A DEAD RECKONING.

CHAPTER XVI.

Never had the little town of Cummerhays been stirred to its depths as it was on a certain April morning, when it awoke to find that it had rendered itself famous after a fashion which would cause its existence to become known wherever an English newspaper penetrated. Its name would be in everybody's mouth for weeks to come. It felt that it could never again sink into utter obscurity.

For the prisoners—about whose alleged attempts to rob the train all sorts of wild rumours were afloat—had after their capture been put into the train and brought on to Cummerhays, and were for the present lodged in the town jail. The magistrate would assemble at ten o'clock, when the preliminary inquiry would take place. But even a deeper interest, if that were possible, centred itself in the arrest of the alleged murderer of the Baron von Rosenberg, who was said to have actually been working as a signalman on the line for the past three or four months. It was dreadful to think that the lives of several hundreds of respectable people should have been at the mercy of such a miscreant!

The town-hall was besieged by an excited crowd long before the opening of the doors, and had the justice-room been three times larger than it was, it might easily have been filled three times over. Among the foremost ranks of the surging crowd, and maintaining his position with passive tenacity, was a man on whom many curious eyes were bent. He was a foreigner—so much was evident at a glance—and that of itself was enough to excite the curiosity of the good folk of Cummerhays, many of whom had never been a score of miles from home. He was very lean and very sallow, with drawn-in cheeks and sharply defined cheek-bones. He had deep set eyes black and burning with something in them of the expression of a half-famished wild animal. He wore small gold circlets in his ears, and was dressed in a coat of frayed velveteen, with a soft felt hat; and a coloured silk handkerchief knotted loosely round his throat. He spoke to no one and no one spoke to him; but now and then his lips worked strangely, as though he were holding a silent colloquy with some invisible companion. He was the one man in the crowd who was the least incommoded by the crowd. Those nearest to him shrank a little from him involuntarily, as it were. He was a being of a different world from theirs, and they knew not what to make of him.

Jules Picot—for he it was—had arrived in Cummerhays at a late hour the preceding night, having walked there from another town about a dozen miles away. By what strange chance his wandering footsteps had brought him by many devious paths to this place of all others, and at this particular time, will be told a little later on. He had hired a bed for the night at the Wheatsheaf Inn, a cheap and unpretentious hostelry. He was up and had ordered his breakfast by eight o'clock next morning, and it was while waiting for that meal to be brought him that his intention was attracted by some conversation in the taproom which he could not help overhearing. The pallor of his face grew deeper as he listened; but whatever other emotion the change might arise from, it certainly had not its origin in fear.

"So! It is for this that I have been brought here," he muttered, half to himself and half aloud, in French. Now I understand."

Going into the taproom, he put a few questions to the men to whose talk he had been listening. Having ascertained what he wanted to know, he left the house without waiting for his breakfast and bent his steps in the direction of the town hall. At a quarter to ten o'clock, when the doors were thrown open, Jules Picot was one of the first to push his way forward, or to be pushed forward by those behind him, into the small penned-up space allotted in the justice-room of Cummerhays to the general public. In three minutes the place was crammed to its utmost limits.

A few minutes after ten, the magistrates entered one by one and took their seats their clerk having preceded them by a few seconds. They were thre ein number, all venerable gentlemen. One was partially blind; one partially deaf, while the third, who had a very red face and took the lead in everything, was quick-tempered and aggressive in his manner. There were two cases of drunkenness and one of theft to be disposed of before the great sensation of the day would begin.

Everybody seemed relieved when they were over; and presently a flutter of intense excitement ran through the court as three men, in charge of as many constables filed in, and were were placed in the dock. Then after a brief pause, a fourth man was ushered in whose left arm was supported by a sling, and a murmur ran round that this was the alleged murderer of the German Baron. A moment later another door opened, and there glided in a female in black, closely veiled, who sat down on a chair in the background which one of the officials handed her with a bow. The prisoner with his arm in a sling was also allowed to be seated a little way from the dock in which the other men had been placed.

When the mountebank beheld Gerald Brooke, whom he still knew only by the name of "Mr. Stewart," marched in as a prisoner, and when he saw, and his black eyes recognised the veiled figure in black who entered immediately afterwards, he was seized with a vertigo, which caused the room, the magistrates, and the prisoners to surge up and down before his eyes as though they were being tempest-tossed at sea. "Mon Dieu! est-il possible?" he exclaimed half aloud. Then he buried his face in his hands for a time, while a cloud seemed to lift itself slowly from his brain, and much became clear to him that had been dark before.

The charge against the first three prisoners was one of assault and attempted robbery; but against one of them was a supplementary charge of attempted murder. That against the fourth prisoner was the much more serious charge of murder. But from what the magistrates could [illegible] of the case at present [illegible] prisoner was so fixed [illegible] charge against the [illegible] ing the man who h[illegible] and bound and afte[illegible] of them—that the p[illegible] had never before [illegible] a case of such [illegible] presented se[illegible] were fairly [illegible] how to dea[illegible] gal poin[illegible] that th[illegible] them[illegible] It w[illegible] cle[illegible] ch[illegible]

the charge-sheet, the first witness was called, but not till the red-faced magistrate had intimated that he and his colleagues only intended to take sufficient evidence that day to justify a remand. The first witness proved to be Mr. Sturgess, a London jeweller. His evidence went to show that, accompanied by a trustworthy assistant, he had left home the previous day on his way to Lord Leamington's seat, a few miles beyond Cummerhays, having in his charge a box containing jewelry to the value of several thousands of pounds. All had gone well till he reached Greenholme, at which place he had too wait an hour and change to the branch line; but on his arrival there he found a telegram awaiting him from his partner in London, in which he was told on no account to pursue his journey without first obtaining an escort of four or five constables. No reason was furnished by the telegram for taking such extraordinary precautions, and he could only surmise that an attempt was about to be made to rob him of the box, and that by some means his partner at the last moment had obtained wind of the affair. Fortunately, through the courtesy of the police authorities at Greenholme he experienced no difficulty in obtaining the required escort, and under its protection he resumed his journey by the next train.

The next witness to answer to his name was the driver of the train, who deposed to everything having gone right till he was just inside the distance signal of Cinder Pit Junction, which showed "line clear," when he and his mate were startled by the explosion of a fog-signal. He at once whistled, and put on all the brake-power at his command, and could not have gone more than forty or fifty yards farther before a second signal exploded; and then he could just make out the figure of a woman standing on the embankment and beating the air with both her arms as a sign for him to stop, which, as the brakes were on already, he was not long in doing. After that the police took charge of the affair, and he did just as they told him.

The next witness called was Margery Shook. She had been sitting out of sight behind a large screen which sheltered their worships from any possible draughts at the lower end of the room. As she entered the witness-box she shot a glance of venomous hatred towards Crofton, which would have killed him then and there if looks had power to slay. The nature of the evidence she had to give we know already. More once her peculiar phraseology caused a titter to run through the court, which was, however, promptly suppressed.

Clara Brooke was the next person called upon. As she raised her veil her eyes met those of Crofton for a moment, while a faint colour suffused her cheeks, only to die out as quickly as it had come. A low murmur of commiseration passed like a sigh through the court; and the eyes of many there filled with tears when they beheld her pale beautiful face, for it had been whispered about that this was the wife of the man who was accused of murder. The evidence she had to offer was given clearly and unhesitatingly; with the purport of it we are sufficiently acquainted already. When she had told all she had to tell, she let her veil drop and went back to the seat she had occupied before.

The next and last witness whose evidence it was proposed to take at present was the Greenholme sergeant of police. He told how he had been instructed by his superintendent to take four men and accompany the gentleman from London as far as Cummerhays. Then he narrated how the train had come to a stand in consequence of the explosions of the fog-signals; and how when he and his men alighted from it, they had found the witness Margery Shook, who gave them to understand that the train was about to be attacked a little way farther on. How the girl had scarcely finished telling them this when up ran the signalman who had been released by his wife; and how, under his guidance, he, witness and his men had succeeded in surprising the would-be thieves and in capturing three of their number; and finally, how the signalman had been severely wounded by Crofton, one of the prisoners, firing his revolver point-blank at him.

"You have omitted one little episode," said Crofton in cold measured tones as the sergeant was about to step down from the witness-box; "you have forgotten to tell these worthy gentlemen that it was I who recognised the so-called signalman as Gerald Brooke, the man charged with the wilful murder of the Baron von Rosenberg, and that I denounced him as such then and there."

"That is so, your worships," said the sergeant.

"We quite understand that already," remarked the red-faced magistrate; "but it is a point on which we need not enter at present, more especially seeing that the prisoner in question has already admitted that his name is Gerald Brooke, and that he is in point of fact the man whose apprehension a reward of three hundred pounds is still unclaimed." With that the magistrates laid their heads together and consulted for a little while among themselves.

By Picot, sitting quietly among the general public and watching everything with restless burning eyes, all these proceedings were only imperfectly understood. Why Gerald Brooke had been brought in a prisoner and almost immediately taken out again without any charge being brought against him, was a mystery to the mountebank. Neither could he understand how "la belle madame," and "Margot," as he termed them, came to be mixed up in such a strange fashion with the prisoners at the bar, in one of whom he had at once recognised the man he had pegged and bound to his chair in the house in Pymm's Buildings. He lacked the key to the situation, and waiting that, he could only look on and listen, and feel himself becoming more bewildered after each witness that appeared on the scene. Not that he troubled himself greatly about these things; something of much deeper import lay at the back of all his wandering thoughts about this matter or the other. He had been led to that place, his footsteps had been mysteriously guided thither—he could see it all now—for a certain purpose, and that purpose, as he sat there, was never for one moment out of his mind.

The magistrates having brought their brief consultation to an end, intimated that the prisoners at the bar would be remanded till the following Monday. They were at once removed; and after a brief pa[illegible] Gerald Brooke took his stand in t[illegible] answered to his n[illegible] the red-faced u[illegible] ward a little to[illegible] Brooke." he [illegible] charged on th[illegible] jury with[illegible] con[illegible]

THE FARM.

Now is the time, says a writer in the Country Gentleman, when the average farmer has several calves to feed. He wants to feed them so that they will bring him good returns for his outlay. Some turn them into veal, or dispose of them when a few days old. Under some conditions it might be better to do so, but I will now speak of feeding the calves on the farm. It has come to be an accepted idea that the man who turns his crops into pork, beef or milk is the one who makes the money. To do this he must study rations, and the character of the animal with as much care as he gives the currency question. In stating a few simple rules for the guidance of others, I speak from long experience and a fair degree of success in preparing calves for the market. As soon as the cow's milk is good the calf may be weaned. For the good of the calf, as well as a saving of time. I believe this to be better than allowing the calf to stay longer with the cow. In teaching it to drink one will have ample opportunity to exercise patience and self-control. But gentleness is never lost on a calf, and it will learn much quicker if kindly handled. For this purpose there have been many devices put on the market, but so far I have seen nothing better than the old-fashioned wooden bucket. It is greatly superior to the trough, for where the latter is used the large ones crowd out the calves that need the feed most. If the calf is strong and a good feeder, the first feed only need be entirely of new milk. A pint of skim milk may be added to the second feed, and gradually increased, till when the calf is two weeks old, it can be fed entirely on skim milk. As soon as skim milk is substituted for new, oilmeal should be added. This is best when made in a porridge, and boiled till it is the consistency of gruel. A small tablespoonful is all that can be given at first, and great care must be taken in increasing it, or it will be apt to cause serious bowel trouble. A hearty calf should be able to eat half a pint when two months old. But I find a great difference in animals, and often the best feeders will get out of order if given that quantity at six months. There can be no set rule about it. Each one must use his own judgment.

As soon as the calf is two weeks old it can be fed a very small handful of corn and oats ground together. This also may be increased as the calf grows older, but great care should be observed not to overfeed. If an animal once gets "off its feed" it will lose more than can be made up in a week. It would be impossible to give any rule for ascertaining when a calf has all the feed it will assimilate. It is instinct, rather than reason, and not even experience can give it. As soon as the calf will lick out the last speck of meal and look for more it is time to increase the quantity. From the time it is taken from the cow till it is put upon the market or placed in the dairy it should be pushed to its utmost capacity. There is no profit in letting an animal of any kind stand still; if it is worth raising at all it is worth pushing. If a calf is dainty when young it had best be knocked in the head, or sold, for it will not improve with age. No amount of feeding and fussing will ever make such a calf a first-class cow or beef. But sometimes the strongest animals will get out of order. Usually a reduction of feed will remedy the trouble, but not always. If treatment is necessary, water turned off from charcoal is at once simple and easily obtained. This remedy I found in a back number of this paper, of what date I am unable to say, and it proved very effective in two cases this winter—the only serious cases I have had in my experience. But prevention of scours is better than any cure, and if properly fed the calf will never have it. When the calf is five or six months old it may be found more profitable to feed the skim milk to younger stock. If this be the case, the change from milk and grain to grain only should take place gradually. Some prefer wetting the meal when no milk is given, but I have always obtained better results by feeding it dry and providing plenty of fresh water. If milk can be had without stinting younger calves or pigs, feed it by all means—the more the better. One of the best feeders I ever owned drank four buckets of milk per day, beside half a pint of oilmeal and three quarts of meal when six months old. This same steer dressed 496 pounds when nine months old. This is nothing phenomenal, but it is far above the average. The corn and oats I believe an ideal food for cattle of all kinds. The corn furnishes the necessary fat, and a the oats give the bone and muscle so much needed. Where bran is cheap, it would be advisable to mix a little with the meal. One bag of bran to four of the corn and oats would form a good proportion, I think. Where no milk is given, I would not omit the oilmeal; it can be mixed with the other feed and fed dry. I always try to market my steers before they reach the two-year mark; it seems to me a waste of feed to keep them after that. A steer eighteen months old will relish from four to five quarts of the corn and oats I have often tried to fed more, but so far have failed. I must not end without mentioning clover hay. I would not think of trying to raise a calf without it; it is as much a part of the ration as the meal. Give it all it will eat, and watch your steer grow.

GOOD CARE MAKES GOOD PIGS.

"Come out and see my pigs," said my neighbor the other day, as I was leaving his house, "I've got some good ones!" and as I always like to look at good pigs, I went with him. He had not exaggerated the case, for they were good ones. He said they were four months old, and that one of them weighed 180 pounds upon the scales the other day. Of course the matter of feed and care came up, and I found out, says a writer, that he is doing about the same as has been recommended through your columns frequently, keeping them warm and dry and giving [illegible] good nourishing food. [illegible] alled by this litter of [illegible]rsey. This man has [illegible] years, and considers [illegible] all others for rapid [illegible]al thriftiness. He cal[illegible]e pigs come in Septem[illegible] a good start before [illegible] cold. They are fed af[illegible] bran and oats with [illegible]ouse, apples, potato [illegible]r and all the milk [illegible]red from the calves' [illegible]e pigs run out and [illegible]ot and have a good [illegible]clean water to drink [illegible]arm bed of straw at [illegible] beauties and no mis[illegible] that he can make a [illegible]uch pigs at even the [illegible]pork is bringing this [illegible]in is cheap, which [illegible] about the same as

[illegible] he fed the pigs any [illegible]lied that they get a [illegible]orn not a good thing [illegible] diet for them during [illegible]onths. 'A few ears [illegible]an at noon suffice for the midday meal, while morning and night the two principal ones are given. His pigs never look "pot-bellied," but always straight and thrifty; they make a steady growth from the day they are born. I asked him what he considered the main point in growing such pigs as his, and he replied: "Feeding; always aim to feed just the proper quantity, not too much one time and too little the next. Give them just what they will eat up clean and no more. It is the poorest kind of policy to scrimp a pig's rations, yet it is an injury to overfeed."

As I wended my way homeward I found myself contrasting this man's pigs with those of some other farmers which I have seen, pigs so thin and poor that they seemed closely related to the famous "razor-backs" of the South. When it comes to a comparison of weights, one pig like the ones that I had been admiring will outweigh two of the others at the same age. I know of men whose granaries are full of cheap grain who are keeping their hogs, yes and other stock too, in a half-starved condition. Of all the foolish policies it is the worst to starve the pigs for the sake of selling grain at the present prices. But that is the way it goes. You can't convince some men that it is to their advantage to feed out their grain to pigs, any more than you can convince them that they are losing money by not feeding more of it to their cows. Our experiment stations have proved that it costs less to grow the pig up to 100 pounds weight than at any subsequent period. The gain in weight is made at increased cost from that time on. It is the quick growth and early sale that bring the greatest profit in hog raising at the present time.

HELPLESS FOR A YEAR.

Bowed Down With Rheumatism and Sciatica.

From the Post, Sackville, N.B.

Records like the following carry conviction with them, and in a practical sense it might be said that this is still the age of miracles. Mr. Edward Downey, of Maccan, N.B., says:—"I have been a resident of Cumberland Co., some years. I have been a great sufferer from upwards of ten years with sciatic rheumatism. I was tortured with severe pains which at times would become almost unbearable, and I think I suffered almost everything a man can suffer and live. I was so crippled that I could not work and part of the time was not able to even move about. I became so weak, and my system so run down that I despaired of ever getting better. My case was an almost hopeless one, and as I had abandoned work I was almost helpless for over a year. I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I was induced to at least give them a trial. In a short time I began to recover and the agonizing pains left my back and limbs, so that I was enabled to walk out of doors. Before I had used more than half a dozen boxes I was almost entirely well and could do a hard day's work. I had a good appetite and began to gain flesh and feel like a new man. I am free from aches and pains and have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to thank for it all." The reporter could not help feeling that Mr. Downey's case was a striking one, as he now presents a stout well built figure, straight limed and as smart in his movements as a young man of twenty.

SIMPLE FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

How to Make It, and the Way to Use Them.

Hand grenades, the simplest form of fire extinguisher, can be made at home cheaply and easily. And it is well to have at hand a simple contrivance for extinguishing a small fire at its start. Take twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of sal ammoniac, nitrate of ammonia, to be had of any druggist, and dissolve in seven gallons of water. Procure quart bottles of thin glass, such as are ordinarily used by druggists, and fill with this corking tigatly and sealing, to prevent evaporation. In case of fire throw so as to break in or near the flame. If the fire is in such a place as to prevent the bottle from breaking, as in wool or cotton, knock off the neck and scatter the contents. The breaking of the bottle liberates a certain amount of gas, and the heat of the fire generates more thus working its own destruction.

NOT HIS FAULT.

Wife—You told me that we would go to the seashore every season after we were married.

Husband—And I would have kept my promise at any cost had your father known enough not to fail.

DON'T FORGET

That to remove corns, warts, bunions in a few days, all that is required is to apply the old and well-tested corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless. Putnam's Corn Extractor makes no sore spots hard to heal, acts quickly and painlessly on hard and soft corns.

To most men experience is like the stern light of a ship, which illuminates only the track it has passed.

I suffered for days from a very severe attack of rheumatism and tried various remedies; several lotions, electricity, etc., with little, if any, relief; but after applying "Quickcure" as directed, the pain was much relieved, and in a few hours had disappeared altogether. I can therefore conscientiously recommend this remedy.
Signed, W. Noble Campbell,
Notary Public, Quebec.

The perspiration from human beings, if injected into rabbits or dogs, causes death.

Major J. S. Dunbar, 8th Royal Rifles, adjutant Bisley Team, Quebec, writes:—"Quickcure" stops toothache immediately. I have known of the merits of 'Quickcure' for many years."

THE TOP OF THE PROFESSION.

He is one of the leading lawyers of the town.

Gets pretty big fees, eh?

I should say so. Why, it is almost as cheap to buy the grand jury as to hire him.

Spread a little "Quickcure" on the surface of corns and cover with thin paper; the soreness will be removed at once, as it reduces the inflammation which causes pain.

THE MOSQUITO.

There are two natural enemies of the mosquito, the dragon fly and the spider. The latter, as we know, wages constant war fare upon all insect life, and where mosquitoes are plentiful they form the chief diet of their hairy foe. The dragon fly is a destroyer of mosquitoes in at least two stages of life. The larva dragon fly feeds upon the larva mosquito, and when fully developed the former dines constantly upon the matured mosquito. The dragon fly as a solution of the mosquito pest question is not wholly satisfactory, for while there is no serious difficulty to be encountered in the cultivation of dragon flies in large numbers yet it is manifestly impossible to keep them in the dank woods where mosquitoes abound the hunting ground of the "darning needle," being among the flowers and dry gardens where the sunshine prevails. For this very important reason the scheme of hunting one kind of insect with another must be abandoned as impracticable.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

Several Things About Wheels and Wine and Other Things.

The subjoined letter, published by the American Field, is said to be an order sent by a Kansas man to a bicycle company:

"Dear surz,—I live in mi farm near Hamilton, Kan., am 57 years old and just a little sporta. My neffew in Indiana bot himself a new bicycle and sent me his ole one by frate, and ive learned to ride sum, its a pile of fun, but mi bicycle jolts considerable. A feller came along yesterday with a bisicle that had hollow injun rubber tires stuffed with wind. He let me try hissen, and mi it runs like a kushin! He told me you sell injun rubber just the same as hissen. How much will it be to fix mine up like hissen? Mine is all iron wheels. Do you punch the hollow hole threw the injun rubber or will I have to do it myself? How do you stick the ends together after you get it done? If your injun rubber is already hollow will it come any cheaper empty? I can get all the wind out here in Kansas free.

"Ebeneezer Y. Jenson

"P.S.—How much do you charge for the doodad you stuff the wind into the rubber with, and where do you start?"

"I HAVE HAD

Rheumatism for years, and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me any good." So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, and his testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve pain cure.

AMERICA'S MANY LANGUAGES.

Dr. D. G. Brinton, the archaeologist said in a recent lecture that in North and South America no less than 120 or 130 absolutely distinct languages exist. As the growth of language is very slow, he thinks the fact of the existence of so great a variety of speech on the western continents proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many thousands of years. Another proof of the antiquity of the American Indians, according to Doctor Brinton, is the fact that they represent a distinct human type, and the formation of such a type requires thousands of years.

The Sisters of Charity, "Grey Nuns," Guy street, Montreal, write:—"Having made use of your 'Quickcure' in our establishment, we are happy to add our testimony, also in its favor."

A machine for registering the strokes made by the oarsmen in a rowboat was recently exhibited in London.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The finest human hair is blonde and red hair is the coarsest. The thickness of human hair varies from the 250th to the 600th of an inch.

"Quickcure" removes all pain, and reduces all inflammation. Its effect is wonderful.

The cost of running a first-class ocean steamer between this country and Europe, for a round trip, is about $30,000. This includes wages, coal, food, etc.

Knights of Maccabees Delighted.

SIR KNIGHT JAMES OSBORNE, OF BARTON TENT, No. 2, CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

"Koolenay" was the Remedy.

Word was received by Barton Tent, No. 2, of Hamilton, Ont., that Sir Knight James Osborne, was very ill, and the "sick committee" was instructed to wait upon him.

It was found that he was suffering from Bright's Disease, a disease heretofore pronounced incurable by the medical profession, and it was accepted as a matter of course that death was inevitable, and his lodge insurance would have to shortly be paid. What was their surprise to have him enter the lodge some time afterwards in good health.

His cure he ascribed simply to Koolenay Cure, as he took no other medicine.

Before starting its use he had all the characteristics of much to be dreaded Bright's Disease. His skin was pale and puffy. He had indigestion, Heart Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, and great weakness. There was puffiness of the face and swelling of the legs. His urine was scanty, painful to pass and loaded with albumen.

He felt that life was slipping from his grasp with great rapidity. Koolenay Cure came to his rescue. It restored his kidneys to healthy action. It cleared out all the poisons that were pent up in the blood. It made him well.

Chart book free on application to the S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

THRIFTY.

Why does the doctor always go to Mrs. Fridget's as hard a she can drive? Because she is liable to get well before he gets there and that lessens his bill."

"Quickcure" destroys the germs, called cocci, that cause boils and carbuncles, reduces the inflammation and removes all pain;—read what physicians, who keep up with the advances of Medical Science have to say about this in the Quickcure Book (free at all druggists).

Lamont Leavitt, aged twelve years, of Auburn, Me., weighs 203 pounds. At the age of seven he could easily lift his father, who weighs 145 pounds.

Nothing equals "Quickcure" as a dressing for Burns, Scalds, Cuts or Wounds:—read physicians testimony in "Quickcure" Book (free).

NEW BRAINS.

The human brain is composed of at least 300,000,000 of nerve cells, each an independent organism. The lifetime of a nerve cell is estimated to be about 60 days, so that 5,000,000 die every day, about 200,000 every hour, and nearly 3,500 every minute, to be succeeded by an equal number of their progeny. Thus once in every 60 days a man has a new brain.

For Sick Women

Has your doctor failed to cure you? I am an experienced woman's nurse, and I have A Home Treatment for your weakness which will not fail. I will advise FREE and forward full private address and description upon receiving your to reach those women only who require assistance, hence I adopt this method, as I can explain fully by letter the action of with stamp. I wish my remedies.

Mrs. E. Woods, 578 St. Paul St., Montreal.

TOO MUCH TO ASK.

Lawyer—If you and your husband can't agree, why don't you agree to disagree?

Fair Client (firmly)—Never. If I'd agree to disagree, he'd think I'd weakened.

LEGAL ADVICE.

Mrs. De Temper—I am not happy with my husband. Shall I drive him away?

Lawyer—His life is insured in your favor, isn't it?

Yes. I made him do that before we married.

Well, don't drive him off. He'll die quicker where he is.

Dr. E. B. Ibbotson, Montreal, Commandant Bisley Team in 1894 writes:—"'Quickcure' is a treasure, and does just what you say for it; when it is known every household will have it. It is worth its weight in gold to parents whose children suffer from toothache."

One of the great needs of the household is a night key with an electric light at the end of it.

For Constipation take Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great Blood Purifier. Cures Headache, Nervousness, Eruptions on the face, and makes the skin clear as a bell.

The man who sells a quart of berries for a pint is a green grocer.

"Quickcure" cures cuts of all kinds or lacerated wounds; applied early, it prevents blood poisoning.

A poor man out at the elbows does not feel like laughing in his sleeves.

Stop that Cough! Take warning, it may lead to Consumption. A 25c. bottle of Shiloh's Cure may save your life.

About everything in this world is unhealthy except the uncomfortable things nobody cares for.

"Quickcure" cures toothache, and all pain. Every dentist, without exception, who has thoroughly investigated this new preparation, endorses it, and prescribes its use, in emergency, for all toothaches.—Read Quickcure Book, free.

A man's lines have not fallen in pleasant places when he cannot go off fishing until he has put up the clothesline for his wife.

Cure the Cough with Shiloh's Cure. The best Cough Cure. Relieves Croup promptly. One million bottles sold last year. 40 doses for 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

A woman isn't fit to have a baby who does not know how to hold it, and this is as true of a tongue as a baby.

A plaster made by spreading "Quickcure" on canton flannel, linen or cotton, removes "pain in the back," more quickly than any known plaster. Its effect is almost beyond belief. Doctors now use it instead of those Plasters, that contain the powerful poisons Aconite or Belladonna, which should be used only when your physician permits, as your system might be poisoned by absorption of the drugs in these plasters.

Large ears are said to denote generosity. Anyone who has canvassed the war precinct of a mule is able to verify the assertion.

Adams' Ginger Beer

RECIPE.

Adams Extract	One bottle.
Fleischmann's Yeast	One half to one cake.
Sugar	Two pounds
Cream of Tartar	One half ounce.
Lukewarm Water	Two gallons.

Dissolve the sugar, cream of tartar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling, cool and delicious. The ginger beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 cent bottles to make two gallons.

SETTLED.

Housekeeper (to employment agent)—I don't want another young girl. Can't you get me a settled woman?

Agent—Yes, madam. I know one who has had three husbands, and doesn't want any more.

QUICK CURE cures All Pain

DREADFULLY NERVOUS.

Gents:—I was dreadfully nervous, and for relief took your Karl's Clover Root Tea. It quieted my nerves and strengthened my whole Nervous System. I was troubled with Constipation, Kidney and Bowel trouble. Your Tea soon cleaned my system so thoroughly that I rapidly regained health and strength. Mrs. S. A. Sweet, Hartford, Conn. Sold by all druggists.

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