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It costs a mill a day—one cent every ten days—to make a hen a lively layer when eggs are high, with **SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER**. Calculate the profits, it helps young pullets to laying maturity; makes the plumage glossy, makes combs bright red.

Sheridan's CONDITION POWDER

Get to work on this, in a hot mash, will make the flock doubly profitable. (You can't buy it in a bottle, it is sold in a box, 10 cts. 50 cts. \$1. A two pound box, \$2.50. Sample poultry paper free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

off to bed, child. I must do some hard thinking before I can sleep."

CHAPTER X

Mona Henlan had work to do that night undreamed of by anyone in or out of the old castle.

It went far towards making her forget the vicinity of her husband and the danger through which he had so recently passed; for her work was on behalf of the man she loved, and love will assert its claim for consideration, however determinedly it is kept in the background.

Mona was too honest and self-respecting to allow herself to dwell on her love for Beaudesert.

Now that she knew the feeling she had for him was what she ought to feel for her husband, she was all anxiety to leave the castle, and she chafed at the necessity for remaining there until Tony should recover sufficiently to be moved, though she shrank with an unpeppable dread from the thought of the long, long future to be lived through at his side, as his wife.

In spite of her need for rest, she had barely an hour's sleep before she returned to her husband's room.

The delirium was over, and the patient was slumbering quietly. Mona beckoned Dr. Derrington to the room.

"All is well, doctor?"

"Very well indeed, I am thankful to say, Mrs. Henlan. I hope he will not wake till midday. There is no need for me to remain any longer now; but I will come again at noon."

"Breakfast is ready for you and nurse in that room yonder," nodding in the direction of an open door through which came a fragrant smell of coffee, freshly made. "I will send her to you. Thank you for your care of my poor husband, Doctor Derrington. I shall watch by him now. Make nurse take a rest when she has had a good breakfast."

There is certainly no need why she should not," replied the doctor.

The nurse required very little persuasion to be of the same opinion; and Mona, therefore, entered into charge of the sick room.

After a time she heard Dr. Derrington go; and a few minutes later the nurse appeared at the door with a questioning glance, her lips forming the words—

"All right?"

Mona nodded and signed to her to go; and after that, she and Tony had that particular part of the castle to themselves, except for Beaudesert, who slept soundly in the room near the port door.

He had meant to be early astir, but the events of the night had kept him awake until after the dawn flooded the room with a crimson glow, which gave place to a dull leaden grey.

Saying to himself that there would be a break in the weather before night, Beaudesert then gave way to the welcome drowsiness which came over him, and enjoyed a few hours of well earned and badly needed rest.

Mona had no idea he was so near at hand.

She thought she was quite alone, save for her sleeping husband, as she sat near the open window listening to the restless murmur of the sea, which was beginning to heave uneasily below the leaden sky, listening, and thinking, and turning her face from time to time towards the bed, where the man she had married for his dollars was groping his way back to life, a and health and strength.

A slight sound presently made her glance toward in the direction of the door. Emilio stood there, looking less a boy than ever, in spite of his hairless face and slight form.

A peculiar smile played round his lips, and his eyes were afire with diabolical triumph.

His right hand was in his pocket, and as Mona watched him frowningly, and with a vague anxiety showing in her face, he drew out a pistol threatening Tony Henlan, still with that satanic smile on his handsome face.

Involuntarily Mona obeyed, in awful suspense as to what might follow.

Treading lightly, Emilio entered the room.

Continued on page fifteen.

CANCER

For Canadian testimonials & 200-page book—free, write Dept. 11, **MASSON MEDICINE CO.**, 57 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading.

Watch Night.

From its high turret's story face
The Temple of the Ages flames
Its signal of a restless race,
And o'er the blast of human fumes,
Like song of waters, strong and sweet,
Like solemn thunder clear and bold,
Its mighty midnight chorus repeat
The summons on its dial old.

Hushed Babel kneels. A sobered flock,
We count the moments lived no more
While that eventful twelve o'clock
Beats warning at the Eternal Door.
Nor cares one what fabled year to say
Its parking at the slender close
Where vast behind its rolls away
A cycle of a hundreded years.

Between the centuries are met
Our to see—and our selves, that climb
No high what wonder we forget
The silent lances of Time?
We stand upon the eternal now;
The former, feebler things have passed;
In younger life but older power
The new born period rules the last.

No fading tapers gleam to night:
We turn the cosmic ether fire,
Our very worship owns the might
Of Matter bent to Mind's desire,
Divine invention, gracious Muse,
Has winged the feet that ring the floor,
And harnessed with metallic sheaves
The elemental laws of God.

The truth their candle light saw,
Who watched that distant morning in
Has widened till its lightened law
Makes human thought to Freedom win
And faith since yesterday began.
Has caught hope's sunbeam on the sea,
And followed Love across the span
From Ereb hill to Calvary.

Bells of the young Age! Ring for that
Who e blow the years have ebbed away!
Life's work is on its last day,
And midnight measures day with day.
But ever for you dawning world
Let old Deities' altars burn.
The covenant rainbow hangs unrolled,
And Mercy's wondrous love returns.

In His Good Time.

The old doctor had measured out the soothing powders and fastened his saddle-bags. His patient lived in a lonely farmhouse, far from drug shops and neighbors.

"This medicine is only to quiet the pain," she asked, at her mother took it from him and went out.

"Yes."

"There is nothing more to be done, then?"

The old man took her hand and stroked it gently for his only answer. She was a gaunt, middle-aged woman who had suffered for many years. He wondered why she wished to stay any longer. He had known her since she was a child, and he could speak candidly to her. They were alone. She had been a faithful Christian woman.

He held up the lean hand, of which every knuckle was distorted by pain.

"These clothes are nearly worn out," Sarah, he said, tenderly. "It is time you had a new garment."

"Yes, she cried passionately. "If I knew that God would give it to me! But what do we know of that place there beyond? Nobody has come back to tell us!"

The doctor was silent, anxiously. She was in no condition for argument.

"This old body is ugly and worn out, I know she went on excitedly, 'but it is I! I cannot think of myself in any shape. And in a few days it will be rotting round up on the hill. Where shall I be then?"

The old man walked up and down the room. He knew that the end was near. How could he help her? Suddenly he came back bringing a little pot in which bloomed some myosotis.

"Sarah," he said, "a few weeks ago I saw you plant some little black seeds in this earth. Out of them has come this beautiful, fragrant thing. The black husks of the seed are rotting in the earth. 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"Give it to me," she said, quickly.

He placed the little pot in her hands. Her eyes were full of sudden tears. The old man went out quietly and left her alone with God and the poor little comforter that he had sent.

The next day the doctor was summoned in haste, but when he came he found that she had already thrown aside her old garments and had gone to be clothed anew by Him Who makes all things beautiful in His own good time.

Apprentice and Master.

Apprenticeship was an important institution in France in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and was regulated with the utmost care, as will be seen by the following account of 'An Idler in Old France.'

By the rules of the book the master was held equally responsible for his apprentice; and under a wise and kindly roof, the lad who was learning to be a master workman and a ruler in his little world might lead a happy and profitable life.

Often he did so, and when the day came that he might claim his freedom, he chose to remain the paid servant, friend and fellow worker of the master who had sheltered him from boyhood and taught him all his craft, rather than to seek a fortune less assured elsewhere.

During the year of his apprenticeship the patron, or master, was to feed, clothe

and shelter him, in the homely wording of the clockmaker's rule, to cherish him beneath his roof, at his board, and by his hearth. Nay, it was strictly enjoined upon the master to treat his apprentice "as his own son," and in some trades he was bidden to remember that his responsibility did not end on the threshold of the workshop, that the "soul and morals" of the little stranger had claims on his solicitude.

In a day when the streets of Paris were not very nice for anybody, and were more or less dangerous after dark for everybody, the master was instructed to be careful on what errand he despatched the youngster; and the pastry-cooks, whose apprentices were often sent to cry cakes and creams upon the public ways, were continually warned to prevent the lads from falling among evil company.

It seems certain that, so far as the Middle Ages are concerned, the rules, precepts and admonitions were not only framed with great good sense and care, but were very rapidly enforced upon all masters who had youths and lads in their employ.

High and low, in the society of that day the rod and birch were flourished, with small discrimination and less nicety; and if the tutors of little princes had leave to whip them freely, apprentices could not expect to come off too highly at a master's hand.

TRANSFORMED.

She Helped the People While Ministers Suffered the Law.

It need not take a big organization to do a big thing. In 'Christian Work in Paris Slums' Sarah A. Tooley tells how one woman, and she but a young and delicate girl, went down into a very hotbed of hatred and anarchy, and transformed it into a place where men and women could be induced to listen to reason and respond to kindness.

Miss De Broen, a lady of Dutch extraction who made England her home, is well known as a worker in the slums of Paris. It was in 1871, immediately after the suppression of the Commune, that she visited Paris and went to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, where six hundred Communists were shot down by the soldiers of Versailles.

As she stood in the cemetery she heard at one end the wailing and shrieking of women, and following the sound, found a maddened crowd of Communist women mourning their dead. The girl was seized with pity for them, and laying her hand on the arm of one of the women, she said:

"Let me comfort you. I can tell you of One above Who cares for all your sorrows."

As she passed from one to another a calm fell upon the maddened crowd. Miss De Broen's heart was softened. The scene was a revelation to her. From that time she devoted herself to the work of helping those outcasts of Belleville.

It is impossible to describe what the district was in those days. It was the hotbed of the most virulent anarchy. Lawlessness, disorder and the spirit of deadly revenge seemed to possess every man, woman and child in the place. Gradually Miss De Broen gained an influence over the people, and induced the women to attend a sewing class. The government recognized the value of her labors and helped her. How far her influence extended is shown by the quick response to her presence and pleading in a time of real danger.

Several years ago a law was passed regarding the collection of household refuse. The task of collecting it was relegated to the city, and thousands of chiffonniers in Belleville were thrown out of employment. News came to Miss De Broen, one Sunday afternoon, that the people were rising. She hurried to the district where the chiffonniers lived as a time apart, and found them gathered round a leader who was inciting them to deeds of violence.

"If we have no weapons we have stones," he was saying when Miss De Broen came up.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"We have lost our work and are starving," was the reply.

She asked them if they would separate peacefully if she undertook to provide them with food and work; and to prove her sincerity she despatched a messenger to the nearest baker's shop with orders to send at once all the bread on the premises. When the order arrived, she had the loaves cut up and distributed to the crowd.

The hungry people, trusting to their benefactress, dispersed quietly to their homes, and Miss De Broen presented herself at the Elysee and asked to see President Grevy.

"The president is dying," was the reply, "and cannot be disturbed."

"Tell him I come from those who have no dinner," she replied.

She saw the president, and he learned that there were some thousands of desperate characters in Belleville on the verge of

revolution. That visit set the cumbersome machinery of the government at the work, and help came; but in the meantime, while ministers considered and officials investigated, Miss De Broen, by her undaunted efforts, led some two thousand people and prevented an outbreak that would have been lamentable in its consequences.

The Love of Wild Animals for Their Young.

It is, perhaps, rather amusing to steal a pair of whimpering bear cubs and carry them off, but in one case the travellers who engaged in the pastime found the grief of the mother too real to allow them to persist in the fun. They were a professor and five seniors from an Eastern college, and the scene of their adventure was near the line between Pennsylvania and New York. They came upon a couple of little cubs snuggled away in the bush, and scarcely realizing what they did, carried them to their boat and covered them with a coat. Then they hastily pushed off and paddled up-stream to be farther from the mother when she should discover her loss.

The little fellows kept up a continual crying, and soon a plunge caused the travellers to look back, and there was the old bear puffing and floundering across in search of her babies.

The almost human intelligence and solicitude she displayed made it no easy matter to persist in the abduction of the cubs. Pressing on ahead of the boat a few rods, she would plunge into the stream and intercept it, and when evaded and passed, would take to the bank again and repeat the attempt with increased cunning. Her action was intensely human. She screamed and scolded, wept and moaned, her tears flowing freely, her lips and under jaw trembling. She hid her face in her paws, and then held them forth as if beseeching. Some of the party were for giving up the cubs, but others held out.

The babies whimpered incessantly, and the mother's demonstrations of grief grew more touching. Her anger seemed to abate, but in its place came more plaintive tones. She showed no signs of abandoning the chase.

At last it was decided to surrender the cubs, and the boat was pulled across to the bank opposite to the old bear. There the little ones were gently placed on the sandy beach, and the party hurried back to the boat. They were none too soon, for the instant they lifted her babies in sight the mother started across.

She went to the cubs, nosed them over, searching for wounds, and then licked their glossy fur affectionately, crying meanwhile, like a human mother weeping for joy. Then after reproaching the travellers furiously for a minute, she took both cubs up by the neck, and holding them in her great jaws, carried them off into the woods.—From 'Current Literature.'

His Mother's Love.

Charles Daggart was one of three children. When he was a boy his father deserted the family and was not heard of again. All the care of the children and the home fell upon the mother. In addition to her sorrows and burdens, she found herself very poor. Every effort was made, every energy strained to rear three lovely little ones. Night and day she toiled, growing staid and calmer with the struggle as her bitter memories receded, and as the living demanded greater watchfulness and care.

The boy grew up wayward; with curly hair, with bright, affectionate ways, with many evil tendencies—how like his father! Fear of his future chilled the mother's heart, and love of the lad warmed it. She was like a thermometer plunged now into cold, now into hot water. It is a wonder that her frail frame held together at all.

The time came when it seemed that she could endure the struggle and uncertainty no longer. Charles began to stay out late; he evidently drank at those times—not much, but enough to portend future danger. At such times a mother's love can do little but watch and pray over her easily tempted boy. No matter how late he came in, she greeted him with a kiss and tucked him into bed as if he were still her little child, and then she said her prayers for them both as she always used to do.

Suddenly the Spanish War came, and with it the haunting of so many thousands of young men. The mother's son was one of the first to enlist, and with death in her heart she bade him a good-by.

"You'll write me dear?" she said, at the last. She did not dare to ask him not to drink and associate with evil men. He knew how she felt about that.

Week after week went by, and no letter came from her boy at Chickamauga. But one day she received a letter from the first Lieutenant of his company, telling her to come quickly. "Charles was very ill."

When she arrived he lay in the hospital, stricken with the typhoid fever, more fatal than Spanish bullets, had done its

work. She bent over her boy,—the most erring, the dearest of her children,—and her eyes questioned him piteously.

"I've tried, he whispered. 'I have tried to be different.'

"He has kept good company," said the lieutenant who had written the letter, "and has been a good boy."

But the lad was now too weak to talk much with her. He spoke but twice after this.

"I would rather die as I am than live as I was," he said feebly. Just before he died he whispered: "Mother, you loved me in being good. Who will say that prayer and patience, tenderness and trust for the sake of one we love are not worth the courage and the effort that they cost?"

WHERE THE TWENTIETH CENTURY DAWNS

It Will First Land on Antipodes Island, in the Pacific.

Where will the twentieth century first dawn? If the change of the centuries took place at either of the equinoxes—March 22 or Sept. 22—then, since on those days the earth's axis is at right angles to the plane of the orbit and there is equal day and night all over the world, the matter would be very easily decided. The dawn line would coincide with the date line, and from pole to pole the first sun of the new century would rise at the same moment.

But, unfortunately, this is not so, and the consequence is that the line of dawn, as it sweeps round the earth, first touches the date line to the south of the equator, and then gradually creeps up this line till it leaves it far to the north. So the first sun of the twentieth century will rise on the places along or near the date line in the order of their position, from the south upward.

Now there is no land along this line from the Antarctic Circle to Antipodes Island, hence this tiny spot of earth will first see the twentieth century dawn. A few minutes later Bonny Island will see it. Then it will sweep along the northeast coast of North Island, New Zealand; then over Vanua Levu in the Fiji Islands. Next it will shine on the scattered coral islets of the Ellice group, and after travelling about nine degrees more to the north the light tide will touch the crossing of the dawn line and date line at 6 o'clock.

Two hours and five minutes will have to pass before it reaches the banks of the Yarra. In six hours and twenty-five minutes it will gild the temples and palaces of Calcutta. In four hours and fifty minutes it will be flowing over Lion's Head and down the rugged sides of Tabor Mountain.

In twelve hours and twenty-five minutes it will have crossed Montmartre and touched the base of Eiffel Tower in Paris. Five minutes later it will have passed the cross of St. Paul's and be flowing up Fleet St. In seventeen hours and twenty minutes from the time it crossed the dawn line it will be flowing around the feet of the Statue of Liberty, and in three hours more it will have reached the Golden Gate. Thence it will cross a stretch of ocean unbroken by rock or islet back to the dawn line, and so will be accomplished the evening and morning of the first day of the twentieth century.

Cured A Bad Case of Deafness.

St Thomas, Ont.—"I have used Catarrh ozone for impaired hearing and have been much benefited by its use, so much that I can now hear quite well. I am recommending it to my friends." Thos Riddle.

Fully nine tenths of cases of impaired hearing arise from Catarrhal Infection. There is no question as to the efficacy of Catarrh-ozone, as the evidence of many testimonials similar to the above emphatically proves. Any one suffering in this way can test Catarrh-ozone by sending us 10 cents in stamps for which we will promptly mail them trial outfit sufficient to demonstrate its great efficacy. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Hartford, Conn.

Kept Warm With Ice.

To keep from freezing by the use of ice seems a novel way of turning ordinary usage upside down. A daily paper is responsible for the statement that the Weather Bureau at Washington is about to issue a bulletin describing a new and peculiar method of heating. It consists in keeping out cold, not by the use of fire, but by the intervention of ice. Its object is the protection of perishable goods in transit.

The car is double lined, and has at each end four galvanized iron cylinders reaching from the floor almost to the top. In summer these cylinders are filled with ice and salt in order to keep the car cool. The remarkable point, however, is that in winter they are filled with ice in order to keep the contents of the car from freezing.

Ice is nominally at a temperature of thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and it is a substance that changes its temperature resolutely, and is a bad conductor of heat—or cold. Consequently when zero weather prevails without, the cylinders of relatively warm ice prevent the escape of heat; in other words, they maintain the temperature within the car.

Another novel device by which ice is employed for protection against cold consists in throwing upon the car when the weather is near the zero point a plentiful stream of water, which freezes at once, and forms a complete coat over the vehicle. The action of the ice is the same as in the other case.

A similar plan is frequently adopted in the transportation of bananas, a fruit which is particularly susceptible to cold. The fruit is put in paper bags, and covered with salt hay when the temperature is dangerously low.

Old Stage-Coach Days.

Adventures of varied nature belonged to the old English mail coach days. One of the most thrilling episodes of the road occurred one night on the way from Salisbury to London, in 1816. The story is told by Mr. Charles G. Harper in 'The Exeter Road.'

As the coach went howling along, the horses suddenly became extremely nervous, and what was thought to be a large calf was seen trotting along beside the left leader in the darkness. As they neared the inn the horses became uncontrollable; and then the supposed calf seized one of the animals. By this time the horses were frantic, plunging and kicking and it was remarkable that the coach was not overturned.

The guard laid hold of his gun and was about to shoot the assailant, when several men, accompanied by a large mastiff, appeared. The foremost, seeing that the guard was about to fire, pointed a pistol at his head, declaring that he would shoot if the beast was killed.

The 'calf' was a lioness escaped from a travelling show. The dog was set upon the brute, who left the horse, seized the mastiff and tore him to pieces, and retreated under a granary. The spot was barricaded to prevent her escape, and she was noosed and returned to captivity.

The horse which had been seized was seriously injured by the lioness, but finally recovered.

A Certain Remedy for Cures.

And one always to be relied upon, is Fattman's Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, sure and always painless. Nearly fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of such. Get Fattman's at druggists, or if you cannot get it we will send it to you by mail upon receipt of 25 cents, post paid, to Canada or United States. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Bogged.

While travelling in Cornwall, in 1891, Rev. S. Baring-Gould came near being overwhelmed in a bog. He and his companion got lost, and at dusk found themselves in a bog called Redmire. Six bullocks had already been lost there that year. Mr. Baring-Gould's adventure is related in his 'Book of the West.'

All at once I sank above my waist, and was being sucked father down. I cried to my companion, but in the darkness he could not see me, and had he seen me he could have done nothing for me. The water finally reached my armpits.

Happily, I had a stout dambo, some six feet long, and I placed this asthwart the surface and held it with my arms as far expanded as possible. By jerks I succeeded in gradually lifting and throwing my body forward, till finally I was able to cast myself at full length on the surface. The suction had been so great as to tear my leather gaiters off my legs.

I lay at full length, gasping for nearly a quarter of an hour before I had breath and strength to advance, and then wormed myself along on my breast till I reached dry land. My companion, it turned out, had a similar experience.

The Rolling Piston.

First Enthusiastic Goller.—"I say, will you play another round with me on Thursday?"

Second Enthusiastic Goller.—"Well, I'm booked to be married on that day—but it can be postponed!"

Dawn of a new era.

From the Bowersville Clarion: Our enterprising citizen, Mr. Henry Howso, is erecting a three-story business block across from the postoffice. The day of sky-scrapers has dawned in Bowersville.

SCEPTICS TURN BELIEVERS

AND ARE CURED.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder A Great Blessing.

"When I read that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder could relieve Catarrh in 14 minutes I was far from being convinced. I tried it—a single puff through the blow afforded instant relief, stopped pain over the eyes and cleansed the nasal passages. Today I am free from Catarrh." R. L. Egan's (Edison, Pa.) experience has been that of thousands of others and may be yours."

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