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and then the apples; turn into a tered dish and bake an hour and a quarter. Let it stand in a cool place half an hour before serving. Serve with sugar and cream.

THREE CRANBERRY NOVELTIES.

Cranberry Fritters—Take 1½ cups milk, ½ cup flour, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder. Mix beaten egg and milk together; add sugar, then baking powder and flour. Lastly stir in 1 cup cooked, sweetened cranberries. With a spoon, drop in hot butter on gridiron. Serve with butter and powdered sugar.

Cranberry Suet Pudding—To 1 cup finely chopped suet add 1 cup cooked cranberries (the berries must be very sweet), 1 well beaten egg, 1 cup fresh milk, 1 cup molasses, 3 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, salt and spice to taste. Butter a baking powder can well, pour the batter in it, cover tightly and boil in hot water three hours. Turn out the pudding when done by inverting the can with a jerk. Serve with a hard sauce of butter and sugar.

Cranberry Puffs—Place 1 cup water on fire; into it drop a lump of butter size of goose egg. Let boil, and stir into this 1 cup flour. Stir till smooth. Let cool and then add (1 at a time), 3 eggs, not beaten. Butter a tin and drop with spoon. Bake 20 minutes. Fill the puffs with cooked cranberries, rich with sugar. Serve with powdered sugar.

FOR NEW WIVES.

An easy way of washing up dishes is to have plenty of water and two big bowls. Having scraped the plates and dishes fairly clean, they should be placed in a bowl of very hot water and soda, briskly wiped over with a mop—a small one kept for the purpose—then plunged into the bowl of clear cold water, wiped dry, and placed in the rack or on the dresser.

There should be two or three wiping-cloths, as a damp one leaves smears. Knives should be put into a jug of hot water which covers the blades and not the handles, and after a rinsing they should be wiped and cleaned.

Another couple of bowls—one of hot and one of cold water—will be wanted for the glasses, and the silver can afterwards be washed in the same hot water, dried, and just rubbed with a leather.

As a final touch, when the kitchen has been made quite tidy, wash out the cloths in hot water and hang them to dry. After clearing away the midday meal and cleaning up the housewife should take a jug of hot water to the bathroom, and with this and some good soap thoroughly wash her hands. After drying them on a soft towel, rub them with a little glycerine and rosewater, and then no traces of household work can be seen.

ANKLES MUST BE WARM.

Doctors say that cold ankles kill more women than nerves and diseases together. This may be an exaggeration but it is not too much to say that when the ankles are well protected and kept warm their owners are not likely to suffer from cold.

Stock breeders say that colds can be borne by animals only at an expense of fat or muscle or warm vitality, and so it is with women, said a shoe dealer recently, and yet they persist in wearing thin stockings and thin low quartered shoes long after the summer has passed. But they are improving in this respect, as well as in every other as time goes by. Ten years ago we sold as many low shoes in winter—shoes with an excuse for a sole—as we did in summer. Not so now. When a woman comes in and buys a pair of low shoes in the cold season for outdoor wear, we know that she is one of two things—vain or silly.

KNITTING ROLL.

Cut a pasteboard roll such as pins come in, a little longer than a knitting needle. Cover with any desired material, having the goods long enough at each end to draw up. Fasten one end tight but run in a drawstring at the other end. Decorate in any desired manner. It is very convenient to always know where to find all the knitting and crochet needles.

MATCH SCRATCHER.

Cover a cigar box cover with plush or velvet and glue a fancy shaped piece of sandpaper upon one half. Upon the other half fasten a little wooden barrel such as tacks come in. First glue it in place, then punch two holes in cover and tie a narrow ribbon around center of barrel. Outline sandpaper with small gilt-headed tacks and use the same for a design in each corner.

In the silk factories of Italy the usual work hours are from four in the morning till eight at night, and the wages 12 cents a day.

The latest device of girlhood is a fancy for stuffing pillows with their love-letters. There is one thing about the contents of these pillows that can be depended upon with a marked degree of certainty—they are sure to be soft.

Ma—"You promised me before marriage that you would use every effort to make yourself worthy of me." Pa—"I know I did, and the result was that I overdid it and made myself better than you deserve."

Daughter (after the theatre)—"That play was so interesting I couldn't do a thing but sit and listen to it." Fashionable Mother—"It was abominable the way you watched that play. People must have thought we were from the country."

DOCTOR JACK.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "The Pauline of New York," "Miss Caprice," Etc.

While they talk a Turkish messenger arrives at the door and inquires for Lawrence Kennedy. Larry goes out, and returning a minute later has a slip of paper in his hand.

"What's that?" asks Jack, suspiciously.

"A telegram—sent from the office to me. I left word to have it delivered this a.m. Listen while I read it: 'The train is late—will try to make up time to-day.' That is a good joke. It is due to-night at ten. The chances are it will reach here by to-morrow morning," and Larry laughs merrily, while Jack looks at him in wonder.

"What train is that?" he manages to ask.

"The one that bears the ferocious Turk," comes the startling reply.

"How the duse did you know he was on that train, Larry?" Jack demands.

At this the dude winks, strokes his diminutive mustache to his species, and drawls.

"'Pon 'onah! Jack, you've gwown quite careless of late. Upon my awival here yesterday I found this paper on the table in our room. Putting two and two together make foah, don't ye see, old fellah!" and he flourishes before the eyes of the doctor a slip of paper which the other recognizes as the telegram handed over by the operator at the Hotel de Londres on the previous day, from the chief of police in Paris, telling when the Pasha left that city.

"Ah! I see, you figured it out as well as I. No harm done, Larry, and we are doubly sure, for it never entered my head to wire back along the line and find how the train was coming on."

Jack is well pleased. This incident goes to prove that his opinion of Larry has not been below the mark. The spruce little chap has the making of a diplomat in his way, if he could only be induced to drop the ludicrous habits he has assumed as a swell. Perhaps these are only used to conceal sentiments that he does not care for the whole world to read—a sort of handy cloak such as the chulos flaunt in the face of the bull to divert his attention from an imperiled picador.

While they are yet talking, breakfast is ready, and the ladies appear. Jack fastens his eyes on Avis eagerly and hungrily—he longs to tell her what Mercedes has said and done, but dares not without first revealing his love. It would be pleasant to do this, certain as he is that his affection is turned, but the time and place are hardly fitting. He can wait. If success crowns his efforts the reward will be all the more grateful, while if he fails—well, he cannot see how any mundane affair will interest a dead man.

So they sit down to the meal, served in a half Turkish fashion, and yet very enjoyable to the four who partake.

CHAPTER XXII.

Again Doctor Jack sees a busy day before him. Much has to be done in order that all arrangements shall work together and form one piece of mechanism, of which he himself must be the master key, but Jack finds time enough for an interview with Avis after breakfast is over.

He is guarded in what he says, as he does not want to commit himself just now, feeling that it would be a bid for his services, but try as he will he cannot keep Avis from guessing just how the land lies.

She is filled with wonder and delight at what he tells her concerning Aleck, and plies him with questions he is unable to answer. Then comes the balance of the story, still more remarkable, and now she is very quiet, watching Jack's face, as though it were a window in which she can see his very thoughts exposed.

That Mercedes should either hate or love her is a strange thing, and can only be accounted for upon one hypothesis—the Spanish girl looks upon her in the light of a rival, and a successful one, too, or she would not have committed social harl karl by becoming the wife of the Pasha; thus forever putting herself and Doctor Jack apart.

As this thought comes into her mind Avis realizes the truth. No word of love has as yet passed between this hero and herself, and she is even now, in a dreadful state of suspense regarding his feelings, so it is only natural that, like a true woman, she should be terribly distressed regarding it all, and blush furiously, much to the secret delight of the cruel Jack, who feasts his eyes upon the scarlet cheeks and brow, and fights savagely within his breast to keep from folding her in his arms.

"Avis—Miss Morton—I am off now on business, but if this affair goes through all right I have something I want to tell you. Should it fail, it may as well remain unspoken," and he turns away quickly.

Avis gives one hurried glance around—they are alone in the quaint Turkish parlour, Larry smoking outside the door and watching the crowds swarm past, Aunt Sophie up in her room—so Avis draws a long breath and calls softly:

"Jack—Doctor Evans!"

He wheels immediately and comes to her side.

"What can I do for you?"

"You spoke of a secret; is it very important, then?" shyly.

"It concerns my future—my very life," he answers, looking into her downcast face.

"Well," naively, "you talk of danger—of possibly not wanting to tell it later on. If you are going to be killed, don't you think it would be better to free your mind of this affair beforehand? Besides, you know I would like to remember you had confided in me—it would be a consolation in after years. There—what more can I say—I who have condemned Mercedes—stupid man," and she breaks down in confusion, covering her rosy face with her hands.

Jack takes them gently but firmly down, and holds them prisoner. How they flutter, but there is no attempt at escape.

"Look me in the face, Avis. I have always said I wanted your eyes to be on mine when I told you my secret. I love you, Avis, God alone knows how dearly. This is no news to you. Your heart has told you so before now. I thought it might be best not to speak of this until we had won or lost, but the temptation was too strong. Tell me you love me, my dear girl, it will give me new strength to battle for your brother."

Of course she does. Who could resist such a lover as Doctor Jack? And, forgetful of all else, they sit and talk for half an hour, when Larry puts his head in at the door, and expresses intense surprise at the couple. Jack calls him in and gravely announces the new compact that has been formed, whereat the dude capers around the room on his toes with all the graces of a premier danseuse, and declares himself delighted.

"If I cawn't have Avis myself, 'pon 'onah, there's nobody else deserves her but you, old boy," he cries, slapping Jack on the back patronizingly, at which that Hercules smiles.

Then Jack suddenly remembers how time is passing, and so much to be done. Making love is all very good in its place, but when the war is on, the lover must leave tender scenes for a more opportune period, and face the enemy. So he temporarily says good-by to Avis, and as Larry has good-naturedly trotted outside, of course this gives another opportunity for a kiss—it is really surprising how many such chances arise among lovers.

At last Jack is off. He realizes how hard it is to part from Avis, now that she has given him the right to call her his own true love, but Jack is inclined to be somewhat philosophical, even in affairs of this kind, and grimly sets his mind upon the stern duty in hand.

Nevertheless, many times during the day he is seen to smile when there may be nothing visible to cause such action—his thoughts revert to the morning's scene, and bring him pleasant visions. He already begins to experience the joys of a new life—it seems to him that he could never have more than half lived before.

Nevertheless, he puts in a good solid day's work, and everything he does is carried out well. To follow him on his round would be the best way in which we might ascertain what he managed to perform.

Passing along the street, he enters a bazaar, and is halted by a cry of "Fezes, in the name of the Prophet, fezes." This is the man he desires to see, and soon a bargain is struck—Jack buys a dozen of the Turks' headgear—a ridiculous thing it is, too, warm in summer and cold in winter, with nothing to shade the eyes—still, no one ever comes back from the Orient without a red fez, to be used as a smoking cap, perhaps.

Jack has no design upon the national headgear of the Turks, nor is he endeavouring to get up a corner in fezes, but he bears in mind that he will want a boat's crew from the yacht ashore that night, and if they wear this covering on their heads they may be mistaken for Turks, and thus a false clew given that will be of value later on.

Jack now proceeds to the water's edge. The handsome little Thistledown is riding to her anchor not a hundred yards away, and a whistle attracts attention on her deck. A boat drops into the water and makes for the shore—not pulled by brawny sailors—that day is past among yacht owners, for every well established yacht now has as a tender a twenty-one or twenty-five foot naphtha launch hanging upon davits. If the captain desires to go ashore a match is applied to the generator, a few strokes of the pump given, and by the time the launch drops into the water the motive power is ready that will drive the little beauty at the rate of ten miles an hour through a respectable sea. It is a pleasure to know that these wonderful engines are a Yankee invention, and made right in New York city.

The launch puts for the shore with but one man in her—it is the captain, who has wisely imagined his new master may desire to have a private conversation with him, and where can a better place be found than while driving about upon the blue waters of the quiet Golden Horn?

Jack takes to the idea, and for an hour they glide hither and thither, while the American talks and impresses several facts distinctly upon the mind of the captain—that he is to have a boat rowed by four Jack Tars at a certain point at a particular time, to the minute—the yacht is to be anchored also at a place Jack points out, where a black buoy marks some limit—each of the men is to wear a fez, and look as much like a Turk as possible, and from the time leaving the yacht until on board again, the man who utters a word in English above a whisper will lose all share in the reward, which is to be a liberal one given to all the crew when they are safe beyond the clutches of the Turk.

Having arranged all these particulars with the English captain, Doctor Jack gives the order, and the little launch is headed for the yacht in order that he may see what had been done in carrying out his directions.

An examination causes Jack to feel easier. If Aleck can be gotten on board the yacht in time, he believes their safety is assured, for the hiding-place between the bulkheads has been so nicely arranged that even the most suspicious would not guess its nature. It has the appearance of a large reservoir for fresh water. The ingenious captain has even placed a faucet at one point, with a keg of water on the other side, in order to further the deception.

Jack is not slow to praise the work, and the captain glows with pleasure to find his labour appreciated by his chief. Having made further arrangements with regard to having a boat meet them at Seraglio Point just after dusk, to take the ladies aboard, he goes ashore.

Achmed is his next victim, and a short consultation between the two results in a further advance of the plot. The time wears on apace, and it will not be long ere they may know just how successful the plan is to be, and whether Aleck Morton will escape, or leave his bones to whiten on Turkish ground.

Having nothing more to do at present Jack heads toward the house—he has eaten a meal in the middle of the afternoon, and it now lacks but an hour or so of evening.

Avis is watching for him. There need be no more secrecy between them now, for they have confessed all their little shortcomings to each other, and are even lovers. Jack's mind is full of business, however, and he cannot dally long, no matter how pleasant it may be in the company of this fair girl from over the sea. He asks Avis a question.

"Do you suppose you and Aunt Sophie could get what articles of clothing you may need until we reach Rome, in my portmanteau?"

What a terrible question to ask a young girl desirous of appearing well in the eyes of her lover, but Avis looks him straight in the eyes, and says bravely:—

"Yes, if you will promise not to tire of seeing me in the same dress day after day."

"You look charming in anything. We have no time to lose, dear Avis. Go to your room, and explain to aunty. In five minutes I will have the portmanteau at your door. In fifteen you must have your trunk packed so that I can take it to the railway station, and ship it to Rome, which, I guess, is a possible thing."

"Oh! Jack, what if it should be lost."

"Save your little keep-sakes. As for dresses and millinery, we can replace them at Rome—they may be your wedding trousseau. Now, make all the haste possible, dear girl. Every minute counts."

He goes to his own room, and collars Larry, who is set to work on his own small trunk. For a time great energy is displayed. At the end of the fifteen minutes the two trunks are carried off to the railway station by Jack, who has, through Achmed, engaged a vehicle by the hour. He finds they can be sent to Rome, and that is one load off his mind.

As he returns in the vehicle to the house it begins to grow dusk. The time is near when they must depart. Jack has been wise enough to have Achmed as a driver. Another man might have learned too much and betrayed them finally to the Pasha for a consideration.

Reaching the house, Jack joins in the meal then being served. The ladies have their hats on, and are all ready for travelling. Avis looks anxious but brave, and did Jack call upon her to aid him in his desperate plans she is in a spirit to meet him halfway.

At last they enter the old vehicle—the best Achmed could pick up in Stamboul, where porters carry loads instead of beasts of burden, and donkeys take the place of horses very generally, although many Turkish officers own Arabian steeds.

The ride is a quiet one—indeed, conversation could not be carried on in the lumbering old vehicle, that pitches and tosses terribly.

Avis is content to sit beside Jack. In the darkness he has an arm around her, and holds her hand in his. He does not know whether heaven will be kind enough to let him look on this love of his again, and the thoughts that flock in his mind are solemn ones.

At length the horrible lurching, so like a ship riding out a heavy sea at anchor, ceases, and Achmed comes to let them out. They have arrived, the lights on the water show where various ships are lying at anchor, and Jack eagerly points out one particularly bright gleam, saying:—

"That is our yacht, Avis. We shall take our wedding trip in her," at which she laughs a little, though too serious just now to think of much levity.

The boat is quickly found, the portmanteau and ladies put aboard, a few words exchanged, a low order of "let fall, lads," given, and they separate. Jack draws a long breath of relief—at least Avis is safe from the clutches of the Pasha. He has had a strong idea all along that it is Abdallah's intention to put another nail in Aleck's coffin by scheming to get possession of his sister by fair means or foul, and this accounts for Jack's manifest delight at having cheated the Turkish cure of his prey—yes, thank God, Avis is safe, no matter what happens to him.

So, with something of a light heart he takes Larry with him, and heads in the direction of the pasha's great wall. Achmed is given time to temporarily dispose of the vehicle. Some one is found who will see that the antiquated affair—half way between a Russian drosky and a Parisian cabriolet—is taken back to the owner, who has already been paid for its use.

When the old Turk rejoins them it is close on the time set for action. Larry has just remembered something that annoys him, and hearing the dude muttering, Jack asks the reason.

"I'm a fool," the other replies, shortly.

(To Be Continued.)

Manchester's chimneys emit 30 tons of soot daily, of which analysis show that two tons is oily matter.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

MAKING OF A MODEL COW.

With cows as with buildings, we must have right foundation and right material, coupled with intelligent rearing. In addition, in the case of a cow, we must go back of the foundation and see that the inherited tendencies are right on the side of sire and dam alike.

The writer has found that the sire, when correctly bred, can be depended upon to furnish the size, coloring, conformation and general physical type of cow sought but to the dam, in general, we must look for the transmission of peculiarities of disposition and temperament as well as these characteristics specially related to milk production, such as size and shape of udder and teats, ease or difficulty of milking, duration of producing period, etc. It is sometimes possible to get the model cow when only the sire is right, but the chances for a profit winner are tremendously increased when the dam possesses in full those points and peculiarities of shaping, veining and performance which, with the practical dairyman, count for so much.

Having the sire and the dam to our liking, it is not sufficient to begin with the calf when it first arrives on the field of action in the making of our model cow. We must go back to its conception, and see that dam and sire are themselves in robust, healthy condition. Further, the dam, while carrying our future model cow, must be well nourished on a diet that will promote large and continued quantities of milk and at the same time, develop a strong boned, hearty offspring. Moreover, she must have gentle treatment and freedom from annoyance from dogs or

OTHER IRRITATIONS.

Now, having our calf, we should give it a two weeks' run with its dam, that it may take its nourishment direct and in amounts to suit an immature digestion. During the time its assimilation and healthy action of its various life processes will have become assured, so that when removed from its dam and fed a gradually increasing proportion of fresh skimmed milk in three daily feeds for the month following, no break need occur in its growth and development.

As the whole milk is reduced and the skimmed milk is substituted, a mixture of flaxseed and cornmeal should be fed, cooked, and separated from the milk, in just such quantities as the young calf will safely take with benefit.

When from two to three months old, if the early feeding has been right, all wholesome milk, whether sweet or sour, but not fed interchangeably, will be safe and acceptable grist for the calf's digesting mill, if fed in reasonable amounts. The grain ration may now be given uncooked, and supplemented with a few handfuls of oats and wheat bran for bone and muscle building. Soon after its removal from the dam, a little bright, fine hay will be eaten with benefit, the better to swell its barrel capacity for future action. The milk, or at least milky swill and fresh house slops, should be continued if possible throughout its first winter to prevent the tendency to constipation, which so frequently interrupts the growth of calves during that period.

For its second summer, a good pasture of mixed tame grasses will be ample, with an abundance of pure water, shade and fly protection. During its second winter the feed and care should be provided with special reference to the model heifer's work.

SOON TO BEGIN.

She should have been bred to come fresh at from 24 to 28 months of age, and at no time previous or after should she have been permitted to stop growth and development, nor to have become fat or beefy. Should there be a marked tendency to lay on fat, a mistake has been made in the breeding or ancestry.

During all the early life of the calf it should be handled with gentleness and firmness; and as the time for the advent of the first calf approaches the heifer should be frequently handled and trained, so that the caretaker and dairy utensils will alike be familiar to the young cow.

The training of a heifer to the milking process is not at all difficult if the preparation has been right and the trainer has a good stock of perseverance; otherwise the chances for a permanently vicious cow are almost inevitable. The writer has found that there need be few, if any, vicious or tricky cows if kindness, coupled with firmness and good judgment, is persevered in for a few weeks. The best aids are a free use of warm water and a healing ointment on the udder while it is inflamed and tender, and a secure stanchion fastening for a few weeks. With these assistants ordinarily no strapping or binding is necessary.

Now that our model cow is made and milked, it only remains for the owner or caretaker to continue with careful intelligent treatment until her maximum of profitableness shall have been reached, which should not be until her fifth or sixth year.

WHY KEEP POOR COWS?

Only the rich can afford to keep poor cows, and they don't, and the poorer a man is the better his few cows should be if he is to make a living. To see a poor man keeping poor cows is a sight to make one sigh at the short-sightedness of man. A poor man cannot afford to waste his money on poor cows. Usually we hear it said that the poor man cannot afford to own good cows. This is contrary to all experience. If he can afford to own any he can afford to own the best.

The poor man who refuses to spend the money necessary to purchase a good cow, and finds enough to get hold of a second-grade one must work double time to get any profit, and wait years before he can breed up to a higher standard. It is better to realize at the beginning that the poor man had better put all his money in half a dozen good cows than in a dozen or two inferior ones. In the end he will make more money. The profits of dairying depend entirely upon the cows and the system of raising feed and giving it to the animals. There is nothing else to decide the matter one way or the other. At the Pan-American model dairy there were good, but not fancy bred cows, which made forty dollars profit per year for their owners, after the cost of feed had been deducted, which, by the way, was bought in the market and not raised on the home farm. One good cow will make that profit, a herd of ten or twenty should net one a pretty fair income. This can be done in almost any region where the grass is good and where good methods of farming and dairying are observed.

More can be accomplished, but this is enough to show what some dairies can and are doing.

It matters not so much what kind of breed you have, so long as the animals are adapted to dairying, and they are good representatives of their race. Each animal must be judged on its individual merits, and if not up to the standard it should be discarded. Price does not always measure the value of a serviceable cow. Sometimes high prices are tacked on for certain structural forms and breed characteristics which would not be of any use to the ordinary dairyman.

IMPROPER FEEDING.

To secure maximum profits it is necessary that stock should be fed intelligently for the object in view. Rations should be carefully compounded in order to secure the proper proportion of albuminoids and carbohydrates, or, as it is called, a proper nutritive ration. Animals should be selected for early maturity and fed so as to be ready for market at an early age. The sooner maturity an animal comes, the greater becomes the cost of growth. Again, money is lost by failing to provide green crops for feeding during the summer droughts incident to this country. Horses in many cases are given all the hay they care to eat—a practice not only wasteful but injurious to the animal as well.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

GRAINS OF GOLD.

There is not a moment without some duty.

Temperance is like a tree; its root is for its branches contentment, and for its fruit peace.

Call no man or woman your friend to whom you cannot say, let us both try to make this our beautiful friendship for life or death.

There are two sorts of content—one is connected with exertion, the other with habits of indolence. The first is a virture the other a vice.

Work in spite of yourself, and make a habit of work; and when the habit of work is formed it will be transfigured into the love of work, and at last you will not only abhor idleness, but you will have no happiness out of the work which then you are constrained from love to do.

THE WHOLE WORLD OVER.

CURIOUS FACTS GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS.

Odd and Interesting Events Which You May Never Have Read Before.

Artesian wells made possible the growing of melons in Colorado, crops being successful several years running, and then a sand storm came along and cooked the melon on the trees.

Thirty-five men are continually employed in painting the famous Forth bridge in Scotland. They commenced operations at the south end of the bridge and proceed steadily to paint their way northward; their laborious journey occupying three years, then they begin again.

One of the largest meetings of creditors on record was held in Paris recently in connection with the failure of the Chinese Generale des Familles. The liquidator sent out 85,000 notices, and he had to hire the Trocadero, one of the biggest halls in Paris, for the meeting.

A novel feature of the new municipal electric tramways at Yarmouth, England, which ran their first full daily service a few weeks back, is a telephone line carried under the street standards, by means of which, in case of accident or breakdown, the driver or conductor can, with a portable telephone carried on the cars, at once get into communication with the tramway headquarters.

The Empire of Turkey possesses an extensive system of agricultural banks under Government management, the purpose of which is to furnish small loans to farmers. The capital is provided by a light annual tax to agricultural property. Principal agencies have been established in 65 cities, capitals of provinces (vilayets) or counties (sanjaks), and there are 803 branches in less important places.

A portable street light of great illuminating power is the device of the Westminster County Council for lessening accidents from London fogs. A cylindrical tank eighteen inches in diameter and two feet high is charged with 25 gallons petroleum, and compressed air forces vapor from the oil into a standpipe provided with a burner. On igniting the torch flares up 18 inches to two feet, with a power of 1,000 candles.

Fifteen Philippinos have arrived in Caldwell County, Texas, just south of Austin, and will form the nucleus for a large agricultural colony which will be established there. They come direct from the Philippines, and when they have made homes for themselves they will send for their families. They propose to introduce a number of Philippine agricultural products, which they believe to be adapted to Texas climate and soil.

That the necessaries of life are not costly in Rossland, B. C., may be gathered from the following menu of a dinner at a miners' hotel—Soup, cream, sago; fish, fried salmon; boiled ox tongue with egg sauce; entree stewed lamb; vegetables, mashed potatoes, sugar cane; salad, celery; sweets, apple, custard or apricot pie, tapioca pudding; beverages, black and green tea and coffee.

Liverpool tourists along a well-known track in North Wales may have often remarked an old man who pursues his roadside stone-breaking with an absorption somewhat notable. As a matter of fact, the aged laborer has a retainer from a local geologist, whose collection and his own pocket, he has often simultaneously enriched. Thus humble labor becomes associated with the pursuit of science, and an approach is made to an ideal combination.

In Denmark parish churches can be put up to public auction like any other chattels. Two have just been on the Island of Morsoe. They formed part of the estate of a bankrupt feudal proprietor, and without any sentiment or fuss were just disposed of under the hammer. A post office receiver bought one for 30,000 crowns. The bargain had more to recommend it than some would think, feeling that the proprietor had tithing rights over the parishioners.

Among the perils to which a submarine cable is subject are ocean currents, which swirl against sea-bottom crags, and the attacks of sea monsters, sharks, swordfish, and the like.

Commerce between the United States and its recently acquired territory is rapidly increasing. Shipments to Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Philippines in 1897, the year before the war with Spain, amounted to only $6,773,560. In 1901 they amounted to more than $30,000,000, and in the fiscal year just closed they will amount to about $35,000,000. Shipments to Alaska for the last year are estimated at $15,000,000. These figures are made by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics.

Many Children Out of School

With Coughs and Colds, and Parents Everywhere Are Proving the Wonderful Curative Powers of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

When grown people neglect their ailments and allow them to develop into serious diseases, they have no one to blame but themselves.

With children it is different, because they do not realize the seriousness of a neglected cold nor the means of obtaining cure, and many a child, as he grows older and finds himself a victim of pneumonia, consumption, bronchitis, asthma or throat trouble, cannot but see that his parents were responsible for neglecting treatment when his ailment began in the form of a cold.

To-day the schools have many a vacant seat on account of coughs and colds, and many children who are there should be at home. What treatment are these children getting? Do their parents realize the seriousness of neglecting to cure a cold? Have they proved the merits of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for coughs and colds, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and all kindred ills?

Very many have, for there is no preparation for throat and lung diseases that has anything like the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Be careful when you buy to see that the portrait and signature of Dr. Chase is on the wrapper. If you send the children to the store, warn them not to accept any imitation or substitution. Children like to take Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and there is no remedy so prompt and effective. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents; at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.