

keeper, devotedly attached to the homestead in which she lived, the last of her family, she was crushed by the fire, and the main building, and the kitchen and the living room, and the bedrooms, were all destroyed. The morning, before any one was up, she slipped out of the house, where she had passed the night, returned to her own, and as possible of soap, splinters, water from burst beds, then she kindled a bright fire on the hearth, brought in a few broken chairs from the yard, and when she knew that would happen—friends and neighbors began to visit the yet smoking ruins of her home, to receive their condolences with dignity.

THE SCIENCE OF BOILING.

One hundred years ago Count Rumford pointed out that in Munich where his experiments in cookery were made, a water boiled at 200 degrees, on account of its elevation, while in London it boiled at 212 degrees. This means, according to Bridget, that boiling water is hotter in London when it boils. She thinks that to boil a thing the only way is to boil it hard; the more the water splashes in her kettle, the more the food is being cooked. To make the water fuel is consumed, if you can succeed in the assimilation of some common sense in cooking your coal or gas bills will be smaller. Perhaps you might prove to her by an experiment. Place a piece of meat in a pot, and some water, and let it boil. After the water in each has become boiling, place one boiler over a small flame, and the other over a red-hot cover. The latter will, of course, boil vehemently enough to please Bridget, and the other will keep at a condition where the surface is only spasmodically rippled. She will be surprised that both meats will be thoroughly cooked at the same time, while the latter will be much better cooked. Let it be remembered that violently boiling water is no better than water boiling hot.

BORAX IN THE HOME.

Borax water is a good thing to have about the washstand. It is easily made. Pour a pint of boiling water over six table-spoonfuls of powdered or crystallized borax and let it get cold, then strain and bottle. The water will take about the amount of borax, this being saturated solution. Keep well corked in a hard glass jar. When washing in hard water add a spoonful of this solution and the water will be smooth and pleasant besides helping the soap or suds to come on the hands when doing housework. Pour some on your toothbrush and it will help whiten the teeth. If the teeth are bad or the mouth sore or "bad tasting," a teaspoonful of borax-water diluted with twice as much water makes a healing and sweetening mouth wash.

ORIGINAL SIN.

Australian Children's Definition of It.

The good old Scotch lady who said the doctrine of total depravity was a very good thing if you could only live up to it, perhaps needed some instruction in the catechism to clear up her ideas, but if no better method were employed than the following instituted by a fellow-countryman, she would get little help.

The London Daily Chronicle tells the story.

A wealthy Australian Scotsman, named Allan, died some years ago, and bequeathed a considerable sum of money to provide perpetual prizes to the Presbyterian children of the commonwealth for proficiency in scriptural knowledge. The latest report of the Allan bequest committee, presented to the Presbyterian General Assembly in Melbourne, contains some entertaining reading.

What is the difference between original sin and actual sin? The answers among other things, "Original sin is Adam eating forbidden fruit; actual sin is Cain killing Abel." "One is good sin; the other is bad sin." "Original sin is sin without murder; but actual sin is sin, meaning swearing." "Original sin is the things we ought to do; actual sin is the things we ought not to do." "Actual sin means a want of obedience; but original sin is a work of Providence."

THE KING'S COLLECTIONS.

The King carefully preserves the artistic programmes of proceedings in which he has taken part. These souvenirs, which number several thousands, are all pasted in large albums, which are kept in the library of Buckingham Palace. In the same way the King has kept all his theatre programmes since his earliest playing days. This is, without doubt, the most curious and valuable collection of its kind in the world, for managers do not give programmes and princes ordinary programmes. The bill of the play printed in the Royal box, used to be a heavy thing, it is now, as a rule, less elaborate, but not for that reason less artistic.

POVERTY IN DENMARK.

Denmark makes a clear distinction between the thrifless and the respectable poor. The former are treated like English paupers, the latter never cross a workhouse threshold. If destitute, they receive a pension ranging from \$15 to \$25 a year; or, too feeble to look after themselves, they are placed in an old-age home.

AT THE POST OF DUTY

OF THE WATERMAN'S SONS.

CHAPTER XV.

"Mother," said Master William Willers one night to his parent, as he sat at supper—his meal consisted of bread and milk—"he's the poorest fellow," that Mr. Tippet, I ever came across."

"What do you mean, Willie?" said Mrs. Willers, who was busy with the knees of a pair of small patterned trousers; "but I wish, dear, that you would use slang in your speech, and remember that fellow is not spelt with an e-r at the end of it."

"Come now, mother, don't you go and get sarcastic. It don't suit you, beside, there's no occasion for it, for I do my best to keep it down, but I'm so choked full of it that a word or two will spill up now and then in spite of me."

Mrs. Willers smiled and continued her patching; Willie grinned and continued his supper.

"Mother," said Willie, after an interval of silence.

"What d'ye think the old fellow—ah! I mean follow—is up to just now?"

"I don't know, Willie."

"He's inventin' a calculatin' machine, as it is to do anything from simple addition to fractions, an' he says if it works well he'll carry it on to algebra and mathematics, up to the final calculus, or something of that sort. Oh, you've no notion how he strains himself at it. He sits down in his shirt-sleeves at a writing-table he's got in a corner, an' tears away at the little hair he has on the sides of his head (I do know he has it all off) the top with his inventions, then he bangs up an' seizes his tools, and shouts, 'Look here, Willie, hold on!' and goes sawin' and chiselin' and hammerin' away like a steam-engine. He's all but bust himself over that calculatin' machine, and I'm much afraid that he'll clap Chips into the sausage-machine some day, just to see how it works. I hope he won't let Chips an' I be great friends, though, we've only bin a month together."

"I hope he's a good man," said Mrs. Willers, thoughtfully.

"Well, I'm sure he must be!" cried Willie, with enthusiasm, "for he is very kind to me, and also to many poor folk that come about regularly. I'm gettin' to know their faces now, and when to expect 'em. He always takes 'em into his back room all sorts of old men and old women an' children, most of 'em seem to be poor, but some of 'em well off to look at. What he says to 'em I don't know, but they usually come out very grave, and go away thinkin' him, and sayin' they won't forget his advice. If the advice is to come back soon they certainly don't forget it. And he's a great philosopher, too, mother, for he talks to me about my willer's. He said his father died, and Willie said he got into a habit of 'usin' his brains, my boy. The Almighty put us into this world well-made machines, intended to be used in all our parts. Now, you'll find thousands of people who use their muscles and neglect their brains, and thousands of people who use their brains and neglect their muscles. Both are wrong; we're machines and we ought to use 'em all. The machines won't work if they're used all over. Don't that sound grand, mother?"

Willie might have received an answer if he had waited for one, but he was too impatient, and went rattling on.

"And who d'ye think, mother, came to see old Tippet the other day, but little Catty the clown's boy. You remember my tellin' you about little Catty and the auction don't you?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Well, he came, and just as he was goin' away I ran out an' asked him how the fair was. 'She's very ill,' he said, shakin' his head, and lookin' so mournful that I had not the heart to ask more. But I'm goin' to see him, mother."

"That's right, my boy," said Mrs.

the room with a wild laugh. "Come along, Jim, try that jump once more."

Jim did not speak; but, pressing his lips to his sister's brow, leaped at his sister, who was standing in a remarkably vigorous attitude, with his legs wide apart and his arms akimbo, looking back over his shoulder.

"Here we go," cried Jim in a tiny voice, running up his father's leg and side, stepping lightly on his shoulder, and planting one foot on his head.

"Jump down," said the clown gravely.

Jim obeyed.

"That won't do, Jim; you must do it all in one run, no pausing on the way—but, whoop! up you go, and both feet on my head at once. Don't be afraid; you can't tumble, you know."

"I'm not afraid, father," said Jim; "but I ain't quite springy in my heart to-night. Stand again and see if I don't do it right off."

Catty the elder threw himself into the required attitude, and Catty the junior, rushed up a tree, and in a moment was standing on his father's head with his arms extended. Whoop!—Next moment he was turning round in the air, and whoop!—in another moment he was standing on the ground, bowing respectfully to a supposed audience.

To Jim's immense amazement, the supposed audience applauded him heartily, and said "Bravo! young hero!" as he stepped into the room, in the person of William Willers.

"Why I, who say you be?" inquired the clown senior, stepping up to the intruder.

Before Willie could answer, the clown junior sprang on his father's shoulders, and whispered in his ear. Whatever he said, the result was an expression of benignity and condescension on the clown's face—as far as expression would allow of such expressions.

"Glad to meet you, Master Willers," he said. "From to know any one connected with T. Tippet, Esq., who's a trump. Give us your flipper. What may be the object of your unexpected, though welcome visit to this—this subterranean grotto, which may be said to be next door to the coral caves, where the mermaids dwell?"

"Yes, and there's one of the mermaids singin'," remarked the clown junior, with a comical leer, as a woman's voice was heard in violent altercation with some one. "She's a sayin' of her prayers now; be sechin' of her husband to let her have her own way."

Willie explained that, having had the pleasure of meeting with Jim at an auction sale some weeks ago, he had called to renew his acquaintance and Jim said he remembered the incident—and that, if he was not mistaken, a desire to see a live fairy in plain clothes, with her wings off, had something to do with his visit.

"Here she is;—by the way, what's your name?"

"Bill Willers."

"Here she is, Bill; this is the fairy," he said, in quite an altered tone; as he went to the bed, and took one of his sister's thin hands in both of his. "Ziza, this is the fellow I told ye of, as wanted to see you, dear, 'long to Mr. Tippet."

Ziza smiled faintly, as she extended her hand to Willie, who took it and pressed it gently.

Willie felt a wonderfully strong sensation within his heart as he looked into the sufferer's large liquid eyes; and for a few seconds he could not speak. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Well, you ain't one bit like that I expected to see. You're more like a angel than a fairy."

Ziza smiled again, and said who didn't feel like either the one or the other.

"My poor lamb," said the clown, sitting down on the bed, and patting the dark hair on Ziza's forehead, with a hand as gentle as that of a mother. "we're goin' now. Time's stay with you again, till we come back."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the child, hurriedly, and squeezing her fingers into her eyes, as if to shut out some disagreeable object. "Not Mrs. Smith. I'd rather be alone."

"I wish I could stay with you, Ziza, said Jim, earnestly.

"It's of no use wishin', Jim," said his father; "you can't get off a single night. If you was to fall on your face, you'd lose your engagement, and we can't afford that just at this time, you know; but I'll try to get Mrs. James to come. She's a good woman, I know, and—"

"Mister Catty," interrupted Willie, "if you'll allow a particularly humble individual to make an observation, I would say there's nothin' in life to prevent me from keepin' this 'ere fairy company till you come back. I've nothin' to do but to do as she knows best, and I'm rather fond of lonely meditation; so if the fairy wants to go to sleep, it'll make no odds to me, so long's it pleases her."

"Thankee, lad," said the clown; "but you'll get wearied, I fear, for we won't be home till mornin'."

"Ah!" interrupted Willie, "till daylight does appear, 'cause I'm no odds neither, 'cause I'm nobody neither, yet, so there's no body waitin' for me—and" (he winked to Jim at this point) "my mother knows I'm out."

The clown grinned at this. "You'd make one of us, youngster," said he, "if you can jump. However I'm obliged to your offer, you can stay if Ziza would like it."

Ziza said she would like it, with such good will that Willie adored her from that moment, and he nursed her in his heart he would nurse her till she—he did not like to finish the sentence; yet, somehow, the little that he had heard and seen of the child, led him irresistibly to the conclusion that she was dying.

This having been satisfactorily arranged, the Cattles, senior and junior, threw cloaks round them, exchanged their wigs for caps, and, regardless of the absurd appearance of their faces, hurried out to one of the minor theatres, with heavy

WHERE DOES OUR WHEAT GO?

Interesting Statistics of Government Officials.

Where does all our wheat go to? Or perhaps the question should rather be what is the matter with our statistics? It is just now very important that the people in Great Britain should know exactly what amount of wheat Canada already exports as a basis for estimating what this country is capable of exporting under an increased acreage.

Much of our wheat enters Great Britain under the general term "American," says the Winnipeg Telegram, and British statistics do not tell the correct story, but there is no reason why our own statistics should not be correct. Yet it is almost impossible to believe that they are correct. In the blue books there are given what are claimed to be the complete figures of the exports of Canadian produce. Take for example, the year ending June 30, 1902, with the figures covering the year 1901. The blue books state that in that year there were exported from Canada to all countries 26,117,530 bushels of wheat and 1,086,648 barrels of flour, or a total of, say, 30,600,000 bushels of wheat. Now, the total Canadian crop of that year was estimated at about 90,000,000 bushels, and we know for certain that over 44,000,000 bushels was inspected in Winnipeg. What became of the balance between the 90,000,000 bushels exported and the 90,000,000 bushels grown? Suppose we allow for some exaggeration in the estimate of the yield, yet there is no exaggeration in the amount inspected at Winnipeg, practically all of which went east in the shape of either grain or flour. How did 14,000,000 bushels of this wheat disappear? What was the deal of Manitoba wheat is consumed?

IN EASTERN CANADA.

but as Eastern Canada produces more than enough for its own consumption, the Manitoba wheat used there would release eastern wheat for export. It is probable that six bushels per head would be a high enough average for consumption in Canada, perhaps a bit high, but make it seven bushels per head, and we could account on the score of consumption for only about 38,500,000 bushels. (The requirements for seed would not be more than about 10,000,000 bushels. Taking the two together we might account for about 50,000,000 bushels, but this would leave the outside limit. On a 90,000,000 bushel crop we should easily be able to export 40,000,000 bushels, yet the official figures credit us only with 30,000,000 bushels. Was the other 10,000,000 bushels fed to stock, or was it never grown at all? Or, taking only the figures for Winnipeg inspection, is it possible to believe that 14,000,000 bushels which passed through Winnipeg was consumed in Eastern Canada without releasing a single bushel of eastern wheat for export? We have not yet the complete figures for the year ending June 30, 1903, but for eleven months of that year the exports are given as 29,346,520 bushels of wheat and 1,099,915 barrels of flour, or about 33,800,000 bushels. Yet the crop of 1902 was greater than that of 1901 by about 8,000,000 bushels. The Canadian Statistical Year Book gives the Canadian crop as 96,626,345 bushels, and the United States Crop Reporter gives it as 98,654,000 bushels. Making all reasonable reductions for overestimates in this case, also, there will be a discrepancy which is hard to explain. Do water tight wanted. (Take waste of whatever kind, put in any way it can be grown, meat chopper or beat in place, water and squeeze in a cloth, after jolly making and saving water. Wash the sauce dishes, table, and save the rinsings, a dish that sugar or syrup has been used in, and put all these in a cask. And when it is full and fermented and sour, put in vinegar is made. Then drizzle that is clear, and put in the cask, and fill the first half with water and whenever a gallon is put in two gallons from the

FOR FARMER

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy of the Soil.

CURING BEANS.

The most difficult problem in bean culture is curing and threshing, but with a little care this is easy enough, writes Mr. J. G. Russell. If beans are well ripened before being pulled and thrown in piles, they will be ready to thresh inside of a week. The piles should be small and in case of a rain turned over, but beans should never be stacked or hauled into a barn and left as some people do. The reason for this is simply that it is not possible to handle beans when they are dry enough to keep in stack or piled up anywhere without rotting them, and even though it were they would sweat and get too tough to thresh without splitting, and besides, beans lose their flavor and color when allowed to sweat in the pod.

A good way to thresh beans without a machine especially constructed for the purpose is to put a top box on a waggon, and drive between the rows, throw one or two piles in at a time and pound the beans out with a common fork. When you get on or fifteen bushels screen them out in the wind; if there happens to be one, and sack them up. If there is no wind, sack them at the top, or later than 5 in the afternoon, and cover attempt to thresh in this way unless the beans are very dry and the day clear and sunny.

An ordinary fanning will clean beans quite well, or they may be cleaned in a good stiff wind by letting them fall, say, ten feet. What is known as screened beans will sell for nearly as much as hand-picked beans, hence it does not pay to hand pick. But if your local dealer insists on hand-picked beans, the following method will clean them so well that he will never know the difference. Stretch a gunny-sack at an angle of 45 degrees and in front of this put a board. Now let the beans fall on this from a considerable height, and you will find that if the board is set at the right distance from the sack the sound, clear beans will jump over the board, while the dirt and cracked beans will fall down at the lower edge of the sack. In this way I have cleaned 15 bushels of beans in three hours so well that they sold for hand-picked.

OUTSIDE OF THE CHIEF.

Put 3 inch straw in the top, then 3 inches pomace spread, then 1 inch straw and 4 inches mace, another inch of straw more pomace, putting on only on the sides and ends until full. Put on the following gun pressing.

If the pomace has turned before laying up there is no gain by slow work in pressing the cider. Cover the holes of your barrels with netting to insure freedom of sides while fermenting. Apples or pomace should not be in contact with steel unless it is coated with an acid turns the iron which imparts a bad color to both cider and vinegar.

To make vinegar, fill each two-thirds full of worked cider in a warm place, where temperature does not go below 60 degrees, and sometimes goes up to 80 or more; until the cider is sour and hard. A small amount of mother should then be put in the cask and allowed to stand for months in a warm temperature. It should be good vinegar of any color. Of course, the ways of hurrying the process of making, but it is at a loss of quality and appearance.

Once made, the vinegar should be drawn from the casks into glass casks and bunged up to prevent evaporation, until ready for market. If a farmer lives up in a trade can readily be put up in

BOTTLED VINEGAR.

Bottled vinegar should be put in quart and sold at 10 cents each. If sold in 5-gallon casks and bunged up to prevent evaporation, until ready for market. If a farmer lives up in a trade can readily be put up in

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

Mrs. Myles' husband was extremely ill, and she consulted a doctor. "I'm sorry, madam," he said gravely, "but your husband is dying by inches."

"Well," she said, with an air of hopeful resignation, "with good things in me poor man is six-foot-two in his stockings, so he'll last some time yet!"

Dr. Chase's Ointment

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and reliable cure for each and every form of Itch, Piles, Bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturer has guaranteed to refund every cent of the purchase price if you do not get your money back. Write at once to Dr. Chase, 100 Nassau St., New York, N. Y., for a free trial.

A YOUNG DIPLOMATIST.

Little Jennie was just beginning to read the newspapers. One day she laid down the morning paper and said: "Mamma."

"Well, dear?"

"I read in the paper of how a doll with a whistle inside it saved a house from being robbed by burglars."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, the little girl who owned the doll was lying on the floor, and when the burglar trod on it the whistle inside the doll went off and woke the papa, and he scared the burglar away before he had a chance to steal anything. Wasn't that odd?"

"Yes."

"I say, mamma."

"Well, dear?"

"I haven't any doll like that."

"No, but you do have plenty of other dolls."

"But, mamma!"

"Well, if you could get me a doll with a whistle inside it, I'd let you put it on the floor every night to catch burglars."

Among 19,725 German school-children recently examined only 1 per cent were found to possess sound teeth.

Japan is now sending coal to Hong Kong and British India. Her coal export last year was worth

She Nursed the Sick And Ruined Her Health

For Months Mrs. Myles Lay a Helpless Sufferer From Nervous Prostration and Gradually Grew Weaker and Weaker.

Mrs. John Myles, Sr., of South Woodland, Essex Co., Ont., is well known throughout the surrounding country because of her work among the sick and suffering, and it was on account of over exertion in this regard that her health broke down and she lay weak and helpless, a victim of nervous prostration. Doctors could not help her and she refused to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As a result she has been gradually restored and by recommending this treatment to others she has been the means of bringing back health and happiness to many a patient who had suffered from nervous prostration.

Mrs. Myles writes: "When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was so weak that my bed had to be raised and the doctors said my nervous system was ruined. My stomach was very weak and I could not sleep at all for any length of time. Nervous prostration had taken me and I was getting weaker and weaker all the time. There were also pains in top of the head which caused me much suffering and anxiety. After using half a dozen boxes of


Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a gain in weight and to feel stronger than I have been gradually restored to health and in looking back can say that the improvement has been something wonderful. I used in all forty boxes of this preparation and feel it a duty as well as a privilege to recommend it to all who are suffering from nervous prostration. Several persons have used it and been cured and I am sure if I had not used it I would not be here today. It is not life itself to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Nervous prostration and exhaustion, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, general weakness, loss of sleep, and all the other symptoms of nervous prostration, can be cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and will bring back health and happiness to all who are suffering from nervous prostration. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and will bring back health and happiness to all who are suffering from nervous prostration.

Force

Force is a blood heater.



Force is a blood heater. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and will bring back health and happiness to all who are suffering from nervous prostration. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and will bring back health and happiness to all who are suffering from nervous prostration.