

Scene of a  
gedy.

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RIVER BED.

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When you buy Blue Ribbon  
Ceylon Tea you get the best in  
the market and remember  
there can only be one best.

# LOVE'S EXILE.

"Don't go," I said in a husky voice. "Leave her to herself a little while first. If she wants comforting, it will come with more force later when she has got over the first shock. What was it?" "Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Ellmer, who had become more acid on her daughter's behalf than she had ever been on her own. "Nothing but what every married woman must expect."

"Well, and what's that?" "She gave a little grating laugh. 'You a man and you ask that?' 'I'm a man, but not a married man, remember. Don't impute to me the misconceptions I have had no chance of committing. Now what was it? Fabian wrote unkindly, I suppose.' 'Oh, dear no. It was very much the kindest letter from him I have ever seen.' 'Did he put off his coming, then?' 'Not at all. He made an appointment to meet his darling in Edinburgh.' 'Edinburgh?' I echoed in amazement. 'Why Edinburgh?' 'Why not, Mr. Maude?' said she, in a harder voice than ever. 'It's a very pretty place, and two people who are fond of each other may spend a pleasant enough time together there. Only Mr. Scott says his nice little plan by a stupid mistake. Into the envelope he had addressed to his wife he slipped his letter to another woman.' With a glance of disgust at me which was meant to include my whole sex, Mrs. Ellmer, with the best tragic manner of her old stage days, left me stupefied with rage and remorse, as she sallied out of the room.

CHAPTER XXV.  
At the time when the mind is oppressed by a long-gathering cloud of passionate yet scarcely defined anxiety, the awakening crash of an event, even if an event tragic in its consequences, is a relief. This miserable letter, therefore, exposing as it did in unmistakable terms, Fabian's infidelity, shook me free of the morbid imaginings and unwholesome yearnings to which I had lately been a prey, and set me the more worthy task of devising some means of helping both my friends out of the deadlock to which my anxiety had unwittingly helped them to come. For the first time I was sorry for Fabian. A serious fault committed by a person whom accidents of birth or circumstance have brought near to one's self, sets one thinking of one's own "near shaves" and after that the tide of mercy flows in steadily. How was I, who had never been able to conquer my own love for an unattainable woman, to blame this man of much more combustible temperament, whom I had myself induced to form a marriage with a girl whom I had no means of knowing to be first in his heart? I would take no high moral tone with him now; I would speak to him frankly as man to man, hold myself blame-worthy for my own share in the unlucky marriage, and with a sup-ple appeal to the sense and kindness I knew he possessed not to let the punishment for my indiscretion fall upon the only one of us three who was entirely free from blame. There crossed my mind at this point of my reflections an unpleasant remembrance of the manner in which Fabian had received a somewhat similar appeal from me years ago, and down at the bottom of my heart there lurked a conviction that he would hear what I might say without offence, and neglect it without scruple. However, it was impossible to be silent now; and as the gray day dissolved into darkness, and the only light in the study, to which I had retreated, came from the glowing peat-fire, got up from the old leather chair

WAKE UP, BABY!  
A New Game for Mothers.  
Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure. He should be awakened bright, merry, and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.  
How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep everyone miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but he did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children's ailments. These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists or 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."

"Well, Ferguson!" said I. "Yes, sir," said he, with another cough. But he did not come forward. Now I knew this was a sign that he outside came by the ear and moved a few feet towards him and beckoned him to me. "Anything to tell me?" I asked; and as he glanced at Babiole I came nearer still. "I've just been in to say, sir, that a gun has been stolen from his cottage."

Babiole, who had not moved away, overheard, and must have guessed the import of this, for I heard behind me a long drawn breath caused by some sudden emotion. "When did he miss it?" I asked in a very low voice. "Just now, sir. He came straight here to tell you of it. It must have been taken while he was out on his rounds this afternoon."

I did not think the poor crack-brained creature whom I guessed to be the thief was likely to do much mischief with his prize. But I told Ferguson to put all the keepers on their guard, and to take care that such crazy old bots and bars as we used in that primitive part of the woods should be drawn and raised, so that the unlucky fugitive should not be able to possess himself of any more weapons. I also directed that the search about the grounds should be kept up, and that if the poor wretch were caught, he was to be treated with all gentleness, and taken to the now disused cottage to await my return.

It was now so late that if Fabian had come by the ear, he must have been by this time half way from the station. But it was possible that he had already discovered the mistake of the letters, and had felt a fitness about continuing a journey which would be dangerous to his cold welcome; so I stuck to my intention of going to Ballater either to meet him if he arrived, or to telegraph him if he had not. When I had finished speaking to Ferguson, I found that Babiole had disappeared from the hall. I was rather glad of it; for I had dreaded her questioning, and I hurried the preparations for my walk so that in a few moments I was out of the house and safe from the difficult task of calming the angry old man.

It was already night when I shut the hall door behind me and stepped out on to the soft white covering which was already thick on the ground. The snow was still falling thickly, and the only sound I heard, was the rustle of the falling snow, and the occasional swishing noise of a load of snow that, dislodged by a fresh breeze from the upper branch of a fir-tree, brushed the lower boughs as it fell to the earth. I am constitutional in my fears, and I was too deeply occupied with thoughts of Fabian and his wife to give much grave consideration to possible danger from the unknown who was now in all probability hidden in some dark neighborhood with a weapon in his possession; but when in the oppressive darkness and stillness the tramp of footsteps in the soft snow just behind me fell suddenly on my ears, I confess that it was with a thrill in my mouth, as the dairymaids say, that I turned and raised threateningly the thick stick I carried. I was, however, only Jack, gun in hand as usual, and I turned to my own take me, and had come upon me sooner than he expected, the small lantern he carried in his hand being of little use in the darkness.

"What made you come, Jack?" I asked, and he replied, "I'm sorry to have a companion upon the lonely forest road which seemed on this night, for obvious reasons, a more gloomy promenade than usual. 'Missus Scott did me gang w'ye' said he, and he said the night was sae dark ye might miss the path by the burn."

We walked on together in silence until, having left the avenue far behind us, we were well in the hilly part of the forest, and I struck the forest from Loch Leck to the Dee. At one of the many bends in the roadway Jack suddenly stopped and stood in a listening attitude. "Dee?" said I. "Nae," answered he, after a pause, in a measured voice, "It's nae deer." He said no more, but examined the barrels of his gun by the light of the lantern, and walked on at a quicker pace. I had heard nothing, but his manner put me on the alert, and I was with a sense of coming adventure that, peering before me in the dark, I strained my ears to catch the faintest sound. I stood on beside the sturdy young Highlander. Warned as I was, it was with a sickening horror that, a moment later, I too heard sounds which had already caught his keener ears. Muffled by the falling snow, by the intervening trees, there came faintly through the air the hoarse yelping cries of a madman. I glanced at the stolid figure by my side.

"Was that what you heard, Jack?" I asked stupidly, more anxious for the sound of his voice than for his answer. "I dinna ken, sir, if ye heard what I heard," said he, cautiously.

All the while we were walking at our best pace through the snow, it seemed a long time before, at one of the sharpest turns of the road, Jack laid his hand on my shoulder and we stopped. There was nothing to be seen but trees, trees, the patch of clear snow before us, and the falling flakes. But we could plainly hear the noise of trampling feet and hoarse guttural cries.

## IMPROVING AN OLD ORCHARD

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.  
Many an old orchard which is now an eyesore to everybody can, at little cost, be made to produce a crop of fruit beyond slight labor, be converted into an up-to-date, tidy, profitable and profitable branch of the farm. It will only occupy three years to evolve a plentiful harvest as well as a symmetrical, well-kept orchard out of liehen and moss-covered trunks if the advice given in this article be followed with fair faithfulness.

The first thing to be done is to scrape off the rough, loose bark from the trunks and branches, and to Prune the Trees. While it is true that this rough bark may appear to do but little harm, it affords comfortable for insects which thoroughly appreciate and avail themselves of this hospitable shelter. A cover crop should be sown in the fall, and the pruning should be vigorous. Cut out old branches, leave young suckers to take their place, then a new top will quickly form and good fruit will follow. Always take care to thin out useless branches, because sunshine and air are inseparable from the steady, healthy growth of orchards as of individuals.

At present the soil must be fed if it is to produce fruit, and no diet is more suitable or inexpensive than a leguminous cover crop. Trees require moisture and food; therefore grass and weeds must be removed. To succeed the farmer must plough his orchard and till the ground, tillage being continued frequently during early summer. By midsummer wood growth generally ceases and then tillage should stop. A cover crop sown then will not only protect the soil from washing, but will add humus to it, while a clover crop will gather all the nitrogen necessary for the next year's growth.

A good alternative to ploughing the orchard is to Pasture it With Hogs and Sheep, preferably the former, and always to keep more animals there than the grass will support, because this will insure supplementing the grass diet by grain, which naturally will bring down the orchard and insure that the grass will not grow tall. Where animals are not grazed in an orchard the grass should be mown early and left on the ground to add humus to the soil; but this is not so beneficial as grazing the land.

Insects and fungi have to be considered with, and it will be necessary to spray with Bordeaux mixture and green at least twice after the blossoms have fallen. The former will clean the limbs of hanging lichens or moss, and the latter will settle most of the noxious insects, though it Cannot Reach the Apple Maggot, which calls for special treatment, because it is the larva of a small fly which punctures the skin of the apple and lays its eggs underneath. No matter how thorough the spraying may be, it cannot reach this pest; but if the windfalls can be destroyed as soon as they drop, and all refuse from places where winter fruit is stored be burned, the next year's crop will be appreciably increased. It is in this respect that pasturing the orchard has a marked advantage, because, if well stocked with sheep or hogs the apples are eaten before the insect is likely to escape.

There are some instances in which the orchard may be in such a condition from long neglect that the land cannot be properly tilled, and the trees cannot be adequately fed. One of the best methods of feeding the tree is to keep it well pruned, because then the food which would otherwise be diffused in numbers of worthless limbs is concentrated in a small number. It is the well pruned trees that are capable of successful treatment with sprays. Apple and pear trees should be pruned to keep the heads open. Plum trees should be pruned to keep out the black-knot, and some of the apple varieties require frequent cutting back. All pruning can best be done very early in spring, after the worst of the winter is over, but before the sap starts.

There are so many apple trees of little value growing in Canada, which could be Successfully Top-grafted with better varieties, that it would well repay anyone possessing an orchard to go carefully over his trees and top-graft those which do not produce paying crops. The chief points to take into consideration in top-grafting may be summarized as follows: Old trees, if healthy, may be grafted with success. The top should not all be cut away the first year, but should be removed gradually, the time required to change the top of a large tree successfully being from three to five years.

Bright's disease is in reality a chronic inflammation of the kidneys and is the natural consequence of neglecting ordinary kidney derangements. At first you may notice a slight swelling of the feet after the day's work is over, slow but unmistakable failure of health, pallor of face, and loss of flesh, shortness of breath when going upstairs rapidly, and dimness of sight. Soon the digestive system becomes deranged, the appetite impaired, and in many there is a tendency to diarrhoea and formation of gas in the intestines. There are frequently recurring headaches, attacks of dizziness, and severe pains in the back and limbs.

The accumulation of watery fluid—dropsy—continues in the cavity of the chest, and may at any time cause death from heart failure or dropsy of the lungs. Sometimes uræmia, stupor, convulsions and death occur suddenly, before the other symptoms have become prominent and while the dropsy is still slight in quantity. As Bright's disease causes a wasteful way of the cells and tissues of the kidneys themselves, as well as of the whole body, it can only be perfectly cured if treatment is begun in its early stages, when the first symptoms become noticeable. Because of their remarkably prompt

and direct action on the kidneys, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have time and again proven their superiority as a preventive and cure for Bright's disease. While toning and invigorating the kidneys, and making them active in removing uric acid from the blood, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills also regulate the action of the liver and bowels, and encourage the digestive organs to properly perform their duties. Their use will quickly stop the dreadful wasting process, which accompanies Bright's disease, and restore the deranged organs to health and activity. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Ed-Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Symptoms That Warn You of the Approach of This Malady so Dreadfully Painful and Fatal in Its Results. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Paste in any form and meal must be avoided. Other articles of diet which sometimes give trouble are mutton, cheese, nuts and bananas. Shellfish—lobsters, crabs, oysters and clams—are sometimes troublesome in their effects. Buckwheat is often harmful. There is nothing better to clear the complexion than onions, but out of respect to one's friends they are often an impossible diet, but carrots are just as good as, or better than, onions.

Not long ago an anxious mother took her daughter to the family physician. The girl was suffering from what is known as "general lowness." There was nothing much the matter with her, but she was pale and listless and did not care about eating or doing anything. The doctor, after due consultation, prescribed for her a glass of claret three times a day with her meals. The mother was somewhat deaf, but apparently heard all he said, and bore off her daughter determined to carry out the prescription to the letter.

In ten days they were back again and the girl looked like a different creature. She was rosy-cheeked, smiling, and the picture of health. The doctor congratulated himself upon the keen insight he had displayed in his diagnosis of the case. "I am glad to see that your daughter is so much better," he said. "Yes," exclaimed the excited and grateful mother, "thanks to you, doctor. She has had just what you ordered. She has eaten carrots three times a day since we were here, and sometimes of them, and now look at her!"

Eating at night, if judiciously done, will improve the complexion. It is particularly good for thin people. Although the demand made upon the system is naturally much less than during the waking hours, there is a wasting away of tissues in sleep consequent upon the suspension of nutriment to the system. People who take a night supper are quite apt to do surreptitiously as if they were doing something which was not quite proper from a hygienic point of view, and probably they are indulging in unwholesome, heavy food.

A bowl of oatmeal gruel can be recommended as an excellent thing; it is both plain and palatable, and other light broths, or almost any. A woman should not expect to get any good from her food if she eats when very tired. Don't try to rest yourself by eating a hearty meal. When one is exhausted, the best thing to do is to get up and get rest. Just learn not to eat when tired.

## PLAYING WITH DEATH.

Testing an Electrician's Safety Dress of Wire Gauze. Experiments have been made with Prof. Artemieff's safety dress, in the high tension laboratory of Messrs. Siemens and Halska. This dress is constructed entirely of fine but thickly woven wire gauze. It completely incloses the wearer, inclusive of hands, feet and head. Its total weight is 3.3 pounds, its resistance from hand to hand, 0.017-ohms, and its capacity varies from .0002 up to 0.0025 microfarads, according as the wearer is far away from or near to a wall. The cooling surface is so great that a current of 200 amperes can pass through the dress for some seconds from hand to hand without perceptible heating effect. Standing uninsulated on the ground, and clad with this dress, Prof. Artemieff drew sparks from the secondary terminals of a transformer which was giving a tension of 75,000 volts, the period being 30 cycles per second. He next seized the main, and later on the potential being raised to 150,000 volts, he drew sparks from both terminals, and handled the latter. The machine supplying this transformer was of 170-horse power capacity. In concluding the experiments, the inventor short-circuited this generator by clenching hold of the terminals, the potential difference between the two being 1,000 volts, and the current passed 200 amperes. The circuit was broken by simply letting go of one electrode. Throughout these experiments Prof. Artemieff declared he felt not the slightest sensation of any current through his body.—From Engineering.

A Young Czar. A little fellow was much disappointed when he was told that he had a new baby sister. Not long before that he had lost a brother who had been a year older than himself, and he had been told that Henry had gone to Heaven. When his father had finished telling him about his dear little sister he asked, "Where did you get her from?" "She came from Heaven, little son," replied the father. "I'm I might have known that. Just like Henry to send a girl down here. Now, I thought to tell him I liked boys better." He then walked off with a disgusted expression on his small countenance and would have nothing to do with the new baby.