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ther evening to get things mix-
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Mrs. Gadaboutsky—"Did she
Mrs. Stayathome—"Yes;
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Mrs. Gadaboutsky—"What
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ISSUE NO. 33-04.

KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

"How clever you are!" she said with a spontaneous admiration by no means lost upon its object. "I wish I knew a tenth part of what you do. The truth is, although I have hunted a good bit off and on, I am as inexperienced as a baby in all matters connected with horseflesh requiring more than the most ordinary knowledge. Such a state of things is positively disgraceful!"

"Not at all, since you have the wish to learn, my dear," returned the old lady graciously. "Besides, you are very young, and there is plenty of time before you. Remember I have had a considerable start in regard to years, which makes all the difference. And now I am going to dilute the carbolic acid with water, one part acid to forty water, being the correct proportions; but first we must make use of hot fomentations, to wash away the congealed blood and any irritating foreign matter that may possibly remain lodged in the wound."

So saying, Mrs. Forrester, having directed the man to fetch a bucket of warm water, herself proceeded, with a light yet firm hand, to sluice the injured part with a sponge. Poor King Olaf, winced at the slightest touch, especially when, dexterously bringing the two lips of the wound as nearly together as they permitted, the accomplished amateur applied a large piece of lint, thoroughly soaked in the solution she had recommended to Kate. She displayed no hesitation, no feminine shrinking at the ugly job. Mrs. Forrester evidently knew what she was about, and set to work in a cool business-like fashion, which in some measure restored Kate to confidence and hope.

"Now," she said, holding the lint in its place with her hand, "quick, bring me a roller, or a piece of coarse linen, with which to make everything fast. There," as she accomplished the affair successfully, "that's done, at any rate, and may be the means of preventing the horse catching cold until Mr. Bryan arrives. The next thing for us to do is to give him a drink that will dead the pain. You got some laudanum, did you not, Miss Brewser?"

"Yes," said Kate, feeling more and more amazed at the profundity of her companion's knowledge. "Here it is. What use are you going to make of it?"

"I like people who ask questions," said Mrs. Forrester approvingly. "And it folks wish to enlarge their minds they should never be ashamed of confessing their own ignorance. Well, you see, my dear, the principal danger we have to contend against in a case of this sort is of peritonitis setting in. The laudanum not only numbs pain, but also exercises a wonderfully soothing influence over the action of the intestines, a matter just now of great importance. A small dose often works wonders, and anyhow can do no harm. There now poor fellow!" she added, having administered the drug, and patted King Olaf's neck, "we can do nothing more for you until Mr. Bryan turns up with his sewing apparatus, which we must hope may be soon."

Kate thanked Mrs. Forrester most warmly for her kindness. "It is awfully good of you," she said, "taking so much trouble on my behalf, I feel as if I could not thank you sufficiently."

"I hate thanks," was the brusque reply. "All my life I never could bear to see animals in pain. If I can relieve them I must; that's just the truth; and what's more my dear," with more emotion that one would have given her credit for, "I feel for you also. I know what it is to lose a good hunter. I had one once I was exceedingly fond of. He ran a stake into the fleshy part of his thigh, out hunting with the Critchley, over a mere nothing of a fence, and though all was done that human experience could devise, he died from mortification, exactly a week after the injury had been inflicted."

"Dear me, that was very sad, and makes me tremble for King Olaf. Do you think, Mrs. Forrester, that there is any chance, however small, of his ultimate recovery? If only I might hope"—

"That is a question neither I nor yet anyone else can answer. Very much will depend on how he goes on in the course of the next day or two. If he gets over them fairly well, and no unfavorable symptoms set in, we may begin to gain confidence. His strength should be kept up in every way. Hard-boiled eggs beaten up in milk, or even beef tea, are both excellent for that purpose. A good bottle of port wine when a horse is weak and below par, and the inflamation has subsided, may also be of service. But Mr. Bryan, no doubt, will prescribe properly, for he's reckoned very clever among the profession, and passed no end of stiff examinations—not that they always go for much."

As she finished Colonel Clinker came galloping into the yard, having evidently not delayed an instant after the reception of Kate's message, for Opal was covered with foam, and he himself splashed all over from head to foot.

"Thank goodness!" he exclaimed in tones of relief when he saw Kate standing safe and sound, talking to Mrs. Forrester. "I have been in such an awful fright, thinking you had had another cropper, and hurt yourself again."

"No, it's not me this time," she said. "It's worse—it's King Olaf."

"I can't agree with you there. But what's the matter? Nothing very serious, I hope?"

"Yes, something too dreadfully serious. King Olaf is frightfully staked. It makes me shudder even to think of."

Whereupon both ladies proceeded to give Colonel Clinker an account of what had happened. After hearing it he looked at the horse, but did not attempt to remove the bandages, which had been effectuall in checking the loss of blood. He thought that Mrs. Forrester had acted with admirable wisdom, and done everything that, under the circumstances, lay in her power. "In fact," said he, "it's really a pity you should stay any longer and give up your day's hunting. I will look after Miss Brewser and see her safely home. I left the hounds quite close to this, and if you go at once you will have no difficulty in finding them."

Mrs. Forrester's first decision was not to lose sight of so grave and interesting a case, but second thoughts appeared best, for she suddenly began winking at Jack, and said—

"Sly dog! Ah yes, of course! Never mind, I understand all about it, and don't want to spoil sport."

He bit his lip and frowned. These allusions irritated him sorely.

"There's no sport to spoil," he said gloomily.

"You can't expect me to believe that in a hurry."

"I don't care what you believe. It's a fact, nevertheless."

"Well!" said Mrs. Forrester, turning to Kate, "I don't like leaving you in the lurch, but I can't be of any more use at present, so I may as well catch up the hounds again. Besides, I leave you in good hands. Colonel Clinker says he will see you home."

"It seems my fate to be a perpetual nuisance to my friends," said poor Kate. "I wish I could do something to show my gratitude in return."

"Tut, tut! don't talk nonsense; anybody to hear you would think I had done something wonderful instead of performing a most ordinary action of humanity," replied the old lady quite testily.

To give her her due, underneath all that outwardly hard manner beat an unusually warm heart, which sympathized on most occasions with her fellow-creatures, in spite of that sympathy being not unfrequently displayed in an original fashion. She remounted her horse, and after making Kate promise to write and tell her the result of Mr. Bryan's visit rode off at a steady jog-trot to refind the hounds and finish her day's hunting like the kind old lady she really was, sacrificing her natural inclinations and desire of gaining fresh experience in the veterinary science to the Machiavellian policy of leaving the young couple together.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

When they found themselves alone, Jack Clinker said to Kate—

"Do you believe in presentiments, Miss Brewser?"

"I hardly know," she replied. "It is so easy, once a thing has happened, to persuade yourself into the idea you had always foretold it."

"You don't remember, then, the remark I made this morning about misfortunes never coming singly? It certainly was not a very original one; nevertheless all through the morning I have had an uneasy feeling that something was going to happen. There's a fatality about these things. Just fancy, Snowflake breaking down badly and King Olaf half killing himself! One grows quite jumpy over such misfortunes. I wonder what will be the next to overtake us?"

"Don't talk of any more, for goodness sake! We have had enough and to spare as it is, without predicting others. I had no idea you were so superstitious. Do you know," dropping her voice to an uneasy whisper, "I feel so shaky and demoralized that if King Olaf d—d—dies I do not really think I shall ever care to go hunting again. When all goes well it's delightful, and following hounds the greatest physical pleasure that exists, but when accidents like this occur a revulsion of feeling sets in, and one doubts whether the game is worth the candle—we stand to lose too much and gain too little."

"Come, come," he said, endeavoring to comfort her, seeing also how thoroughly upset she was by what had taken place; "I will not have you give way to such gloomy views. Like everything else in this world, hunting presents its bright and its dark side, but of the two the former decidedly predominates. I always pity those poor dévils who kick their heels about town all through the long months of winter fog, and have no better resource than to toddle to their clubs and play a rubber of whist or game of picquet. No, no, depend upon it, in spite of occasional accidents, we hunting people have out and out the best of it, and lead far cheerier lives."

He had such a pleasant way of talking, and of looking at things in general, she could not feel downhearted when he was near. Her fits of depression only recurred in his absence.

"And what about India?" she summoned up courage to ask in a subdued voice. "Are you really going?"

"We will discuss that some other time. It's too long a question to enter into just now, and one that will require a good deal of consideration. I can't be here to-day and gone to-morrow, however, if you mean that."

She did not enter into any explanations, though she derived considerable consolation from this assurance, having dreaded, since Snowflake's disease, that he might pack up his things any day and depart without giving her premonitory warning.

"You intend finishing the season then?"

"I don't know; it depends on what turns up, but very probably"—

At that moment Stirrup arrived in the phaeton, looking terribly agitated, accompanied by Mr. Bryan. After some conversation and a preliminary inspection of King Olaf, Colonel Clinker took Kate aside, and said to her very gently, yet with a certain authority in his manner—

"I think, Miss Brewser, you had better go and wait inside the house for a little, while the operation of sewing up the wound is performed. Witnessing it will only give you unnecessary pain, and you have borne quite enough already. The sight is not pleasant for a lady's eyes, besides which you have now been on your legs for some hours, and what between the excitement and the worry will only knock yourself up if you don't take care. You ought, too, by rights to change these boots," noticing how wet they were when Kate began to walk. "You'll catch your death of cold if you don't. I daresay one of the women-folks will lend you a pair of dry shoes."

"I can't think about myself," she said impatiently.

"All the more reason for others to do so, then. I can be very stern and very tyrannical when I choose. I shall order some tea to be got ready, and tell Mrs. Hammond to make you take off those wet boots and stockings."

"I don't feel as if I could sit still while everybody else is working and doing some good; it is so hard to remain useless." Inaction always falls to the lot of us poor, wretched women."

"Never mind about that. What are we men here for except to take care of you when we get the chance, and help to carry some of the burden oppressing the weaker shoulders? You are brave enough in all conscience; don't give in now. Imagine yourself a child and I your schoolmaster. Well! I beg you to go in, take a rest, and have something to eat and to drink; then if you are an obedient pupil, I promise to look in every few minutes and report progress. Besides, I'm selfish, and want some tea myself. Won't you give me a cup, just to show there's no ill-feeling between us?"

There were possibly times when Kate Brewser was wilful and wayward, but Colonel Clinker's kindness, his soft entreating voice, and persuasive manners, conquered her altogether. She could no more have opposed him, when he talked to her like this, than have opposed her dead uncle had he risen from his grave.

"Very well," she said, without offering another word of remonstrance. "I will do what you wish, only mind you come soon. It will be awful, staying there all alone."

"Oh yes, I'll come," he promised, thinking that in many ways she still possessed a sweet childishness of manner. "There's the tea, you know, as an inducement." And then with a smile and a nod he went outside, and left her to her own resources. Perhaps the hardest trial that Kate endured that day was having to sit in a little close parlor, furnished in horsehair, crochet antimacassars, and wool mats, and respond to the well-meaning, but evidently forced conversation of Mrs. Hammond, a most excellent and worthy woman, though the history of her birth, parentage, fortune, marriage, and internal ailments failed, after a while, to either interest or amuse her listener. Kate's thoughts all the time were busy with King Olaf, and she longed at least to be left alone. But Mrs. Hammond's small talk was ceaseless and persevering, and there was nothing for it but to sit and smile and endeavor to respond in a fitting manner when a response was clearly imperatively demanded. The situation grew undurable. Kate framed all kinds of stern speeches, such as "Woman, don't you see, I'm in trouble; can't you leave me alone?" or "My good soul, please don't mind me if you are busy," but although she mentally arranged such speeches, directly an opportunity arose of using them, her heart failed her in the most ignominious manner, and she continued to smile, and to nod, and to ejaculate, until Mrs. Hammond was quite charmed with her guest's affability.

It is often inconceivable how the minutes fly when we are enjoying ourselves, yet at other times Old Time seems to require a good jog to bustle him up. Had Colonel Clinker not been endowed with a strong natural modesty, he could not have helped feeling flattered by the expression of pleased animation and joyous relief which overspread Kate's countenance on his reappearance.

"Oh!" she cried artlessly, "I am so thankful you have come!"

"Well, it is all over at last," he said, "and Bryan has bid me fetch you to pronounce on the results of his labors."

She went out to the stables immediately, overcome with delight at escaping from the parlor, and arriving there was greatly comforted by the different appearance the wound now presented. Mr. Bryan had made a very good job of it, and stood by looking at his handiwork with no little pride.

"I am in hopes no vital part has been touched, after all," he said to Kate reassuringly; "there's only this one little spot," pointing to a certain place as he spoke, "that looks suspicious, and as if the stake might have penetrated. However, we shall know more about it in forty-eight hours' time. I have given the horse a drink, and told your groom exactly what I wish done, and will look in again to-morrow morning before ten o'clock. I shall hope to hear then he has passed a tolerably comfortable night, and is going on favorably. And now we had better leave him alone. He has gone through a good bit, and the quieter he is kept the more advisable it will be."

"Will you drive Mr. Bryan back in the pony phaeton, Miss Kate?" suggested Stirrup respectfully. "The Colonel see has 'is 'oss, and I promised Mr. Bryan we would convey 'im back to Foxington."

"With pleasure," she said, settling herself on her seat and taking up the reins. "Come in, Mr. Bryan, please." Then she put out her hand to wish Colonel Clinker good-bye. "I don't dare express my thanks," she said, with a half-apologetic smile.

"That's right," he said with an answering one. "Between friends they are quite superfluous, but if you wish really to show your gratitude, be a good Samaritan, and let me fill Mr. Bryan's place to-morrow morning when you come here, to meet him. I feel the greatest interest in poor King Olaf."

Was it possible that just a tiny portion of it might be assumed?

"Are you not going to hunt?" she asked guilessly.

"Oh, yes, later on. But there will be lots of time. And these double misfortunes have destroyed my nerve. Somehow I don't feel a bit keen."

Kate gave the desired promise and then drove off, extracting all the information she could, with reference to King Olaf's case, on the way home.

* * * * * *

By ten o'clock the following morning the party reassembled at Silverstone, and were met by old Stirrup, wearing a most anxious and unhappy countenance.

"How's the horse?" asked Jack Clinker apart, in order that, should the reply prove unfavorable, it might not immediately reach Kate Brewser's ears.

"Bad, sir, very bad indeed," answered he huskily. "It goes to my 'eart to see 'im. 'Ees never touched a morsel of corn, and 'im with such a appetite in a ordinary way. 'Ee seems to be suffering a deal of pain too, hindards, breathes heavily, and changes 'is feet uneasily."

"That's a bad symptom," said Colonel Clinker, looking very grave. "I had hoped things might have improved, but I don't like the report at all."

"No more does I, sir. I would give 'arf a year's wages, and gladly into the bargain, to put King Holaf right again, and make 'im as 'ee was this time yesterday. Lord, Colonel, 'ee was full of life then, and as playful as a kitten, and now to see 'im, its downright earthrendering." Stirrup turned away abruptly as he concluded the sentence, overcome by the exceeding bitterness of the recollection.

"Whatever you do, don't talk to your mistress in this way," said Colonel Clinker hurriedly. "She's so dreadfully cut up over the whole business. Try and make the best of things, and let her hope as long as she can. We don't want to make her more miserable than she is already; besides, it is just possible that things may take a turn for the better. There's never any telling." So saying he entered the box, where Kate had gone on their first arrival. Poor King Olaf was standing up in it, with his head drooping listlessly and his bright eyes dimmed with suffering. At the sound of Kate's voice he slowly turned his neck, her presence seeming to cheer him somewhat. She had brought some sugar, and offered him a dainty morsel in the palm of her hand. He looked at it with dumb longing, as much as to say he would if he could, and turned it over several times with his soft nose. Then, as if the recollections it conjured up were too sweet to withstand, he sucked it in between his lips. Kate was delighted. But alas! the taste no longer possessed any power to please, for after feebly champing at it once or twice, he let the lump fall uncrushed to the ground. The ready tears sprang to Kate's eyes at the sight. "He won't even eat his sugar!" she exclaimed in distress, "he who loves it so and would follow me anywhere for a piece. Oh!" almost angrily, as they tried to console her, "nobody need deceive me about his condition. It's only false kindness. I know quite well, without being told, that he is very, very bad indeed." She buried her face in the horse's soft silky mane, and cried gently to herself. There was no denying the fact that, in his mistress's own words, King Olaf was very, very bad, wounded even unto death. Every now and again he would turn his head round, and gaze mournfully at his poor injured side with a hopeless, resigned, and infinitely touching expression, which went to the hearts of all those present. Mr. Bryan now undid the bandages, dressed the wound, said it bore every appearance of going on well, but shook his head when told of the horse's total loss of appetite.

"If only he would begin to peck a bit, no matter how little, I should be more hopeful," he declared. "Try him," turning to Stirrup, "with everything you can possibly think of." Then he gave King Olaf another reviving drink, and went his way, significantly stating that he would call in again during the course of the afternoon.

(To be continued.)

FOR FARMERS

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

SHEEP PARASITES

During summer the flock is more or less liable to attack by some one of the numerous species of external parasites. In some localities this insidious pest causes far greater annoyance than perhaps in others. However, no locality is perfectly exempt from infection. Flocks pasturing upon low, swampy, undrained land are more apt to be attacked by external parasites than flocks confined to uplands not exposed to improper conditions, writes G. G. Reynolds. While it cannot be said most cases of attacks of external parasites are traceable to improper pasture conditions, yet after several years' experience I am led to believe in the majority of cases pastures have a decided influence. When sheep are pasturing upon either up or low land they cannot fail to get some of the dirt worked into the wool. This in a short time furnishes excellent breeding dens for external parasites. Then again, sheep pasturing upon land furnishing an abundance of luxuriant supply of feed are more or less liable to scour, causing an unfilthy condition of the sheep behind, which, like the former, furnishes favorable opportunity for parasites to desposit their eggs. When sheep are pasturing upon any kind of low land it is very necessary that they be carefully watched or doubtless serious loss will occur.

Prevention is better than cure as a remedy for external parasites. The flock as soon as it shows any signs of unfilthy conditions, especially about the hindquarters, should be immediately tagged, and then all the filth cut away so that the hindquarters are left clean and wholesome. It is a sad mistake to allow a flock to continue long after there is danger of attack of external parasites. I find it an excellent practice to tag my flock early in the summer and again later should circumstances require. In tagging sheep are liable to attack, clip off the wool well up onto the belly.

After a flock is once attacked with external parasites serious trouble begins, and only with the most rigid treatment can permanent results be obtained. In case the parasite proves to be the common maggot it is first necessary to clean out the wound with some good disinfectant, at the same time carefully examining to make sure no part escapes the solution. Frequently only the most experienced observer will detect the presence of the parasite, because of its ability to find protection by boring into the flesh. After the wound has been thoroughly cleansed with some one of the already mixed formulas, I find it most excellent to coat the wound over with a solution of equal parts pine tar, lard and kerosene. This solution will retain its strength for several days and prevent another attack of the parasite.

The flock, after treated, can go back to pasture without any more danger of serious trouble, if care is exercised to see that all the animals are recovering from the effects of the treatment. After the flock has been to pasture for a day or so, hurdle and catch each sheep and examine to see if the one treatment is sufficient. In a few instances it may be found advisable to treat again.

WASHING OF SOILS.

The loss of soil and fertility on rolling or hill lands constitutes one of the most serious leaks the farmer has to contend with. The matter is neglected in some instances until lands are past redemption and worthless for agricultural purposes. Sandy loams are more difficult to keep from washing than clay soils. Yet on these the hillsides made valueless by the light, no-account soil being washed down the deep gullies, and the level and productive lands buried low, and in time it, too, is thus rendered unproductive and worthless by little.

The only way to keep hill lands from washing is to put them down to grass, for permanent pastures, or so rotate our crops that the soil will be well supplied with humus. This acts as a sponge to absorb the water that falls and allows it to find its way off the land gradually, and retains it for the growing crops.

The kind of grass to sow for permanent pasture depends upon the soil and location. In some parts of the country it would be blue grass. In others, redtop would flourish for years without showing any signs of exhaustion. On some kinds of limestone soils orchard grass would answer the purpose best.

The plan of getting the land nicely seeded to grass is probably the surest and safest way to keep it from washing. But the owner of hill lands must cultivate some of his fields. When mixed husbandry is practised there must be a rotation of crops, in which corn is one of the principal ones, and it is in the corn field that we have our greatest loss from erosion. As the crop is managed in many instances the soil is turned in early spring and is then left till the following spring without anything to prevent or check the washing, unless it is the old corn stalks. Corn stubble should never be left over winter without some sort of a cover crop. Oats sown in the fall is better than none for it will grow up to considerable height if the seeding is done early.

Corn on rolling land liable to wash should always be planted on old sod. This will not wash nearly as much in spring and summer. In the fall to wheat or rye. In most instances we would prefer rye, as it can be sown earlier in the season and is a better sod than wheat, thus preventing the wash much better.

Grass can then follow for several seasons, when we again have a good tough sod that may be turned for corn in regular rotation. There is not much place for clover lands that are cultivated, for a clover sod planted to corn is sure to wash badly if the season is very wet, or we have a dashing, spring rain.

SAVE BARN YARD MANURE.

One of the most profitable results from the feeding of live stock, now generally recognized, is the fact that, over, is the possibility of making on the farm the fertilizer constituents of the crops grown on the farm and so maintaining fertility for an indefinite period. There is the reason why the farmer should pay more attention to the value of farm manure. The excrements of the animals in feeding experiments constitute a part of the profits as much as the sale price.

The manure from these animals is worth more than any commercial fertilizer that can be bought, and when incorporated with a plentiful supply of litter it adds vegetable matter to the soil and improves the mechanical condition as no commercial fertilizer can do. This is not an argument against the use of commercial fertilizer; but in the name of reason, economy and good sense, before commercial fertilizers are purchased let the excreta from farm live stock be preserved and utilized to their utmost.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

The celebrated Mrs. Ticknes undertook to construct a letter word of which should be French yet no Frenchman should be able to read it, while an illiterate Englishman should decipher it with ease and wrote the following:

"Pre, dire sistre comme & us, & passe the de here if yeux can, & chat tu mi dame; dine here, & yeux mai go tu the faire if yeux please; yeux inai have 'iche, mutin, fore, buter, hair, fruit, pigeon, olive salete for ure dinner, & excellent te, cafe, pairt vin, & liqueurs; & Are bette & poli to comme; Ile go to the faire & visite the baron. If yeux dont comme tu us, Ile feu ure house & se oncle, & se how he does; for mi dame ses he better it. But doux comme, mi dire; yeux mai li here, yeux nos—if yeux louve musique, yeux mai have the harp, flute, or viol here. Adieu, mi, dire sistre."

STRATEGIC.

"Parlor chairs? Yes, ma'am," said the salesman. "I suppose you want something stylish and yet comfortable—"

"Not too comfortable," replied Mrs. Schoppen. "My parlor chairs will be used mostly by callers."

When a man is in the right he can afford to remain silent.

Delicate crockery, such as tea services, etc., should never be washed with soda, as this tends to make the ware brittle.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for every form of Piles, bleeding and protruding, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. Sample mailed in this daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use one box and if not cured, get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
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When the nervous system becomes exhausted there is suffering of both mind and body.

Even the pains and aches are not so hard to endure as the spells of blues and the gloomy forebodings.

New hope and confidence come with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. By supplying an abundance of rich, red blood it creates new nerve force and instils new vigor into body and mind, permanently overcoming weakness and disease.

Miss Minnie J. Sweet, Collingwood Corner, Cumberland County, N. S., writes:—"I used five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food last winter, and it did me more good than any medicine I ever took. It is difficult to describe my case, but I felt all run down and out of sorts. I had headache and backache and dull pains through the lungs. I was so discouraged that I didn't seem to care what became of me.

"I hadn't finished the first box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food before I felt a lot better, and it continued to build me up until I became strong and well and was restored to good health and spirits. As I was once cured of a severe case of kidney disease by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I can strongly recommend these two great preparations."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six 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.

SCOTCHMEN IN RUSSIA

IMPORTANT PLACES HELD IN EARLY TIMES.

One Member of Scottish Family Was Governor of St. Petersburg.

When our eyes are turned toward Russia it is not uninteresting for us just now to remember how many of our own countrymen have been in former times in her service, and have since the seventeenth century done much to bring Western knowledge into the most easterly State of Europe, writes A. Francis Stewart in the Edinburgh Scotsman. Numerous bands of Scots from the fifteenth century onward settled in the towns of North Germany, and to some extent controlled the Baltic trade. Dr. Fischer has shown in his "Scots in Eastern and Western Prussia" how the Scottish peddlers swarmed during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries through Germany and Poland, oppressed, it is true, in both countries, and regarded as enemies to native trade, but yet flourishing and able to hold their own in spite of every adverse edict. The civil wars and the strong hand of Cromwell, however, sent off a swarm of cavalier fugitives, and many of these Drummonds, Craufords, Hamiltons, Dalziels, Leslies, and Gordons settled in Moscow, and began to be noticed by Czar Alexis I., the father of Peter the Great, and they one and all assisted in the growing movement to break down the national seclusion. Peter the Great, moreover, himself derived his Western inclinations partly from Scottish influences.

Many Scots entered the Russian service about this time. Gen. Menzies, Gen. Gordon of Auchintoul, Ogilvy, who

PLANNED PETER'S BATTLES

and many others. Count James Bruce, a General at Poltava, an astrologer, astronomer, and a diplomatist, established a powerful family, one member of which married in a succeeding reign Catherine Dolgodroukaya, the fiancee of the dead Czar, Peter II. But we must not forget the chief Scottish friend of Peter the Great, Dr. Robert Erskine, a son of Sir Charles Erskine of Alva, whose letters have recently been printed by the Scottish History Society. He went to Russia about 1704, entered the service of the favorite Menshikof, and then that of the Czar himself as court physician. He became head of the Apteksarsi Prikaz, or "Bureau of Medicine," removed as the "Medical Chancellery" to St. Petersburg in 1712, and was high in the Czar's favor, being employed as a political agent as well as a physician until his death in 1718. Through the influence of Erskine many Scotsmen entered Russia in various medical posts—for instance, Dr. Lewis Calderwood and Dr. James Mounsey—and have exercised considerable influence for the good of Russia and for the alleviation of suffering there. The turbulent reigns of the successors of Peter the Great did not hold out such attractions for Scottish adventure as his own had done, the Empress Anne being under the domination of the German Biren, Anne III. under German, and Elizabeth under French and Russian favorites; still, we find many Scots as merchants in Russia quietly and unobtrusively getting rich.

IN THE REIGN OF PAUL,

medicine had again a Scottish leader in the person of Sir James Wylie, who went to Russia as senior surgeon in the Eletsky Regiment in 1790. He speedily rose, and in 1799 was made surgeon-in-ordinary to the Czar. To him belongs the doubtful distinction of having certified that the murdered Emperor died of apoplexy. He remained in favor with the next two Czars, therefore holding the same office, and after founding the Medico-Chirurgical Academy in St. Petersburg (where his statue remains), died full of honors in 1854. There remained, however, another compatriot, Sir Archibald William Crichton, in the Russian medical world. But in reminding ourselves of the numerous servants of Russia who were of Scottish birth we have not considered how important are the services also of those of Scottish descent. They came from many sources—Sweden, Finland, Courland, and through Poland. We will, however, only take four instances. The Clayhills of Dundee have produced a Governor of St. Petersburg in our own times. The great Field Marshal Barclay de Tolly died only in 1818. "Comte de Balmain," the Russian commissioner to watch the exiled Napoleon at St. Helena, was a Ramsay of Balmain, whose family had been settled in Russia for a century and a quarter before that time, and, lastly, we have the honored name of the poet of the Caucasus, Kikhail Yurievitch Lermontoff, who was himself of Scottish descent, and we may well be proud that his ancestor bore the name of Learmonth and found his way to Tula by way of Poland.

TO STOP BLEEDING.

Perhaps the strangest use to which music can be put is to stop the flow of blood from a wound. An army doctor noticed that when a wounded soldier was taken to within an easy hearing distance of music haemorrhage was greatly reduced or stopped. Neither he nor others, who confirmed his observations, could understand how this phenomenon was brought about, but it is now believed that the vibration of the air produced by the music causes the patient to become faint, in which case the action of the heart is so considerably lessened that the overflow of blood is reduced.

A MEASURE OF PRECAUTION.

Florid Old Lady (taking train at station)—Conductor, which is the most dangerous car on the train?

Conductor—The last car is supposed to be, madam.

F. O. L.—Then why don't they move it off?