SEEDS

RENNIE'S ALWAYS GROW—
THE FINEST IN THE LAND.

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Also at Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

The Vegetable Garden

Every Back Yard Should Be Made to Produce a Crop During the Present Year.

BIG MONEY IN POTATOES.

Five acres of Ontario soil near a good market can be made to easily support a family in comfort. In potatoes alone the returns would run, under ordinary prices, at from $100 to $200 per acre. From $400 to $500 per acre can be made from cauliflower. Many people will be inclined to regard these figures as exaggerated, but they are facts, and many cases can be pointed out to substantiate our statements.

With proper soil treatment, the average garden will produce at least a half more than it now does. Several things must be borne in mind, however, to make a success with garden crops, such as onions, potatoes, cabbage, etc. The soil must be suitable, cultivation must be thorough, varieties the best for the district and the market, and good salesmanship.

The plot selected for the garden should be well drained, and must not be shaded to any extent. Drainage takes away surface water rapidly, and keeps the soil water away from the surface, thereby allowing the roots to grow deep and the air to enter the soil and aid in decomposing it. Fertility is another most important feature. The need for fertilizer is shown by low growth and pale color in the plants. Stable manure, bone meal, or good commercial fertilizer should be used to renew the elements required by the soil.

Germination.

Crops are often lost through the failure of the seeds to germinate. Don't blame your seedsman for this. It is usually because in planting the soil is left loose about the tiny seeds, and the dry atmosphere penetrates to them, shrivelling them up until all vitality is destroyed. Vegetable crops as a rule are sown in rows, and in every case, as soon as the seed is sown, it should be pressed down in the drill with the foot, then covered up level by the back of a rake, drawn lengthwise of the drills, and again firmed by the roller or back of a spade. For want of this simple precaution, perhaps one-quarter of all seeds sown fail to germinate. Again, for the same reason, when setting out plants of any kind, be certain that the soil is pressed close to the root. We have seen whole acres of cauliflower, cabbage and strawberry plants lost solely through neglect of this precaution.

Value of Rotation.

In order to secure maximum yields, and to keep down weeds, the systematic rotation of farm crops is an acknowledged necessity. Why not, therefore, plan the varieties of vegetables and their planting time so as to secure a continuous and abundant supply of good, fresh green things? It is just as easy as any other method of garden management, and it is much more satisfactory.

For example a crop of radishes, turnips, spinach or lettuce sown in April, will have ripened so that the ground can be cleared, dug up, and manured, and again used by the first of June, when such crops as cucumbers, peas, tomatoes, or sweet corn can be planted, and so on all through the list.

The crops should be moved around from year to year, so as to give the soil a chance to recuperate. Where a number of successive plantings are desirable, as with peas, it is an excellent plan to plant a third or fourth crop between the rows of the first crop, removing the vines of the first crop as soon as the peas have been picked.

The observance of the foregoing suggestions, along with instructions for planting, which most reliable seedsmen supply with purchases of seeds and plants, should enable any thoughtful and ambitious person to make a success of growing the common and most popular summer vegetables.

Extensive Potato Cultivation.

The potato is probably more in demand at all times, and will show a better proportionate profit, year in and year out, than any other farm crop. In next week's issue of this paper will appear an article dealing thoroughly and interestingly with the methods of one successful farmer in Western Ontario, who has grown potatoes extensively for 43 years, and who last year sold $1,200 worth of potatoes from a twelve-acre patch of his 150-acre farm.

Don't fail to read this article. Here are some interesting facts cited by the farmer about whom the article is written:

"The first two crops after putting in twenty-one thousand tile paid for the underdraining in increased yield per acre."

"When you take much food from the soil you must return a like amount or your soil will soon play out. This spring we used about five tons of fertilizer, as well as several hundred loads of manure."

"In the last two years I have sold fifteen thousand bushels of potatoes from this farm, and have not had one single complaint as to quality."

"Up to the year 1900 the total value of stuff sold off my farm amounted to $41,724.28. The ten years following 1900 would add easily another $40,000 to that sum."

"This last year I had at least 6,000 bushels of potatoes. Put these at the low price of fifty cents per bushel and you get $3,000. I can raise one acre of potatoes for twenty dollars, easily. So, you see, I have been making pretty good profit on my thirty acres."

"For the last seven years I have each year been unable to fill my orders."

"In taking up six thousand bushels of potatoes this year we have not run across a quart measureful of potatoes unfit for market."

"When every potato means two or three cents, one must be careful that there is an eye on each piece planted."

"I started forty-three years ago with five acres in potatoes, and in not a single year since have I failed to grow them."

"I believe in repaying the soil for what you take from it. I have made it a rule never to sell off the farm hay, straw or oats."

"I have been decent with my men, giving respectable wages and their room and board, but never washing. When I hired my first man, many years ago, I simply told him that I hadn't married my wife to do washing."

The poorest excuse in the world is the old bromide: "Mistakes will happen."

SOW SIMMERS' SEEDS

ESTABLISHED 1866

Confidence is the greatest factor that enters into the buying of seeds, since you are buying not a finished product, but only the means by which your garden may be either a success or a partial or complete failure. You will make no mistake in placing confidence in SIMMERS' SEEDS.

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No reasonable offer refused

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CHAPTER XLI.

Leslie Ford had no difficulty, by aid of a directory in the nearest drug store, in discovering the address of Mrs. Lyttleton Lyell in Goldbrick Square. It was a long distance off, but Leslie felt that she could afford to disburse any of her scanty finances in car fare, so that she walked all the way, reaching the handsome house just at dusk, with a feeling of fatigue and despondency for which she could hardly account herself.

"Perhaps," she pondered, "Mrs. Lyell will reward me for the prompt return of the ring; perhaps even, she may interest herself in me, and direct me to some other situation. I do not want any recompense for doing my simple duty, but I would gladly accept any small sum as a loan, and return it when I am able."

Thus thinking, she pulled the bronzed door-bell. A servant, in livery, answered the tintinabulation.

"Yes—Mrs. Lyttleton Lyell was at home, but he didn't know whether she would see the young person—was her business important? Of the utmost importance? Well," hesitatingly "she would go and see."

Presently returning, he bade Leslie follow him, and ushered her into a great circular room, hung with pink damask, and furnished, after the Moresque style, in gaudy colors, where sat Mrs. Lyell, looking redder and blowzier than ever.

"Well, what is it?" said Mrs. Lyell crossly. "Some one is always bothering me. I don't never get no time for nothing! Why, it's the French gal from that there swindlin' glove store, I do declare!"

"Mrs. Lyell," said Leslie, "have you missed a ring?"

Mrs. Lyell stared down at her fat digits, and then jumped up with a shriek.

"My big solitary!" said she. "Eh? How? What do you know about it? You ain't stole it, have you?"

"It was in one of the fingers of the glove you pulled off at the Gants de Paris," said Leslie. "I found it, and I have brought it back to you."

Mrs. Lyell pounced on it with savage eagerness, and placed it once again on her finger.

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said she. "And now, if you're going out, I wish you would send my maid in from the hall."

Leslie hesitated a second.

"I—I have lost my situation at the glove store," said she. "Perhaps you could recommend me to a suitable position somewhere?"

Mrs. Lyell opened her watery-blue eyes in supercilious surprise.

"I don't know nothing about situations," said she. "Shut the door, please; a draught always gives me the rheumatism."

And so Leslie found herself dismissed without any extra ceremony.

"Ain't she a mean old hunks?" said Josepha the maid, who, with her ear in close proximity to the key-hole, had heard all that had passed. "Didn't give you a cent, did she?"

"No," Leslie answered, faintly.

"And that ring worth five thousand dollars at least," said Joseph. "Give me a rich woman for out-and-out meanness, and that's what I've always said. And you've lost your place, too?"

"Yes," said Leslie.

"Ain't that too bad?" said the socially disposed Josepha. "And you look fit to drop. Look here! Come into the housekeeper's room, and get a cup of hot tea afore ye go home!"

And Leslie, who felt the need of something refreshing and stimulating, followed the kindly maid into a cheerful little room, where a comfortable, elderly person, looking more like a lady than her mistress, was seated at her five-o'clock tea. Mrs. Bailey, as she was introduced, speedily interested herself in the young stranger, and Josepha came back as soon as she had established Mrs. Lyttleton Lyell on the sofa for a nap.

"Now see here! I've had a think," said Josepha, rubbing her hands. "You say, miss," with an involuntary tribute to Leslie's patent ladyhood, "as you're out of a situation?"

"Unfortunately, yes," Leslie answered.

"And I suppose you'd like another one."

"I can not afford to be out of employment a single hour," responded Leslie.

"I know of a place," said Josepha, rubbing her nose "but it ain't what you'd call exactly genteel. It's honest though and it pays."

"What is it?" said Leslie, eagerly looking up into her face. "I should be glad of anything—anything in this world!"

"It's stewardess on a steamboat," said Josepha. "A cousin of mine has had it for four years, and she's just going to marry a hotel-clerk in New Bedford. Good wages and steady work, as the advertisement says. The captain's wife and family live aboard, so you can be sure it's quiet and honest aboard the 'Benjamin Franklin.'"

"But will they take me upon your recommendation?" said Leslie earnestly.

"I'll bet a cooky on that!" nodded Josepha. "I don't know a good deal about you, to be sure!"

"And I have no reference that I can give," said Leslie mournfully.

"Well, no matter for that," said cheery Josepha. "One thing I'm certain of—you're honest, or you never would have brought back the madame's ring. So you think you'll try it aboard of the 'Benjamin Franklin,' eh?"

"Oh, so thankfully—so willingly!" cried Leslie.

"All right, then. To-morrow's my afternoon out. Come here at three o'clock, and I'll take you there. Laura Matilda Matson leaves her place on Monday, so you see there ain't much time to lose."

And before the morrow's sun had set Leslie Ford found that the kaleidoscopic glass of her life had taken a new turn, and that she was installed on board a comfortable Sound steamer as stewardess, at a snug little salary, and among genial, good-natured people, who were kind and considerate enough to her in their way.

"God has never yet let me starve!" thought Leslie, as she revolved these events in her mind, thinking upon how seemingly trifling a circumstance the whole occurrences of life would sometimes depend. "Oh! how can I ever be thankful enough to Him for the friends He raises up for me in the hour of my direst necessity."

The winter was wearing into blusterous March, and Leslie had been several months in her new situation, when one day she took up a newspaper left upon the cabin table by some of the lady travelers and glanced over it to occupy her mind until the hour for starting should bring its usual crowd of passengers.

"Oh, Mrs. Harvey," she said to the captain's wife, who was comfortably knitting on an opposite sofa, with two or three plump children playing at her feet, "here is an account of a burglary committed at the house of Josepha Ward's mistress—that Mrs. Lyttleton Lyell. The name caught my eye the instant I looked at the paper!"

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Harvey. "Do read it out loud."

And Leslie obeyed.

Mrs. Lyttleton Lyell was a rich woman, who lived in a big house, and the "Daily Watchman" took especial delight in the chronicling of all that happened in such circles, so that all the circumstances and particulars were given in detail; how two of the most notorious ruffians of the burglar corps of New York had succeeded in evading the vigilance of Mrs. Lyttleton Lyell's household, breaking into her plate-chest and jewel safe, and loading themselves with treasure to the amount of several thousand dollars. Making good their escape as far as the basement hall, they were there unexpectedly encountered by a servant who, being kept awake by the thirst incident to malarial fever, had come down-stairs for a drink of iced water. This woman being gifted with good lungs, gave the alarm at once—the police were summoned, and one of the burglars was taken alive unharmed. The other, in resisting the officer was fired at by another policeman, who perceived that his comrade's life was in danger with the desperate ruffian's concealed knife, and killed him on the spot.

"Dear, how dreadful!" said the captain's wife, with a little shudder. "And yet one can't feel so very sorry for a burglar, after all."

"No," said Leslie, and glancing further down the column she read an additional paragraph, which she had not before observed.

"The captured criminal has been identified by Officer Rattler of the —— Precinct, as a notorious scamp, who has long managed to outwit the ends of justice—one Lawrence, commonly known as Harry Haughton, who belongs to an organized gang of house-breakers. The dead man, also well known in the annals of criminal life as a forger, felon, and burglar, who has borne so many aliases as to have scarcely any recognized appellation, as George Abbott, latterly known as 'Leon Southwood,' Edmund St. Just' (in which personality he has contrived to make quite a figure in the fashionable world) and 'Claude Motley.' Our citizens may congratulate themselves on being rid of at least two poisonous parasites on the body social, by the determined gallantry of Officers Rattler and Horton."

"You're ill, Mrs. Ford, aren't you?" said Mrs. Harvey, starting to her feet and dropping her knitting, for the paper had fallen from Leslie's hands, and a ghastly whiteness had overspread her face. For a second or two a darkness, as of blood, was before her eyes, a boiling sound in her ears, and then renewed consciousness returned to her.

"No," said Leslie, faintly, putting aside the bottle of cologne water, with which Mrs. Harvey would have deluged her face. "It was a—a sudden seizure. I am better now. It was so terrible to think of a burglary in Mrs. Lyell's very house."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harvey sympathetically; "it does bring the matter home to one, doesn't it? I suppose Josepha will be down to the boat in a day or two with all the news. Oh, look, Mrs. Ford! there comes a fat lady with her arms full of bundles, and two poodles led by a string."

The first shock—the only shock, in fact, was over. Leslie Ford had never loved her husband, and of late had only thought of him with dread and loathing, inseparable from the circumstances under which they had last met. He was nothing more to her than an ill-boding shadow, which was always overhanging her life with a horrible, sickening dread. She was never quite certain at what hour he might not reappear before her shrinking eyes, and claim her with the power awarded to him by the law.

She had often contemplated this grim possibility, and always ended by resolving that, sooner than go back to be his wife, she would fling herself into the dark waters of the Sound.

Free at last! Free from a bondage which was worse than death—free from shackles which had worn down into her very heart—free, in truth, as well as in name, from the husband whose very memory was a horror to her! Leslie Ford could have sung, and warbled, and clapped her hands as she hastened blithely about her work; so different did the world look to her under this new dispensation.

Occasionally, however, a pang of remorse would sweep over her, that the violent and horrible death of a fellow-mortal could fill her with such gladness and relief.

"Oh Father in heaven!" she would murmur, on her knees. "Thou knowest all the secrets of my heart. Thou alone knowest how cruelly I have been tried. To Thy mercy I leave all. Oh, pardon me in all wherein I am wrong and in Thy infinite compassion have mercy upon Edmund St. Just's crime-stained soul."

CHAPTER XLII.

Constant and arduous as were the duties of our little heroine on board the "Benjamin Franklin," there were yet days upon which Mrs. Harvey herself took the helm of the ladies' cabin and state-rooms and allowed Leslie to enjoy a season of comparative rest.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," said she. "And I don't know but that the same rule holds good in regard to Jill!"

It was upon one of these days, a pleasant May afternoon, that Leslie, attracted by an advertisement of very cheap goods, had gone to Stewart's marble palace, to select a new spring dress for her own use, to re-enforce the wardrobe which, never very complete since the sale of her dresses to Mme. Diane, at Long Branch, had by this time dwindled down to pitiful shabbiness.

"And I think," said Leslie to herself, "that I can afford a really good alpaca, now, if I make it up myself, and indulge in no expensive trimmings."

She had never gone through the form of putting on mourning for her deceased husband, and yet she felt within herself that it was according to the fitness of things that she should confine herself to black, or some equally quiet color—and as she was bending over the counter, absorbed in comparing prices and qualities, while the patient and courteous clerk was awaiting her selection, she was surprised at feeling a familiar touch upon her shoulder.

Starting up she found herself looking directly into the face of old Mrs. Utley, who stood there smiling.

With a burst of passionate emotion, Leslie Ford threw herself into the old lady's outstretched arms.

"Why, Leslie, my dear," said Mrs. Utley, who could not but be flattered by this unconscious tribute of affection "what is all this? There is nothing in the sight of an old friend to cry about, is there?"

"Oh, it's not that" faltered Leslie, half smiling, half ashamed, "but I am so lonely, so friendless! And I have longed for you with, oh, such an intensity of longing! I have wanted you so terribly!"

"Then come home with me now," said Mrs. Utley, "and tell me all about it. My carriage is at the door. "I start for Philadelphia within the hour."

"But I can not," said Leslie. "I am engaged in a situation."

"Where?" asked Mrs. Utley.

"I am stewardess on board a steamboat—the 'Benjamin Franklin,'" owned Leslie, coloring, yet smiling.

"You! A stewardess on a steamboat!" exclaimed Mrs. Utley, in surprise.

"Yes, and I believe I give tolerably good satisfaction, too," said Leslie, not without innocent pride. "Oh, you do not know, dear Mrs. Utley, to what straits I have been reduced since seeing you last."

"But, my dear," persisted Mrs. Utley, "I thought that you were happily married. At least so Fenella Lancaster—Fenella Ferrier I mean, wrote to me from Long Branch, in the only letter I ever received from her while I was in Europe."

"I was married," said Leslie, hanging down her head; "but it was not a happy marriage."

"And your husband—where is he now?"

"He is dead!"

"Poor child—poor child!" said Mrs. Utley, stroking down her bright hair. "And I never to know anything of all this. But this stewardess complication must be got rid of somehow, my dear. I want you now. I am getting lonely in my old age, and I feel the need of companionship. Do you know what especial business brought me on to New York this morning?"

"No. How should I?"

"To see a young woman who advertised in one of the dailies for a position as reader and useful companion to an elderly lady—a clergyman's daughter, the paragraph said. Well, I went to No. 60 Gramont Street. I saw this clergyman's daughter. She was a vixen, who would have reduced me, or any other 'elderly lady,' to a mere nonentity, in her own house in less than a week's time. I was very much put out at first, to think that I had had all my journey, and the time and trouble of it all for nothing. Now I know that all that has happened is for the best—as it always is, in this world, if only one has the common sense to perceive it. You shall be my companion now, Leslie?"

"Dear Mrs. Utley," said Leslie, looking up with swimming eyes, "I shall be only too glad, if you will give me time enough for a notice to my kind friends on the steamboat. It would not be right to leave them without any one to help them."

"Take me there!" said Mrs. Utley, who was not a woman to allow trifles to stand in her way. "I'll make it all right with them."

So the hack-driver was ordered to Pier No. 93 without loss of time.

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated good Mrs. Harvey, as she heard Leslie's story, "it does seem a pity that your friend should not have you, Mrs. Ford, since she's taken such a fancy to you. And I'll tell you what, Josepha Ward was here this noon, not half an hour after you went away, in a terrible taking. She's left Mrs. Lyell. She couldn't stand her temper any longer, and I only wonder that she has endured it as long as she has. And she has gone back after her things now, and she's coming to stay here a few days, until she can get another place, so she'll lend a hand, I know, until I find some one else to suit me. Though, all the same, dear, me and the captain will miss you terribly for you've been a dear, faithful little girl!"

"She was always that, Mrs. Harvey," said Mrs. Utley, smiling.

So Leslie Ford, after many kisses and adieus to Mrs. Harvey and the children, re-entered the carriage with her old friend, more than willing to follow, as Ruth did Naomi, to the end of the world.

Mrs. Utley glanced at her watch, as they rolled swiftly along the streets.

"Only three o'clock," said she. "I believe I shall have time to stop a few minutes, after all, at my cousin Lancaster's."

Leslie shrunk back into the corner of the carriage.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear," said the old lady, kindly. "You need not go in, unless you please. Indeed, I do not know but that the sight of you would be almost too much of a shock for poor Emily."

"Is Mrs. Lancaster ill, then?" asked Leslie.

"Well, no; not to say ill, exactly, but she has never been quite herself since the death of the others."

"Of what others, Mrs. Utley?"

Leslie Ford leaned forward with a paling cheek and intent eyes.

"Don't you know, Leslie? Haven't you heard?"

"I have heard nothing. Oh, Mrs. Utley, tell me what you mean?"

"Fenella died more than a year ago," said Mrs. Utley, gravely. "Mr. Lancaster survived her death but a few months, and Emily is left all alone in the world."

And Mrs. Utley went on to recount the particulars of both occurrences, while Leslie listened, with a very white face, and large dilated eyes fixed upon the narrator's face. Ah! how strangely had the world changed while she had been "driving her weird," as the old Scotch soothsayers express it, of repentance and atonement for the one great sin of her life—marriage without love!

Fenella dead! Fenella, with all her radiant strength and overflowing spirits, moldering in the grave! Kind old Jason Lancaster lying at her side, and Lucian Ferrier left alone!

Did he miss his young wife much, she wondered? Was he inconsolable? And then she found herself almost envying the dead woman, whose happy fate it was to be mourned by Lucian Ferrier.

While these disconnected thoughts and ideas were passing through her mind the carriage stopped in front of the well-known Fifth Avenue mansion—the house to which Leslie Ford had come, a timid, trembling girl, in the deep black robes of her first bereavement. Jason Lancaster and his wife had been kind to her then. Fenella had welcomed her with open heart and arms and the tears blinded Leslie's eyes as she thought of the changes which had swept over the household since then—death and separation, and that living entombment which was worse than all—the eternal eclipse of a darkened mind.

(To be continued.)

A tourist in Scotland came to a wide ferry. It was stormy, and the wind was constantly increasing. The Scotch ferryman agreed to take the tourist across, but told him to wait until he had first taken a cow over. When he had returned and started across with the traveller, the latter became curious. "Will you tell me why you took the cow over and made me wait?" he asked. "Weel, now," exclaimed the ferryman, "ye see, the coo wur valuable, and I feared th' wind wud increase so th' boat might upset on th' second trip."

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BRUCE'S MAMMOTH INTERMEDIATE SMOOTH WHITE CARROT—The best of all field Carrots. ¼lb. 30c, ½lb. 55c, 1lb. $1.00.

BRUCE'S GIANT YELLOW INTERMEDIATE MANGEL—A very close second to our Giant White Feeding Beet, and equally easy to harvest. ¼lb. 10c, ½lb. 18c, 1lb. 30c.

BRUCE'S NEW CENTURY SWEDE TURNIP—The best shipping variety, as well as the best for cooking; handsome shape, uniform growth, purple top, ¼lb. 12c, ½lb. 20c, 1lb. 35c.

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100 to 200	-	95c. each
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Spohn Medical Co., Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

The Red Star liner Belgeland, of 27,000 tons, which has been launched in Belfast, has accommodation for 3,000 passengers.

It is stated that the Right Hon. Lord Justice Holmes is about to retire from his seat in the Irish Court of Appeals.

The motor ambulance provided by public subscription in Dublin for the South Irish Horse has now been sent across to France.

At Ardara, County Donegal, a so-called "sportsman," is reported to have shot the last golden eagle supposed to be located in Ireland.

The strike which affected the City of Dublin Steampacket Company has now been settled and the vessels have resumed their usual sailing.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Lieut.-Col. Walter Edgeworth Johnstone to be chief commander of the Dublin Metropolitan Police Force.

Instructions have been received by the police authorities in the County of Antrim, to inform farmers and others the method of action in case of invasion.

Mr. Michael O'Sullivan, who has served 43 years under the Irish Prison Board as Governor of the Limerick District Prison, has just resigned office.

Every now and again lumps of butter are dug up in the Irish bogs which are said to have been placed there many years ago for flavoring or preservation.

There is no falling off in recruiting in the Roscommon district, and especially in the Castlerea district, where a number are daily enlisting for the Irish Brigade.

The new courthouse at Limavady, which has just been completed, was used for the first time, when his Honor Judge Todd, Recorder of Londonderry, opened the quarter sessions.

While in the vestry of Benbush Church, the Rev. Dr. King Irwin, Archdeacon of Armagh, was taken suddenly ill just before he was to begin his sermon, and died shortly afterwards.

Lord Kitchener, who was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Irish Guards in succession to the late Lord Roberts, was present at a parade of the 2nd (reserve) Battalion of the Irish Guards.

Hugh McAleary, an oiler in the employment of the Culleybackey Dyeing & Finishing Works, County Antrim, was caught in the machinery, and before it could be stopped, his body was smashed to a pulp.

At a meeting of the Mountmellick Board of Guardians attention was drawn to the case of John Carroll, a laborer, who, although an inmate of the workhouse, has seven sons in the army. It was decided to bring the case before Lord Kitchener.

After a discussion on the beet-growing possibilities of Ireland, in which the suggestion was made that the services of Belgian refugees might be used, the Louth Agricultural Committee appointed a subcommittee to go fully into the matter.

Mr. Ernest H. Enson, son of the late Mr. Chas. Enson, J.P., Loughgall, County Armagh, has given up a position in the Chinese Customs House with $2,000 a year, and paid $200 for his passage to Belfast and enlisted as a private in the 9th Battalion, R.I.F.

The Waterford Corporation have increased the charges for water to consumers by meter by two cents per 1,000 gallons. The increase is caused by a large decrease in revenue by reason of the railway companies not now taking water.

Not for a long period have the Irish emigration returns been so satisfactory as those for 1914, when, according to the report of the Register-General, there was an increase in the population of 8,000, and a decline in the number of emigrants of 34 per cent.

No Trained Nurse.

Mrs. Finnicky (entering kitchen with newspaper)—Norah, a celebrated doctor says that brooms are full of microbes, so hereafter you'll have to give your broom an antiseptic bath every day.

Norah—Shure Oi'll not! Next thing ye'll be asking me to give it massage thratements and hippydermic injections, an' that Oi'm no thrained nurse.

The college professor, greatly beloved because of his kind heart, but very absent-minded, visited his married niece and listened to her praise of her first-born. When she paused for breath, the professor felt that he must say something. "Can the little fellow walk?" he asked, with every appearance of interest. "Walk!" cried the mother indignantly. "Why, he's been walking now for five months. "Dear me!" exclaimed the professor. "What a long way he must have gone."