Market.

s of goose at els of goose at 2,000 bushels irm, 1,000 bushckwheat sold at

with sales of on for timothy, One load of ed, dealers pay-

6 50 9.50 . 3.99 . 9 60 10 00

kets. boxes cheese er at 125gc. tories boarde1 bid; no sales. rkets. at 9 to 1156c

Sk to Sigo per arkets. ec. May. July.

89% 91% ---50 20% 85% Market. d of butchers'

ws, 1,800 sheep s ware offered s rather slow higher prices. anxious to buy d at about 4: extra; pretty and the comb., and young Sheen sold at ambs at about t hogs sold at

tone which e here is a a to business are, here and er which materally fairly ng trouble in accumulating a big busions continue groceries are ne, as in all as goods are have declink. Other, lines.

ade.

In hardware nd other mevancing tenlittle change ing the past ng m wholein the way es. A better a fairly good

The hardvever, is orence is gendistributed.

ather has ements of suffered acorted active ble wear is rity is gen-

e. Cold wegupon retail nt a steady nil lines of y trade is are moving s constitutoving more ekade. Col-

the coast. well over season has Ny seusonmining and ouver real his part of

show conre doing a be demand better. sward well daintaining lor a con-

seedy and -nessib bos had had a ickels and iy. As he noticed a approachhis greaty and that I f think you foolish no-

use it gives

2 look at dime and TEA DELIGHT

Ceylon Green is head and shoulders above all Japan teas-because it is all pure tea.

Sold only in Lead Packets. 40, 50 and 60c per lb. By all grocers.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

NAMED AND POST OF THE OWNER OW "You go too fast, Charlie," he says, in | the velvet ? a low voice. "Defence is not needed | Saddenly there comes just such a light

Nugent, wiping his forehead. "I've tak- laugh as she goes into her room. With en a liberty, I know, but it's impossible a swift movement she puts her whiteto be in the same house with that wife milk white-hands up to her shell-like of yours and not to-to-well, to love ears to shut out the sound. Then she Vane holds out his hand-it is hot and | pression of her hate, though there is

Clarence, ch? You see, you can answer ly, cooingly. "It is wonderful! I hated

you send him away-a word will do it ?" anything in my life; but I can't. I hate of him and-my wife ?" says Vane, smil- beautiful-beautiful as yours will never

now, and Vane leans against the mantle- on her side. There is the bloom of a piece, watching him absently.

Where have you been all day ?" ves. I went for a drive with Lady Lu- | murmurs, the blood rising to her cheek, Charlie looks up.

Lucelle ?"

Vanc stares. the fiend himself; and you don't want | got him !' me to remind you that you once thought | With a bitter movement she arose and

Vane starts, and walks to the window | now.

"That she does,' says Charlie. "And-and we are thrown together ! I way."

for many a day. "My wife !" he says, with a low, bitter, mocking laugh. "Yes, there is a harchioness of Ferndale, but between her and me stretches a gulf which you know nothing of. It has become im- the large drawing-room is full. They are er, and at last, in a seemingly aimless ed for upwards of six years from kid- ing the scarifications the physician was think Jeanne is jealous. That is not | Jeanne presides at one of the tables, to regard Mr. Bell as an old friend. possible, because there is no jealousy exquisitely dressed, and looking, as the Princess," says artful Jeanne, "are without love, and Jeanne does not love Lady Lucelle declares to hersel, exasper- you an admirer of the fashionable art,

"No. only too sane,' retorted Vane, helping her with the tea service, handing lions are allayed. with a smile more painful to see than cups and blind and deaf to everyone but | Quite as unsuspicious, Verona arises boxes I began to feel better. I continthe wildest grief. "Come, that's the last | Jeanne, who accepts his service as a mat- and takes Mr. Bell's arm; arrived at the | ued the treatment for nearly three

not for me to answer for your sweet four pairs of eyes that watch her.

paused once more, this time before the curtain and steals glimpses of the prin- Wly. closed door of Lady Lucelle's rooms. "Confound you !" he muttered, savagely: "you are at the bottom of this, I'll ! be sworn! What's your game, now, 1

I am very much inclined to think that Lord Nugent's not over-polite question, can't; to his eyes, there hangs a threat. about to follow when Hal, still staring Brockville, Ont.

mg a certain letter which we know of-

Lady Lucelle could scarcely have told: turns to Clarence, and says in a low level of the charms of an intimzey bethat it was hatred of the girl-the child | voice: lost. But was there not something more? end-of the room, Lord Lane?" who had secured the prize she had Look at her as she leans back before the glass which reflects her exquisitely with her to the North Pole? fair face; the blue eyes are hidden by Vane, standing talking to the count. the languid lids, the red, perfectly-cut watches them as they go, and slowly lips, half-open, she looks like a beauti- looks across to where Charlie stands ful panther, sleek, subtly soft and entie- watching them also; Charlie meets his when lying beams the bars, and share we not also seen the heavy lids arise suddenly, and the eyes shoot out a furthest window; then Jeanne , with a sical is that fountain." ing-and so harmless! We have seen eyes, and turns away, as if he were see suddenly, and the eyes shoot out a further that of fearing no one and wishing to thirsty, threatening flash of light, while little eager look on her face—the eyes that of fearing no one and wishing to the sharp claws steal out from beneath still watching her—looks up at him. it is too hot in that room and the noise Another paper, not to be outdone, has der have a chronic tendency to relapse. offend no one.—Nineteenth Century.

in Lady Lucelle's beautiful eyes; it is "I beg your pardon, old man," says caused by the sound of Jeanne's musical laughs seftly, as if ashamed at the ex-

only the glass to see it. I know it," he says. "All excepting | "How I hate her !" she murmurs, softfor Jeanne, but will you answer for her the first time I saw her; some instinet, I suppose. Strange, instinct never "For Clarence? He's an ass!" says errs; and I have tried to get over it, "And let the world say I was afraid | the sight of her beautiful face-for it is be again," she murmurs, nodding at her child on her cheek, and her laugh is like "Vane,' he says, at last, "there's some- ! music. Oh, I know. I do not deceive

thing more in this than meets the eye! myself, and some of us do. I could endure her if she were plain, old, and-"Where have I been? Here! and, oh | not dangerous; and yet-and yet, she "I could almost swear that he doesn't care for her. On, if I could be sure of "Why? Why didn't you go to Ba- that!" she breathes, her hands clutching at a flower in her lap. "If I could "I wasn't wanted," says Vane, bit- but see them parted I could be satisfied -yes, satisfied! I could leave him nev-"Wasn't wanted! What an absurd er to see him again. Ah, could I ?" she idea! Why didn't you stop at home breathes, raising the flower (it is one and work, or go to the hills? Why that dropped from Vane's coat) to her didn't you do anything but drive with lips, and kissing it passionately. "Could I? No! Let me be honest—to myself | to Lady Lucelle.

I love him: There, if you knew it, my Charlie, carnestly, "but do you know love him, this bandsome husband of that you spend nearly all your time with yours, whom you snatched from my her-do you know that? You don't loose grasp. I should have won him want to be told that, next to Jeanne, back but for you-but for you, a child, she is the most beautiful woman in the a bread-and-butter miss, who does not place—that's she young, and witching as know how to keep him now you have

paced to and fro; the panther, indeed,

"What her game may be, goodness- murs. "With a man of smaller mind savagely; "but any fool can see that she | not be jealous or suspicious. All the | husband's. is laying herself out for you, and that rest can see that Clarence Lane is mad- | She goes across to Hal, lurking be- sign of that fatal trouble is a dull, dragshe knows how to make it appear as if ly in love with her—the fool! but Vane | hind the curtain, and taps him with her | ging pain in the back. Neglect it, and there was something uncommon be- will not see, and she-she is too careful fan. "Stop, for Heavens sake !' he says, in rry heart, perhaps !' and she sighs bit- your eyes all the evening." great agitation. "Lucelle is nothing to terly. "Ah, a woman loses her power | "I did as you told me, though I don't never cure you. Kidney pills and backme; she amuses me-understands me, when she loves: that is the mistake. If see the good of it," says Hal, sullenly ache pills only touch the symptoms-I did not care, if it were but for amuse- and ungrateful, of course.

expression which haunts his old friend as the door opens, and her maid enters ter of an hour. There." with all the gossip of the house.

CHAPTER XXXII.

possible; nothing-not even your old hanging about the tables in quest of tea, way, arrives at the princess, who is sitkind heart, Charlie-can bridge it. One as if they had'nt been drinking rare La- ting talking to Mr. Bell like an old word more, and the last, mind! You fitte and '48 port for the last half-hour. friend; most people learn very quickly, ly go about. I lost flesh, had dark rims me. Whether she will grow to love Lane atingly beautiful. Near her is the prin- -needlework? There is a banner screen Charlie uttered an exclamation of hor- companion, looking whiter and more Bell, I know you are an authority, will was becoming a burden to my family. weird than ever against Jeanne's fresh | you come, too?" "Are you mad, Vane ?" he exclaimed, young loveliness. Close behind Jeanne is | Artful Jeanne of my friends advised me to try Dr. differentiated; that the superficial por-

Vane sighs.

"Enough," he says: "let us go and other pairs are Lady Lucelle's and Bell's; other pairs are Lady Lucelle's and Bell's; and the secret ailments women do not roots. The experiment in this case was not be found in the justice planted little particles of hair with out of its ideas and the courtest of its manners. dress. Life is a poor sort of game, Char- Bell's blinking madry through his spec- | you think of my new screen."

Bell looks around the room, so bril- ing. "So is Mr. Bell; in fact, we won't wrapper around each box. If your liantly lighted, so brilliantly filled, so stop to hear such heresy. Can we, Mr. dealer does not keep the genuine pills full of light chatter and easy laughter, Red?" and Set, al! unconscious, finds you can get them by mail at 50 and tries to get rid of the oppression himself led away. she would have been puzzled to answer ening cloud in place of the painted wil- at the screen, says: ing, and that cloud seems to be lovering "To you admire this sort of thing, She had caused Vane's trouble by writ- blacker and blacker as the days 50 on. princes." motive for playing at Vane as she had stant; someone then proposes whist, are not, are they?"

Will he? Would he not willingly go

"Lord Lane, will you do me a favor?" Clarence stares, and a red spot comes

uickly to his cheek. "Will I--?" he says, eagerly. "Thanks," says Jeanne; "I knew you

would, you are always so kind. Well. they are going to play at cards, and ! want you to play with the count and that dark, pale lady."

Clarence's face falls, and he looks dis-"Is-is that all?" he sa . s. "Yes. Oh, please, don't refuse!" sava Jeanne, laying her hand on his arm in her eagernesss. "I can't explain; there isn't time. But I want to f'x those two

for half an hour; don't you see?" "Yes," says Clarence, his eves chained ! to hers. "But you fix me, too!" "Well," says Jeanne, innocently, "you don't mind playing whist or ecarte. I'm

sure the count can play well.' "I would rather stay with you," he says in a low voice; but Jeanne does not

"Do be good-natured, as you giways scar very planly showing. are, and help me! See! I will tell you! when to ask them. I will drop my boujust; it is a pity, it is so beautiful." "Do you like it?" says Clarence, eagery. 'I gathered them for you; I knew

your favorite flowers." "Thank you; it was very kind of you," says Jeanne, calmly; "they are my favorite flowers. And you will catch the count? I am so grateful."

"Are you?" says Clarence, "for slight a thing as this? Lady Ferndale, I would do anything, go anywhere, to give him, with a smile at once sad and amyou a moment's gratification." Then he stops, for Jeanne stares at

im wonderingly. "I-I-mean that I'll do what you want, of course," he says. "When I drop my bouquet-see!"

All the eyes watch her, note every change of the eloquent face, note Clarence's fluctuations of pallor and crimson, They come back to the room talking Charlie, hotly. "Good Heaven, who don't too; tried more than I ever tried over together, and Jeanne does her duty as most hostess by hunting out the players. The count goes to a distant table, and is the member, when Jeanne crops her bou-Charlie begins to pace up and down own face in the glass; "for she has youth | quet. It is so palpably a sign-for Jeanne is a bad conspirator—that the four watchers start and look at Clarence. But all they see for their pains is that admirably-dressed youth approach the count and lead him to a card table. "I'm an indifferent player, count," he

says, "be forbearing." Now, the count would rather play with an indifferent player, and seats himself, all smiles, and the companion finds ler-

Jeanne looks around. If she could but get Vane to sing, her scheme would be complete. But Vane does not sing now; she has not asked him to sing since-

Thinking only of Hal, she goes across "Will you sing that duet from 'Mar-"Oh, it's all very well, old man," says lady marchioness, is your revenge! I tha, with Lord Ferndale, Lady Lucelle?" Lady Lucelle looks up softly. "Will Lord Ferndale sing?"

"If you ask him," says Jeanne, simply "Lady Ferndale wishes us to sing our looking over her shoulder with a smile. Vane bows, and without a word leads

Jeanne looks after them for a mom-"If I could but part them,' she mur- ed herself, sister like, and none can tell how bitter in her ears is the sound of bad blood. Bad blood clogs the or badness only knows, goes on Charlie I than Vane it would be easy; but he will that soft, silky voice mingling with her kidneys with poisonous impurities that

tween you. Do you think Jeanne does or too cold. too innocent. perhaps, the "Well," she says, 'and you have been the pasty skin, the peevish temper, the child, and yet iat ought to be done, a good boy and not gone near her, al. swollen ankles, the dark-rimmed eyes, Where are all my brains gone to? With | though you have been eating her with | and all the other signs of deadly kidney

ment, it would be easy, I would find a | "Stupid boy, do you think the count down to the root and cause of the trouor that woman would have let you say ble in the blood-and no medicine in the How can we help it-whom else have ! Then she stops and stares at herself | more than ten words to her? And now | world can do this so surely as Dr.

"Your wife!' says Charlie, almost "I will," she says, not wildly, not en- the further end of the room-out of aly make new blood. This strong, rich, of scarifications of the epidermis and the ergetically, even, but softly, sleepily; sight of the count's table-I'll bring her new blood sweeps the kidneys clean, superficial bed of the dermis. In these Vane turns and looks at him with an and as softly, s'eepily, sinks into a chair to you, and you can talk for a quar- drives out the poisonous acids, and scarifications he planted hairs, plucked

poor Hal. they are watching us."

Dinner has been over some time and Then she wanders from one to anoth- Alexis des Monts, Que., says: "I suffer- menced to grow at once and by increas-

cess, on one side; on the other is the in the recess; come and look at it. Mr. (despaired of regaining my health, and order to examine the scarifications mi-

Clarence, hanging on her every word, ears, hear her ask Bell, and their suspic- Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking

ter of course, throwing him a word now recess. Jeanne displays her banner. | months, when every symptom of the "One word more,' says Charlie; "it is and then, and quite unconscious of the | "What d you think of it? They tell trouble had vanished and I was again a me it is very admirable and quite in the well woman. I feel justified in saying young wife, Vane, but I would stake my Two pairs are owned by Vane and Nu new style; sunflowers and sage green I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved life on the absolute—the absolute pur- gent; Vane is standing talking to the birds; I never saw a sage-green bird, ex- my life." ity and innocence of her nature; and I count, Nugent is wandering about, talk- cepting a linnet, but-oh, here's Hal," New blood-strong, pure, rich blood will go so far as to say that it is im- ing to no one in particular, but trying she says, innocently, as that young gen- which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make, self could not produce a root and butb Do not trust to your railroads nor possible for her to be guilty of flirting to be particularly joily, though every theman appears at a door leading from cures not only kidney trouble but a in the same way that the dermis had your telegraphs nor your schools as a with any man under the sun. That on now and then he giances at the absorbed the conservatory into the recess. "Hal host of other ailments, such as anaemia, differentiated to produce a generating test of civilization. The real refinement Clarence as it he would like to pitch him. knows more about birds and beasts, and indigestion, rheumatism, erysipolas, St. layer. Making new scarifications he of a nation is to be found in the justice

Charlie passed on to his room, but ward Hal, who loanges behind a window ! 'Ch, confounded ugly," he says, cand-

lessly undrape the tables. Then Jeanne, "Come and see," says Hal, throwing one publication sends a man around sufficient air beneath the sleeper to lact than in attempting to console a perwith the four pairs of eyes upon her. cpen the glass door of the conservatory. who gives out \$25 a day to the person greatly increase one's comfort. The de- son by making light of his grief. ferms and fish, and the birds of the air in the words printed in jumbled form be- valid. "Will you come with me to the other stiffed: they were alive once, and so neath a pictorial charade which gives the

The princess looked around, hurriedly. the doner is to be found. There charades | Veterinary surgeons know, but the appreciates the man for qualifies she "Where has your sister gone?" hand. Are you afraid of me, princess?" and those few who cannot penetrate the some animals are as liable to meningitis The best way of effacing a failure is She looks up at him with a sudden | mystery have only to follow the crowd. as are human beings. Goats and horses to obtain a success.

Never Put Off Till To-morrow

What should be done to-day, so go AT ONCE to your grocer and get BLUE RIBBON TEA. TO TRY IT ONCE is never to be without it.

ONLY ONE BEST TEA. BLUE RIBBON TEA

"It is because you are restless," says roughly glued. Verona smiling up at him. "Do you restrained. And your sister, she is

"Why shouldn't people be natural and kind?" says Hal, warmly. "You-you are a princess-a great lady. You ought to do as you like. Verona looks down, and then up at

"I am not a great lady," she says, 'and I have never done as I liked." "But you are going to do as you like baby. The temper isn't due to original now, aren't you?" says poor Hal, his lips sin ; the little one suffers worse than the

"Yes, says Verona, looking away with | need not suffer longer than it takes to drooped eyelids. "And that's of your own free will?"

'Of my own free will - yes," painlessly and without tears. Mrs. C. he says, almost inaudibly, "The Connolly, St. Laurent, Man., says: "Some about to enter into a conversation with | c unt is an old friend of papa's, and has months ago my little girl's health bebeen associated with him in so many came so bad that we felt very anxious things. I have known him since-" She was teething and suffered so much just believe that," says Hal, between his her. I was advised to try Baby's Own teeth, "and he wasn't over-young then. Tablets, and from almost the first dose And when did you fall in love with him?" she began to improve and there was he asks, in his blunt fashion.

haps," says Hal, bitterly. "And do you think you will be happy when you have ly, for the simple reason that if he does not he feels he must throw them around the small, graceful, yielding figure; "do by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine you think you will be happy !

Verona looks at him with a half frightened glance. (To be continued.)

duet, Lord Ferndale," says Lady Lucelle, Can Only be Cured Through the

Bad backs-aching backs-come from | can only be on condition that we act on ent with a sudden pang; she has sacrific- bad kidneys. Bad kidneys come from the generator of the hair. Now his- the experiment stations and the millionbreed deadly diseases. And the first you will soon have the coated tongue, disease. Plasters and liniments can they do not cure. You must get right if you go out into the hall and around to | Williams' Pink Pills, because they actu- | scalp made bald by tinea, with a series

'Hush," says Jeanne, "don't go just yet, kidneys. Mrs. Paul St. Onge, wife cessful. of a well known contractor of St. ney trouble. I had dull, aching pains able to cover with hair the heads of sevacross the loins, and at times could hard- | eral patients." them, and after using three or four

he; it is scarcely worth the playing— tacks, which are nearly always turned like to tak about, even to their doctor, also a success, and the playing— tacks, which are nearly always turned like to tak about, even to their doctor, also a success, and the playing— tacks, which are nearly always turned like to tak about, even to their doctor, also a success, and the playing— tacks, which are nearly always turned like to tak about, even to their doctor, also a success, and the playing— tacks, which are nearly always turned like to tak about, even to their doctor. But only the genuine pills can bring and produced a bulb. The microscope is that which we gain so insensibly and health and strength, and these have showed that the roots were absolutely the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink identical with the normal hair .- Public 'Oh, I'm shocked," says Jeanne, laugh- Pills for Pale People," printed on the Coinion. cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by

Golden Sands.

name of the resort and the locality where are simple enough to be read by most, general public probably does not, that does not pretend to possess. The scenes about the place selected re- are the principal sufferers in the dumb | Friendship and familiarity are twin "Afraid, -no," she says, and she en- mind one of the famous "clew" search creation and from them the infection sisters, very much slike, but rarely

of the shuffle of the cards is madden- instrted brass tokens in mussel shells ing," says Hal, pushing his short curls which are scattered about several of the from his forehead, and so leaving the beaches. The tokens are redeemable for says: sovereigns and half sovereigns and are

know that I have not been so happy for pular as the one now being conducted horned cattle, 960,000 of which were a long time as I am to-night. Every one at one of the London music halls. When milk cows valued at \$50,250,000. is so kind and—and natural, free—un- the living pictures are shown an address "Dutch cows produce an unusually is shown in pictorial charade. A fresh large amount of milk. The returns address is selected each day and \$5 is were formerly given as 3,698 quarts of given to the person who first claims the milk per cow with an average content of reward at the address given the follow- 8 per cent. of fatty matter, or 321 ing morning.

A LITTLE TYRANT

There is no tyrant like a teething quivering, "you are going to marry the rest of the family. He doesn't know make him well, if the mother will give him Baby's Own Tablets They ease the tender gums and bring the teeth through "Since you were in your cradle-I can that we did not know what to do for

no further trouble. She is now in the "Fall-in-love ?" echoes the princess, best of health, thanks to the Tablets." The Tablets cure all the minor ailments | that may be taken as the chief explana-"When you were in your cradle, per- of children, and are a blessing to both tion of the difference ni dairying in the mother and child. They always do good two countries. -they cannot possibly do harm. Try married the count?" he adds bending them and you will use no other medicine of Holland average 4,227 quarts of milk for your little one. Sold by all drug- per head per year, on a conservative gists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box.

TRANSPLANT HAIR ON HEADS.

Co., Brockville, Ont.

of Curing Baldness.

The remedies for bald heads are lein the Paris Cosmos: "If it is possible over 9,000 pounds of milk per head. to act on the growth of the hair this That is to say the Holland farmers on tology shows that the hair is made up aire farmers of other countries. of a free portion, the stem, and of another portion, the root, imbedded in the dermis. This is plunged obliquely into the subcutaneous conjunctive layer and is terminated by a bulb, which is in contact with the papilla, made of conjuctive tissue. Living tissues are well fitted for reproduction and autoplastic junction. Surgeons have been remarkably successful in grafting tissues, and by analogy there seems to be no reason why one should not be able to make a

capillary graft." This theory Merahen Hodara, of Constantinople claims to have demonstrated. He decided to experiment on a heals the deadly inflammation. That out with their bulbs intact, and, after

Carrying his investigations farther, below my eyes, and grew more wretched | Dr. Hodara practiced a series of experievery day. I was treated by different | ments upon animals. After the hair had doctors, but with no apparent result. I taken root the animals were killed in croscopically. It was found that all A String of Maxims by the Late Lord I was in a deplorable condition when around the planted root the dermis had tions of the external cellular bed had taken the form of a bulb, and that the cannot explain his ideas is the dupe of connections between the hair and the his imagination in thinking he has any. bulb were complete. The developing To say to a man when you ask him a cells clearly showed that the generating | favor, "Don't do it if it inconveniences bed of cells had been created and was | you," is a mean way of saving yourself

working perfectly. As it is not always possible to have er of the merit of conferring one.

Matting Brings Sleep.

A man who has tried it says the friend. which sits upon his meck boson, but he The princes kocks after them, and is writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., southern custom of sleeping with a piece You are not obliged to give your hand of straw matting placed beneath the | to any one; but never give your finsheet is all right for coolness and unin- | ger. terupted rest in warm weather. The The way to be always respected is to The sands of the English shore resorts | theory is that the lack of ventilation | be always in carnest. Someone goes to the plane and sings | "Not much," says Verona, "I like are truly golden just now, for the pub- in the mattress and the resulting heat- When you notice a vague accusation but the talking does not come for an in- things that are natural, and these mod- lishers of the penny weeklies are seek- ing of it by the body raises the temper- you give it a reality and turn a shadow she had written it in a moment of malic-ious disappointment—but what was her carte, loo, and footmon begin to noise into a substance, The use of matting seems to permit of | You cannot show a greater want of

Liable to Moningitie.

Costly Land and Dairying.

****** The economicals and producers who insist that "high priced land cannot be employed profitably in dairying," should make a study of dairying in Holland, Land is called high priced here when it sells for \$100 and more per acre. In Holland land is valued at \$500 to \$2,000 per acre, and some small farms reat for \$100 and more per acre per year.

Dairying is not a highly prosperous industry here. How is it in Holland? The Paris, France, Bulletin des Halles

"The dairy industry is in an extremey flourishing condition in Holland. In These competitions are almost as po- 1899 that country possesed 1,650,000

pounds of butter per year; but these figures are too low; conservative cotimates put the average yield at 4,227

"In 1899 about 123,459,000 pounds of butter were produced in Holland, of which 69,446,000 pounds were made by the peasants and 54,013,000 pounds in factories. The exports of this product

amounted to 44,092,000 pounds. "The manufacture of cheese is more mportant in Holland than butter making. In 1899 about 105,822,000 pounds of rich cheese were made and 48,502, 000 pounds of single cheese or cheese made from skim milk, giving a total of

154,324,000 pounds of cheese. Why is dairying in Holland prospe ous, in spite of her high-priced lands, high taxes, and other high costs of production? Why does not \$500 to \$2,000 land make dairying unprofitable in Holland, if \$50 to \$100 land makes dairying unprofitable in the United States The quotation above contains one statement

That statement is that the milk cows

estimate. There is one plain fact that underlies the most successful dairy practice in the world. The Hollanders have for years bred cows for milk. They have bred them scientifically. They desired milk to drink, to sell, and to churn. They Frenchman Has Discovered New Method have as a result of their work those two famous breeds of cows known as the Dutch Belted and Holstein-Friesian. They keep these cows bred up and gion, but up to the present no specific fed up to a notch that means an averhas been discovered. Francis Marre says | age yearly production of 4,227 quarts, or their \$500 or \$2,000 dairy land, milk cows that surpass the "show" cows of

> Are these Holland cows high-priced cows? The quotation above estimates that the 960,000 milk cows in Holland are worth \$50,250,000. That is an aver-

> age of \$52 per head. Are these Holland dairymen bothering their heads about high fat percentages in milk? The Holland cows rarely reach a test of 4 per cent. of fat, The great majority of them range from 3.4 per cent. downward. The quotation above says that the butter fat average in Holland is three per cent.

Nobody in Holland or in Europe in general, advocates high-fat milk for human food. They all know that milk ranging low in fat is the best food. What dairying calls for first of all, is cows that will make the largest quantity of milk. Holland answers that call. "Jeanne, you are a brick," whispers is the only way to rid yourself of the healing had taken place it was seen high fat cows that do not earn their Holland has no toy cows, no miniature cows, no weakly cows, but big, real, vigorous cows that are pre-

potent, prolific, and productive in the highest degree. Land values have only a limited influence in the cost of milk production,

Holland proves that. SOME NEW SAWS.

fro man obligation and depriving anoth-

freshly plucked hair, Dr. Hodara decid- The flattery of one's friends is required to see if the graft could be made more ed as a dram to keep up one's spirits

gradually as not to perceive we have

You will never be trusted if you do more to gain an enemy than to serve a

tween two persons of different sexes is that the man loves the woman for quali-