

TRIAL FOR LIFE

"I am sure, then, that you have served 'I would do so, if I could. Mr. Cassinove, I do not come here of an empty visit, or only to take up a portion of the precious time that you two have to be together. I came with a purpose that is very near my heart." Rose paused, and Cassinove looked interested and attentive. Rose resumed, with some embarrassment, that soon, however, gave way before the affectionate candor and simplicity of her nature: "Mr. Cassinove, will you permit me to speak to you as I should if you were my brother. Thank you, I knew you would. It is of your own source of anxiety now, is she not?"

"She is indeed, madam; but for the thought of my wife I could die content," said Cassinove, bitterly.

"Mr. Cassinove, I am to me like a dear sister and more than a sister, for I love her more than any one in the world except one."

"You are the angel of her life, as she is of mine," said the prisoner.

"Mr. Cassinove, if my position and hers were reversed, if I were in the same straits to which she is now reduced, I would throw myself upon her noble heart for sympathy and feel sure of finding it. What I know Laura in such a case would be to me, I wish to be to her," said Rose earnestly.

"I am sure that you will be all that the kindest friend can be to my bereaved wife," replied the young man, gratefully.

"Yes, Mr. Cassinove, and after—after—when—"

The words seemed to suffocate her, for she could proceed no further.

"When all is over with me," suggested the prisoner in a gentle voice.

"When you are with God," said Rose, in a firmer tone, "then I would pray, Laura, to return with me to Bereleigh House, and share my heart and home forever."

Cassinove looked with reverential admiration upon her eloquent young face, but answered nothing as yet.

She continued:

"I fear it will be thought too presumptuous in me to ask such a thing of Laura; I should scarcely venture so much if I did not know that her greatest comfort will be found in doing good, and that her presence will be a great good to me."

"And the duke, madam?"

"My husband understands the great blessing that Laura would be to me, and for that reason, as well as for the high esteem he has for her, he warmly approves the plan. He authorizes all that I have said, and more."

The doctored man looked from the earnest, fervent countenance of the young duchess to the beautiful, pale face of his wife, and hesitated. Rose, seeing his embarrassment, hastened to say:

"Oh, Mr. Cassinove, I have already spoken to Laura. Do you also speak to her; she will not gainay you. Persuade her to consent to share my home, and then leave her with confidence to my heart. To me and to my husband she shall be as the dearest of our sisters."

"Ah, your sisters, madam—how would they receive my stricken one?" inquired Cassinove, turning a look of unutterable love and compassion upon his wife.

"With the warmest welcome, with the most respectful sympathy. All will study her comfort from my noble mother-in-law down to me. We are a united family, Mr. Cassinove. We think with one mind and feel with one heart. Oh, believe it."

"Alas, madam, I have but words, and words are all too poor and vain to express how profoundly I feel your goodness."

"You approve my plan, and you will persuade Laura to agree to it?"

"My wife will require no persuasion to become your guest for a few weeks, and I shall be tranquilized to think that in the first days of her grief she will be in a safe haven among dear friends."

"Laura, you hear?" exclaimed Rose, turning to her friend.

"Yes, I hear, sweet Rose," replied the pale woman. Then going to her husband, she asked, "Is this your will, dear Cassinove. Shall you be happier to have me so disposed of?"

"Yes, love, yes; it were ungracious and ungrateful to refuse so kind an offer. You will go to the Duchess of Bereleigh for a few weeks, until you have recovered the shock of this calamity. Afterward, Providence will provide."

"She will never have the heart to leave me, I will love her so well," said Rose, rising and gravely embracing Laura. Then looking at Cassinove, she said, "This is settled."

"It is settled," answered the prisoner and his wife in the same breath.

There was a pause, and then a sudden paleness overspread the face of Rose. She knew that she must no longer intrude upon last hours of the condemned man and his devoted wife, but she felt all the horror of bidding a last farewell to a man doomed to die a violent death in a few hours.

For an instant the sudden and acute realization of all this overwhelmed her, the scene darkening before her eyes, the floor seemed to sink under her feet.

"Oh, I must not faint! I must not even be weak—I, who am required to support others," was the thought that called back her ebbing strength. She went up to Cassinove and offered him both her hands, saying:

"Mr. Cassinove, I need not tell you that I believe fully in your innocence; you know that I do. May the Almighty and All-Merciful support and comfort you! When I am out of your sight, I shall be in my knees in prayer for you. Good-by."

"Farewell, blessed angel! May the richest blessings of heaven descend on you and yours," said Cassinove, with deep emotion.

Rose turned to the prisoner's wife, saying:

"I shall come for you, Laura, at the hour of closing. Good-by for the present."

Laura rose to accompany her back to the hackney coach, but outside the cell door she met Dr. Clark, and consigned Rose to his care.

"While, Laura remained in the cell with her husband until the return of Dr. Clark and Mr. Watson, when she retired to let them speak unreservedly to Cassinove, while she herself went to seek an interview with the warden of the prison. On entering his office, she sat down, and in a hesitating manner, preferred her mournful request to be permitted to remain with her husband on this last night of his life; but she was kindly, though firmly, informed that the rules would not allow her to do so."

Laura saw that entreaties and prayers would be of no avail to break these stern rules, and in pale despair, she arose and left the office.

As Laura re-entered Cassinove's cell she was surprised to observe that Mr. Watson was no longer there, but that an unexpected visitor, Colonel Hastings, was seated beside Cassinove, whose suddenly blanched face and fixed eyes betrayed the fact that he had received some unexpected intelligence that even in this day of doom had power to transfix him. Both the prisoner and the visitor were so deeply absorbed that they, neither of them, observed the entrance of Laura, who sank unnoticed into her chair. Colonel Hastings was saying:

"After the sudden death of my son, I hastened from Baden-Baden to do this late justice. I found you on trial for life, and had no opportunity of communicating with you. I placed myself among the witnesses for your defense, and awaited the issue of your trial. After your conviction, I saw that there was no time to be lost in trying to obtain the clemency of the Crown. I sought the minister immediately. I found the Duke of Bereleigh with him on the same errand of friendship, but we failed of obtaining his favor. This morning I obtained an audience with the King, and having preferred my petition, was bluntly refused and dismissed. I next sought an interview with the Queen, and implored her intercession, but in vain, for neither pardon, commutation nor reprieve could I get. In despair I returned home, and thought that I would let the matter drop, as the revelation at such a crisis would avail nothing. But then an irresistible desire to confess everything, and obtain your forgiveness, brought me hither."

"It is very, very bitter—say nothing to her of this until it is over; to know it now would only increase her distress; whereas the knowledge a few days hence might have a beneficial effect upon her spirits. Now, if you please, Colonel Hastings, bring me those documents of which we spoke, and an able lawyer at once; I have but little time to attend to some necessary forms; the rest must be left to your management."

"If I live I will do all I can toward making restitution," said the colonel, rising to leave the cell, and seeing for the first time that the wife of the prisoner had entered.

"Good-morning, Lady—I should say, Mrs. Cassinove. You see here one dying man come to ask-pardon of another," said the colonel hurriedly, as he bowed and left the cell.

"And you have learned—"

"Nothing, but that something has been concealed from me."

"Only for a few days, dear one, then you shall know all. And then—you will try to bear up and live for my sake!"

She turned on him a look of unutterable affection, and gave him her hand.

They were soon interrupted by the return of Colonel Hastings with a lawyer. "Retire for a little while, dearest," said the gentleman alone, said Cassinove.

And Laura left the cell, and took her seat upon a bench in the passage outside. She looked up and saw one of the officers of the prison approaching. She asked him what o'clock it was.

"Gone three!"

"Gone three! and she must leave him forever at six! Only three hours left, and those men taking up the precious time!"

While she sat there with her life-power ebbing away, Dr. Clark and Mr. Watson came up. The worthy physician and the good pastor had been in attendance upon Cassinove the greater part of the day. They looked surprised to see Laura sitting outside; but she explained to them that her husband was engaged with his lawyer.

The clergyman sat down beside her. Dr. Clark took her hand, and looked into her face, and then hurriedly walked away. He returned in a few minutes with a glass of wine and a biscuit, of which he forced Laura to partake.

At that moment, also, the cell door opened, and Colonel Hastings and the lawyer came out. They bowed in passing, and immediately left the prison.

It was now past four o'clock; in two hours more Laura must bid her husband a final adieu. She re-entered the cell, accompanied by her two old friends, to pass those two precious, awful hours in his company. They found Cassinove gone and collected. He greeted his friends calmly, and then drew Laura to his side, and at with her hand clasped in his. Oh, the clasp of that loved hand, so soon to be convulsed in a violent death! Oh, the glance of those loving eyes, so soon to be closed forever! The thought was suffocating, maddening to her. All the suffering of the last few dreadful days had failed to prepare her for this hour of supreme agony. She felt that sudden death or insanity threatened her, that brain or heart must instantly give way. She breathed a last, agonized prayer for help and strength. Mr. Watson noticed her increasing agony, and, knowing the efficacy of divine consolation in such extreme cases, he proposed that all should kneel and unite in invoking it. They knelt, and the venerable clergyman poured forth his soul in earnest prayer for the doomed prisoner, and for his afflicted wife.

They arose from their knees strengthened to endure. And though her brain still reeled, and her heart still rebelled, Laura felt that she could now retain life and reason through the anguish of that hour.

Mr. Watson signed to Dr. Clark, and said:

"Cassinove, we will leave you together now until the hour of closing. We shall return—do pass the night with you, and the doctor to receive your wife. Be firm, dear friends; continue to call on 'Him who sounded the depths of human woe' to be your stay and comfort. Remember that this parting is but for a little time. Lie at longest in bed at rest, and your reunion hereafter, in the better land, will be for all eternity."

And so saying the good pastor pressed the hands of Laura and Cassinove, and beckoned Dr. Clark to follow him from the cell.

"They have little more than half an hour; let them pass it together," said the doctor, as soon as they were out of the cell.

Nor will we, reader, intrude upon a grief so sacred. We will remain with the clergyman and the physician in the passage, where they passed the night, and in pacing up and down before the closed door of the cell, until an officer of the prison advanced and told them that the lady who had been there in the morning had retired in her and was waiting to receive Mrs. Cassinove.

Dr. Clark went immediately to receive Rose, and conduct her to the door of the cell.

The pallid brow and dilated eyes of the young lady betrayed the sympathetic sufferings that she would willingly have concealed.

"They have little more than half an hour; let them pass it together," said the doctor, as soon as they were out of the cell.

"Yes, yes; as my day is, so shall my strength be. Is it not so, Mr. Watson?"

"Yes, dear madam, so may you prove it," replied the minister.

She needed all her strength now, for the great crisis of suffering had arrived.

The governor of the prison came up, saying:

"It is six o'clock, Mr. Watson. Will you be so good as to go to the cell, and tell him so, and bring his happy wife. It seems a cruel thing to part them to-night, but in such cases the iron rule is the most merciful."

Mr. Watson bowed, and slowly and sadly entered the cell.

Cassinove and his devoted wife were standing together, his arm supporting her form, her head resting upon his breast.

"Is it time?" he inquired.

"It is time," replied the minister.

"The hour has come, love," said Cassinove, steeping and whispering to his wife.

She raised her head, and fixed her eyes upon his face with a long, long gaze, threw her arms around him again, and clasped him to her breast with the strength of despair, as though her frail arms could have held him away from the whirlpool of fate that was drawing him from her. She muttered incoherent gasping phrases, of which nothing could be distinguished but the words:

"Oh, must I—must I go? even now? God bless you, love! Farewell, farewell!"

"God be with you, my own true wife! Farewell!" said Cassinove, gently disengaging her arms from about his neck and giving her to the charge of Mr. Watson.

The good minister supported her from the cell. She was white, cold and sinking; her life seemed ebbing fast from her. But the forthright of Dr. Clark had provided for this emergency. They sat her down upon the bench, beside the young duchess who tenderly supported her fainting form, while the doctor bathed her face in spirits of camphor.

Then after a few minutes, supported on one side by Dr. Clark and on the other by Mr. Watson and attended by Rose, she was taken to the carriage. Rose got in first that she might receive Laura, who was placed, more dead than alive in the carriage. Rose received Laura in her arms and supported her on her bosom and the order was given to drive to Bereleigh House. No word broke the stillness of that ride. Rose could not mock that awful sorrow with any commonplace of consolation.

When they reached the Bereleigh House they found Dr. Clark there awaiting them. He had thrown himself in a hackney coach and preceded them, to attend upon Mrs. Cassinove, whose condition, he foresaw, would require his utmost medical skill.

Laura was lifted immediately from the carriage and conveyed to bed in the sumptuous chamber prepared for her, where she lay insensible to all that was passing around her, looking more like the dead than the living.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Laura had not spoken since she had been brought to Bereleigh House. All night long she lay senseless and seemingly without life. Dr. Clark and Rose watched beside her till long after the sun had risen.

At length the doctor arose, and coming around to the side of the duchess, said: "You may retire to rest now, my dear

madam. The last earthly troubles of Ferdinand Cassinove are over."

Rose looked up in wild affright.

"It is past eight o'clock; he died, you know, at seven."

Rose with difficulty suppressed a shriek, although the news gave her inexplicable relief, for she thought: "His soul is no longer agonized on earth; it is at peace with God."

"You will do well to retire to rest at once. I expect Mr. Watson here very soon. He promised, you know, to remain with Cassinove until all should be over, and then to come and bring his last words to his wife."

"Then I will stay till he comes, and I see how my dearest Laura bears it," said Rose, resolutely.

Laura's condition seemed to change; from time to time she partially opened her eyes, and moaned as one in intolerable pain. At last she spoke:

"Oh, the long, long night—the long, long night—how does he bear it?"

"At this moment there came a gentle knock at the chamber door. Mrs. Maberly went to open it. A servant appeared, who delivered a message, and retired. Mrs. Maberly came back to the doctor, and in her turn whispered:

"The Rev. Mr. Watson, if you please, sir, is downstairs in the library waiting to see you."

The doctor nodded, and then looked anxiously at Laura. She seemed to have sunk back into apathy. He felt her pulse, and then, with a sad shake of his head, laid the pale, attenuated hand down upon the bed, and arose and glided from the room.

He went softly down the stairs and opened the library door.

Mr. Watson advanced to meet him; they shook hands in silence, and then the doctor said:

"You have come to tell us that it is finished?"

"No—look there," replied the clergyman, drawing his friend toward a gentleman who stood at the window with his back toward them.

This gentleman turned around, and when the doctor raised his eyes he stood face to face with—

Ferdinand Cassinove!

Yes, with Ferdinand Cassinove, who, holding out his hand, exclaimed in a broken voice:

"My wife! how is she, doctor?"

"Great Heaven of heavens! Cassinove alive! escaped!" exclaimed the doctor, beside himself with astonishment.

"Pardoned, fully an entirely pardoned, for a crime that he never committed," replied the clergyman gravely.

The doctor turned and met Cassinove's dark eyes, and grasped his hands in speechless joy, that presently found expression in a burst of many tears.

"But how is this? What moved the minister? Tell me all about it!"

"What moved the minister was the attested confession of the wretch who really did commit the crime, and who has now come to answer for it. Cassinove, the guiltless victim of circumstantial evidence, was to have suffered at 7 o'clock this morning. At 7 o'clock this morning Cassinove was free, and Thugsen, the threefold murderer, was dead by his own hand."

"For Heaven's sake, how was that?" inquired the greatly agitated doctor.

"I will tell you all by and by. The attested dying confession of Thugsen was in the hands of the minister last night; but for the abominable routine, Cassinove might have been free last night, and we all have been saved twelve hours of anguish. The pardon was placed in the hands of the sheriff at 6 o'clock this morning. An hour later and a legal murder had been committed. There, that is all I can tell you now, for I see that Cassinove is anxious that his wife should be comforted."

"My wife! how did she pass the trying night?" How is she this morning?" inquired Cassinove.

(To be continued.)

PHONE GIRLS OF MANILA.

Position Sought by Members of Aristocratic Families.

Manila telephone subscribers feel that though living in what the average American believes to be a semi-barbarous land the rest of the world has no "edge" on them in being served by comely maidens as "hello girls." The Filipino telephone operator comes from the best families of her land, and takes her work more seriously than her fair-skinned sister of the Occident, says the Kansas City Star.

She has her servant, who is also her chaperon, to accompany her to the office, carrying her back to the security of her home when the gong rings on her day's work.

The Spanish custom of never permitting an unmarried woman above the age of 12 years to leave the portals of her home unaccompanied still prevails with both Spaniards and Filipinos of the better class, and their employment as telephone operators permits no relaxation of the watchful care.

The fact that the field of labor, aside from domestic service, for the Filipino girl is so limited, makes employment in this line especially desirable and much sought after by the daughters of the well-to-do Filipinos. Hence to be a "hello girl" in the Philippines is an honor carrying with it prestige and entry into the best society.

To serve as "central" in Manila a girl must speak and understand English, Spanish and Tagalog, and some of them possess a working knowledge of Japanese, Chinese and other Oriental tongues.

The chief operator—an American woman—of the recently established Manila

SECRET SKIN TROUBLES

Have you on some part of your body a sore, or eruption, or eczema, or some such trouble, from the cause of others, yet causes you hours and hours of pain and inconvenience? If so, don't overlook this confidence fact—that Zam-Buk is daily curing just such chronic cases as yours! It heals skin diseases, itching, scabs, ringworm and sores due to blood poison. Write Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for free trial box, sending 1c. stamp. All stores and druggists sell at 50 cents a box.

Zam-Buk

line, states that the Filipino girls employed as operators are very apt and intelligent and are rapidly developing a most satisfactory service. They receive, as beginners, a salary of 20 pesos (\$10) per month, which is increased to twice that amount on their becoming proficient.

As the word hurry is unknown in the Far East, so likewise it is often necessary for an impatient subscriber to curb his temper when telephoning. But the tones of the dulcet-voiced operator, "The lyne ees becase, senor," soothes him to patience.

EARLY WOMEN AERONAUTS.

Mme. Phible Was the First—Mrs. Sage's Elaborate Costume.

Ballooning is a sport which has always attracted women. Between 1783 and 1849 forty-nine women made balloon ascents, half of whom were English women. A quaint writer has accounted for this by noting in most ungallant language the likeness between women and balloons.

Mme. Phible, the first woman aeronaut in the world, ascended from Lyons. Mme. Blanchard was, however, the first female professional balloonist, and she ascended from Paris with her husband, the famous aeronaut, in 1783. De Fonville writes of her this not very reassuring epitaph: "She was born an aeronaut and died in a balloon." The Countess Henri was another French woman who made balloon ascents about the period. She accompanied De Garnef on his second voyage in 1798.

The lovely Mrs. Sage was the first English woman to make a balloon ascent. She went up with Vincent Lunardi in 1784, a cat, a dog and a pigeon also being of the party. Mrs. Sage was young and graceful. She wore a plumed hat and feathers and a gossamer scarf lightly drawn about her shoulders. After a few hours aloft Mrs. Sage and her costume descended at Harrow unharmed.

NERVOUS INDIGESTION.

A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I suffered so much from nervous dyspepsia that I feared I would become insane," says Mrs. Alfred Austin, of Varenny, Ont. "For months," says Mrs. Austin, "I was prostrated with this trouble. I got so bad I could not eat a mouthful of food without it nearly choking me. I was affected with such terrible feelings of dizziness and nausea that I had to leave the table sometimes with just two or three mouthfuls of food for my meal."

"My nerves were all unstrung and I grew so weak that I could not even sweep the floor. In fact, my nerves affected me to such an extent that I feared to be left alone. I could not sleep at night, and used to lie awake until I feared my reason would leave me. I was taking medicine constantly, but it did not do me a bit of good. I had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on a former occasion with good results, and at last determined to try them again. I can say nothing better than that these pills have been a blessing to me, as they have made me a well woman. Every trace of the indigestion is gone, and my nerves are as strong and sound as ever."

Now I can eat anything that is on the table, and I get sound, refreshing sleep at night. All this I owe to the faithful use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I shall never cease to praise."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fill the veins with new, rich blood. That is why they strengthen the nerves and every organ in the body. That is why they cure all troubles due to bad blood or weak, shattered nerves, such as anaemia, with its grinding, wearing backaches, headaches and dizziness, rheumatism and neuralgia, heart palpitation, indigestion, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, kidney troubles, and those special ailments that render the lives of so many women and growing girls a burden.

But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Nature Story.

(Accompanying affidavits on file).

The morning shower had ceased, and the early robin, seeking for its breakfast, had caught sight of an early worm. Grabbing it with its bill, the robin pulled the worm partly out of the ground. Then it let go, to take a fresh hold, and an English sparrow swooped down, seized the worm and flew away with it.

The robin, nothing daunted, hunted up another worm, and had nearly completed the process of extraction, when the English sparrow swooped down again and carried away this worm likewise.

This performance was repeated six times more.

"Say, you," exclaimed the robin, losing patience at last, "why do you rob me in this meanly, contemptible fashion?"

"Because," answered the English sparrow, "you're dead easy. What is the use of my digging worms when I can get big slobbs like you to dig them for me?"

Which so angered the woman who was watching the birds and had overheard their conversation that she picked up a stone, threw it at the sparrow and came within half an inch of hitting the robin.

C. W. T.

Potato Growing

The Ontario Department of Agriculture is making an investigation into the potato industry of the Province by Mr. H. B. Smith, B. S. A. After visiting the most important potato growing sections of Ontario, he is preparing a special report for publication. Pending the free report, which will probably show a more serious state of affairs than is generally supposed, the following recommendations are put out with a view to impressing upon farmers the necessity of immediate action. The treatment of potatoes to prevent the rot is a matter of extreme importance.

Ontario produced fewer potatoes in 1906 than she ever produced in any single year in all the time the Provincial Department of Agriculture have been collecting information concerning the acreages annually devoted to farm crops. Within the past few years the acreage planted to potatoes in this Province has decreased by 50,000 acres; the product by approximately 6,000,000 bushels. Present indications are that the crop of 1907 will be lighter than last year's with the high prices that are being paid for some time strongly maintained. Farmers, on the right kind of soil, who have planted a good acreage to this crop this spring, will, if they are able to successfully bring their crop to maturity, reap larger returns from potatoes than they ever could likely derive from any line of farming in which they might engage, and it is to point out briefly one or two little things that in these days must be attended to, if potato growing is to be successfully accomplished, that this article has been prepared.

Inability to cope with the rot has been the great cause of failure in potato growing Ontario, yet five dollars or even less, will cover the entire cost for material and labor required to treat one acre of potatoes with Bordeaux mixture, and this mixture properly made, and consistently and intelligently applied, is a certain preventive of rot. From experiments officially conducted at Guelph, at Ottawa, and at practically every expert station in the United States, and from the practical experience of growers everywhere, Bordeaux Mixture has been proven the only effective remedy for potato rot. At Ottawa during the past three years, the average increase in yield from spraying with this mixture was 94.6 bushels per acre.

Bordeaux mixture for potato spraying is made from the following formula: Copper Sulphate (Bluestone or Blue Vitrol) 6 pounds; unslaked lime, 5 pounds; water, 40 to 50 gallons.

As it is inconvenient to weigh the lime and copper at the time of mixing, and quite impracticable to keep a supply of ready mixed Bordeaux on hand, stock solutions of the copper and lime are usually prepared ready for mixing as required. To prepare material sufficient to treat one acre of potatoes four times, proceed as follows: Place 78 pounds of bluestone in a bag or basket, and suspend it near the surface in 36 gallons of water in a barrel. It will dissolve in a few hours, and every gallon afterwards dipped from this barrel will contain exactly two pounds of bluestone. For the lime stock mixture, take 60 pounds of fresh unslaked lime and 36 gallons of water. Slake the lime by the use of as little of the water as possible, and when all is broken down, being the solution to standard strength by adding water, so that the mixture of 36 gallons of water. Every gallon of lime mixture now contains exactly two pounds of lime. These mixtures, if kept under cover and evaporation prevented, will retain their strength all summer.

In making the Bordeaux it is important to remember that these strong "stock" mixtures must never be brought together. Four three gallons of the bluestone solution into a 40 gallon barrel (an ordinary barrel holds between 40 and 60 gallons), half fill the barrel with water, add 24 gallons of the lime solution, fill up with water, stir thoroughly and the mixture is ready for use.

For applying, a spray pump will be found economical of labor and materials, and the gain in product from one year's spraying of one acre of potatoes will usually pay the entire cost of such an appliance, but if none is at hand, Bordeaux may be applied in the same manner as Paris green would be applied in solution for bugs. The object is to keep the crop covered with the mixture during the season in which blight is liable to occur, and while modern spraying machinery does this a little better than anything else, there are scores of farmers in Ontario who are obtaining quite satisfactory results from applying the Bordeaux by whatever means are at their disposal. In preparing the mixture where any kind of power sprayers are to be used, always strain the lime solution when mixing with the bluestone. The lime sometimes slakes lumpy and clogs up the nozzles. If required, Paris green may be applied with the Bordeaux, adding half a pound of Paris green to each barrel of the mixture.

Spraying should begin about July 15th and the vines kept covered till September. Four applications, as required, will usually accomplish this. Some have got fairly satisfactory results from one good spraying experience, the number of applications may perhaps be decreased, but ordinarily it is best to use the mixture at least four times.

Bordeaux is the only effective remedy yet devised for the control of potato blight. It is easy to make and easy to apply, and where properly made and thoroughly applied is certain to be effective. The only precautions to observe in making are to use pure, fresh materials and mix these in correct proportions and in the proper way, and in applying to keep the mixture on the vines during the season that blight is likely to appear.

All Took the Hint.

A man in a small western town bought a quart of milk and on arriving home found it was adulterated with water. The next day he posted bills in different sections of the town reading:

"I bought a quart of milk yesterday which I found to be adulterated. If the scoundrel willing him another quart I'll not denounce him."

The next day he found three quart cans on his doorstep. There were three dairymen in the town.

Rickets.

Simply the visible sign that baby's tiny bones are not forming rapidly enough. Lack of nourishment is the cause. Scott's Emulsion nourishes baby's entire system. Stimulates and makes bone. Exactly what baby needs.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

