ON THE FARM.

CHEAP FENCING.

A great many farmers have rail fences which will not turn stock and which give the owners a great deal of trouble in keeping rails on the fence and the stakes in the ground. In our section we have solved this problem by the use of a little wire and some ingenuity. We have made out of our old rail fence a new fence which will turn any kind of stock and which costs very little cash outlay compared with other fences. I believe it is the only fence I know of that you begin to build from the top, says a writer, in preface to the following directions:

Tools.—A pair of wire pincers or pliers, a grubbing hoe, a rack made of 1 by 3 strips 6½ feet tall, to hold your top rail, and lastly, but most important, a bale of No. 12 black wire as pliable as you can get.

Material.—1. The stakes should be six and a-half feet long, made of locust, oak, walnut or any timber that will last. These stakes do not have to be perfectly straight, as this is the great advantage of this fence, to use material that cannot be used anywhere else except in a wood pile. 2. The braces, which are wired to the centre of top rail, and extend to the ground between the stakes, should be six and a half feet long. Make them from anything from two to three inches in diameter. They need not be put in the ground, as your rails will hold them in place. 3. Rails can be used from the old fence, straight or crooked. When you take a rail to wire it to the braces, if it leaves a hole let it be. You can put a piece in the hole. You will lose too much time to select every rail.

Building.—Set up two stakes and wire together where they cross, then dig holes for them to go into about four feet apart. This is your beginning. Temporarily brace these stakes with a brace of rail, which should be as straight and as sound a one as you can pick up. Now use your rack for holding the end on the ground while you dig the holes and wire the other stakes. Put the rack about two feet from the end of the top rail and then set up your stakes against the top rail. Dig holes for them opposite the rack's feet, put the stakes in, wire together where they cross under the top rail, then put on another rail, lapping about eighteen inches, and so on until you have put this way about ten or twelve panels. Then go back and put on your brace to keep the fence from pushing backward and forward lengthwise.

When you have put on all your braces, begin at the bottom to put on the other rails, tie with wire to the bottom of the braces, lap the rails eight to twelve inches, laying bottom rail until you are at the end of your stakes, then come back, take the next rail, and so on until your panel is complete. A hundred pounds of wire will build from seventy to eighty-five panels, according to the size of the rail.

MANURE.

A good acre of clover has in stalks, leaves and roots about 138 pounds of nitrogen, 46 pounds of phosphoric acid and 115 pounds of potash, all available when it decays in the soil. When clover is too much needed for feeding to be plowed under it is a satisfaction to know that when fed each ton returns about $9 worth of fertilizer in the manure, and the roots of the two-year-old clover sod have about one-half as much manurial value when plowed under as the whole crop would have. There are certain crops, garden crops more frequently, that need to make rapid growth, that will do better on well-rotted manure than fresh manure, though many farmers who use manure fresh or nearly so supplement them with commercial fertilizers to stimulate the early growth until the manure decays in the soil and the plant roots reach it.

Those who let their manure rot before using it need to be careful to do their work in such a way as not to let it waste by leaching or evaporation. The first is very nearly checked by keeping it heaped under the covered shed or barn cellar, with cement floor under it and the last by keeping it moist well trampled down and with a covering of dry earth or other absorbent to get the ammonia that might escape during fermentation.

Many dairy farmers do not place a sufficient value on their manure when they are feeding clover hay, bran or gluten meal. They know they can grow good crops, but they scarcely realize that it is because rich food has made a manure heap rich in fertility. The great needs of the farmers then are to make a goodly quantity of rich manure, to save it without waste and to use it judiciously, and if all their savings for the year are represented by that, it will be as good as money in the bank.

CARE OF FEEDING COWS.

The cow requires not only materials for maintenance, but also must have protein, fat and carbohydrates to make milk from. The milk contains water, fat protein (casein, or curd), sugar, the ash, and these are all made from the constituents of the food. If sufficient protein, fat and carbohydrates are contained in the food given her, the cow supplies this deficiency for a time by drawing on her own body, and gradually begins to shrink in quantity or quality of milk, or both. The stingy feeder ly is full of swale hay, but she also becomes poor and does not yield the milk and butter she should. Her milk glands are a wonderful machine but they cannot make milk casein (curd) out of the carbohydrates in coarse, unappetizing, indigestible swale hay or sawdust any more than the farmer himself can make butter from skim milk. She must not only have a generous supply of good food, but it must contain sufficient amounts of the nutriments needed for making milk. Until this fact is understood and appreciated, successful, profitable dairying is out of the question. The cow must be regarded as a sort of living machine. She takes the raw materials given her in the form of food and works them over into milk. If the supply of proper materials is small, the output will be small. The cow that will not repay generous feeding should be disposed of at once and one bought that will.

There are usually 7,000 children in British reformatories, and 28,000 in industrial schools.

Four Scottish towns—Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen—have each populations exceeding 100,000.

Twenty British landowners possess over 150,000 acres apiece. Of these 15 are peers and 5 commoners.

Good mortar should contain one-third lime. Mortar with one-sixth only of lime is not safe for use in building.

The Caspian Sea has but 11 lb of salt to a ton of water; while there are 51 lb in a ton of Atlantic water.

Marina:

The Daughter of Kison Ludim.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING Chapters.—Prince Phalis of Tyre pursues Marina to make her his wife. Gio aids her escape and is summoned by the king.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Minutes lengthened into hours and hours began to multiply themselves, until at length the light spots in the door began to disappear and soon they were all gone. Then Gio knew that night had fallen over the city. Half an hour more passed and at the end of that time he placed his work in his bosom, and began to pace to and fro across his narrow quarters. Another half hour flew by and the armorer stopped more often in his walk, and listened more anxiously; still no signs of uneasiness were apparent. His taper had burned nearly down to its socket, and he was upon the point of lighting another one when a slight sound from the large apartment overhead caught his ear. He listened and distinctly made out footsteps, which seemed to be traversing as if upon an errand of search. Ere long the steps approached the door of the armorer's dungeon, and the glimmerings of a light beamed faintly through the small perforations.

"Gio," said a voice from above, in anxious tones.

"I'm here," returned the armorer.

"Good!" exclaimed the person from above, and on the next moment a key was heard to turn in the lock that confined one of the bolts to its place. Then another lock was cast loose, and another bolt thrown back, and then the iron door was slowly lifted.

The armorer blew out his flickering taper, and as he turned from the bench the ladder was lowered into the cell, and soon he stood face to face with his deliverer.

"I thought I should never find you," said the latter, as he shut back the door and replaced the bolts.

"'Tis soon enough, Balbec," returned Gio, as he waited for the former to relock the bolts.

The new-comer was indeed Balbec, the priest of the temple; but instead of the light dress in which we saw him before, he now wore a mantle and coif of dark stuff which rendered his form less perceptible in the darkness.

"Have you seen Strato yet?" continued Gio, as Balbec arose from his work.

"No—I have left that for you."

"'Tis well—I'll see him to-night."

"'Tis best you should; but you must use discretion, for the king may have his eyes upon him, and we had better not have too much work upon our hands. Though we have the power, yet we must use it moderately, nor must you subject yourself to any more such narrow chances as that which you ran last night."

"Under the same circumstances I might be obliged to," returned Gio.

"Certainly—but avoid them if you can."

As Balbec spoke he led the way up the stairs at the corner of the building, but instead of passing across the piazza, he unlocked a small door that opened to a rear garden, stepped out, and then, relocking the door after him, he passed on to where a small stream ran under the wall, and here, without difficulty, they both gained the open space beyond. Once in the street they separated—the priest taking the way to the great temple of Hercules, while the armorer sought the dwelling of Strato.

Gio walked slowly along, and occasionally his thoughts took to themselves words, and were born upon the breeze. Half the contemplated distance of his travel had he gained, when his steps were arrested by a party of the king's soldiers just coming up from a narrow street to the right, and a moment's observation showed him that they bore with them two prisoners, both of whom were begging most piteously to be released. Gio trusted that none of the party knew of his arrest, so he made bold to step over and ascertain what had transpired.

"What is the matter?" asked the armorer, as he came up to the spot.

The soldiers stopped, and the officers who led them—one of the king's base tools—insultingly replied:—

"Get about your business, sirrah. These are two dogs that have been caught breaking the royal laws."

"And what laws have they broken?"

"It matters not."

"We have broken no laws," quickly exclaimed one of the young prisoners. "We were only passing home from our day's labor."

"And is not that trampling upon the royal authority, to be in the street at this time of night? The king has especially ordered that when we find two or more people together in the streets after a seasonable hour, we shall arrest them as conspirators. There is some trouble brewing, and Mapen is determined to stop it."

As the officer said this he would have passed on, but Gio detained him.

"You said the king did not allow the people to congregate in the streets at night, I think?"

"And what are those whom you can even now hear brawling at the next turn?"

"They are some of our young nobility."

"Nobility!" iterated Gio, with the utmost sarcasm. "And so our honest laborers—those who produce by the sweat of their brows the food and raiment that nourishes and covers royalty—must be treated like dogs. Tell me—what will the king do with these two young men?"

"Perhaps hang them."

"No, no—ge dares not do that," uttered the armorer, unable to repress a shudder at the thought that such might be the truth. "The king will not punish his subjects for what they could not avoid."

"Cease your babbling, or you may come in for the same chance," said the officer. "If there be rebellion in Tyre, as the king suspects, I doubt not that you have a hand in it, for I think I heard it whispered this afternoon that Mapen had ordered you to be watched, at any rate."

"Ha, ha, you didn't hear half the truth."

"What further?" asked the officer, not a little surprised at the armorer's manner, even though he affected to hold him in contempt.

"No matter. If you must take those two helpless youths simply because they chanced to be together in the streets after dark, then do so; but when you make your report to the king tell him that for every deed of tyranny like this, he shall surely be called to an account."

"We are innocent of all wrong, indeed we are," uttered one of the prisoners, in an imploring tone. "We could not leave our work quicker."

"Then why didn't you stay till morning?" roughly asked the officer.

"We had no food in our workshop."

"Then you had better have starved. But come, for I've no time to waste. And as for you," continued the officer, turning to Gio, "the king shall know of your hints, and your head may keep company with these."

"Villain, and minion of a greater villain!" pronounced the armorer, in a calm, deep tone; beware the rod that the king is preparing for the people of Tyre falls not upon his own back. He who speaks knows what he says."

Gio waited to hear no reply, but quickly turning away he strode from the place, and when he once more gained the other side of the street, his steps were quicker and more nervous, and he seemed much moved. Short, broken, sentences fell from his lips, his hands were clutched with a powerful grip, and once or twice he turned his gaze back upon the house he had left.

The moon had just risen, and though her silvery beams fell not yet into the streets yet she gave considerable light by her bright reflection, and Gio kept nearer in under the shade of the buildings. Numerous squads of dissipated young lords and merchants were abroad in the city making the air infectious with their vulgarity and profaneness, and many were the bitter shades that passed over the armorer's face as their hooting fell upon his ears. Several times he turned out of his way to avoid them, for he desired not to be mixed up in any broil and well he knew that an humble artisan would not escape their impudent notice if they were to meet him.

Sad indeed were the affairs of Tyre at this time. The great mass of the population were hard-working people whose labor was called upon to satisfy the demands of a tyrannizing and overbearing nobility. To be laboring people, and even to be poor, they could well have borne, for they expected nothing better; but to be the mere footballs of a selfish aristocracy—to have the fruits of their labor wrenched from them to support their superiors in idleness, galled them to the quick, and the more, because they could not help themselves. They knew that they were citizens of Tyre, and yet they saw that they were gradually, but surely, losing all the privileges thereto belonging.

Wealth had poured in upon the island city, and power had become hers; but all this was in the hands of a few, and that few had become self-willed and arrogant. In vain had the Herculean oracle warned them of the sure punishment of their iniquities, and in vain had the people pleaded for a redress of their wrongs. The king and the nobles were given over to their wickedness, and though they sometimes feared from the indignation of their subjects, and had even taken the most stringent measures to prevent them from holding any sort of meetings, yet they knew not the dark cloud that was lowering above them!

CHAPTER VIII.

In a luxuriously furnished apartment of a house situated near the grand bazaar, sat a young man of twenty-five years of age. He was strikingly handsome, and his features, which were cast in the purest mould, combined a vast amount of quick-witted intelligence with singular beauty. His hair was a little darker than flaxen, his eyes blue, large and almost dreamy in their expression, but yet capable of sparkling and glowing under excitement. In stature he was of fair size, though he possessed few of those physical points that mark the powerful man. Kindness lurked in every feature of his face, and right good will beamed from his eyes and lay rivetted in active life about his finely chiselled lips.

Such was young Strato, a merchant of Tyre, whose father had been dead little over a year, and who had inherited vast wealth in a manner that became the noble heart he possessed. At the present time he was sad and gloomy and though he had in his hand a volume of vellum, written in Persian character, yet he read it not. The golden lamp that stood upon the table by his side shed its light for him to no purpose, for he regarded not its beams.

While thus he sat, the door of his dwelling was unceremoniously opened and as he started up from his deep reverie, he encountered the gaze of the armorer.

"Ah Gio," he uttered, as he tossed the volume upon the table and sprang forward, "you are the man above all others I would see."

"Then, dear master, I am in season," returned Gio, as he shook the proferred hand with a joyful look.

"Not master, Gio."

"You are more—my true master now than when I was your servant, Strato, for I will risk even life for you now that I am free to obey you."

"I thank you, and I may be able to reward you; but a fearful calamity has befallen me."

"Is it so fearful then?"

"Yes, yes—they have stolen away my beloved Marina."

"Who, think you, has taken her?"

"The king, perhaps, for he has stolen her father, and upon my life I believe the poor old man is murdered. Oh, Gio, can you ferret out this king?"

"The prince, good Strato, went to Kison Ludim's house, and by force he would have dragged Marina to the palace."

"Oh, the villain!"

"Hold. He did not drag her there, however, for she fled, and took refuge with me."

"And you saved her! Oh, say that you did, Gio."

"I did. I bearded the prince, and drove back his hirelings from my shop; then I conducted the fair girl to a place af safety; and 'twas to tell you this that I came here now."

"May the great God above all gods bless thee, Gio," ejaculated Strato, as he again grasped his friend's hand. "You will conduct her to me will you not?"

"I will conduct you to her, for she must not return to the city at present."

"Why not?" uttered the young man in surprise. "Surely beneath my roof none would dare to touch her.

"You know not what a king dares to do when he is driven to it. Mapen desires Marina as a wife for his son, and you may rest assured that he will risk his life to gain that end. She cannot return to Tyre, but I promised her that you should visit her in her place of retreat."

"Gio," said the young man, with sudden energy, "what means all this? To what a pass are we coming in Tyre, when the rights of the citizens are thus trampled upon? What phantasy is this that has seized upon the mind of the king?"

"'Tis simply that the prince must have to wife the fair Marina."

"And by the eternal gods! he shall never have her," cried Strato, starting quickly across the apartment, and then turning and settling into his seat.

"So, too, have I sworn," uttered Gio.

"But why is this sudden freak of the king's?" asked Strato. "Upon what does he found his claim? He asked of Kison Ludim the hand of his daughter for the prince, and the old noble refused him. Then Ludim was sent off on an embassy to Sidon, and he was destroyed—the king says accidentally. Of that he knows best. But why should the monarch press the suit further? Gio, what is this mystery?"

"I freely confess, Strato, that I know the secret of the king's strange desire on this point but when I tell thee that I am under oath not to reveal it, I know you will not question me further. But one thing I can assure you, he shall be thwarted."

"Well," returned the young man, after gazing for a moment into the face of the armorer in silence, during which a variety of shades passed over his features, "I will not urge you beyond your entire willingness; but yet 'tis strange—'tis unaccountable."

To be Continued.

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Liquid 25c. Large Liquid and Powder 75c.
At all stores or by mail. Sample of the Liquid for the postage, 3c.
HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

CANADA'S CORONATION ARCH.

The Line of the Route Will be Lavishly Decorated.

The London Daily Mail says there is just a chance that the Westminster portion of the coronation route will, as befits a royal borough, present a perfect picture of artistic and symbolical beauty in June next.

Mr. Frederick Vigers, who made some excellent suggestions for the Jubilee, has prepared designs for a series of emblemic arches suggested for erection in the city of Westminster for the coronation.

One at the beginning of the Mall, fronting the Horse Guards' parade, would represent Great Britain and Ireland, the centre piece being the royal arms and those of the princes of the blood on a banner, while on either side are the arms of the counties, the whole being on a gold ground studded with the King's initials.

The Indian Empire would be illustrated by an arch in Whitehall, consisting of a gold canopy, supported on white tiers of arches to represent ivory. These are surmounted by golden domes, to be perforated with colored celluloid, behind which would be powerful electric lights for evening illuminations.

The centre of the Canadian design is a snow peak canopy rising out of a blue sky groundwork, with colored fruit trees, and below these a field of golden corn. On the faces of the arch are the arms of the Dominion Provinces, trophies of moose heads, salmon, and other Canadian field and river spoils. On the top of the pillars are figures in khaki.

The African and Australian arches are equally fine in conception, and the design for the entrance to Westminster Abbey consists of a canopy of cloth of gold over the central entrance, embroidered with the rose, shamrock and thistle. On either side the hangings are of red silk, and the whole is lined with a vivid blue silk, emblazoned with golden stars. A golden figure of St. Peter surmounts the central canopy. The columns are velvet draped.

NO CONSUMPTIVES IN 10 YEARS.

Statement of Dr. John Ferguson—The New Free Consumptive Hospital an Immediate Helper to This End.

The statement of Dr. John Ferguson, one of Toronto's well-known physicians, that, "if consumption patients were properly isolated and treated, within ten years from now tuberculosis would be one of the rarest of known diseases," ought to prove an encouraging stimulus to friends of the new Free Consumptive Hospital to hurry along subscriptions towards the furnishing of this hospital, capable of admitting at charge,

once fifty patients—and without any

The curability of tuberculosis is clearly in evidence in the records of the Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium under the management of the National Sanitarium Association, and under whose auspices the new Free Consumptive Hospital has been built. In four years 422 patients have been treated and more than 352 have been cured, or so helped that they could go back to work, caring for wife or children dependent upon them.

The new Free Consumptive Hospital is situated in Muskoka, not far from the Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium, the two gentlemen who have generously borne the cost of constructing the building desiring that the same benefits that have come to patients of the Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium, by virtue of its excellent situation, should come to the poorer patients whose only hope is in admittance to the Free Consumptive Hospital.

All that is wanting now is the furnishing of this hospital with beds and other necessary appointments. The National Sanitarium Association, because of their heavy debt, are unable to undertake this part of the work. Only let the many whose hearts are touched by the distressing cases chronicled in newspaper columns from day to day send their contributions of $1, or, if possible, $5, $10, or $50, and no time will be lost in opening wide the doors of the new hospital.

Is not the suggestion a timely one on the opening of a new year? The pleasures of the season will be heightened in an immeasurable degree by the thought that one's gifts have been of the kind to help those who are most needing help—the poor consumptives whose sickness is doubtless the reason for depriving wife and children and other loved ones of the blessings that would otherwise come to them. Contributions will be received by Sir William R. Meredith, Chief Justice, 4 Lampert avenue, Toronto; W. J. Gage, 52 Front Street West, Toronto; or the National Trust Company, limited, treasurer, 22 King Street east, Toronto.

The Czar of Russia makes it a rule to spend at least three hours every day with his children, to whom he is deeply attached.

PAGE METAL GATES are so low in price no one can afford to use wooden ones. Light, and yet strong enough to support a heavy man on the end while he swings around the circle without causing them to sag. They are neat in appearance, will last a lifetime. Will not sag nor get rickety. They are supplied with latches which allow them to be opened either way and are self acting. The only good metal gate that is low enough in price for General farm purposes. We also make Farm and Ornamental Fence, Poultry Netting, Nails and Staples. The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont.

PAPER STOCKINGS.

The new uses to which paper may be put seem numberless. The latest announcements are of paper gloves and stockings, the laster having been in course of manufacture several months. They are not thin things you could wear through in a day, but quite tough. Paper twine, which has long been known, is roughed by machinery so as to seem fuzzy, like wool, and it is then knitted to shape just as if it were yarn. The stockings will be retailed at about three-halfpence a pair. So to buy new ones will not be more expensive than the cost of washing.

Papa—"See that spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man can spin that web?" Johnny—"What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider can spin this top?"

"What did papa say?"
"He showed me the door."
"And what did you say?"
"I said it certainly was a very handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh and a minute later you were mine."

WIDEMAN TALKS.

THE CLAY POTTER WHO ESCAPED BEING CRIPPLED FOR LIFE BY ALMOST A MIRACLE.

A. N. Wideman of Duntroon, Ont., Interviewed in Toronto—The Most Hopeless Case of Rheumatism on Record—A Living Monument to the Power of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Toronto, Dec. 30.—The wonderful escape of A. N. Wideman, which found its way into the newspapers a short here. He will be remembered few weeks ago, is still a subject of as the man who was so frightfully crippled with Rheumatism, being twisted and contorted out of shape.

He was fairly snatched from a miserable death by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and he has been one of the greatest upholders of Dodd's Kidney Pills in Canada ever since.

Mr. Wideman still has to use a stick when he walks, as the disease left him with one leg shorter than the other.

With this exception, and with the defect due to the breaking of his teeth from taking mercury medicines, Mr. Wideman is as well as ever he was in his life.

"I never heard of anything like the way Dodd's Kidney Pills worked in my case," said he. "They drove the Rheumatism clean out of my system. You know work was slack in earthenware works, and I took a chance to work in the harvest field. I got soaked several times with rain and that brought on the worst attack of Rheumatism I ever heard of. I was in bed five months. My legs were twisted out of shape, the toes pointing inwards. Well, nothing the doctors could do did me the least good. My teeth broke off from the mercury he gave me, that was all."

"How did you come to take Dodd's Kidney Pills?" Mr. Wideman was asked.

"A neighbor of mine, Mrs. Boyer, got me to try them. I did so to please her, but continued their use because they were curing me."

"And you ascribe your present health and strength to Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

"I certainly do. If it hadn't been for Dodd's Kidney Pills I would be in my grave at this minute," said Mr. Wideman emphatically.

MISSES HOUSE JACKET.
12 to 16 Years.

To be made with round or standing collar.

Comfortable house or breakfast jackets that are tasteful and attractive at the same time are essential to a young girl's wardrobe, as they are to that of her mother and elder sister. This pretty design is simple and girlish, and can be made snug or left loose as occasion demands. As shown the material is pink French flannel with trimming of narrow black wash ribbon, but Scotch flannel, flannelette, cashmere and henrietta cloth are equally suitable.

The back is plain across the shoulders and drawn down in rows of gathers at the waist line; but the fronts are gathered at the neck, and fall in becoming folds which can be held in place by means of a ribbon passed around the waist, or allowed to hang free as preferred. The sleeves are in bishop style, with narrow pointed cuffs, and the neck is finished with a wide round collar that is youthful in effect and allows freedom to the throat, but can be made with a stock to match the cuffs, as shown in the small sketch. The edge of the collar and lower edge of the jacket are scalloped, and give a pretty outline, but the fronts are straight, with ornamental buttons and buttonholes.

To cut this jacket for a miss of 14 years of age 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2¾ yards 32 inches wide or 2 yards 44 inches wide will be required.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

Tasmania is 4,000 miles less in area than Ireland. The names of its 18 counties are almost all taken from English counties.

EARTHQUAKE PICTURES.

Wonderful Instruments in Use by Prof. John Milne.

The earthquake headquarters of the world are at Shide, Isle of Wight, where, all earthquakes have to report and have their pictures taken by Prof. John Milne.

In the professor's stable are instruments of a somewhat simple nature, ready to write the record of every earthquake important enough to deserve one.

The pen points arranged to do the writing are fine hairs of glass on the ends of horizontal pendulums. In the stable is a seismograph, which writes on a long strip of paper covered with lamp-black; and in the carriage-house a camera, always ready to photograph an earthquake.

A truthful negative depends on the pendulum. A ray of light is reflected from the end of it, and records automatically on a roll of sensitized paper, which runs over a roller turned by clockwork. When there is an earthquake the pendulum swings, the

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.
Black, Mixed and Green.
Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

ray of light moves back and forth, and the camera records the motion in a photograph somewhat resembling the distaff of spinning-wheel days.

More unique, even, than the professor's stable will be his new observatory, where instruments will be constantly on the watch to report when the earth's crust "humps itself" even an inch, five hundred miles away. So delicate are these Milne pendulums that they are affected even by the pressure of the dew on the ground outside the observatory, and by light and shade. They bend toward a shadow, swinging in the direction of the damper and therefore heavier side of the building, while the sunny side, being dryer, does not exert so much pressure nor tip things so far.

Little bendings are going on all the time in the earth. The hills are bowing and scraping to each other constantly, and every evening, as the dew settles in the valley between them, they nod to one another.

Gravity is constantly tugging. In cities the earth bends daily, and the buildings, like the mountains, nod to their neighbors opposite when the morning traffic begins. One might say that the crust of the earth is like a steel spring, so easily does it bend. Heine remarked that even the trees made obeisance to Napoleon I. when he entered Berlin. That was not merely poetical, it was true; for the weight of the crowd along Unter den Linden must have made a tilting sufficient for the pendulums to record.

Professor Milne has shown the earth to be a strangely restless body shivering all over every thirty seconds, and once in seven days heaving up its crust over thousands of square miles. He has located many of the centres from which earthquakes emanate, and has shown that 90 per cent. of the shocks in 1899, for example, originated at great depths under the sea. If all his knowledge had been at the command of the cable companies when they laid out their routes, they could have saved at least eight hundred thousand pounds by avoiding the dangerous places he has now marked out on his charts.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

WRITING UP HIS DIARY.

He was only a little boy, and this was his first diary. It had been given him as a birthday present, and was bound in a red cover with a highly-colored picture adorning the front.

He meant to begin well and early, so he carefully wrote, "Got up at seven." Then, according to instructions, he took it to his governess for approval. The way her eyes dilated and her mouth opened made him feel uncomfortable, and he wondered whether anyone had been tampering with his literary production.

"Got up!" she screamed; "got up! You naughty boy! Does the sun get up? No! it rises."

Very neatly she scratched out the barbarous words and made him write, "Rose at seven." This settled Master Tom; no more mistakes of this kind for him again!

So on retiring for the night he wrote, with the air of a man who knew his business well, "Set at eight!"

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

JEWS IN THE WAR.

It is computed that as many as 1,500 Jews have fought on the British side during the Boer War, and there are on record ten several instances of three Jewish brothers being on service with British regiments in South Africa.

Blue Ribbon Tea
thanks its Millions of Consumers,
and wishes them all
Many Happy Returns of the Season!

$2.25 CASH will buy a box of SWEET SONORA ORANGES, or if you take 5 boxes we will make the price $2.10 per box. (Sizes 50.0 or 5100.)
THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO.
Consignments of Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Beans, Honey, Apples solicited.

WHY HIS CLOCK WAS SLOW.

An Italian fruit-dealer with a well-stocked shop near one of the railway stations, has adopted a unique device, and one which shows a deep knowledge of human nature, to hold his own in competition with another dealer, whose shop is some fifty yards nearer the station than his own.

A man was leisurely peeling an orange in his shop the other day when the Italian remarked:

"You gotta fiv' minute before your train."

"No: twenty," replied the man glancing at a big clock on the wall.

"Thata clock fifteen minute slow," said the Italian. "I keepa it slow. Peepl' used come in a-here, looka at clock, getta excite, go way, not buy. Time to buy at Pedro's shop, notta here. Now keepa clock slow, get mucha trade. No, I not letta peepl' miss train. I tella them after they buy de orange."

Smythe—"It won't work." Brown—"What won't work?" Smythe—"Hypnotism. Tried it on the butcher. Looked at him fixedly until I had his undivided attention, then I said very emphatically and with emphasis, 'That—bill—is—paid.'" Brown—"And what did the butcher do?" Smythe—"He said, 'You're a liar!'"

A Toronto Druggist Tried All the Catarrh Remedies Known.

SAYS JAPANESE CATARRH CURE IS THE ONLY PERMANENT CURE.

Mr. John Wylie, the well-known Senior Clerk for Mr. Geo. Marshall, the leading Queen St. Druggist, Toronto, writes:—"When I say I believe Japanese Catarrh Cure the only cure for catarrh on the market, I think I know just what I am saying, for I have tried every remedy which I thought would do me good, and also several doctors, but only received a little temporary relief. A few months ago I first heard of Japanese Catarrh Cure, and being very skeptical, I bought a box and found it to be the most disagreeable stuff, after suffering for years. I however recommended it to some of our customers, and knew of several of them whom it has cured."

Japanese Catarrh Cure permanently cures catarrh and catarrhal deafness. All druggists, 50 cents. A free sample sent to any person suffering from catarrh, if 10 cents for postage. Address the C. & M. Co., Limited, Toronto.

The people of the United Kingdom consumed last year 4¾ million pounds of cocoa. The West Indian Islands sent 15 million pounds of this.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

There are 5,700,000 children on the rolls of British schools, but of these only 4,700,000, or about 80 per cent., attend regularly.

'sk for Minard's and take no other

Mrs. Thinkhard—"Of late years the spread of intelligence among all classes has been simply wonderful." Old Bachelor—"Yes. I notice there has been a great falling-off in the number of marriages."

TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of household Remedies.

Greater London covers 701 square miles; but the area supplied by the London water companies is not so great, being 620 square miles.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

LITERARY LADIES ONLY.

Mme. Kaissavow, who died lately in St. Petersburg, has left behind an immense library of a curiously unique character. It consists of nearly 18,000 volumes, and every work in the collection was the product of a female author. She would never permit any book from a masculine pen to "unsex" her shelves.

For Over Fifty Years
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Next to Yorkshire, which has almost four million acres, Lincoln is the largest English county. Devonshire stands third.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

The average yield of grain to the acre is 30 bushels in England, 18 in Germany, 19 in France, 10 in Russia, 11 in Cape Colony.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Of 1,000 parts of the moon 576 are visible to us on the earth; 424 parts remain hidden absolutely to man's eyes.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House

Six out of every 1,000 marriages in Great Britain take place in Jewish synagogues.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The best peat in the world for burning comes from the Bog of Allen in Ireland. The next best is from the Harz, in Germany. Of French 100lb. are only equal to 57lb. of Irish.

W P C 1109

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.
CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.
Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums

Brass Band
Instruments, Drums, Uniforms Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.
WHALEY ROYCE & CO., Limited,
Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man

CARPET DYEING
and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
Send parcels by post, and we are sure to satisfy.
Address Box 158, Montreal.

COLD SORES
removed or healed by one or two applications of Cileadine. It keeps the skin soft and clear.
Large Boxes 25c. Druggists or Cileadine Co., Toronto.

Dominion Line Steamships
Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool. Via Queenstown.
Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or
Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland.

WOOD & PHOTO-ENGRAVING
J. L. JONES ENG. Co.
5-10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

REGAIN YOUR HEALTH

How many men are suffering miseries for the want of a simple remedy? They do not live; they simply exist. In the faces of thousands can be read the story of a wasted life and blighted hopes. Joys and pleasures are unknown to them because there vitality is being sapped. Varicocele, wasting drains have exhausted nature's electrical forces and left them wrecks upon the shores of life.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

Is the grandest remedy of the age for building up wrecked humanity. It fills the exhausted nerves and organs with the fire of life. If you will use it while you sleep for two months it will restore youthful vigor to every organ of the body. It is the only electrical body appliance in the world to-day that will infuse the life force into the weakened parts.

It is curing thousands. I can furnish you with testimonials from those whom I have cured. Perhaps some of them your neighbours.

Read these Encouraging Cures

I am still wearing it, and will tell you about the result. I have gained about fifteen pounds, and my back does not bother me now.—D. CRIBBIS, Guelph, Ont.

Your belt has helped my nerves, and I have gained in flesh and my joints are looser.—CLAUDE COOPER, Box 182, Chatham, Ont.

Before using your Belt I was given up by eight doctors, and was reduced to 98 pounds, and confined to my bed as weak as an infant. It is now five months since I started the use of the Belt, and am completely cured, and have gained 62 pounds.—T. N. BROWN, Collingwood, Ont.

I have been wearing your Belt nightly for nearly a month. I am using it for constipation, and I am also applying the suspensory with good results.—W. F. GRAHAM, Petrolea, Man.

The pains and weakness have left my back, and to tell the truth I have no pains or aches at all since using your Belt.—T. J. FAIRCK, Rockton, Ont.

CAUTION—If you value your health, do not accept an imitation of my Belt. There are many on the market. Old-style, blistering scorchers, whose only merit is their ability to burn and scar the flesh, are being offered with a cheap imitation of my Cushion Electrode. But it is a sham. Don't accept it. The best full electric belts blister and burn holes in the flesh and can do no good. I take the other belts in trade.

FREE BOOK—Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated book. It tells how strength is lost and how I restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this book, closely sealed, free upon request if you will send this ad. If you are not the man you should be, write to-day.

DR. M. D. McLAUGHLIN, 130 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.
Office Hours 9 to 8.30 p.m.