learning her lesson out of "A Child's History of England," and occasionally perusing a manuscript "New Testament for Children," kindly lent to her by the talented author; when "David Copperfield," who had been taking "American Notes," entered and informed the company that the "Great Expectations" of "Dombey and Son," regarding Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy," had not been realized; and that he had seen "The Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," taking "Somebody's Luggage," to "Bleak House," in a street that has "No thoroughfare," where "The Haunted Man," who had just given one of "Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions," to "An Uncommercial Traveller," was brooding over the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," which has caused sucn a commotion at "Mugby Junction."

AFTER 20 YEARS

John Nicholas Babcock, of Sharbot Lake, Released.

A Prisoner to Pain Caused by Gravel and Other Kidney Trouble—Twenty Years of Suffering—Release at Last by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Sharbot Lake, Oct. 16.—It was with feelings like those of some poor prisoner released from unjust captivity that Mr. J N. Babcock, of this place, realized he was cured—free at last from the captivity of disease. For twenty years he had been in the depths of the dungeon of pain caused by Gravel and other forms of Kidney Disease. For twenty years he had been struggling to escape in vain. There was no door left untried, no lock not carefully examined.

Now at last he sees the light of day. The prison is behind him forever. He is done with pain. And the key lay to his hand for this last ten years and he never knew. The key was Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills were given to mankind ten years ago. Since then they have been the master key in thousands of cases of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, Woman's Weakness and Blood Disorders. If Mr. Babcock had known he might have been liberated long ago.

"But better late than never," runs the proverb, and Mr. Babcock is grateful at escaping from the clutches of Kidney Disease at all. He says:

"After years of pain caused by Gravel and other Kidney Trouble, I am pleased to make it known that I have been completely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. During these years I have spent hundreds of dollars but without any lasting relief."

"Yours respectfully,

"JOHN NICHOLAS BABCOCK."

ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM.

A Complete Plant Operates Affairs on a New York State Farm.

On a farm of 350 acres in the State of New York there is a complete electric plant which produces the current for lighting and heating as well as for supplying the power for other operations connected with the farm. All the mechanical energy is supplied by nature, and the cost and maintenance of the plant are inexpensive. It has demonstrated that electricity used for manual labor is a success. The farm land is situated on both sides of a good sized stream, on which are two falls—one 60 feet and the other 180 feet high, and these furnish the power. One motor of 10 horse power runs a mowing machine, another a threshing machine, and a third operates a 44 inch saw for cutting logs. The farm house is brilliantly-lighted and well heated by electricity. The kitchen is supplied with an electrically heated cooking stove, and in the laundry, the flat irons are heated by the same power. In the dairy the churns and other appliances all have electric motor attachments. The grounds are lighted by several arc lamps, and the use of these in the barns greatly facilitates the work and lessens the danger of fire.

The three-year-old daughter of Mr. Geo. McColl, proprietor of the Fulton House, Fingal, strayed away from home a day or two ago, and fell into a cristern in a neighbour's yard. There was six feet of water in the well, and, luckily, a woman witnessed the accident and pulled the child out of the water. The little one was wrapped in a blanket and taken home none the worse for the adventure.

Among the Vosges peasants children born at the new moon are supposed to have better hung tongues than others, and those born at the last quarter to have keener reasoning powers.

Trilby's Foot.

The step 'twixt the sublime and ridiculous is quickly made. Surely literature presents no more grotesque idealization than Trilby's foot, and the numerous worshippers that have figuratively speaking bent knees and kissed the big toe of the foot, when reasor once more comes to their rescue, will feel as if the production of the genus Ass were perennial. By the way, did you notice when reading Trilby how highly it commended Putnam's Corn Extractor, which renders impossible the discordant excrescence, corns. Trilby's foot would not be worthy of homage if marred by corns; neither would yours. Use Putnam's Corn Extractor.

Jas. Hunter, B.A., son of the late Principal Hunter, of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute, will be private secretary to the Hon. Jas. Sutherland.

Mrs. James Kelly died at Orangeville recently, at the age of 73 years. She is survived by five sons and four daughters, 19 grandchildren and nine great grandchildren.

"You can mould opinion, you can create political power"—says John Bright—
But you cannot find a Tea equal to Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF

LUDELLA Ceylon Tea

speaks for itself. A trial is the most convincing argument in its favor.

Lead Packages. . . . . .25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

COLLAPSIBLE RAILWAY CARS.

An English railway engineer has invented a car for lessening the loss of life in railway accidents. The plan adopted, which is favorably regarded by English experts, is extremely simple. On the ground that the danger from railway accidents is in the tendency of the modern car to telescope and in the ability of the present style of buffers to take up very severe shocks the inventor has designed a car that will take up and break a very heavy shock without injury to itself, except in extreme cases. His buffer car is filled with powerful springs, calculated to resist ordinary pressure, but to telescope under the intense strain to one-third its normal size, thus exhausting the force of the shock and saving the passenger cars from injury. The cars are to be used in pairs, one to follow every train, and another to precede the baggage car, separating it from the engine and tender. The force of a collision would thus be broken, whether it should come from the front or rear.

CALLA LILY CREAM

ensures a youthful complexion. Send 25 cents for trial bottle, or post card for circular on skin and complexion. Address W. J. UNQUHART, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

The Bank of Spain now holds $12,700,000 more gold than it held a year ago, and $41,700,000 more silver. Its note circulation meantime has increased $21,800,000.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan, $1.50 & up.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Props.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill-College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate

Precious beyond price are good resolutions. Valuable beyond price are good feelings.—Haweis.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF **MALT**

Invigorates and Strengthens

LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT

The safest principle through life, instead of reforming others, is to set about perfecting yourself.—Haydon.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

MORE HORSE EATERS.

Upward of 18,000 horses are annually consumed by the people of Vienna.

"Pharaoh 10c." P. Payne, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

There never was any heart truly great and generous, that was not also tender and compassionate.—South.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.

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.

The mind that is cheerful at present will have no solicitude for the future, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life with a smile.—Horace.

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. 50c. a bottle.

Sold by all druggists.

Common sense is, of all kinds, the most uncommon. It implies good judgment, sound discretion, and true and practical wisdom applied to common life.—Edwards.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and up till the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Cy., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggist, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

STICK OUT THEIR TONGUES.

A sign of politeness in Thibet, on meeting a person, is to hold up the clasped hands and stick out the tongue.

W P C 994

CALVERT'S

Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER, - - ENGLAND.

Brantford Galvanized Steel Windmills and Towers. ALSO Steel Flag Staffs, Grain Grinders, Iron and Wood Pumps, Saw Supplies. Send for New Catalogue. COLD SHAPLEY & MUIR CO. LIMITED BRANTFORD CAN. Mention this paper.

Carters COLD CURE 10c. Cures in a jiffy. P. McCormack & Co., Agents, Montreal.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 381 Queen W. Toronto.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Cor. West-Market & Colborne St., Toronto, Can get you best prices for your Apples, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, and other produce, if you ship it to them.

Sausage Casings—New importations finest English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at right prices. PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

**WAN