Sketch of Mme. Labori.

Madame Labori, wife of M. Labori, the world-famous counsel to Dreyfus, is a radiantly beautiful woman. The beauty is not of form and feature alone. The radiance is that reflected by one of the kindest, most generous hearts in the world. She is tall, and of graceful figure. Her hair has caught the glow of the burnished chestnut, and her eyes the calm, brown depths of forest pools in autumn. Her complexion shows a hint of crimson roses beneath the olive. Her teeth are as white and even as young corn. Her face in repose is noble and gentle. Alight with quick thought, it is arch, changeful, fascinating. A beautiful face and figure that appear centrally in a series of "pictures we will name "One Woman's Life":—

It is a tiny, flannel-wrapped, inconsequent figure, in the first. It has an insignificant nose, scarce worth the name, and a feeble mouth and pink skin and fuzzy hair hardly worth the mention. But William O'Key, who had a father's interest in the insignificant bundle, said the eyes were quite worth looking at. Their first glance was deep and brown and meditative. That was in Australia two-and-thirty years ago.

There is something of a family resemblance to the insignificant bundle in Margaret O'Key, daughter of the "gentleman farmer" of Port Williams, near Halifax, Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. O'Key were living on a £6,000 farm and they had built a £5,000 house. They were the finest folk for many miles about. Margaret was so happy she sang all day. Perched in the boughs of the apple tree she sent forth soft trills that set the passers-by to wondering what manner of bird was hidden high yonder among the leaves and blossoms. While they were still wondering the face of a young girl showed among the blossoms, and the laughter of a young girl followed them.

Strange are the subtleties of human intercourse. A grey day of discontent, a purple day of discord, and life is never quite the same again. The neighbors did not know, and perhaps Mrs. O'Key herself did not quite understand why she and her husband separated, and she and wistful-faced Margaret were on their way to Europe in search of a new happiness and a new home. The slim figure, wrapped in a steamer rug, looked lonely in its isolation on the deck. Margaret O'Key was thinking that childhood passed too fleetly and that she would gladly have called it back, but the young lips were set in a straight brave line, and there was a world of resolve in the candid brown eyes.

Vladimir de Pachman, the great Russian pianist, had a favourite pupil in Vienna. In time he married her. They toured America together. The critics said the pianist's wife was almost as great a genius as he.

She plays superbly, with a finished elegance and marvellous brilliancy. Her touch is at all times smooth and dainty. That was a half dozen years ago. In Madame de Pachman might be traced a faint family resemblance to the inconsequent pink bundle we have seen in Australia, and the young girl who hid and sang in the apple tree in Nova Scotia, who stared thoughtfully from the Atlantic liner, and who knelt beside her brother's body in the English hotel.

It was a terrible revelation to innocent, sunny-natured Madame de Pachman. She had not dreamed that the Russian pianist, her lehrer-husband, could be untrue. She took her two babies in her arms and cried a little. Then she went to see Maitre Labori, the brilliant young leader of the French criminal bar. She cried when she told her story.

Maitre Labori himself bowed her out of his office. He would not entrust that agreeable duty to his clerk.

"Madame it shall be done," he said.

Maitre Labori secured the divorce and soon thereafter he married his fair client.

Madame Labori loved her husband. She was his bonne camarade, his sweetheart, his guiding spirit. He was her idol, her ideal, her king of all men. She always went to court to hear his speeches. Parisians wondered why the brilliant Maitre Labori's wife went so often to his office. Was she jealous? Not that. The Maitre said he could not study a case well if she were not there among his books and his documents. She laughingly humoured this whim, though it cost her many a drive on the Bois, many an afternoon at the concert, many an evening at the theatre. She was proud of the flower-covered yoke. She loved him for his loving tyranny. She thrilled to tears in court under his speech—"our speech."

She was his nurse and constant companion after the dastardly attempt upon his life until he was able to appear in court once more. She would not be separated from him for a moment. If her constant care had availed nothing, and Dreyfus' defender had died, she would have died too. A white face in a coffin, close to Maitre Labori's—one that bears a faint family resemblance to that Australian baby of two and thirty years ago—would have been the last of that series of pictures in "One Woman's Life."

GEN. SYMONS' DOGS.

An Amusing Incident in the Last Zulu Campaign.

A military correspondent recalls an incident of the last Zulu campaign, in which General Symons, then a captain in the 2nd Battalion of the Twenty-fourth, took part. Four companies of the 24th and 88th combined were advancing to an attack in skirmishing order. Symons was followed without his knowing it by two favorite dogs of his, highly bred pointers. Presently, when the firing began, these two dogs, who had hitherto been sneaking carefully behind—knowing full well they were not allowed on parades or at church—got wildly excited by the firing, and bounded off between the enemy's position and the advancing line of skirmishers. At first they showed by their actions the excellent training they had received, and worked for all they were worth. But at last neither seeing nor scenting anything notwithstanding the perpetual firing of the firing they evidently lost all patience and emphasized their disgust at the proceedings by falling upon one another and fighting fiercely, until their master's voice recalled them to their better sense. This homely incident started the whole line in roars of laughter, and made everyone forget that we were engaged in what might have been a serious undertaking, though, as a matter of fact, it turned out a blank day after all.

PRINTERS WERE NOT CAUGHT.

The first Australian newspaper — the Sidney Gazette—was published March 5, 1806, 15 years after the rise of the colony. The delay was caused through there being no printers among the convicts, who represented every profession, including the legal.

AS HE FOUND IT.

I asked a scissors sharpener the other day what he thought of life.

What did he reply?

That it was one continual grind.

Captain Arthur Buchanan, who has been wounded at Elandslaagte, is the heir to the Drumpellier estates.

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER VII.

"As to the granddaughter — Nina Daryl, as he calls her now — if you want to know anything about her antecedents, I believe I can tell you," Lady Penryth said in a low confiden- voice to Mrs. Marsh, a rather fast widow who was among the number of the guests gathered at Mr. Daryl's house. "Draw-your chair closer. There is no use in everybody hearing the tale; but you, Mrs. Marsh, I know are discretion itself, and perfectly safe to entrust anything to."

"Oh, I shall never breathe a word of what you may choose to tell me," murmured the widow, eagerly, rather surprised to find her reputation for discretion so unimpeachable in Lady Penryth's eyes. "We could not help knowing of course that there was more than we were told in the sudden appearance of a granddaughter when no body even knew that Mr. Daryl's son was married. I suppose that that is all right, dear Lady Penryth?"

"My nephew's marriage, you mean? Yes—that is all right. You need have no scruples in associating with the girl on that account. Every one is aware how particular you are, and it would never do to bring a person into your company who was not at least highly respectable."

Mrs. Marsh, affecting not to notice the sarcasm in the last speech, leaned forward eagerly, and Lady Penryth went on—

"You, with your unexceptionable circle of friends, may not know that there is a certain person called Warrender, living at a place called Merridale, quite close to us——"

"But I know Mr. Warrender," murmured Mrs. Marsh, puzzled. "That is——"

"Let me advise you, then, to drop his acquaintance!" cried Lady Penryth, raising her voice. "I should not like to repeat to you, ignorant as every one knows you to be of the wickedness of the world, the stories that are afloat about the life which that young man lives.

"Well, my brother accidentally heard that there was some love-affair between this Warrender and his granddaughter, and he determined of course to put an end to it at once. He had no fancy for his heiress to follow in her mother's footsteps, which Warrender's life would have driven her to if she had married him. Mr. Daryl had not intended to acknowledge the girl at once, but, when he heard what was likely to take place, he had no choice.

"However, here the worst part of the story comes in. This will shock a person of your refined feeling, I know. I was at the pains to tell her in what estimation Warrender was held, but it had no effect on her. She is dying of love for him, I hear, my brother does not know to what extent infatuation may carry her. Only yesterday she met her lover, and could not hide her agitation from everybody's eyes. She had to run and shut herself up in her room the moment she came in to try to recover her composure."

"Shocking!" cried Mrs. Marsh, who was rather disappointed not to find the story quite as interesting as she had expected.

"I told my brother that it was only what might be expected from a person of her bringing up," Lady Penryth went on. "These bourgeois never know how to conceal their feelings. And the worst of it is that Lord de Bruyne was with her. You may have remarked—you are so very unselfish about the attentions that other women receive — that he seemed inclined to be taken with her, but of course he will never think of marrying her now. She may give up all thought of that."

"But if she is in love with Mr. Warender she will not care about Lord de Bruyne," Mrs. Marsh objected.

"Warrender will not marry her. Everybody knows that she is dying about him, but he has sufficient common sense to be aware that his pretensions to Miss Daryl are over after what we have heard. And now she cannot get Lord de Bruyne either! I never pretend to virtue, and I do not mind telling you plainly, Mrs. Marsh, that I think the girl got what she deserved; but you, I am sure, are so sweet and kind that you will pity her, or will say that you do. Every one knows Mrs. Marsh's womanly charity."

"I cannot say that I pity Miss Daryl," Mrs. Marsh replied, not finding these constant sneers agreeable, "if she cannot control her feelings sufficiently to conceal her attachment for a man such as you describe Mr. Warrender. Of course nobody could expect Lord de Bruyne to take any more notice of her. Where is Miss Daryl just now, Lady Penryth? It strikes me that I have not seen her for some time."

"I do not keep a watch on her movements. Shall we go back to the drawing room? This conservatory is rather cool for me, being an old woman. A person like you, in the first bloom of youth, does not notice it."

Mrs. Marsh, who had begun to be of an uncertain age, reddened and rose, glad to escape from the spitefulness of her companion. She had found her revelations rather dull, and, though she might make some capital out of Miss Daryl's infatuation for Mr. Warrender, and Lord de Bruyne's consequent scorn for her, she could not, on the whole, render the story highly interesting. She quitted Lady Penryth as soon as she conveniently could, and mingled with the other guests. She only half believed the stories which Lady Penryth had hinted at in connection with Mr. Warrender, and she vaguely wondered if she had not been made a fool of by that wicked old woman. She came to the conclusion to wait for further light before spreading any whispers derogatory to Mr. Daryl's granddaughter, her own footing in society being a rather precarious one, which any false step might destroy.

The two ladies had held their conversation in the conservatory which opened off the drawing room. Their voices and the rustle of their garments had scarcely died away when Kilmeny, pale with passion and wounded feeling, rose up from a couch where she had been sitting concealed from view, but near enough to have heard the whole conversation. Latterly she had become a poor sleeper, and the whole night after her meeting with Chris she had lain wide awake thinking — thinking, until she felt as if her brain must reel. She had hidden herself this evening, when dinner was over, in the cool quietude among the flowers, and as she sat there, her throbbing brow resting on the arm of the chair, sleep had stolen over her for a few merciful moments.

Lady Penryth's voice had awakened her, and she had kept quiet, in order that her retreat might not be discovered. There, as she listened, every cruel word had reached her — every pitiless syllable in which her secret had been held up to ridicule. In the tumult of her anger and suffering she was unable to think connectedly, or to remember anything except that she must do something to show all the world that this hateful, shameful accusation was false, that she had done with Christopher Warrender, and had by her own deed broken with him for ever.

Anything—anything to escape from this house and near neighborhood to him! Anything to drive childhood's and girlhood's memories from her mind, tortured beyond her strength! She could never go back to her old home, where everything would be a fresh wound; she could not remain where she was, with the continued chance of meeting Christopher. Kilmeny laid her head down again on the arm of the chair, her mind filled with a wild longing to escape by some means or other, and to show to all the world that she was not trying to force her love on a man who was unworthy of it.

Mingled with the pain of her heart was a burning anger against Lady Penryth. A wish to show her that she was not to be trampled on or despised possessed her.

"I have been looking for you Miss Daryl," Lord de Bruyne's voice said, close beside her.

It was a very gentle voice, with something strong about it which arrested Kilmeny. He sat down near her, and she lifted her eyes slowly and looked at him. She had been wishing for a way of escape, and for a means of triumphing over Lady Penryth. She knew now that both were possible.

"What has that woman been saying?" Lord de Bruyne asked, with a controlled force of anger in his voice. "I saw her and that Mrs. Marsh come away together from this place, and I missed you, so I knew that she was at some mischief. Tell me what she has been saying."

"Oh, it is no matter!" cried Kilmeny. She had already forgotten Lady Penryth's words in the certainty that something was before her, more momentous and fateful than any deed of her life. Her eyes were fixed on Lord de Bruyne's, and the magnetic power in his held hers as by a kind of fascination. "What did she say? Something that I want to forget—something that was a lie. She did not know that I was here."

Lord de Bruyne laughed scornfully. "She knew that you were here well enough!" he said, and stretched out his hand to take Kilmeny's. "Lady Penryth," he added, "hates you. A girl like you never could tell or have any notion of what a woman like her would say or do to stab or ruin you. There is no lie which she would not invent, no cruelty which she would hesitate at. The only thing for you is to let me manage her and everything else. I want you for my wife. Agree to marry me, and in a few days I will take you away from all this. Lady Penryth is afraid of me; she knows me thoroughly, and, however she may dare to injure Nina Daryl, she will know better than to say a word against Lady de Bruyne. Before a fortnight is over you will be where I can protect you. Say that you will do it."

He knew better than to speak of love. She wanted escape only, and he offered her that. As Kilmeny saw the glitter in his blue eyes and marked the firm set of his square jaw, she recognized that, if he chose to put himself between her and the world, it would not dare to injure her. He could take her away at once from this horrible web of lies and misrepresentation which tangled her feet now so that she could not extricate herself. Life with Lord de Bruyne would be as tolerable as life anywhere else, and he had promised to take her away at once. That was all that seemed clear to her.

"Well?" he said, and his hold on her hand tightened. "You will consent? I may tell your grandfather and everybody else this evening that you will marry me and leave them all in a fortnight's time? Just say the word—that is all that I want."

He had risen, and he stood close to her, tall and strong and resolute. In his heart was exultation, but he was wise enough not to show it. Kilmeny was looking at him with desperate eyes, nerving herself for the great decision.

"Well?" he repeated, smiling at her. "It is not such a great thing after all. You have known me too short a time to be in love with me, and I do not ask anything of that kind from you. We shall be just the same as long as we are here. All that you have to do is to leave your hand in mine, and say, 'I promise to marry you as soon as everything can be got ready.' After that make you mind easy and leave all to me. Who do you say?"

Then Kilmeny spoke the fatal words.

"I will marry you," she said.

"Bravo!" cried Lord de Bruyne, laughing. "Now, Miss Daryl, are you the least bit different from what you were before you spoke those dreadful syllables? All the change is that you may feel safe and leave me to manage. What do you want to do now? Will you return to the drawing room, or would you rather not? You are to do just what you like."

"Oh, if I could but get away!" Kilmeny cried. "If I need not see all those people just now, or ever see Lady Penryth again!"

"Come," he said, smiling. "I know a way out without the necessity of returning to the drawing room. You need not meet anybody that you don't want to. And it will be no use expecting to see Lady Penryth in the morning, for you won't see her. Now, do you know your way? Good night."

They had reached the foot of the great staircase which Kilmeny had first ascended in Chris Warrender's company. She had then laughingly declared that she liked its mystery, but she had little known what darkness and misery that mystery involved. Chris was lost, and she had promised to marry the man beside her.

She fled up the stairs without waiting to reply to his "Good night," and he went away smiling to himself like one well pleased. It was not a smile that Kilmeny would have liked if she could have seen it, but then she was gone. He went straight to Mr. Daryl when he returned to the drawing room.

"I want to see you alone," he said in a low voice.

Mr. Daryl glanced at him and rose. As he did so Lady Penryth grew pale even under her rouge. She was remarkably good at a species of calculation known as "putting two and two together," and she understood what had happened as well as if she had been present at the interview between Lord de Bruyne and Kilmeny in the conservatory.

Everybody heard next morning that Lady Penryth had returned home, recalled by urgent business, and she appeared on the scene no more. But the momentary wonder which that circumstance excited was swallowed up in the surprise which was created by another announcement—that of the engagement of Miss Daryl to Lord de Bruyne.

The news of her engagement was published far and wide, and was soon known in her old home and to Christopher Warrender. But Kilmeny's life was now in skilful and unscrupulous hands, and if any remonstrance or appeal from those who loved her was sent it never reached her. She had promised her grandfather not to write to any one for a month, and she kept her word. Lawyers came and went, drawing up marriage settlements and making everything secure. Mr. Daryl, satisfied that he had withdrawn his granddaughter completely from her old associates and friends, whom he hated with the hatred of a mean nature conscious that it is under obligations which can never be discharged, destroyed his old will and made a new one constituting Kilmeny his sole heiress. Dressmakers and the paraphernalia of a fashionable wedding were perpetually in evidence, and Kilmeny was in a whirl from morning till night. She was never allowed a moment in which to think.

Lord de Bruyne was the only one who ever saw that she was fatigued, and insisted on her leaving the wedding finery behind and going out with him. They drove together every day, but that was the only sign of their engagement besides the ring which she wore. He offered no caresses and, asked for none. He talked no lover's talk to her. Their intercourse was pleasant and friendly on his side, absent and silent on hers. She often sat turning her engagement ring round and round, not hearing a word of his conversation; but he made no remark about her inattention.

It seemed to her indeed as if her whole life had been crowded into that fortnight, and yet it flew by with incredible rapidity. She came at last to the day before the wedding. Lord de Bruyne called in the afternoon to take her for a drive, but for the first time she declined.

"Not to-day, please," she said, "I want to be quiet for a while."

He looked at her curiously, but he did not press his request.

"Where are you going to be quiet?" he asked. "There is not much chance of that anywhere but out-of-doors, I imagine. Why not come with me? I promise not to say a word the whole time."

But Kilmeny shook her head.

"I know a place," she said, "where nobody will find me, and I can be quiet enough there."

"All right," he said, rising to go. "If you like that better, it is all that I want. If I come over again later in the day, can I see you?"

She looked up at him, and he saw the entreaty in her eyes. He smiled at her.

"Well, I will not come. You shall have a quiet time, and shall not see anybody. Good-bye!"

For the first time he kissed her hand before he left, and when he was gone, Kilmeny rushed away to her own room and in feverish haste put on her hat and wrapped a cloak around her. The touch of his lips on her hand had reminded her that on the morrow she would belong to him, and would have taken the irrevocable step of marriage. She hurried out of the house and away to the place she had spoken of—a melancholy little dell at some distance from the house. She believed that nobody knew anything about its existence but herself, and that she would be secure from intrusion there. She sat down on a mossy stump out of sight, and prepared for the first time to contemplate her situation.

Before she could collect her faculties the sound of steps approaching warned her that her solitude was to be broken. She drew back noiselessly in order more effectually to conceal herself, and the next moment was amazed to behold Lady Penryth moving slowly through the brushwood, evidently bent on gaining the house unperceived. She paused from time to time and listened, and Kilmeny, with a breathless choking expectation of something impending, listened too. As the two women, the one hidden and watching, and the other believing herself alone, waited during one of these moments of tension, quick and resolute footsteps came breaking through the undergrowth, and the next moment Lord de Bruyne stood beside Lady Penryth.

To be Continued.

Dreaded Diphtheria.

ITS AFTER EFFECTS FREQUENTLY SHATTER STRONG NERVES.

Mr. S. McDougall Suffered for Years and His Doctor Told Him Recovery Was Impossible—Again Strong and Healthy

Farmer and "jack of all trades," is what Mr. Salter McDougall styled himself when interviewed by the News recently. Mr. McDougall resides at Alton, about ten miles from Truro, N. S., and according to his own statement, has been made a new man by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When interviewed by the News man, Mr. McDougall said:—"I am only too glad to give you any information you may want. Anything I can say will not be too good a recommendation for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Up to the year 1888," continued Mr. McDougall, "I had always enjoyed good health. At that time I had a severe attack of diphtheria, the after effects of which left me in a deplorable condition. I was troubled with a constant pain in my left side, just below the heart, and at times, dizziness would cause me to throw up my hands and fall on my back or side. My face, hands and feet would swell and turn cold. In this condition I could not move hands or feet and had to be moved like a child. My appetite all but left me and I got very little sleep. I was under the care of a doctor, but got nothing more than occasional temporary relief. Finally I got so low that my friends wrote for my father to come and see me for the last time. This was in January, 1895. That night the doctor told my friends he could do nothing for me, and he thought I would live through the night. That night I took a severe fit of vomiting, and raised three pieces of matter, tough and leathery in appearance, and each about three inches long. The vomiting almost choked me, and it required two people to hold me in bed, but I felt easier after it. I was in this deplorable condition when I was urged by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a hopeless case but I decided to try them. When I told the doctor I was taking the pills he said they would do me no good; that I would never be able to work again. But he was mistaken for the effect was marvellous. By March I was able to go out of doors, and could walk quite a distance. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken seventeen boxes, and they have made a new man of me. My health is better than it has been for twenty years, and notwithstanding the doctor's prediction, I am able to stand any amount of hard work. I attribute my new manhood and regained health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gratefully recommend them to others in poor health.

THE USE OF DOGS IN WAR.

Results of Experiments Made by the German Army Last Summer.

The use of dogs in war dates back to the Greeks and Romans, but the modern idea of training them for special military service was born in 1886 in Germany, and for the past ten or twelve years each battalion of German jagers has had eight or ten dogs assigned to it for this training. The two or three dogs thus falling to each company are placed under the care of a non-commissioned officer and two men, and each regiment has an officer detailed to superintend their instruction.

The dog is to be used for various special duties, such as the service of information and security or scouting, on marches and reconnoissances and in patrols, sentinel duty with the outposts, as messengers on both these duties, as carriers of supplies and ammunition on the battlefield, and to hunt up the wounded after battle.

To test the results thus far obtained, a number of dogs belonging to various regiments were assembled at Oels in Prussian Silesia last July for trial. There were sixteen dogs in all, six of them under 2 years old. They were tried on the following points: Conduct as watch dog, return from patrol to master, going from master to patrol, following master by scent alone, and lying down. The first point was tested by placing the dog with his master at an outpost giving only a limited view and then causing two jagers, in enemy's uniform, to approach under cover from a point about 400 yards distant. The second and third points were tested by sending four dogs at one time from an outpost, or patrol to four different sentinels, then back again to the outpost, or patrol, back again to the sentinel, and once more to the outpost, or patrol, the latter having meanwhile changed its position.

The various points were given values, and one of the dogs received 96 out of a possible 100. The dogs were of different breeds and crosses, but the best were collies and shepherd dogs. The average rate of travel of the dogs as messengers was about 9 1-2 miles an hour.

Much interest is taken in this subject in other armies besides that of Germany, and, when once the best breed is determined, dogs may be specially bred for military service and a considerable number utilized in the armies.

The heavy loss of the King's Royal Rifles at Dundee is said to have been caused by the black belts over the khaki, affording an excellent mark.

On the Farm.

FALL PLOWING KILLS WHITE GRUBS.

What is commonly known as the white grub, or grub worm, is the young of the brown May beetle, or June bug, which occurs in such abundance in late May and June, and is not, as is often suggested, the young of the common tumble bug. These May beetles deposit their eggs in June, usually about the roots of grass. These eggs hatch in about a month, and the young grubs by the first of November are about half an inch in length, having all the appearance of the full-grown grub, excepting in the matter of size. In late autumn they go deeper into the ground, sometimes a foot or even more, and make for themselves small earthen cells in which they pass the winter, coming upward in the spring, feeding upon the grass roots throughout the entire summer, and at the end of the second autumn they have reached about two-thirds of their ultimate dimensions. They now burrow into the ground, and again pass the winter in an earthen cell, coming to the surface again in the spring, and feeding until the latter part of May, in the latitude of central Ohio, when they abandon the grass roots, burrow down into the ground and again make an earthen cell within which they transform to the adult beetle. The young of the insect is, by nature, a grass feeder, and, therefore, always more abundant in fields that have remained in grass for a long series of years. The major portion of their injury in cultivated fields occurs the first summer immediately following a series of grass crops.

There is no practical way of reaching these grubs underground, and as they never get to the surface, their control by topical applications is not only difficult but practically impossible. One practical way of dealing with these pests, and, while that is not infallible, it seems to prove effective in the majority of cases. This consists in the fall plowing of grass lands as a preparation for the grain crop the following year. While early fall plowing is known to be often effective, it is quite probable that late fall or winter plowing is much more dependable. The reason for this is that after the grubs have constructed their winter quarters they are probably too stupid to construct others. If then the ground is broken, the grubs within their winter quarters are either thrown up to the action of continued freezing and thawing, or, if not thrown up, are exposed to the more direct effects of rain and frost, by which they are killed by the winter weather. A consensus of all the evidence obtained up to date indicates that fall plowing is the most reliable and profitable method known at present for preventing the ravages of the white grub.

DUCKS ON THE FARM.

If ducks are to be kept on the farm it is worth while to have the best. They cost but little more, and the profits will be more satisfactory. Pekins seem to be the leading variety, and they are good for feathers, which is something that is seldom taken into consideration where ducks are kept. Ducks will produce their proper quota of fertile eggs on solid food, although their natural food is vegetables. They do not object to a little animal food in the shape of fish, frogs, pollywogs, etc., found where flags and similar vegetation grows. The duck, unlike the hen, has no crop—the duct leading from the throat to the gizzard is very small compared to the size of the bird. This is the reason it does not thrive on hard food alone. There is no place for the hard food to go through the softening stage.

Ducks have a foolish way of dropping eggs in the water, and following a stream into neighboring farms; unless they, at risk, of being shot at, and attention, they will give trouble in this way. Ducks have many qualities to recommend them on all farms.

They mature early, and duckling is a very good addition to any repast.

They are gross feeders, hence their growth is rapid, and if the time it takes to get them ready for market is considered, they consume no more than other fowls. If ducks are properly managed they get their full growth in four months.

TURNIP TOPS AS MANURE.

Several years ago, having a considerable field of turnips, we topped and trimmed them in the field, and as nights were cold we piled them up and covered them with the tops until ready to put them in the cellar or take them to market, says a writer. When this was done, the tops were thrown off the heaps and left there, as we did not care to feed them to milch cows. In the spring what remained unrotted, were plowed under and the field planted. Wherever a heap had been we could see in the crop the circle around it where the tops had been thrown, as we picked up the roots. It was plainly marked by a much larger growth, more plainly than the spots sometimes seen where a manure heap has stood during the spring, before it was spread out. We did not know enough then to read the lesson it should have taught us, that the land needed humus or vegetable matter, and that we could have greatly increased our crops by a green crop plowed under. We realize it now, and if others have a like experience we hope they will not fail to profit by it.

AN ORCHARDIST'S RULES

These rules are good for the orchardist: 1st, read; 2nd, observe, 3rd, practise; 4th, improve. Don't imitate, Watch and (s) pray. Watch for diseases and insects, and spray to destroy them. Apple trees or pears will not have scabs if properly sprayed. Knots from the curculio can be helped by spraying. Spray three times during the season, first with sulphate copper before buds open; second, just before blossoming, with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green, and third after blossoms fall use same mixture again, Bordeaux for fungus, green for caterpillars. Use a fine, misty spray, do not sprinkle. Pruning is best done every year, and early in spring. Thinning is an excellent method for producing fine fruits. Do not plow an old orchard in fall, unless heavily mulched.

BEST BARN LOCATION.

An ideal location for a barn is one on about the same level as the dwelling, and not more than 150 feet distant. This is far enough away for safety in case of fire, provided the premises around the barn are kept free from litter, as they always should be. But another point to consider is convenience to the pasture field. If a part of the farm is rough and rocky, or if for any cause, it is not suitable for tillage, it should be kept in permanent pasture, and the barn should be convenient to this field. The other fields must be considered, as the produce of the farm must be drawn here for storage.

KEEPING WINTER VEGETABLES

Such roots as carrots, parsnips, beets, salsify, turnips, winter radish and horse radish should be stored in boxes or tarrels, the spaces being filled in with dry soil, a thick layer also being placed over the top. These vegetables do not remain long in good condition if exposed to the air, especially that of a poorly ventilated cellar. They should be kept as near the freezing-point as possible, being able to stand more cold when packed in earth, and the temperature is also kept more even by its use. Carrots, turnips, and parsnips are especially susceptible to changes in temperature, and quickly show the effect of too much heat by becoming withered and tough, almost immediately after being pulled, after which no amount of cooking will make them tender.

CHAMPION TRAMP.

A Paris gymnasium instructor claims the record for long tramps, having walked 57,000 kilometers, or about 35,000 miles, on ordinary roads. Among his trips were Paris to St. Petersburg, in 38 days, Paris-Geneva-Venice and Paris-Berlin. He tried to walk to Madrid, but was stopped by the Spanish authorities when he reached Barcelona.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

Catarrh.

Statistics prove that 97 per cent of our population is affected with some form of Catarrh, but since Catarrhozone, the new medicated air treatment for Catarrh and kindred diseases, has been introduced, this percentage has decreased. Catarrhozone never fails to cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Hay Fever, and is warranted to cure the most chronic cases of these diseases, even after all else has failed. It cures by inhalation. No danger, no risk, pleasant to use. For sale at all druggists or direct by mail, price $1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. Polson & Co., Box 518 Kingston, Ont.

IN THE BARNYARD.

Dolly Duck—What is Mr. Cockadoodler crowing about now?

Gussie Goose—Oh that's just an echo of his wife's lay.

"Pharaoh 10c." Pyron, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturers.

UNANSWERABLE.

Investigator—May I ask, sir, if you think it is right to allow the saloons to run all night long?

Prominent Police Official—Why not, sir? The days are so short the saloons have simply got to have the nights to do business in or they don't get a fair shake. You people give me a pain.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF **MALT** Invigorates and Strengthens. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT

AN IMPORTANT DISTINCTION.

I lost my purse this afternoon.

Gracious, Julia, were you going shopping or coming back?

WE COVER

Hot air, hot water and steam pipes, furnaces, boilers and tanks, to keep in heat and save fuel. Eureka Mineral Wool and Asbestos Co., Toronto.

DRASTIC MEASURES.

Hoax—How did you finally get rid of those undesirable neighbors?

Jaex—Well, first I hung a scarlet fever sign on the door, and when that didn't have any effect I began taking lessons on the trombone.

CALLA LILY CREAM

ensures a youthful complexion. Send 25 cents for trial bottle, or post card for circular on skin and complexion Address W. J. Gage & Co., 482 Queen St. W., Toronto.

Her Mother—Don't you find Jack Wheeler rather rough, Priscilla? Priscilla—Yes, mamma, And yet he says he shaves every day.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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

SUICIDE OF CHILDREN.

Among the curiosities of Prussian statistics is the fact that in a decade 413 school children, under 15 years of age, committed suicide.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop's.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot, two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

SOME OF THEM HENPECKS.

Dacre—Whisky is usually measured by the pint.

Golightly—Yes, and the trouble it gets you in, by the peck.

A PARALLEL CASE.

The Case of R. A. Wade, the Criminal Lawyer of Chicago, Duplicated by That of an Ontario Lady.

Wade's Sight Was Restored by Dodd's Kidney Pills—Mrs. Geo. Barnes Was Not Only Shortsighted, But Deaf—Part of a Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills Restored Both Sight and Hearing.

Smith's Falls, Dec 4.—The case of R. A. Wade, the great criminal lawyer of Chicago, is at present exciting considerable attention in the United States, many of the papers of that country having devoted considerable space to it. A similar case has occurred on our own side of the line, in that of Mrs. George Barnes of this town.

R. A. Wade is the lawyer who defended Prendergast the first time he stood trial for murdering Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago. He had been retained in a number of sensational trials before and has been since, and is one of the best known lawyers in America. He contracted Kidney Disease and the uric acid, always present in the system when the kidneys are deranged, attacked his eyes and Mr. Wade went blind. He started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and gradually the kidney trouble disappeared and his sight returned.

Now read Mrs. Barnes' letter and see how what was almost considered a miracle by the people of Chicago has been duplicated in Canada.

Smith's Falls.

Dodds Medicine Co.,

Gentlemen,—I have been troubled for over a year with Female Weakness and Urinal Trouble resulting from Kidney Disease. I have consulted a doctor who gave me medicine that seemed to make me worse. At times I would be deaf and shortsighted. I was told of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I got one box. I have used part of the box and am completely cured, and strange to say both my hearing and eyesight is now unaffected. You may publish this if it will be the means of assisting others.

I remain, yours, etc.,

MRS. GEORGE BARNES.

NEVER CHANGES—The Uniformly High Quality

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

is strictly maintained. Do you use it? Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c

IMPORTANT TO LADIES!

To make sure that when you wish to color any article, viz.: Dresses, Suits, Feathers, Carpet Rags, or anything that requires dyeing, that you get the best dye in the market, known as HOME DYES, the latest and positively the best that can be produced, as they will dye Cotton, Silk, Wool or Mixed Goods, with equally as good results, without the necessity of a preparation bath to make them take the dye, as HOME DYES are known as the ONE DIP DYES, and a trial package will convince you that they will do all we claim for them. Do not be put off with something just as good, because you know what failure you have had in the past, there ask for HOME DYES and insist on getting them. To be had of your druggist, or mailed direct free of postage, 10c package, or 3 for 25 cents. Have you tried them? If not, get a package and be convinced.

TORONTO HOME DYE CO., TORONTO.

SOME FINE LACES.

Queen Victoria's collection of lace is said to be worth about $400,000. The Princess of Wales owns $250,000 worth of lace, and the ex-Empress Eugenie has a splendid collection, But that of Leo XIII. surpasses them all, being valued at almost $1,000,000.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WHY THEY WEAR THE FEZ.

From an interpretation of a passage in the Koran Moslems are forbidden to have shades to their eyes, hence the absence of the peak both from the fez and the turban.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

YOU KNOW THIS KIND.

What is forced meriment?

It's the kind a timid man gets off when his wife gives a dinner.

W P C 1001

CALVERT'S Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER, - - ENGLAND.

Music Teachers Wanted To send for our complete SHEET MUSIC CATALOGUE and SPECIAL RATE OF DISCOUNT. We are equipped to supply every MUSIC TEACHER in Canada. Whaley, Royce & Co., 158 Yonge St., TORONTO, ONT.

Sausage Casings—New importations first of English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at reasonable prices. PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bedbugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 381 Queen W. Toronto.

Carters GOLD CURE 10c. Cures in a jiffy. P. McCormack & Co., Agents, Montreal.

THE DES MOINES INCUBATOR—Best and cheapest. O. Rolland, sole agent for the Dominion. Send 3ct. stamp for catalogue. 373 St. Paul Street, Montreal

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Holy Pictures, Stamps, and Church Ornaments, Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal.

I.C.O. permanently cures Catarrh of nose, throat, stomach and bladder. 50c & $1 a box. Write for particulars. The Indian Catarrh Cure Co., 146 St. James-st., Montreal.

LAW Mills, Mills & Hales Barristers, etc., remov