...ions at best are substitutions never. Insist on having "Ribbon Tea."

USE— "ISLAND CITY" HOUSE AND FLOOR PAINTS

Will Dry in 8 Hours.

On Sale at all Hardware Dealers

Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

..., Eggs, Butter, Apples

...nt of any of these articles and we will ...ou good prices.

...OMMISSION CO., Limited ...and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

...USE BETTER QUALITY ...DY WARE A.D. 1858.

...BE HAD IN ...pins, Milk Pans, &c ...ever Can Supply You. ...ETTING EDDY'S.

St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

Re-open Sept. 12th.

A high-class residential and day school for girls. Modern equipment. Specialists of European training and of the highest academic and professional standing in every department of work. For booklet apply to MISS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal; GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director (late Principal Upper Canada College).

Dominion Line Steamships

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.

Moderate Rate Service.

...Second class passengers berthed in best accommodation, ... the steamer at the low rate of $40 to ... or $42.50 to London. Third class to Liverpool, London, Glasgow or Queenstown $15.00. For all particulars apply to local agents or DOMINION LINE OFFICES, ... Quebec, Toronto, 1051 Sacrament St., Montreal.

CARPET DYEING and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post card we are sure to satisfy. Address Box 468, Montreal.

MEDICAL CONVENTION.

Delegates to the Medical Association at Vancouver can return through San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Denver and the "World's Fair" St. Louis, by purchasing tickets sold to San Francisco, account Knights Templar meeting.

Tickets on sale from August 15th to September 9th, good for return until October 23rd, with stopover privileges in each direction. This is an open rate to the public, as tickets are not sold on the certificate plan. The rate from Toronto will be $70.25. Correspondingly low rates from other points. Tickets can be purchased going via Vancouver, returning through above cities, or vice versa.

By writing H. E. Carter, Traveling Passenger Agent, Union Pacific Railroad, 14 James Building, Toronto, Ont., he will give you full information.

St. Peter's at Rome is in the form of a cross 636 feet long and 450 feet wide. Its height is only 2 feet less than its width.

For Over Sixty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." 22—G

Never put off till to-morrow the friend who is willing to lend you money to-day.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Most of the black hair used in wigs and "switches" comes from the coasts of Italy and Spain, while the fair and red hair comes mainly from the heads of Russian, Swedish, German, and Danish peasant girls.

Summer Colds

You should cure that cold at once. It is not only making you feel miserable, but it is doing you harm. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It is guaranteed to cure you. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

ISSUE NO. 35—04.

KING OLAF

Or, Kinship Between Man and Horse

CHAPTER XXX.

The day of the Foxington Hunt Ball had arrived, and the little town was crowded to excess. Its hotels and its lodging-houses were crammed with pleasure-seekers from different parts of the country, while the usually quiet station presented a most unwonted scene of bustle and activity. Porters trundled heavy trucks, or hoisted portmanteaus on their shoulders, anxious maids stood gesticulating out the enormous white-painted trunks belonging to their mistresses, while the one-horse omnibus and capacious cabs did a roaring business. Those who owned country houses had filled their mansions on this auspicious occasion with smart dancing men, pretty girls, and professional beauties whose fame had preceded them, and whom the townspeople were dying to catch a glimpse of; for the Foxington ball was considered the best throughout the midland counties, and had a reputation to sustain, which was certainly enhanced by the presence of one or two fashionable belles. Mothers, also, of marriageable daughters were wont to consider the county ball a fitting opportunity for youthful debutantes to make their entry into the world, encountering a larger chance in the matrimonial assemblies than in fact, assembled from far and wide, for in the memories of the most constant frequenters such a word as failure had been unknown in connection with the Foxington ball, and year after year fresh laurels was added to its reputation for success, smart frocks, and good looks. Even the most anti-terpsichorean, a class which regards dancing as a rule, with open contempt, though refusing to trip the "light fantastic" themselves, craved their presence, crowded up the doorways, and, opening, lounging (where they discussed the racing news as carefully as they have done settled in chairs in smoking-room, forming a fringe of spectators, whose vivid scarlet coats in pleasing contrast to the natural decorations, looks had passed away since that frosty moonlight night on which Jack Clinker had ridden over and broken the news of King Olaf's untimely death to Kate Brewser, and he had never since ceased beginning to recede from the back of that sad event. Not only obstinately avoided the hunting field, but also everything connected with it, steadily refusing to drive or ride to the meets. But recently Stirrup had so often and so urgently implored her to make a fresh start that at length she had yielded to his solicitations, and having once fairly taken the ice and enjoyed "a real good thing," during which the Buckhurst had acquitted himself brilliantly, she took to the pleasures of the chase once more with an ardour enhanced rather than diminished by her temporary abstinence from the same. She would never forget King Olaf, but the love of sport was too strong within her to be quelled even by serious misfortune.

During all this time she had not seen Colonel Clinker once, and though this at first appeared strange, the reason was simple enough, for he had left Foxington. On the very morning after he had paid that nocturnal visit to Sport Lodge he had received a telegram from the housekeeper at Nevis, informing him "of the sudden illness of his father, and requesting his immediate presence. He had therefore set out for the North without a minute's delay, and without finding time to wish goodbye to Kate. In fact, she remained ignorant of his absence for a few days, until informed of it by Mr. McGrath, although in the interval she had secretly wondered at his non-appearance.

"I had a letter from Jack this morning. He wishes to be remembered to you," said Mr. McGrath one day when he happened to meet her walking alone in the town. "He tells me the old gentleman is quite out of danger."

"The old gentleman?" echoed she.

"What old gentleman?"

"Faix, and don't you know? Why, Lord Nevis, of course. He had a fit of apoplexy, and they thought at first he was a 'gone coon.'"

"Is Colonel Clinker away from home, then?" She was glad to find there had been some excuse, after all, for his apparent neglect.

"Dear me, yes. Why, he left on Friday. The house-keeper telegraphed to Jack to come at once if he wished to find Lord Nevis alive; so he stuffed a few clothes in a portmanteau and went off there and then."

"And Lord Nevis, you say, is better?" she asked anxiously.

"Very much, according to Jack—become quite sensible and knows them all. Bedad! Jack won't like losing his hunting much, for there's none to be had up there, you know. It's a very wild, dreary sort of place this time of year, though pleasant enough in summer."

"Perhaps he will come back again soon?" she suggested.

"I expect he will. Jack's uncommon fond of his old governor, but a great hulking fellow hanging about in a sick-room can do no earthly good. He is only in the way. However, I dare say I shall hear how things progress in the course of a day or two."

But as time went on Lord Nevis improved, and with no ostensible reason for prolonging his absence, Colonel Clinker did not return to the Retreat.

Mr. McGrath grew so uneasy that he felt he must make a confidant of Kate, whose sympathies he knew he could rely upon. "By St. Patrick, Miss Brewser," he said to her, when another week had elapsed, "it's really very odd; I can't make it out at all, and would give a pony to know what that fellow Jack is about all this while. Every time he writes he says his father is better and yet he never talks of coming home."

"I suppose he can't leave him," said Kate.

"Then why the deuce does he not say so?"

"Because he probably thinks you take it for granted."

"It's a shame," continued Mr. McGrath, waxing warm. "There am I, left with all those cursed bills coming in pouring in, and not knowing what on earth to do with them. 'Send my letters on Terry, old man,' said Jack, 'but open all the blue ones and chuck them into the fire.' I wish to goodness I had done what I was told from the first, but some scruples of conscience prevented my doing so, and now the wretched things are piled up literally yard high. Nobody but Jack could stand such a state of affairs and still show a cherry front to the enemy. He's a most undefeated sportsman."

"Has he ever said anything to you lately, Mr. McGrath, about going away?"

"Oh, Jack's always talking of hooking it. I've grown accustomed to that threat, and it fails to disturb me any longer. Gad! Miss Brewser, but I've graver reasons for disquietude just at present. I can put two and two together as well as most people, and when Jack stays on at Nevis, with a stud of horses here eating their heads off, I say there's something behind the scenes." And Mr. McGrath pursed up his fat, flabby little lips with an exceedingly mysterious and important air.

"But, Mr. McGrath," objected Kate, "do you think anything could be more natural than a son stopping with a father who is ill? What is there suspicious about it? She was far too loyal in her affection not to defend the absent, whatever doubts she might secretly have about him; and although all sorts of far-fetched speculations filled her brain she did not choose to divulge them to her companion.

"Can you keep a secret?" asked Mr. McGrath suddenly.

"I hope so," she answered with ready curiosity. "At all events, I'll promise to try. What is it?"

"You swear not to let it go any farther? Jack would be in an awful rage if he knew I had said anything about it."

"Then perhaps you had better not tell me. I'd rather you did nothing that would vex him, especially now he happens to be away."

"Faith, Miss Brewser! but the fact of the matter is, I don't feel as if I could keep it to myself; besides, you're to be trusted, so here goes. You must know," lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "that Lord Nevis is most anxious for his son to marry"—

"Well, there's nothing so wonderful in that," interrupted Kate.

"Yes, but listen. It must be someone with money. Jack can't possibly commit matrimony without. Well, there's a girl up there, a Miss Paton—ah, I see you begin to look interested at last!"

"Yes, yes; go on."

"There's a girl up there, as I said before who has fallen head over ears in love with Jack. It's really quite pitiable to watch the poor thing."

"What's the girl's name?"

"Polly Paton—Miss Polly Paton, of Pooleriorie."

"And Colonel Clinker? Does he respond?"

"Ah, that's just where it is. I don't believe, between you and me and the post, that Jack cares a bit about her."

"Then what, may I ask, do you fear? And even if Colonel Clinker were fond of this—this Miss Paton, since she has money, why should you object?" Her voice sounded a trifle hard in her own ears, but Mr. McGrath's powers of observation were not sufficiently acute to notice it.

"She's a silly, foolish little thing," he said, "not worthy of Jack in any way. You see, Miss Brewser, Jack's such an infernal easy-going, good-hearted fellow, he wants a girl with her head on her shoulders, who could exercise a certain influence over him."

"And would not Miss Paton do so?"

"Never; she's not the sort of girl. All the same, I should not be in the least surprised if she has been setting her cap at Jack; he's very soft where women are concerned, can't bear to give them pain, or say an unkind word, and just to please his father he might drift into an engagement out of pity. Don't you understand?" It was seldom Mr. McGrath spoke so seriously on any subject, but now he was evidently greatly in earnest, while it never seemed to enter his mind for one moment that it was just possible he had lacked discrimination in the choice of a confidante. But Kate, though every word stabbed her to the heart, was not one to allow others to guess her emotions. She was, fortunately for herself, endowed with a large share of self-control, and carried on the conversation with an outward calm which effectually deceived her companion and put him off the right scent.

"I did not give Colonel Clinker credit for being so pliable," she said. "He never struck me as one of those men whom a woman can twist round her little finger. However, of course you know him better than I do."

"Gad!" returned Terry, "where there's a girl in question, and a pretty one into the bargain, it takes a very strong man to resist. It flatters a fellow's vanity to know that some girl is awfully in love with him, even if he don't care two straws about her. I'm not sure," musingly "that I might not even get led away myself under similar circumstances."

"Oh, the girl is pretty, is she? That makes a difference, of course."

"All the difference. If she were ugly the danger would be reduced to a minimum; besides, Jack don't care for ugly women; never did."

"He's a sad flirt, I'm afraid, Mr. McGrath?"

"Oh! I don't know about that. All men are pretty much the same."

"Are they? Then I'm sorry for them."

"They don't require much pity, Miss Brewser. They manage to jog along tolerably comfortably on the whole."

"I detest flirty men," said Kate, pursuing her own train of thought.

"Do you mean to say by that you detest Jack?" asked Mr. McGrath, opening his dark eyes in surprise.

"I don't feel called upon to express my opinion one way or the other about your friend Colonel Clinker," she replied coldly, and then for the first time it began vaguely to dawn upon Mr. McGrath's obtuse comprehension that he had somehow put his foot in it, and signally failed to advance a cause he was conscious of secretly advocating. The conversation came to an abrupt termination, neither was it revived at any future period, Kate seeming steadily to avoid all reference to Colonel Clinker and refusing to be inveigled into any farther discussion about him.

Nevertheless, Mr. McGrath's words made a deep impression, which as each day went by became more permanent. What a fool she had been, to be sure, and what a mercy that she had been saved from committing any crowning act of folly. The scale had dropped from her eyes, and she could now see things in their true light. Colonel Clinker did not care for her, never had cared for her, or else he would not have gone away like this. Perhaps he might even be absent on purpose. Mr. McGrath had said his heart was kind, that he could not bear to give a woman pain, and he had guessed how fond she was of him, and left Foxington out of pity—pity for her. To a high-spirited, proud girl like Kate, the very idea was torture. She had been mistaken in fancying his attentions meant anything; they were merely the civilities of a man whose powers of flirtation were already well known; and to think that she, Kate Brewser, had been a victim to his fascinations. The little seed of jealousy sown by Mr. McGrath's unconscious hand grew and grew until it darkened all her mental vision, and each fresh speculation and assumption became more bitter and improbable. Perhaps at that very moment Colonel Clinker was amusing himself with Miss Polly Paton, basking in the sunshine of Miss Polly Paton's smiles, and telling Miss Polly Paton that "there was nothing in the world he would not try and do for her sweet sake." She hated her with a fierce hatred of which a week ago she could not have believed herself capable. She was glad her rival was a weak, stupid little creature; that at least was some small comfort in her cup of bitterness; but then, on the other hand, she was pretty; Mr. McGrath had distinctly said so, and men would do anything for a pretty face, while she herself could lay no claims to beauty. She looked in the glass. No! She had good eyes, good hair, and a good complexion, but her nose was awful, and her mouth like a cavern. So she told herself, trying hard to maintain a strict impartiality, to exaggerate nothing, to conceal nothing. She had no recommendations whatever, save her money and lack of relatives, and if Colonel Clinker ever by any chance should propose—if things went wrong with Miss Polly Paton, or the settlements were not so good as he expected—and he fell back upon her as a pis aller, a last resource, she would know how to appreciate his conduct at its proper value. Then she remembered regretfully how once or twice he had called her Kate, taken her hand in his, how she had even allowed him to detain it unnecessarily, and once—yes, once—that night when he had told her of King Olaf's death, she had actually returned its pressure. A burning blush rose to her brow. He might have thought she was running after him—to use Mr. McGrath's expression, "setting her cap at him," and here all pride rose up in arms. If he did return to Foxington at any future period she would at least take care to make him alter that opinion—to let him know he was as indifferent to her as she apparently was to him. She felt herself growing harder and colder, and rejoiced at the fact, though all the time her heart ached sorely; and her spirits sank at this sudden blighting of her joy, this cruel frustration of her hopes.

Kate, perhaps, may seem silly to many, yet there are others who can sympathize with a state of feeling brought about by mingled love and jealousy. A woman's nature is passionate and sensitive, but at times wholly unreasoning, and Kate just argued herself into a hostile condition, in which she was prepared to meet Colonel Clinker as a stranger and a foe.

(To be continued.)

Skin on Fire With Eczema

Mr. McDougall Was for Twelve Years a Dreadful Sufferer—Now Proclaims the Virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment

Eczema's itch is torture, the skin seems on fire with the burning, stinging humour, at times it becomes almost unbearable, and in desperation you could tear the skin to pieces. You dare not exercise for fear of aggravating the itching, neither can you sleep, for no sooner does the body become warm than the trouble begins, and instead of restful refreshing sleep, it is scratch, scratch, scratch all night long. There is scarcely a moment's respite from this maddening malady at any time. Of course you have tried nearly all the washes, salves, lotions and medicated soaps, but like thousands of others have been disappointed and disgusted.

Mr. Alex. McDougall, postmaster, Head Cove, Marsh, N.S., writes: "For twelve years I was a great sufferer from eczema on the inside of the leg. There was a raw patch of flesh about three inches square, and the itching was something fearful. One-half box of Dr. Chase's Ointment completely cured me, took away the itching and healed up the sore. I have no hesitation in recommending it as a wonderful cure for itching skin disease."

You may be skeptical regarding the ability of Dr. Chase's Ointment to cure you. Most people are, after trying in vain to get relief from a host of remedies, but Dr. Chase's Ointment will not disappoint you. You will be surprised at the marvellous control which it has over all itching, burning inflammation of the skin, and the wonderful healing powers which it possesses. It takes time to thoroughly cure eczema, but Dr. Chase's Ointment will do it. You will find relief after a few applications, and gradually and naturally the cure will follow. Besides being a positive cure for eczema, Dr. Chase's Ointment comes useful in a hundred ways in every home for every form of skin irritation and eruption.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

LATENT LIFE IN SEEDS.

Electrical Treatment Used to Detect Changes.

In considering whether there is life in dry seeds, we must note that the one sign of life is movement; for all living matter is a seat of chemical change. Horace Brown has succeeded in keeping dry seeds for 110 hours in hermetically closed vessels at the low temperature of minus 192 degrees, and thus completely arresting chemical change, yet the same seeds have afterwards germinated in quite a normal way. Hence arises a question as to a seed's life or death, which it is usual to meet by speaking of "latent life."

Scientists have recently shown us a way of escaping this dilemma, by employing electricity. Chemical tests were not delicate enough to detect the infinitesimal changes in seeds, but under electrial treatment the response has been immediate and precise, and can be expressed in fractions of a volt, so that the limit of life can be exactly found.

So tested, the seed of successive years, in which the percentage of good grows less and less, tells its own tale of waning life; so long as it returns electromotive answers chemical change is indicated, and this betokens life.

UNFIT FOR SERVICE.

No Less Than 174 Out of 253 Men Rejected by Doctors.

Investigations are being made by the British Army Medical Department to ascertain how many men in the army are really fit for active service. Of late much complaint has been made by general officer of the physique of soldiers, and tests are now being applied by a board of three medical officers. They select battalions for examination without giving any warning.

The Second Middlesex Regiment has gone through the ordeal at Portsmouth, and of 253 men taken haphazard no fewer than 174 were reported as unfit for active service. The main cause of the rejection was the youth of the soldiers.

Other regiments have also been examined, and the reports state that large percentages are "too young," "deficient in physique," or have "disorderly action of the heart."

The cost of converting a large number of boys into serviceable soldiers is very heavy, and these tests may result in the age limit for recruits being raised.

Some men are free thinkers and some others are married.

Teachers of penmanship naturally do a flourishing business.

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. Scores of 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

The Farm

TIME TO CALL A HALT.

There has been a vast deal of study given to cows in the last ten years, both by scientific investigators and by dairymen on the farm. May it not be that this attention to this important domestic animal—the comprehension of what the cow is, what we want of her, and how we shall best go to work to realize what we are after—has been seriously defective as well as radically wrong? Investigators, if not their followers and the people whom they seek to serve, run on certain lines, follow prescribed grooves in their work, without giving due consideration to other quite as important factors bearing on their subject. In the investigations with the cow the object sought has been to secure more milk. This one idea has been the point on which every effort has been centred. Not a thought has been given to first building a cow that can stand up to the strain of giving an increased flow of the product desired.

The law of nature has been ignored, that when one organ in a body is abnormally developed, there is a corresponding lack of development of other closely related organs. As a result of the great progress made in this one factor of production, we have an unbalanced animal giving the milk. Hence, an increase in the troubles that beset the cow and her offspring, milk fever, abortion, failure to breed, calf cholera. It seems to be a reasonable conclusion the Nebraska station has arrived at, that a weakened vitality of the cow is a necessary requisite to the starting of these diseases. It is a severe strain on the vital energy of the cow to force her to keep up a liberal flow of milk nearly or quite throughout the year, and bring forth a calf in the same time. With the milking forced to such a tension, it is not strange that the vitality of the calf is weakened. All this comes from the fact that while the milking powers of the cow have been developed through years of effort in this special direction, there has not been a corresponding development of other powers, to enable her to carry on the increased draft on her system.

The very rational theory of balanced rations as now applied in practice cannot fail of a tendency to unbalance the cows to which it is fumished. We are feeding the balanced ration to get more milk. To increase the milk flow we increase the proportion of protein fodders. Not a thought is given to the fact that an increase of milk flow calls for a corresponding increase at the same time, of the all around vital powers of the machine that makes the milk. We go on developing and forcing the milk production just as though that were all there is to a cow. The practice is to feed a little more protein to get a little more milk. The cow, thus fed is forced to keep up a liberal flow nearly or quite up to the time of bringing forth her increase. The fodder material absolutely necessary to the development of the growing offspring has been diverted to the making of milk, and then the owner wonders that the calf shows a weakened vitality and that diseases are on the increase among the cows.

Cow owners, breeders and feeders have been chasing exclusively after more milk long enough. It is quite time to revise our course of teaching and of practice and bring our study of the cow down on to a more rational basis. Constitutional vigor should be of first consideration.

TRUST NOT THE BULL.

The Farmer and Grazier, of Australia, gives this advice to those who have to look after the bull. Were it more generally followed several farmers in this country would be alive to day:

"Confidence in a bull, however gentle, tractable or docile he may seem, is never justified, and a bull should, never, under any circumstances, be trusted. The only reasonably safe bull is the one with a strong ring in his nose, to which is securely attached by means of a spring hook a stout staff, held by a strong man experienced in the management of bulls generally and familiar with the habits and peculiarities of this specimen in particular. A bull is a male animal, wisely enough endowed in a state of nature with instincts and means of self-preservation in the struggle for the survival of the fittest, but an animal from which long years of domestication have not sufficed to wholly eradicate the deeply implanted belligerent instincts, and never will.

"Bulls are always uncertain in their temper, and accidents occur when they are least expected. The sum total of deaths from injuries inflicted by bulls, to say nothing of serious woundings that never get reported, must be very large. Occasionally it is a vicious bull, one known and feared as dangerous, that gets the upper hand, and is responsible for a life, but, ordinarily, it is the gentle bull, one as 'kind as a kitten,' that, in the least expected moment, turns tiger.

"A great many who own gentle, tractable bulls attribute this disposition to kindness, and really believe that any attack made by a bull is because it has been harshly or brutally treated, and that the outbreak is in the nature of a reprisal, or an act of revenge. Do not believe it. The bull reared on kindness from birth, and treated with every consideration, may at any time turn 'beady,' and it is the quiet bull that is responsible for the majority of deaths or serious injuries among those coming in contact with them. The reason is obvious—the animal with recognized vicious propensities is watched, not trusted.

"By all means, be kind to the bull, for keeping any creature in constant fear, bulls not excepted, means constant ire, and those who think that a bull is not susceptible to anything but fear are as greatly mistaken as those who place implicit confidence in the animal's temper. Kindliness must not take the place of eternal vigilance. Familiarity breeds contempt, and a long period of immunity from accident begets overconfidence; but there is 'bull' devil in every bull, and generally it shows itself at the most unexpected moment. No matter how gentle and tractable a bull may appear to be, never trust it, and never handle or approach it unless tied up without some efficient weapon of defence. Further, always have the bull ringed, and do not wait until it begins to show signs of 'headiness' or consciousness of power before having the operation performed."

DAIRY NOTES.

A nice bunch of thrifty calves is one of the prettiest sights on the farm.

Great care should be taken to keep the calves dry at all times. See that they get plenty of good dry bedding.

All milk cows should have their regular stalls, be milked by the same milker and at regular hours night and morning.

When aerating milk, be careful that it is done in a good atmosphere for if it is impure it is possible to do the milk more harm than good.

Weed out your cows that are getting in debt to you. Put all cows on record with the Babcock test. No dairyman can afford to go too long without having his cows tested.

In packing butter be sure to get it solid in the package. If packed solid it will keep better and will not appear streaked as it is often the case in many markets where it is retailed.

An ideal dairy barn is one constructed and used solely and entirely as a stable for dairy cattle. It should not be used as a storage place for feed, utensils, vehicles nor as a stable for other animals.

Milk pails should be made of tin. Be sure and have your tinner solder around the rims and open places where dirt can accumulate. A few cents spent at the tinner's in having the dairy utensils put in such shape that the dish cloth reaches all parts is time saved and is much better than digging dirt out of a hole.

The cow should be kindly treated at all times. Do not bring her from the pasture on the run with a dog behind her and when she happens to get into the wrong stall don't put her out with a kick and abuse her with a whip. If you do, you will pay for the treatment in the quality and the quantity of the milk at the next milking.

The farmer cannot afford to feed new milk to a calf longer than three weeks. At the Iowa College, two heifer calves were fed sixty days on skim milk and oil meal, making a gain of 115 pounds, two on skim milk and oat meal, gaining 128 pounds, and two on skim milk and Kaffir corn meal, that gained 155 pounds.

If you are contemplating building a barn in the near future put in swinging stanchions rather than the old time rigid stanchions. The cow should be able to move her head sufficiently to lick herself when standing in the stall.

When hireing a man who is expected to milk, the first question that should be asked him is whether he milks with dry hands or not. If he does not and is not willing to learn don't hire him.

WHAT HE FEARED.

It is one of the oddities of human nature that people are always looking as far away as possible from the ground they stand upon, not only for their best chance for distinction, but for the dangers which they believe are most besetting.

A lion-tamer, although he would venture into the cages of the most ferocious beats, apparently having no fear of them, had a dreadful fear of getting bronchitis.

One day, after he had entered with perfect composure a cage containing two half-starved bears and a panther, he shook his head gravely as he came out.

"Yes, sir," he said to a gentleman who stood near, "this will end badly for me some day."

"You are afraid these ferocious animals will devour you, then?"

"The animals? Pshaw! You don't think I'm afraid of them? Not at all. But those cages, sir, are such dreadful places for draughts."

COCKNEY FORESIGHT.

William Waldorf Astor spoke recently before the London Clubmen's Benevolent Society, an organization in which he takes a deep interest. Mr. Astor's subject was kindness, and at one point he said:

"Kindness is the virtue that stands out brightest by contrast with some signal piece of cruelty. I'll tell you of a piece of cruelty that was practised, my gardener informs me, on a certain coster-monger.

"This coster-monger lay dying. As he neared his end his wife said to him:

"'Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John?'

"'I might,' the man answered.

"'Good!' said she. 'What can I get for you?'

"'Well,' said the coster-monger, 'I seem to smell a ham a-cookin' somewheres. I think I could eat a bit of that.'

"'Oh, no, John, dear,' said his wife, 'You can't have that. That's for the funeral.'"

STOLE GLASS EYES ONLY

THERE ARE MANY SPECIALISTS IN THIEVING.

216 Communion Cups Have Been Stolen From One Church.

It is a remarkable thing, said a detective to a writer in London Tit-Bits recently, but I can assure you that many of the robberies which are taking place every day prove beyond a doubt that there are certain thieves who confine themselves to annexing one class of goods only. In some instances this is so pronounced and the specialty stolen so extraordinary, that I thoroughly believe the thief must have a mental nut loose somewhere.

To give you a case in point. A few months ago the establishment of a well-known firm of opticians was broken into. The place contained a magnificent stock of valuable lenses, microscopical instruments, gold chains, gold-rimmed "pebbles," etc., worth several thousand pounds. But did the robber take any of these things, though they were lying round ready to his hand? No! He simply secured about a hundred glass eyes and decamped. The same thing happened about two months later, when another shop of the same description was broken into.

When the fact of the burglary became known to the proprietor we received notice at head-quarters and went down to look into the matter. We went over the stock and, after careful inspection, found that apparently nothing had been removed. I congratulated the proprietor on his good fortune, and was about to take my leave when he called to an assistant and asked where the case of artificial eyes was. It had vanished, or, rather, the contents had, and, putting two and two together, I came to the not unnatural conclusion that one burglar had been "operating"

IN BOTH PLACES.

We never discovered the thief, but doubtless it was someone who had a mania for collecting glass eyes, and was even willing to risk his liberty in doing so.

It is scarcely credible what a number of communion cups are stolen from different churches every year, both here and abroad. Though these cups are valuable, of course, I do not think that they are always stolen for their worth alone. I know of one Presbyterian church where every communicant is provided with a separate cup, and where, during a single year, 216 of these miniature chalices have been stolen. The very valuable large jewel-studded chalice and paten, however, appear to have no fascination for the thief or thieves, though they might be as easily carried away as the small cups.

All attempts to trace the miscreants have failed, and now special watch is being kept in this church, but apparently no further robberies are contemplated, for the probable reason that there are very few cups left. The "elders," too, have decided to go back to the more usual custom of having one cup for all communicants. Meanwhile, numerous other cases of stolen cups continue to be notified, and when we do capture the burglars, and ask them to explain why they commit such sacrilegious acts, they usually refuse to answer.

I think the most curious case which has ever come under my notice was that of a man who was never able to resist

STEALING A WHEELBARROW

when he saw one. I know for a fact that he has been convicted of this offence at least six times, but as he is a man of exemplary character and as he never been known to commit any other kind of misdemeanor the country magistrate usually lets him go on his promising to return the barrow. Indeed, he is generally regarded as being a little touched on the subject of wheelbarrows, and when a victim finds he has been deprived of his most important agricultural implement he promptly repairs to Mr. So-and-so, and either returns in triumph with the barrow or the price of it and a little bit over.

There is a man who is undergoing imprisonment at the present time—a confirmed thief, but one who never steals anything but toys. He has broken into half-a-dozen toy stores in as many months and stolen thousands of tin soldiers, hundreds of money-boxes, and scores of wax and china dolls. He never attempts to break into any valuable stores such as jewellers', where he might get a haul which would last him half his lifetime, preferring to help himself to those things dearest to the hearts of children.

Of course, he has some place where he can dispose of these goods, for you can always find people who are willing to receive stolen property. However, he is not likely to trouble the toy-shops for some considerable time to come now, as his last sentence was for two years. Next time he is caught he will certainly get five as he is an old offender, and even the children's playthings must be protected.

THE CABMEN'S SEMPSTRESS.

A young woman to be seen on the Victoria Embankment, London, mending cabmen's coats and overcoats has thus earned her living for three years. She has a round of cab-ranks which she visits daily, and does most of the repairs for the cabmen, more especially the unmarried ones. Her charges range from 2 cents to 12 cents, according to the work done. She carries a good assortment of buttons and patches with her, and earns on an average about $7.50 a week.

It takes the cook to fix the buckwheat cake up right.