

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

RAPS.

It was a sultry day in July. I had placed Bennie in a wicker rocking chair by the open window, and sat fanning him, while I read aloud an interesting story, hoping to make him forget that he was still an invalid.

My three children had been ill with scarlet fever, but while the girls only had a slight attack of the dreaded disease, and recovered rapidly, Bennie had hovered for days between life and death, and rose up only a shadow of our sturdy boy.

Through the failure of a firm that owed my husband several thousand dollars, his business had been crippled, so that it became necessary to practice the strictest economy in our home.

Early in the season we let our cottage at Nahant, determined to content ourselves with short trips to the country in open cars, with an occasional day spent at Castle Island.

The sacrifice seemed easy, till Bennie's slow convalescence proved how much he needed change of air. So while I read, my heart was rebellious, having forgotten that God is a loving Father, who never tries us beyond our strength.

"A letter, ma'am," and handing it to me, my kind-hearted maid-of-all work turned to say a pleasant word to Bennie, while I tore open the envelope and read:—

BEVERLY FARMS,
July 10th, 189-

DEAR FRIEND:—Having learned from our mutual friend, Dr. Foote, of the children's illness, and how your strength has been overtaxed in nursing them, we determined to hasten home, that we might have you with us for a month at least.

We have been here for a week; everything is in perfect order, and your coming will give us a veritable house-warming.

Pack up as soon as you receive this; give Ellen a vacation, and be with us on Saturday. Mr. Henshaw can get to business every morning by nine o'clock, and he and my husband may smoke and talk politics till midnight on the piazza, if they choose.

I long to hear the children's merry voices, and feel sure that Bennie will improve rapidly. I have much to tell you of our delightful trip, and feel happy in the thought that at last I can return, in some measure, the kindness you have lavished for years on

Your devoted friend,

EMMA JENNINGS.

"What is the matter, Mamma?" Bennie questioned, as covering my face with my hands, I allowed my tears to flow unrestrained.

"I am shedding tears of joy, my child; this letter contains an invitation to spend a month at Beverly Farms. Help me to thank God that we can enjoy this delightful outing."

Bennie was wild with joy, and begged to be the first to tell Effie and Kitty the good news.

Mrs. Jennings had come to us some years previously in the capacity of nurse; her first husband having left her with small means, she had been advised by Dr. Foote to enter the City Hospital and prepare herself for this work. She won our hearts at once, and we persuaded her to make her home with us during her short periods of rest.

She had met, at our house, my husband's bachelor uncle, who for years had lived in Chicago, and to my great joy and that of my husband, they were married. They had returned once or twice to visit us, and had at last determined to settle at Beverly Farms.

Who, that has ever visited the place, can forget the delightful variety of sea and woods, or the strength and refreshment that the strong, bracing air imparts!

For the first few days Bennie lay in the hammock, inhaling the odorous pine air, but strength returned rapidly, and before the second week had passed he was able to walk long distances with Mr. Jennings. The month was prolonged to six weeks, and even then we found it difficult to leave the charming spot.

The day before we left, a neighbor called who was much interested in spiritualism; a friend whose husband had died, assured her that she held daily converse with him through a celebrated medium. We questioned closely, and found that the medium was well paid for the consolation imparted.

"I had one spiritual manifestation," Mrs. Jennings said, "that may interest you. I was nursing for the first time out of the hospital, and my nerves were not in a very good condition. The house was surrounded by trees and approached by a long avenue, which made it a lonely spot at night. In-doors the sound of cheerful voices made everything joyous, for my patient was the eldest of a large

and happy family. I was always invited to join them in the evening, when my patient slept, and I became much attached to them.

One stormy evening in September we had all assembled in the cosy sitting-room, where a fire in the grate sent out warmth that was most acceptable, as we listened to the sighing of the wind. Some one remarked that it sounded as if all the lost spirits were abroad, and then the subject turned to spiritualism. Each in turn recounted some wonderful story that they had heard or read, and when we separated for the night it was with a feeling of nervous dread, that did not promise sleep.

My patient's chamber was the only one on the first floor, and I had praised her thoughtfulness in having chosen this room to save my steps. Now I longed to go up-stairs with the rest, and as I entered the chamber, where only a night taper was burning, the shadow frightened me. How heartily I wished that the baby would cry lustily, to break the stillness, but he slumbered peacefully, so there was nothing for me to do but to seek repose.

Suddenly I heard three distinct raps on the door. Startled, I crossed the room, turned the key in the lock, and asked: "Who is there?" but received no answer. I tried to believe that it might have been the branches of trees, striking the window, but again came the three raps on the door near which I stood, and again I asked: "Who is there?"

My patient, disturbed by my loud voice, moved restlessly, and afraid of alarming her, I stood perfectly still. The cold sweat covered my face, my hands and feet became like ice, and I found it difficult to keep my teeth from chattering. I had said during the evening that I would be glad to have the loved and lost come back to me, if only for one brief moment; now the thought of entertaining the ghost of even the dearest dead one filled me with terror. You see, I had not learned the value of the sign of the cross and a generous sprinkling of holy-water.

For the third time the raps were repeated, and summoning all my courage I lit the gas, unlocked the door, opened it, and saw,—our pet kitten, with the cream pitcher hanging from her head. It had been carefully left on the kitchen table, and in trying to lap the cream her head was caught, and she had come to me for help."

We laughed merrily as Mrs. Jennings finished the story, and our visitor said that we might be right after all, and that all the manifestations might be as easily explained.

The children, too, laughed merrily when Mrs. Jennings added that kitty, nameless till then, ever after answered to the name of Raps.—*The Rosary.*

HINTS TO FARMERS.

A rough hide is a sign that something is wrong.

There is less talk of overproduction in the dairy line than in any business of which we know.

Punctuality should be the motto of the dairyman. Regularity in feeding and milking is a prime factor in getting the highest results.

Plan to farm so as to turn off crops that take little from the fertility of the farm and give good money returns for the bulk taken away.

The money expended for pure-bred male animals is one of the best investments that can be made, and gains compound interest in a short time.

If you have the right kind of cows, and the cows have the right kind of owner, not less than three hundred pounds of butter per year should be the average yield.

Next year's crop on many a farm will be improved if the owner of the farm will do some reading and studying while sitting about the stove these long evenings.

Whether planting seeds or resetting plants or trees, take pains always to firm the soil about them. Many seeds fail to germinate and many roots to take a fresh start because this simple precaution is not observed.

There is not one operation that is of so much importance as that of getting the soil in thoroughly good tilth before the sowing of the seed. Neglect of this cannot be compensated by any other work.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Has come not a little knowledge as to cookery—what to do, as well as what *not* to do. Thus we have learned to use

COTTOLENE,

the most pure and perfect and popular cooking material for all frying and shortening purposes.

PROGRESSIVE COOKING

is the natural outcome of the age, and it teaches us *not* to use lard, but rather the new shortening,

COTTOLENE,

which is far cleaner, and more digestible than any lard can be.

The success of Cottolene has called out worthless imitations under similar names. Look out for these! Ask your Grocer for COTTOLENE, and be sure that you get it.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Sts.,
MONTREAL.

Montreal Roofing Co.

... GENERAL ...

ROOFERS AND CONTRACTORS.

Roofing

In METAL, SLATE, CEMENT, GRAVEL.

Roofs Repaired.

BEFORE GIVING YOUR ORDERS, GET PRICE FROM US.

OFFICE AND WORKS:

Cor. Latour st. and Bushy Lane.

TELEPHONES 130 and 1602.

POST OFFICE BOX 909.

WANTED STRENGTH.

Do You Suffer from Weakness?

TRY

WYETH'S BEEF, IRON AND WINE,

IT IS WELL ADAPTED FOR THE RELIEF & CURE OF

Pallor, Palpitation of the Heart, Sudden Exhaustion, Impaired Nutrition.

IT COMBINES NUTRIMENT WITH STIMULUS.

Is a Valuable Restorative for Convalescents.

COVERTONE'S

NIPPLE : OIL.

Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples, commence using three months before confinement. Price 25 cents.

COVERTONE'S

Syrup of Wild Cherry.

For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the throat and Lungs. Price 25 cents.

COVERTONE'S

Pile Ointment.

Will be found superior to all others for all kind Piles. Price 7 1/2 cents.

Prepared by C. J. COVERTONE & CO., 124, Leary street, corner of St. Joseph and St. Paul.

BAD BLOOD

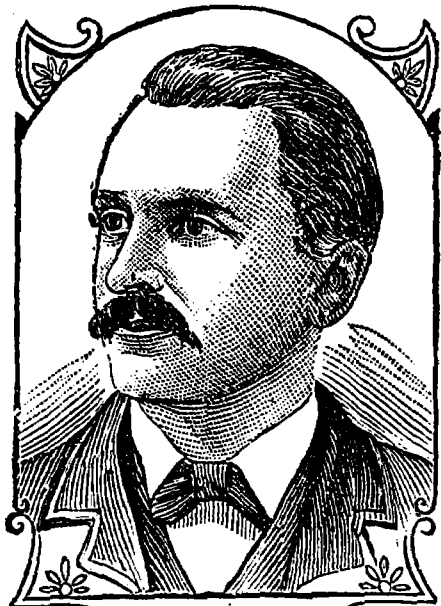
CAUSES

Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Ulcers, Sores, Scrofula and Skin Diseases.

B.B.B.

CURES

BAD BLOOD



MR. FRED CARTER.

DEAR SIR:—I was covered with pimples and small boils and after obtaining no relief from a doctor tried different remedies without success until one Sunday I was given 3 of a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, by the use of which the sores were sent flying in about one week's time. I made no my mind never to be without B.B.B. in the house, and I can highly recommend it to all.

FRED CARTER, Haney, B. C.

I can answer for the truth of the above.

T. C. CHRISTIAN, Haney, B. C.

Marble and Granite Works

COTE-DES-NEIGES, MONTREAL.

J. BRUNET,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

Monuments, Headstones,

Vaults, Posts, Copings,

And all kinds of Cemetery and Architectural Works.

All Kinds of Repairing

at Moderate Prices.

Residence: COTE-DES-NEIGES.

Telephone 4660; connection free for Montreal.

P. BRADY

Helena P. O., Que., Co. Huntingdon,

Agent for the celebrated Heintzman Piano, Evans Bros., Vose & Sons, and others, as well as the G. W. Cornwall Organ and New Williams Sewing Machine.

To Organ and Piano customers I would say I have had many years experience in the business, and not being at the expense of enormous city rents I am enabled to quote prices that I feel assured will be found lower than you can buy elsewhere.

I am offering a SPECIAL DISCOUNT to those who wish to buy within the next sixty days. Will be pleased to forward Catalogue and quote SPECIAL PRICES on application.

ADDRESS:

P. BRADY,

Helena P. O., Que.

47-L