IT IS PURE!

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AT ALL GROCERS. HIGHEST AWARD, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

TRIAL FOR LIFE

The evening of the same day upon which these events took place, the mysterious individual whom we have heard called by the name of Roberts, walked restlessly up and down the floor of his gloomy apartment in the old, ruined palace of Ely. His restlessness was without the least ill-humor; nay, he smiled to himself, as he murmured:

"Gentlemen who can walk abroad at large at all hours of the day can, of course, have little appreciation of the tediousness of waiting twelve or fourteen hours in a place like this, or they would exhibit more charity."

His good humor was at last rewarded by the sound of steps approaching the door, admitted the visitor, and secured it behind him before speaking.

"Well, dear Mac, here you are at last, old fellow. I have been hoping and expecting to see you ever since the night of our adventure. I could not find any safe way of communicating with you until this afternoon, when I contrived to send you a note. But you knew where to find me, and it was cruel in you not to come," said Roberts, in his usual gay, sweet tone.

"It was wise and prudent of me. Was I, perchance, to show the police the way to your lair. Roberts, you are the most imprudent man I ever knew for a coward."

"Epicure, epicure, dear Mac; not coward, but epicure; it is not danger or death that I dislike, but pain, dear Mac, pain; therefore, call me epicure, or voluptuary, if you like, but not coward," said Roberts, mildly.

"Very well, then; for an epicure you run more risks of hurting yourself than any one I ever knew."

"Nay, I am very cautious; I have not shown myself abroad by daylight since our adventure. But now tell me, what does the world outside say of it."

"They give opinions as opposite as north and south. Of this, however, I can assure you, suspicion is far off the right track. Neither you nor I am suspected so far as I have been able to discover. The particulars given by the young lady to the magistrates are of the general and unsatisfactory character. Her carriage attacked in the night on Hounslow Heath by thieves, not one of whom could she identify; herself rescued by two gentlemen, who called themselves Colonl McCarthy and Captain Roberts, but whose faces she never distinctly saw, and taken through the darkness to a country house in the woods, somewhere off the road between Windsor and London, and finally carried off again thence by a man who wore a mask and spoke in whispers. Very interesting but very embarrassing all that. There may be two hundred unidentified footpads in England. There are, perhaps, two thousand gents who might answer to the description of Colonel McCarthy and Captain Roberts, of the 11th infantry, although there happen to be no such officers in that gallant regiment. And lastly, as the preachers say, there are at least two score of old country houses in the woods off the road between London and Windsor, though there may be no such place as Howlet's Close found among the number. But there is one thing I cannot understand, Roberts."

"What is that?"

"Who the deuce could it have been that carried the young lady from the house in the woods, and so ruined my enterprise?"

"What?" inquired Roberts, abstractedly.

"I say, I cannot imagine who that man in the mask, who concealed himself in the young lady's room, and seized and carried her off by force, could have been, or what his motive could have been. I have been thinking of it ever since, and can make nothing of the matter—can you?"

"No, indeed, dear Mac; I never was intended by nature as a detective."

"In fact, I am more puzzled than the police; for the police are not puzzled at all. They who have not been able to identify either the first assailants, the rescuers or the country house to which the young lady was taken, have quite hit upon the individual who carried her off thence," said Mac looking wistfully at his companion, whose only comment was a smooth, serene—

"Indeed."

"Yes; they have quite made out the identity of the individual who carried Lady Etheridge off from the house in the woods! Now, who do you suppose they have made him out to be?"

"Upon my life I could not say, dear Mac," answered Roberts, with cheerful frankness.

"You!"

"Me?" inquired Roberts, with gay incredulity.

"You!"

"What nonsense, dear Mac! What should have put that into their remarkably stupid heads?" inquired Roberts, with an amused expression of countenance.

"The evidence of the cabman who was hired by the man to carry off the lady, and who described his employer as 'a tall, stoutish, light-camplexioned gent, with light 'air and w'iskers, and most the beautifulest smile as hever I see!'"

"Ha, ha, ha! A deception that would suit half a million of British gentlemen!" laughed Roberts, gayly.

"Exactly—precisely. Yet, you see, they could think of no one but yourself. It shows that they know you to be in England, and that they are in search of you. So, though of course they are ludicrously mistaken in supposing you to have been the masked man that carried off the beauty from the house in the woods, yet, as their attention is turned toward you, you had better leave England as soon as you can get off. In fact, I cannot imagine what madness it was that brought you back."

"The madness is comprised in one word—Helen."

"You, 'for another Helen, would lose another Troy.'"

"No more of that—to come to the point. Though our enterprise has signally failed, yet I presume the—hem!—nobleman, your patron, has liberally, or will liberally reward your zeal."

"Hush, for heaven's sake. No. Had we succeeded in securing the beauty, and had she been persuaded to listen to his suit, I will not venture to say what we might not have expected from the gratitude and munificence of my noble patron, for with—hem!—nobles, success is the test of merit. But we failed, and failure is, with the same judges, the proof of demerit. And were we to acknowledge our deed, and claim reward for our zeal, we should be transported for our crime."

"Humph! it is a nice business this secret service of—— nobles," said Roberts, with a good-natured smile.

"It was a failure, Roberts—a failure, and, as such, must be borne with philosophical coolness."

"And is the case quite hopeless with the young lady?"

"So hopeless that she will be married on the fourteenth of next month to his grace the Duke of Beresleigh."

"No!" exclaimed Roberts, betrayed into more engry of expression than was usual with him.

"Yes, certainly, it is publicly announced, bu what is there so strange about that as to make you start up and exclaim in that way?"

"Rose Elmer—Lady Etheridge—Duchess of Beresleigh," murmured Roberts, musing deeply.

"Well, well, of course! All natural enough; the pair were understood to be engaged long before their betrothal was announced; but why it should affect you so strangely I cannot imagine," exclaimed Mac, in impatient surprise.

"Why, my dear Mac? Because such a marriage will disappaint your—noble—pardon," replied Roberts, smoothly, having quite recovered his serenity.

"Pooh; that is not the reason. What do you take me for to impose such a story as that upon me?"

"Really, my dear Mac, this is one reason, though not the only one. The other is that I once knew this Rose Elmer as the daughter of a village laundress. And you will acknowledge that I have a right to be rather startled to hear that she is about to become a duchess."

"Hum! I doubt much whether that is the whole reason, either; but I will not press upon so very forbearing an antagonist. I will rather draw our conversation to a close. You sent for me, merely to know whether my noble patron would repay your unsuccessful efforts to serve him."

"I did, dear Mac."

"And I told you 'no', for if the ill-fated enterprise should come to his knowledge, our patron, instead of rewarding our zeal, would punish our crimes and illustrate his own high sense of justice."

"Exactly, dear Mac; but what is the use of repeating painful truths?" said Roberts, sweetly.

"In order to come to a pleasant one, and to tell you that, although nothing is to be expected or hoped for from our patron, yet I will not permit you to suffer loss from an enterprise into which I was the means of drawing you. I came here with the express purpose of telling you all this, putting this fifty-tween yourself and England as you compound note into your hand, and advising you to place as many miles of sea beveniently can, for your own good, and my safety, for you are just the fellow to turn king's evidence upon a pinch," added Mac, mentally.

"I thank you, dear Mac. You are very kind and thoughtful. I accept your bounty as a loan, to be repaid with interest some of these days."

"Of course, as a loan," replied Mac, very dryly, adding—"and now I must really wish you good-evening, or rather bid you good-by. I hope to hear from you from Quebec or Constantinople," said Mac, shaking hands with Roberts, and leaving the room.

Left alone, Roberts took two or three turns up and down the room, muttering:

"Rose Elmer—Baroness Etheridge—Duchess Beresleigh! high fortunes for the cottage girl! I could spoil that pretty sport if I chose to do so, or dared to show myself! Were but one man and one woman out of my way, what a prospect were opening to me! I must think! I must think! Here is a magnificent fortune, and perhaps a baron's coronet, within my very grasp, but that man who was a witness of my crime! and that woman, who is the living obstacle to my ambition! The woman may be easily disposed of, poor creature! but the man! the man! I must think. Can all these difficulties be overcome in time to permit me to appear and arrest this marriage? Scarcely! Well, let the marriage go on if it must, for a while, it will only give me a stronger hold upon her grace. Let her wear the strawberry leaves a little while; she will be none the worse and as she is not Helen, I am not fastidious! Oh, Helen! Helen."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The marriage of the Duke of Beresleigh and the Lady Etheridge of Swinburne came off with great eclat. The ceremony was performed in St. James' Chapel, in the presence of the elite of the aristocracy. The Bishop of London officiated. The bride was attended to the altar by the Ladies Wardour, the sisters of the bridegroom, and by Miss Elmer, her particular friend. After the ceremony the bridal party returned to Beresleigh House, where a select party were entertained at breakfast.

Immediately after breakfast, the newly-married pair started for the Continent.

After the marriage and departure of the young duke and duchess, Miss Elmer's home with the Lesters was not as agreeable as it had been. Lady Lester having nothing more to hope from Laura's influence over Rose in favor of Mr. Lester ,treated the governess, not with disrespect—for no one durst do that—but with coolness.

Sir Vincent's manner, on the contrary, had grown so attentive as to be troublesome and embarrassing. Even Helen Ravenscroft had disappeared from view. Miss Elmer had neither seen nor heard from her since the day upon which they had last driven out together, when Mrs. Ravencroft had thrown the letter from the carriage window to the stranger who had followed them.

Ferdinand Cassinove kept on the 'even tenor" of his laborious life—teaching all day and reading law all the evening. His patron had grown cold to him; his occasional meetings with Laura Elmer were abridged. By a new regulation of Sir Vincent the tutor and his solitary pupil took their meals alone together in their study. Well did Mr. Cassinove understand the reasons both of Sir Vincent's coolness to himself and of his new regulation in regard to the schoolroom meals, and his heart burned with honest indignation. The chief solace of his life was now the daily "good morning" and "good night," when his hand met Laura's hand in a thrilling clasp—when his eyes met Laura's eyes in a passionate glance.

And Laura Elmer understood his motives perfectly. No word of love had been uttered between them; their mutual esteem and affection had spoken only through their eloquent eyes. Yet Laura Elmer knew that Ferdinand Cassinove retained his position, and endured a thousand humiliations, only for her sake. She was writing for several magazines of high character and drawing a small, but sufficient income from her literary works. She determined, at the close of her present engagement, to abandon forever the life of a governess, for which she felt that nature had never intendd her, and to find some quiet, respectable lodgings, where she might live independently by the productions of her pen.

In thinking of searching for lodgings in the wilderness of London, her thoughts naturally recurred to Mrs. Russel, the struggling young mother, in whose excellent character and unmerited misfortunes Cassinove had interested her sympathies. She remembered that Ruth Russel was engaged in the difficult task of trying to support her little family by keeping a small shop that would not succeed, and neat lodgings that would not let, and she resolved, at the first opportunity to get the address of Mrs. Russel from Mr. Cassinove, with the view of inspecting her lodgings and possibly becoming her tenant.

In the meantime, Miss Elmer addressed a note to Lady Lester, advising her ladyship of her intention to leave at the end of her term. And Laura's resignation was at once accepted, with a few conventional expressions of regret that the young ladies should lose the advantage of the instructions of so accomplished a teacher. And the news got abroad in the household that Miss Elmer was going away.

It was about this time, in the interval between the morning and the afternoon session, that Miss Elmer was sitting alone in the vacant schoolroom, when there came a rap at the door.

"Come in," said Miss Elmer, expecting to see a servant, with a message from Sir Vincent or Lady Lester.

Mr. Cassinove entered the schoolroom. His face was pale and his voice vibrated with intense suppressed emotion, as he said:

"I hope you will pardon this intrusion and give me a few moments' interview, Miss Elmer."

"Certainly, Mr. Cassinove; pray take a seat," she said, handing a chair, and resuming her own place at her desk.

With a bow, he declined to sit down; but standing before her, and resting one hand upon the back of the chair, he said:

"You are about to leave us, I hear, Miss Elmer?"

"In a few weeks—yes."

"Forgive the question—for another situation?"

"No; when one has discovered that she is not fitted for a particular work, she should abandon it; and when she has found that for which she is best adapted, she should pursue it. I have clearly ascertained that I am not fitted either by ability or inclination for the life of a governess, since I can make myself neither very useful nor very happy in its duties; while I have some gift for scribbling, by which I can give more satisfaction, if not do more good. At least, it is my principal talent, and I purpose to give up teaching, take some quiet pleasant lodgings and maintain myself by my goose quill, which already brings me an income sufficient for my few wants."

"You will be more independent, more retired and happier. I sincerely congratulate you on the change, Miss Elmer. The most humble life of liberty and seclusion is preferable to any life of dependance amid uncongenial associates. And since you speak of going into lodgings, will you permit me to recommend to you my late landlady, Mrs. Russel?"

"Thank you; I was thinking of her."

"She is a gentle and refined woman, unfit to struggle through the world, and hence she does not succeed very well. She has now a pretty little house at Chelsea, the ground floor of which is occupied with her own little shop and family rooms. The upper floor comprises a suite of three or four neat rooms, that she would be glad to let. I think you would like both the landlady and her lodgings."

"I am quite sure that I should. Please give me her exact address," said Laura, taking up a pencil.

Cassniove complied, and while Laura was taking down the address, he gazed upon her beautiful, bowed face as she bent over her desk, until his own face rapidly flushed and paled, and his breath came short and quick.

She heard—her ear caught that quick, convulsive breathing—and she impulsively looked up just as he stooped and took her hand, and, bowing over it, uttered, in a tone scarcely above his breath, yet deep and vibrating with his soul's profound emotion:

"Laura Elmer, I love you. I love you with my whole heart, soul and spirit. I loved you the first hour I looked upon your noble face. I have loved you with an ever-increasing power ever since, as I shall love you through all time and through all eternity. I have suppressed the utterance of my love for months, as I ought, perhaps, yet to have suppressed it for years, but I could not be silent longer; I could not stifle my feelings and live. And so I have sought you today, Laura Elmer, not in selfishness, nor in vanity, not in presumption; not to engage your heart or bind your hand to a poor man, who must yet struggle through many years of labor, privation and hardship before he can command a position which he would ask you to share. No, Laura Elmer, no; I sought you to say that my heart, my brain, my services, my whole life, are all your own; to say that I consecrate myself, with all that I am or may become, with all that I have or may acquire, to your service for life and death and eternity, and count myself richer than a monarch, more blessed than an archangel, so you will but accept the offering."

(To be continued.)

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES
Dodd's Kidney Pills are discontinued the use of any other medicine. The public may rely on this statement. Beware of imitations. Sold only in boxes.

A SPRING TONIC.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich, Red Health-Giving Blood.

Cold winter months, enforcing close confinement in over-heated, badly ventilated rooms—in the home, in the shop and in the school—sap the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes clogged with impurities, the liver sluggish, the kidneys weakened, sleep is not restful—you awake just as tired as when you went to bed; you are low spirited, perhaps have headache and blotchy skin—that is the condition of thousands of people every spring. It comes to all unless the blood is enriched by a good tonic—by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish this feeling, but they guard against the more serious ailments tha usually follow—rheumatism, nervous debility, anaemia, indigestion and kidney trouble. Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills are an ideal spring medicine. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood. Every drop of new blood helps to strengthen the overworked neves; overcomes weakness and drives the germs of disease from the body. A thorough treatment gives you vim and energy to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mrs. Jas. McDonald, Sugar Camp, Ont., says: "I was badly run down, felt very weak and had no appetite. I could scarcely drag myself about and felt that my condition was growing worse. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before I had used a dozen boxes I was as strong as ever. My appetite retruned and I am now able to do my housework without feeling worn out. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best tonic there is."

It is a mistake to take purgatives in spring. Nature calls for a medicine to build up the wasted force—purgatives only weaken. It is a medicine to act on the blood, not one to act on the bowels, which is necessary. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood medicine—they make pure, rich, red blood, and strengthen every organ of the body. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. All other so-called pink pills are fraudulent imitations. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Production and Care of Milk for Cheese Factories

In the production of high-class cheese, it is essential that the milk be clean, sweet and free from foreign flavor upon reaching the factory. Both the quantity and the quality of the product will suffer when the raw material is inferior. Unless the patrons supply milk of good quality, they cannot in justice hold the maker responsible for the quality of goods made therefrom. The health of your cows, the water supply, the quality of the food, the condition under which milk is drawn from the cow, the care used in seeing that it is not exposed to dirt or dust of any kind, proper handling, etc., all require unceasing watchfulness and care.

In order that the maker may receive instruction regularly and periodically, and that the producer may be directed wherein he may improve in the production and care of milk, the Department of Agriculture has employed a staff of instructors to visit both the factories and the farms upon which the milk is produced. The instructor is not a detective, but a co-worker and educator. All tests for adulteration will be made at the factory, and action for prosecution left with some official of the factory concerned.

To dispel the misapprehension which exists in the minds of many as to the objects of the Department of Agriculture and the Dairymen's Associations in providing instructors, a few statements as to the work they are doing will here be given:

1. To assist the makers in producing a high class article by

(a) Pointing out defects in the cheese on hand, and suggesting to the makers means of avoiding or overcoming there defects.

(b) Explaining to the makers as clearly as possible the quality of cheese required by the trade, so far as acidity, texture, color, finish, etc., are concerned.

(c) Following the different stages of manufacture from the time the milk is received until the curd has been put to press, and pointing out the importance of care, watchfulness, and a definite aim at all times.

(d) Suggesting needed improvements in equipment, drainage, methods of disposing of whey, etc.

(e) Examining the curing room, and instructing as to requirements so far as ventilation, degree of moisture, regulation of temperature, etc., are concerned.

(f) Drawing attention to the necessity for absolute cleanliness at all times and in all stages of manufacture.

(g) Making curd tests of each patron's milk, in order that foreign flavors and undesirable qualities may be detected.

(h) Testing samples of milk for butter fat content.

(i) Doing anyting and everything which will tend to stimulate both maker and patron to do their best.

2. To visit the farms of patrons, not in the capacity of a detective, but to see the conditions under which the milk is kept and give instructions as to

(a) Most effective and simple method of cooling and caring for the milk.

(b) Best equipment and location of same for cooling purposes.

(c) Necessity for an abundant supply of pure water both for cattle and for cleaning purposes.

(d) The desirability of not allowing cows to have access to swamps, stagnant ponds, weedy pastures, etc.

(e) Suitable places for milking. Cows should not be milked where they are exposed to odors from hog pens or filthy barnyards.

In order that the greatest good may result from the work of instruction it is necessary that the producer, maker and instructor co-operate—getting and giving the best information obtainable.

The following notes were prepared by Prof. H. H. Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College, and are worthy of careful study by every milk producer.

"The cows should be healthy and clean. Colostrum (Beistings) should not be sent to the factory. The stable and pasture should be clean, dry and free from bad odors and bad smelling weeds. The food should be clean, pure, sweet, and wholesome. Cows giving milk should not be allowed to eat brewers' grains, distillery slops, turnips or tops, rape, mouldy meal, spoiled hay, or spoiled silage, cleanings from the horse stable, or anything which would tend to taint the milk.

"Either rock or common salt should be accessible to the cows at all times. Plenty of pure water ought to be within easy reach of milking cows. Foul, stagnant, or very cold water is injurious.

"Cows should be milked with clean, dry hands, after wiping the teats and udder with a damp cloth. Milk quietly, quickly, cleanly and thoroughly. The milk should be strained at once after milking, through a fine wire strainer, and also through two or three thicknesses of cheese cotton. The strainer needs special care in keeping it clean. The milk should be removed from the stable or milking yard as soon as possible after milking. It should be cooled at once to a temperature of 60 degrees, certainly below 70 degrees, by setting the cans in tanks of cold water, and by stirring the milk without exposing to the air more than is necessary, in order to facilitate cooling rapidly, and allowing animal odors to pass off readily. After the milk is cooled to 60 degrees (and where Saturday night's and Sunday morning's milk is to be kept over until Monday morning, the cooling should be as low as 50 degrees in the hot weather), the cans may be covered with the lid or with a piece of damp, clean cotton. By leaving one end of the cotton in the water evaporation will tend to keep the milk much cooler. Night's and morning's milk should be kept separate as long as possible.

"If the milk be placed on a milk stand for some time before it starts to the factory, the stand should be covered and boarded in on the sides, and the whole neatly painted a white color. Milk should be protected from the rays of the sun, from the dust, and from the rain water. There is always a danger of getting undesirable flavors in the milk if it is exposed to the air under the ordinary farm conditions.

"If possible, the cans should be covered with a canvas cover while on the way to the factory, especially in hot, dusty weather. It is needless to say that the wagon, the man, the horses, and the harness should be clean, and a credit to the great dairy industry of Canada.

"Sour whey or buttermilk should not be put in the cans, as the acid destroys the tin and causes the can to rust. Rusty cans cause bad flavors in the milk. It is safer not to put whey in the milk can. A separate vessel should be used for this purpose, if the whey must be returned to the farm. If the whey must be returned in the milk can, it should be emptied at once upon its arrival at the farm, and the can thoroughly washed and aired in the sunshine before milk is put in it again.

"Do not use wooden pails. Discard all rusty pails, cans and stirring utensils.

"Milk cans and pails should first be rinsed in cool water, then washed with a brush and luke-warm water, in which a little sal soda has been dissolved, then scalded and placed on their sides in the sun.

"Do not use a cloth to either wash or wipe utensils.

"The two main points in caring for milk are to have everything clean, and to cool (especially the night's milk), as rapidly as possible to a temperature below 70 degreees, and to 50 or 60 degrees if possible.

"Be clean. Keep cool."

BABY'S FRIEND.

Before I got Babys Own Tablets my baby was troubled with colic and vomiting and cried night and day, and I was almost worn out. But after giving him the Tablets for a few days the trouble disappeared and you would not know it was the same child he is so healthy and good-natured now." This is the grateful testimonial of Mr. George Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., and it tells other mothers who are worn-out caring for cross sickly children, how they can bring health to the little one and ease to themselves. Baby's Own Tablets promptly cure the minor ailments of little ones, and there are no cross sickly children in the homes where the Tablets are used. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

MAKING FOOD.

TREE MUST HAVE LIGHT FOR THIS PURPOSE.

Practical Applications Made by the Forester in His Treatment of Trees.

A plant forms its own food by taking in carbonic acid gas, or carbon dioxide, from the air, and bringing up water out of the soil, through its roots, and combining these so as to form a substance which the chemists class as a sugar. An animal, on the other hand, is dependent on plants for its food; for, though a lion may eat a lamb, still that lamb fed on grass; and so the lion depends, finally, on grass for its living.

This fact, namely, that plant makes its own food, while an animal is dependent on the plants for its food, constitutes a fundamental distinction between plants and animals, from the lowest to the highest. Every plant, from the humblest of the algae that form the scum on stagnant water to the loftiest tree, has this power, with exception of a very few plants, such as the fungi that feed on other plants. In many cases there are considerable difficulties to be overcome in the process, as, for instance, when a tall tree has to raise water from the roots up to the leaves, in order that the food may be there formed.

The whole tree may be divided into three parts; namely, (1) the root, or underground part, (2) the stem, or bole, of the tree, (3) the foliage, or "crown," of the tree.

The 'sugar" which forms the food of the tree is not much like the sugar on our tables. As already stated, it is made by the tree from water and carbon dioxide. The water is got by the tree from the soil; it is absorbed by the roots, and in some manner, which scientists are not able to explain fully, is pumped up through the ste mand branches into the leaves.

On examining the under surface of the leaves with a microscope, there are to be found certain very small openings from the outside into the interior of the leaf. These the scientists call "stomata." Into these openings, and thence into the interior of the leaf, air, containing a certain amount of carbon dioxide, is continually passing. In the interior of the leaf, within the cells of which it is composed, are a number of little bodies called by the scientists "chloroplasts." These seize on the water and carbon dioxide and combine the two to make the "sugar."

It is only in the presence of light that this change takes place. When darkness comes on, the "chloroplasts" cease work, resuming only when light returns.

It is this last fact which is of so much importance to the forester in his treatment of a forest. Obviously a tree cannot grow without food, and it must somehow secure light to make this food. And if the light is cut off from one part the tree will do its best to reach the light in some other part.

In a forest, whatever its size, the natural tendency of the trees is to crowd each other. One of the forester's duties is to regulate this crowding and see that the trees get the proper amount of light. It is to this end that the "thinnings," which form so important a part of extensive forest management, are made.

Moreover, by close planting, the forester knows that he can eventually cut off the light from the lower parts of his trees, thus forcing the trees to grow upwards in order to secure the light; and thus he will obtain tall, straight stems, while the lower branches, having their light cut off, will die and finally fall off, so that the timber made from the trees will have the least possible amount of knots and so be the most serviceable.

America's Craze for Speed.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

Americans are imbued with a fervent desire to get somewhere at any cost and at the topmost speed. Some day we will be actuated by more sober purposes that will necessitate the elimination, not of space, but of speed. But not yet. The time may come when human life may be regarded as of more value than speed, but not yet. There is no time. We are in a hurry. If we can't get from New York to Chicago in eighteen hours and from Kalamazoo to Spoduk in forty-eight we are unhappy, be the "butcher's bill" what it may.

CURRENT COMMENT

There are nineteen women among the successful candidates for the Finnish Diet. Finland leads in sending women to legislate.

It may surprise some to learn that of the three thousand Torrey converts in Buffalo two hundred of them signified a desire to connect themselves with the Roman Catholic Church.

There are 36,000 children in New York schools suffering from eye defects that hinder their progress, and cause them suffering. There are 60,000 or 70,000 children for whom school acommodation is not provided.

The story that Stanford White owed the firm of which he was a member $600,000 when he was murdered by Thaw turns out to be merely another invention of the Thaw retainers. White left large debts, however, and his collection of art treasures will be sold to meet them.

Toronto is all torn up the back over the question whether the Union Jack should be flown on all the public school buildings of the city on the Twelfth of July in honor of King William and the Battle of the Boyne. If on the Twelfth, why not on the Seventeenth of Ireland, in honor of Brian Boru and Dan O'Connell?

It will be a great feather in Campbell-Bannerman's cap if he manages to bring the powers of The Hague Convention to agree to a limitation of armaments. The millions upon millions of money spent upon warships and upon the immense standing armies form a terrible burden upon the people. That money could be left in the pockets of the people or used for their betterment.

Harriman says Roosevelt asked him to help to raise funds for the Republican party, and he did so. Roosevelt says Harriman lies. Harriman produces letters to prove that he did raise funds for the purpose named. Of course, it is quite possible that this might have been done without Roosevelt's knowledge. But those very near to him handled the money.

Ex-Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, is one of the opportunists who sacrifice everything for hope of present success. "He was," says the Buffalo News, "a respectable magistrate when taken off the bench to be set in the Mayor's chair but he had no business faculty to speak of and his administration has been a distinct failure in every respect. The very traction ordinances approved by the people were drawn up by himself and sent to the Common Council with express approval, but when passed by that body with nearly a unanimous vote he vetoed them for no good reason. To gain a reelection Mayor Dunne allied himself with the worst elements in the city until it became almost an open scandal." Even with the aid of Hearst and a corps of workers he and his socialistic scheme went down to defeat. Chicago is free of one menace.

The city of Cleveland had long been noted for its unsuitableness for those afflicted with lung trouble. But three years ago it took the matter up in earnest, and the old smallpox detention hospital was opened as a tuberculosis sanitarium. Its success, says Leslie's Weekly, is shown by the number of men and women who entered its doors on stretchers and came out fully restored to health. For the benefit of those interested in the work of our own sanitarium we subjoin a description of the course of treatment given the patients at Cleveland:

The patients are required to spend four hours each day in bed on the verandas, absolutely at rest. This rule is rigidly enforced, irrespective of weather conditions. In case of rain or snow the beds are covered with mackintoshes. The treatment is simple, but exacting. When a patient arrives he is bathed and put to bed. Then follows a thorough examination by the physicians, and from that day until he is cured or passes out of this life the progress of the disease is recorded. Warm clothing is provided, also a long flannel gown and slippers for sleeping out of doors. Heated soapstones are placed in each bed, and every precaution is taken to make the patient comfortable. Warm dressing rooms are provided. Sputum cups are always used, and these, as well as the gauze handkerchiefs, are collected three times a day and burned. The bedding is changed twice a week, and oftener if necessary. Eggs and milk form the chief diet, though one hundred and sixty-five pounds of beef and four bushels of potatoes are used each day. Three full meals are served, and milk is given every hour during the day, and as often throughout the night as the patient asks for nourishment. Eggs are taken as pleases the taste, raw, with lemon, milk or wine. Cod-liver oil is also used, and cocoa is served during the rest hours. Patients are never rebellious, and are usually profuse in their thanks to the nurses for what is done. The whole atmosphere of the place is pleasant, and there is no gloom anywhere.

Marriages.

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