its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's

Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later beriods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine. "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice.
This wonderfu! preparation once saved
my life. I had a constant cough, night
sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh,
and given up by my physician. One
bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."-A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used i freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."-J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. So'd by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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The Canadian Post.

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LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPT. 4, 1891. LIVE STOCK AND DAIRY.

THERE OUGHT TO BE GOOD MONEY IN DAIRYING.

Some Facts That the Farmer Has Prob-Perusal-Fresh Butter all the Year Round.

peration. For the past 10 years I have anper lb the year around. At the outset I creatures if you go at it in the right way. lected cows with particular reference to heapest for butter. . Give them good pasturage in the summer

with plenty of pure water, and frequent accass to salt. In the winter feed sweet, early cut hay, new cured fodder corn, roots, cabbage and the like, with a ration of corn meal, bran, ground oats and middlings. The best and latest improved implements

are used around the milk and butter, and these are kept scrupulously clean and well sealded. Milk-pails and all metal utensils hould be made of the best quality of tin,

When help is hired, one of the most exact fules is that the milking should be done quietly and at regular times, and the utmost cleanliness preserved. Strain the milk clowly into open pans from 4 to 6 inches tinto a large can and set it in cold water to cool down to 60° before putting into the small pans. The milk must be set in a pure and equal atmosphere and at such temperaallowed to vary much from this. In summer put a piece of ice in a tub of water and cover it with a blanket, and it will keep a long time. In winter the rooms should be

As soon as the milk begins to turn sour, it should be skimmed, for it is impossible to make good butter from old sour cream. Two the cream into the cream jar and stir it thoroughly. Cream must be put in the roolest part of the house and covered with a fine netting, and not with a tight cover. Churning should be done often. Bring the cream in the churn to 58° and never sbove 64°. Scald the churn and then put

a cold water. Rinse and cool thoroughly and put in the cream. Churn early in the morning while it is cool. Churn with regular motion, and not too fast not too flow, and the butter should come in about 10 minutes. I do not wash my butter but work it in the old-fashioned way. Salt one junce to the pound, or more or less as your trade demands. Work the butter only sufficiently to expel the buttermilk, but do not work too dry.

If the butter is not sold as fast as made. pack in vessels which will not taint it. Fill within an inch of the top, and place a piece of thin muslin over the top of the butter, and over this pour on some cold brine and cover with a layer of salt. Cleanliness and common-sense applied from the beginning to the end are absolutely necessary to insure good butter that will bring the highest price, and there never will be enough to supply the demand. - Prof. J. F. Elsom, in Prairie Farmer.

Fresh Butter the Year Round.

At this season of the year, when butter owest in price and everybody is making it it is a good plan to think of holding it Intil prices are higher. The great trouble with packed butter is that when used it is flavor and oftentimes no better than scap grease. Any method that will keep butter for a few months in good adition is well worthy of trial. George Parr of Dakota gives his experience in the Northwestern Farmer and Breeder with packing butter. In 1889, when butter was worth from 8 to 10c per h he made his butter into 5 lb rolls and rapped it in Elliott's parchment paper. put this into new pork barrels and covered it with strong brine. Early last winter he sold a number of barrels of this butter to a dealer in Montana for 20c per h and the dealer wrote, "If balance of butter is as good as last delivered, hip at once." Mr. Parr says this butter In brine 16 or 17 months. The butter the made the past season was kept in brine ar months, and there seemed to be no difbrence in flavor between that and the but-

erput in a year before. the of the top with butter, put on a Bazar.

weighted it and filled the barrel to the float an egg. Then in the winter when he strong brine that churned, he put away the fresh buttermilk, took out some butter from the barrels, put it in the churn and poured fresh buttermilk on it. He churned this for a few seconds and found that it was equal to his fresh butter and that he had to result it again. The buttermilk was drawn off and the butter treated in the usual way, and he had but one complaint from a very particular customer, that the butter was not quite un to the general standard. If these two methods of putting down butter can keep the butter as well as Mr. Parr says, then they will prove a god-send to many dairymen. The process is not expensive, and by churning the granular butter in fresh buttermilk, there can be no doubt but that it will impart to the butter all the qualities of fresh butter.

In trying these experiments, the great es-sentials are, in the first place, to have the butter washed clean of all foreign matter, the barrel must be new, clean and tight and well lined; the brine must be strong and made of good salt, and the butter must be kept constantly covered. We see no reason why these methods may not be used to preserve butter in good condition. For near-by markets the method of preserving butter in granular form is probably the better of the two. By churning this in fresh butter-milk, it could then be sold for fresh butter, while if preserved in rolls, it would have to be sold for packed butter. We would not advise dairymen to try it on a large scale the first year, but pack one or two barrels as an experiment and see how it comes out. There surely can be no great loss in trying it on a small scale and it may be the way of making a great gain .- Farm and Home.

The Earthworm.

Darwin used to say that the most powerful worker we know is the earthworm Without the earthworm we could not live. Earthworms make the soil fertile. According to Darwin's calculations each particle of the earth to a depth of two feet is brought up to the surface at least once every hundred years. But this estimate is too low. It has been recently calculated that this renovation of the soil takes place every twenty-seven years. There are from 150 to 200 worms in each square yard of earth ten inches in depth.

HYPNOTIZING RABBITS

Attracted to the Slaughter Pen by Jingling a String of Iron Rings.

Australians are rejoicing now because a new and most successful method of hunting rabbits is fast running out the troublesom little animals that infest the colonies. John Murray of Melbourne brings the information, which may prove of value in California.

"I was reading an article in one of the papers the other day which stated that the killing of coyotes was giving the rabit full sway and making the life of the sheep raiser easy at the expense of the fruit grower, said Murray. 'I lived on a ranch in this State for three years and know very well that there may be a great deal of truth in that. Yet if I had known as much about From a dairy of 10 cows I have made more rabbits; then as I do now I would have actual profit than by any other farming taken the contract to kill all the rabbits in Fresno county for \$2,000. It is a ally contracted for all my butter at 35c very simple matter to get rid of the little "In Australia the rabbit pest was a mat equantity and richness of their milk, pay. | ter of even more consequence than it is in little attention to color and breed. The California to-day, but it is not so now, for ery best cows have been found the best and | they have a way of hunting them that is going to clean the colonies as sure as it is kept

"The Victorian Government was so much concerned about the plague of rabbits that an inspector was, appointed under an act called the Vermin Destruction act and great efforts were made by him to find some method of extermination.

"Much pains were taken to advertise the matter, and as a result suggestions were received from all over the world. The particular one which has proved such a godsend to the country came from Bengal, if my recollection serves me right. It was tried first by the inspector, and the information was then sent out and now all over Australia the rabbits are hunted in the same

"The rabbit hunters gather to the number of eight. One carries a bull's eye lantern' and another a big bunch of small iron rings, each fastened to a string so that they will jingle together. The others carry clubs or ture as will permit the cream to rise in 30 | air guns—usually air guns. The party goes very quietly to the haunts of the rabbits, aiming to get there between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening. The men with lanterns and rings choose an open place and the ones with clubs get in the shelter, forming a circle

about twenty yards in diameter about the two. The fellow with the rings sets up a great jingling and the lantern is moved rapidly around the circle. This charms the rabbits, and they come from all directions toward the light just as moths rush to a candle. They can be clubbed to death, for the lantern and the ringing sound seems to

stupefy them. "It all seems simple enough, and yet ? have known six men to kill thousands of rabbits in two hours. I went into the bush to my uncle's range last April to attend a hunt. There were ten of us, and we chose an open space just at the edge of a grove of gum trees, I had the rings, and no sooner began rattling them than the rabbits broke cover and came jumping to their death by hundreds."-San Francisco Examiner.

Edison's Wonderful Patience. As flies torment the lion so the race

pirates annoys Edison. "It has always made me hopping mad," he said recently, "to think of the free booters in this electric business, not merely stealing the radical invention which made the lamp possible, but taking advantage gratis of the long line of thousands of experiments which I had made night and day for a couple of years.' Pirates and unsuccessful experiments were Edison's chief annoyance, for many years. The story of the great trial of patience he had with the making of the first carbon lamp will show that obstacles he encountered. The carbon of this first lamp was made of a spool of Clark's thread Edison and his assistant worked two days and nights to produce the carbon, and then started with it to the glassblower's house. As they set it down it broke. They at once returned to the laboratory and made another one, and with it returned to the glassblower's den. As in was deposited on the bench, a jeweler's screw-driver rolled down and broke it. They turned back a third time, and after an exhausting day they completed a carbon and managed to get it inserted in the lamp. The receptacle was exhausted of air and sealed, the current turned on, and for the first time the light sprang out in all its beauty.

Stray Shots. For a good recipe that will stick muslin to bunting, boil together 2 parts shellac, I part borax, and 16 parts of water. The surface

The British government is said to be taking active steps toward learning from thein-habitants of Wales where they would like to have their national capital

Papa-"Dear me, Mary, what ever are and she sank back, pale and exhausted, you going to do with all these trunks-two, on her pillow. in August he put down three barrels of four, six, twelve of them? You can't fill family butter, which he handled in this more than one. Mamma—"I know it, my He lined the barrel with Elliott's dear; but we must make a decent appearment paper, filled it within four in- ance on arriving at Newport."-Harper's

It was April 25th, St. Mark's mysterious eve, and not a score of years ago in Washington.

Old Madam Arsince, clairvoyant, second sight seer, fortune-teller; wellknown, well advertised, and well-to-do,

And she knew that her hour had come. She needed no doctor to tell her what the heavy breathing meant, and that the labored heart-beats were numbered. She had deceived others too long, to let death entrap her unawares. Was she repentant of all the evils of a lifetime of fraud?

Not at all! She was in a rage and defied the near doom that could not be averted.

A very interesting young girl of, perchance, seventeen summers, stood, with hands clasped and lips compressed, beside the bed.

The expression of her face was one of patient resignation, settled sadness and weariness, rather than of sorrow. She stood in attendance, as one accustomed to receive and obey orders, passive rather than pliant, subdued rather than

"Alida," gasped the rasping voice, "bolster me up-higher yet, child Where is Pythia?" "Gone for the drug, mother,"

"Tis well," muttered she, "one more vision of Heaven, from out of which, let me drop into bottomless Hell." Was it the old habit of the ventriloquist laughter, or did the dismal room

re-echo the jibe? Alida stirred not. She had been nourished amid the intoxicating fumes of wonders, and she marvelled not, for of such was the daily habit and com-

plexion of her life. Presently the woman bestirred herself out of a momentary doze, enforced by weakness. "Alida, the planchette-here, under

my chin-confound my weakness; now, the box and die-" Alida placed the planchette, holding it high up, so that the dying woman could rattle the die on it. Her movements were too measured for the impatience of the sufferer, who cried out: "Quicker child-hurry up with the

die I say-not the loaded one, either; I'll have no foul throw this time." Silently and quickly, without look, word, or gesture of surprise, at this request of the dying fortune-teller, Alida placed the die and box on the little triangular board of planchette.

And now the burning cheeks took on a deeper hue, and the restless eyes glowed with rekindled fires, as she clutched the box and rattled the die. "My first five throws, and the forfeit

-my amulet ring." So saving, she pulled off of her forefinger a white, oval, moon-stone ring, in antique silver setting, with cabalistic characters engraved upon it, and placed it on the triangle. Did planchette quiver?

Then, as with uplifted hand, she was about to throw the die, she, musing,

"It's the child's anyway. He called it the good-luck ring, but it never brought her, the trusting little fool, aught but sorrow. When I lied about her, and he believed me, she returned it it to him, the dolt! Then the simpleton gave it to me. Here it goes, merry as a marriage bell, rattle the die!-ace-five -four-six-ahem!-I ought to have the loaded die. Here it is again-six! The fiends fly away with me-I'm burst-by the black cat's pinching-the ring's yours, child-take it, and a curse go with it. No-I call back the curse from you-here, take the ring;" and she threw it at the dazed girl, who had never, until now, seen it off her mother's finger.

"Now, child, for a new stake-something every woman likes to know, and man too-a secret. Throw, Alida; if you win; I'll tell a secret that concerns

The young girl's hand trembled, just a little, yet "secrets" were her mother's stock in trade. For years she had seen the rich and the poor, come and go. The rich rolled up in their carriages and threw down their bank notes, the poor servant girls paid in their half dollars. and all for "secrets;" and now, at last, it had come her turn. Alida threw-six, four, ace, five-

"Hold!" cried the soothsayer, as sl-6 rudely seized the girl's wrist, with momentary force. "A murrain blast you!-just twenty-one. Woe is -the forfeit's lost.

"Now, by the tingling of mine ear, The snarling demon bids me fear.

"Alida, love me once, before you hate me forever," she cried, and with a sudden tenderness, terrible to behold, because so alien from her nature, the dying woman threw herself forward, twining her skinny arms round the fragile form of the fair girl, and her head fell upon her shoulder, as she sobbed bitterly.

Alida had had a life-long lesson in self-control, but this was a strange and startling thing. She had never been treated cruelly,

yet never before had she received a proof of affection from this hard, cold, bad woman, whom she called "mother." And so this stony heart was human after all, for it craved love in its death struggle, with a passionate yearning. There was silence, only broken by the woman's choking sobs.

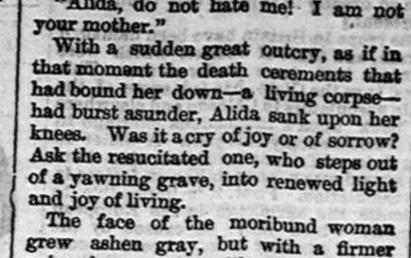
"At last," she groaned. "Oh, God, if God there be, the avenger is in this hour. I know, I must make haste to tell her;" "Will Pythia never come with the.

Alida raised her mother's head a little,

and gave her a dark green cordial, the

aroma of which filled the room.

"Alida, do not hate me! I am not



voice she went on, without heeding, or seeming to heed, Alida's cry. "Your mother was fair to look upon, pure and good, and your foolish father loved her passing well; but he was jeal-

ous. I met him at a ball and fancied him. What was the brittle tie of marriage to me? Bah! I brushed it aside like a flimy cobweb-poisoned your father's mind against your mother-no

matter, now, how it was done. But he believed me, sent her from him, took you, a prattling child, for himself, as he thought-got a divorce-and I became his legal wife-very legal wasn't it? Once your mother wore that ring, which your father gave her as an old heirloom in his family, said to bring 'good luck.' After a time, your mother sent it, with a broken-hearted note, begging

that it might be yours. 'For her poor

baby,' she said. "There soon came a time when your father reproached me with his 'lost happiness,' he called it; and I-well, at first I thought he ought to die; and then I felt that a lasting revenge was sweetest, and I fled with you, leaving him a lonely man-fled first to one city, then to another, and still other new places, until we began to get poor.

"My mother had been a West India Obi women-she and her sister both. I sent for Pythia, she knew all the fetich charms, and more, too. Black arts, are family secrets. Mankind are mostly fools-sodden fools-and so we pros-Again the woman sank back upon her

pillows, and the shadow of the deathhue fell upon her. After that first outcry of joyful sur-

prise, when Alida sank as in a swoon, overcome by the ecstasy of her new being, she swiftly regained her self-possession and arose, standing, as of old, beside the bed. "If I do not conquer myself," she

thought, "I shall never know the hideous mystery of my life. Now, while the thread spins out, I must cling to the clew, or be forever, in the future, an outcast, as I have been in the dark past." Thus she said not a word till the fortune-teller stopped, then she very calmly

"Where is my father? Who is he?" How her heart throbbed, but her voice gave no sign of agitation.

"Pythia knows," gasped the woman, as if her tongue refused to give up all its secret. "Of late he lives here, in a certain official position." The wrested thread of life was fast

spinning out, and Alida felt it. Once more she asked, and this time with tremulous tones: "And my mother-what of her?" The response came with a more hur-

ried breathing, a ghastly, glazed look, and a thrilling cry rang forth of : "Died broken-hearted!" "And you her foul murderer!" shrieked Alida, no longer able to restrain her-

At this fearful accusation, hurled against her by the only being for whose love she had ever cared, a vertigo of insanity seemed to seize upon the wretched creature, and her disordered brain became a prey to images engendered by her manner of life.

"Hag of the mist, avaunt!" she screamed. "Squatting toad of the speckled throat, away! Goblins of the grinning skulls, swing open all the doors and windows-Hah! what now? "Sibyl's soul, black as a coal,

Rides the moon's face! 77 Tell, spectre, tell, Shall we meet in-" And, with one long, shuddering aspiration, the guilty soul fled forth from out its mortal tenement.

At this supreme moment, Pythia entered, and a strange glance shot athwart her dark face, as she gave a mo-

mentary look at the bed." "Go, Alida," she said, sedately. "This is my dead, and none of yours. Go

Alida went to her room, but not to rest; poor, desolate child. Scarcely had she gone, when Pythia locked the door, strode across the chamber to the dead, and burst forth into wild exclamations of mingled hate and exultation.

Presently she pulled the pillow from under the inanimate form, and hastily ripping open an end, plunged her hand into the mass of feathers, and brought forth a small feathery bundle of rags, after which she carefully reclosed the

Then she took from her pocketa little brazen image of a fiery serpent, placing it upon a small tripod in the centre of the room. After this she prostrated herself prone upon the foor, with arms extended in the form of a cross, three different times, each time saying: "I give Thee thanks, mighty Oub,

that Thou hast hearkened to my prayer, and destroyed the oppressor." Upon which, she danced in a circle around the brazen image, with uncouth movements of symbolic meaning, all the

while muttering fetich incantations. At last, with lurid eyes aflame, priestess of Python, she re-approached the dead. The body was still warm, which seem-

ed to displease her; for bending over it, and forcibly pressing down the chest, she cried out: "Body and soul, separate;" whereupon a thin, blue vapor curled upwards, seemingly from out the nostrils of the corpse, and filled the apartment, as if, perchance, the Obi woman had liberated some subtile essence. After a time this fiendish malice apparently expended itself, amid mutter-

ings like the roll of distant thunder, succeeding the lightning's flash. Seating herself opposite the lifeless form she denounced it in her wrath: "Child of the Egyptian slave and sorceress, I hate, hate, hate you, and you dared to make a servant of me, the child of a priestess of the mighty Oub, of me, a heirophant of the thirty-third degree! But my charms have vanquish-

by day, I made you drink powdered glass, and you knew it not-now, I am avenged, and I will take your ill-gotten gains, as wages of my long servitude. I will return to my people, from whence your lying promises ensuared me-and sacred honors in the name of Oub-of Python-of Hak-shall be henceforth

mine, as their venerated priestess." Then rising, she searched the dead, finding in her matted hair a tiny key, with which she quickly opened a carefully adjusted trap door in the floor, concealed under the bed. Here was amassed the treasure of sin. As the morning dawned; Pythia went

for a doctor, to whom she gave notice, that during the night Madame Arsince had died.

The fortune-teller was duly buried. Alida was too ill to rise all that day, and so Pythia was sole mourner at the



Alida was seized with a fever, and Pythia patiently waited and watched with the girl, treating her fever skillfully with simple herbs, so that before many days she was convalescent. Then she said to her:

"Alida, I must leave you, and go to my people, whence I came. May the sun ever shine for you, and no shadow cross your path to molest you. I bear you no ill-will, and if I can be of use to you, speak."

sayer had told her that Pythia knew who her father was; but she was afraid of the stern, dark-haired woman, and had dreaded to ask her. But now she felt encouraged. Pythia had been kind to her in her sickness, and had invited her confidence, so she said, timidly: "Dear Pythia, when you go I shall be

left poor and all alone. Can you tell me who is my father, that I may claim his protection?" "I can," answered Pythia, with a

now in Washington. It is an easy matter for me to take you to him, but not so easy, poor thing! for you to prove to him that you are his child. Your name is not even Alida; it is Marion-Marion Cassilear?"

Then the girl exclaimed: "Blessed be the Lord, I can prove to him who I am by my amulet ring." "Write him what you will," Pythia; "seal your note with your goodluck ring, and I will at once take it to him-myself."

That very evening, a handsome man, of military bearing, not so very old. but with snow-white hair, prematurely white, it was said, came to the fortune

will-I must know, what has become of Marion."

"My father!" Pythia had taken the treasure, and

General Cassilear was absorbed by his new-found happiness, and never wearied of the society of his gentle daugh-

Marion, and at last she found courage to make her trouble known to her father. One day when he was tenderly caressing her, she confessed to him:

"My good child," answered he, the big

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O. E. COLLINE, Mana Sept.10th, 1890.—18-17.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COLK'S BEST FRIEND



Now Alida remembered that the sooth-

grim smile. "God in heaven have mercy!" cried Alida, "I can bear it no longer! Speak!" "Your father, child," said Pythia, quietly, "is General Cassilear. He is

teller's house. He had hesitated. "Yes-it is the ring," he thought; "but the accursed adventuress who has wrecked my life and through whom my beloved wife sank into an early grave, she must have stolen this ring when she abducted my child. She may be now using it, to lure me to her den; yet-there. I can force from her the story of my child; I

At this moment the door opened, and all doubts were swept away! "My Marion! image of your blessed mother! my long lost child!"

left the country. No one would live in the house of the old fortune-teller, whose doors would never shut, and which was shunned as haunted.

But a shadow rested over the heart of

"My father, pardon me, but I cannot love you as I would, on account of one self up with a hurt, proud look. "Forgive me, father, but you did her an

fame before the world?"

"My beloved father, my heart is now yours, without a shadow," said Marion. as she embraced him fondly.

Flax-Seed Emulsion Co.

"Well, child!" said he, drawing him-"It is my mother," sobbed Marion, injustice. Do you love her memory? Will you restore the record of her fair

tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, "I adore your mother's memory. 1 wa deceived and betrayed, but my punishment has been exceeding great for that sin of jealousy that made the crime against her possible. Long ago, I applied to the courts to reverse their judgment-and death alone now divorces us. She is vindicated."

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Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1988.

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