Love is Specialized.

The novelist is kept hustling in his research concerning things psychical these days. A half century ago, when it was his agreeable task to portray the demeanor of a love-sick maid, and when was that not the case, we should like to know, what was his usual procedure? Didn't he seat her at a table where lay a piece of work which needed a button hole.— a neat little business, presupposing concentration and subversive of romance? He gets his maiden to say "Heigh ho" if she has rosy cheeks and her curls are insecurely fastened in a net; if she is a lily maid, with Cupid's bow lips, they form the more elegant expletive of "Alas! alas!" while she pushes away her work languidly.

And then this composite photograph of the novelist's women goes to her desk, where lie three unanswered letters, and she toys with her wafers and bites the nib of her quill pen in the abstraction which is incident to love. Sometimes she seizes one of these letters and presses it passionately to her lips before secreting it in her gown, as close as possible to the organ that is throbbing with the most approved sentiments of the period. Sometimes, too, a high resolve lighting her pure face, she draws toward her the silver candlestick and snuffers, her hand trembles as she lights the beautiful toy, but without shrinking she watches the black flakes fall, mourners of that happy hope that once was hers.

The scribe of that time, you see, was a baby. He could push himself just so far in his little go-cart, and no one expected more of him. Entrance toward the bogs or precipices of psychological investigation would have elicited shrieks of horror from the fond nurses and mothers — that is to say, the readers of polite literature of that day. It was not until he grew big enough to admire Gwendolen Grandcourt that he stepped out on his own little legs and told her what he thought of her.

The readers of polite literature adjusted themselves with half anxious half eager interest, ready to lift up warning fingers, and yet edified by his boldness. Long, long ago they had recognized the futility of coercing the little man, so that now they wander with him, companionably and without reproach, over the England of Thomas Hardy, and don't mind the mud that collects on their boots when they can learn something new "in Zululand." Which excursions are pleasant enough —for the mothers and nurses. The novelist has had a hard time to make such fields traversable; nor is he content to let Gwendolen's nose turn up at the dullness and ridiculousness of men and things. He must needs push her hair back and show you the cerebral dimensions, which are all sufficient reason for her disaffection, meanwhile commenting on the softness of that hair, which has a subtler significance than merely

"Fold after simple fold
Binding her head."

Bless your soul—any one that would be at the fatigue of holding a book demands a fullness between its covers that will leave no square inch of gray matter unexplored.

The novelist pulls off his gloves these days and he would better, for it takes a naked deftness to form types and incarnations and symbols, when the prentice work that turned out plain men and women no longer suits a generation that is ready for its man with all the rules of psychometry. The question of human love enters just as fully into the novel of to-day as it did 50 years ago, with this difference; it is falling into the hands of specialists; it is shown in its infinite prismatic lights from the red to the lowest animal passion in which grovel Rebecca West, Dr. Pascal and Kipling's sunken scholar, to the other end where it shades off from the blue that lends its luster to the true eyes of Evadne to the silver white which bathes the head of Balzac's saint.

We have love presented to us as a disease which is germinally present in the most enraptured lover's kiss; some transcendentalist or other whispers his conviction that it is an essence, concentrated and precipitated fortuitously; Neo Buddhism and other cults of that ilk assert that every lover is an Avator of Spirit, and that his involuntary function brings extrinsic salvation; alienists tell us dreadful things about its repression and license, and all of these have some representation in the modern novel. Oh, for the "good old times" when the lover's smile at us out of "happiness ever after;" or thrill us with the nobility of their grandiloquent renunciation, without being merely "facades of a temple" whose interior is the reconditе subtlety of the modern Zeit Geist, when we could tell the plot in words of less than four syllables, albeit in many words.

In this day of effete culture not only the scribe has to open his metaphysical dictionary while he poises his pen over the well that has truth at the bottom of it, sometimes, but madam as well, his professional sine qua non, is fain to send to the library her companion, Miss Theosophia Sophistry, Ph.D., for the volume of Hegel, Fichte, Kant or the Great Currant Magazine, without which she will not be prepared to discuss the New Novel.

And so on. Medicine is specializing—art is pulling up the rootlets of the grass blades and subjecting them to the microscope, that it may be ready to reproduce them on canvas when the multimillionaire is tired of gloating over his dollars and listlessly turns to art as being the thing nearest reachable after the unreasonable moon. Love is specializing, and so literature must specialize, too. Quo vadimus?

FINE PRIVATE ZOO.

An English Gentleman is the Owner and He Has Some Rare Birds and Animals.

The distinction of having probably the most comprehensive zoo in England belongs to Mr. C. J. Leyland, of Haggerston Castle, Beal. Among the birds are the rhea, South American, ostrich, domiselle, Numidian, crane, Liberian crane, Zambesi goose, Australian black swan, emu, and water fowl from all parts of the globe. Fine, however, as the bird side of the collection is, that of the animals is more interesting. It includes many kangaroos, of which Mr. Leyland has bred and reared numbers. Considering the bleakness of the Northumberland coast, this circumstance proves that the marsupials are more hardy than one would think. In the park there is also a herd of Canadian deer, from one of which Mr. Leyland has had a pair of cast horns weighing 22 pounds. Here, too, may be seen a magnificent herd of North American bison; indeed, it is considered to be the finest and largest in the world, for one animals are now practically extinct in their own country. Another herd is worth mentioning—one of white-tailed gnus. The ruler of this community is a most ferocious animal, a bull that has killed two of his species, one of them older and bigger than himself. In consequence of this performance he was docked of his horns; but even now he defies anybody or anything that comes near him, glories in a fight, and would give a good account of himself in a mortal combat.

THEN THEY MOVE.

How long have they been keeping house?

Well, I understand they usually keep one until the landlord insists on having the rent.

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"If you were only a spectator was that my fault?"

"Not at all. I always do you justice, don't I? And you have never yet slighted or forgotten an old friend. I do not in the least mind Mr. Daryl's neglect of me. That is not what I wished to speak about."

"I don't want to be put on my guard about anything!" Kilmeny cried petulantly. "We had a wonderful and delightful time, and I won't have the bloom taken off it! Such rooms and such magnificence! It is like a fairy tale."

"Don't forget the ogre."

Kilmeny stopped abruptly and turned to her companion with a severe look.

"Say what you have to say!" she commanded. "I don't go a step further until you have delivered yourself of all the horrid things you have in your mind. If I decline to be put on my guard, you will think it your duty to unbosom yourself to mamma, and I won't have her disturbed."

"What did you imagine was Mr. Daryl's motive in all that he said and did to-day?"

"I did not search for his motive. I do not care to discover it, if he had one."

"Such men do not act without one. He intends to find out your tastes and wishes."

"Oh, well, if that is all," cried the girl, resuming her walk, "he shall discover them without any trouble! Do you know, Chris, I never told this to any one before, but every now and then I have longed to be rich and have just such a house as Mr. Darly's. I have wished that I were not merely a doctor's daughter, but some wealthy man's only child, and that I could have servants and money and pretty dresses by the dozen, and nothing but pleasure. Of course it is shocking to confess it, and I am sure that you are shocked."

"I am never shocked by anything that you may say."

"I wish you did not feel so about me!" Kilmeny cried, and there was genuine trouble in her voice. "It makes me realize that I am ungrateful and stony and altogether mean to know that you think of me that way, and that I have no feeling for you a bit like it. Couldn't you change, Chris? Couldn't you go back to what you were once?"

"When?" the young man asked, and there was sadness in his smile. "I don't think there was ever a time when I did not think of you 'that way,' as you call it. But if it troubles you for me to speak of it I promise you not to do so again. So you may be easy as far as that assurance will make you."

The girl turned away her head and was silent until they reached home, and Christopher, after all, was not so very sure that he had succeeded in his intention. He called the next evening, bringing a low carriage, and conveyed his guests to his house.

Mr. Warrender's house was not in in the least like Mr. Daryl's. It was cheerful and modern, with no gloom or suggestion of mystery about it. The dinner was excellent, and the preferences of each guest had been remembered and provided for. Chris had no more romance about him than his house, but he was thoroughly kind-hearted, and wonderfully thoughtful for a man. He spoke to Kilmeny exactly as if nothing had taken place, but there was a shade of reserve or embarrassment in her manner. He determined to dissipate it and restore the old freedom. He considered his best plan would be to leave her free to do as she pleased, and when she and the others went to ask the housekeeper to show them all over the house after dinner, he remained behind with Mrs. Richmond.

"What did you think of Mr. Daryl?" the mother asked anxiously when they were alone. "Kilmeny did not seem inclined to talk, and I fanciied that something odd had taken place. I feel so helpless without Doctor Richmond, and I trust in you. How did things go yesterday?"

"Mr. Daryl seemed to be greatly interested in Kilmeny. He took immense pains to please her."

"Surely you don't think that there is anything in it? He must be sixty or seventy, while she is barely twenty."

"No, no—I don't believe that there is anything of that kind. Make your mind easy on that score. But it struck me that he had some object in view—what it was I could not exactly make out."

"I wish he had never seen Kilmeny! I should be so much happier if this acquaintance had never begun. I can tell such stories about him, and Kilmeny's father is so far away! If anything unpleasant were to happen, I should never forgive myself. What ought I to do, Chris?"

"Kilmeny would not thank me for the advice which I should feel inclined to give. Mr. Daryl's desire to know her without first making your acquaintance does not seem to me just the right thing. How does it strike you, Mrs. Richmond?"

"Exactly as it does you. I have felt uneasy since he sent for her in that abrupt unceremonious way. I should not have consented at all to her going only she was so headstrong about it and you were with her. But I shall tell her, if any more invitations come that she must not accept them until Mr. Daryl gives me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him myself."

Mr. Warrender made no reply. He knew that the blame would fall on him, and he had no wish to injure himself too deeply in Kilmeny's eyes. Mrs. Richmond seemed to divine his feeling for she changed the conversation by asking him to look where the children were, as they must soon think of driving home."

"I shall stroll round the garden," she said, "and you can come for me when they are ready."

It was some time before Mr. Warrender could collect his young guests and convince them that their mother really intended to return home. When at length they were gathered, the younger ones remembered that they had not seen Chris' own room, and rushed off in a body to inspect it, leaving their host and Kilmeny together.

"You have been talking over Mr. Daryl with mamma," the girl said quickly when they were alone. "I was convinced that that was both her intention and yours when I saw you settle yourself down with her. What have you been saying?"

"It is better for your mother to tell you."

"No—I will hear you! If you have advised mamma to put an end to the thing, remember, that I will not submit to it. Mr. Daryl is quite an old man, and if it gives him any pleasure for me to visit him I intend to go. Of course, if papa were at home and were to forbid me, I should obey, or if mamma were to think things out for herself I should not mind—"

"What you object to is my interference in the matter?"

"You are only eight years older than I am!" cried Kilmeny with a laugh. "Why should you be so immensely wise? I, for one, am not going to stand it!"

She stopped with her charming face lifted to his and a little audacious sparkle in her eyes.

"Are you still bent on thwarting me, Chris?" she asked, in a soft voice, going close to him. "After all, my acquaintance with Mr. Daryl must cease when we leave this place, and that will be in a few weeks. And I cannot see any possible harm in it."

"If he comes to visit your mother, and she accompanies you on your visits, neither can I. Your mother is a good deal older than you, Kilmeny."

Kilmeny dropped him a little curtsey.

"I am going to see Mr. Daryl," she said gaily. "See if I don't!"

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Warrender and his companion went back to the drawing room rather soberly after Kilmeny's declaration. They expected to find Mrs. Richmond awaiting them, but she was not here. The girl looked round in surprise.

"Mrs. Richmond said that we should find her in the garden," Christopher observed. "This way, Kilmeny; I can let you out without going round to the door."

He opened a French window, and they passed through it. The summer dusk was falling, and the garden was beginning to take on the solemn, ghostly look which twilight brings with it. The colors of the flowers had disappeared, and they looked phantom-like as Kilmeny and Christopher went along. The garden was large, and they walked to the very end without perceiving any trace of Mrs. Richmond. As they stood looking back towards the house, which seemed to be a long way off, Kilmeny broke the silence.

"Where can mamma be?" she asked. "You are sure that she said the garden?"

"Quite sure. We must have missed her somehow. She will be looking for us; we had better go back."

They quickened their pace and soon regained the house, but Mrs. Richmond was not there. The rest of the party had gathered in the hall, and declared that their mother had not returned.

"You can see about the carriage being brought round, Lancelot," Christopher said. "Come, Kilmeny — you and I will have another search in the garden. She must be somewhere."

They went out again, Kilmeny slightly nervous in spite of herself.

"Why do you look so anxious?" Christopher said, laughing. "Your mother is not lost; she is only in some other part of the garden, and we shall find her in a minute. Stay—I think I see her yonder."

It did seem to them, as they both eagerly moved in the direction which he indicated, that there was some person moving in a little shrubbery at one side. Christopher called out Mrs. Richmond's name, and there came a rustling sound. The next moment Mrs. Richmond came hurriedly out and looked towards them without making any reply to Mr. Warrender's shout.

"Mamma—mamma!" Kilmeny cried, running to her. "Where have you been? This is the second time that we have been out looking for you, and Clare is crying, and I was beginning to feel frightened! Why don't you speak?"

"I was here in the garden," Mrs. Richmond answered. "Oh, Kilmeny," she cried a moment after, "let us get home! I don't feel well. I have a pain here" — putting her hand to her heart—"and I want to write to your father. He must come home at once!"

"Yes, yes!" Kilmeny cried, shocked. "I will write for him to-morrow! What is anybody to him in comparison with you? You must have got cold out in the garden, staying so long! Chris, take her other arm, and we shall soon have her in the house."

"No, no—I will lean on you!" cried Mrs. Richmond, shrinking away from the young man. "It was only a passing weakness and I am much better now. Let us go home, Kilmeny; I will not delay for anything!"

"You must come in until you are better," Chris said anxiously; but Mrs. Richmond positively and almost vehemently declined, and Kilmeny made him a sign not to press her.

The faces of both the young people looked pale and anxious as they went along. Mrs. Richmond's state was incomprehensible to them. She had always enjoyed excellent health, and they never remembered such an occurrence as this. Their thoughts flew to Doctor, Richmond, so far away, and they heartily desired his speedy return.

There was no time for consultation between them. Mrs. Richmond, finding the carriage at the door, insisted on getting into it at once, and entreated Mr. Warrender not to accompany them. She seemed so bent on it that he was reluctantly obliged to consent, but declared his intention of riding over early in the morning to inquire after her.

"You are sure that it would not be better for me to fetch a doctor at once?" he asked.

"A doctor?" cried Mrs. Richmond, and her voice had an odd, almost hysterical ring in it. "What could a doctor do for me? I am not ill at all—I merely got a chill in the garden. Please do not let us delay."

He stood back to allow the carriage to start, when she again leaned out.

"Good-bye, Christopher!" she said. "I have not thanked you for your kindness, but I do not forget it. Good-by—good-by!"

Her words seemed to him in some curious way to be a sort of farewell for more than that day, and made him feel as if the old life which stretched behind him into such infinite distance, with its cheerfulness and happy homeliness, were suddenly and unaccountably over.

The next day Mr. Warrender rode over early to the cottage. He reflected that one good thing which would arise out of Mrs. Richmond's illness was that Kilmeny would be obliged to remain with her mother, and that no visits to Mr. Daryl would be possible for the present. He was struck with astonishment therefore at the new developments which awaited him. Mrs. Richmond was sitting in the little arbor on the grass plot at the side of the house, and, except that she was pale, he could not at a distance discern any difference in her appearance. She was sewing, and he dismounted and tied up his hirse in order to speak to her. He could not see Kilmeny.

"You are better?" he said, in a relieved tone, approaching her.

"Yes, yes—I am quite well," she answered. Her voice sounded nervous, and she hurried on as if to avoid any closer questioning. "It is such a lovely day that I thought I would sit out of doors. The children have gone off on a picnic, and do not expect to be back until the evening. I have a good deal of sewing to do, and shall not have time to miss them."

"Have you written to Doctor Richmond?"

"I wrote this morning."

Mr. Warrender sat pondering. It was plain, from Mrs. Richmond's writing to her husband, that there was more amiss than she wished him to know, but he felt debarred from further inquiry. Her manner had totally changed. It was nervous and constrained, and for the first time in his life he felt as if she wished him away. Her mysterious illness in the garden, which he had expected to have completely explained during his morning's visit, was only rendered still more mysterious.

"I wonder that Kilmeny left you," he said abruptly. "Did she go with the others?"

"Kilmeny and all left me," she said, trying to laugh. "There was absolutely no reason for their staying. I am quite well."

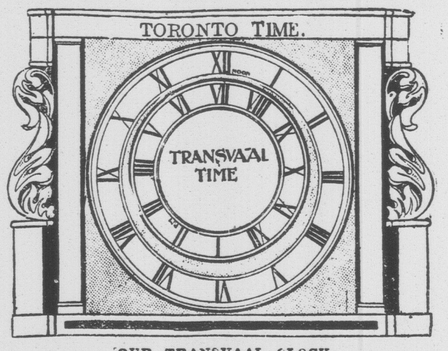
"I am glad you think that you are better," he said. "There is no use in my staying any longer."

She did not try to detain him, and he rode slowly away. He was determined to see Kilmeny and to warn her that her mother's illness had not passed away so wholly as Mrs. Richmond seemed anxious to have them believe. An hour's searching brought him to the children, seated under the shade of a tree by a little lake. They jumped up and hailed his appearance with delight.

"Where is Kilmeny?" he asked, gazing around.

"Oh, she is not here!" answered Jessica, a pretty girl of sixteen. "She went off to see old Mr. Daryl as soon as breakfast was over. I am sure I wish that she had never heard of him! She used to come everywhere with us, and now this is the second, or third time that she has gone to see him and left us by ourselves."

"Gone to see Mr. Daryl?" Chris repeated in blank amazement. "Are you sure? How do you know?"



OUR TRANSVAAL CLOCK.

By a comparison with this double-faced dial you will be able to gauge the difference between Canadian and Transvaal time. When it is noon in Toronto it is seven in the morning at Pretoria.

"I know quite well. A note came from him to mamma, and she sent for Kilmeny to her own room." After a while Kilmeny came, out and said that she was going to see him, and set off in a great hurry. She was laughing, and seemed pleased. We wanted her to wait for the picnic, but she would not."

"And the mater told you to hold your tongue about it, Miss Jessica," interposed Lancelot, "but girls never can be quiet about anything."

"She did not mean us not to talk to Chris," his sister answered. "We tell him everything. Do stay with us, Chris, instead of Kilmeny. We are all longing to go out in the boat, but mamma made us promise not to do so even under Launce's experienced guidance."

Christopher good-naturedly consented, seeing their eagerness for his presence, and did his best to supply Kilmeny's place, but his mind was painfully exercised during the whole time. Even when he was fishing up waterlilies for little 5-year-old Clare, and allowing Lancelot to row with him to the far end of the lake, and setting out the eatables for Jessica, his thoughts were on far different things. That something had occurred to turn Mrs. Richmond against him, and made her to reject his advice and shut him out of her confidence, was beyond a doubt. What that could be remained a mystery. There was nothing in his very uneventful and simple life which it would give him the slightest concern for the whole world to know, and he racked his brains for a solution of the puzzle.

Altogether, Mr. Christopher Warrender's reflections were anything but pleasing as he left the young Richmonds behind, and made his way in the evening in the direction of his own home. He was too proud to try to find out any more about Mrs. Richmond's affairs after her very decided action, but he suddenly felt very lonely as he entered the house.

To Be Continued.

MISERABLE WOMEN

HOW WOMEN LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR HOUSEHOLDS.

The Ills to Which Women Are Heir Cause Much Suffering—The Experience of a Lady Who Has Found a Speedy Cure.

Mrs. Isaie T. Comeau, who resides at 83 1-2 Arago street, St. Roch, Quebec, is a teacher of French, English, and music. For many years Mrs. Comeau has suffered greatly from internal troubles, peculiar to her sex, and also from continuous weakness the result of headaches, neuralgia and nervous prostration. Her trouble became so bad that she was forced to give up teaching, and go to an hospital, but the treatment there did not materially benefit her and ultimately she left the hospital still a great sufferer. Meantime her husband having heard of the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, purchased a few boxes and prevailed upon his wife to try them. When interviewed as to the merits of the pills Mrs. Comeau gave her story to the reporter about as follows:—

"My trouble came on after the birth of my child, and up to the time I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could find nothing to cure me. I suffered much agony, was very weak, had frequent severe headaches, and little or no appetite. It was not long after I began the use of the pills that I found they were helping me very much and, after taking them for a couple of months I was as well as ever I had been. My appetite improved, the pains left me and I gained considerably in flesh and am again able to attend to the lessons of my pupils, and superintend my household work. Since using the pills myself I have recommended them to others and have heard nothing but praise in their favor wherever used."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a boon to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions they restore health and strength to exhausted women, and make them feel that life is again worth living.

Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all substitutes.

GOOD BUSINESS MEN.

How the Spirit of Suspicion Might be Avoided Between Labor and Capital.

Richard Cadbury, who died in Jerusalem in the spring of the present year, was one of those hard-working men who build up their own fortunes, and in doing so make the fortunes of many whom they employ. When his father died, thirty-eight years ago in Birmingham, England, Richard and his brother George found themselves the proprietors of a grocery business, one of the features of which was the manufacture of cocoa and chocolate. In it were employed a dozen men.

The sons determined to devote themselves entirely to the making of chocolate and cocoa. To-day the firm employs twenty-four hundred people in its extensive works on the outskirts of Birmingham, and the populous little town of Bournville is wholly dependent on the Cadbury enterprise for its existence.

It was, however, in relation to his workmen and workwomen that the best side of the successful man was manifested. As prosperity came to him he allowed a share of it to fall in their way. And he not only showed by his conduct that he believed master and men to be one in aim and interest, but also that he recognized a higher Master of the business than Richard Cadbury.

The day's labors were always begun by gathering the people together for a few minutes of quiet acknowledgment of dependence on the goodness of God, and His ever-mindful care.

Richard Cadbury and his brother had a personal interest in every worker. When the women left the firm to get married,—the only thing they ever left for,—the brothers knew just where they went and how they were getting on. Such simple friendliness between employer and employed is the best check to the spirit of suspicion that in the present day divides the worker from the capitalist.

There are 1,000 vessels which cross the Atlantic Ocean regularly every month, some of them twice a month.

Agricultural

SHEEP AND HOGS.

For small farms sheep and hogs are good animals to raise, and exclusive farming with either one generally produces an enthusiast. It really requires a man of enthusiasm to succeed in most branches of cattle raising. One must love both the work and the animals to obtain the best results. Then he will reduce everything down to a system that will be guided by good sense and sympathy. Some people cannot get enthusiastic over pigs; they are swine, and dirty animals at that. Such people probably have never seen a clever lot of bred Chester Whites, Berkshires or some other equally well known animal, sleek and fat with the green food they have been eating, and so intelligent looking that their porcine qualities seem to have left them. But if there is a feeling against pigs so that one can only regard them as swine fit to receive nothing but swill and scraps, it is better to let them alone, and devote the time and attention to sheep.

These animals have the reputation of attracting the sympathy of all animal lovers; they are the type and symbol of innocence and helplessness. Kind to the farmer they are much more than this. They are money makers for him in good seasons, and good standbys when the other products of the farm are paying poorly. Sheep farming is a science that only the small farmer practises. Feeding sheep on the plains or on large plantations where land is so cheap and abundant is not sheep farming. It is only where the land is limited, and every acre must be made produce its profit, that scientific sheep farming can be conducted with success and skill. A good crop rotation is essential, for it would not pay to let the soil deteriorate, neither would it do to deny the sheep of their proper food. They must be kept growing by liberal feeding, and the land must be kept up to a normal standard of fertility by a good system of crop rotation. Sheep are the only animals that thrive on all sorts of farm produce sufficiently to permit a good system of crop rotation. One may raise the greatest variety of crops, and vary them every year, and still always find that the sheep will eat them and convert them into better money as a rule than if there were shipped direct to the market. Wheat is probably about the only important exception. In an emergency of great depression of prices wheat could even be made a profitable food for the sheep, mixed up with roots and hay. Sheep farming for the small farmer is thus an engaging and profitable occupation, and if he finds there is no market for his crops he can feed them to the sheep and not lose thereby.

TRAINING HORSES.

The importance of a knowledge of the natural laws which govern the actions of our horses is apparent to every well informed horseman; but to those who have not studied the matter closely it may be well to call attention to the fact that the pivotal point of all forward and backward movements of the horse is the centre of the body, viz., whatever happens at the front of the horse impels him backward, and at the back end causes him to go forward.

When the halter is put on the colt's neck for the first time, every one is fully aware the colt will go backward, but we rarely stop to consider why this is so. But the colt feels that he has got his head into some kind of a trap, and he knows but one way to get it out, and that it is to pull his head out of the halter.

If he got his head fast in the fence or anywhere else he would struggle even to the breaking of his neck if he did not succeed. If he gets his front foot over a bar or barbed wire fence he will go backward to pull it out.

The horse can easily be taught to back by placing the fingers between the point of the shoulder and the breast bone; pushing on him at this point will cause him to move back, and with the association of the word "back," in five minutes he has learned exactly what you want him to do —and the backward movement is acquired.

If a horse attempts to pass through a narrow passage, and he reaches a point back of the centre of the body, he goes on through, even if it crushes his hips to do so.

If he gets his hind foot fast he invariably goes forward to pull it out. Therefore, the hitching of one of the balky horse by the tail will oftener succeed in pulling the load without a fight than any other known process.

OVERCROWDING IN WINTER.

Every winter finds the poultry house crowded, and even away into winter is this the case, until the flocks get thinned down by gradually selling them off or until the bulk of them are hurried away by the annual slaughter just before the holidays. When you commenced in the spring with your few choice pullets and a cock the house was large enough to comfortably contain them; but when the young birds are forced to seek shelter during cold weather, having entirely outgrown their mother's care, the house proves to be far too small, though but few make any extra accommodations for them, as they undoubtedly should do, to secure them comfort and insure their health. If sickness once gets a hold in such an overcrowded house scarcely anything will stay, its ravages until there are few, if any, birds left. Even if they do not die under such careless treatment they cannot possibly keep their health, and will become sickly or droopy and lose much of the weight put on them when they were not in such close quarters and forced to breathe the foul atmosphere of the overcrowded house.

WOMEN WHO SHOULDN'T.

The woman who proudly declares that she cannot even hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds with a simper that she's "been in society ever since she was 15," should not marry. And there are others:

The woman who would rather nurse a pug dog than a baby.

The woman who wants to refurnish her house every spring.

The woman who buys for the mere pleasure of buying.

The woman who thinks men are angels and demigods.

The woman who would rather die than wear a bonnet two seasons old.

The woman who thinks that the cook and the nurse can keep house.

The woman who buys bric-a-brac for the parlor, and borrows kitchen utensils from her neighbors.

The woman who wants things just because "other women" have them.

INGERSOLL MAN

Can Do More Work on the Farm Than His Twenty-Four Year Old Son.

For Three or Four Years at One Time He Was Too Weak to Work at All—Disabled With Kidney Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills Gave Him His Present Strength.

Ingersoll, Nov. 6.—We have a man in this district who is a remarkable example of the adage, "Health and strength go as a pair." He is a middle-aged man in perfect health, and glories in his strength. Yet some years ago he used to be as weak and helpless as a kitten.

Mr. W. H. Bailey lives on lot five on the town line between Derham and West Oxford. He is a farmer by occupation and well known throughout the district. For years Mr. Bailey was a victim of Kidney Disease which sapped his strength. He was not a believer in patent medicines, but he tried all the doctors in Ingersoll without avail. Then he took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and became a whole, sound man once more. To so an extent did he gain in strength that in spite of his years he could overmatch his grown-up son, a big strapping man of twenty-four.

Mr. Bailey says: "For years I have been troubled with Kidney Disease, being so bad at times that I could do nothing. I had tried all the doctors in this town but they would have put me in my grave. I took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am now able to do more work than my twenty-four year old son."

A Pleasant Surprise

For those who have thought that Catarrh is incurable, and to whom the constant use of snuffs and ointments has been almost unbearable, is to learn of Catarrhozone, the new medicated air treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma, Catarrhozone is a guaranteed cure for those diseases and never fails to cure them. It cures by inhalation of medicated air and always reaches the right spot. It is no theory, but the result of actual experience, and thousands of testimonials back up all we say for our medicine. Price $1.00 at all druggists, or direct by mail on receipt of price. Send 10c, in stamps for sample outfit to N. C. Polson & Co., Box 518, Kingston, Ont.

MERELY SOUNDED THE ALARM.

He is a brave man, said one Parisian citizen as the personage who fights duels in the newspapers passed.

A very brave man, answered the other. I have known him to call out a dozen men in one day!

Impossible!

Yes. They were members of the fire department!

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

The Toronto office of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association during the past week has paid to the beneficiaries of deceased policy-holders over forty thousand dollars. Among the checks we notice one of ten thousand dollars to the estate of the late Senator Sanford of Hamilton. These large amounts were paid at a cost to the insured much below that of competing companies, and considerable time before due. Active agents wanted in all unrepresented districts to sell our new and taking policies. Address W. J. Murray, Manager Mutual Reserve Fund Association, Freehold Loan Building, Toronto, Ontario; J. P. W. Patterson, Manager for Quebec, St. James St., Montreal; Alfred Manley, Manager Maritime Provinces, Halifax, and A.R McNichol, Winnipeg, for Manitoba and N. W. T.

MOCK FIGHTS.

Mock fights are common in English service, where troops are taught how to march, charge, retreat, form in line of battle, and do all the things which are likely to be required in actual warfare, except to kill the supposed enemy. The soldiers take great delight in it.

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. USHER, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto

Miss Grant, the sculptor, who has just finished a fine bust of Mr. Gladstone, is a niece of Sir Francis Grant, a former president of the Royal Academy.

"Pharaoh 10c." Pepsa, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

SENSIBLE LEGISLATION.

Western Australia has an act in force prohibiting the landing of any one who cannot write out a given passage in English.

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

A great many people live according to their convictions — especially those who reside in the penitentiary.

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.

Owing to ill-health Vice President Hobart will not be a candidate for re-election.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

FISH, BETTER THAN BEEF.

According to chemical analysis, 15 parts of the flesh of fish have about the same nutritive value as 12 parts of boneless beef.

"A Step in the right direction" is to give up using poor or adulterated Tea and drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea.

THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF
LUDELLA Ceylon Tea
speaks for itself. A trial is the most convincing argument in its favor.
Lead Packages. . . . . 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

DR. WARD'S BLOOD & NERVE PILLS
TRADE MARK

The Vital Element of the Blood is Iron

Too little iron means weakness, lack of spirits, pallid cheeks, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, nervousness, want of appetite, ending in general breakdown.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills

contain iron in a soluble form, so that it easily and naturally assimilates with the gastric juices of the stomach, and the result is that you feel your health getting well immediately on taking these pills.

We have on file thousands of testimonials from well known people who have been cured by these pills, and will on application mail a book containing a few of them to any address free.

THERE IS NO SENSE IN FEELING MISERABLE WHEN YOU CAN BE SO EASILY CURED.

PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOX, FIVE BOXES FOR $2.00.

All druggists, or SAM. WILLIAMS & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Sent by mail on receipt of cash.

All People Die Sooner or later, but not the way you wish to appear like new, sathey bring gladness into your heart instead of sorrow. You will be surprised how you can improve your appearance on the street by getting a package of HOME DYES and DYEING YOUR LAST YEARS DRESS, JACKET, OR SUIT OF CLOTHES, at such a trifling cost. It does not matter of what material they are made, as Home Dyes will dye any shade you require, on cotton, silk, wool or mixed goods, with equally good results, as they are POSITIVELY Union Dyes, and will not run or streak, if used according to directions on each package. Be sure and ask for HOME DYES and accept no others. Do not be put off with something "just as good," but insist on getting HOME DYES. For sale by your druggist, or write direct to us and we will mail you, free of postage, 10c. package, or 3 for 25 cents. **HOME DYES**

TORONTO HOME DYE CO., TORONTO.

FOOLISH MAN.

Bessie—Goodness gracious, Mabel! What are you crying for?

Mabel—George proposed to me last night and I refused him — boo-hoo!— and the silly goose th—boo-hoo-hoo!— thought I meant it.

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."

Half the ships in the world are British. The best of them can be converted into ships of war in 48 hours.

THE WRECKED STEAMER SCOTSMAN

Was no more out of her bearings than people are who use any other dye than Home Dyes, as they are pronounced by persons who have used them, to be the cleanest and most satisfactory dyes ever produced. Any person can use Home Dyes without soiling their hands, with the best results, by being a little careful and following the direction on each package. A trial package is all that is required to convince you that the above are solid facts. To be had at all druggists, or mailed direct, free of postage, 10c. a package, or 3 for 25 cents. Get a package and be convinced.

TORONTO HOME DYE CO., Toronto.

OLDEST COAL MINES.

The oldest German coal mines were first worked in 1195. They are near Worms, England did not begin to mine its coal until the fourteenth century.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral." Free Bus Am. Plan. from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Varley, Prop.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake, Prop.

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

AN OCCASION OF GREAT JOY.

Was the dear girl happily married? asked the friend.

Yes, indeed, answered, Miss McGabble. It was one of the happiest weddings I ever saw. I never saw so few duplicates among the presents of cut glass and silver ware.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

OUTCLASSED.

Nextdoor—I haven't heard your dog barking at night for some time.

Honer—No. Guess the poor fellow got discouraged. We have twins at our house now, you know.

W P C 997

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.

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

HARRIS Brass Scrap, LEAD, COPPER, BRASS. Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1720. WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

LAW Mills, Mills & Hales Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

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

WANTED—Men to travel, salary or commission, experience unnecessary. Write LUKE BROS. CO., Montreal.

WANTED—Salesmen; "Arborine" protects fruit trees from all pests; $30.00 week. ARBORINE CO., Montreal.

BARGAIN—Seventy acres, less if desired; all clay, in grass; adjoining Manchester, best village Huron County; house, orchard, never-failing water. Will take bush farm in ex