

BENEATH AN APPLE TREE

(By A. K. T.)

About this time of the year the farmer is with us. He wants help and can't get it. This is not surprising to the initiated. They know the farmer wants help, they also know he doesn't care about paying for it. However, this is nothing to do with my story. We are the city public and to us a farm is a place not for good food, pure water and exhilarating air. We know the work is hard, but that, like the cold in Manitoba, one does not feel it. Perhaps I should explain that the above "we" does not strictly include myself. I have "ridden the goat," so to speak. This is how it came about.

A year ago I was seeking health. As a doctor and \$25 worth of patent medicines failed to help me, I turned to nature. I hired with a farmer. The wages were not terrific, but I was glad to think of the health which would soon be mine.

Together we have away in a mud-covered buggy, and I felt proud to think I was a son of the soil.

It is unpleasant to read disheartening things and particularly unpleasant to write them—about yourself. Therefore, we will skip all that relate to early experiences. Indeed, I should gladly have left the farm forever had I not fallen in love.

I firmly believe anything unusual attracts a woman. To that peculiarity I attribute my wonderful success. With Emily, I also am inclined to think a man is more likely to fall in love when alone. Be these things as they may, a month found Emily and I each with a tender spot for the other.

Emily was pretty and she grew to care for me. After various stages of eye language and doing all sorts of little odd jobs for her in the kitchen and garden, we entered the more advanced period, when dishes began to appear for my especial delight and, finally, Emily thought to make me candy twice a week.

Emily was not a wonderful cook. Mentally I had determined a girl would do the cooking when we were married. When Emily made candy I used to eat a little and pronounce it excellent. The rest I took out with me and pitched it into an old apple tree.

Naturally I liked her to make me candy. It was nice to get it from her hands and she was always so pretty when she gave it to me. There was a fly in the ointment, however. Emily was proud, and she was sensitive. This might be in some women, but it proved fatal in one case.

It happened like this. One evening Emily and I strolled under the old apple tree. It may have been we were thinking of the song. Anyway, we were both undoubtedly in a highly romantic condition.

After indulging in a few passages common to lovers, we were getting right up to the point where I resolved to ask her to make me happy. Emily had made fifteen pounds of butter that day, and probably she was tired, for she suggested we should sit down. Love made me blind to the fact she was a white dress, and also to the place where she had elected to sit. Down she sat and turned with some words of love and a delightful little smile. It was the last time I ever saw her smile and it only lasted a moment. It changed suddenly to a look of disgust, as she found a piece of candy sticking to her hand.

My blood nearly froze, but I now think the situation could have been averted then with presence of mind. However, I lack that quality.

"Wherever did it come from?" she asked, in unassuming dismay. The open air treatment hadn't improved the candy at all.

Before I could explain she had discovered another, equally viscous piece on her dress.

"Why, Willie," she cried, "there is more of it. Isn't it?" She picked it off as best she could and looked up appealingly to me.

"I must have dropped it," I said, and she looked me square in the face. She detected guilt in my eyes.

"You brute!" she said. "Oh, how could you?"

With that she jumped up, and, burying her face in her hands, ran for the kitchen. I had nothing to say, and no time, anyway. The last thing I noticed was a considerable piece glued to her dress. Other pieces turned up on my trousers and elbow.

That night I perspired in my efforts to manufacture an explanation. I might better have slept, for nothing at all suitable came into my unfruitful brain. As usual, I was up with the sun, but my heart was heavy. I knew Emily moderately well, and felt sure our romance was in the last chapter.

I was right. Breakfast over, the old man (who seemed to have been pleased at the course of events) was taking right along) rose early from the table. I had peeped at Emily several times and she may have peeped at me, but not simultaneously. Her poor eyes were small and very red. I think the old man had guessed we had indulged in a lover's tiff and had purposely left the room to bring us face to face.

No sooner had the door closed behind him, and his heavy footsteps died away in the outer kitchen, than Emily raised her proud little head and fixed her tear-stained eyes on me.

"Go," she commanded.

I wish I had obeyed. Alas! Pity for her had roused my love seven fold. I did not take her broad hint. Instead, I got up, determined to take her in my arms and kiss away our little cloud.

That settled it. Emily is essentially a woman, and I may have frightened her. She uttered a dreadful and surprising scream. Things moved quickly after that.

Probably the old fellow had lingered in the back kitchen to catch some of our words of reconciliation. Perhaps he wanted to see just how we stood to one another. With two thunderous foot-steps on the tiles he reached the door and burst it open.

"Giti!" he shouted, and made straight for me. I did not attempt explanations. The Philistines were upon me and I took the short route for the front door. The irony of fate led me under the old apple tree, but I was going too quickly to realize the fact. I did not make any stops until the door of my farm was far behind.

You can see that my sudden exit pre-

Celluloid Starch

Easier ironing gives better finish on things starched with Celluloid Starch, the only no-boil cold-water starch that can't stick. You will like it best, once you try it. Buy it by name. Any good dealer.

Saves Labor—Time—Linen, Too

cluded any possibility of wages coming my way. I don't think I shall go back for them. Possibly Emily has long since repeated one of that heartrending scream. I don't know.

There is a moral in this, and you should note it. This is it: Don't deceive your best girl. If she gives you made candies, tell her your interior is out of order. If she's a decent girl, she won't press you.

And, girls, believe me; a man doesn't specially care about unlimited candy. If you must feed him, buy it at some good store. It may save you from the fate of my dear Emily.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

An Improvement in Texas. (Boston Herald.)

They go at the thing in very simple fashion in Texas. There is a 2-cent-a-mile bill before the Legislature there, and the railroad men met it with an offer to spend \$10,000 in extensions and improvements within the next fourteen months if the bill is defeated. If the bill passes the project will be indefinitely postponed. There is sense in this way of meeting objectionable legislation. It is open, fair and above board.

A great improvement on maintaining an expensive lobby of shyster lawyers to work secretly and underhandedly against any and every measure the railroad regard as harmful. Why not copy Texas up north?

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

STORY OF THE TOOTHBRUSH.

Once Regarded as a Luxury Fit Only for Woman's Use.

Colonial diaries and letters make it plain that our unfortunate ancestors suffered much from jumping toothaches, swollen faces and the early loss by forcible extraction of teeth which at a later period might have been saved to render service. No wonder, since the care of the teeth was little understood and that little often but negligently practiced.

Toothpicks were known, the toothbrush was not, although rough substitutes were employed, made of flattened sticks, split and pointed at one end to a stiff, fibrous fringe. Toothbrushes when first introduced were regarded as by no means important accessories to the toilet, but rather as minor luxuries and suitable for women only.

The diary of a London merchant trading to the colonies has this entry: "Bought a toothbrush for my wife, which, used together with salt water, very strong, and was made from herbs, is told will keep her teeth from falling out or getting hollow. The salt and herbs may well prove strengthening to her gums, which are tender, but for the brush. It seems but a silly toy, hardly likely to wear the worth of its price and scarce clean save when new. But she must have it, being a new thing late from France."—Youth's Companion.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Peared to Disturb Her.

In the village of Polton a woman fell into a trance. After the Politevin custom, she was wrapped in a sheet and carried to the cemetery, but as the procession was passing through a narrow road a thorn of the wayside pierced the sheet, wounding her so that the blood flowed, and she awoke. Fourteen years later the woman really died, and again was borne toward the grave. As the procession passed through the narrow road the husband cried, "Not so near the hedge, friends! Not so near the hedge!"

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Boys' Love for Sunday School.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, whose eighty-fifth birthday has just passed, said at a dinner in Boston: "In my ideas about birthdays I am like a certain schoolboy."

"Which do you like best? I asked the boy: 'day school or Sunday school?'"

"Sunday school," he answered promptly.

"Why?"

"Because it only comes once a week."

Accidents to your horses may happen at any moment. GET READY for emergencies. Buy a bottle of

Fellows' Leeming's Essence

For Lameness in Horses

Only 50c. a bottle—and saves dollars worth of time by curing lameness of every description. At dealers, or from

National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, MONTREAL.

Big Bounty on Coyotes.

The depredations of coyotes on the sheep ranges have become so frequent in the Montezuma district, in the eastern part of the county, that sheep owners are offering \$300 for head for the scalps of the destructive little animals.

It is thought that this will be an inducement for the hunters to have a little sport and at the same time earn remuneration. Coyotes are common in the district.

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(Washington Star.)

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"Yes," answered Dustin Stacks, "but it's a little harder to convince the small investors that the water's fine and they ought to come in."

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"But why?" demanded one of the young men. "Isn't this a free country?"

"This is not a country at all, you pig sheep's head," retorted the enraged policeman. "This is one of the largest cities in the town of Glasgow."

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ON HANDLING CHILDREN.

Children should be handled as little as possible. When they get bigger they won't stand for it, preferring to handle themselves.

The handling of children has now been reduced to a science, of which there are three distinct branches, viz: bending, joggling and chucking.

To handle children properly, first fondle. To fondle, encircle the child twice with both arms and press tightly against the breast or some other part of the anatomy. Continue until the child shows signs of suffocation. Then joggle.

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To chuck, extend the fingers of the right hand and strike the child sharply on the face, preferably under the chin. This may be done with perfect safety to very young children, as they can neither strike back nor, having no teeth, bite the tongue. Continue until the child temporizes and grows red in the face. Then fondle as above and repeat ad libitum.

This rule is for your own children or vice versa. For the children of others or vice versa, add fifty per cent.—Ellie O. Jones in the April Bohemian.

FLAT FOOT.

A Painful Affliction Remedied Only by Wearing a Support.

Flat foot is a very common affliction. It is also one which is frequently overlooked by physicians, says the Medical Brief.

The patient complains of pain in the heel, the ankle, the inner border of the foot, great toe, the muscles of the calf, the knee or even the hip. The busy practitioner notes these symptoms in a hurried, casual way, attributes them to rheumatism, prescribes salicylates and what not, and gets another flat footed individual plods his weary way.

Increased deformity is added to that may have been merely foot strain in the first place. A curable case has become wellnigh incurable, and the medical profession is again justly liable to well deserved censure.

Any factor which tends to diminish the muscular power of the foot may cause flat foot. A great increase in the weight borne by the foot may cause it.

This increase in weight may be actual, such as occurs in people who put on a great deal of fat, or it may be relative, such as occurs in athletes, jumpers especially. But by far the most common cause is a cramping of the foot, brought about by improper shoes.

For treatment of this condition mechanical support to the deformed foot is practically all that is necessary. This mechanical support is best afforded by means of the footplate made from highly tempered steel and moulded upon a plaster cast of the foot.

The footplate should be worn as long as it is required, but no longer. Additional wearing of the plate beyond the time necessary, as indicated by the symptoms, is simply an additional cause of harm. With the footplate a shoe should be worn fitting the normal contour of the foot.

Diabolical Cruelty. (Cleveland Leader.)

"The meanest fiend I ever knew," said a member of the Century Club, "was a fellow who used to belong to this club. He used to bore us for hours telling of the smart sayings of his children. It was something fierce. Finally he left town and we discovered that he had no children—he was an old bachelor. He'd been springing that line of stuff for years just to catch us writing."

The Baby Said "Goo."

A woman, carrying a baby in her arms, boarded a car at Colfax and Broadway the other day and took a seat in the front end. When the conductor came for her fare the woman put a nickel in the baby's hand and said:

"Divide it to the conductor, sweetness."

The baby said "Goo!" and waved its arms.

"Hand de conductor de money, peaches," said the woman.

Another "Goo" from the baby.

"Baby is a bad child," said the woman.

"Divide de conductor de nickel."

The conductor was becoming slightly exasperated. "Goo, Goo," said the baby.

The woman caught the baby's wrist and the conductor held out his hand for the fare. "Goo," said the baby. Then the nickel fell to the floor. The woman picked it up again and put it in the baby's hand again.

This time the baby waved its arms and then put the nickel in its mouth.

"Fare," please," said the conductor.

The woman tried to get the nickel, but

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. S. Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

J. J. Hill's Brother. (Toronto Saturday Night.)

Alexander Hill, of Speedville, near Rockwood, Ont., is a brother of J. J. Hill, the railroad king. Alex. Hill is two years younger than his famous brother, but has never distinguished himself. For twenty-five years he taught in the public schools, and now he is a fine farmer. He resembles J. J. in one respect at least, he is eccentric in the manner of dress. At Rockwood resides an uncle of J. J. Hill—Uncle John. He lives in a cottage that was the public school where Alex. Hill studied. The cottage is a study in itself. The uncle is a man of sense. When Paul Lutzke interviewed him with a view of writing a magazine article, the old man said: "After all, money isn't everything, and after you get so much, you might as well have stacks of pig iron, for all the additional good you get out of gilding it. This is a truth that needs some preaching in this generation on this continent."

Best for Baby

To keep baby's skin soft, and pink, and healthy—all you need is

"Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap

It's a medicated soap and a toilet soap—two soaps in one, for the price of one.

roc. a cake. 3 cakes for 25c.

Ask your Druggist for "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap.

Life in Corea.

It is reported that Prince Eucluin will return to Corea before the ceremony of putting up Prince Yung-shin's hair takes place.

A fourteen-year-old boy attending one of the city schools is given five cents a day by his father to pay for his lunch at noon, but the other day the boy asked his father for three months' allowance in a bunch, and having received it he took it to a newspaper office and asked to have it applied to the fund for ridding Corea of her debt to Japan, and he is now going without his tiffin.

A report from the district of An-hyup says that the prefect has been doing a rushing business in selling widows.

On the 9th a bandit raid was made on the prefectural office at Yun-an and the prefect and the other officers ran away. The contents of the office were burned.

To a Corean in North Kyung-pung province, who lately passed his 160th birthday, high honorary rank was given by the Emperor.

In a town not far south of Seoul the bandits have so much faith in their cause that they have asked the prefect to join them. He politely refused.—From the Korean Daily Times.

VEGETABLE CROPS IN ONTARIO.

The crop correspondents of the Ontario Vegetable Growers' Association report that the market gardeners are planning for a good season this year. Weather conditions so far, however, have not been conducive to active work. For work with hotbeds, the weather has been particularly bad. The season for the whole has been late. Not much plowing has been done. Even greenhouse crops have not done as well as usual, but there is a good demand, especially for radishes, lettuce and rhubarb.

It is probable that onion will be planted extensively this spring. The acreage will be increased on account of seed prices. A large acreage of potatoes also will be planted. Other classes of vegetables will be planted as usual, but it is rather early to estimate the extent of the crops that will be grown.—H. B. Cowan, Secretary.

Ontario Vegetable Growers' Association, Toronto, Ont., April 22, 1907.

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