"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning "Green's August Flower." Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it up as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it, and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

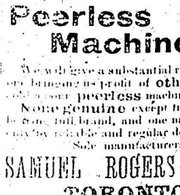
Doubting Thomas.

Vomit Every Meal.

Don't wait till spring is past before trying K.D.C. It cleanses and heals the stomach, invigorates and tones the system. Another tonic needed. Take it now.

K.D.C. COMPANY (LIMITED)
NEW GLASGOW, N.S., CANADA, or 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Mention this paper.
Free sample mailed to any address.

IT IS A GREAT MISTAKE



To think that you must wear wide, ill-looking shoes to have comfort. Our shoes are both every and elegant nice to look at and comfortable to wear.

The J. D. KING CO. Ltd., 79 KING EAST.

HEALTH IS THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS
FOR YOUR BREAKFAST DRINK Royal Dandelion Coffee.
ASK YOUR GROCER.
ELLIS & KEIGHLEY
MANUFACTURERS, TORONTO.

THE MONEY-MAKER KNITTING MACHINE
ONLY $10
ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c.
THIS IS GOOD FOR $2.25 SEND TO GREELMAN BROS, MFRS GEORGETOWN, ONT.

TESTIMONY.

After five years' suffering from Dyspepsia my wife got entirely cured in one month by the free use of

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER.

The happy tranelition is bring-is grand and permanent. We prize it so highly we will take pleasure in answering inquiries.
Joseph Peck,
519 Dovercourt Road, Toronto.
Hotel now open.
M. A. Thomas, Mgr

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO., LTD.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO
445 Yonge

OIL
Your machinery with oil, standard and [illegible]
Peerless Machine Oil
We will give a substantial reward to any oil-[illegible] who can prove it is not a perfect lubricant, and equal to any other oil being sold for the same purpose as our peerless machine oil.
None genuine except them packages bearing our full brand, and one name, and sold by responsible and regular dealers.
Sole manufacturers.
SAMUEL ROGERS & CO.
TORONTO.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
HARVEST EXCUSIONS
From all Stations in Ontario. Return Rates to

Estevan, Deloraine, Moosomin, Broadview, Reston	$28.00
Yorkton, Calgary, Prince Albert, Edmonton	$30.00
	$35.00
	$40.00

TO LEAVE ALL POINTS IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO ON
AUG. 15, return until OCT. 15
AUG. 29, " " OCT. 22
SEPT. 5, " " NOV. 5
Parties ticketing from other points should arrange to arrive at Toronto in time to connect with the 10:15 p.m. train on above dates.

GET ONLY CHAS. CLUTHE'S TRUSS
IMPROVED THE LAST 20 YEARS
NOTHING BETTER UNDER THE SUN
FOR RUPTURE
SEND FOR QUESTION SHEET. ON RECEIPT OF ASKING, WILL SEND YOU LET ME SELECT WHAT IS REQUIRED. PRICE. GOODS ARE SENT BY MAIL, REGISTERED.
CORRECT AND CHEAP.
Send Stamp for Illustrated Book
CHAS. CLUTHE
SURGICAL MACHINIST, 134 KING STREET W., TORONTO

HIS INDIAN BRIDE

A ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

CHAPTER III.

[illegible] THE NORTH.

It was a beautiful day, which was so much in favor of Miss Frank Armour in regard to her [illegible] people. General Armour and his wife had come down from their [illegible] in the fairest train possible, that they might be at Liverpool [illegible] short. They had [illegible] to each other, but when they [illegible] it was of things very different [illegible] question which they expected [illegible] cupboard presently. [illegible] time to spare, [illegible] they naturally looked upon [illegible] more interesting light, [illegible] was an Indian, and this [illegible] from Fort Charles was in [illegible] to such desirable persons [illegible] Mathias. Not that the [illegible] of more money and [illegible] Armour had more natively [illegible] The general, whose [illegible] and circumstances [illegible] had worked out [illegible] accuracy. He had [illegible] in their quiet talk [illegible] that Frank must have [illegible] whom he did it. [illegible] called it a policy of re[illegible] now he was very near the [illegible] arrived at the dock at [illegible] Aphrodite was just making [illegible]

[illegible] General Armour to himself, [illegible] rather than this; for fighting [illegible] peppered 4 kinds, [illegible] rebels, and heretics; but [illegible] was altogether a [illegible] rodomachers never [illegible] the devil's dance at [illegible]

[illegible] honor, who was not quite so [illegible] though, it would be [illegible] grief for, and [illegible] were uppermost in [illegible] determined upon [illegible] could better carry that [illegible] and imperiously than [illegible]

[illegible] he had to herself, no one [illegible] community was shaken, [illegible] our servant with [illegible] been gravely and yet [illegible] mourned that his young [illegible] Indian cheekiness, was [illegible] few family troubles [illegible] to servants half with [illegible] to, whether or not [illegible] cares, certainly men ser[illegible] servants have eyes that [illegible] are that dangers than [illegible] Poulter, the footman, [illegible] When informed of the [illegible] Frank Armour, the [illegible] has face was absolutely [illegible] "Yes, sir," was the [illegible] On the dock Frank [illegible] When the passengers [illegible] to excitement, [illegible] When the general [illegible] impartiable [illegible] servant. So said [illegible] to himself after the event; [illegible] Mr. Townley to herself [illegible] austere as he caught sight of these placards, [illegible] and Mrs. Armour groaned inwardly; but their faces were inscrutable, and they quietly conducted their charge, minus her blanket, to the train which was to take them to St. Albans, and were soon wheeling homeward.

At Euston they parted with Lambert and Mrs. Townley, who quite simply and conventionally bade good-by to them and their Indian daughter-in-law. Lal had grown to like Mrs. Townley, and when they parted she spoke a few words quickly in her own tongue, and then immediately was confused, because she remembered that she could not be understood. But presently she said in halting English that the kind lady or her white friend was good, and she hoped that she would come one time and sit beside her in her wigwam, for she would be glad tell her her husband travelled to her.

Mrs. Townley made some polite reply in simple English, pressed the girl's hand sympathetically, and buried away. Before she parted from Mr. Lambert, however, she said, with a pretty touch of cynicism: "I think I see Marion Armour listening to her sister in-law issue invitations to her wigwam. I am afraid I should be rather displeased myself if I had to be sisterly to a young lady."

"But I say, Mrs. Townley," rejoined Lambert, seriously, as he fottered at the step of her carriage, "I shouldn't be surprised if my Lady Wigwam—a rather apt and striking title, by the way—turned out better than we think. She carried herself uppingly without the blanket, and I never saw a more beautiful hand in my life—but [illegible] added, as his fingers at that moment closed on hers, and held them tightly, to spite of the malignant little effort at withdrawal. "She might be able to give them all points in dignity and that kind of thing, and pay Master Frank back in his own coin. I do not say, after all, that he is the martyr."

Lambert [illegible] got softer, for he still held Mrs. [illegible] finger—the footman not having [illegible] in his eyes—and [illegible] he spoke still more seriously [illegible] affairs of his own, in which he evidently hoped she would take some interest. Indeed, it is [illegible] to tell how far the case might have been pushed, if she had not suddenly looked a little forbidding and impetuous. For even people of no notable height, with soft features, dark, brown eyes, and a delightful little laugh, may appear rather regal at times. Lambert did not quite understand why she should take this attitude. If he had been as keen regarding his own affairs of the affections as in the case of Francis Armour and his Indian bride, he had known that every woman had in her mind the occasion when she should [illegible] and when she should not be wooed; and nothing disappoints her more than a deviation at a time which is not her time. It it does not fall out as she wishes it, retrospect, a clear thing to a woman, is spoiled. Many a man has been set to the pedestal because he has ventured his proposal at the wrong time. What would have occurred to Lambert it is hard to tell; but he saw that something was wrong, and stopped in time.

When General Armour and his party reached Greyhope it was late in the evening. The girl seemed tired and confused by the events of the day, and did as she was directed indifferently, limply. But when they entered the gates of Greyhope and travelled up the long avenue of limes, she looked round her somewhat eagerly, and drew a long sigh, maybe of relief or pleasure. She presently stretched out a hand almost caressingly to the thick trees and the grass, and said aloud, "Oh, the beautiful trees and the long grass!" There was a stirr of birds' wings among the branches, and then, presently, there rose from a distance the sweet gurgling whistle of the mocking-bird. A smile as of reminiscence crossed her face. Then she said as if to herself, "It is the same. I shall not die. I hear the birds' wings, and one is singing. It is pleasant to sleep in the long grass when the nights are summer, and to hang your cradle in the trees."

She had asked for her own blanket, refusing a rug, when they left St. Albans, and it had been given to her. She drew it about her now with a feeling of comfort, and seemed to lose the horrible sense of strangeness which had almost convulsed her when she was put into the carriage at the railway station. Her reserve had hidden much of what she really felt; but the drive through the lids had shown General Armour and his wife that they had to do with a nature having capacities for sensitive feeling; which, it is sometimes thought, is only the prerogative of certain well-bred civilizations.

But it was impossible that they should yet, for many a day, feel any sense of kinship with this aboriginal girl. Presently the carriage drew up to the door-way, which was instantly open to them. A broad belt of light streamed out upon the stone steps. Far back in the hall stood Marion, one hand upon the balustrade of the staircase, the other tightly held at her side, as if to nerve herself for the meeting. The eyes of the Indian-girl pierced the light, and, as if by a strange instinct, found those of Marion, even before she left the carriage. Lal felt vaguely that here was her possible enemy. As she stepped out of the carriage, General Armour's hand under her elbow to assist her, she drew her blanket something more closely about her, and so proceeded up the steps. The composure of the servants was, in the circumstances, remarkable. It needed to have been, for the courage displayed by Lal's two new guardians during the day almost faltered at the threshold of their own home. Any sign of surprise or amusement on the part of the domestics would have given them some painful moments subsequently. But all was perfectly decorous. Marion still stood motionless, almost dazed. The group advanced into the hall, and there paused, as if waiting for her.

At that moment Richard came out of the study at her right hand, took her arm, and said, quietly, "Come along, Marion; let us be as brave as our father and mother."

She gave a hard little gasp and seemed to awake as from a dream. She quickly glided forward ahead of him, kissed her mother and father almost abruptly, then turned to her young wife with a scrutinizing eye. "Marion," said her father, "this is your sister." Marion stood hesitating, confused.

"Marion, dear," repeated her mother, ceremoniously, "this is your brother's wife.—Lal, this is your husband's sister, Marion."

Mackenzie translated the words swiftly to the girl, and her eyes flashed wide. Then in a low voice she said in English, "Yes, Marion. How?"

It is probable that neither Marion nor any one present knew quite the meaning of How, save Richard, and he could not express a smile, it sounded so absurd and aboriginal. But at this exclamation Marion once more came to herself. She could not possibly go so far as her mother did at the dock, and kiss this savage, but with a rather sudden grasp of the hand, she said, a little hysterically,—for her brain was going round like a wheel,—"Wo-won't you let me take your blanket?" and forthwith laid hold of it with tremulous politeness.

The question sounded, for the instant, so ludicrous to Richard that in spite of the distressing situation, he had to choke back a laugh. Years afterwards, if he wished for any momentary revenge upon Marion (and he had a keen sense of wordy retaliation) he simply said "We won't you let me take your blanket."

Of course the Indian girl did not understand, but she submitted to the removal of this uncommon mantle, and stood forth a lean trying sight to Marion's eyes; for, as we said before, her buckskin costume set off softly the good outlines of her form.

The Indian girl's eyes wandered from Marion to Richard. They wandered from anxiety, doubt, and a bitter kind of reserve, to cordiality, sympathy, and a grave kind of humor. Instantly the girl knew that she had in eccentric Richard Armour a frank friend. Unlike as he was to his brother, there was still in their eyes the same friendliness and humanity. That is, it was the same look that Frank carried when he first came to her father's lodge.

Richard held out his hand with a cordial little laugh, and said "Ah, ah, very glad, very glad! Just in time for supper. Come along. How is Frank, eh? how is Frank? Just so; just so; pleasant journey, I suppose?" He shook her hand warmly three or four times and, as he held it, placed his left hand over it and patted it patriarchally, as was his custom with all the children and all the old ladies that he knew.

"Richard," said his mother, in a studiously neutral voice, "you might see about the wine."

Then Richard appeared to recover himself, and did as he was requested, but not until his brother's wife had said to him in English as they courteously drew her towards the staircase, "Oh, my brother Richard, How?"

But the first strain and suspense were now over for the family, and it is probable that never had they felt such relief as when they sat down behind closed doors in their own rooms for a short respite, while the Indian girl was closeted alone with Mackenzie and a trusted maid in what she called her wigdam.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DANGEROUS DERELICTS.

Fifty Vessels Roaming Around the Atlantic Without Crews.

There are, according to the most recent official reports, fifty derelict vessels floating in the Atlantic Ocean that are regarded as dangerous to navigation. The larger number of these abandoned hulks are in the sailing route south of the equator, and the record of their movements shows that they cross and recross the track. Some of them have made long journeys since they were deserted by their crews, who took refuge in some passing vessel when their own craft threatened to sink or had become hopelessly unmanageable or waterlogged and unmistakably shows that they have travelled near the regular ocean track in an almost unbroken record of their wanderings as reported and sketched on the Atlantic pilot charts. One of the latest of these well-known ocean wanderers heard from is the bark Ocean, which originally appeared just north of the southern track of the western bound steamers in September. It has since been reported in several different parts and has gradually drifted south, almost on the sailing route from the equator. The last report previous to its recent sighting was in March, since which time it has taken a northwesterly course toward the Bermudas, and was seen in about longitude 60 and latitude 30 on May 30. The schooner Fannie E. Walston, which was abandoned on October 15, 1891, off the Delaware coast, was also reported a few days ago. She drifted half way across the ocean by the following June, and then retraced a part of her course by a series of circles, and after a southerly drift was last heard of in May down in the northeast trades. Near the Walston was seen last was also the schooner May Gibbons, which has been drifting since August 22, 1892, when she was abandoned in a Newfoundland fog. Some of the abandoned vessels have valuable cargoes of lumber, and could they be towed to port would prove rich booty. One of the most notable of the derelicts, whose journeyings were well recorded, was the Maine schooner W. L. White, which, after being abandoned off Delaware Bay in March, 1888, after ten months and ten days, arrived off the northwest coast of Scotland and went ashore at Stornoway, having traversed 5,000 miles of ocean and been reported forty-five times by passing ships.—[New York Evening Post.

The Seven Wonders of Corea.

A Chinese paper describes the seven wonders which Corea, like unto other Oriental countries, possesses, and which played a conspicuous role in antiquity. The Corean "wonders" consist, first, of a hot mineral spring near Kim Shant'o, which is capable of curing sickness and diseases of all sorts. The second wonder is the two wells, one in each end of the peninsula, which have the peculiar characteristic that when one is full the other is empty. The water of the one is intensely bitter, that of the other has a pleasant and sweet taste. The third wonder is a cold cave from which there issues constantly an ice-cold wind, with such force that a strong man is unable to stand up against it. A pine tree which cannot be cut down constitutes the fourth wonder. No matter what injury may be done to the roots the young trees spring up again like the phoenix from its ashes. The most remarkable, however, is the fifth wonder—the famous hovering stone which stands, or rather appears to stand, in front of a palace erected to its honor. This is a massive rectangular block, free on all sides. Two men standing, one at each end, can draw a cord underneath the stone, from side to side, without encountering any obstacle. The sixth wonder is a hot stone which has been lying from time immemorial on the summit of a hill and evolving a glowing heat. The seventh Corean wonder is a sweating Buddha. This is guarded in a great temple, in whose court, for thirty yards on all sides, not a single blade of grass grows. No tree or flower will flourish on the sacred spot, and even wild creatures are careful not to profane it.

A Probable Cause of Baldness.

It has often been noticed that premature baldness is a great deal more prevalent among men than women, and the following extract from a Paris paper would seem to imply that is because men resort to barber shops to prevent shaving and occasional hair cutting, while women rarely submit their locks to a professional dresser:—"When the young men of the Arondissement went last week to draw lots for military service, the authorities were aghast at the number of lads who presented themselves, each one balder than the other. An enquiry was opened, and the men were questioned as to how this state of things came about. It was found that they frequented the same barber shop, and that this wonderful fall of hair was due to their having been dressed by a barber who did not keep his scissors and brushes sufficiently clean. By the orders of the Prefect of the Seine Dr. Lancereaux made a complete study of the subject, and has just presented a report to the Department Council of Hygiene, from which it appears that contagious affections for the scalp are very easily propagated by the use of dirty brushes, and above all the use of "clippers" that are employed to cut the hair very close. These "clippers" are so difficult to clean that their use must always be attended with risk."

It may be reasonably supposed that the frequency with which so many men submit their hair to be dressed in a barber's shop, the daily or every other day shave, may fully account for the discrepancy in the conditions respecting baldness which is characteristic of the sexes.

BOWSER'S ICE-CREAM TROUSERS.

Family Jar Which Grew Out of a Tailor's Obedience to Instructions.

When Mrs. Bowser opened the package and discovered a new pair of summer trousers for Mr. Bowser she straightway began to wear herself for the inevitable and to also rejoice and be thankful that he had not ordered a whole suit at the same time. It was not until after dinner that evening and after she had observed that he was in an unusually pleasant mood that she casually observed:

"By the way, the tailor sent home a new pair of trousers for you this afternoon—that is, I suppose they are for you."

"Did, eh? Let's see how they look. I happened to see the pattern in his window, and I took a fancy to it. How do you like it?"

"It's a very handsome pattern, and the material seems to be excellent. What's the matter?"

"By the great horn spoon and Gen. Jackson!" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he held the garment at arm's length, "but the human hyena has changed patterns on me!"

"That's hardly possible. When did you select them?"

"Four or five nights ago."

"By electric light, then. Of course they wouldn't look quite the same by daylight, but I certainly admire your taste. You never selected a more—"

"If he has changed on me I'll hunt him to his grave!" interrupted Mr. Bowser. "I never selected that pattern—never! Why, woman, I'd be ashamed to be found dead with those things on! The coroner's jury would take me for a bunko man or a horse jockey! To-morrow there will be a dead tailor in this town, and don't you forget it!"

"He may have sent the wrong bundle, you know," pleaded Mrs. Bowser. "My dressmaker did that last week, you remember. You'd better run upstairs and try them on anyway. Why, they are yours, of course. Here's your name written on the waist band."

"I'll try them on," replied Mr. Bowser, as he held them in different positions, "but woe unto that son of the goose if he has tried any gum game on me!"

He disappeared upstairs, and during the next five minutes Mrs. Bowser got the baby out of the room, set the chairs back against the wall, and made other preparations for the coming hurricane. She was trying to still her bounding heart when Mr. Bowser softly entered the room. He had his coat and vest off and was in his stocking feet. He was as pale as a dead man, and his eyes had a sixty-candle-power blaze in them. Only once before had she seen him look that way, and that was after trying for half an hour to button a No. 15 collar around a No. 17 neck.

"Why, they fit you beautifully," she said as he came to a halt before her.

"No answer, but the candle power increased to eighteen.

"That tailor is a real artist, and if I were you I'd give him all my orders."

"No answer, but a nervous working of Mr. Bowser's ears.

"The pattern is a beautiful one for spring and summer, and the goods are surely imported."

Candle power increased to twenty, while a deep red flush suddenly showed on Mr. Bowser's neck.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Bowser, "you've got an elegant piece of goods and a perfect fit, and I congratulate—"

"Do you take me for a three-story idiot?" howled Mr. Bowser, suddenly breaking loose like a weak spot in a reservoir. "Perfect fit! Look at 'em! I told that German prate not to go above 17 on the lines, and what has he done? There's room there to stable a mule in!"

"They don't look to me to be over 17½. You must have room to bend your knees."

"Don't look to you? Are you blind? Have you had forty years' experience in trousers? It's a mile and a half around that knee if it's an inch! I told him to spring the bottoms. Did he do it? I might as well stick my legs into a pair of coffee sacks. Look at 'em! Length! By the pops of the piper, but if I had that tailor here I'd send him to atoms! He's made the legs for a pair of 19 feet high!"

"The bottoms scarcely touch the floor," ventured Mrs. Bowser, "and when you have your shoes on they—"

"Shoes, eh?" what has that cold blooded villain of a tailor got to do with my shoes on or off? Scarcely touch, eh? Why, they drag on the floor four feet behind me!" Mrs. Bowser, where's my revolver?"

"On the shelf in your clothes closet, but please don't do anything rash!"

"It will be nothing rash. It will simply be an act of justice. I will take three mouthfuls of opium and six of twenty-four bullet into them. Then I will hunt for that villain and fire forty-eight bullets into his obsequious heart! If I can not hunt by midnight you needn't sit up any longer."

But Mr. Bowser didn't do any shooting. After about a quarter of an hour he came downstairs and sat down to read his paper, and next morning, when he got up he cut into his new trousers and wore them off down town without a complaint. It was simply his way most every man's way. He just wanted to ventilate himself, as it were, and having done that to his own satisfaction everything was all right. It was only two days later that he said:

"Here is another proof that it pays a man to be the square thing. Three fifteen cent men have asked me who made those trousers, and I've sent each one of them to my tailor to give him an order."

M. Quad.

"HE WAS IN IT."

Judge Monroe So Decided In Favor of Kelly—An Interesting Suit.

John J. Kelly vs. People's Bank et al. Plaintiff began this suit by seizing a lottery ticket, one-twentieth of a whole ticket which had won $15,000 and had been forwarded to the People's bank for collection, and in which he claimed one-fourth interest as owner. By consent, the ticket was cashed, and the unclaimed three-quarters were withdrawn, leaving the contested one-quarter, which was also claimed by Jno. W. Fenlow under control of the court.

The parties live in St. Louis, and have been quite comfortable. In 1891 Fenlow, Kelly, Northerman, Cooper and Connors formed a quiet club, and on three or four occasions purchased five fractions of lottery tickets, and fractions costing $1 each and each member contributing his proportion of the price, was equally interested in the winnings. Fenlow generally was charged with purchasing the tickets, and held them until the drawing.

The members usually paid their contributions before the drawings, and Fenlow paid the lottery ticket vendor.

In April, 1892, they invested (Connors had dropped out). All paid except Kelly, who had agreed to pay his dollar on the day preceding the drawing.

The tickets had been selected by Northerman. There was no further intercourse between the members of the club until after the drawing on Tuesday, April 12, when it was learned that one of the four tickets had won $15,000. The tickets have been paid for by Fenlow, and the question for the court to decide is whether Fenlow paid for account of Kelly, one dollar, or whether it was for his own account. The day after the drawing Kelly tendered his dollar, but was told he was "too late" and that he was "not in it."

The court concluded that Fenlow gave Kelly to understand that he (Fenlow) would see that Kelly's interest in the ticket would be paid for.

It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that there be a judgment in favor of John J. Kelly and against John W. Fenlow decreeing Kelly to have been the owner of an undivided one-fourth interest in the lottery ticket, and that plaintiff receive and collect $3,750, representing the one-fourth of the proceeds of the lottery ticket now on deposit.—[New Orleans, La., City Item.

Great Diamond Robbery at the Cape.

From South Africa particulars are received of a great diamond robbery from De Beers Consolidated Mines Company at the Cape, and of the arrest and conviction of the thief. The name of the prisoner was Wm. Lawrence Candale, and he had been in the employment of the De Beers Company as a guard at their convict station. He had been suspected, and a trap was laid for him by a fellow servant, who offered to sell him two rough and uncut diamonds. Candale purchased the stones, and was arrested for a breach of the third section of the Diamond Act. After his arrest the prisoner admitted having been systematically purloining diamonds and disposing of them to a receiver in Natal. He handed over to the company deposit receipts for £4400 in the Standard Bank of East London and in the savings bank at Kimberley, the proceeds of his thefts, and he further admitted having sent £1000 to his mother. It was stated the prisoner was receiving £3 a week as guard, and he had been for four years in the pulsator department at £5 a week. The court which consisted of two judges, convicted the accused on his own confession, and sentenced him to seven years, with hard labour.

AGRICULTURAL.

Wild Mustard.

Wild mustard, botanically known as Sinapis arvensis, is a widely spread plant, runs wild in the fields of the West, and is a most pestiferous pest, for the reason that its seeds, once in the soil, cling to the land for years. It is so well known from its turnip-like leaves and yellow flowers that no further description seems necessary. When it once gets permanent lodgment in fields it is good evidence of slack farming.

A bulletin of the Ontario Agricultural College says of this plant that it will grow in any kind of land, but not equally well. It is most at home in friable limestone soils that possess good drainage, but it will also grow in great luxuriance on prairies containing much humus.

It grows vigorously in all kinds of grain crops sown in the spring, and it usually ripens its seeds before the grain is ripe amid which it grows.

Wild mustard is propagated by means of various agencies. Some of the seeds are carried by birds, but usually they find their way to new centres in seed grain. The thresning machine carries them from farm to farm. They are also carried in the droppings of cattle and in the manure.

The following are among the more effective modes of fighting this weed:

1. Drop out of the rotation, as far as possible, the spring crops amid which the mustard grows, until the infested fields have been subjected to a cleaning process. Grow hoed crops at the same time to the greatest extent possible.

2. Grow rye followed by rape. Follow the rape with barley or spring wheat sown with grass seeds. If the mustard plants are not too numerous, remove them by hand, otherwise cut the crop for fodder before the mustard is ripe. Where necessary, follow the meadow or pasture as the case may be, with a crop of corn, managed as described in section 3, given below. Spring grains sown with grasses should follow the corn.

3. Give careful attention to autumn cultivation. This reduces the number of the seeds in the upper layer of the soil. Plow deeply before winter for the sake of the crop that comes after, and to expose another section of the soil. Cultivate carefully in the spring until time to plant corn or to sow rape. Follow the hoed crop with spring grain sown with grasses. If thought necessary, a second hoed crop may follow the first before sowing with grass seeds.

4. Sow with rye in autumn. Cut the rye for hay or ensilage, or plow it under for a green manure. Then cultivate occasionally after the ground has been plowed until the time for sowing winter wheat or rape. The wheat or rye, as the case may be, should be sown with grass seeds. The few plants which may grow in the wheat or rye, may be removed by hand. Whatever method may be adopted at first, hand pulling must be resorted to before the work can be completed.

Trends.

Every day the papers contain accounts of some swindling scheme practiced upon the farmers by smooth fellows with plausible stories. A farmer loses the earnings of a lifetime within a few hours, or a few hundred farmers contribute a fortune to a stranger whose only tonsure is his chief capital. Nearly all farm papers make a point of exposure new scheme as they arise, and they do some good; but it even a stop is put to the movement of money from pockets of rural folk into these crooks' coffers, it will come from a recognition of a principle that seems to escape the comprehension of very many who are credited with good hard sense in the management of every-day affairs.

The principle simply stated is this: Something cannot be gotten for nothing. Easy ways of making money are not being given away to any one. The agents who "snap" hunting takers in this country, have found a scheme wan command millions of money for its promoters without going out side of such centres of wealth as our big cities. Business men are ready to advance large sums of money to back any legitimate invention or other enterprise that is worthy. When investors are willing to put millions of dollars in to any safe concern that will pay five per cent. interest annually, only sinners have to travel over country roads to find capital.

Another point: "County people, no matter how shrewd, can not beat a man at his own game. Who lady is such a Beauty? and yet what community can not point to from one to a poetty half headed farmer, as judged in common business transactions, who at some time in their lives have not imagined that they were outwitting the stranger who left the city with a game to harvest their dollars. Oh, or may be, they only accept the idea that the stranger is too green, or too busy, or too poor to take all the profits, and have picked upon some one to share them. The man who has a good thing goes out riding over the country seeking partners, and the shrewd gentleman with a game under his hands is perfectly. The farmer has the right to think he has the ability to be president of his country, but he cannot be astounding when he imagines that he can come out ahead when dealing with a stranger's little engagement to transfer dollars from farmers pockets into his own.

It is very human, to want something without earning it. This desire is back of all attempts of farmers to avail themselves of the supposed opportunities offered by swindlers. It is nearly akin to dishonesty, and is not commendable. It is natural, however, to admit that there is a laudable side. Men do sometimes get something for nothing, but I conjure you, my reader, who want to get others' money without earning it, to pick out some one greener than you are for a victim, and that one never is the fellow who is living off his own farm and others' capital.

It would be easy to enumerate scores of methods by which town sharpers are deceiving country folk, but of what avail is this? We must go deeper. New schemes are invented as fast as old ones are exposed. The harvest is a rich one, and experts are doing the reaping where they have not sown. We should not want unearned money, but if we do, should we hunt for it? We cannot be gotten from the gentry of which we speak. They are not in the business of their health. They play the farmers for fools, and they persistently prove that their fault is well placed.

The easiest, surest and surest way of late of getting hard earned country money lies in inviting small contributions from the masses rather than in swindling one man out of a little fortune. The dollar town lot in a western desert or Florida swamp, the big prize for guessing a riddle that any ten-year old child could unravel, the mysterious cheap drugs that will double the yield of any one's farm, make honest money, if they produce a hundred per cent. growth of hair on a bald man's head and cure consumption. The scheme to get one dollar each from ten thousand people rather than ten thousand dollars from one man is the popular one to-day. The advertisements are skillfully worded. Not infrequently they consist only of contributions to the press of what appear to be genuine letters from A, B, or C, praising and testifying to the merits of the scheme. Of course the papers can not always detect the fraudulent nature of such letters, but the reader has plenty of time to think the matter over and see that if any drug would double the yield of good butter, a company would corner the article in three days, and the scientists would fill the papers with their discussions of the extraordinary discovery.

All these offers of big salaries and expenses paid for agents—what not! Who does not know that there is a hitch somewhere? Thousands or men in the cities are passing those offices, anxious for work on terms just half as good as those offered. Why not use the judement? No man is appealing for a chance to give us a nice position at good pay. Meager wages will draw double the workers needed in any business. The good watch for fifty cents, the chance to get $500 for a dime, the offer to get anything below the actual value, all these are merely caution signals to any one who stops to think, and who has a thinking apparatus within his anatomy.

The stranger who has a patent right to sell to farmers, the one who wants farmers to sign contracts to receive profits without labor, the one who expects farmers to believe that his promise or written obligation is worth one cent as a guarantee, the one who believes that by offers of something for less than the true value he can swindle the men who earn money—all these will cease to ply their trades only when we recognize the principle that no one will give us something for nothing, nor will he give away to us a chance to make money that he naturally prefers to gather in for himself.—[Practical Farmer.

The Jersey as a Family Cow.

Every year the demand for good family cows is increasing. Never before were as many city people getting homes in the country, some of them for the summer and some for the whole year. Most of these people want a cow, they want a good cow, one that gives rich milk, for almost the first luxury that city people call for when they go into the country, is plenty of rich milk. As a family cow the Jersey stands pre-eminent; she gives rich milk and is a persistent milker, with proper care never going dry, but milking from calf to calf, so that those who keep only one cow have milk all the year, except for two or three weeks. The family cow should be, and usually is, the family pet: the Jersey cow has the gentlest disposition, is easily managed, will allow children to handle her, is easy to milk, and, while she does not at any time yield an extraordinary quantity of milk, she will keep up her yield remarkably well, and, taking the year through, give a supply sufficient for family use. The family cow must not only supply the family with milk, but with butter also, and this the Jersey will do. And, Jersey cream being easily churned, it is an easy matter for those comparatively ignorant of butter-making to manage it in a satisfactory way. This point is too often overlooked, but it is a very important one and should be better known, as also should the fact that Jersey milk is easy to cream, the cream rising under very adverse conditions. The Jersey is a hearty feeder, and, as a family cow, will learn to eat up much of the kitchen waste, such as cordwalks, melon-rinds, potato-parings, etc. Many object to the keeping of pigs, and with good reason, as this kitchen waste is thrown away; the Jersey will use this refuse, and on small country places it counts up in making the feed bill lighter, and consequently reducing the cost of the milk and butter.

Who Need Family Cows?

Every family in moderate circumstances living in the country needs a good family cow; and if the family includes children, the need becomes almost a necessity. The great objection urged against keeping a family cow is the expense, which is supposed by many who are unacquainted with the facts to be heavily overbalance the income, but the reverse can easily be shown to be the truth, taking into consideration the difficulty of buying good milk even in the country, the cost of the same, and often the disappointment in not being able to get it when most needed (all mothers will appreciate this.) I think when the account footed up it will be found that the family cow will prove herself to be a money-maker. But right here comes in the point which decides the question of profit or loss in keeping a family cow, and that is, the kind of cow kept. There can be no question as to whether or not it will pay to keep a poor cow, for it will not; but as to keeping a good cow, there is no doubt as to its being a profitable business from a dollar point of view, and the Jersey has answers this purpose admirably. I speak both from observation and experience; I have been breeding Jerseys long enough to prove their value both for dairy and for family cows. I have sold them to the classes of city people alluded to, and have never heard the first complaint against them.

I have often been surprised at the way the Jersey will persist in keeping up her milk yield in the poorest conditions that had a strong tendency to dry her up, and also how much she relished well-cured hay, or irregular hours of feeding and milking. While it is not a good policy to neglect any cow, yet we all know that when the cow is kept she is not attended to with the same regularity that the cows in the fine dairy are, and the cow that will bear neglect with the least shrinkage of milk is the best cow to keep. The only objection I have ever known to be urged against Jersey milk is that it is too rich to give to babies. In view of the cheapness of water with which to dilute it, I never could see force of this objection.—[Prize Essay by A. L. Crosby.

The End of the Furrow.

The story of American farm life with the above title written for *The Chautauquan* by Theodore L. Flood and Charles Barnard, is completed in the September issue. Incidentally many questions which vex the American farmer are discussed and much light thrown upon the great difficulties under which the farming industry is carried on in many states. The following extract is a characteristic one:

"Here, father, is the spot where I began ten years ago when I left home. You remember you thought me a little fool to set a peach orchard in Delaware. You said there was an easy way to run crop that there was too many peaches when we had a good year and none at all in a poor year. Then, you objected to setting trees as he also objected to setting trees in so many directions. You were partly right, but things change in ten years. Well, to make a long story short, I had a pretty hard row to hoe at first, but I depended entirely on the side of peaches and two big years in succession nearly pained me. Then I got married and that laid the foundation of my fortune."

"How was that?"

"Why, my wife was graduate of a hospital in Baltimore and the first season after we were married was a good year and we had so many peaches that we couldn't sell them and he begged me to let her preserve them and send them to Baltimore to the hospital. She tried it and it worked fine. She sold every bottle of preserved peaches she made and I decided that it didn't pay to use up the winter. Well, the next year I rigged up a kitchen back of the farm and we both went into preserving peaches in glass bottles. We were at first pelted to get good enough peaches. There was fruit in plenty, but she wouldn't touch inferior; it was just right an I prime A No. 1 preacher; and that set me to thinking. We set the use of raising second-class fruit. I had been doing it right along—same as all the neighbors did. Then notion was to get a big lot of peaches and to ship them off as fast as possible for what they would fetch. My wifes notion was to get only the very top best and to preserve it and we had it off, she could get a good price in winter. And that's why I've got the best orchard in this state."

The Late Admiral Tryon.

The Press Association learns that much pain has been caused to friends of the late Admiral Tryon by the suggestion expressed or implied that he was possibly committed suicide. A correspondent writes that connected with the late Sir George Tryon's grave—The Times of Friday refers to the melancholy coincidence of the fact that the Admiral made no attempt to save his own life." Another paper states that the last seen of the Admiral was standing alone on the bridge. Another says the crewman offered him a lifebuoy, which he refused, with his hand over his eyes, and said, "Save yourself." Not one of these statements is correct. The statement of Vice-Commander Hawkins Smith and Lord Gifford before the court martial is the: The last words of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon were:—"Now, youngster, save yourself. To a boat." The next minute the Victoria gave a lurch. Staff Commander Hawkins Smith and Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon were precipitated into the sea. They both disappeared together under the water. The admiral was never seen again. The admiral and the staff-commander went together and, alone on the top of the turret, clung to the capsized. It is untrue that the crewman offered him a lifebuoy. The crewman was at that time barging in the ports of the admiral's after-cabin. Feeling the ship going, he jumped overboard from the stern walk, taking with him a lifebuoy.

Anticipating Things.

The youth approached the father with more or less trepidation.

"So," said the old gentleman, after the case had been stated, "you want to marry my daughter?"

"Not any more than she wants to marry me," he replied, hedging.

"She hasn't said anything to me about it."

"No because she's afraid to."

"Aren't you afraid, sir, more than she is?" said the father, steadily.

The youth braced up.

"Well, perhaps I am," he said, "but as the head of our family, I've got to face it and set the pegs," and the old man smiled and gave his consent.

The Ultimate Sacrifice.

The tramps were trudging along the dusty roads on a hot afternoon, because the harvest hands wouldn't let them stop in the shade to rest, and they had had nothing to eat or drink since the night before.

"Hungry?" asked one.

"Yes, but I'm drier," was the gloomy response.

"What would you give for a nice, cold glass of be