

Wanted!
Some one who has tried our tea
and does not like it.
Blue Ribbon Tea

LOVE'S EXILE.

"Are you making preparations for a fancy bazaar, Mr. Maude?" she asked, taking up a case which contained a gold watch...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.
She named the beautiful countess whose portrait I had seen on Scott's...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

MISERABLE NIGHTS.

What to Do When Baby is Fretful and Sleepless.
It is wrong to take up a wakeful baby from the cradle and walk it up and down the floor all night. It demoralizes the infant and enslaves the parents.

Art is crying to me." Well, I was ready enough to yield to the claims of Art, real Art, not the poor ghost of it...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

She named the beautiful countess whose portrait I had seen on Scott's...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

"But you were wrong, you should have spoken out to him—reproached him, moved him to burst out, jumping up, and playing to the accompaniment, with the things on the mantelpiece, unable to keep still...
"Who did he make you jealous of?"

Babolo, who had also been deep in thought, started. "Fabian?" said she, in a low voice. Then, trying to laugh, she added hastily, "Oh, I was silly, I was jealous of everybody. You see I didn't know anything, and because I thought of nobody but him, I fancied he ought to think of nobody but me—which, of course, was unreasonable...
"Who did he make you jealous of?"

a Platonic friendship with a beauty; a furious dispute with an artist of a different school, a wild admiration for a rising talent; and so I have become, as I was before, a more loving man as I did, just what he said an artist's wife should be—a slave; getting the worst, the least happy, the least worthy, part of his life, and all the time remaining discontented, and chafing against the chain...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

"Where are you going?" I asked as I saw her moving towards the door. Babolo hesitated, blushed, and the tears came to her eyes...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

BRITON AND GERMAN.

The Latter Learns Nothing After War Begins.
The difference between the German soldier and Tommy Atkins, and the systems of which they are the product, is well put by "Limesman"...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

A Grim Revenge.

The Britons whipped the Boers, but the latter are getting a terrible revenge. They're all writing books and selling them to the English...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

FARMERS, STOP THE LEAKS!

In order to pay, farming should be conducted in the same way as other business enterprises. A suitable return should be received, not only for the money invested in the land, stock and implements, but also for the labor and care of the management...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

SAW BUCK AND BEAR FIGHT.

The Former Won, Although the Lighter in Weight.
Old hunters have always claimed that while at certain times under certain conditions a moose is an ugly customer to me he is not to be compared as a fighter with the buck deer...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

Improper Feeding of Stock.

To secure maximum profit it is necessary that stock should be fed intelligently for the object in view. Rations should be carefully compounded in order to secure a proper proportion of albuminoids and carbohydrates, or as it is called, a proper nutritive ratio...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

Waste of Manure.

In the older settled portions of Canada, the restoration or maintenance of soil fertility is already an important question. How desirable it is to secure maximum profit it is necessary that stock should be fed intelligently for the object in view...
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able is it then that all the made on the farm should be used in the best possible way, without loss from fire, etc.?

Neglect of Fences and Another leak which is out of the farmer's pocket in keeping fences and buildings in repair, inferior fences owned and his neighbor's jure his crops, and are constant worry and loss of old growth, "For the want of a nail the shoe was lost," is a proverb in such a case. A two spent for lumber or other material result in a large saving of time and money to the farmer during the winter months. A leaky roof is often responsible for heavy losses of grain or fodder, in the timbers of the buildings. Many a frame has been ruined by a leaky roof.

Lack of Knowledge. Nearly all the leaks mentioned may be set down to carelessness, but farmers also lose cause some of them think that a thing can be learned from others and that a new idea is necessary nonsense. No matter how good a farmer a man may be, he can gain ideas from others, as a paper from the Experiment Stations a successful farmer should be fully scanned for "pointers," many farmers there are who subscribe to a paper devoted to farming? These men are certainly money by false economy. In the progress it is ideas that count. Single ideas gained from a paper, often, when put into practice, result in a gain of many times the subscription price. The local paper should also always be supported, each farmer should all he can assist the editor of the agricultural paper and the local paper to produce as good a sheet as possible, and extend the circulation of each. W. Hodson, Live Stock Commis.

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In Four Hospitals in Montreal

But the Doctors Could Not Cure Mr. Cloutier—Said He Would Never be Well Again—After Six Years of Helplessness He Was Cured by

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The case of Mr. Simon Cloutier, shoemaker, 110 Lagoucheville street, Montreal, deserves more than passing notice, because his case was unusually severe...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.

T H I S O R I G I N A L D O C U M E N T N O T I N S E R I E S

D O C U M E N T N O T I N S E R I E S

I N S E R I E S

V E R Y P O O R C O N D I T I O N

A N I N S U L T I N G A L L E G A T I O N

A T O R O N T O C O L O R G Y M A N

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
A Toronto Colorgyman and that there are some editors not know the difference between historical and systematic...
"Who was she?" I asked, in a low voice.