

We will always be pleased to receive from our subscribers...

POULTRY EXHIBITION

Mr. W. F. James, of the Toronto Poultry Show, writes to the Toronto Mail...

CHEESE AND BUTTER

The Dominion House of Commons and the Ontario Dairy Commission...

"HAIRY" HENS

Mr. Greeny, of Brantford, Ontario, writes to the Toronto Mail...

CROSSBINS IN POULTRY

Last week we gave a cross between a Game and a Bantam...

PLYMOUTH ROCK

In our issue of February 27, we asked for the origin of the name of the Plymouth Rock...

REPRODUCTIVE POWER

DUNNELL—I have a small flock of Plymouth Rocks...

POULTRY WA

Mr. J. G. Gentry, Brantford, Ontario, writes to the Toronto Mail...

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

A Mother's Love.

When others braid your tress, when you are young and fair...

It Is No Great Wonder.

No wonder so many bright, pretty girls develop into faded, worn out, nervous women...

Progressive Women.

Woman, lovely woman, established the first daily paper in the world in London, 1702...

Wonderful, if True.

Ladies who are credulous enough to believe that it is possible to stay the march of time...

High Heeled Shoes.

The London Lancet, which is a high medical and anatomical authority, has this to say in regard to the high-heeled shoe...

For and About Women.

Married life should be a sweet, harmonious and like one of Mendelssohn's "Wedding Marches"...

Restoring Rubber Rings for Canada.

The rubber rings used to assist in keeping the air from fruit cans sometimes become so dry and brittle...

Fashionable Mantles.

All the fashionable mantles of the season have this particular trait about them...

Female Education.

Good old Hannah More says—"I call education that which another woman with accomplishment, but the wife who is to be a mother..."

THORNS AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS

CHAPTER IV.

"Then you would not marry an aristocrat, Miss Beaton?" asked the young artist.

"I do not believe there is a peer in the world with more perfect and noble features..."

"I do not think so. I am emphatically a democrat," said Miss Beaton.

"I am an artist, madame. I have been sketching in the woods of St. Byvo's..."

CHAPTER V.

"When Miss Atherton and her niece stood at Acacia Cottage, the elder lady looked at the younger with a stern expression..."

CHAPTER VI.

Lord Ryvers thought more seriously that night than he had ever thought before...

CHAPTER VII.

There was no moon on the night Lord Ryvers had looked forward to with such anxious expectation...

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