HIS LORDSHIP'S ROMANCE

he would be gay; no one should know that he was a rejected lover—rejected by a fair-haired, gentle girl, too, who seldom said, "No.". He did not know seldom said, "No.". He did not know where he should be next year — abroad most likely. Time was passing quickly; and all hope of his uncle's legacy died with his rejection. He was a Lynne and a gentleman. It did not enter his imagination to marry lnez without leving her and so secure his without loving her, and so secure his fortune. He loved Agatha. He would have married her, even if in doing so he had lost instead of gained his heritage; but she had refused him. Love and money had failed him, and Philip began to make up his mind to the loss. He was too honorable, too noble to think of marrying without love. Not even to win a crown would he have done it; and Inez Lynne, who read him rightly, knew that if she won him it would be apart from all mercenary motives.

He was pleased to see her again. He

for her charming leters, which had cheered and amused his solitude. That very frankness and kindness were like a death-blow to her. If his face had flushed, his voice had trembled, or his hand had clasped hers more warmly as it lay in his grasp, she would have known that he loved her. That frank, open kindness, the clear eyes that looked into her own, the calm, steady voice that thanked her, all told the same story—she in terested, amused, charmed him; but he did not love her.
"I will not lose heart," she said, "not

even yet. I will succeed, or I will die."
Lord Lynne showed that he remembered her words. During all the Christmas festivities he thought of her constantly. He was resolved that she should never feel lonely or neglected again. So they resumed their old familiar intercourse. She sang to him, rode with him, and poured out the treasure of her genius at his feet. She grew to love him. Oh Heaven! save us from such love—so wild, so ido!atrous, so blind!

The grand bail at Lyndewone suggreat success. Inez was the belle. She had never looked more lovely. She wore a dross of rose-colored silk, shaded and The grand bail at Lyndewolde was a dress of rose-colored silk, shaded an softened by costly, cloud-like lace. Sh wore no jewels; a wreath of white star

There were many at Lynnewolde that evening who, in long years afterward, spoke of her as she looked them. Bertie Bohun was there, but he said no more of love to her. The bright sun did not seem further from him than this beauti seem further from him than this beauti ful girl. She was undoubtedly the belle of the ball; and those who saw her that evening never forgot her. When the guests had all departed, he went with Mrs. Lynne into her boudoir. It was a charming little room, but one that was seldom used. On this evening Mrs. Lynne had ordered fire and lights there; she liked, when a ball or party was ended, to talk it over with her son.

"Let us rest a few minutes," she said drawing an easy-chair to the fire for Inez. "I always require half an hour"s quiet talk to make me forget the glitter of lights and the sound of music. Have you enjoyed the ball, Inez?"
"Yes," she replied.

"Inez always enjoys where she reigns," interrupted Lord Lynne, with a merry laugh. "What are you going to do with Bertie, Inez?" he continued. "I never Bertie, Inez?" he continued. "I never saw a more severe case in my life. Your beaux yeaux have done mischief there. not accountable for it," she re-

"How cold you are!" he rejoined. "No amount of homage moves you. Have you no heart, Inez?"
She raised her eyes to his face. Was

he blind that he could not read what they told? Was he blind that he did not see how the beautiful face, cold and haughty to others, softened and bright-When Mrs. Lynne went away, they

were speaking of the coming spring.
"I do not say anything to my mother,"
said Lord Lynne to Inez; "but I have
serious thoughts of going abroad in the

Abroad!" she said; "for how long?" "I do not know," he replied; "for years, in all probability, Inez. I want something to fill up my life."

There was a profound silence for some minutes, and when Inez spoke again, Lord Lynne did not know her years.

Lord Lynne did not know her voice, "It is late," she said.

"It is late," she said.

Thinking she wished to be alone, he rose and held out his hand to say goodnight. He saw her face perfectly white, with a startled look in her large, dark eyes.
"You are tired, Inez," he said, gently.

"Good-night, pleasant dreams!"

He did not notice that the little jeweled hand he touched was as cold as death, he did not see the quiver of the white lips; he took the wax taper placed

lips: he took the wax taper praced ready for him and went away.

Inez sat stil land motionless for some minutes. Then she rose, intending to go to her room, but her strength failed her. She threw up her arms, and fell upon the

floor on her face.
"He is going!" she cried; "and I love him so-I love him so!"
She did not hear Lord Lynne returning, she did not hear him open the door, she did not know that he saw her pas-

DODDS

Christmas was to be very gay. There was to be a grand ball at Lynnewolde, and another at Bohun Court. Lord In the determined that this year at least cd. She loved him, and he had never wolde, She loved him—that proud, beautiful,
Lord imperious girl. He was literally astoundleast ed. She loved him, and he had never even guessed it.

How much she must love him! Why was she lying there? What did these long bitter sobs mean? Did she—could any one living love him so much as that?

He had returned for his watch which he had left upon the table, and he thought she had quitted the boudoir. Slowly and gently he withdrew, and closed the door. He knew enough of her to understand that she would rather have died than he should have seen her He never stopped to think.
"She loves me," he said, "and loves

me so-He returned, but this time he took care to make noise enough over his en-trance. When he stood again in the room, Inez was leaning over the her face turned from him.

"I left my watch here," said Lord Lynne stammering in a manner very un like his own.
"Did you?" she said, in a cold, steady

voice. "You remember what Mrs. Lynne tells you sometimes about your head." head."

Instead of taking up his watch, he walked around to her.

"Inez," he said gently, "forgive me for speaking to you here, and so late—I will not detain you long."

"You must not," she replied. "I ought."

will not detain you long."
"You must not," she replied. "I ought
to have gone half an hour ago; but the
fire and my own thoughts tempted
me."

"My thoughts tempt me," he said. "Inez, listen for one moment—I am not worthy of you—you are so beautiful, so bright, so gifted. I am not worthy of you—but will you let me love you? Will you promise to be my wife?" To the day of his death Lord Lynne never forgot the look of startled happi

ess upon that lovely face.
"Do you love me?" she whispered. "Do you love me?" she whispered. Could he help it, that love-lit face turned up to his, those wondrous eyes ooking into his own, her hair touching

his cheek?
"I love you, my darling," he said.
"Will you be my wife?"
He never forgot how for the next few
minutes she stood as one rapt in a silent ecstacy, then she turned away from

"To-morrow." she said. "wait until to morrow; we will talk about it then."
"But you will say one word, Inez," he interrupted; "say you love me."
"I love you," she replied; and the music of the words never quite died in

his neart. CHAPTER XI.

"At last-at last," murmured Inez, as she reached the quiet sanctuary of her own room. "I have won him, and I will only live to make him happy. He shall never repent the words he said this night. I will make him happier and greater than my cold, quiet sister could have done."

In that hour of triumph Inez forgot the false, cruel treachery that had led to her present happiness; she never thought of her sister, betrayed and unhappy; she remembered only her love and its success. The fatigue and weari-ness that a short time before had almost overpowered her, disappeared; it was fresh and radiant face that smiled so

brightly, as busy thoughts painted the past and present in strong colors.

"It is not only that I love him," she cried; "were he penniless and obscure I would endow him with all my wealth; but there is triumph to me in thought that my father's neglected child will be Lady Lynne, mistress of this proud home; exiled and neglected no longer; loved and revered as Lady

She would not remember the falsity that had crowned her with success. By a strong effort of her indomitable will she swept away all unpleasant thoughts. She remembered only that she loved and was loved, that the one thing she coveted was now hers—her hopes grati-fied, her wounded pride soothed, the cup she had craved for filled to the brim.

If all this could have been attained by fair and honorable means, Inez would have been better pleased. She did not like to remember the false words that had stained her lips, or the pain she had seen in her sister's face. But— and she silenced the outcries of con-science in the thought—he would be the happier for it in the end, and so would Agatha; they were not suited to each other, she said to herself over and over again. Agatha had no ambition; she would be content to dream away her she would be content to dream away her life at Lynnewolde, satisfied in seeing her husband fulfiling the duties of a wealthy landed proprietor, without car-ing for or thinking of fresh glory. But it would not be so with her. She would incite him, help him, urge him on, un-til the name of Lynne was known and til the name of Lynne was known and revered throughout the langth and the breadth of the land. He should be a statesman such as the Lynnes of old had been, and all England should ring with his name and his talent. Then he would turn to her, and bless her as the centre and source of all his success. Then to himself he should own that it was well the fair heired cousin had re-

In such thoughts and dreams Inez for-got less pleasant things. She never for-one moment feared detection. Agatha would not return yet; and even when she did so, both she and Lord Lynne were far too honorable, she knew, to make any reference to their past at tachment now that she was his betrothtachment now that she was his betrothed wife. There was no fear for the future. Love, triumph, ambition, all wore their finest colors; and no shade saddened the brilliant face that watched the moonlight and the first faint flush of dawn. Even when she fell asleep at last it was with a smile of child-like the brightest and fairest month in the propriess upon her line.

happiness upon her lips.

Perhaps no one ever felt a greater

shock of surprise than did Lord Lynne she added, with as mile-"May marriages when he awoke on the morning follows are proverhially unlocks." e awoke on the morning follow-scene in the bondoid. It rushed pon his mind as soon as his eyes were penied to the light of day. He was only esterday thinking of going abroad, was ow the betrothed liusband of one of

the loveliest and wealthiest women in England, and she loved him, Ah, how she loved him. The remembrance of the joy that had flashed in her face, the silent happiness that entranced her as he poke, came vividly before him. This glorious beauty, with her wealth and salent, her genius and grace, loved him

glorious beauty, with her wealth and talent, her genius and grace, loved him who had never felt anything but the calmest brotherly affection for her. The young heir of Bohun loved her; the gay and gallant Captain Marchmont had laid his heart and fortune at her feet; but she cared for none, loved none save him. A hundred resolutions of love and devotion growded into his mind. He would make her happy. She should never know that her passionate tears and sighs had moved his heart to pity; she should think he loved her above all else, even as she loved him. He would forget Agatha, whose sweet face haunted him. After all, was he not to be envied. Who was more beautiful than Inez? Who had her Southern grace, her wondrous genius, her rich voice, and her warm loving heart? He remembered her on the night he had played Romeo, how those dark eyes fell before his gaze and he wondered how he could have been blind so long. He seemed to rear again, "I love him so!"

Yet in some way he shrank from telling his mother the news, nor did he

again, "I love him so!"

Yet in some way he shrank from telling his mother the news; nor did he seem in any violent nurry to descend to the breakfast-room. When he did so, his first thought was one of wonder at his delay, for there next to his mother sat a fair and radiant girl whom any man would have been proud to claim. The rich flush that crimsoned her face, the shy, sweet glance that half met his stirred his heart and he felt that he had won a prize. He could not go near her, for the Countess of Strathdale and Lady Victoria had remained for the night, and were now seated in great state at the breakfast-table. His almost

state at the breakfast-table. His almost undivided attention was given to them. Her ladyship's carriage was ordered at last, for she had promised to lunch at Bohun Court, and Philip, despite his impatience, could not leave until both ladies were seated and the coachman had received his orders. Them he 'turned to look for Inez, but she had vanished. "Mother" he said to May Lynne "will "Mother," he said to Mrs. Lynne, "will you walk up and down the lawn with me? I have something to say to you." "Find me a shaw!," said Mrs. Lynne, with a smile, "and then I will walk

as long as you please."

But when her son had fastened the cashmere over her shoulders, and had placed her arm in his, he walked by

her side in perfect silence for some min-"I thought you wanted to talk," said his mother, with some amusement. "What is it? Have you settled any-

"No," he replied, "I had forgotten it."
"No," he replied, "I had forgotten it."
"Ah, my dear boy," interrupted Mrs.
Lynne, "I wish you would renounce the
idea. I would give al! I have in the
world to see you settled and happy. Do
not be very angry with me if I ask you
one question."

one question."
"Ask what you will," he replied.
"Tell me," she said, "how it is you do not ask Agatha Lynne to be your wife?
If I know anything of the young girl's heart, I am sure she is not indifferent

Lord Lynne attempted to speak, but the words died away upon his lips.
"I would never advise you to marry for money," continued his mother; "and I think your uncle's will both cruel and unjust; still, Agatha is so sweet and gentle; out of all the world, she is the girl I should have wished most to see you wife.

Mrs. Lynne waited for a reply, but none came; her son was thinking at any price, he would keep his cousin'

"I cannot understand your indiffer ence," said Mrs. Lynne. "I used to think you loved Agatha . Now with Inez the you loved Agatha. Now with Inez the case is different—she is very beautiful; but there is something so inscrutable in her, I can never fancy one loving her."
"Hush, mother," he cried; "do not speak so. I brought you here this morning to tell you that Inez has promised to he my wife."

be my wife."

Mrs. Lynne dropped the arm she was holding, and looked up into her son's face with astonishment almost too great

for words. "Inez!" she cried, at last; "why, Philip, how can that be? I thought you loved Agatha, and she cared for you. oved Agatha, and she cared for you."
"That was a mistake, mother," he
replied, lightly; "Agatha has always
thought of me as a dear cousin and a
true friend, but nothing more."
"Of course you know best, my dear,"
said Mrs. Lynne, meekly. "I will never
pretend to any judgment again."
"But you do not say one word moth-

"But you do not say one word, mother," he replied, half impatiently. "I thought you would be so delighted to know that I was going to marry and set-

tle, as you call it, at last."
"So I am, Philip," said Mrs. Lynne,
"Do not mistake me. I forgot my happiness in the greatness of my surprise But I never saw any signs of love for

Inez."
"You will welcome her as your daughter, will you not?" he asked.
"That I will," she replied, warmly.
"You know, Philip, I have always stood a little in awe of her; she is so beautiful and stately; so reserved, and unlike our English girls. But I will go to her at once; she shall find no want of love or welcome in your mother."

Philip watched his mother as she rentered the house. Perhaps for half moment something like a sigh trembled on his lips as he thought how differently Then to himself he should be should be should have helped him on the first and grandest of positions was open to him, then he would but love her the sore for she would have helped him on the first arms around her, and, laying her arms around her, and laying her arms around her are arms around her are arms around her arms ar beautiful head upno her mother's shoul-der, promised that she would always be

to her a devoted and most loving child.
"I cannot see any reason for delaying your marriage, Philip," said Mrs. Lynne to her son. "We shall soon have May to her son. "We shall soon have Man here; indeed, it is spring now. I saw cro cuses and violets this morning. You

year.

are proverbially unlucky."
"I do not believe it, he said, warmly.
"What is the origin of that superstition,"

"I do not quite remember," she replied; "but I have heard it times."

"Then, Incz, let us prove its falsity, darling. As far as human eyes can see, there is nothing to cloud our future. We have youth, love, happiness, wealth, position—everything, in fact, that could be wished for. What bad luck can come to us, even supposing the foolish legend to be a true one?"
"I cannot see any," she replied, in a

tremulous voice, unless—"
"Unless what, Inez?" he asked, seeing that she hesitated and looked at him, her beautiful eyes humid with tears.
"Unless you cease to love me," she

"The sun must cease to shine, and the flowers to bloom, my own heart must cease to beat, and grow cold, before that time comes," he cried, passionately, for the loving face turned to him touched him inexpressibly. "We will—if you ccu-sent—show how fortunate and blessed a May marriage can be," continued Lord Lynne. "Say, when the month of flow-ers comes round, Inez, may I claim your

So it was arranged that the twentieth of May should be the wedding day of Lord Lynne. It was now April. The time was short enough; for Mrs. Lynne was anxious to attend to the trousseau of her daughter-in-law-elect which was to be of unrivalled magnificence. Lord Lynne was constantly engaged; settle-ments and deeds of all kinds had to be ments and deeds of all kinds had to be prepared, and he had arranged a charming surprise for Inez. The family jewels, that had never seen light since Agatha's mother, Lady Lynne, had worn them at her last ball, twelve years ago, were sil to be reset and presented to her.

"She will be peerless," thought the young lover; "she was born to live in magnificence. Diamonds will add to her beauty, and she will wear them with the grace and dignity of a gueen."

grace and dignity of a queen."

Many were his consultations with the celebrated jewelers in Bond street before that matchless parure, admired by the whole fashionable world, was finished. And so time ran on until the first of May came round.

(To be continued.)

THE PANGS OF SCIATICA

Can be Cured by the Fair Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Fierce darting pains. Pains like red hot needles being driven through the flesh—in the thigh, perhaps down the the ankle—that's sciatica.

It the victim can realize the f this trouble. But the suf-None but the victim can realize the torture of this trouble. But the sufferer need not grow discouraged, for there is a cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills enrich the blood, feed the starved sciatic nerve and thus drives out the pain. Mrs. Joseph L. Brown, Wilmot, N. S., was a victim of sciatica, and found a cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "For a year I was laid up with sciatica from my side to my foot. What I suffered was at times awful. I could not touch was at times awful. I could not touch spread the disease in the summer. Eigens a surface of the rotten fruit little black pustules or pimples almost one-third the size of a pin head appear after a time. These pimples contain spores which when set free are carried by the wind from tree to tree and help was at times awful. I could not touch sciatica, and found a cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "For a year I was laid up with sciatica from my side to my foot. What I suffered was at times awful. I could not touch my foot to the floor, and had to hobble about with a cane. My right leg was drawn up, and I never expected to have the use of it again. I was attended by our family doctor, and tried several our family doctor, and tried several other remedies, but with no benefit, and I felt very much discouraged. One day I read of the cure of a similar sufferer through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. I got six boxes, and by the time I had taken them I was and by the time I had taken them I was completely cured, and have not had the slightest twinge of the trouble since. I am, therefore, a very enthusiastic friend of Dr. Wilkiams' Pink Pills, and recom-mend them to all who are similarly

mend them to all who are There is no mystery about the cures Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make. They act upon the blood, enriching and purifying it, and in this way feed the nerves and reach the root of the disease. That they cure such common ailments emia, pimples and eczema, indis why they cure st as ansemia, pimpies and eczema, indi-gestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, and the irregularities in health of growing girls and women. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2,50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

FLOWERS IN SEALED BOXES. Scheme of the Florists Which Pre-

Brockville, Ont.

vents Leakage in Delivery. Florists have hit on a new wrinkle n delivering flowers. After the flowers ave been packed in boxes and the boxes are tied up in fancy style with ribbon, the ends of the ribbon are sealed to the oox with wax and the florist's private

mark stamped thereon.

This is not to add style to the package, but serves a strictly useful purpose. It was not an uncommon occur-rence for flowers to leak on the way. dozen American Beauties would shrink to one dozen. Sometimes the chance of detection was slight, as the recipient would not know how many flowers were sent in the case of a gift, and in the case of a large order few persons would take the trouble to count them, and a half dozen might well slip So the florists seal the packages now

and temptation is removed from path of those who deliver them. Repeat it:- "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Never Heard of One. "What is your name?" asked the oolice justice.
"Kollok, y'r honor," answered the

seedy vagrant.

"How do you spell it?"

"K o l l o k, y'r honor."

"Why, you're a regular palindrome, aren't you?"

"A what?"

"A palindrome, the same as Gillig and—"

"Jedge," interrupted the hobo, with "Jedge," interrupted the hobo, with emotion, "I don't mind bein' called a bum, a snoozer, a guttersnipe, and an ornery skunk, but I'll be everlastingly jiggered if I'll stand fur that! If y'r honor'll come down f'm that platform, by gravy, I'll lick ye right here!"

You would discover that most men are all right if you would only trouble vourself to ask them. "But you know the old superstition "

5 DOCTORS

GAVE HER UP!

Ulcars and Sores Cefied all Treatment.

Zam-Buk Has Worked Complete Curs.

raculous indeed is the cure which Zam But has worked in the case of Mrs. Jane Betrs. of L'Orignal (Ont). "I began to suffor," she says, "from ulcers and skin sores. These broke out on my logs and different parts of my body, and spread to an alarming extent, causing me great pain. They defied all remedies I applied to try and heal them. and remedied suppurating open wounds. them, and remained suppurating open wounds.

One medical man after another gave my case up until I had consulted five different doctors, and they were all baffled by my case. Then I went into hospital and was their five months, and came away very little better. The sores were so extensive and I was so weakened that I had to walk with a stick and cruton This was my condition whou first I began to use Zam-Buk. I applied it to the sores, and in a few days I thought I saw an improvement. I persevered with the balm and, to cut a long story short, the wonderful balm did what all the doctors had failed to do-healed my ulcers. I have mow put away my stick and crutch, the ulcers and sores are healed, and I take this opportunity of strongly advising all who suffer from sores, ulcers, or open wounds to give Zam-Buk a proper trial." them, and remained suppurating open wounds.

It is by affecting such impressive cures at this that Zam-Buk has established its world-wide reputation. In every country to which it has been introduced it has become the leading family balm and embrocation. This surely is proof of exceptional merit!

Purely herbal in nature it supplies the housewife with a handy and affective cure for the hundred-and-one-injuries to which sho or the children or the husband are liable.

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, scalp-sores, cold-sores, chapped hands, sores due to blood poisoning, piles, cuts, burns, bruiese, and all skin injuries and diseases. All drugglets and stores sell at 50c a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co.. Toronto, for price. Beware of cheap and harmful imitations sometimes offered as "iust as good."

Cankers on Apple Trees

Many Ontario apple growers have complained that an unusually large number of branches are dying on their older apple trees, and not a few of the younge trees have been killed outright. The trouble has usually been attributed to Sun-Scald and Oyster-Shell Scale. Investigations this autumn, however, have shown that the greater part of such damage can be traced to cankers, caused spread the disease in the summer. Either kind of canker may cause diseased areas on the trunk and large branches or at the main crotch. It is not easy to tell in every case to which disease a

ker is due.

A Blight Canker, however, often begins by attacking a water-sprout and running down it into the trunk, crotch or main branch and forming a large dead area there. This time of year such areas caused by Blight are usually distinctly marked off from the healthy bark by a crack between the two, and by the diseased bark being darker brown in color than the healthy bark and slightly shrunken. As a rule the surface Blight Cankers is fairly smooth, not rough, checked, or blackened, and is free from pimples except in old cankers where other diseases have set in and caused

these.
The Black Knot Canker, on the other hand, is as a rule not distinctly marked off by a crack between it and the healthy bark. The central part, especially if more than a year old, is usually somewhat swollen and the bark is rough, black and checked. On part of the smoother surface there will nearly always be found numerous little black. smoother surface there will nearly always be found numerous little black pimples or pustules about one-third the size of the head of a pin. These are the places where spores are produced that spread the disease in the spring of the

Both kinds of Cankers may live over from year to year and continue to in-crease in size. This is especially true of Black Rot Canker, though often this as well as the other may die out at the end of the first year. The diseased area may be small in either kind or again it may include the whole of the trunk and part of the branches, or may run for several feet along a single branch. In old trees only the branches are attacked.

Remedies-Where a tree is too badly attacked to give any hope of its recovery it should be cut down and burned as soon as possible, for otherwise the dis-ease will spread from it even through the tree itself be dead. In the same way dead or dying branches should be cut off and burned either this fall or early next spring, taking particular pains to see that the cut is made several inches below any trace of the diseased area. All cuts thus made should be disinfected in the manner described below and then painted. If this is done the frost will not in jure them. Wherever a healthy stub is left after cutting off the cankered part of a branch it can be cut afresh in the

spring and grafted.

Where the cankered areas are not too large, especially on the trunk and crotches, they should be neatly cut out with a knife or some sharp instrument until the healthy bark is reached. The wounds thus made must be disinfected and painted with white lead (free from turpentine). The painting should be repeated next spring to make sure that no disease gets into the wounds. The best disinfectant to use is corrosive sublimate of the strength of one part of this substance by weight to 1,000 parts of water. Any druggist will supply the substance and explain how to make it substance and explain how to make it up. The material will cost only a few cents. A wooden or glass vessel must be used instead of iron or tin, as the substance will corrode these. Corrosiv sublimate is deadly poison when taken internally, so care must be taken not to allow anything to drink the liquid, and o wash thoroughly the ressel before

using it for any other purpose. best way to disinfect the wound corrosive sublimate is simply to tie a little sponge or a small pad of cloth on the end of a stick, and, after dipping it into the liquid, wash over the surface of the wound. This will kill any kind of

orm whatever.

To ward off cankers for the future it is necessary (1) To prevent as far as possible injury to trees by such means as tearing off the bark by whiffletrees as tearing off the bark by whilterrees or other implements or by boots in climbing. If wounds are made in this way they should be disinfected and painted at once, otherwise they let in the germs of the disc. Cankers usually start from wounds of some kind, though sometimes these may be very small. Sun-scald injuries also allow canker germs to enter, hence young trees should be protected against sun-scald by ome one of the well-known devices for

this purpose.

2. Water sprouts should be kept off

2. branches, because, the trunks and main branches, because, as said above, the blight disease often runs down one of these and starts the canker below. A few minutes will usually suffice to remove all the water

sprouts from any ordinary tree.
3. The trunks must be carefully sprayed with Bordeaux mixture, and sprayed with Bordeaux mixture, and special pains taken to see that the trunks and main branches are thoroughly covered with the Bordeaux. The first spraying should be done just before leaf buds burst; the second a few days before the blossoms open, and the third within a week after most of the blossoms have faller. Half a pound of Paris soms have fallen. Half a pound of Paris green should be added to each barrel of Bordeaux, and the while kept well agitated while spraying. The spraying will then not only do a great deal to keep off cankers, but will also kill most of the coddling moths (which cause the wormy apples), the cigar case bearers, pistol case bearers, canker worms, bud moyis, and many other insects, and in addition will keep the apples fre from scab, so that orchardists should thus get a return for the time and money spent n the form of healthier trees and more in the form of healthier trees and more and better fruit. Care should be taken in every case to see that the spraying is thoroughly done at the times mentioned. Orchards that are kept properly pruned and sprayed have been found to be very much less affected with canker than those that are neglected.

Agricultural College, Guelph

it: - "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

DEATH IS PAINLESS.

It Comes as Naturally and is as Welcome as Sleep.

The fear of death, which has been o enormously exploited in dramatic literature, sacred and otherwise, is said to be almost without existence in sickness. Most patients have lost it completely by the time they become serious-

ly ill.

Death and sleep are both painless, according to Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the American Magazine, and cause neither fear nor anxiety by their approach. It is one of the most merciful proach. It is one of the most merciful things in nature that the overwhelming majority of the poisons which destroy life, whether they are those of infectious diseases or those which are elaborated from the body's own waste onsciousness long before the end

While death is not in any sense an alogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only not painful, bat welcome. Pain-racked and fever-soorched patients long for death as the wear-

ed patients long for death as the wearied toiler longs for sleep.
While many of the processes which
lead to death are painful, death itself
is painless, natural, like the fading of a
flower or the falling of a leaf. Our
dear ones drift out on the ebbing tide
of life without fear, without pain,
without vegret save for those they without regret, save for those leave behind. When death comes When death enough so that we can see the eyes be-hind the mask, his face becomes as welome as that of his "twin brother,"

Repeat it:-"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

A Joke That Failed. The smart cockney tourist thought he would have a joke with the gendame, and handed him the restaurant menu instead of his passport, while his friends stood by to laugh at the puzzled "Frog-

But the Frenchman took the document with grave politeness, glancing keenly at the cockney as if to verify the description.

Then he read and translated slowly from the menu: "Calf's head," "pigs reet," "pass on, m'sieu—quite correct."—Exchange.

Not Infectious.

I used to be very much afraid that my hildren while playing with others would be exposed to some contagious disease, and they were constantly on the lookout for trouble of this kind.
One day little Louis, aged 4, came rush-

ing in from the street where she had been playing with a crowd of children. In a very excited manner she burst out: Well, mamma, two of the Meyers chil-

dren have something, but sister says she doesn't think we'll catch it, though."
"Well, what is it, darling?" I asked.
"It's the pigeon toes," she replied.—
The December Delineator.

Information.

A well known novelist was touring through Lancashire in order to learn something of the lives of the inhabitants, when he came upon an old man break-ing stones on the roadside, and, think-ing he might gain some knowledge from him, addressed him thus:

"How far is it to Fleetwood, my man?" "You'll see a milestone a bit farther on," was the gruff reply.
"What's the use, if I can't read?" said the novelist, eager to draw the old man

into conversation. "Then it'll just suit you, for there's nowt on it," said the old fellow .- Er change.

Prof. Adam Shortt has declared that trades unions are indispensable to the political life of the democracy.