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INSTANT LOUSE KILLER KILLS LICE

but I may some day. However, if you think it worth while to pay any attention to a few of my ideas, etc., all well and good.

I am always so glad when "The Farmer's Advocate" comes, and I hunt up "Ingle Nook" first thing. I do enjoy "the chats" so very much, and they are so helpful.

Yes, I live in the country, and on the farm, and love my dear old home very much. Little worries and trials come, no matter where you are, and I find it best to be as cheerful and happy as can be.

Who could help but be light-hearted this beautiful springtime, when everything is peeping out to the sunlight, and the air filled with the sweet melody of birds. This joyous Easter-tide gives one such thrilling memories, and to-night, as I was reading those beautiful and inspiring lines that Mr. Middleton wrote for the "Quiet Hour," I enjoyed them very much. They gave me an aching desire to be a more true and earnest follower of the "Risen Saviour." But I must not take up too much room, must I? Well, Dear Dame Durden, I am going to give you a little recipe for a "chocolate pudding" that I find very

tasty, and easy to make. Grate about two heaping tablespoons of chocolate. Add 1 cup water, and 1 cup of white sugar. Let boil on the stove. While this is boiling, beat up 1 or 2 eggs (just which you like); add 2 cups sweet milk, and 2 dessertspoons of cornstarch (heaping ones). Pour this into the boiling chocolate on the stove; add a little bit of butter, the size of a plum, and stir till all is boiled up thick. Pour into dish to cool, and, when cold, serve with cream, and it makes a nice dessert. This is also good for pie-filling, too; but when I make the pies, I use the 2 eggs, and save out the whites for a meringue, like lemon pies, and they are very good. Hoping you are not tired of my chatter, I will say by-bye for this time. DARLING.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

A delightful answer to "New Chum," who asked for a menu for a supper on the farm, has come in. I am sorry to have to hold it over, but have come to the end of our space for this time. However, I promise to give it the very first place next week. D. D.

In a Department Store.

By Emily S. Windsor.

Mr. Dutton folded the document he had just finished reading, and took off his spectacles.

"And so," he said, "it amounts to this. This house and contents are left to Hannah for her faithful services. The rest of the estate is to be invested for you. You can safely count on an income of five hundred dollars a year."

He paused while he placed his spectacles in their case. The young girl sitting opposite him cast a furtive glance at her reflection in the mirror near by. How unbecoming the old gray gown was! Well, she could choose her clothes now and have them made as she wished. Five hundred dollars! Why—

Rowena turned with a start as Mr. Dutton went on speaking: "Of course, as you are eighteen, the legal age in this State, you can make what arrangements you wish for the future. Still, I may be of some assistance to you." "Thank you," said Rowena; "I think that I shall go to the city."

"Have you friends there?" asked the lawyer.

"Mrs. Graves, who used to live here. She several times invited me to visit her, but—Aunt would never let me go."

"Ah, I see. Well, Mrs. Graves is a good woman. You would have a nice home with her. Now, I think that is all to-day. But you will please come to my office to-morrow. There are some papers you must sign, and I shall also give you a check for your first quarter's income."

When the lawyer had gone Rowena read again a letter which she had received that morning. She went over the concluding paragraph a third time:

"There is a home here for you, my dear. I am your only living relative now. I shall expect you next week."

"Your affectionate cousin, Phoebe Brown."

"Go to that dull little town," she thought, as she replaced the letter in its envelope. O, no; it would be worse than what she had always had. No, she would go to the city and stay with Mrs. Graves. Yes, the city was the place. She could have a brighter life now. Her aunt had been—but she must try not to have bitter thoughts of one whom she had seen laid in her grave but a few days before.

Rowena's musings were interrupted by the entrance of an elderly woman. "O, Hannah, Mr. Dutton was here!" exclaimed the girl. "I met him," returned the woman, as she seated herself and took a roll of knitting from her apron pocket.

"Then I suppose he told you about the will?"

"Yes—and your aunt was very good," was the grave answer. "You

served her faithfully so long, Hannah. It was only just. And what she left me belongs to me. My father had done a great deal for her. Just think how she treated me all these years!" exclaimed Rowena, warmly.

"Miss Rowena, dear, she is dead—"

"I am trying, Hannah, not to think unkindly of her." There was a silence for some moments, broken only by the clicking of Hannah's knitting needles. Then Rowena said:

"I am going to town, Hannah, and will board with Mrs. Graves."

"I thought you would do that. She is a good woman, and you will be happy with her. Have you written to your cousin Phoebe?"

"Not yet. I am going to the city to-morrow by the afternoon train, but I am coming back the next day. I want to make arrangements with Mrs. Graves and buy some things that I must have now. I'll not go for good till next month. What are you going to do, Hannah?"

"I'll sell this place and go to live with my niece in Boston. She's been wanting me for some time, but I wouldn't leave your aunt so long as she needed me."

When Rowena had signed the papers at the lawyer's office the next morning and was about to leave, Mr. Dutton said: "Hannah was telling me that your cousin Phoebe wants you to live with her."

"Yes," said Rowena. "It's very kind of her, of course, to make the offer. But—I've never seen her—I might not be any happier with her than—" she stopped suddenly.

"I knew Phoebe—in fact she was an old sweetheart of mine," and Mr. Dutton laughed. "She was quite different from—" He paused, and went on hastily. "I haven't seen her for the last ten years, since she lost her husband and went to that little place to live—Bond, I believe it is called."

"Yes."

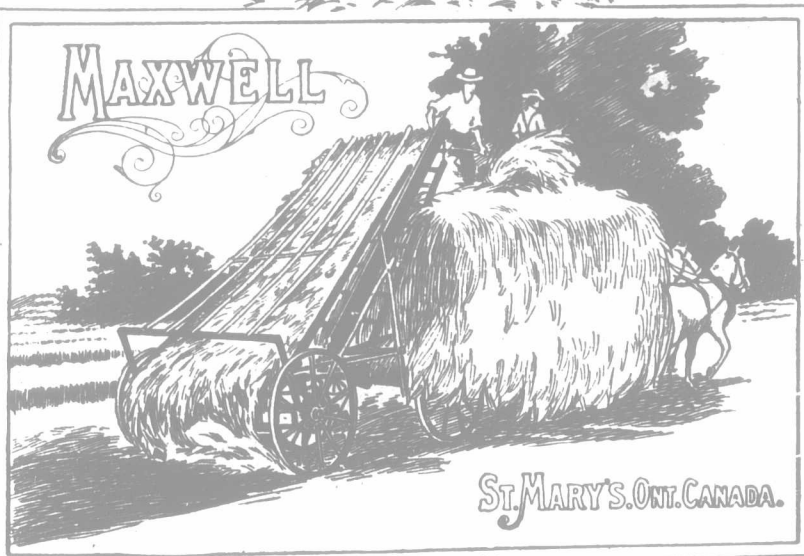
"And you never saw her. She was a pretty woman years ago when we were both young. Well, stop in again on Saturday. There are a few matters I must explain to you."

As she had planned, Rowena went to the city the next day, and the following morning she set out early to do some shopping. Mrs. Graves was unable to accompany her. But Rowena was fairly familiar with the streets of the city, having occasionally come with her aunt on the latter's visits to town. The shops, with their lavish display of beautiful goods, possessed a fascination for her. Her aunt's purchases had always been confined to the plainest of necessities. She had never permitted the girl to linger to look at anything, no matter how beautiful it might be, which she was not going to buy. So now Rowena took a keen pleasure in a leisurely

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