AGRICULTURAL.

A Seasonable Word About Manure.

A talk about saving the manure may be trite, and perhaps it is even true that there is nothing new to be said upon the subject. But if there is any subject within the whole range of our farm economy that will bear repetition, it is this. And this is just the season when it should be brought freshly to the notice of those who are apt to overlook such details. We are now entering upon the season for the production of the major portion of the year's crop of manure, or at least for its production in such manner that it can be saved and utilized. Much of the summer manurial product is wasted through being dropped in woods and lanes, or upon rough pastures, which, by the way, is one strong argument in favor of soiling, a matter that we will not now digress to follow. But because of this summer waste we should use all the greater effort to save the manure that is produced while the cattle are housed.

It has become somewhat the custom to say that because commercial fertilizers are so concentrated and so easy to handle and apply, that it has made us neglectful of home resources for manuring. This, I think, is a mistake. The outlay for chemical manures has become so great that it has forced many of us to pause and consider whether we had not some cheaper substitute. And this has led to such a saving and using of animal manures during recent years, as was never before attempted. Besides which, we are constantly becoming better farmers, and good farming means saving this animal product and applying it toward the growing of better crops. A few years ago there were many sections where stable and barnyard manures were not recognized as having any commercial value, and almost any quantity could be obtained for the mere hauling. Now it is difficult to find anyone who is willing to give it away, unless we go upon some of the great western ranches, where they have yet to learn that no soil is wholly inexhaustible. In all efforts toward making or saving manure upon the farm, it should be remembered that the liquid portion of the animal's exertions constitute the most valuable portion. This is rich in nitrogen, one of the most important and expensive elements of plant food. Another reason why it is valuable is that in this the nitrogen is in form to be quickly taken up by the plant. You do not have to wait for its effect upon the crop until it can be made soluble, as is the case with nitrogen contained in solids. So in saving the manure of the stable, every effort should be made to absorb and retain the liquids. This can be very thoroughly done by using absorbents for bedding. The ordinary coarse bedding, such as hay, straw or corn-stalks will hardly be effective enough, and if used should be in combination with something finer, such as dry muck or loam, or sawdust. These should be spread daily, and cleaned out as fast as they become saturated. After removing it from the stall, this manure should be kept under cover, for if it is exposed to the weather the soluble portion is soon washed away by the rains, and the entire mass loses a large part of its fertilizing value. The liquids are the first to be lost by this washing, and then the soluble portions of the solids follow. A covered shed or manure pit, into which the manure can be thrown until such time as it is desirable to haul it to the field, is within the reach of anyone, and will repay its cost in a single season. A covered barnyard is still better, but this is a matter requiring some outlay, and each must determine for himself whether the conditions will justify it. But some sort of protection no one can afford to go without. Those who try it, and in the spring haul the washed-out contents of the barnyard to their fields, often apply a manure from which the fertilizing value has nearly departed, and the chief good of which to the land must be found in its mechanical action upon the soil. But one can hardly afford to bother with manure for that alone, especially when they may have it with so much more valuable qualities if they will only take a little trouble.

Father's and Grandfather's Dairying.

My grandfather, though a successful business man in some respects, was not an adept at dairying, said Mrs. S. M. Allen at a recent meeting of a farmer's institute. In summer his cows were turned into the road to go where they pleased, and they usually traveled from three to five miles a day. It took all they could get to eat to sustain this great muscular exertion, while the production of milk was only a secondary consideration. In the winter they were given the free use of the barnyard, and allowed to sleep under the shed at night. They were fed with damaged and swale hay with no grain rations except occasionally a little buckwheat bran, and on extremely cold nights an extra "foddering" of buckwheat straw. If his cows had any drink they had to go nearly one-quarter of a mile to a brook. They went without water in severe weather.

My grandfather kept three cows and had to buy butter for his family to eat. That was his way of doing the dairy business.

My father's aim was to give his cows plenty of good nourishing foods, plenty of pure water to drink, as little exercise as possible compatible with good health, and to keep them as quiet and comfortable as possible at all times.

In early summer when the grass is young and sweet, his cows are tethered in a field, each with a rope about thirty feet long. In this way all the cows are kept quiet. No running or hooking can be indulged in, and the cows can get all they want to eat without travelling all over the place or the town. Later in the season, when the grass becomes short, my father cuts green oats and peas growing together, and feeds the cows. Still later corn fodder and rations of wheat bran are fed. He always keeps the cows in their stalls at night, as he finds by experience that they prefer it to lying on the ground in the yard.

In the winter my father's cows are kept in their stalls night and day. They are fed twice a day with hay, once with corn fodder and twice with wheat bran and corn meal mixed—four quarts of bran and two of meal. All their drink is given warm, as by this method they will drink three times as much as though the water were cold, and produce one-third more milk. As milk is 80 per cent. water, no cow will produce much milk without plenty of water to drink.

The cream is separated from the milk in a creamery and churned in a swing churn. My father keeps six cows, three grade Jerseys and three natives. He averages to make 1,500 pounds of butter a year, wh ch is sold at 25 cents in summer and 30 in winter, or for an average of 28 cents the year round. That amounts to $420 annually.

Many Leaks in Farming.

There are many leaks in farming, and it is easy to find some of them. One of the most common, as well as one of the most absurd, relates to dairying. Not one farmer in a thousand keeps any account of the income and expenses, and hence is farming blindly. Neither his father nor his grandfather ever did it, and they "got along."

Most farmers would feel insulted if a summer boarder should ask board for nothing, or at a rate below cost. But is boarding cows below cost any more worthy of respect? Isn't it foolish, in a business sense, to spend time on cows that pay nothing or worse still, are bringing their owners into debt? Experiments show, even in herds supposed to be profitable, that many cows are kept at a loss: hence, why should not farmers who find it hard to make a living try to weed out such cows?

A little blank book can be bought for three or four cents. Designate the cows by a name or a number and opposite this designation have a place, by ruling the page up and down, for entering the weight of the milk each morning and evening, with the date at the top and use the page until it is full; then prepare another. As each cow is milked in turn, weigh the pail with a spring balance and make the entry, first deducting the weight of the pail.

The dairy record tells other facts that are of importance. It tells the influence of good or poor food on the cow; of the weather; of cold or warm drinks; of early cut or over ripe hay; of sexual heat; of exposure to snow storms and cold rains as compared with warm shelter; and of protection against flies in mid-summer, and shade instead of the fierce heat of the pasture lot. It is something like a thermometer, as it notes all the changes that influence milk production. The man interested in his work, as well as in the results of his work, finds these facts of great interest and they spur him to greater care and activity.

Farm Notes.

A first requisite with all the breeding stock is that it should be kept healthy. This cannot be done without plenty of regular exercise. Do not shut them up for the winter and feed as if for market.

When you select and mate your breeding stock, have a care to individual excellence, as well as to pedigree. You cannot hope to obtain the most wholly satisfactory result without this combination of qualities.

A question that enters largely into the profit of a crop is very often the cost of getting it to market. Good roads help toward a solution of this problem. So does the feeding of the crops to good stock, and thus marketing them upon the hoof.

A lean animal of any sort can rarely be marketed at a profit. We know some men who always begin to get rid of their stock, as they term it, as soon as they see the cost of feeding begin to run up in the fall. As a consequence they sell at a price that gives no profit for what they have already fed, and when they discover this they at once cry that stock does not pay. Of course it does not in that way, nor would anything else if managed in the same manner. If you have stock, make your preparations to feed it to a finish, and then if there is any profit you will get it.

Prepare now to have a better fruit and vegetable garden next year than you have ever had before. There is no one thing that will so much add to your happiness, health and prosperity. In planning and planting, it gives place to everything that you think could possibly be made use of on the home table. One who has had a garden that was restricted to a limited range of the commoner vegetables, can hardly realize how much more valuable it becomes when you add celery and cauliflower and asparagus, strawberries and currants and gooseberries. If you are having a garden, have one that is a garden in earnest and not the mere apology for one.

The oat crop will be about the first to have our attention when the new season comes around. Many careful experiments have shown that it is not necessary to plough the land for this crop if it is to follow corn. A thorough working of the soil with the disk harrow puts it in condition for bringing the very best results. Keep this in mind until sowing time, and it may aid you in keeping abreast of the season with your work, to better advantage than you have in the past, when you ploughed for both oats and corn. We do not believe in slighting the preparation of the soil for any crop, but where labor can be saved it is the part of wisdom to do it.

My Clammy Assailant.

The other night, after I had been in bed a couple of hours, I awoke with a start. It was pitch dark. I listened for a moment, trying to convince myself that I was mistaken, but I certainly heard sounds downstairs. So, springing out of bed, I hustled into a few clothes and crept boldly to the first floor, then paused to listen.

Muffled sounds, as if a person were moving about, came up to me from the scullery. Without further hesitation I continued my advance, unlocked the passage door and again listened, the noise had stopped, but I could hear breathing not far away.

I put my hand in my pocket to get out the matches when something moved a few feet in front of me.

"Now then, who's there?" I shouted, as bravely as I possibly could.

No answer. "Come out of that; I know you are there."

Still no answer. I took a couple of steps forward, when an icy-cold and flabby hand was laid on my cheek. A shiver ran through my body and my teeth chattered. A second later I moved my head aside sharply and hit out, first with the right and then with the left fist, bringing them both in contact with the scullery wall and rasping the skin off the knuckles.

Before I had time to assume the defensive, I was struck smartly on the other cheek by that cold, moist hand, and as I ducked my head I caught it behind the ear. To be candid I was now thoroughly scared. A good bulldoggy burglar I could have tackled, and without any trepidation but to be hit about the head with ghostly flippers made me want to scream.

After striking out hard in all directions, still keeping my footing, and bleeding profusely in both hands, I paused, hot and flushed, yet shivering withal. It was then that I smelt a smell of fish, and, striking a match, I cautiously peered round me, to find that I had been attacked by a wet sole that my wife had hung up the night before, and which the cat had been trying to get hold of, and had left swinging when I frightened her off.

A Strange Story From India.

The Morning Post of Allahabad is responsible for a rather remarkable story, which would seem to demand investigation if only as a means of preventing such incidents in future. The case is that of a young Frenchman, who, "after an adventurous career, enlisted in the Royal Artillery about six years ago under the name of Wald." He acquitted himself very creditably, the report says, at Aden and Kurrachee; so much so that he got on the staff and eventually became chief clerk to Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. D. Plunkett, R. A. "The latter was so pleased with the man's work, that on his being transferred to Singapore he strongly recommended this useful non-commissioned officer for a post in the Intelligence branch, and Corporal Wald was sent to Rangoon to work under Lieutenant-Colonel Auchinleck, R.A., and Captain Butcher, R.A. He was attached to the 8th Battery, Southern Division, Rangoon." At the beginning of September last Wald secured 21 days' furlough, with leave to proceed to Bombay; and he has not returned. He is now a deserter, and the police have discovered that the man took a ticket to Paris and in all probability he is there now, retrieving his fortune by means of maps, plans, and specifications of the defences of Bombay, Aden, Rangoon, and Kurrachee. The man is said to have been a clever draughtsman as well as a linguist. Besides English he speaks French, German, and Italian fluently, "and no one in the battery could talk in Hindustani and Burmese like him. His comrades are now able to recollect that Wald was constantly engaged in his private quarters writing and drawing, and he seemed to be working up everything connected with his post. But he always worked in a foreign language—French."

Make up your mind which you prefer to feed, hens or lice, and then go to work to develop your fancy. If it's hens, clear out the pens and look sharply after the vermin. Wash off the roosts with kerosene. Sweep out the corners and for once clean house in a thorough manner. Then carry in fresh straw and a new dust bath. Make a trip through the pens once in three or four days after the hens have gone to roost, and sprinkle a little insect powder through the feathers of each one. In this way the lice can be driven off. If it's lice you want, then keep right on letting the hens roost in their filth, don't try to clean up and a full crop may be guaranteed. One thing is sure, lice and eggs are not produced in the same pens.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Man in the Dish-Pan.

My wife has figgered out to me, in tongue and
black an' white, that she
Has more to do from sun to sun, than I outside; said she: "I'll run
Your chores an' clear things up to-night, while you wash dishes!" I'm perlite
Enough to give my wife full kite, an' so prove to her that I'm right.
So after supper off she went an' done the chores; it's no great stent,
Because I've gut things fixed to save most every step and light and shave
The lab or bill; but, as for me, I tackled them air dishes, ye see!
An' first send off I plum fergot to keep my water bilin' hot,
I swun I couldn't get 'em clean; I never see things act so mean.
My wife set there and give me roop enough "Why don't ye use some soap?"
Says she. My stars! I could et that woman up, I was so hot.
An' so into the night I swashed, and, when I thought I'd gut 'em washed,
I found a half a dozen more, while wif e set laughin' to the core.
Ez nigh ez I could figger out, I washed and dried that night about
Three dozen pieces, multiply that figger or a bigger by
Ten hundred and ninety-five—the meals in one year's time—that's how wife feels.
I tell ye what, there's somethin' wrong; our work outside goes like a song.
We set an' ride an' ride, an' ride and all the time our wives inside
At meanest handwork toil away like some old tread-mill horse, I say.
That here's a chance for Edison to get the biggest slice of fun
That ever in man's pocket fell; 'lectricity is very well,
But he could beat it slick and clean by washin' dishes by machine.

A Word to Fathers.

There was never as now a time when so much was said and written on the duties of mothers in the training and care of their children. One would almost think that the child belonged wholly to her; that the father has no rights in or responsibility for the care and conduct of the children. In these days when mothers are finding out their mistake in confining themselves to cooking the food, making and mending the garments for their families, and are learning that they must keep abreast with their boys and girls by interesting themselves with them in this work-a-day world, its current events, literary pursuits and philanthropic work, it is also time for fathers to take time from business and the world to enter into the home—not taking the mother's place, but their own.

How often we hear it said that the three sweetest words are "mother," "home," and "heaven,"! I protest against leaving out the word "father," as if he had no place either in home or heaven. Back of all love and being is God our Father. First in home, as first in heaven, should be the father.

Is there any good reason why the father's and mother's duties in the care and conduct of the children should be so divided that an impassable wall rises between, and, as on a signboard, is written, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther?"

A child, when he first begins the study of geography, naturally thinks of the countries, or of the United States, as divided by a natural or supernatural dividing line. I remember looking for that line, when as a child I journeyed into an adjourning State. Then I learned they were imaginary lines. Is not that as true of the division of the father's and mother's care of their children?

I would like to see the time come when it would neither be unusual nor a subject of a surprised remark, to see a father take the little two or three-year-old child, or even younger, to bed, while perchance the mother takes up the evening paper and reads the news—news indeed to her, although not to the father, who has heard much of the current events talked of or about, in the office, on the street, or in the car.

Mothers know the value of these bedtime hours, an hour of the greater confidence usually given them is due to the wise use of these times.

The boy would love his mother less than now, but he father more than it is possible for him to do when that father is largely known as the provider, a good provider though he may be, of the comforts of the household.

There is another reason for this. Sometimes the mother is called, it may be, to follow other members of the household who have entered into "the many mansions," and the family is known on earth as motherless. Blessed are the children who still have, to some extent, father and mother, in the father who learned to be a mother also to them, in the days when the circle was unbroken!

Fathers, you will lose no real dignity, but gain in nobleness and tenderness of character, if you will cultivate in yourselves the mother qualities.

Kerosene in the Kitchen.

In view of the threatened exhaustion of the world's coal beds, those who have learned the value of kerosene in rough household work will enjoy the knowledge that in the opinion of Dr. Mendeliff, a noted Russian chemist, the supply of petroleum is exhaustible. He attributes the formation of petroleum to the constant action of water on the metallic deposits of the hot, central portions of the earth, and believes that the rapidity of its formation keeps pace with all possible extraction.

Headlight oil is double refined petroleum or refined kerosene. It is purer and cleaner than the cruder and cheaper oils, and has not so strong an odor. It is for this reason better for household purposes, although kerosene is as good in other respects. For laundry work the oil is becoming well known. The clothes are put to soak over night in warm soap suds. In the morning clean water is put in the boiler and to it is added a bar of any good soap, shred fine, and two and one-half tablespoons of headlight or kerosene oil. The clothes being wrung from the suds, the finest and whitest go into the scalding water in the boiler and are boiled twenty minutes. When taken from the boiler for the next lot, they are sudsed in warm water, collars, cuffs and seams being rubbed if necessary. Rinsed and blued as usual, they will come forth beautifully soft and white. Knit woollen underwear, woollen socks, etc., may safely be washed in this way.

The secret of washing successfully by this method is the use of plenty of soap and warm water to suds the clothes. If too little soap be used the dirt will "curdle" and settle on the clothes in "freckles."

A teaspoonful of headlight oil added to a quart of made starch, stirred in while it is hot, or added to the starch before the hot water is poured upon it, will materially lessen the labor of ironing and will give to clothes, either white or colored, especially muslins and other thin wash goods, a look of freshness and newness not to be otherwise attained.

For cold starch add a teaspoonful of oil for each shirt to be starched. Rub the starch well into the article, roll up tightly, and leave it for three-fourths of an hour, then iron.

To clean windows and mirrors, add a tablespoonful of headlight or kerosene oil to a gallon of tepid water. A polish will remain on the glass that no mere friction can give.

If windows must be cleaned in freezing weather use no water at all. Rub them with a cloth dampened with keresene; dry with a clean cloth and polish with soft paper.

A few drops of kerosene added to the water in which lamp chimneys are washed will make them easier to polish.

To break a glass bottle or jar evenly, put a narrow strip of cloth, saturated with kerosene, around the article where it is broken. Set fire to the cloth and the glass will crack off above it.

Tarnished lamp burners may be rendered almost as bright as new by boiling them in water to which a teaspoonful of soda and a little kerosene has been added. Then scour with kerosene and scouring brick and polish with chamois or soft leather.

To clean iron work rub with a cloth dampened with kerosene.

To prevent rust on stoves put away for the season, black them before putting away with blacking, diluted with kerosene, or rub them thoroughly with kerosene alone.

To clean zinc, oil cloths and white paint rub them with a cloth dipped in kerosene, and dry with a clean cloth.

To clean brass stair rods, brass bedsteads, and other brasses, rub with kerosene and rotten stone put on with a soft cloth, and polish with a dry cloth, soft paper, or chamois.

To remove rust from kettles or other ironware, rub with kerosene and let them stand. Keep a day, then wash with hot water and soap; repeating if necessary.

To remove rust from flatirons, soak them in, or rub them with kerosene, and polish with scouring brick.

To remove rusty screws, drop kerosene upon them; in a few minutes they can be moved.

To take rust from steel implements, cover with kerosene for forty-eight hours, then scour with air-slacked lime until the stain disappears.

To remove paint from any kind of cloth saturate the spot with kerosene and rub well; repeat if necessary.

To remove fruit stains, saturate the stain with kerosene, rub thoroughly with baking soda and leave in the sun.

To renew woodwork and furniture, varnish with black varnish, plentifully diluted with kerosene.

To soften leather hardened by repeated wettings, rub it well with kerosene.

To clean sewing or other machine, oil all the bearings plentifully with kerosene, operate the machine rapidly for a moment, rub the oil off and apply machine oil.

To remove dandruf, rub kerosene well into the roots of the hair, the dandruff can then be combed or washed out easily.

To make the hair grow, apply headlight oil or kerosene to the roots of the hair twice each week, rubbing it in well with the tips of the fingers. This will often produce a growth of hair when all other means fail.

To relieve chilblains, soak the feet in hot water and rub them with kerosene, or with kerosene and lime water.

To relieve calloused feet, rub them frequently with kerosene.

To relieve the pain of rheumatism, rub the afflicted joint with kerosene.

A Few Cakes.

Chocolate Cake.—Three eggs, whites beaten separately; two cups of powdered sugar, or one and two thirds cups of granulated, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, three cups of sifted flour, to which have been added three teaspoons of baking powder, two squares of chocolate. Cream butter, sugar and yolks thoroughly, then add milk, then whites of eggs beaten stiff, then flour, stir hard, then stir in chocolate dissolved in a little hot water. Bake this in a loaf, or in layers. Icing.—Two squares grated chocolate, five tablespoons of powdered sugar, three tablespoons of boiling water, stir over a moderate fire till it is smooth and glossy.

Walnut Cake.—One and one-quarter cups of granulated sugar, three eggs, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder. Cream butter and sugar thoroughly; beat yolks to a stiff froth and stir in; then add milk, then beaten whites, then flour; stir hard and flavor. Bake in two square layer pans; ice heavily with caramel icing, and arrange walnut kernels in regular order on top.

Nut Cake.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, cup of sweet milk, two eggs, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of nut-meats chopped and then sprinkled with flour.

Cream, butter, sugar and yolks; add the milk, then the flour, in which the baking powder has been sifted; then the nut-meats, and lastly, the well whipped whites. Bake in layers, and put together with caramel icing, and chopped nut-meats.

Caramel Icing.—Two thirds cup of milk, butter the size of a walnut, two cups of sugar; boil till thick, which will take about fifteen minutes. Flavor, stir till it thickens sufficiently to spread on cake.

Angel Cake.—Whites of nine large, fresh eggs, one and one-quarter cups of granulated sugar, one cup of sifted flour, one-half teaspoon cream tartar, a pinch of salt added to eggs before beating. After sifting flour four or five times, measure and set aside one cup. Then sift and measure one and one-quarter cups of granulated sugar; beat whites of eggs till stiff (a wire whipping spoon is best); add cream of tartar, and beat all very stiff; stir in sugar well, then flour very lightly, and flavor. Bake in an ungreased tin for about 40 minutes in a moderate oven. When thoroughly cold, cut the cake out of the pan.

She Objected.

"Mr. Courty asked me to marry him last night," she blushingly told her mother.

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him to ask you."

"Ask me?" echoed the startled parent. Why, Mary, surely you wouldn't have your dear old mother comm t bigamy, would you?"

Honors Even.

Mr. Chugwater—"I'm hungry still, but the biscuits are all gone, there's no more cream for the coffee, and the steak is all gristle. Samantha, you'll die of enlargement of the heart!"

Mrs. Chugwater—"I don't know, Josiah, I've never been exposed to it in this house!"

One Kind of Intelligence.

Beatrice—"The lecture on entomology was very interesting. I thought it rather singular that fleas should be classed among the most intelligent of insects."

Her cousin Tom (just back from Florida)—"Well, I don't know. They get on to a great many clever people."

An Odd Collection.

A man in Colorado has a quaint collection of bottles. It is divided into two sections. Section one is large. Section two is not. Section one contains hundreds of bottles, the contents of which his wife swallowed hoping to find relief from her physical suffering. Section two contains a few bottles that once were filled with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It was this potent remedy that gave the suffering wife her health again. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It has done more to relieve the sufferings of women than any other medicine known to science.

Pile tumors, rupture and fistulæ, radically cured by improved methods. Book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

An Artist.

The visitor at the boarding-house was entertaining one or two of his friends at the piano, and two boarders were standing at the head of the stairs.

"Who's that at the piano?" asked one.

"Blamed if I know," was the reply. "He hits the piano as if he were a blacksmith, and he murders the music like a butcher."

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of some of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand results. Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spot, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes.

SAVED BY A NEWSPAPER.

The Story of an Ottawa Business Man.

Afflicted With Deafness and Partial Paralysis—Obliged to Give up His Business on Account of These Infirmities—To the Surprise of His Friends Has Been Fully Restored to Health.

From the Ottawa Free Press.

Mr. R Ryan, who is well-known in Ottawa and vicinity, having been until recently a merchant of this city, relates an experience that cannot fail to prove interesting to all our readers. It is well-known to Mr. Ryan's acquaintances that he has been almost totally deaf since twelve years of age, and that some time ago this affliction was made still more heavy by a stroke of partial paralysis. Recently it has been noticed that Mr. Ryan has been cured of these troubles, and a reporter thinking that his story would be of benefit to the community requested permission to make it public, and it was given by Mr. Ryan as follows:—"In the fall of 1883, when I was about twelve years of age, I caught a severe cold in the head, which gradually developed into deafness, and daily became worse, until in the month of July, 1884, I had become totally deaf, and was forced on account of this to leave school. The physician whom I consulted informed me that my deafness was incurable, and I concluded to bear my ailments as well as I could. In 1889 I started a store about two miles from Calumet Island, Que., but not being able to converse with my patrons on account of my deafness, I found it almost impossible to make business a success. However, things were getting a little brighter until last April when I took a severe pain, or rather what appeared to be a cramp, in my right leg below the knee. I was then doing business in Ottawa, having come to the city from the place above mentioned. At first I gave no heed to the pain, thinking it would disappear but on the contrary it grew worse, and in the course of a few weeks I had to use a cane and could scarcely bear any weight on my leg. I continued to go about this way for two weeks, when a similar cramp attacked my left arm, and in less than two weeks, in spite of all I could do for it, I could not raise the arm four inches from my body and I found that the trouble was partial paralysis. Judge my condition—a leg and an arm useless, and deaf besides. Being able to do nothing else, I read a great deal and one day noticed in one of the city papers of a man being cured of paralysis by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately began the use of Pink Pills and before I had finished the third box I noticed a curious sensation in my leg, and the pain began to leave it excepting when I endeavored to walk. Well the improvement continued, gradually extended to my arm, and by the time I had completed the seventh box my leg and arm were as well as ever, and my general health was much better. And now comes a stranger part of my experience. I began to wonder why people who were conversing with me would shout so loud. Of course they had always had to shout owing to my deafness, but I was under the impression that they were beginning to shout much louder. After having bade them "speak lower" several times, I enquired why they still persisted in shouting or rather yelling at me, and was surprised to be informed that they were not speaking as loud as formerly. This led to an investigation and judge my joy when I found that Pink Pills were curing the deafness which was supposed to have been caused by catarrh. I continued the Pink Pills for a month and a half longer, and I now consider myself perfectly cured after having been deaf for ten years. I can hear ordinary conversation and am fit for business, though I am yet a little dull of hearing, but this is not deafness: it is simply dullness, the result of my ten years inability to hear conversations, which still leaves me with an inclination no to heed what is being said. But I am all right and you may say from me that I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine known to man, and that I shall be forever indebted to them for my renewed health and strength.

Newspaper ethics usually prevent the publication in the news columns of any thing that might be construed as an advertisement, and this much valuable information is suppressed that might prove of incalculable benefit to thousands. The praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sung throughout the land, they should be familiar in every household, and newspapers should unite in making them so.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and hollow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady N. Y., and are sold only in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

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AGENTS WANTED, male and female, to sell our new Kettle Cleaner. Entirely new; sells to every housekeeper. Also our Bread, Cake and Paring Knives, Carver, and Knife and Scissors Sharpener. No capital required. Easy sellers, big profits. CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Lock Box 324, Toronto, Ont.

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Artificial Limbs — J. DOAN & SON — For Circular Address— 77 Northcote Ave. Toronto.

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Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, and spasms. Nerviline cures vomiting, diarrhœa, cholera, and dysentery. Nerviline cures headache, sea sickness and summer complaint. Nerviline cures neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, and sciatica. Nerviline cures sprains, bruises, cuts, &c. Polson's Nerviline is the best remedy in the world, and only costs 10 and 25 cents to try it. Sample and large bottles at any drug store. Try Polson's Nerviline.

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St. Leon is recommended on the Highest Scientific authority. Why dose your system with filthy drugs when St. Leon can be obtained for a trifle?

General Middleton is writing a personal account of the Riel rebellion. In the course of his brief history he speaks with admiration of the Toronto Grenadiers.

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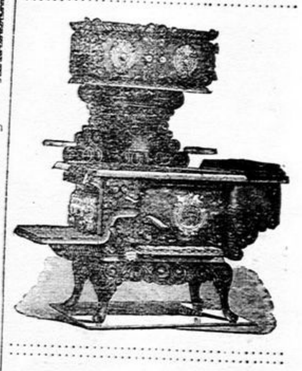

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