REGINA FAIRFIELD

—OR—

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

CHAPTER IV.

Well, I listened eagerly, too eagerly. He paused, dropped his head upon his hands, and seemed to be diving into the past.

Deep silence reigned between us, broken only by the supernaturally loud ticking of the chamber clock, hurrying on toward midnight. There he sat upon the foot of the bed, his elbows resting on his knees, his face buried in the palms of his hands, his strings, jet-black locks falling forward, shudder after shudder shaking his frame!

"Poor fellow! he does not know how to begin," thought I, and waited anxiously some time, a feeling of delicacy withholding me from interrupting hint, until I found, by the cessation of his shudders and the perfect immobility of his form, that he had fallen into a fit of deep abstraction, and that his thoughts were far, far from me. Then, after some hesitation, I recalled him, by a word spoken in a low, gentle tone:

"Wallraven!"

He started slightly, raised his shaggy black head, and gazed upon me from his light, gray, eyes, with the bewildering look of one awakened from a deep sleep, with a dream, still overshadowing his spirits.

"Wallraven!" said I again, in a still kinder tone, "you were about to give me——"

"Ha! ha! ha! Oh, thou son of Eve! Never tell me of woman's curiosity! We have not a bit, have we?" laughed he, in the most sarcastic and exasperating manner.

You will wonder, perhaps, at the strange patience I had with that bitter and cardonic youth; but, in truth I was more pained than angry at his sarcastic and insulting tone, for under all was betrayed the profoundest sorrow, the acutest suffering. I felt the same compassionate toleration for his ill-temper that we feel for the irritability of any dearly-loved sufferer. I replied, gently:

"I did not solicit your confidence, Wolfgang. It was voluntarily proffered on your part; and I tell you now that, unless by so doing I can very materially serve you, I have no wish to pry into your secrets further than fidelity to my sister's interests under existing circumstances seems to require."

"To what existing circumstances do you refer?" he asked, quickly.

"To your relations, or implied relations, with Miss Fairfield."

"And what do you suppose them to be?"

"From what I witnessed this evening, I presume that you are engaged," I replied, gazing at him with anxious scrutiny.

"You are wrong—we are not engaged!"

"Not! Is it possible that Regina has rejected you?"

"No; for I have not offered her my hand."

"What! not! Then you intend to do so at the first opportunity."

"No! I have no intention of ever offering myself to Miss Fairfield!"

"Then, by heaven! much as I have forgiven you upon my own account, you shall first give me satisfaction for your unpardonable conduct of this evening, and then swear never to offend Miss Fairfield by coming into her presence again."

"Oh! Ferdinand, my fine fellow, don't fare up. You do not know what you are talking about!"

"I say I will have satisfaction!"

"And so you shall; any and every satisfaction you please, and as much of it as you please! Come, I will fight, or apologize, as you will!"

"Sir, you are my guest. I beseech you, with all convenient speed that you put yourself in some more practicable relation to the brother of the woman you have offended, that he may——"

"Blow my brains out with better grace!"

"Call you to a strict account for your proceedings this evening."

"I have betrayed friendship, trust, hospitality; I merit death! Shoot me where I sit, Ferdinand; I wish you would!"

"You are mad."

"I kissed her twenty times, Ferdinand, and I never intend to marry her. Come, why don't you shoot me?"

"You are a lunatic—you are not responsible for any word or act," said I, and I was beginning to feel so. If I had been ever so angry with him, my resentment would have vanished when, with one of his sudden changes of mood he dropped his head upon my shoulder, and sobbed and wept like the melting of an avalanche, gasping between whiles, in low, earnest, fervent, interrupted tones.

"I love and worship your beautiful and haughty sister! Love her because she is fair, worship her because she is proud! Yes! yes! I worship the ground she walks on—for it is holy ground; the pebble her foot spurns—for it is a precious stone! Words! words! breath! air! Look you! People have talked about dying for their beloved! I am doing it! I am doing it!"

Language cannot convey the heart-rending tone in which these words were spoken. He went on:

"Yes! yes! I will account for my conduct of this evening! I had firmly repressed my feelings for six weeks. I thought the danger over, or well-nigh over! I went up to her to-night to bid her adieu, with the stern determination of never, never seeing her again. She held out her hand—looking up to me with her beautiful, bewildering, maddening eyes—eloquent with love, sorrow, reproach, inquiry—and, the great tide of long-suppressed emotion rushed in, filling my heart, flooding my brain, bearing down and sweeping away reason, memory, understanding! and I did and said—some maniacal things! Come, shoot me, if you please! Yes, I will meet you when and where you please, and bare my bosom to your knife or ball, but never raise my hand against you, my brother, my heart's dear brother! In the name of heaven, then, why don't you speak to me?"

"Because I have nothing to say. I am mystified and miserable!"

"Yet, oh! do not shut up your heart to me! do not! You love me! do not, therefore, lay up remorse for all your long future life, by harshness to me now—for look you! my life will be short—my death violent! I know it! Speak to me!"

"Alas! Wallraven, what shall I say? You entreat me not to shut up my heart to you. I do not do it. On the contrary, it is you who closes yours to me. Yet do not misunderstand me, I do not complain of this, though the passion you have declared for my sister—a passion I see but too clearly exists; and is reciprocated—makes me extremely anxious upon account of Regina, when I reflect upon the dark mystery which you confess has blighted your own life, and dread may blight hers!"

He dropped his head upon my shoulder again, and, with a huge heart-sob, gasped:

"I cannot! I cannot! I cannot, by the broken heart of my dead mother! by the smitten brow of my gray-haired father! I cannot, reveal to you this blasting mystery! I have tried hard this evening to tell you, and the words stick in my throat! But this I will promise you—never to see Miss Fairfield again! Ah! you cannot guess the suffering I bring myself, the suffering I withhold from you, on making this promise!"

"I do not demand such a promise, yet—but, Wolfgang, such a demand will depend upon your reception of a question I am about to ask you, which you may answer or not, just as you see fit. This dark secret—is it connected with guilt or with disease?"

"No! no! no! God knows, that whatever may be their other misfortunes, the Wallravens are physically, mentally, and morally sound!"

"Why, so I have always heard of them. They are even proverbial for those qualities. Now, in the name of heaven, give me your hand, Wolfgang! Win Regina if you can! I feel sure that your distress, whatever it may be, is morbid. Nonsense! Love and friendship will cure you. What! Young, healthy, handsome, moral, intelligent, accomplished; wealthy, and of high rank, loving and beloved, with no one to cross your wishes—what should trouble you? I begin to think you are a mere hypochondriac"—and so I did.

You will pronounce this hasty confidence very wrong—so it doubtless was; but I loved Wolfgang Wallraven with more than a brother's love; I was by nature trusting to a fault; I was inexperienced; and I have expiated the error, by suffering in every vein of my heart and brain!

The next morning we set out on our return to the North, Wolfgang insisting upon our going, as previously arranged. I had stopped at Regina's door, to see if possibly she was up, but all was dark and silent in her room. We left without seeing her again.

We reached the university some time after the commencement of the term, and had to apply ourselves with double vigor and perseverance to our studies, in order to make up for lost time.

From the day of our re-entrance into college, Wallraven was everything that the most exacting and fastidious friend could desire him to be—calm, self-possessed, dignified, gracious—though seldom, perhaps never, cheerful. He never voluntarily mentioned Regina to me; and if ever I would name her to him, he would govern a strongly rising emotion, and say: "As Milton toiled for fame, as Napoleon toiled for dominion, so I toil for Regina! One day, when wealth, and fame, and power, and dominion—such dominion as God gives genius—are mine, I may win her! When I have power to place her in the highest rank of society, in the most civilized city in a yet uncivilized world, then I will ask her to share her fate with mine—not till then!" or something like it. He did toil. He gained the highest approbation, the honor of the professors. The most brilliant auguries were drawn for his future. I shared them. I felt his power. I felt that if he could once conquer a peace in his own bosom, he might become just what he pleased.

As for Regina, she never mentioned him in any of her letters to me; but I know too well that he was not forgotten, by the tone of sadness that pervaded all her expressed thoughts and feelings.

(To be Continued.)

An old Scotch gravedigger was remonstrated with one day at a funeral for making a serious overcharge for digging a grave. "Well, ye see, sir," said the old man, in explanation, making a motion with his thumb towards the grave, "him and me had a bit o' a tift twa or three years syne owre a braw watch I selt him, an' I've never been able to get the money out o' him yet. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'this is my last chance, and I'd better tak' it.'"

Mr. Freshman—"I am told that wind blows quite strongly here at times." Prominent Citizen—"Well, yes; that is so. I've knowed it to blow for twelve days and nights on a stretch, an' hold a sheep up against the side of a barn 14 feet from the ground all that time, an' never once let him fall. And another time it blew so hard that the crows in Farmer Tatercrop's cornfield couldn't fly back to the rookery, but they had to walk home. And another time it blew so hard that when young Spoonamore was crossed in love and tried to kill himself by jumping over a precipice, the wind blew him back again every time. I assure you, stranger, the wind can blow in these parts."

FORESTRY CONVENTION.

The Premier Names Jan. 10, 11, and 12, 1906, as the Date.

To the public of the Dominion of Canada:

Canada possesses one of the largest areas of virgin forest of any country in the world and is ranked by European experts first, or among the first, of the important sources of the world's timber supply for the future.

The preservation of the streams in perennial and constant flow, which is largely controlled by the forests on the watersheds, will have an important influence on the industrial and agricultural development of the Dominion. The expansion of our electrical and mechanical industries will be regulated to a great extent by water, which forms the greatest source of power in all countries, and some of our western districts are dependent on irrigation to ensure the success of agricultural operations.

In all the older provinces the clearing of the soil has been carried to such an extent that the ill effects on the water supply and on agriculture are clearly marked, while on the western prairies the need of sheltering trees for houses and fields is seriously felt by the settlers.

The early construction of the Transcontinental Railway, and of other railways, through our northern forested districts and the consequent opening of those districts to general traffic, will increase the danger from fire which has already been a most active agent of destruction.

These conditions are not new; they have from time to time received public attention, and during the Session just closed Parliament authorized the summoning of a convention for the more thorough discussion of the same.

I therefore hereby call a public convention to meet in the City of Ottawa on the 10th, 11th and 12th of January, 1906, under the auspices of the Canadian Forestry Association, and to this convention are specially invited:

Members of the Senate and House of Commons.

Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces.

Members of Legislative Councils and Legislative Assemblies of the Provinces.

Dominion and Provincial Forest Officials.

Members of the Canadian Forestry Association.

Representatives of Lumbermen's Associations.

Representatives of Boards of Trade.

Representatives of Universities.

Representatives of Agricultural Colleges.

Representatives of Farmers' Institutes.

Representatives of Railway Companies.

Representatives of the Canadian Mining Institute.

Representatives of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers.

Representatives of Associations of Land Surveyors.

Representatives of Fish and Game Associations and all others who take an interest in Forestry.

An invitation is also extended to the Bureau of Forestry of the United States, the American Forestry Association and the State Forestry Bureaus and Associations to send representatives to this Convention.

WILFRID LAURIER.

Ottawa, 21st August, 1905.

The subjects to be considered at the Convention will be discussed under the following divisions:—

1. The Nation and the Forest.
2. Forestry in relation to Agriculture and Irrigation.
3. The Forest and the Lumber and Pulp Industries.
4. The Relation of our Forests to our other industries: Railways; Water Powers; Mining; Building Trades; Wood Working Manufactures.
5. Scientific Forestry and Forestry Education.

By the kindness of the Canadian Railway Companies a single fare rate over their roads on the certificate plan will probably be allowed delegates, regardless of the number in attendance.

JUST AN INTIMATION.

"She told me she had made a study of palmistry?"

"Well?"

"Well, she offered to read my palm and I let her."

"Naturally."

"And then she told me I was going to suffer a disappointment in love, but would get over it, and marry a poor girl."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say? She's rich, and I had intended to propose to her that very evening."

NO IMPROVEMENT ON NATURE.

Irate Patient—Here! you told me these false teeth would be just as good as natural ones, and they hurt me horribly.

Painless Dentist—Well, didn't your natural ones hurt you?

"Really—er"—stammered the gossip, who had been caught red-handed, "I'm afraid you overheard what I said about you. Perhaps—er—I was a bit too severe——" "Oh, no," replied the other woman, "you weren't so severe as you would have been if you knew what I think of you!"

WHAT THE POWERS MAY HEAR.

It will likely be the voice of experience.

The Farm

THE FEED AND THE MILK.

All acknowledge that there is some relation between the feed and the milk writes W. W. Cook. If onions are fed to a cow it is expected that the milk will have the odor and flavor of the onions. The same is true of turnips, but in a less degree. If, however, the turnips or cabbage are fed in moderate quantities directly after milking no bad result is noticed, because in this case the system has had time enough to eliminate the malodorous material. There is another feed, silage, that is fully as strong in order as onions, and to some persons even more unpleasant and yet a cow can consume a large quantity of even the rankest silage and produce milk without a trace of the silage odor.

This is denied by many dairymen, but, nevertheless, it is a fact, when a man says he is having trouble with his milk on account of the feeding of silage, he is charging himself with carelessness, for it is certain the bad flavors entered the milk after it was drawn from the cow. The silage odor is very penetrating. It hangs to the hair of the cow and the garments of the milker; it fills the air of the stable. When silage is fed just before milking and then the milking done without washing the hands, the milk is almost sure to be tainted. Milk left in the stable easily absorbs the silage odor.

These odors that enter milk after it is drawn from the cow, can be largely removed by aeration. Merely lifting the milk in a dipper and allowing it to fall in a current of pure air will remove the bad odors, but on a large scale it is better to use some of the modern machines that aerate and cool at the same time. To test this matter with regard to silage, I once divided a lot of fresh milk, putting part in the silo on top of the silage in an open pail, while the rest was put at once in ice water. The milk remained in the silo several hours until it was thoroughly saturated with the silage odor. The pail was then removed to the dairy room and fresh air blown through the milk until the air as it bubbled up showed no longer of silage. This milk so was then put in the ice water. The next day samples of each were submitted to a large dairy class without their knowing which was which. The majority of the class decided that the silage milk was the better flavor and had the less odor.

Why should good milk result from bad smelling silage and poor milk from onions? If a very thin slice of onion, turnip or cabbage is examined under a high power magnifying glass the tissue will be seen filled with minute drops of a sulphur oil that imparts the peculiar odor and flavor. The system of the cow tries to burn up and get rid of all that would injure the milk, but these sulphur oils are among the most difficult to eliminate from the system and unless fed in quite small quantities, produce a bad effect upon the milk. On the other hand the odor and taste of silage are connected with the acids of fermentation and are easily destroyed by the cow. When silage first came into use, some persons claimed that the large quantity of acid it contained must be injurious to the health of the cow.

A person who says this displays his ignorance of the cow's process of digestion. The first great stomach or paunch, occupying nearly half the cow's body, is in effect a silo. The food is here carried through the first stage of digestion, entirely by the production of acid. No matter whether the food is green or dry, grain or coarse fodder, it is all fermented and produces a large quantity of acid. Dry corn fodder in the cow's paunch evolves much more acid than the same stalks would have produced put green into the poorest silo. The cow's system burns up and utilizes this acid with ease, for that is what nature intended.

HOG NOTES.

Do not breed from immature parent stock.

Grow the pigs from the day of birth to the day of slaughter.

Always breed from a thoroughbred boar of good constitutional vigor.

Give the breeding boar such food as will build muscle and bone.

Adopt regular hours for feeding and the hogs will soon learn to expect it every day.

The barrel or vats in which food is mixed should be emptied at each feeding.

A lot of pigs of which scarcely any two resemble each other does not reflect credit in the skill of the breeder.

A hog never gets too thin to be lousy, but it would appear that the thinner the blood the better the lice thrive.

If a sow proves herself a good breeder and mother in all respects keep her until she will breed no more and save her another breeder.

Growing pigs need plenty of opportunity for exercise, they need to run about to strengthen their muscles and keep them from being too fat.

As a rule, the shortest time in which we can obtain a weight of 200 to 250 lbs. will give the cheapest and best meats.

The pig that is marketed profitably at from 6 to 8 months must not be allowed from any cause to stop growing.

Good feeding is giving the animal all the food that it can digest and assimilate without waste and without violence to the organs that have the work to do.

The lot of hogs that will lie quietly while a stranger passes among them has the advantage for profitable feeding over the restless nervous fellows that are always on their feet as soon as a stranger appears on the grounds. When the sows and their litters are all fed together with the aim to give all what they want there is a chance that the sows will carry more flesh than is really necessary and the pigs will not do as well as they would if fed alone.

Hogs are nearer self maintaining and will do more foraging than any other animal, and they can be utilized for consuming a greater number of products of the farm than any other stock, increasing in thrift upon the variety thus afforded provided it is wholesome.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

A great many horses are ruined by watering when too hot, and it is the practice of many just to let them run to the watering trough as soon as they are unhitched. No matter how warm they are allowed to help themselves. If the horse is warm, give a little, and allow him to rest until cool. A little water when warm is all right, but be careful not to give too much.

The horse not only requires less food when idle than when at work, but is actually injured if the ration is not reduced on days of idleness. Some feeders of high standing reduce the feed of their work horses on Sundays and holidays. It is now the belief of all who have thoroughly studied the subject that idle horses are fed too heavily as a rule. But no fixed ration can be named, since the food requirements of individual horses differ so widely.

What are called broiler ducks are fed a mash composed of equal parts of ground corn, oats and bran, from two to four ounces of meat meal or beef scrap to every two quarts of the meal. When the ducks are forced for quick growth, they are given even more than this. Mix in with this some fine-cut grass, clover or green stuff of some kind cut not over half an inch long, also a little coarse sand. This can be mixed with scalding-hot water or, better, with scalding-hot milk, allowing the mixture to cool, and feeding the young ducks about what they will eat up in four or five minutes. Feed them at first about every two hours; after this, from three to four times a day. Always have a plenty of fresh drinking water close at hand, where they feed.

CITIES OF THE FUTURE

BUILDING FOR HEALTH WILL BE THE ORDER.

Smokeless Cooking Will Help to Clear the Atmosphere of London.

If the Public Health Congress has accomplished nothing else, it has coined a new word for the London fog. Hereafter that peculiarly Londfog. Hereafter that peculiarly Lon- "Smog," a compound of "smoke" and "fog."

The new word was coined by Dr. H A. Des Voeux, of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society.

The kitchen fire, charged with being the cause of "smog," was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to eternal banishment by two eminent authorities.

THREE FOGS DAILY.

Dr. Des Voeux even professed to be able to detect three distinct diurnal fogs—the breakfast, the luncheon, and the dinner fog. For years the factory chimney had suffered for the misdeeds of the kitchen fire, he said. He observed that on Sunday, when the kitchen fire was lighted later in the day, the early morning fog was an hour late.

"The time has nearly come when legislation should demand that all cooking should be done without smoke," he said.

SMOKING CHIMNEYS.

As electricity was cheapened, he said, the electric fire would gradually take the place of the coal fire. As it was, the number of gas fires used for cooking had increased by 470,000. Smokeless cooking would remove no fewer than 600,000 smoking chimneys.

Fogs caused by the kitchen fire cost £5,200,000 every year, said the Hon. Rollo Russell, and, in addition to this, the depreciation of house, the deterioration of health, and the depression of spirits were also attributable to the effects of "smog."

London's deficient air supply was also discussed by the delegates. Dr. T. Glover Lyon, physician to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, was the principal speaker on this subject.

UNFIT FOR CHILDREN.

"Owing to its deficient air supply a large part of London is quite unfit for the rearing of children, and also unfit to be a dwelling-place for men and women who are engaged in intellectual pursuits," he said.

He suggested that London's houses should be built in zones, each two of which should be divided by a space of open land. Fresh air should be brought to Central London by means of tube railways, through which it could be pumped, and by means of which impure air could be removed.

"Small gardens and parks are wholly inadequate to allow a blast of pure air to enter. The consequence is that we are killing our children, and allowing weak children to grow up—a fair proportion of them to die a miserable death.

CATS AS FOOD.

In Northern Italy the cat is a favorite article of food, even though people are forbidden by law from partaking of the animal. Indeed, cats are fattened and grown for the market with great care, and the Italians believe that they far surpass rabbits in every good quality. The method of cooking the animal is to roast it in an oven until brown, with onions, garlic, parsley, bay leaf, red wine, and some fragrant herbs other than those mentioned.

The Home

SELECTED RECIPES.

For sugar kisses, beat the whites of two eggs beaten as for frosting one cup of sugar. Mix well and drop on buttered tin in small cakes. Bake in a moderate oven until light browned.

To make muffins quickly: To one teacupful of sour cream add one teaspoonful each of soda and salt, one egg, and flour enough to make a somewhat stiff batter. Have the rings well greased and hot, fill quickly, and bake in a hot oven to a delicate brown. Some milk can take the place of cream by adding a tablespoonful of butter. The above amount makes a dozen muffins; more is wanted, increase the amount of each ingredient equally.

Grape Juice—Grape juice is thought one of the most healthful beverages not only for its medicinal qualities but for the nourishment it affords. There is no other drink that can compare with it in delicacy and refreshment, and none that can be more easily obtained for, by little trouble, one can supply their household. If bought, it is an expensive luxury, but when made at home, it is very inexpensive, and when once tried, it proves to be the sort, thing that is, a joy forever. To make it, first pick the grapes from the bunch off the vines, which is much easier than handling the fruit twice and also gives the picker the benefit of the open air. Wash and bruise the grapes, put in a granite kettle, don't allow the juice to touch the sides it discolors it. Heat until the juice flows, then strain through a heavy cloth unbleached muslin is good; add as much water as there is juice, and to every quart of this a cupful of sugar. Bring to boil, can or bottle, and you have a drink fit for the gods. And one which will never cause the hand to tremble or the heart to ache.

Good Savoury Pie—One pound ox liver, four pounds potatoes, one lb. flour, one-fourth pound lard, pepper, salt, onion, and baking powder. Mode: Cut the liver in small pieces, also the onions; pare the potatoes very thin; cut in slices, and put them in an agate pie dish in layers, with pepper and salt; when all in, add water till three parts full. Cover. Take flour, lard, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and a saltspoonful of salt; mix well; add cold water to make a paste; roll out and cover a pie dish, and bake for two hours.

Savory Dutch Pie—Four pounds of potatoes, red herring, one pound flour, one-fourth pound of dripping, pepper, salt, baking powder. Wash, pare, and slice potatoes; soak the herring in warm water, and divide into flakes; put the sliced potatoes and herring into an agate pie dish, well mixed with a little pepper and one ounce of dripping. If the herring is not salt, add a little salt; cover; and bake for two hours. Cover: Mix the flour and three ounces of dripping with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a saltspoon of salt; make a stiff paste with cold water; roll out to the size of pie dish and cover. Serve hot.

Rice Pudding—A good rice pudding does not call for eggs. An excellent one is made of five cupfuls of rich milk, one small cupful of uncooked rice, well washed and picked over, one cupful of raisins, washed and stoned; one cupful of sugar, a scant teaspoonful of salt and half a grated nutmeg, or any flavor that may be preferred. Let the pudding bake slowly for two hours, until the grains of rice have fully swollen out and each one rests in a creamy bed.

Indian Pudding—An old-fashioned Indian pudding that requires no eggs is made as follows: Scald one pint of milk, add two heaping tablespoonfuls of Indian meal to half a cupful of milk, and when all the lumps are stirred out, thin with a cupful and half of cold milk; add a tablespoonful of butter and a small cupful of molasses, and pour in the pint of scalded milk, add a half teaspoonful of salt and stir well. Bake the pudding an hour; then pour in another pint of cold milk and let it bake slowly for three or four hours longer, or until it is as dark as a black ginger cake. Serve it hot with cream.

An English recipe for an economical pudding, says: Bake any remains of bread a golden brown and crush them to a fine powder while hot. Of this take four ounces, two ounces brown sugar or golden syrup, two ounces of raisins or dried cherries, half a pint of milk and the same of boiling water, together with half a teaspoon of allspice. Pour the boiling water on the crumbs, stir well, and let them soak until soft; then mix in all the other ingredients and pour the mixture into a dish plentifully rubbed with butter or well clarified dripping, and bake for twenty to twenty-five minutes.

SOME HOUSEHOLD WRINKLES.

A candle may be made to fit any candlestick if it be dipped into very hot water. This softens the wax and it may then be easily pushed into a candlestick which otherwise would be too small, and it will be neatly and firmly held.

If you wish to stick anything and have no glue in the house, try the following recipe: Take a small piece of cold potato which has been boiled and rub it up and down on a piece of paper with your fingers for about five minutes. It will become the right consistency and stick as well as the strongest glue.

A few spoonfuls of a borax solution added to the hot soapy water in which silver, glass and china are washed will give these articles additional lustre. It may be also employed for cleaning hair-brushes in the proportion of three or four spoonfuls to a quart of water, and it should be remembered that the water for this purpose should be only tepid, and there should be sufficient to wet the bristles, but not the back of the brush. The brushes should then be rinsed well in several waters, and be finished with quite cold water.

To Mend Table Linen.—Always do this before sending it to the washer. Paste a piece of stiff paper over the hole on the right side, and then darn very carefully on the wrong. The darn should reach half an inch beyond the tear on all sides and the crossing must be very neatly and accurately done. It is really more satisfactory to mend these places before they reach the hole stage, and takes far less time. It is a good plan to keep the pieces [illegible] over after evening [illegible] the travelled threads are [illegible] ready for mending with.

Laundry Hints—To polish cuffs you need a proper iron, one with a round face, covered with steel. Iron cuffs till quite dry. Lay them [illegible] covered with one thickness only. Rub over with [illegible] squeezed out of cold water quickly with your polisher, pressing hard. The iron should be moderately hot.

If butter has to be softened it is wasteful to set it on the stove. Some of the butter is sure to run to oil, which is not like to eat. When the butter again its nature has been changed and deteriorated. More better than dry heat, if the butter be softened by artificial means, set the plate with the butter in a basin of hot water.

Almost every lamp wanders occasionally when the light is dimly, and no attention to the wick will make any difference. The lamp apart, remove the burner and then boil both burner and wick in hot water in which has been thrown some washing soda. When every part has been thoroughly scoured and as thoroughly dried, trim the wick, trim it, fill the lamp, light and the light will be bright.

Ink stains may be removed from white goods with lemon juice. Cover the stain with fine salt, squeeze the lemon-juice on it, rub it between the hands. A second application will be necessary where the ink is obstinate.

In washing knives, it is best to have a wide-mouthed jug half filled with water, so that the blades may be covered. If the handles are injured in water they quickly become discolored and frequently come loose. In the latter event they can be secured by filling the hole in the handle with powdered resin, and replacing the blade, the shaft of which has been heated to redness. When cold the blade will be found firmly secured.

WASHING FINE LINEN.

As to how fine linen should be washed and guarded, a large linen manufacturer gives some excellent advice. He advises the best of washing soap to begin with. Soaps full of alkali discolor linen. It is better to wash linen by hand, or at least have the roller of the wringer fairly loose, for fear that the rinsing process is not enough. A great improvement in dealing up linen is this stock: Dissolve an ounce of gum arabic in half a pint of warm water, add one tablespoonful of the solution to a qt. of water, wring out the linen in the mixture. A point in the care of towels admonish the masculine members of the family never to wipe a razor on a towel. The damage done often does not show at the time, but is apparent after the towel is washed.

BREAD ECONOMICS.

If a loaf goes very dry from some unavoidable reason it may be soaked in water and re-baked. The steam generated in the loaf will make it like new bread. Milk acts in the same way and gives the result of a sweeter, more cake like texture. A new loaf, can be broken apart and its interior pulled out into rough pieces. By baking these until they are crisp the dextrine change is accomplished, and the delicious "toast" bread, nice with cheese or dainty for supper, results. This is good for invalids. New bread is not economical to use. If a new loaf must be cut, a hot knife does it more neatly than a cold one. In cutting, one of the aims should be to go straight across.

AS SHE IS SPOKEN.

"Are you going to take that Latin up with me I spoke about last week?"

"I haven't thought about it."

"Well, think of it this week, will you?"

"Yes, if I think about it. I'll think about it."

"By the way, I saw you on the street the other day and you never noticed me."

"I never noticed you."

Fine Finish

The farmer manufactures beef, pork, milk, etc, and he must properly handle his live stock machinery to get the greatest and best finished production.

Just as he is careful to put oil on his harvester bearings, so should he be as careful to keep his live stock machinery in good working condition.

An animal whose digestive machinery is heavily loaded needs more oil than one that isn't.

Clydesdale Stock Food

is the oil to ease the load on an animal's digestive machinery, because it increases the digestive fluids owing to the food being more "tasty."

It also makes the feeder [illegible] with activity and vitality, makes the blood circulate better, thus distributing the flesh more evenly over the body, instead of having a paunch for tallow at age, [illegible]

It makes the hide and [illegible] and glossy, giving them "[illegible]" that fetches from [illegible] hundred more than from [illegible] feeding.

Contains nothing injurious [illegible] can stop feeding it without [illegible] effects.

Your money cheerfully [illegible] by the dealer if you are not [illegible] after feeding it. [illegible] Clydesdale Preparations.

Clydesdale Carboline Antiseptic [illegible] your stable clean

TRY HERCULES POULTRY FOOD

CLYDESDALE STOCK FOOD CO. L[illegible]

Toronto, Ont.