

...having the best tea  
...Grocer has your  
...at heart he will give  
...e Ribbon.

...Mixed & Ceylon Green  
...There is a good demand for all kinds of first-class  
...Poultry, especially Chickens. We want large quantities  
...to supply demand. We consign us if you want  
...Good Prices.  
...If you have a carload, or more, of A 1 stuff we can  
...make advance against the shipment.

**Don't Experiment with other and inferior brands, USE EDDY'S**

**PARLOR MATCHES**

**EDDY'S**

Canada

**MUSIC Teachers WANTED**

Whaley, Bates & Co., Limited

355 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

158 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

**AGENTS**

Why work on commission?

Winnipeg, Man.

Toronto, Ont.

**Dominion Line Steamships**

Montreal to Liverpool, Boston, London, Quebec.

Parliament to Liverpool, Via Quebec.

**Dyeing & Cleaning!**

For the very best work to the

**BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.**

Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec

**Ladies' and Men's Furs**

Everything is Fur at lowest prices. Send for Catalogue. RAW FURS—We pay highest prices. Send for price list.

W. H. BARTON & CO., 77 King St. East, Toronto.

**Widowhood makes a woman un-  
"rich." Why so? "Because she  
craves to look out for Number One  
and begins to look out for Number  
Two."**

Brown—"I say, Jones, you do not  
know Miss Armour; why did you  
raise your hat to her?" Jones—"I  
didn't. It's my brother's hat; he  
knows her."

**Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.**

Affable Aristocrat—"Well, the fact  
is, my name is not Gibson. You see,  
I'm travelling incog. There's my  
card." Mr. Tupping—"Glad to hear  
it. I'm travelling in pickles. Here's  
mine."

**THIS OWN FREE WILL.**

Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too  
strongly of the excellence of MIN-  
ARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE rem-  
edy in my household for burns,  
scalds, etc., and we would not be  
without it.

It is truly a wonderful medicine.  
**JOHN A. MACDONALD,**  
Publisher Araprior Chronicle.

**THE WABASH RAILROAD**

Is the great winter tourist route to  
the south and west, including the  
famous Hot Springs, Ark., Old  
Mexico, the Egypt of America, Texas  
and California, the lands of sun-  
shine and flowers. Your particular  
attention is called to the fact that  
passengers going via Detroit and  
over the Wabash in advance of de-  
parture hours in advance of de-  
parture. The new and elegant trains  
on the Wabash are the finest in this  
country, everything is first class in  
every respect. All round trip winter  
tourist tickets are now on sale at  
lowest rates.

Time tables, maps, and all informa-  
tion about this wonderful railroad  
cheerfully furnished by any ticket  
agent, or J. A. Richardson, District  
Passenger agent, northeast corner  
King & Yonge streets, Toronto, and  
St. Thomas, Ont.

**AN UNSOUGHT WEALTH;**  
Or The Mystery of a Brother's Legacy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Percy Leicester stood on the steps of the Naval and Military Club. Mr. Leicester was one of the cleverest men in town, and there are many clever men about just now. He had been everything: taken all the honors at his university, or most of them; stroked his boat; played in the eleven; made a record at a hundred yards; created a brand in the dried yams; had begun in the A. D. C. He had graduated in honors; he had begun as an evangelist; he had passed on to Rome, and ended by starting a creed of his own, which he had written a novel to prove. He had then gone into the army, figured well in at least one campaign, and invented a new machine-gun. Having invented the machine-gun, he had retired from the army and read for the law, as he said, in order that he might obtain some joint insight into the law of his country on the subject of patents; but that was a joke of his. Every one knows that that portion of the system of British jurisprudence which treats of patents and the rights of patents is so perplexing that he who has any doubts about it, must not exactly anything. He wrote a little; played a little—tennis, cricket, and on various instruments; sang a little in a really charming tenor; acted a little, painted, theorized a little on religious subjects; laid down laws for the social conduct of the human race; was an excellent public speaker on all sorts of subjects; and, in every possible point of view, in fact, did all things which a respectable man must do nowadays if he does not want to be classed with the beasts of the field.

It was on the day that Madame Nurvetchky met Mr. Hookham at Mr. Schwabe's rooms that Mr. Leicester stood on the steps of the Naval and Military Club. He was not alone; there were his Colonel, his wife, who was a bad old boy, and therefore popular, and young Willy, who was on whose commission the ink was not yet dry. Dewnap and Panton were smoking, but Mr. Leicester was doing nothing, but standing with his hands behind his back, looking meditatively at the brick wall on either side of the courtyard.

"Think it's going to rain," said old Dewnap, looking up at the sky; "Panton seemed too much engaged with his cigarette, and Leicester with his thoughts."

"Leicester," continued the Colonel, "couldn't you do something that he had the weather information as to the probability of the fine weather. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"I'm going to see the 'Devil's Diamond,'" answered in his clear, monotone, still staring at his high wall which bounded his horizon.

"I'm going to see the 'Devil's Diamond,'" cried young Panton. "What's the 'Devil's Diamond'?"

"It'll let you know when I've seen it."

"Is it a play?" inquired the Colonel.

"No, it's a picture," demanded Panton.

"No, I should say it was certainly not a picture," said Leicester.

"What is it then?" asked the Colonel.

"Well, in a sense I suppose it is a secret—it's present. It's—mind, I have no exact information on the subject, but I imagine—it's a trick."

"A trick? Is there a new conjurer come to town?"

"The Colonel's tone was a little suspicious. On at least that one point, conjuring his friend's tastes and his were not identical.

"Not that I'm aware of. I presume, nor would you call either new conjurer, since they are three months old, at least. The fact is, I saw the announcement, on a notice of sandwich-men, that here would be the 'Devil's Diamond' this afternoon at three o'clock at the Sphinx's Cave, and to-night at eight. That's all I know about it up to now."

"Willy, that sort of thing," inquired Mr. Leicester, "is only introduced to Mr. Leicester by a couple of boys before he would scarcely have spoken quite so plainly."

"What sort of thing?" inquired Mr. Leicester blandly.

"Conjuring, and all that sort of thing."

Mr. Leicester said nothing. He walked abstractedly as he walked, and the way. But Mr. Panton felt that something was wrong.

"Is anything in that line your way in which nowadays youngsters address their fathers, and inferior people generally."

But as Mr. Leicester still continued to say nothing, but only to gaze, the Colonel took upon himself to answer.

"I have always understood that Mr. Leicester is the finest conjurer in the world, I believe, amateur or professional. I believe, Leicester, that you have made it the study of your life."

Yet Mr. Leicester was still silent. So Mr. Panton continued to blunder—always after the manner of youth.

"I hope I have said nothing to hurt your feelings, Mr. Leicester. Now and then I like to do a bit of conjuring myself."

Still perfect peace from Mr. Leicester. He continued to gaze in front of him so intently, and so long, that Willy Panton, in his ir-

like enough to give one an idea. Not the least amusing part of it was, that though his hands were incessantly moving with almost inconceivable rapidity, he still seemed half asleep. He did seem to be so bored!

"Not so dusty," Willy Panton allowed, when Mr. Nurvetchky has referred possibly to sleep it out behind the scenes. "I shan't want my five bob back this time, anyhow."

The next item on the programme was simply entitled "The Sphinx." When the curtain drew up a small automatic figure, about eighteen inches in height, was discovered; it was perched in a sitting posture on the top of a plain, or apparently plain, glass tube, which was about a foot in diameter. Madame Nurvetchky came on the sweep the audience came on the sweep. "That's a cunning piece of goods," observed Willy Panton, in that irrepressibly vulgar way of his. "The wicked old Colonel leered. 'You must introduce me, Leicester, after the performance.' 'This is Sphinx,' said Madame Nurvetchky. Sphinx did many wonderful things. He discovered and wrote down the names of the members of the audience, wrote down Mr. Panton's name. Mr. Panton scribbled some lines on a piece of paper, and without even glancing at them, Sphinx produced them on a sheet of paper too. 'Beggared if I know how it was done!' declared Mr. Panton afterwards. 'They were written by a chap I knew at Sandhurst, an awful funny chap; they were the notes of a comic music. Here they are, I've got them in my pocket now.' He took a piece of paper from his pocket, and read the lines aloud: 'I always get drunk of a Saturday night, and I arrup my kids o' Sunday! I always get drunk of a Saturday night. And I arrup my kids o' Sunday! 'Never saw anything like it in my life—never!' declared young Panton, who, for a modern young man, was amazingly enthusiastic. After Mr. Nurvetchky had concluded some very remarkable facts with a variety of musical instruments, playing on about a dozen of them at once, and in the most enchanting way, before retiring from the stage he made the following brief announcement, still seeming more than half asleep, and unutterably bored: 'Ladies and gentlemen, after a brief interval, which Mr. Briggs will relieve by the music (turning to the pianist), Madame Nurvetchky and I propose to introduce to you, for the first time on any stage, the 'Devil's Diamond.' Mr. Briggs, relieved, the interval with some compositions by a Russian composer, which almost shattered the piano, too. Still a portion of the audience appeared to listen, and it is certainly a fact that some of them clapped their hands when he had done; but it must be allowed that, under cover of the noise, some of the people talked, and among them was Willy Panton. 'Well, they're welcome to my five bob!' The five shillings which he had expended on the purchase of a seat seemed to weigh upon his mind. 'If the Devil's Diamond ain't much behind the rest I shall say that the money's been fairly earned. Mr. Briggs made a very great noise, but Willy Panton spoke in such a loud, youthful tone of voice, that Mr. Schwabe, who was only divided from him by about eighteen inches of carpeted board, distinctly heard what it was he said. So Mr. Schwabe ventured on an observation. 'I think you will find that the Devil's Diamond is at least a devil of a diamond.' Mr. Panton stared, then, seeing that the speaker seemed to have the confidence of a decent tailor, he descended to reply. 'What do you mean?' 'Well, I've heard some rather queer stories about it, that's all.' Mr. Schwabe glanced round upon the audience with an air of grim enjoyment. He raised his palm and looked at it, apparently in a casual kind of way. There was a scar upon it, which Mr. Panton might have seen quite recently. 'I think that it may surprise you, and perhaps some of the other people too.' 'I'm not easily surprised as a rule, but I confess that I've been surprised by some of the things I've seen already—by that little beggar they call Sphinx, for instance.' 'Yes, I daresay; but the Devil's Diamond will surprise you in rather a different kind of way.' (To Be Continued.)

**FOR FARMERS**

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

**PRINCIPAL FACTORS IN FARMING.**

Moisture, humus, tillage, added fertility—these are the four principal factors, and of importance in the order named, in the successful culture of the soil. Nothing can be grown without moisture, as all plant food must be in liquid form to be absorbed and appreciated by the growing plants. But there must not be too much moisture habitually for that, which would defeat its primary object. This can be obtained only by a correct system of drainage. But what shall be done when the natural rainfall is insufficient to furnish the required moisture? This can be done by irrigation successfully where nature has furnished the necessary conditions; but this prevails to a very limited extent. We must look to other means to supply lacking moisture in the greatest part of the country.

We all know that when we plough to the depth of say, eight inches, and there is a hard-pan or unbroken fifth beneath, during weather for a few days in succession, will dry nearly all the moisture out down as deep as ploughed. Crop plants flourish on such land, for necessary matter is lacking. Does not common sense teach us that we should plough deeper and break up and fine that hard-pan; then when a heavy rain occurs water will descend and moisten the entire mass, so that any ordinary dry spell cannot dry it out. But for an extended period of time, this is required to retain sufficient moisture for growing crops. There is such a thing as capillary action. Moisture will dry out of loose soil very rapidly in a hot sun, and drying winds will would nearly all dry out of loose soil to the depth of twelve inches or even twenty inches.

**IN A PROLONGED DROUGHT.**

It is just as natural for moisture to escape through loose soil upward by capillary attraction as it is for water to seep down. To illustrate this capillary action, take a tumbler of water, and a house and suspend from above a strip of old cotton cloth, and then watch the moisture ascend the cloth. It is natural for moisture to ascend in loose earth in warm weather. It forms little tubes, to make the ascent easier. Now to prevent this escape of moisture in planted fields, pass over them with the cultivator, letting it run two or three inches in depth. This completely obliterates the moisture tubes, and the moisture cannot escape freely until they are reformed. Then, in a week or less use the cultivator again. This operation is directly in line with nature, and for the benefit of both soil and crop.

Have a deep, loose soil for the rains to fill with water, and then, with much surface cultivation, the necessary supply of moisture for growing is pretty well assured. This for any so-called "hard crops." The cereals take care of themselves, as their foliage cover covers the ground, and the rays of the sun cannot reach to do any harm. Humus has several uses. It anguliferous and loosens the soil and aids the retention of moisture. It acts as a sponge to take up water and relinquishes it gradually as needed. Humus being of vegetable origin, as it decays the moisture is present to prepare it to be absorbed by the growing plants. In fact, no soil is fertile without the admixture of a good proportion of humus. Prof. L. K. Bailey made an old, worn-out farm fertile by turning under leguminoids and other crops purposefully to form humus. Humus is the life of the soil and crops cannot be grown without it. It furnishes both moisture and plant food. Farming cannot be conducted successfully without it, and the good farmer supplies it in abundance.

**TILLAGE IS SO IMPORTANT**

a factor in crop growing that the old farmer was led to say to his son: "Remember, my boy, that tillage is manure," for he had observed in his farming operations that the more soil was tilled the better the succeeding crops were. Tillage fines the soil, plant food is released that is bound up in lumps and clods that would otherwise remain locked up, and at the time not be available to the growing plants. So far as the plants are concerned, it might as well be locked up in a strong box. A lump of soil as big as a pinhead might contain a particle of fertility. Good farming consists in working all the land up fine; then the sunlight, air and moisture can reach every part to do their fructifying work. A nine-acre field was once harrowed fourteen days in preparation for a crop of wheat and a succeeding crop of clover. Both were immense. No manuring could have caused them to be so good. A young farmer loathed one spring that he had just finished ploughing, and having seventy-five acres of crops. He was told that if he had put all that work on half the land he would have raised more grain than he would have raised on all of it. When he would harvest the crops they were meagre indeed. The question should be, not how many acres one has put in, but how well he has done it. Intensive culture is what pays. Added fertility is a mere bagatelle when compared with any of the three other points. Of course it is valuable in some cases, as on poor, roundland land but to farm it as our best farmers do, it is certainly of fourth-rate consideration.

**NOT A WHOLE ONE.**  
Shr—Ain't your little sister very small for her age?  
He—She's jist er half sister.

**TYPE OF DAIRY COW.**

The specifications for a dairy cow call for a treble wedge shape. Standing in front of the cow, we observe increasing width from front to rear. From a side view there is increasing depth from front to rear, and from looking down from above we observe a sharp, thin withers, dropping ribs, but increasing the thickness downward. This applies to the chest and abdomen, but not the hips and pelvis. At this point the slope is reversed with broad hip bones, small thighs, the ham curved inward instead of out as in the beef type. In all cases the udder should be well developed and occupy extensive attachment to the body. That is, the udder should extend well forward and upward behind another important indication of a good milk is the system of milk veins which run from the udder along the ribs, should be prominent and the "milk wells" near the diaphragm. The milk veins are practically dormant when the cow is not giving milk, but the "milk wells" remain the same and are a good criterion by which to judge a good milker.

There is a general belief that a good dairy cow is rough and bony. That her hip bones should stick out, that you could hang your hat on them. The true conformation and correlation of organs is far more important than the rough bony exterior. Some of the most useful cows are comparatively smooth and handsome. Some hold to the idea that the smoother, more fleshy cows are more vigorous and fully as productive milkers as the rough ones and are now mowing their heads for that style. They certainly look better than the scrawny animals.

**CEILING HIS CONTRACTS.**

The lecturer pleaded with the crowd to "look up." In impassioned tones he cried: "Fortune always helps the man that looks up! Never look down my friends, and do not waste too much time looking sideways. Look up, and keep on looking up! I never knew a man to fall if he looked up. Is there a man in this audience who can say that he always looks up?" A seedy stranger arose in the back row to say: "I can say that I always look up for thirty years, and am no better off for it. Looking up is my business." "What do you do for a living, my good man?" "I'm a ceiling decorator." The applause that greeted this sally broke up the meeting.

A fire in Londonderry completely destroyed the extensive sawmills of Messrs. Brothers and nearly demolished Milliland's biscuit factory, one of the largest in Ireland.

Mr. John Roche, M. P., was convicted of an act of embezzlement at Roscommon and rather than enter into bail to be of good behavior he went to prison for a month.

Australia and New Zealand have 50,000 million sheep, which is just one and a half times as many as the whole of the United States possess.

The Portuguese attempted to establish cattle farming in Newfoundland in 1553, but all traces of the animals they imported have been lost.

Cholly Masher (to the photographer)—"Be sure and show the collar and eye-glass and don't forget to give the cane the correct pose." Photographer—"Certainly not. Now, hold steady. All right. It's done, sir." Cholly—"Done, is it? Are you quite sure you have taken the best side of my head?" Photographer—"Quite sure, sir. I

**DIZZY SPELLS AND ACHING HEAD**

Tell of Strive'd Arteries and Exhausted Nerves—They Warn You of Approaching Paralysis or Collapse—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the Most Potent Nerve Restorer.

The sufferer from nervous headache and dizzy spells never knows what minute he may fall helplessly a victim of vertigo or paralysis; for these symptoms tell of depleted nerve cells and a wasting of vigor and vitality.

Other indications of nervous exhaustion are troubles of sight, noises in the ears, sparks before the eyes, stomach troubles, sleeplessness, cold hands and feet, restlessness, irritability, weakened memory, lack of energy and enthusiasm, muscular weakness, fainting spells, bodily pains and aches, and tired, languid and dependent feelings.

Nervous diseases are most dreadful to contemplate, because of the frequency with which they end in paralysis, locomotor ataxia, epilepsy insanity. All movement of the body or its members is controlled by the nerves, and hence it follows that paralysis of some form is the natural consequence of exhausted and depleted nerves.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures dizzy spells, headaches and all symptoms of nervous exhaustion by actually increasing the quantity and quality of the blood and creating new nerve force.

Mrs. Hann, 8 Leonard Avenue, Toronto, says: "For a number of years I have been troubled with weakness and fainting spells, nervous, sick headaches, and in fact, my nervous system seemed to be in an exhausted condition. Languid, depressing feelings would come over me at times, and I would become discouraged and despondent. Since a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I do not hesitate to pronounce it a splendid medicine for weakness of all kinds. It has been of great benefit to me, for my nerves are much steadier, and dizziness and fainting spells no longer trouble me, and my system has been generally built up."

By noting your weight while using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you can prove that healthy, solid flesh and firm muscles are being added to the body. Gradually and certainly the system is built up, and symptoms of disease give way to health, strength and vigor. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**Piles**

To write to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. 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 it cures. See a box at all dealers or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**Dr. Chase's Ointment**

"I am afraid, Bobby," said his mother, "that when I tell your father what a naughty boy you've been he will punish you severely." "Have you got to tell him?" asked Bobby, earnestly. "Oh, yes; I shall tell him immediately after dinner." The look of concern on Bobby's face deepened. "Well, mother," said he, "give him a little dinner first, and then you might do that much for me."

Miss Jellus—"Your bedroom must be a very healthy place, dear." Miss Proutface—"What makes you think so?" "Because I have noticed that when you are downstairs sometimes you are dreadfully pale; but if you go up into your bedroom for a short time you come down with a beautiful color."