

T GROWING.
BY MEN WELL AD-
ED IN INDUSTRY.

ation of the Fruit-Growers' Association brings together large numbers of the Ontario fruit-growers' representatives from all parts of the province in the United Kingdom.

ing session Hon. Nelson Minister of Agriculture, who presided, expressed his appreciation of the fruit-growers' industry, and the members of the association were assured of his assistance in any way possible.

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EARST DANGER.

SHIP OF MONEY OR HE
LIL WIN YET.

FOR THE BANKS.

ARGED WITH MURDER-
MURDER-IN-LAW.

Positively and Undeniably
The Purest GREEN Tea Grown.

FREE FROM DUST, DIRT AND ALL FOREIGN SUBSTANCES.

Lead packets only. 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At all grocers.

Won at Last

"There are one or two things wanting still, one can not have everything. You see, my friend and partner, Watson, is a queer fellow, sharp and clever in every way. He got hold of this ranch by a lucky chance. An old hunter had got it for a song some years ago. He did a good deal of clearing and improving, till he came to the end of his cash, and got sick of being settled. So Wells bought it as it stood, cheap enough, then he found he hadn't a penny left. Just about that time I wandered into San Francisco and met him, so we entered into partnership. I hope to buy him out by and by."

"I think," said Mona, "were I a man, I should rather like the life; but it must be lonely."

"Oh, it would be terrible for a woman, I am afraid," said Waring, with a sigh. "I must take out some tough loughs with me, to provide for the winter evenings."

"How long shall you be in London?"

"It will be full, as it is near Easter. Shall you not look up some of your old friends? The contrast would amuse you."

"No, I have done with all that! There are some relations of my father's on whom I must call—but I really do not care to see any one else."

This conversation had lasted while they made a tour of the stony, heathery piece of land outside the low, moss-grown wall which inclosed the lawn and bit of pleasure ground, and came out upon the road leading to Kirkstoun.

As they paused to look at the sunset and just as Waring had uttered the last words, a gentleman on foot came round a turn of the road. Waring's brow contracted, he glanced swiftly at his companion, and exclaimed:

"By Jove! it is Lisle!"

In another moment Lisle was lifting his hat and shaking hands with Mona.

"Waring!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, "Waring! by all that's astonishing. Where—how—what has brought you here?"

"Chiefly railways and steamboats," said Lisle, "and some of my father's people. They were in Glasgow, and Mr. Waring came back with him."

"I thought you were lost forever!" cried Lisle in a tone which did not express very lively pleasure at his turning up again.

"Well, here I am, you see, considerably the better for my sojourn in the wilds."

"So it seems! Why, you look years older."

"Now, Sir John, pray account for yourself," said Mona. "Your sudden appearance requires explanation, as well as Mr. Waring's."

"Does it?" said Lisle, flashing a quick glance into her eyes. "Well, Finistoun was coming north for a little rest and fishing, so, as we both had had enough of gray and feeble scenes for the present, I came with him, and am staying in my old quarters at Kirkstoun for a day or two. How is 'a' w' ye?" as your quaint old uncle would say.

"We are all remarkably well. He will be a good deal surprised to see you."

"More surprised than delighted, suspect."

"It takes a good deal to delight Uncle Sandy; but I think he was always peculiarly pleased to see you."

"And how goes the Highland cousin? Has he grown more reconciled to his uncle's plans?"

"Oh, no!" cried Mona, laughing; "he is more irreconcilable than ever."

Then Lisle asked for Miss Desbriary, and described with cool sarcasm the surprise and indignation of General Fielden's friends at that warrior's marriage.

Waring was very silent. Mona's quick intelligence told how that each man was annoyed by the sight of the other; Waring, of course, did not care to meet the man who had advised a step which led to pain and mortification; while the other, well, she understood his irritation clearly enough.

Lisle imparted a good deal of London gossip before they reached the house, and was then duly introduced to Uncle Sandy.

"Eh, but I'm varra pleased to see you, and I'm glad you've come back. It's an uncommon time of the year for a Londoner to come along the hills."

"You see, Craigdarroch always has its attractions."

"May be so, may be so. It will be lookin' braver in another month. And now you'll take a bit o' supper w' us. We have supper at eight, and Kenneth will put you on your way back."

"Thanks; I shall be most happy. I need not trouble your nephew. In your well-ordered country the roads are as safe at midnight as midday."

"That's true!" emphatically. "I am glad you're aware o' it. That great, lang, self-opinionated young woman—how 'd'ye ca' her?—that just turned up her nose more than nature had done for her against Scotland to a Scotchman! that wasna well-mannered for a lady that goes to the Queen's Court, they tell me."

"Oh! the court is a regular olla podrida now," said Lisle.

"A what? That tongue is that?"

"Spanish. It means a general mixture."

"Eh, pow-sowidie is the same thing; that's rale Scotch, and mair expressive and wise-like. Weel, that tall laddy would tell her an' against the biggest pow-sowidie o' a' Where is she?"

"You mean Miss Morton. She is the most appalling female I know. She has captured a Greek prince, who goes to balls in a white petticoat, and says he is descended from Aleibabes."

"Eh, he would be a shifty sort of a great-grandfather to have!" cried Uncle Sandy, who prided himself on being a sound classical scholar.

"Well, this fellow is about up to her shoulders, and rather a doubtful personage. They are fighting over settlements at present; for though she is said to be fathoms deep in love, she does not like to lose her grip of the £. s. d."

"And varra right she is. Noo, the tea is ready, come in and have a cup."

It was, on the whole, an uneasy sort of afternoon and evening. A sense of uneasiness—a want of harmony, oppression, ed every one, though Mona and Kenneth did their utmost to entertain their guests. Both the girls sang and played and talked their best. Indeed, Mona was unusually gracious to Lisle, yet he was dissatisfied, and left Kenneth early, saying that he was bound to Lord Finistoun for the next day, but the following he would come to see them, as he was going back to town on Saturday night.

At luncheon next day, when the post came in, Waring, after reading his letters, announced that he must start on Monday, that he had been away too long and it was time he returned.

To Mona this was a cruel stab. He was, then, to vanish away from her—this frank, kind, brave man, whose qualities were the complement of her own, for whose troubles she felt responsible, and whose wounds it would have been the sweetest and most congenial task to heal, and she dared not try to hold him! No; if it cost her her life, she could make no effort to reveal herself. He was her friend and nothing more. Yet a vague, dim belief breathed through her heart that he loved her still, to justify which there was not a tittle of evidence.

"I did not know you were here," said Miss Black, coming into the drawing-room, the day after this visit, and finding Waring seated with a book before him and his head on his hands. "Where is Mona?"

"She has gone out with Mr. Craig."

"Will you come with me and look for them?"

"No, thank you, I am searching for one or two books I brought here, and I want to put them up. You see, I have only two days after to-morrow."

"I am sorry you are going away, Mr. Waring."

"I am gratified to hear you say so. How sorry I shall be to leave you, as it would not be easy to say."

"Well, I think you look sad-like, Mr. Waring. You must write Kenneth, and tell us all about yourself."

"Mary!" exclaimed Waring, after a short pause, and not aware of his own familiarity, "what do you think brings that fellow Lisle here?"

"He says it's fishing, and so it is, but not with a rod and line."

"Then it is Mona?"

Mary bent her head in the affirmative.

"At least, I fancy so," she said. "He used to here in the autumn, and Kenneth thought he would have asked her then."

"I suppose it will be what is considered a good match; but she is too good for him."

"You might say that of a good many."

"You think so?"

"Yes. Don't you?"

"I do; and I suppose, Miss Craig will soon be transformed into Lady Lisle."

"I can not think so; she never seems to me to have any of the qualities which you adopted my suggestion."

"I was carefully brought up in a good school," said Mona, demurely.

"No school on earth could have given you the indescribable charm nature has bestowed. You are a woman, and I love you. Mona, do hear me. Cast away this cold sweetness, that is enough to madden any man. Give me your love, give me a right to it. He seized her hand, which she withdrew in a moment, and she never loved any woman as I love you."

"My nerves are much sturdier now," she said, calmly, "it is treachery to let you say more, when I have nothing to give in return, and it pains me infinitely to pain you, but I can not be your wife."

"Then there is some infernal mystery at the bottom of it. First you throw Waring over in the most unaccountable manner; now you reject me. You prefer the awful seclusion of this wild place, the society of these educated plowmen, to the world my wife could command. Mona, you can not be indifferent to such passion; love as mine, unless you love some one else."

"That does not follow," she returned, uneasily, and very anxious to get rid of him.

"Who is it?" persisted Lisle, who was raging with mortification and disappointment. "Can it be that the hero of the rejected addresses has found favor in your eyes after all—a great overgrown school-boy, who is not worth my mail at 50 cents a box or silver boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

GREAT SUN DIAL IN DELHI.

Shadows Fall Upon Marble Arcs, Marking the Time to Minutes.

The largest sun dial in the world is at Delhi, in India. Dr. Riern, of the Royal Astronomical Institute in Berlin, has recently completed the difficult task of making a model of this gigantic piece of work. About 1650—the exact date is not known—Jai Singh, II, influenced probably by the Jesuits, erected at Delhi, Benares and other places, observatories, the ruins of which still exist. The natives know little or nothing of the meaning of these ruins and reports of English travelers of the eighteenth century hand as to the form and use of the mural instruments.

The peculiarity of this work, giving it a unique position among the astronomical monuments of the world, is that wall and instrument are one.

It is one of the oldest which have been preserved (the oldest in Europe being the Leyden observatory, built in 1632), and here were determined the obliquity of the ecliptic, the length and breadth, declination and position of the equinoctial lines.

A narrow flight of stone steps like a ladder parallel with the axis of the earth leads straight upward. Its supporting walls are smooth marble and the shadow falls upon great marble arcs, built out at the right and left, and marks the time when the sun is shining to minutes. Galleries and steps allow access from all sides.

The platforms of the building were once used, probably for smaller portable instruments, which have fallen to pieces.

Before the year 1800 Englishmen found the building useful for horary altars, the length of the circle about 19 feet. Near it stand the ruins of an obliquely inclined astronomical construction whose purpose is unknown.

The observations seem to have been longer continued at Benares, the residence of the great Moguls. At least Dr. Riern was able, guided by information from English sources of the eighteenth century, to reconstruct some small instruments which were still known at that time in Benares.

But the saying "ex oriente lux," applied to the science of astronomy, seems to have no great significance here, for in spite of the construction of this observatory no accurate results were obtained.

True to the Family.

In all the great crowds that attended the funeral of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, in Richmond, Va., there were few more conspicuous figures than that of James H. Johnson, a negro 70 years old. He drove the Davis family carriage, as he had driven it at the funerals of Jefferson Davis and Miss Winnie Davis. He was Jefferson Davis' body servant in the old days, and was with him at the time of his capture. In all the years since then he has been devoted to the family and a familiar figure at Confederate reunions. He is tall and straight as the Indian mother from whom he proudly claims descent.

Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution.

The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold.

Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature.

It will help you to avoid taking cold.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

Each Meal an Agony.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure Obstinate Indigestion After Other Medicines Fail.

"When I was first troubled with indigestion I did not bother with it. I thought it would pass away naturally. But instead of doing so it developed into a painful chronic affection, which in spite of all I did grew worse and worse until I had abandoned all hopes of ever getting relief." These words of Mrs. Chas. McKay, of Norwood, N. S., should serve as a warning to all who suffer distress, drowsiness and loss of appetite—early warning of more serious trouble to follow.

"I used to rise in the morning," said Mrs. McKay, "feeling no better for a night's rest. I rapidly lost flesh and after even the most fragrant meal I always suffered severe pains in my stomach. I cut my meals down to a very few mouthfuls, but even then every morsel of food caused agony. My digestion was so weak some days I could scarcely drag myself about the house, and was never free from sharp pains in the back and chest. I grew so bad that I had to limit my diet to milk and soda water, and even this caused severe suffering. In vain I sought relief—all medicines I took seemed to do me no good. In the darkest hour of my suffering help came. A cure that was quite similar to my own case, wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought if another person had been cured by these pills, of my suffering as I was experiencing, surely there was hope for me, and I at once sent to the druggist for a supply of these pills. The first indication that the pills were helping me was the disappearance of the feeling of oppression. Then I began to take solid food with but little feeling of distress. I still continued taking the pills, with an improvement every day, until I could digest all kinds of food without the least trouble or distress. I am in splendid health to-day and all the credit is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right to the root of indigestion and other troubles by making rich, red blood, which tones and strengthens every organ of the body. That is why they cure anaemia, with all its headaches and backaches and sideaches, rheumatism and neuralgia, and the special ailments of growing girls and women of all ages. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or silver boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ENTHUSIASTIC MOTHERS.

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BENT BY THE SUN.

The towering Washington monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun, poured on its southern side on a midsummer's day without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft that is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire, 174 feet long, hanging in the centre of the structure and carrying a plumb suspended in a vessel of water.

According to the statement of an official connected with the management of the public buildings and grounds at the capital at noon in summer the apex of the monument, 550 feet above the ground, is shifted, by expansion of the stone, a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. The wind causes perceptible motions of the plummet, and the still weather delicate vibrations of the crust of the earth, otherwise unperceived are registered by it.

There is only one thing a woman loves more than to be in the sun, and that is to find it out for herself.

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FALL WORK AGAINST INSECTS.

Press bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada. By Prof. C. J. S. Bethune.

The time of year has now arrived when most of our insect foes have ceased their active work, and are withdrawing from observation, and consequently most people come to the conclusion that the season's fight is over and that nothing need at present be done. But this is very far from being the case. There are many destructive insects that can be more easily dealt with now than at any other time of the year.

First and foremost the Pea-weevil. The losses from this insect have been very much lessened during the last two seasons in Ontario, but this does not mean that we have got rid of the trouble. The insect is still with us, but he is more easily dealt with. If there is the least suspicion of the presence of the tiny beetle in the newly-harvested peas, they, and in any case peas intended for seed should be at once treated with bisulphide of carbon which will kill every one that is exposed to its fumes. This is done in a familiar enough; put the peas in an air-tight cask or bin, and place in an open pan on top of them one ounce of the bisulphide to every 100 lbs. of peas (a bushel weighs about 48 lbs.), cover up tightly and leave for 48 hours. Then open your cask or bin, and place where there is a thorough draft of air; do not allow any fire or light to come near it, as the vapor is very inflammable and explosive; every weevil or other insect among the peas will be dead and non-infested seed will be available for next year. The same treatment should be used for the Bean-weevil, which is a serious pest in some parts of the province.

In addition to this treatment of the peas themselves, the pea-straw and rubbish should be cleared up and burnt and all refuse where the thrashing has been done should be similarly got rid of. This will destroy any weevils that have already come out and are hiding away for the winter. It will pay to do this whether the insect is known to be present or not.

This brings us to the next important matter, namely, clean farming and gardening. All sorts of insects find their winter quarters in refuse. Many that infest grain take refuge in the stubble, others are sheltered by loose rubbish, others again hide in tufts of grass, among the weeds in fence corners, under bark, wherever in fact there is shelter of any kind. Now is the time to turn them out and expose them to the frost and wet. Clean up your premises every kind, this will destroy many seeds as well as insects. Leave no heaps of rubbish anywhere. Gather up and add to the manure pile the leaves and stalks of roots, potatoes, etc. Plough up old pastures that are infested with white grubs or the larvae of Rose beetles. Scrape the rough bark off the trunks and limbs of fruit-trees, but this may be done later on in the winter. By keeping the farm, the orchard, and the garden clean, myriads of insects will be prevented from finding their winter shelter. They are sheltered by loose rubbish, and will either perish or go somewhere else for a hiding place, and thousands more that are in the egg or chrysalis stage will be destroyed. Many, no doubt, will think all this too much trouble, but if they faithfully try it, they will soon find that it pays.

SEARCH FOR KRUGER'S GOLD.

Thousands of Pounds Already Spent in a South African Hunt.

Since the late Boer war a new phase of treasure hunting has been in vogue. Someone started a rumor that ere his departure from the Transvaal the late President had a quantity of bar gold, variously estimated at a value ranging from one to several millions, conveyed up country and buried. The story received so much credence that the British Government of Pretoria has provided special permits and police assistance to various parties who professed to be able to guide a search party to the hiding place.

The degree of gullibility that even intelligent and educated men can attain when excited by treasure mania was amusingly illustrated by a well-known instance. A young Boer from the district supposed to contain the treasure called upon a doctor near Johannesburg and told a strange story. He said that one night while riding to the farm of a relative he saw lights in a wooded kloof or gorge, and reconnoitering cautiously he saw a party of men removing boxes from a wagon and burying them.

Carefully noting the spot he got away unobserved and returned next day, when he unearthed a box which was being broken open he found to contain bars of gold and quantities of Kruger sovereigns minted on one side only. In confirmation of the story he produced three discs of gold which appeared to have been struck on one side with an imperfect die.

His object in calling on the doctor was to borrow £50 in order to procure a wagon and oxen to remove the treasure. He was asked why he did not bring away the portable coin and thus make himself independent outside financial aid. His explanation was ingenious. He feared to bring more lest he might be found with them upon him!

It is estimated that more than £10,000 has been expended by the various search parties that have undertaken the search for the Kruger millions.—Chambers' Journal.

Pity the Grocer.
(Garper's Weekly.)

Here is the substance of a notice placed so that every one can see it in a certain New York grocery store:

"Disasters that occurred to three of our delinquent customers:

"One said, 'I'll call to-morrow if I live.' He's dead.

"Another said, 'I'll see you soon.' He's blind.

"Yet another said, 'I'll pay you Saturday or so to hell.' He's gone."

It makes a man inclined almost to have credit advanced.

A Little Gentleman.

He was a little, but his hair is gold. And his face is clear as the sky. And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets, He looks him straight in the eye. With his fourteen pride that has taught to him, He looks at you with a little smile. Quite debonair to a lady fair. With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? No kite or ball. Or the prettiest game can play. He looks a bit of a prig in the street. Whatever she means to say. And the teachers depend on his little friend at school in his place at sum-

I wonder if you have seen him, too. This boy who is not too big. For a morning kiss from his mother and his. But gentle and strong, the whole day long. As merry as any boy can be. A gentleman in the coming years. And at present the boy for me. —Harper's Young People.

Gratitude of Heart.

The whole Christian life centres in love. It has its spring in the infinite love of God, it seeks its outlet in praise, thanksgiving and service. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casts out fear." Love draws us close together and binds us in one. As we love God we take Him into the heart and He enters into the life, and to praise and serve Him becomes the great object in our thought, plans and aspirations. The joy of the Lord bursts forth in song. He is the author of all blessings, and that is good is the expression of His love, and grateful outpourings of the heart are our return. Herein the Christian religion stands alone, for it alone reveals God in His true relation to us and in the knowledge of Him we attain that element of His own nature in which gratitude rises every emotion and supports the whole course of His life. "He hath put a new song in my mouth." He Himself is its theme: "The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation."

Derive His grace, we may fall to recognize His goodness, and so still be unable to return. The heart cannot always remain frozen and hard under the breath of God, and as it softens the springs of joy and praise begin to flow. "I will magnify the Lord with thanksgiving," becomes a hymn of thanksgiving and resolution. And this speaks out to others in an invitation to join in the songs of praise: "O come, let us sing unto the Lord. . . . let us come before His presence with thanksgiving."

A strong steady wind is blowing over the expanse and raising waves and rolling billows. The waves are the storms of life. Now sudden gust sweeping before it a great wave, which like the long rollers of the ocean, surges steadily along the golden sea, until at length, reaching its boundary, the long line of yielding corn bows down, and as it waves, makes obedience to its mother earth. Or, when the blasts of the gale are more fitful and irregular, the surface is cleft and rift into swirling whirlpools and tempest-tossed agitated breakers and torn into the waves of convulsive turmoil and commotion. And then suddenly the wind-storm ceases, and, unlike the sea, at once all is calm and untroubled.

But we are told that at the end of the world there will be a Great Harvest, in which the righteous will be the angels, who will separate the righteous from the wicked. Happy they who, clothed in the righteousness of Him who Himself satisfied Divine Justice in their stead will be admitted to a realm of bliss and an inconceivable felicity.—By a Laker.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO

SUNDAY HOME

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The whole Christian life centres in love. It has its spring in the infinite love of God, it seeks its outlet in praise, thanksgiving and service. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casts out fear." Love draws us close together and binds us in one. As we love God we take Him into the heart and He enters into the life, and to praise and serve Him becomes the great object in our thought, plans and aspirations. The joy of the Lord bursts forth in song. He is the author of all blessings, and that is good is the expression of His love, and grateful outpourings of the heart are our return. Herein the Christian religion stands alone, for it alone reveals God in His true relation to us and in the knowledge of Him we attain that element of His own nature in which gratitude rises every emotion and supports the whole course of His life. "He hath put a new song in my mouth." He Himself is its theme: "The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation."

Derive His grace, we may fall to recognize His goodness, and so still be unable to return. The heart cannot always remain frozen and hard under the breath of God, and as it softens the springs of joy and praise begin to flow. "I will magnify the Lord with thanksgiving," becomes a hymn of thanksgiving and resolution. And this speaks out to others in an invitation to join in the songs of praise: "O come, let us sing unto the Lord. . . . let us come before His presence with thanksgiving."

A strong steady wind is blowing over the expanse and raising waves and rolling billows. The waves are the storms of life. Now sudden gust sweeping before it a great wave, which like the long rollers of the ocean, surges steadily along the golden sea, until at length, reaching its boundary, the long line of yielding corn bows down, and as it waves, makes obedience to its mother earth. Or, when the blasts of the gale are more fitful and irregular, the surface is cleft and rift into swirling whirlpools and tempest-tossed agitated breakers and torn into the waves of convulsive turmoil and commotion. And then suddenly the wind-storm ceases, and, unlike the sea, at once all is calm and untroubled.

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