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The Pennington's Girl.

Nelly was not a whit abashed, seemingly, by the fashionable circle in which she found herself, and she talked away to Will Evans and the others in her soft drawl, as if she had known them all her life. All might have gone passably well, had not a little Riverside inn, by name of Rufus Hent, who had been picked up by the picnicers to run their errands, come up just then with a pail of water.

"Golly!" he ejaculated in very audible tones, "if there ain't Mrs. Pennington's hired girl!"

Mrs. Keyton-Well's stiffened with horror. Winslow darted a furious glance at the tell-tale that would have annihilated anything except a small boy. Will Evans grinned, and went on talking to Nelly who had failed to hear, or at least, to heed the exclamation.

The mischief was done; the social thermometer went down to zero in Nelly's neighbourhood. The women ignored her altogether. Winslow set his teeth together and registered a mental vow to wring Rufus Hent's sun-burned neck at the first opportunity. He escorted Nelly to the table and waited on her with ostentatious deference while Mrs. Keyton-Well's glared at him stonily and made up her mind to tell his mother when she went home.

Nelly's social ostracism did not affect her appetite. But after lunch was over, she walked down to the skiff. Winslow followed her.

"Do you want to go home?" he asked.

"Yes, it's time I went for the cats' may be raiding the pantry. But you must not come; your friends here want you."

"Nonsense!" said Winslow, sulkily. "I am going I am too."

But Nelly was too quick for him; she sprang into the skiff, unwound the rope and pushed off before he guessed her intention.

"I can row myself home and I mean to," she announced, taking up the oars defiantly.

"Nelly," he implored. "Nelly looked at him wickedly."

"You'd better go back to your friends. That old woman with the eye-glasses is watchin' you."

Winslow said something strong under his breath as he went back to the others. Will Evans and his chums began to chaff him about Nelly, but he looked so dangerous that they concluded to stop. There is no denying that Winslow was in a fearful temper just then with Mrs. Keyton-Well's, Evans, himself, Nelly, in fact, with all the world.

His friends drove him home in the evening on their way to the station, and dropped him at the Beckwith farm. At dusk he went moodily down to the shore. Far up the Bend was dim and shadowy and stars were shining above the wooded shores. Over the river the Pennington farm-house lights twinkled out alluringly. Winslow watched them until he could stand it no longer. Nelly had made off with his skiff but Perry Beckwith's dory was ready to hand. In five minutes, Winslow was grounding her on the West shore. Nelly was sitting on a rock at the landing place. He went over and sat down silently beside her. A full moon was rising above the dark hills up the Bend and in the faint light the girl was wonderfully lovely.

"I thought you weren't coming over at all to-night," she said, smiling up at him, "and I was sorry because I wanted to say good-bye to you."

"Good-bye? Nelly, you're not going away?"

"Yes. The cats were in the pantry when I got home."

"Nelly?"

"Well, to be serious. I'm not going for that, but I really am going. I had a letter from dad this evening. Did you have a good time after I left this afternoon? Did Mrs. Keyton-Well's thaw out?"

"Hang Mrs. Keyton-Well's! Nelly, where are you going?"

"To dad, of course. We used to live down south together, but two months ago we broke up housekeeping and came North. We thought we could do better up here, you know. Dad started out to look for a place to settle and I came here while he was prospecting. He's got a house now he says and wants me to go right off. I'm going to-morrow."

"Nelly, you mustn't go—you mustn't! I tell you," exclaimed Winslow in despair. "I love you—I love you—you must stay with me forever."

"You don't know what you're saying," Mr. Winslow said Nelly, coldly. "Why, you can't marry me—a common servant girl."

"I can and I will if you'll have me," answered Winslow recklessly. "I can't live without you. I'll follow you wherever you go. I've loved you ever since I first saw you. Nelly, won't you be my wife? Don't you love me?"

"Well, yes, I do," confessed Nelly suddenly; and then it was fully five minutes before Winslow gave her a chance to say anything else.

"Oh, what will your people say?" she contrived to ask at last. "Won't

they be in a dreadful state? Oh, it will never do for you to marry me."

"Won't it?" said Winslow in a tone of satisfaction. "I rather think it will. Of course, my family will ram-

page a bit at first. I daresay father'll turn me out. Don't worry over that, Nelly. I'm not afraid of work. I'm not afraid of anything except loving you."

"You'll have to see what dad says," remarked Nelly, after another eloquent interlude.

"He won't object, will he? I'll write to him or go and see him. Where is he?"

"He is in town at the Arlington."

"The Arlington?" Winslow was amazed.

The Arlington was the most exclusive and expensive hotel in town.

"What is he doing there?"

"Transacting a real estate or railroad deal with your father, I believe, or something of that sort."

"Nelly?"

"Well?"

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say."

Winslow got up and looked at her.

"Nelly, who are you?"

"Helen Ray Scott, at your service, sir."

"Not Helen Ray Scott, the daughter of the railroad king?"

"The same. Are you sorry that you're engaged to her? If you are she'll stay Nelly Ray."

Winslow dropped back on the seat with a long breath.

"Nelly, I don't understand. Why did you deceive me? I feel stunned."

"Oh, do forgive me," she said merrily. "I shouldn't have, I suppose—but you know you took me for the hired girl the very first time you saw me and you patronized me, and called me Nelly; so I let you think so just for fun. I never thought it would come to this. When father and I came North I took a fancy to come here and stay with Mrs. Pennington—who is an old nurse of mine—until father decided where to take up our abode. I got here the night before we met, my trunk was delayed so I put on an old cotton dress her niece had left here—and you came and saw me. I made Mrs. Pennington keep the secret—she thought it great fun. Where I really was a great hand to do little chores and keep the cats in subjection, too. I made mistakes in grammar and dropped my g's on purpose—it was such fun to see you wince when I did it. It was cruel to tease you so, I suppose, but it was so sweet just to be loved for myself—not because I was an heiress and a belle—I couldn't bear to tell you the truth. Did you think I couldn't read your thoughts this afternoon, when I insisted on going ashore? You were a little ashamed of me—you know you were. I didn't blame you for that, but if you hadn't gone ashore and taken me as you did I would never have spoken to you again. Mrs. Keyton-Well's won't snub me next time we meet. And some way I don't think your father will turn you out, either. Have you forgiven me yet, Burton?"

"I shall never call you anything but Nelly," said Winslow, irrelevantly.

"Miriam Lee."

KEEPING FUNERAL FLOWERS.

It is a sad fact that the floral tributes to the dead from their living friends fade and become unsightly so soon. The following recipe for preserving flowers enables them to be kept almost indefinitely as a reminder of friendly good-will.

To preserve the flowers they should be fresh and firm, of pure white or delicate tints, without green leaves. If a bouquet is to be preserved without taking the flowers apart the leaves at least will have to be replaced with some other substitute, as the process does not apply to them as well as to the flowers themselves. Take paraffine of the best quality and melt it in a tin cup set in hot water, which may be kept boiling around it so as to keep the paraffine in a liquid state for use.

Into this thin and transparent mass dip the blossoms or, if found more convenient, brush them quickly with a small brush, so as to give them a very thin coat that will cover every part of each petal, and this will form a casing about them that will entirely exclude the air and prevent their withering.

The transparency of the metal renders this coating almost or quite invisible, so that the flowers present that natural appearance which constitutes their peculiar charm. Green leaves, if preserved in this way, must be coated with green wax, or with paraffine prepared with the addition of green powder paint. Chome green is best. Lighten to any tint required by adding chrome yellow. Wax leaves well made, may be used to very good advantage, or moss will answer very well for a background or foundation for the flowers.

When a woman discloses a secret it is always with telling effect.

Occasionally a wise man assumes the garb of folly for a purpose.

On the Farm.

INJURIES TO CATTLE.

That cattle are very prone to swallow indigestible substances, many of them injurious and even fatal, has been known to veterinarians for a long time. It is, however, regarded by many of them as of rare occurrence, a casualty worthy of note more as a curiosity than as something demanding constant attention.

Autopsies on tuberculous cattle made during the past four years have shown clearly that injuries inflicted by pointed metallic bodies are of frequent occurrence, and therefore of decided economic importance.

Information gained from the above-mentioned examinations causes us to believe that this evil may, to some extent, be prevented. It was noticed that while in certain herds nearly all animals examined were free from injuries due to foreign bodies, in others nearly every one was injured. On investigation it was ascertained that this difference was due to the fact that one herd had access to miscellaneous objects on pastures and the others had not.

Before giving any illustration of these statements let us see what injuries are caused by foreign bodies.

Among the most frequent post-mortem indications of the presence of some foreign body are evidences of an inflammatory process about the second stomach reticulum, or honeycomb by which it becomes fastened either to the liver or to the diaphragm, or to both. In the new tissue formed by this inflammatory process are one or more round abscesses, or tumors, which, when cut up, discharge a curd-like pus. In some of the herds examined scarcely an animal was free from this inflammatory condition. The binding down of the free ventral end of the liver by inflammation is equally frequent and accompanied by a degeneration of some of the liver tissue. Again, the course of the foreign body is invariably toward the lungs and the heart. It punctures the liver or the diaphragm and penetrates a lobe of the lungs or the heart. When it enters the lungs a pneumonia is usually started which extends over the greater part of the affected lobes. In some instances an abscess forms, and this may break into an air tube and the contents be discharged externally.

The most unfortunate and usually fatal injury is the penetration of the heart by the pointed body. Death may come speedily or slowly after a wasting disease, according to the nature of the injury to the heart. In the cases which we have seen the injury usually resulted in an inflammation of the pericardial sac, followed by suppuration. The pericardium becomes enormously distended with fluid and pus. This exudate compresses the heart to such an extent that its action becomes very feeble and death results from general dropsy.

Another disease which has been lately observed by us in dairy cattle, as a result of injury to the second stomach by foreign bodies, is abscess in the liver. Sometimes there were as many as five or six of these abscesses, each at least as large as a hen's egg and filled with foul pus.—Report Bureau of Animal Industry.

THE HORSE'S FOOT.

Every farmer must have noticed that horses grown in dry countries have small, upright feet, and those grown on wet, low lands have flat, weak-heeled ones, as a rule. Pones grown for generations on steep hillsides and rocky heights develop a strong, high foot, with a small ground surface, but with almost flinty hardness. What connection has this with horse management on the farm? What is the hoof, anyhow?

Hoofs of all animals are made of practically the same material as the skin of the horse, the horn of the cow and the nail of the man. The layers are closely packed in the hoof than in the skin, which is made of a material, but of less thickness, than the hoof. If you soak the hoofs, nails and hoofs in strong soda water the scales will separate, and when placed under a microscope furnish the proof of similarity. Hoof, whether alive or dead, will absorb 30 per cent of water, thus increasing both its weight and bulk. Under natural conditions the horse is provided with the required moisture, not in the shape of oil, of which it will absorb only 7 per cent, but of water. If, now, you allow a horse to stand in the stable for a considerable time depending on the absorption of its own urine for the water for the hoof, you must expect the feet to become small, possibly to crack open, and the result, contracted heels, wasted frog and what is known as navicular diseases. Next, the digestive system becomes impaired, the hoofs become shelly and brittle, and you have a ruined horse.

Moral—Keep your horses in the stable as little as possible and keep them shod as short a time in the year as possible. Give them every opportunity to get their feet on the moist grass or ground, remembering the maxim, "No hoof, no horse."

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Garden soils are seldom too rich,

Now is a good time to prune the quince.

Do not buy large plants in full bloom.

Soil and location will change the flavor of fruits.

Give verbenas a rich but rather light soil.

The rose is a hearty feeder. Therefore it will bear annual manuring.

Do not apply a mulch until the ground is frozen reasonably hard.

The object in mulching is to preserve as even a temperature as possible.

Plant a tree just as deep as it stood in the nursery, allowing for the soil to settle.

A tree will rarely do its best with its collar much too high or much too low in the ground.

A newly translated tree should occupy a bed of fine, mellow soil with ample room for every root.

I trees are rather large when planted out they had better be staked.

Malching the quince trees with coal ashes now will be found a good plan.

A little poultry manure put around each strawberry plant now will help to secure a thrifty growth.

It may seem strange, but it is true, that fruit of fine appearance sells better than that of extra quality.

An unfruitful orchard may often be brought into bearing by a heavy application of good stable manure.

All manure for the garden should be thoroughly rotted and fined before applying, even if applied now.

With quinces it is a good plan, any time after the leaves fall, to go carefully over the trees and cut back the new growth.

In keeping onion sets through the winter it should be remembered that a cool, dry temperature is the essential thing.

UNTHRESHED GRAIN.

Save some unthreshed grain for the poultry in winter. It will save the thrasher bill, and the hens will even pay an extra profit on it. Wheat is best, but rye, oats, &c., will do. You need not take the best grain, as the poultry are not particular. Some that is weedy or of an inferior quality will do. One or two good-sized bundles of grain for each flock of 20 to 30 hens should be spread out daily on the floor.

The unthreshed grain should be stored in a shed if possible to keep it dry and free from snow. When the weather permits the poultry to be out the grain may be spread on the ground in the yard.

WHO SHOULD KEEP BEES.

Any person who is fond of the study of nature particularly of the habits of the honey bee, can succeed, while those who still cling to the brimstone and dishpan notion, and who shun the little pests because they sting should avoid this pursuit. A careless and lazy person is sure to fail. The requirements are tact, patience, watchfulness and good judgment, and a desire to emulate the busy humming mauler and improve each shining hour.

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

Every house which shelters children should have, if possible, its children's room. In this room the children should be allowed perfect liberty. There should be an opportunity to do anything, from making mudpies to painting in watercolors. A deep tray, lined with zinc and filled with sand, will furnish material for the mudpies, and serve to teach many a geography lesson as well. There should be tools for the boy who likes them, and a kitchen, and all that belongs to it, should be provided for the domestic child. A portion of the floor should be left bare, so that roller skates need not be prohibited. There should be chairs and tables to suit the sizes of the different owners of the room, and plenty of them, so that if Jess wants to "play tea" and Jack wants to draw and Jenny wants to cut out dolls' clothes, all may be accommodated. A blackboard or two, some simple gymnasium apparatus, a desk or two, a set basin and faucet, and, if possible, a typewriter, will add to the value of the children's room.

A REMEDY FOR GARY HAIR.

White hair is the flag of truce that nature flings out to age! It means the surrender of youthful forces to conquering time. The supply of pigment is becoming exhausted. The only way to restore it is to send the vital current bounding through all the minute blood vessels, and like a touch to the mansprings of a silent watch, all the delicate machinery is set in motion.

Scalp massage is a powerful auxiliary to hair health. It can be performed by hand, by a specialist, but easily and efficiently by any one with a scalp massage roller, with rubber wheels, which turning separately bring to bear an even, alternating pressure upon the underlying tissues. Massage of the scalp affords relief to nervous headache and neuralgia, which are often the immediate cause of faded, weak or falling hair.

Says a prominent physician of massage treatment: "It promotes the hair growth, excites the action of the hair cells, and prevents absorption of the fatty and muscular layers forming the scalp, arrests atrophy of the hair bulbs, and by increasing circulation, prevents the hair from turning gray."

COFFEE, ARAB STYLE.

VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE WAY WE PREPARE IT.

A Naval Officer's Experience at a Function at the House of a Sheikh Who Had Not Been Exposed to Foreign Influences.

This account of coffee drinking as practiced by Arabs who have not been exposed to foreign influence is told by a British naval officer of high rank. The place was the town of Semail, in the territory of the sultan of Oman, at the extreme southeastern corner of the Arabian peninsula. Semail lies 120 miles from Muscat, the capital of Oman, and 90 miles from the sea. At the time of this visit there had been but two other Europeans in Semail in all its history.

"An Arab town," said the naval officer, "is scarcely what is suggested by the English meaning of the word. It is more a collection of detached houses, each surrounded by its own grounds of from 30 to 100 acres. As my travels in Oman were conducted under the immediate protection of the sultan, and as he had provided for my special use his own particular riding camel, I was received everywhere with great respect. My reception in the house of one of the principal persons of Semail took place on the second day of my visit to the town, when I paid a call upon Mohammed bin Naser el Hinawy.

"In accordance with Moslem custom, I pronounced the name of God on crossing the threshold, and while being conducted to the divan by my courteous host gave the salutation 'Es salaam aleikm,' the salutation of peace to the assembled company. A beautiful carpet of Persian work and a pillow covered with embroidered silk were ready for my reception. Putting off my shoes at the edge of the carpet, and after a short but ceremonious dispute with my host as to who should sit down first, I was established on the carpet, with the pillow at my back for comfortable support.

"Close to the seat of the host and a little to his left was a small raised platform of stone on which were placed the requisite utensils for preparing coffee. A small charcoal fire, urged to a white heat by means of a pair of bellows, provided the boiling water. On either side of the fire were two large jugs of some white metal as well as several smaller ones. On a shelf near by were several jars and flasks. The zarf is the holder for the coffee cup, and these on the shelf were of various metals, some of gold beautifully worked, some of silver, and some even of copper. The finjan is a coffee cup without a handle and holding about as much as a liquor glass; these were of china and porcelain of different designs and value.

"The coffee maker was a black slave said to have come from the frontiers of Abyssinia. He seemed to be about 23, of slight and graceful form, with finely cut features and well moulded limbs, quite black and with hair almost woolly. His costume consisted of a waist cloth of colored cotton supported around his waist by a piece of cord tucked up on one side, and a sort of considered waistcoat buttoned in front but leaving arms and legs bare.

"It is not in accordance with desert etiquette to introduce for discussion any serious matter until after coffee has been served, so that the conversation consisted almost entirely of general topics and the interchange of compliments. While this very small talk is gravely going on the slave, having first let down his waist cloth so that it hangs down below his knees, passed around among the company with a small straw mug in one hand, a mat made of various colored grasses and about the size of a dessert plate. In the other hand he carries a cylindrical grass box from which he pours coffee berries upon the grass mat. All berries which are not of the right color he picks out and throws away or returns to the host. Without any ostentation he manages to call the attention of all the guests to the fact that the berries he has selected are all of the best lot.

"Then, pouring the berries from the mat into an iron ladle, he roasts them over the charcoal fire, which he blows to a white heat with the bellows. Coffee berries in Oman are never roasted to that dark brown or black color which is common in Europe and America, but are considered at their best when they take on a rich reddish brown color. Turning the roasted berries out to cool on the grass mat Abdullah, for that is the name of the slave, sets one of the large metal jugs on the fire to warm.

"The coffee is not ground in a machine, for that would waste all its fine essential oil, but is pounded up in a mortar made of dark and hard basalt having a deep narrow well, into which the berries are poured. Taking the mortar between his knees and with the pestle in his right hand and down upon the roasted berries, which he slowly crushes into a fine grist of which every particle is about the size of a small seed pearl or mustard seed.

"By this time the water in the large jug on the fire is nearly boiling. Filling one of the smaller jugs with the almost boiling water, he throws in the crushed coffee and allows it to boil for a short time, stirring it all the time with a stick. Then, placing on a brass tray the best zarf and finjan, the slave fills the cups with the infusion, keeping the grounds in the jug by means of a piece of bark held over its spout. Handing the tray to the most honored guest,