Practical Talks and Plain Precepts for Farmers.

Edited for the Farmer readers of the MONITOR by an Annapolis Valley Agriculturist

THE WORK OF THE BEE IN FRUIT BLOSSOMS.

Bees are useful not only for the honey they supply by their gatherings of nectar all the day from every opening flower, but also because they assist many flowering plants and trees to become lively propagators of sound and healthy families.

Apple trees do not put forth sweetly perfumed and beautifully colored blossoms to gratify man's senses of sight and smell. It is a grand sight to see the thousands of apple trees in the Cornwallis and Annapolis valleys in latter half of the leafy month of May. They are loaded with delicate pink and white blossoms which fill the air with a delicate perfume. It is like going with a bottle of concentrated happiness continually in touch of one's olfactory nerves, to ride through those valleys in blossoming time. The gentle breezes passing over the trees rifle the blossoms and carry the odors along with them across the roads, giving the traveller not "sniffs" merely of perfumed air, but gallons and gallons and more gallons. In fact there are no measures of capacity large enough to indicate the abundance. The Heidelburg "Great Tun," with its capacity of 49,000 gallons, would be useless, because of its insignificence. The air is permeated, saturated with apple blossom scent, more delicate than any the chemic skill of Lubin or Rimmel ever provided for the daintiest lady in the land.

But it is not to prove its superiority to man as a chemist, that Nature provides the perfumed and delicately tinted blossoms. It is not to gratify the aesthetic tastes of humanity that she thus pours her abundance into the crystal air. She has a higher aim. That aim is to attract the bees and other members of the insect tribes. The perfume and the color are advertisements, and they spell "good entertainment for bees and butterflies—free."

The flowers provide the brilliant and varied colors that they may be seen at a distance by their special friends. The odors in their different degrees of intensity are allurments inviting the bees and other insects to give the flower a kindly call and partake of the honied refreshments all ready for them. "Some plants are only fragant in the twilight when certain moths flutter round and visit them." Some find out that their visitors prefer "five o'clock teas," and therefore give out their odors after the sun passes its meridian. Others appeal to the stomach of their visitors in the early morning before the sun pours its midday strength over the land. Other plants emit the odor of decaying flesh and appeal to the blue-bottle flies and other carrion-loving insects. "The real attraction, however, is the nectar, and sweet liquid which most flowers produce. The bright colors and the fragrance are merely the advertisements announcing the presence of the feeding places. When the nectar is concealed in some deep and safe recess where wet cannot injure it, many plants have lines or dots upon their petals to point out where it may be found and thus save their visitors' time." Thus in all sorts of ways and by all sorts of devices the plants try their best to attract.

Now why should the plant and trees make such elaborate efforts to allure the insects? They are not prompted by social ambition. They do not want the bees and butterflies to dance attendance merely to be amused by them. They do not wish to be talked about as members of the "smart set." They are not desirous of having their names in the "society column" of the newspaper, with elaborate descriptions of the sumptuousness of their apparel and of their suppers and dinners. There is no vanity in their make-up, splendid as is their perfumed wardrobe and delicious as are the perfumed feasts they spread with such prodigality.

They simply want to get a supply of pollen. They give that they may get and that they may beget. If they do not get the pollen there will be no production of living seeds. The flowering plants and trees cannot reproduce themselves without pollen.

Grant Allen in "Flash Lights on Nature" has a chapter on "A very intelligent Plant." That plant is the common gorse. He tells a wondrous story about the sympathy between the bees and the gorse, how the plant protects itself against flying insects of the egg-laying and flower-gnawing types and how it attracts and allures the honey-suckers and fertilizers. Then he goes on to describe the process of fertilization. "When the bee settles on the blossom, she alights on the keel and wings to which she clings by her holder and so weighs down the entire lower mechanism with her weight. As she does so the clasps or knobs of the wings (the flower's not the bees) come undone and the whole flower springs open, elastically, exposing the stamens, and the young pod which form its central organs. At the same moment the pollen, which is especially arranged for this contingency, bursts forth in a little explosive cloud, covering the body of the visiting insect. She takes no notice of the queer manoeuvre on the part of the plant being quite familiar with it, but goes on helping herself to the store of honey. As soon as she has rifled it she flies away and visits a second flower of the same kind. In the act of doing so she rubs off on the sensitive surface the pollen with which the first blossom dusted her, each part being so contrived that when she takes from one flower she hands to another."

Our own Dr. Fletcher of Central Experimental farm in an interesting address before the Bee Keepers' Association of Ontario a couple of years ago mentioned the Swamp Laurel or Lambkill as acting in a precisely similar way. It greets the visiting bee as she opens the door with a smother of a welcome, as in the famous carnival procession of New Orleans the lively and lovely decendants of the filles a la cassette greet the passer-by with welcoming smothers of flowers.

Cheshire gives an illustration of a somewhat similar mode of procedure, the common barberry, only its welcome to the bee has something very comical in it. Should a bee in seeking the sweet in the barberry touch a filament the filament springs upward so as not only to dust its body with pollen but to so startle it that it retires precipitately to another flower when the pollen thus unceremoniously dusted over it is immediately transferred to the up-standing edge of the stigma. The barberry invites the bee to a feast and then hits it a whack that shocks it. The bee does not mind the one kind of dusting it gets but it decidly objects to the other kind. Very different is the reception another order of plant—the Labiates—gives the bee. The hiding anther of the blossom comes down from its hiding place and pats the visitor on the back, as if welcoming the coming guest. What it is really doing is gently shaking off and depositing its load of pollen on the bee's back.

Grant Allen gives a lot more of interesting information in connection with the processes by which his "very intelligent plant" helps the bee and saves her time. But the central idea of the way the bee becomes the carrier of the "principle of life" from one flower to another in the case of the gorse is continued in the quotation I have given. Other plants do not give the plants such a boisterous greeting. But the bee performs its useful and necessary mission in the same way for all the flowers it visits.

Now one is apt to think that the bee might chance to visit a flower of some other kind of plant or tree immediately after her visit to the gorse flower, and rub the pollen that had been so whimsically exploded over her body, on that other kind leaving it thus to be of no service or to be privy to the production of some monstrosity of the vegetable world. But curiously enough the bee never makes such a mistake. She is a wise little body. As Grant Allen—whose work "Flash-Lights on Nature" I would like to introduce to my readers—says "Bees do not usually mix their liquors." When the bee starts out in the early morning of a sunshiny day she visits some flower that succeeds in attracting her attention and having got the taste of the nectar that flower secretes she keeps to that kind of nectar during the round of her visits. If she starts with gorse flower nectar she will not mix it with any other but just keeps gathering the same kind for the comb in the dark hive.

Thus it is that the right kind of pollen finds itself in the right place to do the very work that nature intended it to do. The vitalizing principle goes to the right spot and then the seed bears within itself the life of another generation.

I do not know whether the bee discriminates between the nectar she finds in one variety of apple blossoms and that produced by another variety. For instance whether she keeps to the delicious gravenstein's blossom when she begins with or laps up, with her curiously formed tongue nectar of Gravenstein and Ben Davis and Ribston and Russet, indiscriminately. To our grosser taste there is a distinct difference in the flavor of the King apple and the Cox's Orange Pippin. But it is more than probably that Miss Bee sagaciously concludes that apple-flavored honey is all the better for the combination. There is a difference in the flavors of the brandies made in the neighborhood of La Rochelle and Bordeaux. But those engaged in the business mix all the flavors into one blend, even though a dozen varieties of grapes have been used in the preparation. The bees, I think, do the same with the nectar from the different varietics of apples.

There are some plants which will not be fertilized by pollen obtained from the same variety. I have seen it stated that the Northern Spy apple blossom has this peculiarity and that it is necessary, in order that this particular apple tree shall bear luscious fruit, that the blossom should be fertilized with pollen from other varieties of apples. The pollen of the wild goose plum though perfectly capable of fertilizing almost any other variety which it reaches is absolutely useless for fecundating its own blossoms.

It is thus always better not to plant apple trees of the same variety in large blocks.

When I planted my orchard I selected twelve or fourteen varieties and planted a hundred or so of each variety in four or five rows together. My purpose in so doing was to enable the wind and the pollen-bearing insects to scatter the pollen in the widest possible way, believing that cross-fertilization of varities was the true plan. I have not discovered that I made a mistake. Indeed, were it not for the saving of time in the fruit-pulling season, by having the same variety of apples in neighborly proximity. I would have mixed the varieties to a much greater degree than was done, in order so obtain the fullest benefit resulting from observing the great law of cross-fertilization.

My orchard having arrived at the age at which wood-making is no longer the primal idea, I have started an apiary, this year, believing that the fruit will be twenty per cent. greater in quanity and twenty per cent. better in shape and quality because of the more complete fertilization effected through the agency of the bees who are all ready, thousands of them to distribute the pollen. To trust to the agency of the wind alone is not wise. There are some trees whose blossoms are wind-fertilized. The greater number require the aid of the winged porters, and in this useful provision of nature, the flowers which depend upon the wind, produce a very much greater quantity of pollen than the insect loving flowers.

During the comparatively short time the blossoms are ready to receive the blessing of fecundation the weather may be wet with only occasional gleams of sunshine during which the orcharlist may, like the sailor, whistle for the wind, or cry out with the poet the poet

"Blow, blow, ye breezes blow";

but the capricious winds may refuse to listen to the tuneful calls, and come out of the caves during those gleams. The sun-loving bees, however may be depended on to make the best use of the transient sunshine. Five hundred thousand of them will swarm over the orchard and visit a hundred thousand blossoms carrying the vitalizing pollen with them.

Cheshire says that the apple as we have it to-day is a fusion of five different apples and demands for its production in perfection no less than five independent fertilizations. Take an apple and cut it across and you will find that the core is divided into five seed receptacles. If you will find one seed receptacle that is not properly developed you will find that pips in that part of the apple are shriveled. In such a case the other receptacles being fully developed, there have been four fertilizations but not the fifth. In other apples there may have been one, two or three fertilizations with a corresponding number of the five divisions of the core properly developed, the remainder being shrivelled.

Now what is the result? The pulpy envelope surrounding the core, the part we eat is there primarily to supply the seed in the receptacle with the proper material to give it the best start in life. It is not there primarily that men and crows may take bites out of it when they want something nice to tickle their palates. It is there to help the seeds become trees. But nature, ever economical in its operations when the matter of mere living is in question, however bountiful she may be in providing for the production of life does not see much good in providing a greater supply of pulpy material for the shrivelled receptacle part of the apple than for the fertilized and therefore developed receptacles. Hence the apple is deformed. It is not symmetrical. It is lop-sided. It is not a perfectly formed fruit. By no straining of Mr. Fisher's useful Apple Act can it be classed as No. 1. Besides, wherever it is classed it does not pack well in the barrel and when the barrel of apples reaches Convent Garden it is more than likely to be classed as "Slacks" and lose a couple of shillings of the price offered for barrels that will not shake.

Further, I am confident that a partially fertilized and therefore a partially developed apple has not the resistant power against attacks of the enemies. The apple scab and other fungi are much more likely to secure lodgement and work destruction in imperfect fruit. When I see these enemies I look for the cause. I don't blame the fungi. They are telling me that something is wrong and if I don't listen to their voice I am to blame.

Still further an apple drops to the ground. Why? Isaac Newton answers: in obedience to the great law of gravitation" which he discovered while pondering over the fall of an apple. That's all right from the philosopher's point of view. But Cheshire studying the apple fall from another point of view, discovers another cause. He says he examined 200 apples that had dropped during a gale, and the cause he found on examination was traceable to imperfect fertilization in every case but eight.

That this is so is only natural. The round symmetrical apple struck by the wind swings to and fro like a child in a swing. The wind rushes harmlessly around the rosy sphere as much going on one side as goes on the other. With the imperfect apple the action of the wind is different. It strikes the sunken cheek and gives the apple a circular motion. In fact it sets it spinning like a top. Now everyone who has attempted to pull an apple from the tree by a straight pull knows how difficult it is to succeed. But just give it a twist and the apple stalk breaks off at its joint, part of the stalk remaining with the apple and part staying on the branch of the tree. When the wind "gets a hold" of the sunken part of the apple there is a twist and down comes the fruit.

The varying winds under favorable conditions of weather do their work of pollenation fairly well. But bees do the same work systematically. They utilize every hour of sunshine. Two are better far than one for counsel or for fight.

"'Tis good in every case you know
to have two strings unto your bow"

The utilization of waste so that there shall be no such thing as waste is now-a-days the basis of the good management in the production of almost every prepared article. If instead of the saw-dust being thrown into the river or burned in the incinerator some plan could be devised for using it, lumber would be cheaper than it is. It is said that the packing-house men of Chicago can lose money on the meat obtained from every beef they kill and yet make enough out of the cow-hides and the fertilizer tank to develop them into millionaires. It was a current saying in Armour's pork-packing establishment that they saved every jot and tittle of the porker except his dying squeal, and "that" they hoped to sell to the government for use in fog horns. The prevention of seconds and the production of firsts in an apple orchard by the employment of bees belong to the same class of profitable utilities as the utilization of waste in the stock yards of the men who aim to become butchers of the whole continent. The orchardist who sends to market the largest proportion of "Number Ones" is doing himself a good turn and is benefitting the consumer and the ship-owner and reducing the quantity of cider apples, the latter good being by no means the largest blessing—for the youngsters of apple-growing sections have been known to carry the cidar to market and exchange it for whiskey, by no means a good beverage for growing boys — to say the least of it.

In all this development of benefits and reduction of evils in connection with apple growing, bees, as I hope I have shown, play an important part.
—George Johnson, in Homestead.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

To the Editor of the Monitor:—

Sir,—I was troubled with rheumatism for about eight years, and tried a great many different kinds of medicines without getting relief. Last spring I began to get worse and I could hardly walk. It was then that I tried Dr. Clarke's Wonderful Little Red Pills, and two boxes cured me. I have had no rheumatism since taking them. I am eighty-two years of age, and can walk now quite smartly thanks to this remedy wonder.—(Mrs.) Paul McDonald, Eden Lake, Pictou Co., N. S.

We have yet to know of a single case where these wonderful pills have not been almost entirely successful in affecting a cure, Canada Chemical Co. Peterborough, Ont.

They cured me of rheumatism after I had been given up.—Andrew Closkey, Victoria, B. C.

Ex-Ald. Bailey, St. Johns, writes: I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Clarke's Wonderful Little Red Pills. They worked a miricle in my case and cured me after many years of suffering. I do not think their equal is to be obtained.

Nothing like Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills for the cure of heart trouble, weakness, and blood diseases. Have used them everywhere with success.—Dr. E. F. Mann, late of H. M. Forces South Africa.

Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills permanently cured me of headache. I suffered for years and only took two boxes. That is a year since. I have not had a symptom since.—James R. Jackson, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

I do not believe there is a medicine to compare with Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills. They cured me of indigestion and catarrh of the stomach, after nine years' suffering.—H. S. McDonald, G. T. R. shops, Montreal.

Dr. Clarke's Little Red Pills are a certain cure for rheumatism, asthma, paralysis, catarrh, eczema, coughs, backache, indigestion, stomach and liver troubles, female complaints, even when the diseases have been standing for many years. Price 50 cents per box. For sale by local druggists. The Canada Chemical Co., Peterborough, will forfeit $10 for any case that will not be helped by these pills.

Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Catarrh, and Dr. Clarke's Sure Cure for Eczema, same price. $10 will be paid for any case they will not cure. Sold by S. N. Weare.

TREE TURNED INTO NEWSPAPER.

(Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.)

A foreign paper tells of an experiment. It was made to see how quickly a tree could be turned into a newspaper. At 7.35 a. m., a tree was sawed down. Just two hours later it had been converted into pulp and paper. At 10 o'clock the first printed and folded copy came from the press. In 145 minutes the tree had been turned into a newspaper. It now becomes the Yankee to beat that record. Perhaps it has been beaten, for something of the sort was done in New York several years ago.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,
J. B. LEVESQUE.
St. Joseph, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1900.

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Saturate some batting with Polson's Nerviline and place in the cavity of the tooth. Rub the painful part of the face with Nerviline, bind in a hot flannel, and the toothache will disappear immediately. Nerviline is a splendid household remedy for cramps, indigestion, summer complaint, rheumatism, neuralgia and toothache. Powerful, penetrating, safe and pleasant for internal and external use. Price 25c. Try Nerviline.

Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills for Biliousness.

—The postal department has made a new departure in the matter of postal notes. The new postal notes being issued have a perforated slip attached to them, which torn off by the purchaser, forms a receipt for the note, which he can hold as a cheque upon mishaps. The department has applied the principle long since adopted by express companies.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A HINT FOR SCHOOLS.

In the following from the Ottawa Citizen there is a suggestion which is probably well worthy the attention of every Board of School Commissioners or Trustees, and all teachers and parents, in every city and district of Canada:—

"Trustee George H. Wilson, of the public school board, deserves credit for the inauguration of an easily affected but very important innovation in connection with the schools, and one which might be adopted with success throughout Canada. That is the examination of pupils as to sight and hearing so as to set them most advantageously in the class rooms. Far too little attention has been paid to this in the past. In a large class room, children with weak sight or sight likely to become impaired, are often placed in the back seats where they have to strain their eyes to see the blackboard, when they might just as well be in the front seats where they can see or hear without difficulty. In many cases neither the children nor their parents realize that their sight or hearing is impaired, and what may be regarded by the teacher as dullness or carelessness in a child in the junior classes is really the handicap of not being able to receive communicated instruction owing to physical disability. As the children get older the disability increases, and thus we have so many of the pupils in the upper classes and collegiate institutions suffering from impaired eyesight and taking to wearing spectacles.

"The method of testing the sight of pupils is simple and without expense, and the sight of a whole form can be tested and the pupils classified in less than half an hour at the beginning of the school term."

MISTAKES OF WOMEN.

One of the mistakes of women is not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea and anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts, and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not.

Another of her mistakes is not knowing when to rest. If she is tired, she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider doilies. Doesn't she know that hard work tires? If she is exhausted she will write letters or figure her accounts. She woul laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing could fail to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know how to rest.

Another mistake on the list is their constant worrying. Worry and hurry are their enemies, and yet they hug them to their bosom. Women cross bridges before they come to them, and even build bridges to cross. They imagine misfortune and run out to meet it.—Illinois Signal.

CONVICT WORK ON ROADS.

(New York Tribune.)

The scheme of combined road improvement and penal reform which the Tribune has for some time been urging is being practised in Erie County in a small way, but with gratifying results. Short term inmates of the local penitentiary are being employed at breaking stone for road building. One result is that the country is saving 20 cents on each cubic yard of metal. Another is that the number of tramps and other petty offenders in Erie county is growing beautifully less, the "sons of rest" not relishing work in the quarries. A third is that there is a very perceptible improvement in the physical and moral condition of the convicts, because of the systematic employment at a healthful occupation.

NERVOUS AND SLEEPLESS.

There is just one cure, and that is plenty of food for the blood and nerves, which is best supplied in Ferrozone, than which no blood builder, nerve tonic or strength producer is better. Ferrozone promotes healthy digestion, which results in impaired nutrition. The blood grows rich and red trition. The blood grows rich and red, furnishes stability to the entire system, and the store of nerve force and energy increases daily. A rebuilding of the constitution, new spirits, health and strength, all come from the use of Ferrozone. This marvellous renovator is sold by druggists for 50c. a box, or six boxes for $2.50. By mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

For the Skin.

An Elgin friend some years ago gave me the recipe for a very simple yet effective lotion for hands and face, when either scorched with the heat of the sun or roughened with the frosty winds of winter. As the lotion can be made at home at a very trifling cost, I pass on the recipe to you, so that you may have it in readiness as soon as our annual east winds make their appearance. Dissolve a small teaspoonful of borax, powdered in a very little rain water, just enough to melt it; put it into a bottle, add an ounce of orange-flower water.

—An exchange hits up the lucky farmer in this style. "The man who wrestles with the cow, and learns the calf to suck, who casts the corn before the swine is now in greatest luck; for butter's on the upward grade, veal's higher than it used to be, pork is climbing up the scale, and beef is out of sight; the eggs he gathers every day from his Poland chicken coop, are almost worth their weight in gold and we are in the soup. His corn brings him a fancy price, it is raising every day, and he rakes in a bag of cash for half a load of hay. The farmer's in the saddle and when he comes to town, the rest of us by right should go way back and sit down."

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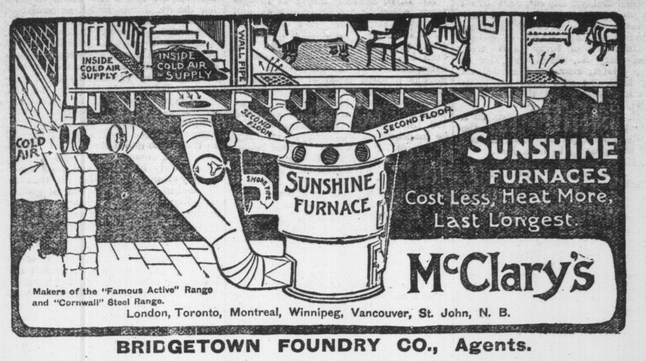

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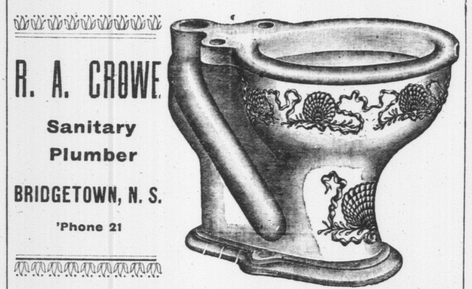
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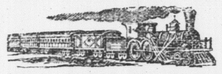
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TO LET
The Brick house belonging to the estate of late Robt. E. F'Randolph.
April 3rd, 1901.

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Finest Lines ..IN.. Wedding Stationery.
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Monitor Job Printing Department.

Joker's Corner.

WHY THE PORTRAIT WAS VALUABLE.

There is a story to accompany almost any famous picture, whether ancient or modern, and many a painting has a history; but the history devised for a certain portrait of himself painted by W. P. Frith, has rare points of novelty. The famous English academician, says a London authority, had entirely forgotten the picture. A friend discovered it in a small shop.

"It's not a bit like what you are now," observed the friend, "but it may have resembled you some years ago. Go and look at it." Mr. Frith went and found his own image after an estrangement of forty years. He determined to buy it, although he had not the faintest recollection of having painted it.

"Ah, a portrait!" said Frith to the woman in charge of the shop, after he had pretended to examine several other works. "Whose likeness is that?"

"That," said the woman, "is a portrait of the celebrated artist Frith, painted by himself."

"Why he must be an elderly man," put in the artist.

"Well, he was young once," was the conclusive answer.

"It's not much of a picture," quoth Frith.

To this the woman demurred. She thought the canvas was worth twenty pounds. Then Frith was really surprised.

"It cost us nearly as much as that," the shopkeeper explained, without moving a muscle. "We shall make a very small profit. You see it is very valuable because the artist is deceased."

"Deceased!" exclaimed the astonished painter. "Dead, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir; died of drink. My husband attended the funeral."

Mr. Frith bought the picture, but he did not revive for some time.

ANOTHER VIEW.

"Any complaints of the food?" asked the orderly officer of some men who were about to begin their dinner in a certain barrack room.

"Yes, sir," instantly exclaimed a raw recruit; "the beef an' bacon in this 'ere 'ash ain't fit for the likes of us to eat, an' I wish to report it."

The doctor was sent for to inspect the food.

"So you think this meat isn't fit for a man in your position to eat?" said he. "Allow me to tell you that greater men than ever you will be have eaten it. Even Lord Wolseley, when commander-in-chief, wasn't above eating it in the Crimea, and made many a hearty meal of it."

"Oh, did 'e," said the recruit.

"Yes, he did," snapped the surgeon in reply.

"Oh, well," retorted the man, "it was all very well for Wolseley, 'cause the meat would be fresh and good then. You see it's a long time since that 'ere Crimea job, and it can't be expected to keep good all these years."

The doctor glared at the complainer for a moment, and then hurriedly left, with the shadow of a smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

A POINTED QUESTION.

The conversation had drifted on to the topic of supernatural visitations, and the various members of the company were describing the sensations they believed they would experience if they found themselves confronted by a ghostly presence.

"Ba Jove," said the one callow youth, a vacuous grin illuminating his countenance, "d'you know, I'm quite shaw that the sight of a ghost would turn me into a gibberin' idiot!"

For a moment there was silence, and then the silvery voice of a sixteen-year-old damsel was heard from the far side of the fireplace.

"And did you ever see a ghost, Mr. Softleigh?" it gently asked.

Only that and nothing more, yet most of the others nearly made ghosts of themselves by laughing until they were on the brink of apoplexy.

—The late Bessie Borchill excelled in sailor songs, says M. A. P., and her hornpipes were fine exhibitions of that difficult dance. Her audiences usually demanded one by way of encore. A sailor in a south coast seaport was so carried away by enthusiasm that, in the frenzy of applauding, he fell from the gallery into the pit. A couple of attendants rushed to carry him out, expecting to find him seriously hurt, but Jack sat briskly up, feeling his ribs, and said: "How much more are these seats? I don't mind paying the extra. I can see her hornpipe better from here!"

—"Of course," said the bachelor thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head."

"True; but the sceptre passes from one to another."

"How?"

"Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently and unobtrusively passes to the wife, and he never gets it back again."

"She keeps it forever?"

"Oh, no; the baby gets it next."

—A prominent doctor of Dartmouth called at the rooms of one of the leading barbers to get a shave one morning recently considerably past the opening hour, but the place was closed. Securing a sheet of cardboard he traced in large letters the words "not dead but sleeping" and put it on the door. Some time later the barber came out and seeing the sign, wrote underneath "thanks to not having taken the full dose of Dr.——'s prescription."

—"What brought you to this place, my good friend?" inquired a visitor at the prison of a convict.

"A mere matter of opinion got me here, sir!"

"Impossible!"

"No, sir; I expressed the opinion that I was innocent, and the jury expressed the opinion that I wasn't. It's a hard world, sir."

—Mistress: "Do you call this sponge cake? Why it's as hard as it can be."

New Cook: "Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum."

RINGING IN THE EARS.

This is an unfailing sign of catarrh, and if not checked will ultimately result in deafness. The simplest remedy is Catarrhozone, which if inhaled a few times daily, prevents the catarrhal condition from spreading. Catarrhozone quickly stops the ringing in the ears, head noises, gives permanent relief to catarrhal deafness. For catarrh in any part of the system, bronchitis, asthma, lung or throat troubles, Catarrhozone is a specific, and is guaranteed to permanently cure or your money back. Large size, $1.00; trial size, 25c. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills cure Constipation.

—Dreamless sleep is a myth, says Sir Arthur Mitchell in The Scottish Medical and Surgical Journal. The absence of a knowledge of having dreamed furnishes no proof that dreams have not taken place. The watcher by the bedside of a sleeping person may have what he regards as satisfactory evidence that the person is dreaming, yet that person when the sleep ends may feel quite positive that dreams have not taken place.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.