AT THE POST OF DUTY

OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAPTER I.

One's own fireside is, to all well-regulated minds, a pleasant subject of contemplation when one is absent, and a source of deep gratification when present.

Especially may this be said to be the case in a cold, raw night in November, when mankind has a tendency to become chronically cross out of doors, and nature, generally, looks lugubrious; for, just in proportion as the exterior world grows miserably chill; the world "at home," with its blazing gas, its drawn curtains, its crackling fires, and its beaming smiles, becomes doubly comfortable and cozy.

Even James Auberly, pompous, stern, and ingenial, though he was, appeared to entertain some such thoughts as he sat by his own fireside, on such night, in his elegant mansion in Beverley Square, Euston Road, London, and smiled grimly over the top of the Times newspaper at the fire.

Mr. Auberly always smiled—when he condescended to smile — grimly. He seldom laughed; when he did so he did it grimly too. In fact, he was a grim man altogether; a gaunt, cadaverous, tall, careworn, middle-aged man — also a great one. There could be no question as to that; for, besides being possessed of wealth, which, in the opinion of some minds, constitutes greatness, he was chairman of a railway company, and might have changed situations with the charwoman who attended the head office of the same without much difference being felt. He was also a director of several other companies, which, fortunately for them, did not appear to require much direction in the conduct of their affairs.

Mr. Auberly was also leader of the fashion, in his own circle, and an oracle among his own parasites; but, strange to say, he was nobody whatever in any other sphere. Cabmen, it is true, appeared to have an immense respect for him on first acquaintance, for his gold rings and chains bespoke wealth, and he was a man of commanding presence, but their respect never outlived a first engagement. Cabmen seldom touched their hats to Mr. Auberly on receiving their fare; they often parted from him with a smile as grim as his own, and once a peculiarly daring member of the fraternity was heard blandly to request him to step again into the cab, and he would drive him the "nine hundred and ninety-ninth part of an inch that was still doo on the odd six-pence!" That generous man even went further, and, when his fare walked away without making a reply, he shouted after him that "if he'd only do 'im the honor to come back, he'd throw in an inch an' a half extra for nothink." But Mr. Auberly was inexorable.

"Louisa, dear," said Mr. Auberly, recovering from the grim smile which had indicated his appreciation of his own fireside, "pour me out another cup of coffee, and then you had better run away to bed. It is getting late."

"Yes, papa," replied a little dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, laying down her book and jumping up to obey the command.

It may be added that she was also dark dressed, for Mr. Auberly had become a widower and his child motherless only six months before.

While Louisa was pouring out the coffee, her father rose and turned his back to the fire.

It was really interesting, almost awe-inspiring, to behold Mr. Auberly rise; he was so very tall, and so exceedingly straight. So remarkably perpendicular was he, so rigidly upright, that a hearty but somewhat rude sea captain, with whom he once had business transactions, said to his mate on one occasion that he believed Mr. Auberly must have been born with a handspike lashed to his back bone. Yes, he was wonderfully upright, and it would have been downright madness to have doubted the uprightness of the spirit which dwelt in such a body; so nobody did doubt it, of course, except a few jaundiced and sceptical folk, who never could be got to believe anything.

"Good-night, my love," said Mr. Auberly, as the child placed the coffee beside his chair, and then advanced, somewhat timidly, and held up her cheek to be kissed.

The upright man stooped, and there was a shade of less grimness in his smile as his lips touched his daughter's pale cheek.

Louisa, or, to use the name by which she was better known in the house, Loo, had clasped her hands tightly together while she was in the act of receiving this tribute of parental affection, as if she were struggling to crush down some feeling, but the feeling, whatever it was, would not be crushed down; it rose up and asserted itself by causing Loo to burst into a passionate flood of tears, throw her arms around her father's neck, and hold him tight there while he kissed her cheek all over.

"Tut, tut, child!" exclaimed Mr. Auberly, endeavoring to re-arrange the stiff collar and cravat, which had been sadly disordered; "you must really try to get over these—there, don't be cast down," he added, in a kinder tone, patting Loo's head. "Good-night, dear; run away to bed now, and be a good girl."

Loo smiled faintly through her tears as she looked up at her father, who had again become upright, said "Good-night," and ran from the room with a degree of energy that might have been the result of exuberant spirits — though, possibly, it was caused by some other feeling.

Mr. Auberly sat for some time, dividing his attentions pretty equally between the paper, the fire, and the coffee, until he recollected having received a letter that day which he had forgotten to answer, whereupon he rose and sat down before his writing table to reply.

The letter was from a poor widow, a sister-in-law of his own, who had disgraced herself forever — at least of Mr. Auberly's eyes — by having married a waterman. Mr. Auberly shut his eyes obstinately to the fact that the said waterman had, by the sheer force of intelligence, good conduct, courage, and perseverance, raised himself to the command of an East Indiaman. It is astonishing how firmly some people can shut their eyes — sew them up, as it were, and plaster them over — to some things, and how easily they can open them to others! Mr. Auberly's eyes were open only to the fact that his sister-in-law had married a waterman, and that that was an unpardonable sin, for which she was forever banished from the sunshine of his presence.

The widow's letter set forth that since her husband's death she had been in somewhat poor circumstances—though not in absolute poverty — for which she expressed herself thankful; that she did not write to ask for money, but that she had a young son — a boy of about twelve —whom she was very anxious to get into a mercantile house of some sort, and, knowing his great influence, etc., etc., she hoped that, forgetting, if not forgiving, the past, now that her husband was dead he would kindly do what he could, etc.

To this Mr. Auberly replied that it was impossible to forgive the past, but he would do his best to forget it, and also to procure a situation for her son (though certainly not in his own office); on one consideration, namely, that she, the widow, should forget the past also — including his own, Mr. Auberly's, existence (as she had once before promised to do), and that she should never inform her son, or any other member of her family — if there happened to be any other members of it — of the relationship existing between them, nor apply to him by visit or by letter for any further favors. In the event of her agreeing to this arrangement, she might send her son to his residence in Beverly Square, on Thursday next, between eleven and twelve.

Just as he concluded this letter, a footman entered softly and laid a three-cornered note on the table.

"Stay, Hopkins, I want you," said Mr. Auberly, as he opened the note and ran his eye over it.

Hopkins, who was clad in blue velvet and white stockings, stood like a mute beside his master's chair. He was very tall and very thin, and very red in the nose.

"Is the young woman waiting, Hopkins?"

"Yes, sir; she's in the lobby."

"Send her up."

In a few seconds Hopkins re-opened the door, and looked down with majestic condescension on a smart young girl, whom he ushered into the room.

"That will do; you may go—stay, post this letter. Come here, young woman."

The young woman, who was evidently a respectable servant girl, approached with some timidity.

"Your name is Matty Merryon, I understand (yes, sir), at least so your late mistress, Miss Tippet, informs me. Pray, what does Matty stand for?"

"Martha, sir."

"Well, Martha, Miss Tippet gives you a very good character — which is well, because I intend you to be a servant to my child — her maid; but Miss Tippet qualifies her remarks by saying that you are a little careless in some things. What things are you careless in?"

"La! sir—"

"You must not say 'La,' my girl," interrupted Mr. Auberly, with a frown, "nor use exclamations of any kind in my presence; what are the 'some things' referred to?"

"Sure I don't know, sir," said the abashed Matty, "I s'pose there's a many things I an't very good at; but, please sir, I don't mean to do nothin' wrong, sir, I don't indeed; an' I'll try to serve you well, sir, if it wor only to plaaze my missis, as I'm leavin' against my will, for I love my—"

"There, that will do," said Mr. Auberly somewhat sternly, as the girl appeared to be getting excited. "Ring that bell, now, go downstairs and Hopkins will introduce you to my housekeeper, who will explain your duties to you."

Hopkins entered and solemnly marched Martha Merryon to the regions below.

Mr. Auberly locked away his papers, pulled out his watch, wound it up, and then, lighting a bedroom candle, proceeded with much gravity upstairs.

He was a very stately looking man and strikingly dignified as he walked upstairs to his bedroom — slowly and deliberately, as though he were marching at his own funeral to the tune of something even deader than the "Dead March in Saul."

It is almost a violation of propriety to think of Mr. Auberly doing such very undignified things as "going to bed!" Yet truth requires us to tell that he did it; that he undressed himself as other mortals do; that he clothed himself in the wonted ghostly garment; and that, when his head was last seen — in the act of closing the curtains around him —there was a conical white cap on it, tied with a string below the chin, and ornamented on the top with a little tassel, which waggled as though it were bidding a triumphant and final adieu to human dignity!

Half an hour later, Mrs. Rose, the housekeeper, a matronly, good looking woman, with very red cheeks, was busy in the study exclaiming to Matty Merryon her duties. She had already shown her all over the house, and was now at the concluding lesson.

"Look here now, Merryon," began the housekeeper.

"Oh, plaaze, don't call me Merryon — I an't used to it. Call me Matty, do now!"

"Very well, Matty," continued Mrs. Rose, with a smile, "I've no objection; you Irish are a strange race! Now, look here. This is master's study, and mind, he's very partikler, dreadful partikler!"

She paused and looked at her pupil, as if desirous of impressing this point deeply on her memory.

"He don't like his papers or books touched, not even dusted! So you'll be careful not to dust 'em, nor to touch 'em even so much as with your little finger, for he likes to find 'em in the mornin' just as he left 'em at night."

"Yes, Missis Rose," said Matty, who was evidently giving up her whole soul to the instruction that was being imparted.

"Now," continued the housekeeper, "the arranging of this room will be your last piece of work at night. You'll just come in, rake out the grate, carry off the ashes, lay the noo fire, put the matches handy on the chimney-piece, look round to see that all's right, and then turn off the gas. The master is a early riser, and lights the fire his-self of a mornin'."

"Yes, 'm," said Matty, with a courtesy.

"Now, go and do it," said Mrs. Rose, "that I may see you understand it. Begin with the grate an' the ashes."

Matty, who was in truth an experienced maid of all work, began with alacrity to discharge the duties of her new station. She carried off the ashes, and returned with the materials for next day's fire in a shovel. Here she gave a slight indication of her so-called carelessness (awkwardness would have been more appropriate) by letting two or three pieces of stick and a bit of coal fall on the carpet, in her passage across the room.

"Be careful, Matty," said Mrs. Rose, gently. "It's all along owin' to haste. Take your time, an' you won't do sitch things."

Matty apologized, picked up the materials, and laid the fire. Then she took her apron and approached the writing table, evidently with the intention of taking the dust off the corners, but not by any means intending to touch the books or papers.

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Rose sternly.

Matty stopped with a guilty look.

"Not a touch," said Mrs. Rose.

"Not even the idges, nor the legs?" inquired the pupil.

"Neither edges nor legs," said the instructor.

"Sure it could do no harm."

"Matty," said Mrs. Rose solemnly, "the great thing that your country-women have to learn is obedience."

"Thank 'ee, 'm," said Matty, who, being overawed by the housekeeper's solemnity, felt confused, and was uncertain whether the reference to her countrywomen was complimentary or the reverse.

"Now," continued Mrs. Rose, "the matches."

Matty placed the box of matches on the chimney-piece.

"Very well, now you've got to look round to see that all's right."

Matty looked round on the dark portraits that covered the walls (supposed to be ancestors), on the shelves of books, great and small, new and old (supposed to be read); on the vases, statuettes, chairs, tables, desks, curtains, papers, etc., and, being utterly ignorant of what constituted right and what wrong in reference to such things, finally turned her eyes on Mrs. Rose with an innocent smile.

"Don't you see that the shutters are neither shut nor barred, Matty?"

She had not seen this, but she at once went and closed and barred them, in which operation she learned, first, that the bars refused to receive their respective "catches" with unyielding obstinacy for some time; and, second, that they suddenly gave in without rhyme or reason and pinched her fingers severely.

"Now, then, what next?" inquired Mrs. Rose.

"Put out the gas," suggested Matty.

"And leave yourself in the dark!" suggested the housekeeper, in a tone of playful irony.

"Ah! sure, didn't I forgit the candle!"

In order to rectify this oversight, Matty laid the unlighted candle which she had brought with her to the room on the writing table, and going to the chimney-piece, returned with the match box.

"Be careful now, Matty," said Mrs. Rose earnestly. "There's no-think I've sitch a fear of as fire. You can't be too creful."

This remark made Matty, who was of an anxious temperament, extremely nervous. She struck the match hesitatingly, and lighted the candle shakily. Of course it would not light (candles never do on such occasions), and a long red-hot end of burnt wood projected from the point of the match.

"Don't let the burnt end drop into the waste-paper basket!" exclaimed Mrs. Rose, in an unfortunate moment.

"Where?" exclaimed Matty, with a start that sent the red-hot end into the center of a mass of papers.

"There, just at your feet; don't be so nervous girl!" cried Mrs. Rose.

Matty, in her anxiety not to drop the match, at once dropped it into the waste-paper basket, which was instantly alight. A stamp of the foot might have extinguished it, but this did not occur to either of the domestics. The housekeeper, who was a courageous woman, seized the basket in both hands, and rushed with it to the fireplace, thereby fanning the flame into a blaze and endangering her dress and curls. She succeeded, however, in cramming the basket and its contents into the grate, then the two, with the aid of poker, tongs, and shovel, crushed and beat out the fire.

"There! I said you'd do it," gasped Mrs. Rose, as she flung herself, panting, into Mr. Auberly's easy-chair; "this comes all along of bein' in a hurry."

"I was always unfort'nit," sighed Matty, still holding the shovel and keeping her eye on the grate, as if ready to make a furious attack on the smallest spark that should venture to show itself.

"Come, now, we'll go to bed," said Mrs. Rose, rising, "but first look well round to see that all is safe."

A thorough and most careful investigation was made of the basket, the grate, and the carpet surrounding the fireplace, but nothing beyond the smell of the burnt papers could be discovered, so the instructor and pupil put out the gas, shut the door, and retired to the servants' hall, where Hopkins, the cook, the housemaid, and a small maid of all work awaited their arrival — supper being already on the table.

Here Mrs. Rose entertained the company with a graphic — not to say exaggerated — account of the "small fire" in the study, and wound up with an eloquent appeal to all to "beware of fire," and an assurance that there was nothing on the face of the whole earth that she had a greater horror of.

Meanwhile the little spark among the newspapers — forgotten in the excitement of the succeeding blaze of the waste-paper basket — continued to do its slow but certain work. Having fallen on the cloth between two bundles, it smouldered until it reached a cotton pen-wiper, which received it rather greedily in its embrace. This pen-wiper lay in contact with some old letters which were dry and tindery in their nature, and, being piled closely together in a heap, afforded enlarged accommodation for the "spark," which in about half an hour became quite worthy of being termed a "swell."

After that things went on like — "like a house on fire" — if, we may venture to use that too often misapplied expression, in reference to the elegant mansion in Beverly Square on that raw November night.

(To Be Continued).

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

COULD NOT TOLERATE A LIE.

"I've seen it so cold," said the gentleman who was nearest the fire in the coffee-room — "I've seen it so cold about twelve years ago that there wasn't no ice. It got so cold that the ice all cracked up into fine snow."

"I remember back in '40," said the man with the wooden leg, "it was so cold that the electricity liquefied and dropped off the wires. Several people bottled up a lot of it to cure their spring rheumatism with."

"It wasn't much more than ten years ago," said the man who never has any tobacco, "since I saw it so cold that the messenger boys actually ran to keep themselves warm."

That broke up the convention. The other gentlemen said that while they didn't mind a man stretching the truth a little, they would be shot if they would sit in the same room with a man who was a liar.

ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE.

"This preparation will cure warts, wens, club feet, corns, yellow fever, falling hair, cholera, bubonic plague and——"

"Say, mister, ain't you got somethin' that's jest good fer a belly ache?"

FOR FARMERS

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

SUBSTITUTE FOR DEHORNING.

The British Board of Agriculture has issued instructions for treatment of young calves to prevent the growth of horns:

Clip the hair from the top of the horn when the calf is from two to five days old. Slightly moisten the end of a stick of caustic potash with water or saliva (or moisten the top of the hornbud) and rub the tip of each horn firmly with the potash for about a quarter of a minute, or until a slight impression has been made on the center of the horn. The horns should be treated in this way from two to four times at intervals of five minutes, during the interval of five minutes after one or more applications a little blood appears in the center of the horn it will then only be necessary to give another very slight rubbing with the potash.

The following directions should be carefully observed:

The operation is best performed when the calf is under five days old and should not be attempted after the ninth day.

Caustic potash can be obtained from any druggist in the form of a white stick. When not in use, it should be kept in a stoppered glass bottle in a dry place, as it rapidly deteriorates when exposed to the air.

One man should hold the calf while an assistant uses the caustic.

Roll a piece of tinfoil or brown paper round the end of the stick of caustic potash which is held by the fingers, so as not to injure the hand of the operator.

Do not moisten the stick too much or the caustic may spread to the skin around the horn and destroy the flesh. For the same reason keep the calf from getting wet for some days after the operation.

Be careful to rub on the caustic horn and not round the side of the head.

Caustic potash is poisonous, and must, therefore, be kept in a safe place.

CARING FOR LAMBS AND EWES.

In order to be successful with lambs, I begin in the autumn previous by selecting my ewes carefully, feeding them well and getting them in the very best condition by September 1, writes Mr. S. T. Johnson. I prefer some of the mutton breeds, such as Shropshires or Southdowns. I keep the ewes in good condition by giving them plenty to eat, and allowing them the run of the stalk field in the day time. I always house them carefully at night. I plan to have the lambs dropped by February 1, and at this time I watch them carefully and see that they get a good start.

As soon as the lambs arrive I begin feeding the ewes all the clover hay they will eat, and a ration of crushed oats and bran, occasionally adding a little oil meal. As soon as the lambs are old enough to eat, I arrange a creep where I can give them some extra feed. I see that all sheep get plenty of good, clean water and salt. They should have free access to both salt and water, and some arrangement must be made by which the water will be perfectly clean and the salt will not be wasted by rains.

I usually plan to have a patch of rye for very early pasture. The lambs and ewes can run on this in early March, and sometimes even in February. This results in a heavy flow of milk and very rapid growth. By the middle of May or the last of June the lambs will weigh from 70 to 80 pounds, at which time they are ready for market.

SPECIAL WEED KILLERS.

Weeds growing near walks can be easily killed by using kerosene or a solution of sulphate of copper, or weak sulphuric acid, but where poultry or animals are liable to eat the grass, these poisons would be dangerous; in that case, boiling water could be used very successfully. On the whole, it appears that sulphate of copper in water is the cheapest weed killer in cases where the pests cannot be conveniently reached with a good spring tonic a small garden spade is not to be

Weak Stomach in the Spring

Indigestion and Dyspepsia the Result of Exhausted Nerves and Weak, Watery Blood. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Most people suffer more or less from stomach weakness, indigestion and loss of appetite in the spring, but many do not realize that this condition of affairs is due to low vitality, poorness of the blood, and exhausted nerves.

The digestive organs, like the other organs of the body, are entirely dependent on the nervous system for the energy or power which enables them to perform their functions. Without this the digestive fluids do not flow, the muscular contraction and motion of the stomach is weak and irregular, and consequently arise indigestion, headaches, dizzy spells, sleeplessness and other distressing symptoms.

Digestive tablets, pepsin, and such treatments can never do more than afford temporary relief. By their continued use to effect digestion the muscles of the stomach waste away for want of exercise, the natural digestive fluids cease to flow, and the ailment becomes chronic and serious.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures indigestion and dyspepsia just as it cures other ailments, by making the blood rich and creating new nerve force—the vital power which runs the machinery of the body.

Mr. A. Sharp, [illegible] Peterborough, Ont., writes: "For years I was troubled with indigestion, which developed into chronic dyspepsia, and besides suffering from nervousness, strange pains would come over me. A friend of the good results obtained from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I decided to try it. After a pretty thorough test of this medicine I can say that I never used anything that did me so much good. It seemed to be a very treatment that I needed, and as a result of its use I am restored to health."

By giving your increased weight to this great food cure you will find that new, firm flesh and muscle is being added to the body. The appetite is sharpened, digestion and assimilation are improved, the pounds out, the ruddy glow returns to the cheeks, and in every way there is evidence that the system is being restored and built up.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50 at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Foot Swollen, Could Not Walk.

I have had Rheumatism for two years principally in the legs, and the pain was aggravated by my work, which necessitated standing up all day. About six weeks ago I was particularly badly affected; my legs and feet were swollen up so that I could hardly put my shoes on. I secured a bottle of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure, and it was wonderful the relief I obtained. The swelling is all gone, and I have not suffered a bit since. I am pleased.—J. B. Robinson, 55 Clarence street, Ottawa.

Your druggist will recommend Munyon's Rheumatism Cure; ask him about it. 25c a vial.

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BEAUTY'S CHARM.

Clear Skin, Rosy Cheeks and Bright Eyes Compel Admiration.

No woman needs to be told the charm of a clear complexion. No man can be blind to the beauty of rosy cheeks, or the power of sparkling eyes. And every woman—no matter what her features may be—can have a perfect complexion. Bright eyes and a perfect complexion come from pure blood—and pure blood comes from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By enriching the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give vigor, strength, health, happiness and beauty. Here is a bit of proof: "For upwards of three years I suffered from anaemia," says Miss Mary Jackson, of Normandale, Ont., "I had no color in my face, my lips and gums were bloodless, and I grew so weak I could scarcely walk about the house. I doctored a good deal but got no benefit until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had taken them more than a couple of weeks I could see a change for the better, and continuing the use of the pills for some time longer my strength returned, the color came back to my face, and I gained fourteen pounds in weight. I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to every weak, ailing girl or woman."

These pills are good for all troubles due to poor blood or weak nerves. Don't take any other medicine—see that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is found on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed at 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50.

FROM MANY QUARTERS.

One in four Arabians dies by violence.

The economical structure of the kingdom of Greece rests largely upon the currant industry.

The Salvation Army journal, the War Cry, appears weekly in thirty different languages.

The amazing richness of the Mississippi bottom lands is due largely to the sediment deposited in times of overflow.

There are at the present moment in France 200,000 houses which have no windows, because there is still a French window and door tax.

The English post office gives 20 per cent. better speed in delivering parcels than the private carriers and at a cost of 8 cents for one pound, 8 cents for two pounds, and 24 cents for eleven pounds.

The Chilean Congress, after wrestling with the subject twenty years, has passed a bill providing for the construction of a railway over the Andes mountains, to connect Buenos Ayres with Santiago and Valparaiso.

The length of coast line seen by Borchgrevink in 1900 and Capt. Scott recently suggest the probability of an Antarctic continent. The nearest approach to the south pole that of Scott, was 532 miles, while "farthest north," by Count Abruzzi was 239 miles from the north pole.

BABY'S HEALTH.

Mothers all over the Dominion will be spared many an anxious hour if they will keep always at hand a box of Baby's Own Tablets and give them to their little ones as occasion may require. These Tablets have saved thousands of little baby lives and grateful mothers everywhere acknowledge the good they have done their little ones. Mrs. E. J. McFarland, Wylie, Ont., writes: "I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets enough. When I got them my baby girl was very bad with whooping cough, and cutting her teeth besides. With both these troubles at the same time she was in a bad way and slept but little either day or night. After the second dose of the Tablets I found there was already a change for the better. She slept well through the day and nearly all night and this was a great relief to me, as I was nearly worn out losing so much rest at night. She cried almost incessantly before I began giving her the Tablets, but in a short time the cough ceased, she cut six teeth, grew cheerful and began to gain wonderfully. In fact, I believe I owe her life to Baby's Own Tablets, as I do not think she would have pulled through had it not been for them. I can recommend the Tablets to any mother who has a cross, fretful, sickly child.

These Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they are guaranteed to contain no opiate, and can be given with advantage to the youngest and most delicate child. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, at 25c. a box, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE JOYS OF FATHERHOOD.

Policeman—"Look here, my man, what are you doing? You've been hanging round and looking at that shop for the last hour, and it looks very suspicious."

Shy Paterfamilias (who has within the last few days experienced the first joys of fatherhood)—"That's easily explained. My wife asked me to go out and get a feeding-bottle, and I'm just waiting till there's no one in the shop before I go in to get the thing."

A company has been organized at Winnipeg to conduct what will, it is said, be one of the largest dairy farms in America. 1,750 acres of land on the south bank of the river just one-half mile from the city limits have been secured. This land is one solid block and is well adapted for the purposes of this new company to keep 600 cows, a large percentage of which will be Holsteins. The next largest farm to this is said to be in New Jersey, where 500 cows are kept.