

TO BACHELORS
want, you may as well
SOON
you, and may be had at all gro-

Don't
Experiment
with
other and
inferior
brands.
USE
EDDY'S
CANADA

World's Best
EDDY'S
CANADA
14-28

PATENTS
SMITH & DANBORN
Solicitors of Patents
100 King St. W., Toronto.
Write for free advice.

CARPET DYEING
and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
Send particulars by post and we are sure to satisfy.
Address Box 158, Montreal.

RUPTURE
DON'T make yourself worse by wearing a
spring truss. You can't hope to get well
under such conditions. We have what you
want, comfort at work, walking or sleeping.
Write at once for particulars, or come and
see. The Holt and Truss Mfg. Co., 433 Spadina
Ave., Toronto.

Dominion Line Steamships
Montreal to Liverpool. Montreal to London.
Montreal to Liverpool. Via Queen-
stown. Montreal to Liverpool. Via Queen-
stown.
Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodations
for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms
re-splendid. Special attention has been given to the
Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodations. For
rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent
of the Company.
Richardson, Mills & Co. D. Torrance & Co.
175 St. James St. W. Montreal and Port Huron.

RUBBER GOODS
Latest Novelties, all styles.
Correspondence invited. En-
close 2c stamp for circular.

THE UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO.,
P. O. Box 1142, Montreal.

ORANGES LEMONS
We have Mexican, California Navel,
Valencias, and WE HAVE THE BEST
BANANAS.
Carload every week. All the above at
market prices. We can also handle your
Butter, Eggs, Poultry,
Maple Syrup and other produce to advan-
tage for you.

ABOUT BONDS. WE OWN A NUMBER
Of Issues of Govern-
ment and Municipal
debentures purchased
at thorough expert
investigation. For
people who want an
absolute investment
they cannot be
expelled. We have
other good bonds
yielding attractive in-
terest rates—as high
as 6 per cent.
WRITE FOR LIST.
DOMINION SECURITIES
Corporation,
Limited,
50 King St. East, Toronto.

AT THE POST OF DUTY
OR, THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAPTER V.—Cont'd.

"Let me see," said he, muttering to himself, as he paused beside the Marble Arch at Hyde Park, and against the railings of that structure, "Mr. Auberly has been ordered two boys to be sent here to-morrow forenoon—ah! he'll get that (he chuckling got the better of him here)—very good. An' my mother has ordered one of the boys to go, while the other—well, she'll get that, but then, which of 'em will get the situation? There's a grunter for you, Mr. Auberly. You'll have to fill your house with tall frotmen as you'll throw light over again 's'pose I should go on that point. It might be managed. The first boy could take a well paid situation as a clerk, an' the second boy might go in for night-watchman at a bank." (Checking again interrupted the flow of thought.) "Praps the two situations might be got in the same place of business; that would be handy! Oh, if one of the boys could—sk! he! he!"

"He was interrupted at this point by a shoe-lack, who remarked to his companion—

"I say, Boll, 'ere's a lark. 'Ere's a feller bin an' got out of 'Eedlam, a larkin at nothink fit to burst hisself!"

So Willie resumed his walk with a check that fully confirmed the member of the black brigade in his opinion.

He went home chuckling and went to bed chuckling, without informing his mother of the cause of his mirth. Chuckling he arose on the following morning, and, chuckling still, went at noon to Beverly Square, where he discovered Mr. Auberly standing, gawny and forlorn, in the midst of the ruins of his once elegant mansion.

CHAPTER VI.

"Well boy, what do you want? Have you anything to say to me?"

Mr. Auberly turned sharply round on Willie, whose face had gone beyond the length of simple curiosity. In fact, he was awestruck at the sight of such a very tall and very dignified man standing so grimly in the midst of such dreadful devastation.

"Please, sir, I was sent to you, sir, by the boy, the son of you, that you were sent to me by your mother," said Mr. Auberly with a frown.

"Well, sir," replied Willie, hesitating, "I—"

"Ah, I see," interrupted Mr. Auberly with a smile that was meant to be gracious. "You were sent by a fireman; you are not the—"

"The other boy?"

"Oh, Willie, being O.A. powerfully risible nature, found it hard to contain himself on hearing his own words of the previous evening re-echoed thus unexpectedly. His face became red, and he took refuge in blowing his nose, during which process—having observed the smile on Mr. Auberly's face—he resolved to be modestly silent.

"Yes, sir," he said, looking up modestly, "I was sent by a fireman; I am the son of you."

Mr. Auberly smiled again grimly, and said that the fireman was a brave fellow, and that he had saved his daughter's life, and that he was very glad to do anything that lay in his power for him, and that he understood that Willie was the fireman's brother; to which the boy replied that he was.

"Well, then, this way," continued Mr. Auberly, leading Willie into the library of the adjoining house, which his friend had put at his disposal, and seating himself at a writing table. "You want a sit-

uation of some sort—a clerkship, I suppose?"

Willie admitted that his ambition spared to that tremendous height.

"Let me see," muttered Mr. Auberly, taking up a pen and beginning to write; "Yes, she'll be able to help me. What is your name, boy?"

"Willie, sir."

"Just so, William; and your sur-name—your other name?"

"Wilders, sir."

Mr. Auberly started, and looked Willie full in the eyes. Willie, feeling that he was playing a sort of double part without being able to avoid it, grew red in the face.

"What did you say, boy?"

"Wilders," replied Willie, stoutly. "Then you're not the other boy," said Mr. Auberly, laying down his pen, and regarding Willie with a frown.

"Please, sir," replied Willie, with a look of meekness which was mingled with a feeling of desperation, for his desire to laugh was strong upon him, "please, sir, I don't rightly know which boy I am."

Mr. Auberly paused for a moment. "Boy, you're a fool!"

"Thank 'ee, sir," said Willie.

This reply went a long way in Mr. Auberly's mind to prove the truth of his assertion.

"Answer me, boy," said Mr. Auberly, with an impressive look and tone; "were you sent here by a fireman?"

"Yes, sir," replied Willie.

"What is his name?"

"Same as mine, sir—Wilders."

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Auberly, a little confused at having put such an unnecessary question. "Does your mother know you're here?"

This brought the slang phrase, "Does your mother know you're out?" so forcibly to the boy's mind, that he felt himself swell internally, and had recourse again to his pocket handkerchief as a safety-valve.

"Yes, sir," said he, on recovering his composure, "arter I saw Blazes—Frank, I mean, that's my brother, sir—I goes right away home to bed. I stops with my mother, sir, an' she saw me come off here this mornin', sir. She knows I was comin' here."

"Of course, yes, yes, I see," muttered Mr. Auberly again taking up his pen. "I see, yes, yes, same name—strange coincidence, though; but after all, there are many of that name in London. I suppose the other boy will be here shortly. Very odd, very odd indeed."

"Please, sir," observed Willie, in a gentle tone, "you said I was the other boy, sir."

Mr. Auberly seemed a little annoyed at his muttered words being thus repeated, yet he condescended to explain that there was another boy of the same name whom he expected to see that morning.

"Oh, then there's another other boy, sir?" said Willie, with a look of interest.

"Hold your tongue," said Mr. Auberly, in a sharp voice; "you're a fool, an' you're much too fond of speaking. I advise you to keep your tongue quieter if you wish to get on in life."

Willie once more sought relief in his pocket handkerchief, while his patron indited and sealed an epistle, which he addressed to "Miss Tippet, No. 6 Poorthing Lane, Beverly Square."

"Here, boy, take this to the lady to whom it is addressed—the lane is at the opposite corner of the square and wait an answer."

"Am I to bring the answer back to you, sir?" asked Willie with much humility.

"No, the answer is yourself," said Mr. Auberly, testily; "and hark 'ee, boy, you need not trouble me again. That note will get you all you desire."

"Thank you, sir," said Willie, making a bow, and preparing to retire; "but please, sir, I don't very well know, that is to say—ahem!"

"Well, boy?" said the patron sternly.

"Excuse me, sir; I can't help it,

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Emeline Tippet was a maiden lady of pleasing countenance and exceedingly uncertain age.

She was a poor member of a poor branch of an aristocratic family, and feeling an unconquerable desire to breathe, if not the pure unadulterated atmosphere of Beverly Square, at least as much of it as was compatible with a very moderate income, she rented a small house in a very dark and dismal lane leading out of the great center of refinement. It is true the Beverly Square was not exactly "the West End," but there are many degrees of West-Endness, so to speak, in the western neighborhood of London, and this square was, in the opinion of Miss Tippet, the West-endiest place she knew, because there dwelt in it, not a very genteel and uncommonly rich portion of the community, but a distant relation, or refinement, though not exactly a lady, Mr. Auberly admitted that claim.

Miss Tippet's only weakness—for she was indeed a most estimable woman—was a tendency to allow rank and position to weigh too much in her esteem. She had also a sensitive abhorrence of everything "low and vulgar," which would have been of course, a very proper feeling had she not taken into the mistake of considering humble birth lowness, and want of polish vulgarity—a mistake which is often (sometimes even wilfully) made by persons who consider themselves much wiser than Miss Tippet, but who are not wise enough to see a distinct shade of true vulgarity in their own sentiments.

The dark, dismal lane, named Poorthing Lane, besides forming an asylum for decayed and broken-down persons, and a vestibule, as it were, to Beverly Square, was a convenient retreat for sundry green-grocers and public-house keepers and small trades-people, who supplied the densely-peopled surrounding district, and even some of Beverly Square itself, with the necessaries of life. It was also a thoroughfare for the gaily equipped daily omnibuses, which passed from the adjoining stables, thereby endangering the lives of precocious babies who could crawl but could not walk away from home, as well as affording food for criticism and scandal, not to mention the leaving behind of species of second-hand odor of gentility such as coachmen and footmen can give forth.

Miss Tippet's dwelling being small, she rented a proportionately small residence, consisting of two floors, which were the upper portion of a house, whose ground floor was a toy-shop. The owner of the toy-shop, David Boone, was Miss Tippet's landlord; but not the owner of the tenement. He rented the whole, and sublet the upper portion. Miss Tippet's parlor windows commanded a near view of the lodging opposite, and every corner and crevice of which she could have seen had not been impervious to dirt. Her own domestic arrangements were concealed from view by small green venetian blinds, which rose from below and met the large venetians which descended from above. The good lady's bedroom windows commanded a near view—much too near—of a stack of chimneys, between which and another stack, further over, she had a glimpse of part of the gable end of a house, and the topmost bough of a tree in Beverly Square. It was this prospect into paradise, terrestrially speaking, that influenced Miss Tippet in the choice of her abode.

When William Wilders reached the small door of No. 6, Poorthing Lane, and raised his hand to knock, the said door opened as if it had been trained to admit visitors of its own accord, and Miss Matty Merryon issued forth, followed by a bright, blue-eyed girl of about twelve years of age.

"Well, boy, was ye comin' here?" inquired Matty. "The lad stopped aside to let them pass."

"Yes, I was. Does Miss Tippet live here?"

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

DUAL-PURPOSE COWS.

There are perhaps no subjects today that attract the attention of the dairyman more than those pertaining to the special and dual-purpose cows. One can hardly read a dairy paper through without finding an item about one or the other, and which will bring them the most profit for a hard problem for many dairy farmers to decide.

As generally conceded, the dual-purpose cow is one which will give reasonably large amount of butter-fat, and at the same time produce a calf that will have fairly good beef qualities; so the heifer calf can be sold for beef if she does not give much milk as her owner thinks she should. A good cow of this type should produce at least 250 pounds of butter-fat each year and at the same time raise a calf that will bring nearly the top price per pound if sold for beef.

The advantage, then, of the duality over the special-purpose cow is in the calf which she will raise, besides she will give as much butter-fat, which is generally not the case. In many instances, however, the excess of yield of butter-fat in the latter over the former will not be worth as much as a good calf.

Of course the female calves of special type are worth as much as those of the other kind, but the males are not unless they are extra good stock and can be sold as bulls at a high price.

Probably the best breeds of cattle which are used for producing both milk and beef are the Red Polled, the Polled Durham, and the Bates family of the Shorthorn breed, and there are some good Angus.

The ordinary cow, however, that answers this purpose is a cross between two or more of any of the above. Many farmers raise this class of cows with good results, selling the male calves for \$15 to \$20 per head when a year old, and it is not impossible to get a cow that will yield from 250 to 400 pounds of butter-fat a year and at the same time raise a kind of a calf. We all know that there are some good dual-purpose cows, but this is true that many which will not come even to the average special dual-purpose cow should not be made to average at least 200 pounds of butter-fat per year, per head, if a farmer would use judgment in the selection of the best there are. Even a gain of 100 pounds of butter-fat for each cow would mean a great deal to the farmer, and will be the result if the farmer will let his best dual-purpose cows and allow a poor one to stay in the herd.

and disease, always laying, and about with a lively cackle, seemed to be a profit from them just because of their nature's way as far as the chicken is concerned.

In conclusion, I think, twenty dollars worth of fruit, and twenty dollars worth of eggs and poultry can be raised on a single village lot year.

USELESS TRICKS.

Try to farm without a judicious rotation of manure to your soil.

Buy what you do not need because it is cheap—never buy more than you can use.

Take care of the way of eating because you wish to get a "big" crop.

Expect to grow crops without attention being given to their rotation.

Expect to grow good crops poor soil.

Expect to have good farm stock without feeding and giving it attention.

Expect to have good milk cows without providing for their comfort all seasons.

Leave your farm tools exposed to the weather.

Complains about the village store being out of office when the weeds are in your crop.

Talk of what your farming operations will be next year while you are doing nothing this year.

Plant fruit trees, and then allow the cattle to destroy them.

Leave your neighbors' gates open, and then expect yours to be swung shut.

Top, thus, touch a bad season by your own example.

Elect to office men who cannot care of themselves by ordinary results of life.

Be surrounded by mud when you can easily have good paths about your premises.

CARE OF WORKING HORSES.

The teams need and deserve special care when work is the hardest. Like a man, the horse is only at his best when he eats and sleeps well, and feels comfortable in general. A team at heavy work requires liberal feeding. Oats and cracked corn is a good mixture for the hard-working horse. Feed with good, mixed hay and a little green food. After your work is over will do no harm. Add a little salt. A full horse should be allowed for the noon meal. Card and brush daily and sponge shoulders after the day's work. Chafed places should be washed and rubbed with vaseline or kerosene. A piece of strong canvas should be placed over some of the saddle galls may be removed by padding and raising the saddle. Horses cause much strain when pulling and hauling heavy loads, and they should sit well and be fully padded. In case of sores under the collar, use instead a breast-strap for a while.

Piles
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding, protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. Sufferers who think of it, you can use it, and get your money back if not cured. (See a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment.)

THE OLDEST STAMP.

The oldest stamp in the world and those issued at Hong Kong, which have never been changed since they were first issued in 1839. Every other stamp in the world has been changed in the forty odd years, but the head of Queen Victoria on the Hong Kong stamp has never been altered. Now, however, it appears that a new set of stamps is about to be issued with the head of King Edward, and when the change has taken place the oldest stamp will be the Russian, with the double-headed eagle and the shield of St. George, which was first issued in 1864.

"What you need," the doctor told him, "is more sleep." "I know it," said the haggard man, "but how am I going to get it? There's a baby on the floor above us that's cutting teeth and a family with a phonograph on the floor below us."

POULTRY AND SMALL FRUIT.

Keeping of poultry combined with care of small fruit makes the most doubly useful and the most profitable from any one source. Many farmers raise this class of crops with good results, selling the male calves for \$15 to \$20 per head when a year old, and it is not impossible to get a cow that will yield from 250 to 400 pounds of butter-fat a year and at the same time raise a kind of a calf. We all know that there are some good dual-purpose cows, but this is true that many which will not come even to the average special dual-purpose cow should not be made to average at least 200 pounds of butter-fat per year, per head, if a farmer would use judgment in the selection of the best there are. Even a gain of 100 pounds of butter-fat for each cow would mean a great deal to the farmer, and will be the result if the farmer will let his best dual-purpose cows and allow a poor one to stay in the herd.

Pains In the Back Hip and Spine.

Doctors Could Not Help Him—
Great Suffering and Loss of Sleep—
A Splendid Remedy—
DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY LIVER PILLS

When you read such letters as the following from well-known and respected people in all parts of the country you need no longer wonder by the sale of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills is so far in advance of any similar remedy. When people find out the virtue of great medicine they tell their friends about it, and so the good spreads.

Mr. James Clark, Concessionary, Edward Co., Ont., states: "I was troubled with my back setting in my hips, and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times most unendurable, and many times I was not able to do any work. My weight was reduced to 100 to 150 pounds, and I had consulted many first-class physicians and tried several remedies. I could get no relief. At this time my father told me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, and said he knew they would cure me. I bought a box, and great as was my surprise when I began to feel better after using only the first box, I continued their use under the sale of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills is so far in advance of any similar remedy. When people find out the virtue of great medicine they tell their friends about it, and so the good spreads.

Mr. James Clark, Concessionary, Edward Co., Ont., states: "I was troubled with my back setting in my hips, and extending up my spine. The pain was very severe, and at times most unendurable, and many times I was not able to do any work. My weight was reduced to 100 to 150 pounds, and I had consulted many first-class physicians and tried several remedies. I could get no relief. At this time my father told me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, and said he knew they would cure me. I bought a box, and great as was my surprise when I began to feel better after using only the first box, I continued their use under the sale of Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills is so far in advance of any similar remedy. When people find out the virtue of great medicine they tell their friends about it, and so the good spreads.

Jim Dumps found Mrs. Dumps distressed about an unexpected guest.

"There's nothing in the house to eat!"

"There's something better far than meat."

The guest endorsed Jim's view with vim.

When helped to "Force" by "Sunny Jim."

"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Omelet

ready for any emergency.

"Farmers are Eatin' 'Force'."

"Thanks for 'Force', I eat it three times a day. Folks call me 'Sunny Jim'. Took some to the country with me on a visit and the farmers got there eatin' 'Force' now."

"Will, boy?"