Subscribers who do not receive their paper regularly will please notify us at once.

Apply at this office for advertising rates.

THE ADVANCE.

FLESHERTON, ONT.

Orchard and Garden.

Give the young orchard good cultivation until the tree comes into bearing.

In pruning the gooseberry and currant prune to secure a spreading, open head.

Powdered hellebore, either dry or in solution, is a sure remedy for the currant worm.

For all leaf-eaters the spray may be used as soon as the first leaves appear on the trees.

Newly set strawberry plants should not be allowed to bear fruit; pinch off the blossoms.

To propagate blackberries cut the roots into pieces two or three inches long and plant them.

There is no advantage in planting the tender varieties of vegetables until all danger of frost is past.

A little wood ashes around each strawberry plant will help in securing more and better fruit.

One of the best ways of destroying weeds on the lawn is by cutting off close and applying turpentine.

In nearly all cases it is best to leave the mulch on the strawberry bed until after the fruit has been harvested.

With blackberries and raspberries it is a good plan to give thorough cultivation during the early part of the season.

While clover cannot be excelled for seeding down an orchard, it should not be done until the trees are in bearing.

By planting all small fruits in long rows the work of giving clean cultivation can be done much more economically.

Curled leaf in the peach is a disease of a fungus character. It develops usually after a cold spell, followed by a period of warm weather.

It is only in exceptional cases that it is advisable to keep trees or plants mulched all the time. In the spring it is often best to remove the mulch and cultivate.

One good remedy for mildew on gooseberries is to spray with potassium sulphide at intervals of ten days or two weeks during the season.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and different seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grevious ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

A California Dessert.

Beat thoroughly the yolks of two eggs with one-half cupful of sugar; add one large tablespoonful of flour, one small tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in milk; pour into one pint of boiling milk and let cook about three minutes; flavor with half a cupful of sweet orange juice and pour into baked crust; beat the whites to a stiff froth, add one-half cupful of sugar, flavor with extract of orange, spread on top, put in oven and let slightly brown.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

To Window Polishers.

To clean chamois polishing cloths pour six tablespoonfuls of ammonia into a quart of tepid water and soak the chamois skin for about an hour. With a spoon work and press it to free as much of the dirt as possible; lift into a basin of tepid water and rub well with the hands. Rinse in fresh water until clean; dry in the shade and when dry rub between the hands.

New Vigour and Energy are soon attained by the use of Miller's Compound Iron Pills. 50 doses 25 cents.

Quicksilver Mine.

There is a quicksilver mine in Peru 170 fathoms in circumference and 480 feet deep. In this profound abyss are streets, squares and a chapel, where religious worship is held.

Health for the children. Miller's Worm Powders.

No Longer Fashionable.

Chrysanthemums are going out of fashion in England. One society for raising the flowers, after having had ten prosperous years, has been obliged to wind up its affairs owing to the bad business of the last two years.

The Result of Accident.

It is said Arabs first made butter. They were carrying milk in skins on the backs of camels, and the steady jogging churned the fluid into butter.

Yes, it is true, I was very weak and Miller's Compound Iron Pills made me strong.

They're Chums No Longer.

Hewitt—I don't see you with that pretty girl so often as I used to.

Jewett—No; I'm married to her.

CONDUCTOR H. HOGG

And His Deadly Struggle With a Vicious Enemy.

Diabetes Was Getting the Victory Over Him When He Began to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—Then the Tide Turned and He Was Saved.

Toronto, May 15.—Still another member of the staff of the Toronto Street Railway comes forward to testify to the unequalled efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills in cases of Diabetes. This time it is Mr. H. Hogg, conductor No. 207, residing at No. 81 Fuller street, who tells his story.

Here is what he says: "Diabetes kept me in continual misery and nightly agony for three years. My blood got so impure that I thought I could never get it restored to its natural purity. I was tortured by dizziness, which grew to such an extent that I had to quit work. I lost flesh and strength rapidly, and, in short, I thought it was 'all up with me.'

"I used different remedies, but got no good from any of them, until a friend recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had no idea they would help me, as I had been disappointed so often, but I decided to try them. The first box gave me wonderful relief. The dizziness vanished and my head became as steady as ever it was. Three boxes completed my cure, and to-day I am sound and well, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

The best way to ascertain the real merit of Dodd's Kidney Pills is to test them. There can be no deceit then. They either will cure or they will not. A trial costs very little and it will settle all doubts for all time.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes $2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A GOOD GUESSER.

Too Good, in Fact, For His Would-Be Tormentor.

"I can endure the fiend who cripples my fingers when he shakes my hand," said an amateur philosopher, "and I have never yet murdered anybody for slapping me on the back, but may be protected from the dribbering idiot who makes me guess his name! He is my pet and particular aversion, and I thirst incessantly for his gore. Yesterday I saw one of the breed—but let me tell you the story: I was reading a paper in the hotel library, and near me was a very nice looking old gentleman, smoking a cigar. Presently up rushes a brisk, bustling individual with mutton chop whiskers and grabs the old gentleman by the hand. For a moment there was dead silence, the brisk man holding his victim in a vise like grip and grinning from ear to ear. 'I'll bet you don't know me!' he chuckled at length, for all the world as if he had caught the other in some juvenile prank. The old gentleman stared at him miserably, and it was evident that he was cudgeling his memory as hard as he could. 'You don't know me!' shouted the idiot triumphantly. 'See if you can guess!' 'I—I really you must pardon me,' stammered the poor old fellow, mopping his forehead with his disengaged hand, 'but your name has—er—somehow escaped me.' 'Haw! haw! haw!' gurgled the brisk man. 'That's rich! Why, I'm Smith!' 'Yes?' said the old gentleman, looking blank. 'Yep,' retorted the fiend, 'and I'll bet now you don't know who I am.' I had listened to this same formula many a time and oft. It is a mode of torture employed by all guessing maniacs, but I was wholly unprepared for what followed. For once the badgered worm turned. The old gentleman suddenly straightened up. 'You are mistaken, sir!' he said coolly. 'I know perfectly well who you are. You are a confounded impertinent donkey, sir, and I bid you good day, sir!' Well, the brisk man wilted. He simply stood there speechless, and before he could think of a reply the old gentleman had vanished in the elevator. I wanted to shout, yell, throw up my hat or do something else outlandish, and I rushed out and bought my boy a bicycle. It was a libation to the gods, a token of gratitude! I have been bubbling over with good humor ever since. Come and have a cigar!"

Extravagance.

"I'm glad you don't buy the millinery in the city," said the old farmer to his wife. "Jest hear to this sample bill for one spring hat:

"'Three birds, $30.

"'Two plumes, $20.

"'Ten yards ribbon, $5.'

"Jest to think of it—$55 wuth o' birds, plumes an ribbons on a woman's hat! That money would buy me a mule, Mollie a new dress, Johnnie a jeans britches an pay the fust note on a summer lightnin rod."

Accepted.

"I am sorry," said the magazine editor courteously, "but we are not accepting any short stories now."

"But the scene of this story," said the confident contributor, "is laid in a place that nobody ever heard of and is written in a language that no one can understand."

"Then why didn't you say so before?" exclaimed the magazine editor as he grasped it eagerly.

Her Question Answered.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I wonder what will be the prevailing color of girls' waists this season.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, if they keep on lacing as tight as usual, I think it would be a safe gamble to say that they will be black and blue."

Swiss Purses Are Small.

Switzerland is the poorest field for unprofessional racing cyclists. The biggest prize of the year, the Grand Prix, amounts to $100, as against $2,000 for the corresponding prize in Paris. Racing men can learn how to starve there.

Business.

Said a loafing friend of the cigar dealer, observing an elegantly appearing man who bought a cigar and went out, "Did you know that party had money to burn?"

Cigar Dealer (disgusted)—Has he? Well, he is only burning it in 5 cent lots.—Detroit Free Press.

Useful.

"Do you think there is really any use of a peace conference?" said a European politician.

"Certainly," answered the sovereign. "It gives us more time to get our affairs in shape for a fight."

Noble Sign Writer.

The Marchioness of Lorne, who drew out the plans for the Ferry inn at Roseneath and occupies a portion of the house when visiting in the locality, is at present engaged in painting a signboard for the hotel, after a quaint design which will further, it is alleged, distinguish Roseneath's old hostelry from all other hotels in the country.

That hot, dry condition of the skin will disappear by the use of Miller's Compound Iron Pills. 50 doses 25 cents.

When the Nose Bleeds.

To stop a bleeding nose, keep the patient's head thrown back and his arms raised. Hold a cold cloth or sponge to receive the blood. Press the fingers firmly on each side of the nose where it joins the upper lip. A piece of ice or a cloth wrung out of ice water may be placed at the back of the head.

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings, many of them know the value of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in regulating the stomach and consequently keeping the head clear.

He Was Posted.

"Now, Harry," asked the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the meal we eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," was the little fellow's prompt reply.

New life for a quarter. Miller's Compound Iron Pills.

A Change of Business.

De Broker (sadly)—You seem to have dropped out of speculation lately.

De Loser—Yaas, betting on hoss races now. It's safer.

If your child is pale, peevish, and does not thrive, a dose of Miller's Worm Powders occasionally will cure.

STRATFORD, 4th Aug., 1893.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old, fell into a tub of boiling water and got scalded fearfully. A few days later he laps swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in terrible sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several other cases around here almost as remarkable, owing to the same Liniment, and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or given such universal satisfaction.

M. HIMRY,
General Merchant.

Miller's Worm Powders are the best laxative medicine for children; as nice as sugar.

Natural Query.

"My illusions," said she, "are all gone." "How long have you been married?" he inquired, sympathetically.

Known to Thousands.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness, and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well-known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

"Have you noticed, pa, how often ma says 'and so on, and so on?'"

"Yes, my son; but it never applies to buttons."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

An Opportunity.

She (coquettishly)—I read the other day, Cousin Charlie, that marriage is declining.

He (inspired)—Oh, that's quite wrong. Marriage is—accepting. (Seizes the opportunity and proposes.)—Punch.

Cheaper.

Ice Dealer—I don't think I shall use those big delivery wagons this year.

Bookkeeper—How will you deliver your ice?

Ice Dealer—By mail.—New York Journal.

Fully 100,000 inhabitants of London are night workers.

HERE THIS IS IT.

Known by the sign

St. Jacobs Oil

Cures

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, SORENESS, STIFFNESS.

THE GENDRON

Is the Wheel that SELLS ITSELF.

Ask any disinterested rider about it and see what he says.

Gendron M'f'g Co., Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

NATIONAL BINDER TWINE

BEST EVER OFFERED. 80 lbs. for $12 cash

With valuable premium: 14 karat Gold Plated Watch for either lady or gentlemen. Only a limited quantity left—order before it is all sold. **National Binder Twine** is made of best selected Manila Hemp, and runs over 600 feet to the pound.

Twine and Premium Guaranteed.

Money refunded if purchaser is not satisfied. Remit Cash and give full shipping directions.
Address

NATIONAL FARMERS CO. TORONTO.

J. J. Vipond & Co.,

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Correspondence Solicited. Advances Made on Consignments. MONTREAL.

COLD, SILVER AND COPPER MINING STOCKS.

I am a member of the newly established **STANDARD MINING EXCHANGE** and have some attractive Gold, Silver and Copper stocks on hand. I deal in **British Columbia, Ontario** and **Republic** issues. My favorites just now are **Morrison, Winnipeg, Noble Five, Derby** (copper), **Golden Star, Republic, Lone Pine, Princess Maud, Reindeer** and **Jumbo.**

I have recent information relative to the last five Republic properties.

Phone 1842. E. CARTLY PARKER, Mining Broker, 12 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

PAINT

Fights off the hot sun, preserves the house, beautifies it as well, and gives satisfaction if you use

Ramsay's

HOUSE PAINT
BARN PAINT
ROOF PAINT

All dealers have it. Ask for card or send to us and we will tell you where to get it.

A. RAMSAY & SON,
PAINT MAKERS. Montreal.

PLOWS, ROLLERS & HARROWS
The Best Made. Send for Catalogue.
COCKSHUTT PLOW CO., BRANTFORD.

LUCAS, STEELE & BRISTOL, Grocers wholesale. Write us. HAMILTON.

Circle Teas
L.S. & B. Coffees
L.S. & B. Extract Spices
L.S. & B. Spices

BINDER TWINE AND ROPE.
ONTARIO BINDER TWINE CO., 113 Union Station Arcade, Toronto.

FREE AND BOYS AND GIRLS

We are giving away Stem Winding Watches, genuine American movements; Solid Gold Rings with real stone settings, Musical Instruments and many other valuable premiums for selling 24 packages of our genuine IMPERIAL ENGLISH INK POWDER at ten cents per package. Each package makes 50 cents worth of fine ink. Send your name and address and we will forward you, prepaid, the Ink Powder and catalogue of premiums with full instructions. When sold send us our money and we will send you the premium you select. Don't lose this great opportunity. Write for the outfit to-day. Mention this paper.

IMPERIAL INK CO., TORONTO, ONT.

They Store Up Air.

To a certain extent all animals that live in the sea, such as whales, dolphins and porpoises, have the power to stor up air, as they breathe only at intervals, when they come to the surface for that purpose.

The Kisser.

Anna—She says she's never been kissed. Aline—Bold thing! I'll wager her gentleman friends can't say that.

A Crusher.

At a cafe a group of gentlemen were discussing politics. A young fellow entered and joined in the conversation, but his argument did not please the others, and one of them said to him:

"Be quiet! At your age I was an ass myself."

"You are wonderfully well preserved, sir," was the reply.—Tit-Bits.

THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

And a little child shall lead them.

The three regiments, debouching from three separate gorges, after duly crowning the heights above, were to converge from the center, left and right upon what we will call the Afghan army, then stationed toward the lower extremity of a flat bottomed valley. Thus it will be seen that three sides of the valley practically belonged to the English, while the fourth was strictly Afghan property. In the event of defeat the Afghans had the rocky hills to fly to, where the fire from the guerrilla tribes in aid would cover their retreat. In the event of victory these same tribes would rush down and lend their weight to the rout of the British.

The screw guns were to shell the head of each Afghan rush that was made in close formation, and the cavalry, held in reserve in the right valley, were to gently stimulate the break up which would follow on the combined attack. The brigadier, sitting upon a rock overlooking the valley, would watch the battle unrolled at his feet. The Fore and Aft would debouch from the central gorge, the Gurkhas from the left and the highlanders from the right, for the reason that the left flank of the enemy seemed as though it required the most hammering. It was not every day that an Afghan force would take ground in the open, and the brigadier was resolved to make the most of it.

"If we only had a few more men,' he said plaintively, "we could surround the creatures and crumble 'em up thoroughly. As it is, I'm afraid we can only cut them up as they run. It's a great pity."

The Fore and Aft had enjoyed unbroken peace for five days and were beginning, in spite of dysentery, to recover their nerve. But they were not happy, for they did not know the work in hand and, had they known, would not have known how to do it. Throughout those five days in which old soldiers might have taught them the craft of the game they discussed together their misadventures in the past—how such a one was alive at dawn and dead ere the dusk, and with what shrieks and struggles such another had given up his soul under the Afghan knife. Death was a new and horrible thing to the sons of mechanics who were used to die decently of zymotic disease, and their careful conservation in barracks had done nothing to make them look upon it with less dread.

Very early in the dawn the bugles began to blow, and the Fore and Aft, filled with a misguided enthusiasm, turned out without waiting for a cup of coffee and a biscuit and were rewarded by being kept under arms in the cold while the other regiments leisurely prepared for the fray

The Fore and Aft waited, leaning upon their rifles and listening to the protests of their empty stomachs. The colonel did his best to remedy the default of lining as soon as it was borne in upon him that the affair would not begin at once, and so well did he succeed that the coffee was just ready when—the men moved off, their band leading. Even then there had been a mistake in time, and the Fore and Aft came out into the valley ten minutes before the proper hour. Their band wheeled to the right after reaching the open and retired behind a little rocky knoll, still playing, while the regiment went past.

It was not a pleasant sight that opened on the unobstructed view, for the lower end of the valley appeared to be filled by an army in position—real and actual regiments attired in red coats and—of this there was no doubt—firing Martini-Henry bullets, which cut up the ground 100 yards in front of the leading company. Over that pockmarked ground the regiment had to pass, and it opened the ball with a general and profound courtesy to the piping pickets, ducking in perfect time, as though it had been brazed on a rod. Being half capable of thinking for itself, it fired a volley by the simple process of pitching its rifle into its shoulder and pulling the trigger. The bullets may have accounted for some of the watchers on the hillside, but they certainly did not affect the mass of enemy in front, while the noise of the rifles drowned any orders that might have been given.

"Good God!" said the brigadier, sitting on the rock high above all. "That regiment has spoiled the whole show. Hurry up the others, and let the screw guns get off.'

But the screw guns, in working round the heights, had stumbled upon a wasps' nest of a small mud fort, which they incontinently shelled at 800 yards, to the huge discomfort of the occupants, who were unaccustomed to weapons of such devilish precision.

The Fore and Aft continued to go forward, but with shortened stride. Where were the other regiments, and why did these niggers use Martinis? They took open order instinctively, lying down and firing at random, rushing a few paces forward and lying down again, according to the regulations. Once in this formation each man felt himself desperately alone and edged in toward his fellow for comfort's sake.

Then the crack of his neighbor's rifle at his ear led him to fire as rapidly as he could—again for the sake of the comfort of the noise. The reward was not long delayed. Five volleys plunged the files in banked smoke impenetrable to the eye, and the bullets began to take ground 20 or 30 yards in front of the firers, as the weight of the bayonet dragged down and to the right arms wearied with holding the kick of the leaping Martini. The company commanders peered helplessly through the smoke, the more nervous mechanically trying to fan it away with their helmets.

"High and to the left!" bawled a captain till he was hoarse. "No good! Cease firing, and let it drift away a bit.'

Three and four times the bugles shrieked the order, and when it was obeyed the Fore and Aft looked that their foe should be lying before them in mown swaths of men. A light wind drove the smoke to leeward and showed the enemy still in position and apparently unaffected. A quarter of a ton of lead had been buried a furlong in front of them, as the ragged earth attested.

A private of the Fore and Aft spun up his company shrieking with agony, another was kicking the earth and gasping, and a third, ripped through the lower intestines by a jagged bullet, was calling aloud on his comrades to put him out of his pain. These were the casualties, and they were not soothing to hear or see. The smoke cleared to a dull haze.

Then the foe began to shout with a great shouting, and a mass—a black mass—detached itself from the main body and rolled over the ground at horrid speed. It was composed of perhaps 300 men, who would shout and fire and slash if the rush of their 50 comrades who were determined to die carried home. The 50 were Ghazis, half maddened with drugs and wholly mad with religious fanaticism. When they rushed the British fire ceased, and in the lull the order was given to close ranks and meet them with the bayonet.

Any one who knew the business could have told the Fore and Aft that the only way of dealing with a Ghazi rush is by volleys at long ranges, because a man who means to die, who desires to die, who will gain heaven by dying, must, in nine cases out of ten, kill a man who has a lingering prejudice in favor of life ere one was alive at dawn and dead ere the dusk, and with what shrieks and struggles such another had given up his soul under the Afghan knife. Death was a new and horrible thing to the sons of mechanics who were used to die decently of zymotic disease, and their careful conservation in barracks had done nothing to make them look upon it with less dread.

Very early in the dawn the bugles began to blow, and the Fore and Aft, filled with a misguided enthusiasm, turned out without waiting for a cup of coffee and a biscuit and were rewarded by being kept under arms in the cold while the other regiments leisurely prepared for the fray

The Fore and Aft waited, leaning upon their rifles and listening to the protests of their empty stomachs. The colonel did his best to remedy the default of lining as soon as it was borne in upon him that the affair would not begin at once, and so well did he succeed that the coffee was just ready when—the men moved off, their band leading. Even then there had been a mistake in time, and the Fore and Aft came out into the valley ten minutes before the proper hour. Their band wheeled to the right after reaching the open and retired behind a little rocky knoll, still playing, while the regiment went past.

It was not a pleasant sight that opened on the unobstructed view, for the lower end of the valley appeared to be filled by an army in position—real and actual regiments attired in red coats and—of this there was no doubt—firing Martini-Henry bullets, which cut up the ground 100 yards in front of the leading company. Over that pockmarked ground the regiment had to pass, and it opened the ball with a general and profound courtesy to the piping pickets, ducking in perfect time, as though it had been brazed on a rod. Being half capable of thinking for itself, it fired a volley by the simple process of pitching its rifle into its shoulder and pulling the trigger. The bullets may have accounted for some of the watchers on the hillside, but they certainly did not affect the mass of enemy in front, while the noise of the rifles drowned any orders that might have been given.

"Good God!" said the brigadier, sitting on the rock high above all. "That regiment has spoiled the whole show. Hurry up the others, and let the screw guns get off.'

But the screw guns, in working round the heights, had stumbled upon a wasps' nest of a small mud fort, which they incontinently shelled at 800 yards, to the huge discomfort of the occupants, who were unaccustomed to weapons of such devilish precision.

The Fore and Aft continued to go forward, but with shortened stride. Where were the other regiments, and why did these niggers use Martinis? They took open order instinctively, lying down and firing at random, rushing a few paces forward and lying down again, according to the regulations. Once in this formation each man felt himself desperately alone and edged in toward his fellow for comfort's sake.

Then the crack of his neighbor's rifle at his ear led him to fire as rapidly as he could—again for the sake of the comfort of the noise. The reward was not long delayed. Five volleys plunged the files in banked smoke impenetrable to the eye, and the bullets began to take ground 20 or 30 yards in front of the firers, as the weight of the bayonet dragged down and to the right arms wearied with holding the kick of the leaping Martini. The company commanders peered helplessly through the smoke, the more nervous mechanically trying to fan it away with their helmets.

"High and to the left!" bawled a captain till he was hoarse. "No good! Cease firing, and let it drift away a bit.'

Three and four times the bugles shrieked the order, and when it was obeyed the Fore and Aft looked that their foe should be lying before them in mown swaths of men. A light wind drove the smoke to leeward and showed the enemy still in position and apparently unaffected. A quarter of a ton of lead had been buried a furlong in front of them, as the ragged earth attested.

A private of the Fore and Aft spun up his company shrieking with agony, another was kicking the earth and gasping, and a third, ripped through the lower intestines by a jagged bullet, was calling aloud on his comrades to put him out of his pain. These were the casualties, and they were not soothing to hear or see. The smoke cleared to a dull haze.

Then the foe began to shout with a great shouting, and a mass—a black mass—detached itself from the main body and rolled over the ground at horrid speed. It was composed of perhaps 300 men, who would shout and fire and slash if the rush of their 50 comrades who were determined to die carried home. The 50 were Ghazis, half maddened with drugs and wholly mad with religious fanaticism. When they rushed the British fire ceased, and in the lull the order was given to close ranks and meet them with the bayonet.

Any one who knew the business could have told the Fore and Aft that the only way of dealing with a Ghazi rush is by volleys at long ranges, because a man who means to die, who desires to die, who will gain heaven by dying, must, in nine cases out of ten, kill a man who has a lingering prejudice in favor of life ere one was alive at dawn and dead ere the dusk, and with what shrieks and struggles such another had given up his soul under the Afghan knife. Death was a new and horrible thing to the sons of mechanics who were used to die decently of zymotic disease, and their careful conservation in barracks had done nothing to make them look upon it with less dread.

Very early in the dawn the bugles began to blow, and the Fore and Aft, filled with a misguided enthusiasm, turned out without waiting for a cup of coffee and a biscuit and were rewarded by being kept under arms in the cold while the other regiments leisurely prepared for the fray

The Fore and Aft waited, leaning upon their rifles and listening to the protests of their empty stomachs. The colonel did his best to remedy the default of lining as soon as it was borne in upon him that the affair would not begin at once, and so well did he succeed that the coffee was just ready when—the men moved off, their band leading. Even then there had been a mistake in time, and the Fore and Aft came out into the valley ten minutes before the proper hour. Their band wheeled to the right after reaching the open and retired behind a little rocky knoll, still playing, while the regiment went past.

It was not a pleasant sight that opened on the unobstructed view, for the lower end of the valley appeared to be filled by an army in position—real and actual regiments attired in red coats and—of this there was no doubt—firing Martini-Henry bullets, which cut up the ground 100 yards in front of the leading company. Over that pockmarked ground the regiment had to pass, and it opened the ball with a general and profound courtesy to the piping pickets, ducking in perfect time, as though it had been brazed on a rod. Being half capable of thinking for itself, it fired a volley by the simple process of pitching its rifle into its shoulder and pulling the trigger. The bullets may have accounted for some of the watchers on the hillside, but they certainly did not affect the mass of enemy in front, while the noise of the rifles drowned any orders that might have been given.

"Good God!" said the brigadier, sitting on the rock high above all. "That regiment has spoiled the whole show. Hurry up the others, and let the screw guns get off.'

But the screw guns, in working round the heights, had stumbled upon a wasps' nest of a small mud fort, which they incontinently shelled at 800 yards, to the huge discomfort of the occupants, who were unaccustomed to weapons of such devilish precision.

The Fore and Aft continued to go forward, but with shortened stride. Where were the other regiments, and why did these niggers use Martinis? They took open order instinctively, lying down and firing at random, rushing a few paces forward and lying down again, according to the regulations. Once in this formation each man felt himself desperately alone and edged in toward his fellow for comfort's sake.

FREE This beautiful Gold-filled Solitaire Ring, in one quintet Plush-lined case, for selling 1 doz. dainty packets of Heliotrope, Rose and Violet perfume, the boys or sandman. Sell at 10c. each, return us $1.20 and receive ring FREE by return mail. Liberal commission, if preferred. Unsold goods returned.

HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. D Toronto, Ont.

T. N. U. 220

$2.95 GOLD PLATED. Cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will forward this watch to you by express for examination. It is a snap watch, handsomely engraved, open face, stem wind and set, and plated, handsomely engraved. It looks like a solid gold watch, is fitted with a jewelled American Model Movement that we warrant to give good satisfaction, and is just the watch for trading purposes. If after careful examination you find this watch to be exactly as represented, pay the express agent $2.95 and charges, and it is yours.

Perry Watch Co., Toronto, Ont.

To Investors

Parties possessed of funds from which they wish to secure a liberal return of interest should invest with

The Investors Guarantee Company

BANKERS AND BROKERS,
Room 14, Stock Exchange Building, St. Sacrament St., MONTREAL.

By their system of investment they can guarantee to investors a monthly profit on funds placed with them, of

Not Less Than Three Per Cent.

This company offers the most complete guarantee for both principal and profit, and any investor can withdraw funds and profits to date upon

Giving 30 Days' Notice.

Sums from $25 upwards received and invested.

MONEY IN PORK.

A Claim That Hogs Are More Profitable Than Sheep.

Eastern farmers do not begin to understand the money there is to be made in raising pigs, writes E. C. Powell in The National Stockman. They have the markets at their very door and many facilities for growing pork which western hog raisers do not possess. Corn, clover and hogs will bring any farm up to a high state of fertility and are crops which do not impoverish the land as does growing grain and hay for market. No money can be made where the pigs are kept in small pens and yards and every pound of food they eat is bought at the mill. But given a good pasture and plenty of water, with a piece of woodland if possible, and the pigs will run from spring to fall and make a gain at a cost of not over 2 cents per pound for the grain consumed. Six weeks feeding on corn will make them as fat as the market wants. Pork raised and fatted in this way is healthy and delicious and it can be produced at from 3 to 4 cents per pound.

Where one has a warm, dry and tight pen—and every pig raiser should have such—two litters should be raised and fed in a year. Let the first litter be dropped as early in March as possible and have the second come early in September. By the 1st of December, or when cold weather sets in, these pigs should have made a good growth and be large and strong so as to receive no setback. Divide them in small lots, not over five or six in a pen, provide plenty of dry straw, and they will not crowd and smother each other. Feed plentifully of roots or silage and give a warm slop three times a day. This warm slop business may be only a notion of mine, but I have always noticed that the pigs will take hold with a greater relish and eat more of it than when the grain is mixed up with cold water. And here is another point: Feed them all they will eat. What we are after is growth, and the more we can feed them the faster they will grow.

THIN RIND SOW ROSAMOND 222.

The brood sows and boar may be wintered cheaply and in good condition on turnips, beets or silage and a few ears of corn a day, but it is a foolish and very unprofitable way to carry over a lot of store hogs for the sake of feeding them all summer and then getting such heavy pork that the butcher pays a cent less per pound than he would for hogs weighing about 150 pounds. It is time for eastern farmers to call the hog, and not the sheep, the animal with the golden hoof.

The National Stockman publishes the accompanying picture of the thin rind sow Rosamond 222. The official history of the breed says: "In color they are either listed or blacks, the most fashionable of which consist of black extremities with a white belt from 4 to 12 inches wide encircling the body, including the fore legs, which should also be white. Among other characteristics they have small heads, ears medium length and slightly inclining forward, light jowl, broad back of nearly uniform width, slightly arched; heavy hams, standing very erect on feet with legs set well apart, active and muscular, denoting great carrying capacity, and devoid of excess of bone, jowl and belly. The thin rind men claim that 'head, jowl and flabby sow belly are cheap meat,' and that they have bred grossness down to a minimum, which seems a fair claim, as thin rinds bring from 10 to 25 cents per hundred pounds more than any other hogs. While they never attain the size of 1,500 pounds, they often bounce the beam in excess of 600 pounds, and occasionally exceed 700."

Disposition of Stock.

When hungry stock are set into a field they usually make the most of what falls first to them, says the London Live Stock Journal, but if they are only half hungry the desire to roam over the pasture is strong. In a herd or flock the grazing behavior of the bunch as a whole is influenced a good deal by the peculiarities of the older and more masterful members. Should these leaders be of a discontented turn they are apt to infect their neighbors and to keep the group on the move. A quiet, easy going disposition on the part of the "elders" has a soothing and settling effect. But flocks and herds take strange fits at times. They are unaccountably restless even on a clean and pleasant range of pasture. They keep moving for no apparent purpose and refuse to settle down. Matters are at the best when the stock fall to graze of their own accord. On a hillside or moor a flock of sheep or a herd of Highland cattle seems to be perfectly contented with the fare at command. One fears to disturb the group, knowing full well that once a spell of peace is broken there cannot be rest for hours on end. In spite of long domestication our farm animals of the hardier varieties are never so happy as when they discover suitable feeding grounds for themselves. Once again they are the creatures of very ancient custom, and have vague glimpses of freedom.

COLDS IN CHICKENS.

Some of the Old Theories May Be at Fault.

I have been experimenting somewhat with colds in chicks and by these experiments have proved to my satisfaction that some of the so called pet theories are at fault. I have especially demonstrated that common colds will not develop into roup, as a great many claim, but that if a fowl has the roup it comes entirely from contagion. I have had some of the worst cases of cold this season to deal with I have ever had, and I have placed those afflicted with those that were well to see if they would also take the disease, but they did not. I have also taken the worse cases and put them into places where the conditions were worse and did nothing for them in the way of giving them medicine and have not had any roup from this experiment. Others I put under better conditions and gave everything ever recommended for colds and even roup, and they did not get better. I made up my mind there was something wrong. I discovered the trouble after awhile. Previous to this and through all my various experiments they had been cuddling together, as chicks always do, just as long as they are allowed to do so. So I separated them and made them roost and single out and gave them good care and a good, tight house, so no drafts could touch them, and they at once began to improve and finally got entirely well. Therefore I reasoned that by packing together at night they perspired and when they got up in the morning they were chilled by the sudden change and contracted cold. I am now convinced that the best way is to teach chicks to roost early, care being taken to give them a good, wide board to roost on until they are fully developed, and thus avoid crooked breasts, etc. —Henry Trafford in Feather.

Down With the Hatchet Doctrine.

It makes me "tired" to hear a man who professes to be a poultryman advocating the hatchet for sick fowls, says H. C. Austen in The American Poultry Journal. I have been raising poultry 40 years and have had to take the hatchet to but two birds. I have found roup and canker in its worst form. It was the first I had ever seen, so I killed the two that showed the sickness first. In a few days there were 50 cases, but I succeeded in curing them, and when they were well they were well. There was a fine young cock among them. I used him for three years. He was never again sick, nor did any of his offspring have roup. I did not breed from him until he was well. The cause of this outbreak of roup, I believe, was my carelessness in their roosting quarters. During some very cold weather the wind blew through cracks in the house. Roup in fowls is like cold in the human system. If you neglect it, you will soon have a bad case. A true poultryman, when he sees his fowls have cold, will keep them up and give them a little tonic for a few days.

As for a chicken that has once had the roup being unfit to eat, that is all "bosh." In less than a year after a fowl is well of such complaint the disease is entirely out of its system. A cured bird is as good as one that has never had the roup. A house should be without cracks, without lice, and kept clean. Disinfectants must be used.

Blue Andalusians.

Breeders of the fancy and utility, why not try them? I have bred them five years, and for eggs I find they outclass the Barred Plymouth Rocks and Buff Leghorns 20 per cent by actual test. They are all year round layers, and lay larger eggs. They are much hardier than either of the above mentioned varieties, mature as quickly as the Leghorns, and are as heavy as the Minorcas. They do not breed as true to color as most varieties throwing off black and white chicks, but you can get as many high scoring birds from the same number hatched as from almost any other variety. My birds have never failed to carry off a large per cent of premiums wherever shown, with score ranging from 92 to 94. They always attract attention in the showroom and certainly ought to be more extensively bred. From experience I have found them practically nonsetters. In the five years I have only had three hens to show the least sign of broodiness and I have hens 4 years old.—B. F. Parsons in American Poultry Journal.

Very Useful.

"Do you believe in the power of the human eye with a will behind it?" asked Gableigh.

"Yes," said the professor; "the power of the eye is very useful—to see the wild beast coming."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chile is a Peruvian word denoting "land of snow."