

and Bride Has Summers.

ARDENT WOOING

Q. Que. Sept. 1.—The very unusual romance has occurred at Three Mile Station, Ontario. Three young men, who were married, met for the first time in a public house, and determined on a visit to the bride. The bride, Mrs. Deary, but her answer was: "I have never seen you before."

TOR RACES.

vels at Rate

ATED STEAM.

Motor speeds races in the presence of a large number of spectators. The race was won by a steam engine in 26 2/5 seconds. The record was set by C. Jarrott.

END.

ook for a

L.—George young man, pain and in light yesterday. He was taken to hospital. The doctor said he was in a bad way.

ATH

crossed the river. He had a French passport. He was seen by a man in a blue coat. He was seen by a man in a blue coat.

ot wholly

All coons look alike to me!
As do most teas, but none taste like
Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

LOVE'S EXILE.

And, having poured out this persuasive little harangue with such volubility that not even an Irishman could get in a word edgewise, Fabian allowed himself to be enticed on to the platform, and began asking questions about myself with childlike affection. Maurice Browne followed, somewhat refreshed by this torrent of abuse, since the aim of his literary ambition was rather to scandalize than to convince. He was tall, thin, and unhealthily-looking, with a pallid face and pink-rimmed eyes, and an appearance altogether unfortunate in the propagator of a new cult. I believe he was, on the whole, fonder of me than Fabian was. My disastrous ugliness appealed to his distaste for the beautiful, and having once, as a complete stranger, very generously come to my aid in a difficulty, he felt over for the natural and kindly human liking for a fellow-creature who has given one an opportunity of posing as the deputy of God. These two gentlemen, with their strong and aggressive opinions, formed the disturbing element in our yearly meeting, and each being always at deadly feud with somebody else, might be reckoned on to keep the fun alive. Both talked to me, and me, alone, on our way to the house, with such sly hits at one another as their wit or their malice could suggest. Fabian raved about the effects of the ascending sun on heatier and pine-covered hills, Maurice Browne bewailed the stony poverty of the cottages, and opined that constant inter-marriages between the inhabitants had reduced the scanty population to a minimum. Then Fabian told me how many inquiries had been made about me by old acquaintances, who still hoped I should some day return from the wilds, and Maurice instantly tempered my satisfaction by assuring me I had heard that the Earl of Saxmildham was going to divorce his wife. The question gave me a great shock, and Maurice, on account of the blow it dealt to my ideal, still conventionally enthralled in my memory as the last love of my life, asked a report must cause to poor old Edger.

I was quite relieved, on entering the drive, to meet my stalwart friend and his faithful companion, both very merry over some joke which had already made Mr. Fussell purple in the face. On seeing us they burst out laughing afresh. I guessed what the joke was.

"Deuced lonely up here, isn't it?" said Mr. Fussell to me. "No society, nothing but books, except for one short fortnight in the year. Eh, Maurice?"

"Eh? eh? what's this?" said Fabian. "He only books are woman's looks," said I. "I shouldn't teach him the folly of bringing a pair of gay and dashing cavaliers to read them, too," said Edger. Fabian turned slowly round to me, with a look of extreme pain, and shook his head monotonously. "Oh, what a tangled web we weave," he murmured sorrowfully, and then began to dance the Highland fling, with his rug tarriawise over his shoulder.

Maurice Browne gravely cocked his hat, pulled down his cuffs, buttoned up his coat, and requesting Edger to carry his bag, proceeded up the drive, with his hands in his pockets, whistling.

In fact, the whole quartette had given themselves up to ribald gaiety at my expense, and my explanation that I had merely given a poor

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Are Nature's Cure for Children's Ailments. Medicines containing opiates should never be given to children—little or big. When you use Baby's Own Tablets for your little ones you have a positive guarantee that they contain neither opiate nor harmful drug. They are good for all children from the smallest, weakest infant to the well grown child. These Tablets quickly relieve and positively cure all stomach and bowel troubles, simple fevers, troubles while teething, etc. They always do good, and can never do the slightest harm. For very small infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. P. J. Latham, Chatham, Ont., says: "My baby took a very sick. His tongue was coated, his breath offensive and he could not retain food on his stomach. He also had diarrhoea for four or five days and grew very thin and pale. We gave him medicine, but nothing helped him until we gave him Baby's Own Tablets. After giving him the first dose he began to improve and in three days he was quite well. He began to gain flesh and is now a fat, healthy boy. I am more than pleased with the Tablets as I think they saved my baby's life." Baby's Own Tablets are sold by all druggists or will be sent by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

discounted by his total ignorance of the art of singing, his imperfect acquaintance with both the time and the words of his songs, and the better one sang. When at last, criminally and patriotically, he sat down amid the astonished comments of the company on the strength of the roof, Maurice Browne rolled up a cracker voice a recumbent of "Auld Robin Gray." Fabian followed with no voice at all. no end of expression in a pathetic song of his own composition, during which everybody went to look for some cigars he had in his overcoat pocket. I refused altogether; but I had my revenge. When Edger, strung up to do or die, asked Fabian to accompany him with "The Death of Nelson," and rose with the modest belief that he should astonish them with a very fine bass, the first note was a deep-mouthed roar that broke every nerve of self-reliance, and we all rose as if by magic, and declared that we had had music enough. Poor Ta-ta, who had been turned out of the room at the beginning of the concert for prolonging the first singer by a prolonged howl, was let in again, and having been given to everybody's artistic yearnings, we ended the evening with smoke and peace.

Next morning we were all early on the terrace, where we distinguished ourselves variously. Fabian, who worked himself into a feverish state of excitement over the sport, shot much and often, but brought home nothing at all, and thanked heaven, when calmness returned with some few hours, for keeping his wild-goose Maurice Browne and a mixed bag of a hedge-hog, a geewit, and a keeper's leg, and then complained that shooting was monotonous work. Edger worked hard and gravely, but was so slow that he was forced to give up. Mr. Fussell did better, and attributed every failure to bring down his bird to his "d-d" glasses," upon which Fabian hastened to ask himself if he meant the glasses of the night before.

However, everybody but the keeper, who was shot, declared himself delighted with the day's sport; but on the following morning Fabian and Maurice Browne seceded from the party and amused themselves, the latter by sketching, the former by learning by rote, by means of charts and posters and shoopers, a chronicle of the scandals of the neighborhood; in the evening he triumphantly informed me that the orally of the lowest haunts in Paris were in simple Highland dress, and that this startling revelation, I am afraid, affected upon me than a little incident which I witnessed next day.

I had been congratulating myself upon the fact that though all my attentions to Mr. Elmer, without success, under the influence of this sudden rush of admirers, gayer and gladder than ever, they looked upon Babiole, as her mother had prophesied, merely as a little girl and of no account. But, on the morning referred to, I came upon Fabian and the child together in my garden at the foot of the hill. He was fastening some roses in the front of her blue cotton dress, and when he had done so, and stepped back to breathe a kiss as a reward for his trouble. She gave it him shyly, but simply. She was only a child, of course, and his little speech, and the morning and the bush that rose in her cheeks when she caught sight of me was no sign of self-consciousness, for her color came and went at the faintest emotion, and she was as pleased as Fabian, here he had a chance through his arm, and came skipping towards me like a stage peasant.

"We're going to be married, Babiole, I as soon as we've saved up money," he said. "I'm delighted with this extravagant proposal. But, though I laughed too, I didn't see any fun in it at all; for the remembrance that the time would come when this little blossom of youth and sweet would be plucked from the hillside, was not in the least unpleasing to me. And when this young artist proceeded to devote his mornings to making sketches of "the child," I thought his attentions would be a better bestowed on a grown-up person. But as Mrs. Elmer saw nothing to censure in this, and would not interfere, it spoilt my yearly holiday for me, though, in an unaccountable fashion; and when at the end of a fortnight my guests went away, I regretted that I felt at their departure, as if I had lost a dear and anxious annoyance on feeling that Fabian's farewell kiss to his little sweetheart left the child in tears.

CHAPTER X. With the departure of my summer visitors a gloom fell upon us all. Larkiball, Mrs. Elmer missed her admirers and grew petulant; Babiole had discovered some new haunts, and was never to be found; while I felt the wanderer's fever growing strong upon me again. Fabian Scott had cleared up the little mystery concerning the husband and father of my tenants. It appeared that Mr. Elmer was neglecting, and ill-using his wife under the same roof with him, was subject to strong fits of conjugal devotion when two or three months of hard work, away from him, gave him reason to think that he would be in possession of a few pounds of carefully gleaned savings, while he, her lawful and once adored husband, did not know where to turn for a glass of beer. During the winter before I found them in Aberdeen, some friends with whom both mother and child had taken refuge from his drunken fury, had paid him a heavy ransom for their kindness, besides possessing themselves to the inconvenience of having their house mobbed and their windows broken whenever the tender husband and father, having exhausted with exertion, and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfor-

THE VALUE OF HUMUS

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Aug. 21, 1902.

Too much importance cannot be given to the value of humus in the growth of crops and in the maintenance of fertility. It is the natural storehouse and keeper of nitrogen in the soil, an element which is the most expensive of all plant foods when it becomes necessary to purchase it in commercial fertilizers. Humus furnishes the food upon which the soil micro-organisms live, and which through their functions convert it into organic nitrogenous materials. It possesses considerable amounts of the mineral food constituents. These, in the further decomposition of the humus, are liberated in forms available to growing crops, and from recent experiments and research by Prof. Shutt, chemist of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, there is reason to believe that the mineral humates furnish a large proportion of the potash, lime and so on, used by crops. Then humus serves to increase the sorptive and retentive power of soils for moisture. It

Regulates and Protects against extremes of soil temperature. It opens up and mellow heavy soils. It serves to materially diminish the loss of fertilizing elements by drainage, and thus permanently improves the soil in the best way. Thus it is evident that humus should be regarded as a soil component of a very high order.

The relation of humus content to nitrogen present in soils of similar origin under similar meteorological conditions is practically constant. It has been noticed, too, that the amount of humus present gives an indication of the amount of organic nitrogen possessed by the soil. It has also been observed that as the humus disappears the nitrogen goes with it. Exposing the substance of the soil to the air, as by our ordinary methods of farming with the plough, harrow and so on, tends to dissipate the humus, and as a natural consequence, to decrease the nitrogen. Soils growing grain exclusively every year lose more nitrogen by this humus oxidation than is removed in the crop, and this loss is greatest in those soils which are rich in nitrogen. Experiments at the Minnesota, U. S. A., Experimental Station showed that for every 25 pounds of nitrogen absorbed by the crop, grain following grain for a number of years, 146 pounds of nitrogen were lost, due to oxidation of organic matter.

These are facts that are of the utmost importance, and worthy of study by farmers in Canada, not only in the older Provinces, but also in those western areas which are overlaid by phenomenally fine soils. During the last thirteen years a great many Canadian soils, both virgin and cultivated, have been examined in the laboratories of our Experimental Farms. The soils thus examined have been representative of large areas in every Province in the Dominion. Judged by the standards accepted by agricultural chemists, many soils in Canada proved fully as

Rich in Plant Food as the most fertile soils of any part of the world, particularly those soils in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories; and the analyses by Professor Shutt have proved them equal to the renowned black soil of Russia. In all the other Provinces there are virgin soils of more than average fertility, comparing most favorably with those of other countries.

The ascertained amount of plant food contained in an acre of soil taken to a depth of eight inches, a quantity that would weigh about 2,000,000 pounds. Professor Shutt estimates, from laboratory experiments, to be, in our rich soils, from 10,000 to 20,000 pounds of nitrogen, from 15,000 to 25,000 pounds of potash, and from 5,000 to 10,000 pounds of phosphoric acid. Similarly in soils of good average fertility he has found from 2,500 to 5,000 pounds of nitrogen, from 5,000 to 11,000 pounds of potash, and from 3,500 to 6,000 pounds of phosphoric acid. These vast stores of plant food are truly precious, but in a very small percentage of them is immediately available to plants, otherwise soils might soon become exhausted by the leaching of the food contained below the reach of the roots, and by the selfish practices of farmers who would return nothing to the soil. One of the chief functions of mechanical processes for distributing soil is to hasten the conversion of inert material into these more valuable compounds already referred to. The principal object in applying manures and fertilizers is to add to this store of available plant food.

The quantity of soluble food so added is insignificant compared with that already present in an insoluble state, but the increased yields resulting fully demonstrate that a soil's productiveness should be measured by the amounts of its plant food which are more or less available, rather than by the amounts of

MOST DREAFFUL OF SKIN DISEASES

A Chronic Case of Eczema of 30 Years' Standing Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The demand for Dr. Chase's Ointment is enormous. It is during the warm weather especially that there is such great suffering from eczema and similar skin diseases. That Dr. Chase's Ointment is a thorough cure for this torturing disease is proven in hundreds of cases similar to the following: Mr. G. H. McConnell, engineer in Fleury's foundry, Aurora, Ont., states: "I believe that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold. For about thirty years I was afflicted with eczema, and could not obtain any cure. I was so unfor-

tunate as to have blood poison, and this developed in eczema, the most dreadful of skin diseases. "I was so bad that I would get up at night and scratch myself until flesh was raw and flaming. The torture I endured is almost beyond description, and now I cannot say anything too good for Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has cured me, and I recommend it because I know there is nothing so good for itching skin."

Mr. Frank Duxbury, clerk in W. Butchart's hardware store, Meaford, Ont., states: "I was troubled with eczema for four or five years, and tried a good many remedies without obtaining a cure. It was the worst on my face, and caused me a great deal of misery at times. As soon as I began using Dr. Chase's Ointment the itching and soreness were relieved, and now I believe that I am entirely cured. As a result I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Ointment."

Few people realize the suffering caused by eczema and other itching skin diseases. This is an example of what Dr. Chase's Ointment is doing in the way of relieving suffering mankind. Many of the cures it brings about are such like miracles that anything else 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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