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WHENCE COMES THIS MIGHTY HEALING POWER

All the Land Wonders at the Remarkable Cures Effected by Professor Adkin.

HEALS DISEASES CALLED INCURABLE

Ministers, Doctors and Professional Men Tell How He Has Cured the Blind, the Lame, the Paralytic and Many on the Very Brink of Death.

FREE HELP FOR THE SICK

Professor Adkin Offers to Help All Sufferers From Any Disease Absolutely Free of Charge. Professional Men Investigate His Powers.

PROF. THOS. F. ADKIN,
President of the Institute of Physicians and Surgeons.

In all parts of the country men and women, doctors and surgeons, clergymen and editors are well aware of the remarkable cures made by Prof. Thomas F. Adkin, discoverer of the Adkin Vitaopathic treatment.

Professor Adkin heals not by drugs, nor by Christian science, nor by Osteopathy, nor by Hypnotism, nor by Divine healing, but by a mysterious force of nature in combination with certain vital magnetic properties which contain the very elements of life and health.

A reporter from Talk Health visited Professor Adkin and was asked to invite all readers of this paper who are sick or who are worried by the ills of those dear to them to write to him for assistance. "Some people have declared," said Professor Adkin, "that my powers are of God; they call me a divine healer, a man of mysterious powers. This is not so. I cure because I understand nature, because I use a mystic force of nature to build up the system and restore health. But at the same time I believe that there for would not have given me the opportunity to make this discoveries if I have made, nor the ability to develop them if He had not intended that I should use them for the good of humanity. I therefore feel that it is my duty to give the benefit of the science of Vitaopathic to all who are suffering. I want you to tell your readers that they can write to me in the strictest confidence if they are troubled with any kind of disease and I will thoroughly diagnose their cases and prescribe a simple home treatment which I positively guarantee to effect a complete cure, absolutely free of charge. I care not how serious their cases, nor how hopeless they may seem. I can them to write to me and let me prove them wrong. I feel that this is my life's work.

So great is the sensation wrought in the medical world by the wonderful cures performed by Professor Adkin that a several professional gentlemen were asked to investigate the cures. Among those gentlemen were Jacob L. B. Harier and Doctor S. Dutton Whitney, both famous physicians and surgeons. After a thorough and painstaking investigation these eminent physicians were so astonished at the far reaching powers of Professor Adkin and the wonderful efficacy of Vitaopath that they volunteered to make all inquiries free of charge and send all other kinds of treatment and devote themselves to assisting Professor Adkin in his great work for humanity.

With the discovery of the Adkin Vitaopathic treatment all physicians are generally agreed that the treatment of disease has at last been reduced to an exact science.

In all the 8,000 men and women who have been cured by the powers of Professor Adkin, some were blind, some were lame, some were deaf, some were paralytic, some were so low as to be given up by their friends, some were suffering from kidney trouble, dyspepsia, nervous debility, insomnia, nervous gia, constipation, rheumatism, female troubles and other similar ills, some were men and women addicted to drunkenness, morphine and other long habits. In all cases Professor Adkin's cures are guaranteed to cure. Even those on the brink of the grave, with all hope of recovery gone and despaired of by doctors and friends, have been restored to perfect health by the force of Vitaopathy and Professor Adkin's marvelous skill. And, remarkable as it may seem, distance has made no difference. Those living far away have been cured in the privacy of their own homes, as well as those who have been treated in person. Professor Adkin asserts that he can cure any one at any distance as well as though he stood before them.

Not long ago John Adams, of Blakesburg, Iowa, who had been lame for 20 years, was permanently cured by Professor Adkin without an operation of any kind. About the same time the city of Rochester, N. Y., was startled by the cure of one of its oldest residents, Mr. P. A. Wright, who had been partly blind for a long period. John K. Neff, of Mifflinburg, Pa., who had suffered for years from a cataract on his left eye, was specially cured to perfect sight without an operation. From Logansport, Indiana, comes then word of the recovery of Mrs. Mary Eichert, who had been practically deaf for a year, while in Warren, Pa., Mr. H. W. Savage, a noted photographer and artist, who was nearly totally blind and deaf, but at death's door from a complication of diseases, was restored to perfect health and strength by Professor Adkin.

Vitaopathic cures not one disease alone, but it cures all diseases when used in combination with the proper remedies. If you are sick, no matter what your disease or ailment may be, you can be cured, write to Professor Adkin to-day, tell him the leading symptoms of your complaint, how long you have been suffering, and he will at once diagnose your case, tell you the exact disease from which you are suffering, and prescribe the treatment that will positively cure you. This costs you absolutely nothing. Professor Adkin will also kindly send you a copy of his marvelous book entitled "How to Be Cured and How to Cure Others." This book is a revelation of how Professor Adkin will cure you. It fully and completely describes the nature of his wonderful treatment. It also explains to you how you yourself may be one of this great healing power and cure the sick around you.

Professor Adkin does not ask a cent for his services in this connection. They will be given to you absolutely free. He has made a wonderful discovery, and he wishes to place it in the hands of every sick person in this country, that he may be restored to perfect health and strength. Write your letter present when you write, and address it to Professor Adkin 114 N. Address for favor Thos. F. Adkin, care 630, Rochester, N. Y.

The King is very particular about his notepaper. He likes it to be of rather a peculiar shape, more square than oblong, and to be very simple in style. It is engraved with Sandringham or Marlborough House in raised letters, with a crown above the address. At present the letters are in black, but formerly they used to be in gold, or black with red capitals.

A Well-Known Beachville Lady Cured of Catarrh in its Worst Form After Years of Suffering.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES

There are hundreds of so-called catarrh cures, but those who have tried them all proclaim Japanese Catarrh Cure the only real and permanent cure.

Miss A. Nott, Beachville, Ont. writes:—"I feel so grateful for the invaluable benefit derived from Japanese Catarrh Cure that I would like to make this wonderful medicine known to all who suffer from this most loathsome and disagreeable disease. I had catarrh for years. There was almost a constant dropping in my throat, and my breath was very offensive to others. Nothing I could get gave me any permanent relief until I used Japanese Catarrh Cure. I used in all six boxes, and it worked wonders in my case. I have not now the least symptom of catarrh, and cannot praise this remedy too highly."

Japanese Catarrh Cure is the only permanent and guaranteed cure for catarrh. All druggists sell it, 50 cents, or in tablet form, postpaid, by The Griffiths & Macpherson Co. Limited, 121 Church St., Toronto.

"None knew thee but to love thee, none named thee but to praise."
It is singular that some of the most beautiful poetry ever written is applicable to

MONSOON

CEYLON TEA.

WILLING TO WORK.

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "I'm willin' to work fur me dinner."

"You are ?"

"Yes'm. Dat dog o' yours has nipped me two or three times a season regular fur the last three years. I'm ready fur revenge, an' I want to make it something disagree ble, somet'ing dat will harrow his feelin's; somet'ing dat would humiliate me furever if I was him. Lady, if you'll gimme a bar o' soap an' a pan o' water, I'll wash de dog."

LONDON WATER COMPANIES.

Profits amounting to nearly a million sterling were realized during the last twelve months by the various water companies of London. There are nine of those corporations, of which the wealthiest is the New River Company, with a profit to its credit last year of over £263,000. Only in two cases did the profits fall below £100,000, these being the Chelsea Company, with a balance on the year's working of £90,012; and the Southwark and Vauxhall Company, with a profit of £65,841.

He—"The articles in the newspapers about the danger of contagion from kissing are very alarming. Don't you think so?" She—"Well, perhaps; but we women admire courage in a man."

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Sydney, C.B. C. I. LAGUE.

I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
CHARLES PLUMMER.
Yarmouth.

I was cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Mrs. De Mover—"Good gracious! This is the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech!" Maid—"They're your own children, mum." Mrs. De Mover—"Are they? How the little darlings are enjoying themselves!"

IT CAN'T BE TOLD OFTEN ENOUGH THAT

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA

Is unsurpassed for Richness of Flavor and Purity. One trial will prove it. Lead packages, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

SWEET ORANGES

A box of sweet Sonora Orange for $1.50. Special prices in lots of 5 or more boxes. We have 150, 176, 200, 216 and 250 sizes.

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Toronto.

If any Potatoes to sell in car lots quote lowest price f.o.b.

Proprietor — "Mrs. Marmaduke Flinthammer seems to be a perfect lady." Assistant—"Indeed she is. Why, she never asks the price of a thing she buys."

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

Cholly—"Yaas, sewewal years ago I fell deeply in love with a girl, but she wejected me—made a wegular fool of me." Molly—"And you never got over it?"

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Vasta is the most brilliant of the smaller planets. It is visible to the naked eye. Its diameter is 300 miles only, and its surface is but a ninth of Europe.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The last great Indian famine affected 54 million people, and was caused by a deficiency of 11 inches in the rainfall.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

There are four classes of roads in France, 50ft., 40ft., 33ft., and 25ft. wide.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Marbles used in Britain are imported largely from Italy, France, Belgium, and Africa. Sicilian is the cheapest and commonest.

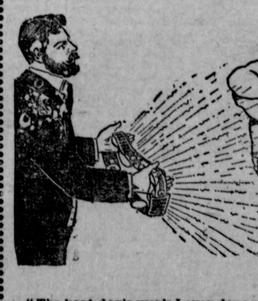
Stop the Cough and works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Of the 100,000 million pounds of fibre annually produced in the world for manufacturing purposes cotton amounts to over half the total amount.

RHEUMATISM

Cured without Drugs, Plasters or Liniments

NO CURE, NO PAY



There is no need to suffer torturing pains and ruin your stomach with drugs when you can be completely cured in from one day to a few weeks. Read the evidence:—

"I was suffering from rheumatism all over my body before I got your Belt and in three months was entirely cured."—William Aldons, 214 Christie street, Toronto.

"I am glad to say that my rheumatic pains are gone and I have not had a lame back since I put the Belt on."—Joseph Little, John, Markdale, Ont.

"The best day's work I ever done was to come to Toronto see you, as it was a new start in life. I was nearly drawn double with pain, but there is not a trace of it left."—S. Nickerson, Niagara Falls South, Ont.

"I am pleased to tell you that I am well, and that after giving your Belt a fair trial I am completely cured of rheumatism."—Henry Hale, 205 Bay street N., Hamilton.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

Stops the pain, frees the blood from uric acid and gives strength to the pain-worn muscles and nerves. It is the only Belt that doesn't burn or blister. It also cures Nervous Disorders, Weak Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, Liver, Kidney and Bowel Troubles, "Come-and-Go" Pains and that Tired Feeling after every other treatment has failed. I guarantee a cure if I say it will cure. I don't ask any one to take chances on my invention. It doesn't cost you anything if it fails.

CALL TO-DAY. Consultation free.

FREE BOOK. If you can't call send for my 80-page book, which tells of my method of treatment and testimonials from the cured. Sent, sealed, free. Address, enclosing this ad,

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EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND

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BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
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WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING. J. L. JONES ENG. CO. 10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

Destined By Fate.

The waiter ostentatiously placed the small bill before her.

"One and a penny, please, Miss."

Raymond Hillyard, handsome and distinguished looking, sitting opposite, glanced up with an assumed lazy indifference and resumed eating.

The waiter was busy whisking about his napkin preparatory to being paid.

"Some more coffee, please," said the girl. "I'll remain a little longer."

The man disappeared, shortly returning with the order.

She began to sip her coffee very slowly. Her table companion had ample opportunity of studying her. What he saw was this:

A broad, smooth forehead, with dark hair clustering in rebellious curls around her temples; a pair of deep gray eyes, with long lashes; a short, straight nose; a dear little mouth, and a rather square jaw, which showed resolution and determination. The hands, small, well-kept and shapely, were devoid of rings.

"Let me see," he mused, "the hat cost one and sixpence three farthings, and is home trimmed, very neat, and suits her. The blouse was four and eleven off the peg, and the lace round the collar could be bought at any cheap milliner's for seven three farthings the dozen."

"Waiter, one omelette aux fines herbs," he said suddenly to the man who hovered round like a phantom bat.

He vanished like lightning. A few minutes later the proprietor strolled up to the table, glanced suspectingly at the girl, coughed once or twice, then said:

"We shall be closing very soon, madam. Are you expecting a friend?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I won't wait much longer."

The waiter appeared again and added the coffee to the bill.

"Thank you," said the girl, "you needn't stand here."

The waiter withdrew. Hillyard smiled and began his omelette, which had been brought to him.

"Pardon me, but I believe I am right in saying that you haven't got the money with which to pay your bill," put in Hillyard at last, in a low tone. "The manager, I fear, is of the same opinion."

For a moment her eyes flashed indignantly; the mouth quivered.

"How dare you speak to me like that?" she said. "What do you take me for?"

"I take you for what you are—a lady," he answered gently.

This answer flabbergasted her for a moment. She could not meet his scrutinizing gaze.

"Pray allow me the favor of adding your bill to mine," he continued, calmly. "You must admit that you are in an awkward corner, and that your friend is a myth."

The waiter, somewhat agitated, drew near again.

"Curacoa," he ordered sharply, and the gentleman with the napkin disappeared with remarkable celerity.

"Really," stammered the girl, "I—I—don't know what you mean."

"I mean what I say," he answered firmly. "I will repeat it again if you wish. I don't believe you have the money with—"

She motioned him to desist.

"Hush! hush! You have no right to say that. Don't please don't."

Her earnest entreaty compelled him to stop.

"You cannot deny that I am right?" he demanded, in a manner that plainly showed he would have a direct answer.

Her face went a deep crimson.

"Yes, you are right," she replied at length, but with a great effort.

"It was very, very wrong, I know, but I was so—so hungry, and I thought that—"

"That it was possible you would meet with a good Samaritan," put in Hillyard, accurately divining her thoughts. "A very risky game to play. Suppose you had not met me—what then?"

She laughed uneasily.

"But you see I did meet you."

"Yet you seem very reluctant to allow me to add your bill to mine."

The color flamed her cheeks again.

"It must be a loan," she declared, emphatically. "I came in here in sheer desperation. You don't know what it is to be poor, and oh, so hungry."

"Yes, I do," he answered quietly.

"I am so sorry," she whispered gently. "I did not know. I had no idea. I never thought—"

"Pray don't apologize," he interrupted, again assuming his lighter vein. "If you are really sorry you will pass me your bill."

"Believe me," she replied gratefully, handing him the flimsy bit of paper. "I am truly grateful. Fortune has not been too kind to me of late."

"Nor to me," said Hillyard. "Dame fortune is a fickle jade, and has to be treated accordingly. Woo her too much, she often turns and rends you. Treat her with indifference and she will veer round and fawn upon you."

"She has, at any rate, been good to me to-night," said the girl. "One moment. I shall consider this bill a debt of honor. Where can I send you the amount? It—it is not too much, is it?"

"Too much for you to pay now, though," he answered laughing.

He produced his card, which bore his name and address. She put it carefully in her purse.

"I will send you the amount to-morrow," she declared.

Hillyard smiled.

"To what address shall I write an acknowledgment?"

"Oh, Miss Delling, care of Malley's library, Westminster Bridge road," she replied hurriedly. "There will be really no occasion to reply," she hastened to add.

Hillyard made a careful note of the address.

The account was settled. As they quitted the shop the manager bowed and smiled in a manner that baffles description.

"May I see you to your door?" asked Hillyard.

"No, I would rather you did not, thank you."

"Then I insist on seeing you into a cab."

"No, I really—"

"Come, I insist."

And before she could make further remonstrance he had hailed a hansom. He put her inside and handed the man two shillings.

"I have paid your fare. Where to?"

"I will tell the cabman, thank you."

"Certainly," he said rather coldly. "If that is your wish." He raised his hat. "Good night."

"Thank you, oh, so much for your goodness. Good night."

In another moment he had gone.

"Hillyard, congratulate me," cried Fairleigh, a handsome young fellow, overflowing with good spirits, hurrying into his friend's comfortable chambers. "I'm engaged."

"I do congratulate you most heartily," returned Hillyard, warmly. "Who is the unfortunate lady?" he inquired, smiling.

"A Miss Cunningham whom I met last summer at a friend's house. The best girl in the world, I assure you."

"They are always that," answered Hillyard, quietly.

"Oh, you needn't be so beastly sarcastic," put in Fairleigh, "just because you've never been in love."

"How do you know that?" asked Hillyard.

"Because you're not a lady's man at all."

"No. Perhaps not," said Hillyard.

He was thinking of the girl whom he had met at the restaurant. Had he made such a bad impression on her? He knew she had made a great impression on him. In short, he had fallen in love at first sight.

"Here, let me show you her portrait," rattled on Fairleigh, taking a small photo from his letter case. "There, isn't that a sweet face?"

"Very," declared Hillyard, but with a touch of bitterness, for he realized that all the sunshine had gone out of his life, for the face he gazed at was the face of the girl whom he had befriended.

"It is just my ill-luck," he muttered.

"What's that?" asked Fairleigh, sharply.

"Nothing, nothing. I hope you will be very happy."

"I'm sure we shall. Ta-ta, old man, I must be off now. I'll look in again soon."

"No wonder she gave the name of Delling," mused Hillyard bitterly.

He extracted a postal order from his pocket for one and five and a short note, which ran:

"With Miss Delling's sincere thanks."

"Perhaps," he thought, "I ought to tell young Fairleigh. But no; it would compromise the young lady. Better leave it as it is. I may be wrong."

Then he sat down to write an article, and by the time he had posted it to his typist it was 9 o'clock, so he went to the restaurant where he had met Miss Delling.

Needless to say, he ate his meal in isolation.

Three months passed away. Hillyard was unable to find any trace of Miss Delling, though he had visited Malley's library many times. Fairleigh had gone to the country pending his coming marriage. Hillyard still kept his secret.

It was a strange fate that one day led him to visit his typist's to call for a manuscript which he especially wished for. But when "Miss Delling" came forward in answer to his enquiry Hillyard was completely taken aback.

"You have certainly succeeded admirably in keeping out of my way," he stammered. "Allow me to congratulate you on your engagement to my friend Fairleigh, Miss Cunningham."

The girl was visibly agitated.

"How did you find out my name was Cunningham, and who told you I was engaged?"

"My friend showed me your portrait."

"There is some mistake," she whispered hurriedly. "Years ago my father left Ireland for England, taking with him my twin sister, leaving me with my mother in America. My father died, and shortly after, my mother. My name is Cunningham and I have been trying for months to find the whereabouts of my sister. None will ever know what a struggle I have had for existance. Can you help me learn whether your friend is engaged to my sister?"

"Believe me, I will do all I can."

returned Hillyard. "Give me three days. This is Tuesday. Will you meet me at the restaurant on Friday evening at 7?"

She smiled an assent.

They dined together on Friday—a happy pair. Fairleigh was indeed engaged to Miss Cunningham's twin sister, and all the mystery was cleared up.

"But why did you not give me your proper name?" asked Hillyard.

"You—you see you were quite a stranger to me. I thought it was better we should not meet again," she answered shyly.

"The Fates have thought otherwise," he said smiling. "Fate has brought us together again. This time you will have no hesitation in adding your bill to mine?"

There was a pause.

"Dearest," he whispered, ever so softly, "won't—won't you add your life to mine, for me to keep always; for better or worse, till—"

Their eyes met. It was enough.

PROTECTED.

Brave Act of the British Consul at Chile.

In recalling incidents of international courtesy, when British and Americans have supported each other, a writer in the Boston Transcript tells the following story which came from an American sailor who had landed at a port in Chile.

The men had gone ashore and become somewhat hilarious, and one of the police officers, instead of warning him not to make a noise in the street, drew his sword and knocked him down. The American got up, and promptly knocked the policeman down in return. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to be shot the next morning.

Mr. Loring, the American consul, expostulated with the authorities, saying that it would be monstrous to put a man to death for such an offence; but they paid no attention to him. On the day specified the sailor was brought out and pinioned, in readiness for execution.

The English consul, preparing to hoist the Union Jack, saw a crowd in the field opposite, and realized that the execution was about to take place. He rushed over to the American consul, and cried:

"Loring! You're not going to let them shoot that man?"

"What can I do?" was the answer. "I have protested against it. I can do no more."

"Give me your flag!" cried the Englishmen.

With the two flags in his hand, he ran to the field, elbowed his way through the crowd and soldiery, and reached the prisoner. He folded the American flag about him, and laid the Union Jack over it. He stepped back, and faced the officers and soldiery.

"Shoot if you dare," he shouted, "through the heart of England and America!"

The man was not shot.

THE ONLY WAY.

"I have such a miserable cook," said Dimpleton, "that I've got so that I hate to go home at night. The great question is gradually upsetting the whole household."

Witherby smiled a pitying smile.

"What do you keep her for?" he asked.

"Why, we keep her," replied Dimpleton, "because the chances are the next one will be worse."

Witherby laid his hand on his friend's shoulder. "My dear fellow," he said, "that is the whole trouble. That is the key to the entire question. Householders, as a rule, are too timid or too lazy. I don't know which. You take anything you can get, and suffer, rather than change."

"But," interrupted Dimpleton, with some surprise, "why should we change if it doesn't do any good?"

"The point," replied Witherby, "is this. I've tried it, and know. My method is troublesome for a while, but it pays. I keep on changing until I just get the girl I want. I never engage a servant for more than a week's trial. Then, if she doesn't fulfil my requirements exactly, I try another one. I keep this up until I am satisfied. Of course, while you are doing this, it is more or less upsetting. But it's the only way."

Dimpleton was thoughtful. "I don't know but you're right," he said, finally. "How long have you been trying this?"

Witherby sighed. "About sixteen years," he said.

MILITARY AUTOMOBILES.

The development of the automobile as an engine of war is at present occupying much attention among military authorities in Europe. The English, the French, the Italians, the Germans and the Russians are all at work upon the problem. Several types of military automobiles are being experimented with. In Italy a special form of armored machine has been devised for the purpose of protecting railways in time of war. Some of the German machines are intended for scouting, and are furnished with drawing tables and maps. Others carry Maxim guns and can do a little fighting.

THE OTHER VIEW.

"It seems to me," said the lady with a severe glance, "that the newspapers print some dreadful things."

"Yes," answered the reporter; "it often makes me sad to think that people insist on doing shocking things and compelling us to write about them."

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

THE DAIRY COW.

I believe the Ayrshire, like any other dairy cow, should show first of all a capacity for giving a large quantity of milk, writes Mr. M. A. Scovell. A larger udder when full, which milks out well, is, therefore, the first requisite. In her general make-up she should show that she has a strong constitution and ability to turn her food, above the maintenance ration, into milk. She should be molded strong without being coarse; compact without being pony shaped, and muscular without being fat. And with all she should be attractive and pleasing to the eye. A cow might be an excellent dairy cow, giving large amounts of butter and cheese, and yet be very unattractive. Take, for instance, a raw-boned, long-legged, coarse headed, elephant-eyed cow, with a large udder, but unsymmetrical, with teats on one side, for instance, close together, with one teat much larger than the others, with great divisions between the teats and a hollow space in the middle of the udder, such a cow, in my judgment, does not belong to the show ring. Attractiveness or beauty must therefore play its part in the selection by the judge of prize winning dairy cows.

A cow possessing an attractive head, with eyes wide apart, face covered with fine silky hair and veins prominent, eyes full and lively, with horns characteristic of the breed, a neck long and sinewy, thin, free from loose skin underneath, thin at the junction of the head and tapering somewhat to form the shoulders; wedge-shaped shoulders, showing no surplus flesh, but w'd enough at the chest to show a good heart action; a short, strong, straight back, spine well defined, ribs well sprung; the body deep, especially at the flank, giving strength to hold a symmetrical udder; broad across the hips and level; long from hip to rump; thighs thin and wide apart, to admit of carrying the udder, tail smoothly set on and long; a large, capacious udder when filled with milk, firmly attached to the body, showing well behind and carried well forward, and deep through from side to side, with teats symmetrically placed and wide apart and of a good size, the udder smooth throughout, with the appearance that the milk fills every portion of it; milk veins prominent and apparently filled to their capacity; legs short, showing strength, and set well apart; skin soft and elastic, rich in color and covered with soft, close, wooly or silky hair, is a show cow, and such a cow shows health and strength and dairy capacity, and withal is beautiful, and when she walks around without any apparent effort, with head a little up and notices things without being wild or timid, and with graceful movements, then she becomes attractive and is hard to beat in the show ring.

The first prize Ayrshire cow at the Pan-American possessed most of these qualities in an eminent degree. She showed great dairy capacity, much the largest udder of any cow in the ring, probably a trifle too pendant for the Ayrshire type, teats well placed, body covered with the finest skin, unctuous, loose and elastic, with the finest and silkiest hair of any cow exhibited. She stood with a straight back and not as some did, with their hind legs very much under them and a hump in the back. She is wedge-shaped; has prominent milk veins; is compactly built; has an attractive eye, a beautiful head and manner that were queenly and always attractive, either when standing or walking. If scored by the scale of points adopted by the Ayrshire Breeders' Association in January of this year, it my judgement she would rank above any that stood at first above her in the great ring of great Ayrshire cows at the Pan-American.

FEEDING HOGS.

All farmers understand that hogs grow faster and can be kept more cheaply in summer than during the winter season. Green rape and clover claim and generally get the credit for the cheap pork thus produced. Yet few know that grass and even clover, unless at its best, are far inferior to some other vegetables that may be grown and fed. Turnips and rutabagas are better than grass, but the best root of all to feed to hogs is beets. We always preferred the sugar beet, though all beets contain some percentage of sweet, and even the mangel wurzel, which contains the least, are eaten greedily. The hogs will need other food with them to grow and fatten, and they should have it. When the beets are young the beets, weeded out, where too thick in the rows, should be thrown into the pigpen. After they grow large enough to cook only the roots will be eaten, as the best leaves will be mostly trampled under foot. They make an excellent food with milk and wheat middlings. This ration will make the young pigs grow rapidly, and they will need very little corn or meal to fit them for the butcher.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Those who keep ducks or geese may add to their profits by making the feathers up into pillows and selling them at the stores, thus getting retail prices.

The former is just as much entitled to eat of the fruit of his own hen roost as of his own apple trees. Don't sell all the fowls you raise. Eat some of them.

The leafy branches of the trees are all right for summer roosting places, but a storm-proof house will be more comfortable from now on. Feed is wasted on half-frozen poultry.

There is money in poultry keeping, but it will come only to those who have qualifications for the business and capital to work on. There is no business in which experience, brains, and a certain quality, which for the want of a better term we call gumption, count for more than the poultry keeping.

TO AVOID FIRE.

Many a barn has been set on fire through an upset lantern. The best way to avoid this is to stretch a stout wire across your stable at right angles to the stalls and behind the animals over the walk. Put a ring on it first, however. Fasten a harness snap to the ring. Snap your lantern handle into the snap and move the ring along wherever you happen to be working. Of course make the wire high enough to be out of the way of stock and your head. No kicking the light over, nor setting the barn on fire this way.

FIRST SILK HAT.

Originator of the "Stovepipe" Caused a Scare.

It appears that the ban of the silk hat first was placed upon mankind by one John Hetherington, a London hatter, in the year 1797. It is pleasing to know that Hetherington was promptly arrested. A contemporaneous newspaper account of the affair is as follows:

"John Hetherington, Haberdasher of the Strand, was arraigned before the Lord Mayor yesterday on a charge of breach of the peace and disturbing the public by appearing in a hat required to give bonds in the sum of £500. It was in evidence that Mr. Hetherington, who is well connected, appeared in the public highway wearing upon his head what he called a silk hat (produced), a tall structure having a shiny lustre and calculated to frighten timid people.

"As a matter of fact the crown stated that several women fainted at the unusual sight, while children ran screaming, and a young man, who was returning from a chandler's shop was knocked down by the crowd and had his arm broken. For these reasons the defendant was seized by the guard and taken to the lord mayor. In extenuation the defence claimed that he had the right to appear in a headdress of his own designing."

What was done with the hat and Hetherington is not stated. Not that it mattered much; he had done the fearsome deed; he had invented and introduced the silk hat, and after that nothing mattered much.

DIFFERENCE IN FOGS.

Sea Mist and London Gloom Have Nothing in Common.

The fog of London and the fog of the sea alike discompose traffic, and omnibuses and steamships alike have had to lay to for safety. But while the London fog gets into your inmost room and baffles even the electric light (though the candle comes out triumphant, curiously), the densest fog at sea does not disturb the saloon or the stateroom. Why is that?

The word "fog" has not been traced farther back than the sixteenth century, but the thing was known in the early years of the fourteenth. The commons, with the prelates and barons, met on other occasions to petition Edward I. to cease burning only of dry wood and charcoal, as the growing use of sea coal corrupted the air with its stink and smoke, to the great prejudice and detriment of health. In 1306 the king prohibited the use of coal; heavy ransom and fines were inflicted for disobedience; in the case of recalcitrant brewers, dyers and other artificers the furnaces and kilns were destroyed. But the restriction was evidently relaxed, for in 1308 $250 (probably equivalent to about $4,000 now) was paid to the exchequer for wood and coal for the coronation of Edward II.

ELECTRIC MOTORS.

The great objection to electric motors—that they will not run for enough without recharging—is said to be overcome. Recently in England a circuit of 94 miles was run without recharging, and this done with a battery of 65 cells, with a capacity of [illegible] ampere-hours. The carriage was [illegible] wheeled dogcart, with two motors of two and a half horse power each. The secret of the battery, which enabled it to make such a record was that in going down hill the motors were reversed thus [illegible] dynamos for charging the [illegible] motors. In this way the cu[illegible] was not only saved, but a new current actually generated, rendering the battery stronger at the bottom than the grade [illegible] at the top.

REFORM

"If you take up [illegible] the man with the [illegible] face, what would I'd promise myself to quit drinking."