## GROWING GIRLS.

### OCCASIONALLY REQUIRE A TONIC MEDICINE.

### It Will Keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure, Strengthen the Nerves and Prevent Decline

Mrs. Hiram Rinkler, the wife of a respected farmer in South Pelham township, Welland county, Ontario, says :—"It is with great pleasure that I give this tribute to the health restoring virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When my daughter Lena, (now thirteen years of age), began the use of your medicine, a little over a year ago, she was in a most wretched condition. In fact we were seriously alarmed lest she might not recover. The first symptoms were a feeling of languor and weakness, gradually growing worse. She became pale, lost flesh, had little or no appetite and was apparently going into a decline. Finally the trouble became complicated with a persistent sore throat, which gave her great difficulty in swallowing. I gave her several advertised medicines, but they did not benefit her. Then she was placed under the care of a doctor, who said her blood was poor and watery, and her whole system badly run down. The doctor's treatment did not help her any, and then acting on the advice of a neighbor, I began to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The confidence with which this medicine was urged upon us was not misplaced, as I soon noticed a distinct improvement in my daughter's condition. The use of the pills for a few weeks longer seemed to completely restore her, and from that time she has been a cheerful, light-hearted girl, the very picture of health. I will always recommend Dr Williams' Pink Pills to other sufferers, feeling sure they will prove quite as efficacious as they did in my daughter's case."

Mothers with growing daughters will make no mistake if they insist upon the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills ; they will help them to develop properly ; will make their blood rich and pure, and thus ward off disease and decline. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. None other is genuine, no matter what some self-interested dealer may say. If in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

## GREAT SPEAKERS.

### Time of Life When Orators Are at Their Best.

Amongst orators there can be no doubt that it is between the ages of forty-five and fifty-five that their special endowments have secured for them their highest triumphs. Demosthenes, whose ambition was early kindled, did not deliver his great est speech—De Corona—which has been described as the most magnificent vindication in the annals of oratory until he was fifty-two.

Burke, whose training was desultory, astonished the House of Commons by his speech on American affairs when he was thirty-six, but only achieved his masterpiece, his impeachment of Warren Hastings—in effort of eloquence unparalleled in its energy and effect, and which must have exhausted his speech centres, for it left him at one point deprived of the power of articulation for a little—when he was in his fifty-eighth year.

Curran, of whom Byron said, "He has spoken more poetry than I have ever written," made his most brilliant speeches in the State trials in which he appeared between his forty-fourth and forty-seventh years. And John Bright, whose fiery declamation on behalf of the Anti-Corn Law League began in his twenty-eighth year, may be said to have exhibited his control over language in its finest perfection in speeches delivered subsequent to his election for Birmingham, when he was forty-six.

On this subject Mr. Barnett Smith says : "I have heard all the greatest speeches of the greatest orators of my time—Parliamentary, pulpit, and platform speakers—Dutt, Lowe, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Derby, Punshon, Gough, and all had their most splendid period from forty-five to fifty-five years of age. In the case of Gladstone, some of his greatest orations were delivered when he was between fifty-five and sixty."

## HEALTHY BABIES.

### Watchful Mothers Can Keep Their Babies Healthy, Rosy-cheeked and Happy.

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, hearty rosy-cheeked, happy baby.

Babies can be kept in perfect health only by having at hand and administering when needed some purely vegetable, harmless remedy, and of all this class of medicines Baby's Own Tablets are conceded to be the best.

For constipation, colic, diarrhoea, simple fevers, sour stomachs, teething babies, indigestion and sleeplessness, these tablets are a really wonderful cure. You can give them to the smallest baby without the slightest fear. Dissolved in water, they will be taken readily. They contain absolutely not a particle of opiate or other injurious drugs. They are small, sweet lozenges that any baby will take without objection, and their action is prompt and pleasant. They will tone up the whole system and make the little one as hearty and free from infantile disorders as any mother could wish.

Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says : "I have never used any medicine for baby that did him so much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them." This is the verdict of all mothers who have used these tablets.

They cost 25 cents a box. All druggists sell them or they may be secured by sending the price direct and the tablets will be forwarded prepaid. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont.

## DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY.

The attempt of the small boy to be polite ended rather disastrously, although not through any intentional omission on his part. He had been in the habit of supplying the evening paper to a politician, a man of correct business habits, who discovered one evening that he had not the penny for payment.

That's all right, said the boy ; you can give it to me to-morrow night.

But, my boy, interposed the gentleman, impressively, I may not be alive to-morrow night.

Never mind, answered the boy, cheerfully ; it'll be no great loss.

A shadow fell across the statesman's face, and he is still wondering whether the boy, despite his look of innocence, was thinking solely of the penny.

What time is it ? asked his wife, suspiciously, as he came in. About one. Just then the clock struck three. Gracious ! When did the clock commence to stutter ? he said, with a feeble attempt at justification and a joke.

# Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of.....
"A Gipsy's Daughter,"
"Another Man's Wife,"
"A Heart's Bitterness,"
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Maida Carringford the illegitimate child of Sir Richard Hartleigh, meets her half-sister Constance on a stage-coach in America. The stage is attacked and Constance is wounded. Maida leaves her for dead and goes to impersonate her in England. Caryl Wilton, who knew Maida as a famous actress, meets her at some amateur theatricals in her new home and visits the portrait gallery at Hartleigh Hall. He is passionately fond of her and to be often in her presence asks leave to paint her portrait. Guy, a nephew of Sir Richard, to avoid seeing Wilton's admiration for the girl he thinks he loves, rides off and calls on his old nurse. He meets Mildred Thorpe.

### CHAPTER XXI.

A week passed in a continuous stream of entertainments—dinner-parties, concerts, picnics. In the meantime, the picture, though it grew, grew but slowly, and was still unfinished. It provided a sufficient excuse for the daily visit of Caryl Wilton to the Hall. Every day, half an hour or so after breakfast, he was in the gallery, working quietly and steadily.

Sometimes he would ask for Maida to sit to him, but not always. She scarcely knew whether it was with pleasure or pain that she looked forward to meet him. Sometimes she felt that he exercised a certain and positive fascination over her. Never a word, never a hint of the past dropped from his lips, but, sometimes, when she raised her eyes under the spell of his, she would see a passionate gleam of patient longing and desire of love shining in their depths; and then her heart beat, and a warm mist seemed to fall on her and enwrap her, and the figure in its velvet coat and the handsome face, would fade and go like a vision in a dream.

Was it pleasure or pain? She could not say; but whereas she had formerly met him or thought of him only with dread, she now was conscious of a sense of protection in connection with him. For was he not her slave? ready to do her bidding, to serve and protect her to the death?

And she could not be unhappy.

Sometimes, at night, a sense of her position, of the fearful life of deception she was leading, smote her and made her white and sick, with a strange mixture of dread and desperation.

Oftentimes it would come to her with such a feeling of relief that she could at any time go to him and say:

"Save me from myself. Take me away from here!"

And why did she not do it? Alas! it was not so easy as it seemed. Even had she loved him, which she was sure she did not, she could not but feel that she was bound now to do nothing to hurt the kind old man whom she had come so to love.

And, then, she was more than ever safe. Nobody but Caryl Wilton could recognize her. Why should she ever think of the imposition she was practicing? She was in truth a Hartleigh, and she was Sir Richard's daughter. She was doing no one an injury by personating her sister, and she was making her father supremely happy. On the whole, she had never been quite as happy as now. The pallor, which had increased during the few terrible hours of the first meeting with Caryl, had left her cheeks.

Between Guy and herself the same reserve remained unbroken; though all the country linked their names together, no word of love, or anything approaching it was exchanged between them. Since that first night, when Guy offered her all that surely would be his, the title and the estate, and she had turned coldly from him, she had kept him at arm's length.

For some reason, best known to himself, and yet unconfessed even to himself, Guy was able to bear his coldness with much more equanimity than formerly, though he was still sure that he devotedly loved her. And he still watched her as eagerly as before, but no longer with the same jealous fury of the one man who seemed able to move her out of herself.

But there was another to whom time brought no peace. This was little Lady Gladys.

One morning—there had been a dinner-party at her house the night before—she arose, tired, and in anything but a pleasant humor, as she looked at her pale face, pinched with the effects of the previous night's excitement and disappointment; for she who had been the belle until the coming of Constance Hartleigh, had been thrown completely in the shade.

Guy had sat beside her and talked, with her, but even as he talked, his frank, candid eyes had wandered to his cousin's lovely face, and his thoughts seemed anywhere but with the girl who had fondly dreamed of winning him altogether. But if his thoughts were not with her, neither were they with his cousin. They were, in fact, in an humble little cottage in Lougham, or perchance in the pretty church there. And yet it was a week since he had seen either.

But Lady Gladys did not know whither his thoughts had gone, and she blamed Maida for this desertion of her, as she was pleased to term it in her own heart. That night she had cried with jealousy and vexation, had cried herself to sleep, and this morning was paying the penalty.

There were visitors at the house before whom she would not present herself in her lack-luster condition; and having taken that grand solace of her sex, a cup of tea, she put on her hat and stole out into the grounds.

They were extensive and pretty, with a little wood attached, and a bend of the river babbling through them. She wandered down to the stream, brooding over the disappointment of the preceding night, and fanning her jealousy of Maida into a positive hatred.

"If she had never come," she murmured through her white teeth, "if she had never come. I hate her—yes, I hate her! Why should she take him from me, as a matter of course? She never throws him a kind word or a smile, and yet he cannot take his eyes off her, even while he is talking to me—to me, who love him."

And poor little Lady Gladys covered her pale face with her hands, to force back the bitter, passionate tears. It was as well that she did so, for as her hands fell into her lap again, she saw a young man, in a light-gray loose suit, standing at the side of the stream, fishing.

He was not of her class, and she drew herself up with instinctiveness, as she saw him watching her with an offensively cunning pair of eyes. He noticed the movement, and spoke quickly, and with respectful humility:

"I beg pardon, my lady, but I came here on purpose to see if I couldn't have a word with you. That is, supposing I am not mistaken in thinking you would like to know something in the past of Miss Hartleigh."

She faced about sharply.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said, my lady. If you don't care anything about her history, then there is no use of our wasting any more words, and I will go away."

"Why should I care?" demanded Lady Gladys, with a little tremor of apprehension.

"I don't know, if you don't; but I suppose if you loved a certain young man, and that young man loved some other girl—begging your pardon—and that young woman had something shady-like in her past—why—— Well, I suppose I was wrong, and so I will say good-morning."

"What do you mean by saying such things to me?"

He would not give up his advantage, however, and answered, easily:

"I mean just this: You don't love Miss Hartleigh and I know it. I have been done out of a little pile of money on account of her, and I want it. Now, I need somebody to help me, and you need somebody to help you. You help me to get my money and I'll help you to get the young man. What do you say?"

"How dare you?"

"Oh, well, if you don't care to talk reasonably, I'll go straight to the young lady herself, and I'll bet she'll take me up before I can say it twice. Good-morning."

"Stop! How am I to know you are not an impostor?"

"An impostor wouldn't talk as I do, and you know it. However, I don't mind telling you enough to prove to you that I am able to help you. Miss Hartleigh came home all of a sudden, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Guy went after her, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, you don't suppose that Sir Richard knew all the time just where his daughter was, do you? I guess not. Why, he has been hunting for her goodness knows how many years. All I know is that I was on the track of her for over five years, and others were on it before me. I'm an agent, and I was hired by the lawyers of Sir Richard to find his wife and daughter. And I was paid so much a month and expenses for doing it, and when I founh them I was to have five hundred pounds. Well, I did find them—at least, I found the daughter, for the mother had just died—and I told the lawyers in the innocence of my heart; and what did they do? They up and told Sir Richard, and he sent his nephew—the young man we know of—with all the points I had been working to get, and behold! he finds the young woman and brings her home! Then, what do the smarty lawyers do? Why they say I did not find her, and they gave me only half the five hundred pounds. Do you believe that I know something?"

Lady Gladys had listened to him with an eagerness which told the story of her self-respect fast going down before the temptation to use the opportunity offered her. She realized all the shamefulness of entering into a partnership with this man; but by the time he had ceased to speak her mind was made up to accept any proposal he might make, providing only there was no possibility of being found out by her friends.

"Perhaps," she said slowly, "there is nothing to know that will be of any use to me."

"Ah!" he answered with a cunning smile, and what was suspiciously near a wink, "now we are coming to business. Of course, if there was nothing in it that would be of service to you, then all this talk would be useless; but, my lady, there is a lot that will be of service to you if you will do as I say. Look here, now—do you suppose I would have come to you unless there was some reason why I needed you? No. Well, do you suppose that I would have dared to come unless I could do as much for you as you for me? No, miss, and you believe it."

"Perhaps I do. Why don't you complain to Sir Richard about the money?"

"Complain to him? Why, he put the thing into the hands of his lawyers, and he would refer me to them. No, no. Besides, I have discovered a thing or two that will make my five hundred small in comparison to what I can get."

"Then Sir Richard doesn't know you?"

"Nobody knows me, but you—not a soul!"

"But I don't understand yet. If you know so much, how am I going to be able to help you? What is it you want to find out?"

"Just say you are in for it"—Lady Gladys shrank into herself at the expression which implied so much—"and I will let you know at the proper time. I have not got the thing in shape yet. You'll know what I'm after all in good time, Is it a go, miss?"

She hesitated a moment between the good and the evil, and then looked at him with a flush on her pretty face which showed the defeat of the last remnant of self-respect, and said, in a husky voice:

"How can I communicate with you?"

"Leave that to me. Hush! Here comes some one. Order me off the place. It is our young lady with her two lovers."

And by that remark the man proved to Lady Gladys that he had studied others than herself in the carrying out of his scheme. But she had no time to dwell on that thought, though it gave her a momentary sense of uneasiness, for she saw the forms of several persons coming through the woods. She immediately raised her voice, and with a coolness which showed her fitness for the part she had undertaken to play, she said:

"I must ask you to go at once, please."

"Of course, of course, miss. Very sorry, I'm sure," and the fellow, with a fine assumption of humility, took up his tackle and basket, and was making off as if he was very much abashed.

"Hello!" said a voice from the midst of the approaching party. "Farmer Jones' Yankee friend seems to have been caught in the very act."

It was Guy's voice, and at the sound of it Lady Gladys turned quickly around, as if in relief. And as she did so she saw, that her rival was one of the party, and she ran to her with such a pretty air of glad welcome that the agent muttered under his breath:

"The little serpent. Takes a woman to cut a throat and smile in the doing of it."

And then he touched his hat to Guy with an air of great simplicity.

"I say, Mr— Mr.——" began Guy.

"Miles Barton, at your service."

"Mr. Barton," went on Guy, "I think you will be wise if you will confine your poaching tendencies to the grounds of Sir Richard, who is not as particular as some of the other gentry hereabout."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Good-morning, sir. Sorry to have disturbed the young lady. Won't do it again. Good-morning, ladies. Good-morning, gentleman."

Maida, as well as Lady Gladys, acknowledged his salute, and he went off looking as harmless as a man very well could.

Only Caryl Wilton noticed that the man gave a little start of surprise as he looked at Maida, and only Caryl Wilton noticed that under the man's simplicity was hidden a cunning which might be dangerous if there were any danger to apprehend.

He glanced from Lady Gladys to the man and shrugged his shoulders ever so little. There was something more than an interrupted poaching trip in the matter, he felt quite satisfied; but he gave no outward sign of his suspicion, and was never more cordial with Lady Gladys.

"Don't let us forget our errand, Constance," said Guy, suddenly. "There is a picnic in the wind, Lady Gladys."

"A picnic! Where to?"

"To the Titan's Shield."

"How delightful! And when is it to be?"

"The day after to-morrow, weather permitting," answered Maida.

"Ah," said Lady Gladys, "it is a dreadful climate, is it not, dear? You must feel it terribly, you who have been in America."

No one could have detected any disconcerting in Maida; but, as she looked up, Caryl Wilton stepped forward, and said, coolly:

"Don't imagine that America is a paradise, Lady Gladys. It has a very trying climate."

"Oh, yes," said Lady Gladys; "you have been there too."

Caryl smiled inwardly at the attempted thrust at him, but he only answered indifferently, though he watched her narrowly:

"If you had had time to talk with your poacher, he could have told you a great deal about America; I don't doubt."

Lady Gladys flushed, and wished she had not undertaken a tilt with the self-possessed Caryl Wilton.

To be Continued.

## SHRINKAGE OF THE SUN.

Sir Robert Ball, the eminent astronomer, says that the sun is shrinking. It is a well known fact, he explains, that most things in cooling become smaller; a poker, for example, is shorter when it is cold than when it is hot. The sun, too, must obey this fundamental law, and must therefore be getting smaller. It would measure its diameter on two successive days we should find that it had decreased by nine inches—that is to say, it is shrinking at the rate of, roughly, five feet a week, or a mile in every twenty years. In view of this shrinkage some people might feel anxious lest the sun should not last their time. Such anxiety, however, is groundless, Sir Robert Ball assures us, for the sun is still 860,000 miles in diameter, and it will take 40,000 years for it to be reduced to 858,000.

SOZODONT Tooth Powder 25c

## HOUSE OF ECHOES.

Many valleys, described in guide books as "whispering valleys," are favorite resorts for tourists in all parts of the world. Few, however, exceed in wonder a valley at Stansfield, in Essex, England. The rector of this parish, in giving a careful account of his own experiences, states that his house stands on a hill 288 feet above sea level, rising in the rear to 300 feet, while in front the ground slopes away to a stream 100 feet below, and again rises 180 feet on the opposite side. From the rectory the bells of fourteen or fifteen villages may be distinguished, while across the valley footsteps and voices in conversational tone may be heard at half a mile.

## VALUE OF THE KING'S CROWN.

The Crown worn by King Edward at his coronation will be enlarged but its weight will be kept down to the lowest possible degree. Now that it has become an object of great interest after a long seclusion many questions are rife concerning it. The man in the street, who is most impressed by the cash value of an object rather than by its historic or sentimental associations, is particularly anxious to know how much the crown is worth. The question is more easily asked than answered. Sixty years ago the crown was valued at something like $565,000, but it is considered that the gems have a higher value now apart from that which historic importance confers.

## THE TITLES OF NEWSPAPERS.

The multiplicity of newspapers has not given rise to many new titles. The old names are used over and over again. There are seven newspaper titles each of which has over a hundred adherents in the United Kingdom. Advertiser is the favorite; there are 160 newspapers of that designation. Times comes next with 150; News with 149; Gazette with 128; Chronicle with 120; Herald with 119; and Journal with 104. The Expresses, Guardians and Observers muster over fifty each. There are forty-eight Standards, and only thirty-eight Telegraphs. The new and original fancy names are mostly reserved for the weeklies.

## HEALTH.

We spoke, now, of the unhealthfulness of alcoholic beverages.

But if liquor is so extremely unhealthy, argued the Shallow Empiric why is it that prohibition always results in an increased number of drug-stores ?

Out of three persons struck by lightning only one is killed.


# CEYLON AND INDIA
## NATURAL LEAF
## GREEN TEA.

Resembles Japan in flavor, but is never impure—while infinitely superior in quality. It is making rapid strides in public favor because of the above facts. Drinkers of Japan teas should give it a trial.

SALADA Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.


## FARM, FIELD AND GARDEN

### DAIRY FEEDING AND BREEDING.

Most farmers are keeping cows which hardly pay for their feed. Experience has shown that the common cow may be made to produce very profitably. Prof T. L. Haecker of Minneapolis experimental station says that in an experiment with cows no better than the average, all the cows yielded a gross income of $44.53 with butter at 15c per lb. The cost of feed was $30.14 per head leaving a profit of $14.39. At Michigan experimental station a bunch of 30 cows bought from farmers in that state made a net profit of $247. This difference is wholly due to a lack of knowledge or proper feeding and care. Now, if they can take the cows to some experimental station and make profitable producers of them, why can't farmers do it themselves? There is no patent on their method.

The feeding of the dairy cow begins the day it is born. The little calf should be fed a ration that will keep it growing and thrifty but not one that will put on much fat. When about two weeks old begin giving a little clover hay and a little wheat bran dry; begin early to feed a large amount of roughage so as to enlarge the digestive organs. The calf should be so fed that when she becomes a cow the food she eats will be used in the production of milk rather than fat. It takes a certain amount of food to sustain life and the return we get is from the food she eats above what is necessary to her maintenance, so it pays to feed liberally.

### A BALANCE RATION

should be fed by all means. Timothy hay, corn, clover and corn meal might be liberally fed and still the cows be starving, so far as milk and butter material were concerned. Food containing protein is necessary. The remainder of the ration may be raised in abundance on the farm and some of the protein foods, but a part of it must be bought in the form of cottonseed meal gluten feed and so on. A good ration is about 40 lbs. of silage, 4 lbs. wheat bran, 2 lbs cottonseed meal; the cotton. seed meal contains about 1 lb of protein and the bran about ½lb. At noon good clover hay should be fed A small teaspoonful of salt should be given with the evening meal. But suppose this ration is given and then the cows turned out and allowed to go to the creek and drink ice water and stand around a straw stack all day, no benefit would be derived, as the feed would all be consumed in heating the body. The cow must have a warm, light, well ventilated stable, a place where she may stand or lie comfortably and contented, and half the battle is won.

### IN CHOOSING A BREED,

be sure to choose a good dairy breed. After choosing a breed stick to it any breed to a pure bred sire of the same breed and family, and then keep in the family. Don't mix breeds and then expect to produce all the good qualities and blot out the bad, for it is uncertain business. By all means raise your own cows. Save the calves from the best cows and if they are bred right most of them will prove to be as good, if not better than their dam. The Babcock test and the scales are the best means and only practical way of distinguishing the quality. A good plan is to weigh the milk of each cow once a week, morning and evening, and keep a record of it, and then test it three or four times a year, mixing a little from four milkings as a sample. In this way the amount of butter produced by each cow is ascertained, and it is easily determined which cows should be kept and which sold. This is the only way to get together a good dairy herd. Send your milk to some good creamery, or make a prime article yourself, build up a good market and stick to the business through thick and thin.

### POULTRY NOTES.

A little oil meal or linseed cake pulverized given to the moulting hens will help them through this trying ordeal.

As the chicks become half grown and bigger do not allow them to crowd into the coop that was only large enough for them a month ago.

The fall rains will soon be here which will make it bad for the young chicks and moulting hens that are roosting out of doors. Better get them into the houses they are to occupy this winter now while the weather is fine.

See that the houses and yards in which fowls are to be kept this winter are free from vermin of all kinds now. It is much easier to get them out now than after they have gone into winter quarters. Kerosene, hot whitewash and sulphur fumes are good vermin destroyers.

To rid the poultry house of vermin clean out all old nest material and burn it, then go over the nest boxes, the perches and all cracks in the walls of the building with a dose of kerosene, using the common lamp filler can. Oil is cheap and penetrating so do not be afraid of using a gallon or so where it will do the most good.

Provide a good supply of dry earth for dust bath purposes this winter—do it before the fall rains come on. If you have no room to store it or do not care to take the time and labor to do it, go out and get a wagon load and shovel it in the hen house. The fowls will see to it that it is made use of.

If your farm or hen yard is short of a gravel knoll get in a supply before winter sets in, when no hen can grind without the materials furnished her. It is time all surplus cockerels were disposed of. They will never sell for as much as old roosters as spring chickens.

To keep the turkeys marching right on toward their best at Thanksgiving time, see that they have a feed of grain when they come up at night after their day's work of destroying grasshoppers and other insects. A varied diet or balanced ration is better than a feed all of one kind even for turkeys who "will pick up their own living after harvest."

Do not feed the pullets you expect to lay the winter eggs the same ration you would do the hens you are fattening for market.

### HORSES FOR THE FARM.

Farm horses need weight. Without weight they are not draft animals, but better suited for driving purposes. By weight is meant enough pounds of averdupois to draw the heavy loads of grain, etc., on the farm and to pull without undue fatigue plows and harrows and other implements utilized in farming according to modern methods.

We are told by the advocates of small draft horses that they are quicker than the larger animals and will do more work in a day. It may be said that under certain conditions light draft horses have the advantage of the "giants," but in the main the very heavy horses are of greater usefulness.

A draft horse weighing 1,800 pounds and having good bone and constitution will acquit himself creditably under nearly all conditions if properly trained and handled. But a big horse that is tricky and mean is worse than a small horse having the same undesirable traits.

The farmer wants a team upon which he may safely depend when hauling grain, coal or wood or when plowing stiff soil or harrowing mellow loam. It is claimed that heavy horses "have too much to carry" and therefore cannot endure as much exercise as smaller horses. Is it not a fact that these large animals have longer legs and better muscular development than the small horses? Certainly. They why should they not be able to get along just as well?

We believe if we are going into the business we should buy mares. The horse breeding business promises to be even more profitable than it is now, and if the farmers will buy two or more good mares and breed them to draft stallions of established merit he not only can do his farm work with them, but raise colts that will more than pay for the mares each year. It will pay to get first-class mares—pay good prices for them.

The number of horses to be kept on the farm will depend upon the kind of farming done and the size of the farm. These things also will largely determine the kind of horses—whether all draft or a few drafts and a carriage team.

## FLOWERS CURE PATIENTS.

### PLANTS ARE NOW USED SUCCESSFULLY AS DOCTORS.

### Violets and Roses Are Better Than Black Draughts, and Far Pleasanter.

Nothing is more generally believed than that growing flowers in a sleeping room are highly injurious. The fallacy has long ago been exploded by scientific botanists, and medical men are now beginning to use flowers to cure their patients.

In the New York Hospital the flower treatment is carried out on a very large scale. The top floor is set aside as a convalescent ward, and it is found that a day spent there is quite as effective in bringing back health as a day at the seaside. The whole roof is of glass, with blinds to shut out the sun when the thermometer runs up to seventy or eighty degrees. Flowers, native and tropical, fill the hospital conservatory.

### FOUNTAINS PLAY IN IT

birds sing, goldfish disport themselves in ponds, and the patients, weary from their sick beds, find it a veritable paradise. As a rule, people are only too anxious to get out of hospital, but these lucky New Yorkers are sorry when they become well enough to leave.

What is done at this hospital can be done at any private house. All that is necessary is to select a well-lighted room, and place as many growing flowers in it as it will conveniently accommodate. The expense is not great. It will be necessary in winter to keep the temperature well above fifty degrees night and day. But this will prove as advantageous to the patient as to the flowers.

Probably all diseases are benefited by the presence of plants in the room. But the following diseases may be specially mentioned :

Consumption is ameliorated, and, if taken in the early stages, it would doubtless often be cured altogether. How is it that a dozen or twenty plants can favorably affect a disease that baffles all the doctors in the world ? Very simply. The plants produce ozone, and the ozone kills the consumption microbes. Even if the quantity of ozone be small, it has

### A VERY GREAT AGGREGATE

effect, for it is inhaled constantly during the greater part of the twenty-four hours.

Whenever the throat is affected, as in colds, bronchitis, diphtheria, and so forth, plants in the room are invaluable. These diseases require ity of young children, and send them to sleep without rocking.

They are said to cure a form of tractable insanity—namely, melancholia—at any rate, if it is of a mild type. And they bring back color to the cheeks of anaemic and chlorotic girls.

There is no doubt that plants in the living-rooms promote long life. Gardeners are remarkable for their good health and longevity. The popular idea is that they owe these to the smell of the earth. Probably this really shortens their life, for earth teems with microbes. The gardener's good health is due, not to the earth, but to the pure and ozonic air given off by the plants he lives among.

moist air. As a rule, it is supplied by the steam-kettle. But growing plants achieve the purpose much better. Their roots absorb water, and their leaves give it out to the air without intermission. The dry, warm air of a sleeping-room is answerable for a good deal of discomfort and injury, not only in the diseases named above, but in all lung affections. It will repay anyone thus suffering to invest in a couple of dozen plants to moisten it.

Winter-cough is a very troublesome affection. When it occurs three or four winters running it generally becomes chronic, and passes into bronchitis—a disease which doctors cannot cure. Here, again, plants in the sleeping-room work wonders. A great many people suffer from

### LIABILITY TO CATCH

cold from the slightest causes, and, though they may never be very bad, they are often below par in point of health. This tendency to slight colds is due to delicacy of the mucous membrane, and for this delicacy nothing is better than air purified by growing plants.

To the sleepless a few plants in the room are worth all the opium, chloral and sulfonal in a chemist's shop. These latter may give artificial sleep for several nights, but gradually they fail to have much effect, unless taken in injuriously large doses. From ten to twelve blooming plants in a bedroom have a delightfully soothing effect, and bring refreshing sleep where everything else fails. Their influence does not grow stale; so they produce a permanent cure of sleeplessness, and leave no evil effects.

In the nursery plants are a blessing. They ward off the much-dreaded croup, allay the natural irritabili-


Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont - - - - 25c.
Sozodont Tooth Powder - 25c.
Large Liquid and Powder - 75c.
All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for the postage, 3c.

25c.



IN THE TEA-CUP! A great many people take pleasure in reading tea-cups. It will afford you great pleasure if you use

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA, as you get a very pleasant aroma from the cup.



If You Want best results HELP all round BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, Cor. West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.


## MAKING SURE.

A short time since the Archbishop of Canterbury was delivering a sermon in St. Philip's Church, Birmingham. The event had been widely announced, and a big crowd was the very natural outcome.

Passing through the churchyard shortly after noon, at a time when the service was in progress, an old dame, quite at a loss to account for the array of police stationed at the entrance, inquired the reason for their presence.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's a-preaching inside ! replied the constable to whom she had addressed herself.

Good gracious ! ejaculated the dame, as she hobbled away. Six policemen at each door. They evidently don't mean to let him escape, then !

## A CLIPPING FROM PLATTSVLILE ECHO.

### MRS. J. BARNETT FIGURES IN AN INTERESTING ARTICLE IN THE LOCAL PAPER.

Interviewed by a Representative of the Echo—Story of Her Trouble as Related by Herself—Her Opinion of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Plattsville, Ont., Sept. 23 (Special).—The case of Mrs. J Barnett of this town was found of sufficient importance to be published at length in the Plattsville Echo. To the representative of that live local paper she made the following statement concerning her experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I have been ailing for years, but in the spring of last year I grew very much worse. The symptoms of my disease were nervousness, rheumatism in the left arm, pains in the small of the back, up the spinal column and back of the head, through the eyes, left side of the body and occasionally the right side.

"I grew weak, for I had no appetite and night after night I could not sleep. I was a physical wreck. I was treated by doctors, but their medicines afforded me no relief. I chanced to read in Dodd's Almanac of the virtue in Dodd's Kidney Pills and the wonderful cures effected by them.

"The symptoms as therein explained corresponded with my own, and I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills according to directions. Before I had finished one box there was a decided improvement in my condition. My appetite returned, the pain was lessened and I was able to sleep. I have taken in all twelve boxes and have completely recovered. No sign of my old trouble remains and I ascribe it only to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful discovery."

This clipping is reproduced as it is typical of the way so many women feel about Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills have been often truly called "Woman's best friend."

### DIDN'T REACH TO H.

The young English tenor had been asked to favor the company with a song, and responded with an interpretation of "Happy Do Thy Dreams," in which the singer's antipathy to the letter H was painfully manifest.

I say, young man, said a blunt old chap, after the singer had finished, "you didn't sound a single H, and the song is full of 'em.

I beg your pardon, sir, replied the young man, with freezing dignity, you are mistaken ; it doesn't go any 'igher than G.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

### DURABILITY OF WOOD.

In very dry atmospheres the durability of wood is almost incredible. Pieces of wood, wooden caskets and wooden articles have been withdrawn from Egyptian catacombs of an antiquity 2,000 or 3,000 years antedating the Christian Era.


C. C. Richards & Co.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTTEN.
Port Mulgrave.


Mister, could yer help a poor man wot lost the sight of an eye because he liked realism in literature ? That is the strangest tale I ever heard. But it's true. I was an admirer of Longfellow and one day while watching the "village blacksmith" I got a spark in me eye.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

### SUNDAY CORONATIONS.

It is curious to note that sixteen out of the twenty-one English coronations that occurred between William Rufus and Elizabeth, both inclusive, were held on Sunday. For each of the exceptions there was a special reason. After the days of Elizabeth not a single coronation took place on a Sunday.


AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS—IF YOU WANT A LINE OF fast-selling goods that give you over half profit, and sell in every house, write us. The F. E. Karn Co., 133 Victoria street, Toronto.


The idea of driving piles with a water-jet was borrowed by engineers from the clam, a small shell-fish which burrows 12 to 14 inches into hard sand or mud by this process.

### MAXIM.

Be sure you're right in it, remarked the Quasi Philosopher, "then go ahead !"


Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.


### THE KIND.

Writing love letters requires a great mental effort, said Bunting.

Yes, sentimental, added Larkin.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Praga Park, Warsaw, offers more for the money in the way of amusements than any place in the world. Merry-go-rounds, swings, boats on a lake, and open air threatres are all free for the admission fee of 5 cents.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Australia has 66 million sheep, Cape Colony 11 millions, the Argentine 76 millions.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

### DURING THE SERMON.

Rev. Mr Longtalk—I should think you would come to church on the Sabbath ?

Mr. Hardkase—I always shun work on the Sabbath and rest.

Rev. Mr. Longtalk—But do you call going to church work ?

Mr. Hardkase—Well, it's the hardest kind of work to keep awake there sometimes.


For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."


### FALL WEATHER.

'Tis queer indeed—when all is told—
That man his mental cogs can hold—
Least week he roasted; now—instead—
He seeks more cover for his bed.

W. P. C. 1095


CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT.
For all skin ailments.
A. S. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

SHEET METAL CORNICES. DOUGLAS BROS., 134 Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONT.

FEATHER DYEING
Cleaning and Curling and Kid Gloves cleaned. These can be sent by post, 10 per cent. the best place is
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. MONTREAL

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Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.
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