G MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS.

c. 26.— Wheat — Ontario for white, red or mixed, and spring, 74c to 75c. nitoba — Unchanged at for No. 1 hard, 86c for n and 83c for No. 2 northday's inspection at Winnt- 151 cars, against 144 a o. 1 hard, 76 No. 1 north- 7 No. 3, 2 No. 4 northern, grades.

ntario — Export, best bid er cent. patents, in buyoutside points. Domestic to $3.50. Manitoba, $4. for first patents, $4.30 to nd patents, and $4.20 to ers'.

Ontario — Bran, $16 in mills, shorts $17 to $18. 50 to $17.50, shorts $18. at Toronto and equal

to 35c, outside. o. 2, 47c to 48c, No. 3 ex- 46c, and No. 3 at 42c to e points.

to 79c, at outside points. — Nominal at 51c to 52c.

w, Canadian, 42c to 44c. ghts, American, No. 3 yelOronto, with 2c to 3c more ints, according to freights. $5 in barrels, and $4. n track here; 25c more for here and 40c outside.

NTRY PRODUCE.

Holds steady to firm with d for choice lines.

	24c to 25c
	23c to 24c
s, good to choice	21c to 22c
	21c to 22c
	20c to 21c
13c for large and	19c to 20c

to 23c for the general run 20c to 21c for limed.

Fat chickens, 8c to 9c, thin ens 6½c to 7½c, thin 5½c 11c to 12c, thin 6c to 8c 11c, turkeys, 15c to 16c.

gs — Car lots here, are oint $8 per cwt.

Ontario, 65c to 75c per here, 75c to 85c out of 75c to 80c on track and at of store.

$8 per ton for No. 1 lots here, and $6 for No.

$6 per ton for car lots

TREAL MARKETS.

ec. 26. — There is some ade for Manitoba wheat February shipment, but bout 82c per bushel out of

ade 76c f.o.b. per bushel. Manitoba No. 3, 48c; No. 4,

Manitoba spring wheat pat- 7 8½, strong bakers', $4.50 ong wheat patents, $4.25 to ra patents, $4 to $4.10; do., $3.95; extras, $1.65 to

Manitoba bran in bags, $20 per ton; Ontario bran $15; shorts, $20; mill- $21 to $24; straight grain to $27 per ton.

Per bag, $2.35 to $2.

$1.45 to $1.50 per bag. $8.20 to $8.30; No. 2 $7.50 ed, $6 to $6.50, and $6 per ton in car lots.

Ontario mixed, 53c; No. 3 packed.

The market holds firm, e tones quoted for current for summer made goods; for September and October, and 12½c to 13c

Prices 23c to 23½c for good nery, 21c to 21½c for dairy ade cheese 22c to 22½c.

Select laid eggs are going 26c. Cold storage and ed eggs selling at 20c to ding to quality and quality, 1 being 1c less; new laid from that up.

Heavy short cut pork, short cut, $18 to $19; back, $19 to $20; 7c to 7½c; Canada pure 11c; bulk rendered, 11½c 13c to 15c, according to 13c to 16c; fresh killed abs, $9 to $9.25 alive.

ORK WHEAT MARKETS.

Dec. 26. — Wheat — Spot, 91½c elevator; No. 2 f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 northern, f.o.b. afloat; No. 1 hard, nominal, f.o.b. afloat.

LOWED THE POLES.

Girl Tramps Set Off to London.

ch from London, England, o weary little girls were ndering hand in hand in et, Colnbrook, and some ksing them where they g, the children began to aid they had lost their way

ll a pathetic story. "We away from home in Maidcause father beats us, and ing to find our father in We started from Maidenhe this morning without oney, and we walked all ving the telegraph poles to We are so tired and hungre want our dear mother." villager led the three little his house, and gave them the children ate ravenously, he finished their meal, wanted to London to find their Placing the little ones in his villager drove them to the khouse, where he told the he circumstances of the case. e put to bed, and the ad police communicated

ther their aunt called at rse, and took the child to Maidenhead.

MING AT FRIENDSHIP.

ritish Cabinet to Discuss Relations With Germany.

n despatch says: The Tage s the new British Cabinet will discussion of the Anglo-Gerferences, aiming at securing relations between the two na- Chancellor Von Buelow con- d Prime Minister Campbell- an and Foreign Secretary Sir Grey on their taking office, and cordial replies.

REGINA FAIRFIELD;

—OR—

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

CHAPTER X.

Wolfgang alighting, handed out Regina, and leading her up the stone steps, presented her with stately and courtesy. We all followed and were welcomed in the manner.

Mr. Wallraven conducted Regina into the house. I followed, with Miss upon my arm. Constanta and Wolfgang paused behind an instant, and, as I turned to look after them, I saw old John at the end of the passage and heard Wolfgang step up to him and heard him inquire rapidly, his breath:

"Is she safe?"

And the low reply:

"All secure there, sir!"

"That is well! I shall remember your care for us, John."

The old man bowed in silence, and Wolfgang immediately stepped after us. This little interlude had not occupied ten seconds.

We entered the hall, and were each immediately shown to our separate room.

Old John took me into a different chamber from that which I had occupied before, telling me, with a slight smile, that my former sleeping apartment had been prepared for Mrs. Wallraven, as it was the most comfortable one in the house.

He then went, and ordered up my baggage, and in course of half an hour, with the help of John, I refreshed myself with a bath, a shave and a change of dress.

I even went down into the old oak hall which had been furnished up in honor of the bride's arrival—that is, the floor and panelled wall had been dabbed, waxed and polished, until shone with a mirrorlike lustre, and the wide fireplace had been filled with cedar branches, while on the mantelpiece and on the window-sills were placed vases filled with white Regina's favorite flowers.

I found in the drawing-room, with Mr. Wallraven and Constant, Mr. Davenport, and two young ladies, their daughters—all of whom had come over to Hickory Hall to meet our bridal party.

In a few minutes, Wolfgang and Regina entered, and it is evident her dazzling fairness and stately grace, her white high, pure style of beauty and of bearing, made what is called a great "sensation," though on a small scale—namely, the small party met there to welcome her.

Soon after the introductions were over, dinner was announced. Well! this dinner was like most other Virginia country wedding dinners—more abundance than elegance, and more hospitality than ostentation.

Soon after an early tea, the Davenport party took leave, previously inviting the Wallravens and myself to dine at the parsonage the third day from that—an invitation which Wolfgang accepted in the name of the whole family.

When they were gone, we returned from the portico, where we had been standing to see them off, and re-entered the hall.

It was a pleasant place in the summer evening twilight. There were many windows, commanding various stellage views, and soft, warm, pleasant airs, and the sweet, vague musical quads came through them.

I noticed Wolfgang and Regina seated at one of the end windows enjoying the delicious hour without conversation, or only conversing by seeking each other's eyes, or by an occasional low tone.

When the full harvest moon arose, Mr. Wallraven invited us all to come out and walk, and view the scenery by moonlight. With the same stateliness of an old-school gentleman, he gave his arm to Regina, and led the way. Each member of the family vied with the other in assiduous yet delicate attentions to our bride. We spent an hour very pleasantly in strolling through the beautiful and moonlit vale, and then returned to the drawing-room where refreshments were ordered.

While we were standing around the table in gay conversation, (never before had I seen any member of the family so cheerful), old John appeared at the door with an anxious expression on his time-worn face.

Mr. Wallraven arose, in haste and went out to him. Constantia turned pale, and Wolfgang glared at the intruder with startling eyes and a scowl of rage.

I saw that some misfortune had occurred, or was about to occur.

Mr. Wallraven closed the door behind him while talking with the old man, while Wolfgang, as if lost in the forgetfulness of other presence, continued to fix his gaze after them.

In a moment, Mr. Wallraven put his head in the door, and beckoned Wolfgang. He started up and shot from the room, without a word of excuse or apology, banging the door to after him. Constant and myself were left alone with the two young ladies.

Regina looked in surprise from the door to the sister; and then, with her habitual self-possession and politeness, lowered the blaze of the solar lamp so as to throw a soft light upon the table, and, taking up an engraving, made some critical remarks upon its merits, submitting it to Constant's judgment.

But Constantia was pale, trembling, and distrait, and gave some reply wide of the mark.

Constant, however, with a deferential "Permit me, madam," took, and, with Regina, examined the picture. Constant was pale and stern, and seemed to have discovered the betrayal of some strong emotion.

They criticised the picture, which was "The Writing on the Wall."

Regina, Constant and myself, might have passed a tolerable hour, had it not been for Miss Wallraven's increasing and extreme distress. She looked like a second Cassandra, and would start and shudder, pale and glare, as though in momentary expectation of some appalling sight. Her anxiety became so intense that apparently she could endure it no longer, but touched a bell, and, at the entrance of a servant, ordered chamber lights, and turning to Regina, said:

"Mrs. Wallraven! the clock is on the stroke of twelve, and you have had a fatiguing day. I am ready to show you to your chamber."

Regina arose, and slightly bowing for "Good-night," left the room, followed by Constantia. I soon after arose and retired to my room, which was on the same floor with that of Regina.

I know not what presentiment suddenly overcrept my mind, but, oppressed with a vague and terrible anxiety, I sought to sleep in vain.

Finally, I returned to the drawing-room. Constant was gone. It was now empty. The room was so large that the light upon the center-table barely served to make darkness visible except in its immediate vicinity. I put up the light of the lamp, and walked up and down the floor, restlessly expecting, but without connecting that feeling with my unaccountable gloom, the return of Mr. Wallraven and Wolfgang. I know not how long I might have been waiting there, when the door swung noiselessly open, and Regina re-entered the room, her hair in disorder, and a dressing-gown hastily thrown on. I turned wonderingly to meet her. I saw then that her fair face was blue-pale, and that she trembled with a nervousness I had never seen her betray before.

"My dear sister! what is the matter?" asked I, leading her to an easy-chair, into which she immediately sank.

"I do not know! Perhaps a dream! Perhaps something real. Listen! I went to my chamber attended by Miss Wallraven only, and no dressing-maid. Miss Wallraven assisted me to disrobe, but, every few minutes, with a corrugated brow and straining eye, she paused to listen or to watch. Finally she concluded her task, and when I was in bed she drew the curtains, and was about to leave me. Suddenly she turned back and advised me to bolt the door behind her, and then left the room. I did not get up to bolt the door, because I should have had to get up a second time to open it, but I fell asleep, wondering what negro might be on the point of death, or what other trouble had called the Messrs. Wallraven so abruptly from the house. Well! I had no sooner fallen into a deep sleep, than I awakened as by the shock of a galvanic battery, just in time to see the most diabolical-looking old hag that ever nightmare created stooping over me, gazing into my opened eyes with a grin of malignity that seemed to freeze all the blood in my veins. I started violently forward, and she vanished. I was instantly bathed in a cold sweat. I thought this might be a dream, and resolutely composed myself to sleep again—only to be startled out of my sleep again by another and more violent electric shock, and to see again the same eyes of demoniac hatred gazing into mine, to make another instinctive bound, and see the terrible night-hagmler vanish as before! It was impossible now to sleep or think of sleep. I hastily threw on my dressing-gown, slipped my feet into slippers, and came down here to await the gentlemen. I have heard of nightmare, but this is the first time I ever was attacked with it, and it was very natural that my excited imagination should then create the illusion of the old hag, after you telling me of what you saw or fancied you saw in that chamber the first night you slept there. There! I feel humiliated at these tremors, which I cannot control, Ferdinand! there she is now!"

To be continued.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

There is not much use in grinding feed for horses if they have good teeth. You will make nothing by grinding oats for the horse. Some horsemen claim that crushed oats are not as good as whole oats.

When winter comes we are apt to shut our sheep up too closely, and every time at a loss. If we can not do anything else we can have a field adjoining the sheep yard, into which we may turn the flock a little while every day. Even this change will prove profitable.

No matter what grade of market poultry we have to sell, the one great feature for success is to have them plump and heavy in flesh when sold. To illustrate this, some early spring broilers, weighing 2¼ to 2½ pounds per pair, will sell from $1.50 to $2 per pair in the market, while right beside them on the same bench will be offered broilers of the same weight, of such poor finish and flesh as to sell at from 75 to 90 cents a pair.

It has become quite difficult to pick up a team of good horses, bred in the East, that are suitable for ordinary farming purposes, and more difficult to find good draft, road or coach horses. Certainly a good four-year-old horse may be produced on most farms at a cost that would give a profit if sold for $125; and it should not be a difficult matter to average a better price than this, as horses have been selling in recent years.

TO THE THIRD FLOOR.

"There they were caught, and the babies, up to 5 or 6 years old, were thrown living out of the third-floor windows into the streets. The older children and the grown-ups were killed before being thrown out. The men who told me this said also that a band of several hundred students and a few police arrived in time to arrest some of these murderers, and that after they had been placed in jail some of the prisoners were recognized by their keepers as members of the police force."

Chanoch said that the faces of the dead in the street were too mutilated for recognition. He said also that in a suburb of Odessa a Christian priest saved sixty Jewish children by placing them in his own church.

WATERING OF THE HORSE.

An important thing overlooked by the average farmer is how and when the horse should be watered. We have seen farmers—in fact, the majority of them—in the morning fill the mangers with hay and the feed boxes with dry feed. And soon as these are eaten they lead the horse out to the trough, allow him to drink all he can hold, then hitch him to the plow and work him hard for two or three hours. These same farmers are all the time wondering why their horses are not doing better and why they can't be kept up in flesh like Farmer B.'s horses, across the way. The horse should be watered before he is fed. Then feed and curry him at least an hour before going to work. Just before you go to work water him again.

SURVIVORS OF ODESSA

STORIES OF AWFUL CRUELTIES TOLD BY REFUGEES.

Jews Who Managed to Escape the Atrocities Following the Czar's Proclamation.

Five hundred Russian refugees, many of them eye-witnesses of the massacres in Odessa and other Russian cities, disembarked at New York the other day from the steamers Patricia and Chemnitz. Some of them told graphic and pitiful stories of their experience. Jews who had themselves lain hidden in houses in Odessa while mobs searched for them, Russian workmen of the Christian faith, strikers from the railroads, a news paper reporter and Germans who had long lived in Russia joined at the Ellis Island immigration station in declaring that they had been attacked, irrespective of religion, that their assailants were led by police disguised in citizens' clothing and that the massacres were not mere race persecution, but revolution.

There were three Jews from Odessa, all of whom, the day that the Czar proclaimed Russian constitution, were forced into hiding to save their lives. All three men are over 30, intelligent and of fine physique. One of them, Abraham Chanoch, a tinsmith, told what he saw of the Odessa massacre, from its beginning, when two rival parades which were celebrating the new constitution met and

BEGAN TO FIGHT.

He told how little children were thrown out of high windows, how Russian Christians patrolled the streets in large bands, protecting Jews, while other bands of men pillaged and murdered. Your men and students, he said, led the peace parties, while disguised police secretly led the hoodlums. After the first two days he and two companions escaped from the city.

"Six weeks ago to-day I lay, with several other Jews, for four hours in the garret of a house in Schlaotsky street, to escape from a mob in the rooms below. It was a three-story building, and those who lived there escaped by crawling along the rafters into dark holes a few inches underneath the roof.

"While we were hiding on this house, men came in after dark to escape from the streets, and to tell us what happened in other houses where the Jews were caught. A man told me that one of these houses had been entered, where 200 Jews were in hiding. The mob members carried butcher-knives, stone slabs, some of which were red with blood, and which were used for crushing and stoning people, iron bars, revolvers and clubs. Those in the house ran in every direction many of them escaping, but the children ran, with a few older persons,

FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

Twenty-nine Days on a Barren Rock Without Food or Water.

The professional "faster" who goes without food for four or five weeks, who is carefully watched and tended, and whose progress is chronicled by the daily papers, is but a trifler in the experience of starvation compared with the castaway fisherman of the Grand Banks. The New York Sun prints an account which includes several adventures that make the performances of Dr. Tanner read like child's play. It seems almost incredible that a scantily clad man could live for twenty-nine days on a barren rock without food or drink, blistered by the hot sun in the daytime and benumbed by the night's cold. Yet a Newfoundland fisherman went through such an ordeal, and lives to tell the tale. In 1904 two brawlers remained adrift for eleven days, with only a small jug of water to afford them subsistence. When found, they were lying insensible in the bottom of the dory.

Terrible as the sufferings of these fishermen are in summer, they are far outclassed by the miseries of those who go astray in winter. Two dory mates were caught in a midwinter snowstorm one hundred miles off Newfoundland a few years ago. They lost sight of their vessel in the blizzard, and tried to row to land, one toiling at the oars, while the other bailed out the boat.

When night came they made a drag or sea-anchor of trawl-kegs. While thus engaged, Blackburn's mittens were washed overboard, and with naked hands his plight was desperate. But he gallantly held on. The next day his comrade collapsed, and the third morning froze to death. Blackburn, taking the mitts and socks from the dead man, tried to cover his own hands, which were now positively frozen into the shape of the grip of the oars so that he could not straighten them.

Days passed and he toiled on without food or drink. On the evening of the fifth day he reached the coast, and moored his boat at a deserted fishing wharf.

His work was not over, for he had promised to give his companion a burial on shore.

Satisfying his thirst by eating fresh snow, Blackburn lay on a heap of nets all night, the agony of his hands preventing sleep. The next morning he found that the dory had sunk with the body still in it.

With great difficulty he hauled the boat on the rocks, and got the body upon the wharf above. Then getting into the dory once more, he rowed, all day seeking signs of human beings. At nightfall he came upon a little settlement, but would not accept the proffered hospitality until some of the men had set out to bury his dead companion.

As for himself he lost all his fingers and toes. Yes, this man has since won fame as a daring mariner, having twice crossed the Atlantic alone in a dory, besides making a cruise of the seaboard from Boston to New Orleans without any companion.

A PLEASANT FACT.

Buttercups and daisies follow railroads the world over. In India, in Central Asia, in Brazil, the parallel rails run continually between meadows white and yellow with home flowers. The explanation is simple. In the construction of all foreign railways American or English engineers have a hand. These men know that good home grass is the best thing there is for holding the earth on embankments together. Grass is so tough and lasting, it strikes root so easily, that it practically cements together the most flimsy earthworks. So grass seed from home is sown on railway embankments all over the world by the home engineers helping to build them; and thus, in the most tropical places, among gorgeous orchids and palms and giant cacti, you will see mile after mile of wholesome, clean home grass, studded with white daisies and yellow buttercups.

The Home

SELECTED RECIPES.

Whole wheat gems.—Two scant cups of sour milk, two cups of unsifted whole-wheat flour, one rounded teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little hot water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg, one tablespoonful melted shortening. Beat all hard for several minutes and bake in a quick oven in heated gem-pans.

Turkey in Cups.—This is a very good way to use left over turkey. Butter half a dozen teacups, sprinkle with bread crumbs, and fill them half way to the top with turkey meat chopped fine. Whip two eggs gently and season with one saltspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper, a few drops of onion juice, and a little finely chopped parsley. Add one cupful of milk, and after mixing well, pour into the cups holding the turkey. Set the cups in a pan of hot water, cover them over and steam. As soon as the milk and eggs have become slightly stiff, turn the turkey moulds on to slices of toast and serve.

Orange Egg Pudding.—Peel and slice a half dozen oranges and set aside, with a cupful of sugar over them; in a mixing bowl pour the whites of six eggs; beat until stiff, add a pint of thick cream previously whipped, and two teaspoonfuls of gelatine, which has been dissolved in a little cold water; set this mixture away to cool, and, when partially hardened, stir in the orange and sugar very lightly and pack in a mould. Serve cold.

Chocolate Maple Creams.—Take 1 can maple sugar, 1 cup coffee crush sugar, 1 cup sweet milk and boil together until a little of the mixture dropped into ice-water can be rolled into a creamy ball between the fingers. Stir until creamy, then pour into a flat buttered pan. When cold, grate and melt one cake of sweet chocolate and pour over the candy. Mark in squares and break apart when the chocolate is cold. This is simply delicious.

Preserved Pumpkin.—Cut pumpkins in inch squares and to 9 lbs. add 6 lbs. granulated sugar. Pour sugar over the pumpkin and let stand over night. In the morning the sugar will be dissolved. Stir carefully and put on stove in a large pan (I use my largest granite dish-pan), and cook until the pieces are transparent. Add 1 lb. or less of raisins and 2 lemons sliced very thin. Cook a few minutes longer, then put in crocks. You will have a splendid sauce, much better than citron and no one will guess that it is pumpkin.

A German Delicacy.—At a recent dinner our hostess served a clear soup with German dumplings made from a recipe that was sent her from the "father to get me into the secret of making these hand." At my request she gladly made little soup balls. Cut a slice of stale bread into dice and fry in butter until a crisp brown. When they are cold crush the bread with a wooden spoon into the beaten yolks of two eggs, season with salt and a pinch of mace and mix together with flour sufficient to form a batter stiff enough to mold into balls. These should be the size of walnuts. Drop into the boiling soup and cook ten minutes. They will swell to twice the size while cooking.

To Make Cracker Jack.—Everyone enjoys this simple confection, but few know how easily it is made. To make it, pop about six quarts of corn, having it free from hard kernels and scorched ones. Put in a pan large enough to mix it in without spilling. Make a candy of 1 cup good molasses (the dark cheap article will not do), ½ cup white sugar boiled together until it hardens when dropped in cold water. Then add ½ teaspoon soda, and after it has foamed well, pour it over the corn, stirring all the time so that each separate kernel will become coated with the candy. Peanuts may be added if liked, and we think them a great improvement. They should be scattered in during the mixing of the corn and candy. As soon as well mixed together, pack the mixture closely in shallow baking pans, so that it will be in good shape to cut in bars to serve. This is just as good a week as when first made, if it is placed in a hot oven till dried out perfectly, often seeming even more crisp and tender than at first.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Simple Razor Strop Paste.—Wet the strop with sweet oil, and dust a little flour of emery evenly over it.

To Clean a Sink Quickly.—Moisten a wad of paper with a little paraffin, and thoroughly rub the sink. Then rinse with plenty of water.

Bacon fat, which has been rendered down, will be found to make a beautiful crust for a beef-steak pie. It should be clarified twice in boiling water.

To use up the remains of a rice pudding, cut it in thin slices, press into a neat shape with a knife, brush over with a little oiled butter, and broil over a clear fire.

Skim Milk may be used in making puddings if a little piece of butter or good beef dripping is put in with the milk to replace the cream or fat of milk which has been removed.

Rubbing a bruise with sweet oil and then with spirits of turpentine will usually prevent the unsightly Black and blue mark which not only tell tales but deform.

Roll out scraps of pastry till very thin, into rounds the size of a florin, bake till crisp, and keep in a tin till required as a garnish for stews or a foundation for a savory.

When cooling a steak put it into a very hot, dry frying-pan and brown it as quickly as possible. Shake the meat constantly, and turn it with a knife so as to keep in the gravy.

When frying pancakes be sure that the lard in which they are cooked is smoking before you pour in the batter, or the pancakes will stick as you describe.

To prevent tumblers cracking when pouring in boiling water, hold the tumbler in your hand and place your finger on the edge of the glass. Stand the spoon in the tumbler previously to pouring in the water.

Neglected wooden tables may be bleached by spreading on them overnight a layer of wood ashes made into a mortar-like paste with water; the next day brush it off, and scrub. The same paste may be laid on floors when spotted with grease.

Rugs have a tiresome way of turning up at the corners, which spoils their appearance, and in the end the corner gets torn away. To ensure against this, directly a rug is bought, bind it on the under edge with stout holland or furniture webbing. The expense of this is trifling, and the rugs will wear twice as long in consequence.

SUPPOSE THAT YOU WERE THE HIRED GIRL.

If you were the hired girl—

Would you like to serve five breakfasts between 7 and 8 o'clock and be rebuked if they were not all hot and crisp?

Would you like to warm up dinner, after your dishes were all washed, to oblige a careless member of the family who had not been working, but has merely stopped for a little longer chat with a friend?

Would you like to hear your mistress discuss your shortcomings with every stranger within her gates?

Would you feel inclined to handle silverware, cut glass and dainty china with loving care when the room in which you rested and slept looked either like a moorhouse dormity or an incipient rummage sale?

Would you feel enthusiastic over your work when your faults were painted in rich, glowing colors and your little successes and achievements were passed unnoticed and unappreciated?

Would you feel like stopping in the midst of your regular duties to wash and iron a shirt waist for a thoughtless young girl who forgot to put it in the wash on Monday, and who needed it at once for a picnic?

Would you enjoy being sent to the grocery around the corner two or three times a day, simply because your mistress was slovenly and careless in her ordering?

Would you think that it was quite fair if you were forced to take care of the baby night after night while the parents went to card parties, dances, the theatre, etc., when you were engaged for general housework, with no hint of duties as a night nurse?

Would you not appreciate a rocking chair in your room, or in a sunny corner of the kitchen, also the right to entertain an occasional caller on the side porch or in the dining-room?

Did you ever stop to consider how a girl waiting on the table must feel when she hears the following conversation day after day: "Mother, is there more of this in the kitchen?" "No, dear! but you take that piece if you want it. Mary can fry herself an egg."

If you had just one afternoon and evening out in the seven days of the week, do you not think that you would feel irritable when your mistress asked you to come back in the evening because she had forgotten it was your day out and invited a few friends in for cards and a rarebit, which you must prepare?

Let the girl go for a fortnight, and you will treat her differently when she comes back.

TOO MANY DOCTORS.

Overcrowding of the medical profession in Germany is a matter of grave concern. There are now in the empire 22,200 physicians, which doubles the number found in 1876. In other words, there is one physician to Germany for every 1,700 inhabitants. In the city of Berlin 46 per cent of all the physicians have an income of less than $700, and 5 per cent of the whole number do not have a sufficient income to return it for taxation.

SWEDISH POSTAL CUSTOM.

In certain parts of Sweden, where the most absolute confidence is reposed in the honesty of the people, a very informal postal system is in vogue. As the mail steamer reaches a landing-place a man goes a-boat with the letters, which he places in an unlocked box on the pier. Then the passengers who expects a letter opens the box, turns over the letters, and selects his own without being watched or questioned.

The trouble with opportunities is that they so often clothe themselves in overalls and look like work.

The Farm

THE POULTRY YARD.

The "hen hospital" should have a keen ax in its kit of instruments. Most hen diseases cannot be cured and the earlier they are killed, the better for the flock and its owner. We would like to have the hen diseases killed all right, but we fear that it is not always practicable. If it was meant that the hens sick with an incurable disease should be killed, that is good advice and the sooner the carcass is destroyed by fire, the better for the flock and its owner.

"Cement floors covered with sawdust are the proper thing." Sawdust is a good absorbent, but it has the objection that it is not easily digested when the chickens pick it up in their food. In this respect sand would be better, as it aids digestion. With a sawdust covered floor we would arrange the food troughs or vessels so as to allow the least chances for scattering soft food if any is given.

"Put some charcoal in the dust bath and in the grit supply. It is a source of health and comfort to the fowls." True; and a source of fat besides. But there can be no better way to give it than in thoroughly charred ears of corn. We put a lot of well-cured ears in the oven every few days all winter long, and let it get well charred over. Often we feed it while yet warm.

"Let no droppings remain in the hen house more than one day in the hot weather." We often leave the droppings to accumulate under the roosts for a week or more. If the house is thoroughly ventilated, and some good absorbent, like superphosphate is freely and frequently scattered over them, they will do no harm even in hot weather.

"Put on one breed of hens, and stick to that one to the end." Right, every time, unless you discover that the breed selected is not the one answering your purposes. Then change to the one you desire and that the quicker the better. When you have the one you want, then stick to it.

"Change roosters frequently." We get new blood at least every other year, sometimes yearly. Accept no change, however, that would introduce a poor bird into your flock.

"Don't run chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys together." In an emergency turkeys might do. But geese and ducks should be kept separate from the chickens, or there may be trouble.

"The old hen remains a loss incubator." Modern machine hatchers have been brought to a great degree of perfection, and any good, sensible person can run them success fully. Yet on the average farm the old hen seems to be as yet indispensable for hatching and brooding.

"Hot water should be squirted into every nook and crevice in the hen house." Why? Kerosene is much better and surer to destroy lice and other insect pests. Washing the roosts with boiling water or soapsuds, however, will surely check the red spider. We prefer kerosene as the surer and more lasting.

"Kerosene discourages the poultry parasites." It rarely does and it does more, it kills all parasites with which it comes in contact.

"Whitewash quarters freely." A good practice. Better put kerosene or carbolic acid into the whitewash.

"Know which of your hens lay the most eggs." Can usually be found out by using trap nests. This is worth all the trouble and some expense. If you have found which is the hen of many eggs be sure to keep and use her for breeding purposes.

Every fowl requires some form of grit for the gizzard's proper work. Fowls have no teeth, and their only means of grinding is done in the gizzard by means of grit, say, sharp pieces of broken earthware, smashed to the size of a pea, or half the size of a grain of corn. This form of grit is that most relished, and we have known birds to leave quartz until they have exhausted all the earthware. Oyster shell broken into small pieces may also be given to assist shell making, but it is not hard enough to serve the double purpose.

FARM NOTES.

Two tons of clover hay above ground means four tons of clover roots below the surface, and where clover grows anything will grow.

Make demands on your intelligence. Plan out a ten-year campaign; know what you can do to the best advantage, and do it. Make your own fertilizer as far as possible by saving and collecting everything that will improve your soil, and do not till more than you can till well.

The best way to manage lime is to try it on a part of the field, applying varying amounts to adjacent small areas, with and without barnyard manure. Where the time shows a decided difference in the clover, it is needed, and should be applied in relatively small amounts and often. In a four-year rotation of corn, oats, wheat and clover, apply to the corn putting it on the surface at planting time.

As the education of the child is recognized as the most important of municipal functions in the building of the character of the nation, the introduction of a sufficient amount of agricultural knowledge and training into this education is becoming of recognized necessity to the nation if to retain its agricultural balance wheel. Thousands of city children start to school every year to whom the growth of the plant is like the discovery of a new world and to start them along the line of agricultural observation the small school garden is a most valuable medium. For teaching in rural communities, however, much broader lines can be followed.

CHURCH IN A TREE.

One of the oldest churches is built in the redwood forests of California. It is near San Jose, and is maintained by a mining settlement, the miners working as a miner during the week. It is built in one of the giant trees and accommodates a congregation of twenty-five, with space for a hand chancel containing a small organ.

MICROSCOPIC MEASUREMENTS.

Dr. E. P. Shaw recently explained to the Royal Society of Great Britain an electrical micrometer which, it is stated, can be made to measure the two-millionth of a hallometer, or the fifty-millionth of an inch. This measurement, the smallest ever yet made, was in connection with the movements of a telephone diaphragm.

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MAKE MORE MONEY

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You should know the exact weight of everything you buy and sell. It pays.

Chicken raising a very easy and simple way of adding to the farm's cash profits.

CHATHAM FANNING MILL

Capacity 40 to 80 bush. per hour.

Cleans Wheat, Rye, Timothy, Clover, Millet, Oats, Barley, Flax, Peas, Beans, Corn and all seeds.

Large Hopper, Screw Feed easily regulated.

Agitator prevents clogging and distributes grain evenly on screen.

Lower Shoe keeps screens clean—no other mill has this.

End shake and adjustable side shake (three widths).

Sixteen screens and riddles, grading anything from finest seed to coarsest grain. Screens japanned—can't rust.

Saves screenings for feed.

Works easily and smoothly, combines simplicity with ingenuity.

The Chatham Fanning Mill will pay for itself over and over in one year. It is the greatest economizer and profit-builder on the farm. It ensures bigger crops of better grain.

If it were not the best it would not now be in use on hundreds of thousands of farms in Canada and United States. Furnished with or without Bagging Attachment, as desired.

PRIZE AWARDS—Highest awards at World's Fair, St. Louis; Pan-American, Buffalo; World's Fair, Paris, France; Toronto, Winnipeg, Halifax, Charleston, Savannah and Jacksonville.

GUARANTEE—Every mill guaranteed for five years. Lasts a lifetime.

We send the Chatham Fanning Mill to any farmer on receipt of his order, at once, without any cash down, and the most liberal terms of payment.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS and Free Book, "How to Make Dollars out of Wind."

CHATHAM FARM SCALE

Three Styles
Capacity 2,000 lbs.

You need a Scale on your farm, for every transaction you make is by weight and you should know the exact weight of everything you buy and sell.

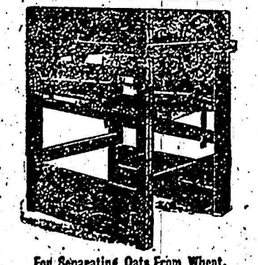
The Chatham Farm Scale is made in three styles. The accuracy of every Chatham Farm Scale is guaranteed by the Canadian Government. Every Chatham Farm Scale is sold with Canadian Government Inspector's Certificate of Accuracy.

Every Chatham Farm Scale is a useful Truck. Just drop the lever and no weight or wear can come on the knife edges of the Scales.

We send this Scale to any farmer on receipt of his order at once without any cash down, and the most liberal terms of payment.

We have a book that tells all about it, which we will be glad to send to you on receipt of a post card with your name and address.

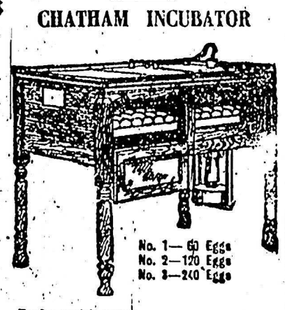
CHATHAM SEPARATOR



For Separating Oats From Wheat.

This splendid device separates wheat from oats perfectly, and is adapted to no other purpose. It is indispensable to every producer of these grains in combination, and NOTHING CAN TAKE ITS PLACE.

CHATHAM INCUBATOR



No. 1—60 Eggs
No. 2—120 Eggs
No. 3—240 Eggs

Poultry raising pays.

People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using setting hens as hatchers, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is—to lay eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is outclassed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.

The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested.

Thousands of poultry raisers—men and women, all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humbug about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments.

Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest.

Send for our handsomely illustrated booklet entitled, "How to Make Money Out of Chicks."

Manufactured at Chatham, Ont., and Detroit, Mich.

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. 516

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