The True and The False

The saloon was superbly fitted up and splendidly illuminated, and filled with the most brilliant and imposing company that had ever gathered there. Here were assembled some of the most distinguished men and most beautiful women from the four quarters of the nation; men high in military or civic rank, renowned in the field or the forum; scholars celebrated in the arts or sciences; general officers in their gorgeous uniforms; foreign ministers and ambassadors in their sumptuous court dresses, and attended by their suites; in a word, all the splendor, talent, beauty and celebrity of the capital city in its best season filled the President's saloon that night.

It must be confessed that our rustic boy, with his pride and genius and sensitiveness, was at first somewhat dazzled and dashed. Yet he need not have been. In all that brilliant assemblage there was not so handsome or graceful a man as Falconer O'Leary—with his classic profile, and his gypsy skin, his large, dark, flashing eyes, and shining raven hair, and his fine, free, athletic figure, clothed in the simple suit of black—he was literally "handsome as Hercules ere his first labor," and more than one pair of bright eyes lingered on the boy and wondered who he was. His eyes sought their star, Maud Hunter. There she was!—the beautiful girl—seated on one of the side sofas, and, as usual, with her father and her mother.

And unobserved for a while he watched her, and nearly suffocated with strangely mixed emotions of love, jealousy, anger and admiration. Maud had been beautiful as a star, when clad in her plain, humble gown of black calico, without a single ornamemt. And now her peerless beauty was enhanced by all the advantages of a rich and elegant costume. She wore a robe of rose-colored brocade, made low on the neck, with short sleeves, and trimmed with a gossamer lace, pearl necklace and bracelets, and a string of pearls twined in and out with the sunny braids of her hair, and looping back the long, bright ringlets from her rosy cheeks. Her face was averted, and her head bowed over a bouquet that she held in her haid—she was blushing under the too admiring gaze and speech of some perfumed foreigner, who was bending over her—and whom Falconer at once stigmatized as an impudent, conceited French poodle, whom he should like to seize by the goatee and send whirling from the room.

"Can you tell me who that foreign jack-a-nape is, standing before Miss Hunter?" he asked of Donzoni, who was passing near.

"That! Oh! Is it possible you don't know? Why, he is one of the foremost among the competitors for the hand of the beautiful heiress—said to be a dangerous, if not a successful rival of Sir Henry Percival.

"Who is he?" muttered Falconer, between his clenched teeth.

"Why, Senor Don Emillio D'O——, the son of General the Count D'O——, of the Argentine Republic. One of the lions of the Washington salons. I am surprised you did not know him!"

"No, I know nothing of the foreign monkeys that fine ladies choose to make lions of," growled Falconer, with a bitter look directed toward Maud, who had not as yet lifted her head.

Other gentlemen had approached the beauty, and among them were Mr. ——, the nephew of the President, a starred and ribboned foreign minister, and a military officer. They closed in and intercepted his view of the lovely girl, and he anathemized them for the act. The very heart in his bosom was corroding with chagrin. He had never seen Maud in full dress before, and now, insignificant as such a superficial matter really was, it seemed to the boy's vexed and morbid feelings as if the very elegance of her dress, as well as the nature of her surroundings, separated her farther and farther from him. And when her face was turned away, she seemed quite another person from the little, loving creature in the plain black calico frock, who used to sit by his humble cottage fire and knit or sew—and who was all his own, with no one to interfere—and whom he could love, caress, chide, praise, flatter, quarrel with, and make up with at his pleasure, with no one to oppose. Now she was drawn away and lifted high above him—set like a star in the heavens, above him, and he growled behind his set teeth.

"No! no! this is not my gentle love—this is every inch a superfine young lady—this is really the queen-beauty of Washington, and she has forgotten that she ever was anything else!"

Thus he thought and spoke when Maud's face was turned away, while she received the adulation, conveyed by glance and tone and sigh, of the circle around her. But presently the circle opened, and at the same moment the beautiful girl lifted up her head, and her eyes fell upon Falconer, and the smile of joy that suddenly illumined her sweet, pensive countenance, revealed that she was still at heart his Maud. She took and pressed her mother's fingers, and stooped and spoke to her with a gladdensd sparkling glance. And Mrs. Hunter smiled gently, and looked toward Falconer.

But then the boy's proud, jealous, surly demon instigated him to grumble to himself that he would not stand there to be made a spectable of, and, turning abruptly, he moved off to a distant part of the salon, where, from an oblique angle, unobserved himself, he continued to watch the maiden.

There was a little stir and murmur around him, which he soon understood to be occasioned by the quiet entrance of the President into the saloon. But the President was a subject of profound indifference to our boy, until he saw his venerable but still erect and imposing form standing before Mrs. Hunter and her daughter. He saw him bow and smile, and fall into a pleasant, lively chat with the mother, and then, after a little while, turn and address the daughter and offer her his arm. And he saw Maud bow and smile and arise. And saw them pass off together for a promenade. The boy's jealous heart overflowed with bitterness.

"It was not enough," he said, "that her head was turned with flattery before, but now the President must do her this very unusual honor!"

And he stood and watched them as they joined the circle of promenaders that slowly revolved around the saloon. He watched the pair closely. They walked and talked like friends. In the President's manner to the beautiful girl there was a sort of fatherly fondness and familiarity, and in Maud's demeanor to his excellency a filial respect and affection that seemed to dispense with ceremony and reduce their intercourse to a primitive simplicity.

After making the circuit of the salon two or three times the President led her back to her place, took the seat by her side and continued the pleasant, lively chat with her there. Falconer observed them some time longer, and then, nodding his head grimly two or three times, he said to himself:

"Now I will try her! I will put her to the test! I will put them all to the test! Come! I will go and invite Miss Hunter to take a promenade with me. Let us see if she will accept the invitation. Let us see if she will not rather be 'very sorry,' and too much fatigued, and beg to be excused. Oh! ha! ha! I know how it will be!".

And so saying, the boy deliberately sauntered up toward the sofa where they sat. The President was seated between Mrs. and Miss Hunter—Daniel Hunter on the other side of his wife. The four were gayly conversing with their heads together, and did not perceive the approach of Falconer until he stood before them. He bowed to the group, and then, turning to Maud, addressed to her some words of the merest commonplace courtesy.

"A very pleasant evening, Miss Hunter—I hope that you have enjoyed it."

She looked up—the same flush of pleasure lighted up her face, and out flew her little white hand like a bird into his—and:

"Oh Falconer! I am so glad to see you!" she said.

Spoiled child of society, as he had called her, she was still far more natural, simple and genial than himself.

"I am so glad to see you. But why have you not called?"

"Circumstances beyond my control," Miss Hunter, have deprived me of that honor. I need scarcely inquire, Miss Hunter, whether you are pleased with Washington city. Your looks assure me that you have enjoyed your winter here."

"Yes; it is a pleasant place in its season; we meet interesting people from all parts of the world here. And, best of all, I like it because it is a truly democratic city; there is little exclusiveness here."

"I am truly rejoiced to hear that you have been so well pleased, Miss Hunter."

"And yet— and yet, sir, I might have been better pleased."

"Miss Hunter, if you are not already too weary, will you do me the honor to accept my arm for the promenade?"

"I will do myself that pleasure, rather, if the President will excuse me," she said, turning with a beaming smile toward the latter.

The President assented with a bow and a smile, and a jest as to what he should answer were he forty years younger.

"And will your excellency permit me to present to you my earliest friend and foster-brother, Mr. Falconer O'Leary, of Maryland. No doubt," she added, with a smile full of girlish gayety and innocent freedom, "Mr. O'Leary, as in duty bound, made his bow to the President in his reception room, but we know that his excellency finds it impossible to remember every one among his 'dear five million friends'"

"Miss Hunter may do her utmost will with me," said the old gentleman, shaking his hand, and then welcoming Falconer with cordiality. And our boy felt a twinge of compunction and also of mortification to think that he had really committed the vandalism of passing through the reception room and entering the salon without having had the grace to pay his respects to the master of the house—not to say the President.

But this slight feeling of self-reproach was but as a ripple upon the stormy waves of his deeper and fiercer emotions, in which it was soon engulfed. He drew the little hand of the maiden within his arm and joined the promenaders. The thick press of the crowd was now beginning to thin off—the salon was only moderately full of company. And Miss Hunter, hanging on the arm of a stranger of distinguished manly grace and beauty, was now the observed of all observers. She was indifferent because unconscious of the attention they attracted; but he, on the contrary, with his heart bursting with suppressed emotion, and desirous above all things for a confidential interview with her—he was painfully conscious of the hundreds of eyes that saw him. He was pale and silent—now with her arm resting trustingly on his, with her touch thrilling him through every nerve and vein to his heart's core, he could no longer affect to address her with the commonplace nonsense of a drawing-room chit-chat.

He looked toward Mr. and Mrs. Hunter to see how they took his promenade with their daughter, and whether they watched him. But, no! they appeared cheerful and confident, or indifferent, he could not decide which. The President and Mr. Hunter were earnestly discussing some subject of interest, and Mrs. Hunter was listening to them with pleased attention. There was evidently no jealous surveillance on their part.

But, oh! the crowd—the crowd, with its argus eyes! pressing so close upon them, too—two or three couples abreast, immediately in front of them—two or three couples treading on their heels behind—and a couple on the right hand, and a couple on the left—and no opportunity of relieving his bosom's weight by speaking one earnest heart-word to his beloved that would not be heard by a dozen pair of ears, and repeated, most likely, by as many gossiping tongues. And this their frist meeting after their stormy separation and long, weary absence!

They made one or two turns around the room, and then another fear seized him—the company were now thinning off so fast that he thought their parting hour would come before he had said what his heart was bursting to say. At last he stooped and whispered huskily:

"Maud Hunter, I must speak to you alone, or die!"

She pressed her fingers on the arm on which she rested, and without further reply raised her head and looked toward a distont corner sofa that ad been lately occupied by a party who were now leaving it to retire. Falconer followed her glance and led her toward it. They reached it, and took the vacant seats.

"Maud," he commenced, "you said, a few moments ago, that you might have been better pleased with Washington. Dearest Maud, will you tell me what you mean?"

"If you had called to see us frequently as others did and do, I should have been happier."

"As others do! And do you imagine, Maud Hunter, that I could visit you as others do? I, your inseparable companion from infancy! I, who for years, and until the very moment of our sudden separation, looked upon you as my wife? Oh, Sylvia, how blind, deaf, insensible you must be to all I feel! to all I suffer! Visit you as others do!"

"I did not mean that, Falconer. You must know I did not mean that. I should have been gladder to see you than to see any one else, my dearest brother!"

"Your brother! Hum—yes! You introduced me to the President as your foster-brother—was it as your foster-brother that you would have been glad to see me?"

"Yes, dear Falconer."

"Miss Hunter! I have heard a rumor to which I have hitherto given but little credence, but which your manner would seem to confirm."

"I do not understand you," said Maud.

"Miss Hunter—pardon me for asking a plain question, which I, nevertheless, think I may be considered entitled to ask and to which I may have a right to a candid answer."

"What is it then, Mr. O'Leary?"

Mr. O'Leary! It was the first time she had ever so addressed him, and though he might have known that she could not do otherwise, since he persevered in calling her Miss Hunter—the name went through his bosom like a sword. He was very pale with restrained emotion—and his voice had an unnaturally low, level tone, as he inquired:

"Miss Hunter, pardon my presumption, but are you engaged to be married?"

"Falconer, you wound and distress me."

"I am grieved to do so—I beg pardon—nevertheless, I beseech you, answer my question frankly, and to the point—are you engaged to be married or not?"

"I consider myself engaged," answered the maiden, in a low voice.

"Enough, enough, Miss Hunter! pardon my presumption, and permit me to lead you back to your party," said the boy, in a smothered, suffocating voice.

"Falconer, my dear brother, what is the matter?" asked Maud, in alarm.

"Nothing—nothing—nothing— except that I am what many men have been before me, and many men will be after me—a fool!" He got up and offered his arm, and she also arose with a look of perplexity and distress, took it, and suffered him to conduct her back to her parents. And then the boy bowed deeply and withdrew. He immediately left the salon—the light of life seemed dying out within him—his cheeks were white and curdled—his lips bloodless—his very eyes stagnant in their sockets—he was sick of existence—he could derive no consolation or relief even from his art now; he could not have touched the Laocoon; he could not even have worked at the Niobe; he could do nothing. he thought but die, if death would only come. Maud retired from the salon with her parents.

On reaching home she went immediately to her own chamber, where throwing herself upon the bed, all elegantly dressed as she was, she gave way to a passionate fit of weeping.

There came a tap at the door; she knew her mother's signal, and arose and opened it.

"Now, I have come to have a talk with you, child; now tell me what it is between you and Falconer? Why did he look so much like a death's head when he brought you back to us; and why have yo ubeen weeping so much? Tell your mother," said the lady, leading the maiden to the sofa, and embracing her.

Maud threw herself upon her mother's bosom, and wept heartily before she answered. And when Mrs. Hunter repeated the question. she replied:

"Oh, mother, dear mother, I do not understand it at all. All I do know is, that Falconer is very, very wretched, and behaves in a manner that is as incomprehensible as it is torturing to us both."

"In what manner does he behave, my dear? What does he say? What does he do? He must be very mistaken, and very unreasonable."

"Oh, mamma, I could not explain it to you, because I do not comprehend it myself, only I feel that we are just now both very miserable, and that I am ungrateful, dear mother, in not being perfectly happy with you and my best father."

"My love, tell me all that has passed between yourself and Falconer, and I shall be better able to judge."

"Well, dear mother, I will; listen," said Maud, beginning and telling the lady word for word the whole of the short but significant conversation between herself and her wild lover. In conclusion, she said, "Now, dear mother, what can any one make of such conduct? just at the very moment I assured him that I considered myself bound to him, that he should have changed in such a deathly way, and left me so abruptly."

The lady sat in thought a few moments, and then a smile came over her face, and embracing her daughter, she said:

"I see it all, my love. There is a misunderstanding between you. You were speaking at cross purposes."

"How, dearest mother?"

"Why, thus; it is clear enough to me; he has heard of a silly rumor of your being engaged to Percival."

"Is there such a rumor, mamma? Oh, I am very much mortified!"

"Yes, there is such a report, my dear. I have contradicted wherever I have heard it. Yet it still prevails."

"I am very sorry! And that unhappy Falconer has heard it."

"Undoubtedly, and he was talking about your rumored engagement to Percival, while you were thinking only of your pledge to himself! That explains his wretchedness."

"But, mamma," said Maud, gravely, "it is impossible that Falconer could, for an instant, entertain the idea of my being so false! No, no, mamma! Falconer never, never thought so ill of me!"

"My child, as long as Falconer lived with you, he evidently does not fully understand and appreciate you. His judgment is blinded by his passions."

"And, oh, mamma! could Falconer believe that I could be a traitor to my life-long love, and engage myself to another?"

"It is evident that he did so, my child; and that he understood you to confess such an engagement."

"Oh, how could Falconer? How could he? Oh, mamma, let us undeceive him! Oh, mamma! tell me how I can undeceive him at once!" said Maud, clasping her hands.

The lady drew her to her bosom, and gravely and sweetly answered:

(To be continued.)

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURE ANAEMIA.

Pale Faces, Dizzy Spells, Palpitating Heart, Headaches and Shortness of Breath Are Symptoms of Anaemia.

Watery blood is an open invitation to disease to take possession of your system. Watery blood is responsible for nearly all the headaches and backaches and sideaches that afflict womankind. Watery blood is responsible for the dull eyes, sallow cheeks and the listless, dragged out feeling that is found in so many growing girls. Good blood means good health, and good blood actually comes through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Weak, ailing, despondent women who use this medicine are made active and strong; lifeless, pale-faced girls are given new health, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and a new sense of happiness and security. Mrs. E. S. Nightingale, Chesley, Ont., says: "My daughter was ill for a long time with anaemia and would often be confined to bed for three or four days at a time, and we feared she was going into a decline. A lady friend advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I got a half dozen boxes. By the time these were used there was a marked improvement, and I got a further supply for her. The change these pills have wrought in her condition is so great that you would not think that she was the same girl. I will always have a kindly feeling for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Nearly every Japanese follows the trade or profession of his father.

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.

FARM AND GARDEN

Didn't you get just a wee bit tired of "Evangeline" in your school days? You remember that you had to commit the plaguey thing to memory and scan it until the singsong of the verse got on your nerves? Can't you hear yourself now, upraised on two rather shaky legs, chanting unmusically:

This is the forest primeval.
The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss and in garments green,
Indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld——

But why go on? The whole horrid scene comes back to you. How you did hate that forest primeval! So it will be good news to you who were children to learn that the forest primeval isn't there any more on "the shores of the Basin of Minas." But another forest has arisen, a forest of fruit trees. Mostly apple trees.

There are those who will tell you that an apple is an apple no matter from whence it comes. That isn't so. A Nova Scotia apple is something quite different. At least that's what they tell you up in the land of the bluenose.

It must have been a Nova Scotia apple, they tell you, committing an anachronism cheerfully, which Eros threw at the marriage feast of Peleus and Thetis, thereby causing that disgraceful scramble by Juno, Minerva and Venus. But they say that it was no fault of the apple that the decision of that impressionable umpire Paris, awarding the game to Venus, caused the Trojan war and page after page of Greek that had to be read in our late school days.

The history of the apple is still to be written. The reference books tell us that the tree is indigenous to Anatolia, the southern Caucasus and northern Russia. It certainly got a start in Nova Scotia just as soon as that primeval forest began to disappear. It has spread mightily throughout the province, but is found more abundantly in the Annapolis valley.

The Annapolis Valley has been called the "Garden Spot of the Earth." When you have driven miles upon miles through forests of apple and pear and other trees, in the spring time when a sea of red and pink and white blossoms meets the eye and a riot of perfume assails the nostrils, or in the autumn when the trees are weighted down with their burden of fruit, you will think it well named.

Roughly speaking the Valley—they just call it a Valley in eastern Canada and let it go at that—is 100 miles long and thirty miles wide. The soil is fertile and well watered.

Rivers and tidal estuaries divide it longitudinally into a series of ridges. The river bottoms and the flats reclaimed from the sea are given over to hay fields and pasture land.

The ridges are devoted largely to fruit-growing. If you stand someone here in the bottom lands you will see rising gently from the meadows on either side orchard after orchard. If it is blossom time the picture will be brilliant. Here and there you will see houses and farm buildings rising amid the trees. There are occasional patches of tilled land, but it is mostly all trees.

The yield of the Annapolis Valley this year is the greatest in its history. The crop has all been gathered and marketed. It is estimated that more than 700,000 barrels of apples were shipped, not to mention the pears and plums and quinces.

Most of the apples have gone to England, as usual, but this year more shipments have been made to the American market than ever before. The prices have ranged from $2.50 to $3 a barrel and the Nova Scotia orchidists have received about $2,000,000 for their harvest.

Last year the crop was about half as big. This year's harvest is seventeen times greater than that of fifteen years ago. For a farmer to clear from $5,000 to $10,000 a year on his apples is not unusual.

Twenty years ago the farmer who shipped 1,000 barrels a year was a rarity; now there are many 5,000 barrel men. The greatest orchard in the valley is Hillcrest, near Kentville. It contains more than 25,000 trees.

The apples of Nova Scotia have a flavor all their own. Though the fruit grows large, it does not become gross, as is the case with a good deal of the fruit that comes from the West.

There are any number of varieties. In the late summer come the Harvest apples, the Bow Sweets, the Red Astrachans and others. Later on come the Gravensteins—the king of all the fall apples—the Strawberry apples and the Bishop Pippins.

The list of winter apples would be interminable. The two varieties which command the highest prices are the Blenheim Pippins and the Ripston Pippins. They're both pippins in the colloquial sense of that word.

Kings they are in the apple family—far, far above the ruck of Baldwins and King of Tompkins and Spitzenbergs and Greenings and even Russet Sweets. The Northern Spy, considered very highly in some parts, is an also ran in Nova Scotia.

The apple tree is long lived and grows to great size. You will notice in one view that considerable space is left between the trees. In the fulness of time these trees will shoot up and reach out until the sunlight can scarcely pierce the gloom.

The soil of the orchards is cultivated carefully. Some years it is planted in grain or potatoes; in others sown to grass. Occasionally a crop of grain is raised and allowed to rot.

The young tree which had its picture taken in a sort of family group did a fine job this year. In fact it rather overdid it and had to be propped up. The fruit of this tree will fill three barrels at the least. An old apple tree will produce ten barrels or more of excellent fruit.

The apples are picked in the orchards and usually carted away at once to steamer or train for shipment. In packing apples one opens the bottom of the barrel. The very finest specimens of the fruit are arranged in nice layers at what will be the top of the barrel when it is opened by the consumer. That's why the apples always look so nice when you open a fresh barrel.

But the Nova Scotia fruit grower is an honest individual. He grades the apples carefully and marks the barrels "No. 1," "No. 2" and "No. 3." Even the three are good. All below that grade go to the cider mill.

The valley is a city of big gardens. The main roads, running generally east and west, one on each side of each ridge, are called streets. The houses are large and prosperous looking; many of them have pretentious flower gardens. Fences have been generally abolished. Almost every house has its telephone. Every farmer keeps a good stable and smart rigs for pleasure driving.

Altogether it is an unusual farming community. The rounds of social life go on as in a city. The sons go to college and return to the farm content to make that their calling in life.

Here and there the houses get close enough together to form a settlement which gets a name of its own. But there are no large towns. Annapolis, Bridgetown, Kentville and Wolfville are all under 2,000 population. It is just one big city, prosperous and contented.

There is one great lack. Applejack is scarcely known. New Scotland might well take a lesson from New Jersey.

PREPARING BEES FOR WINTER.

Do not put off preparations for winter any longer than can possibly be avoided. The sooner after the white honey harvest is over that the bees are prepared for their winter snooze the better for all concerned, unless, of course, there is a fall flow of honey from buckwheat, golden rod, or some other source. But as a rule the beginner had better not figure on his bees storing honey in September.

The first thing to be done after the supers are removed is to see that each colony has a laying queen and a good number of bees—enough to cover all the combs in an eight-frame hive on a day inclined to the cool will generally make a satisfactory cluster for wintering. To be sure (says E. G. Hand, in the "Canadian Bee Journal") that there is a queen, each hive must be opened and brood looked for. Look about the centre of the hive, and if a nice patch of sealed brood is seen on two or three frames, or even on one, the colony may be passed as all right in that respect. If a hive is found with no brood, when other hives have a reasonable amount, a search should be made for the queen. If she cannot be found, she is probably not there, but if she is, and is good for anything, her presence can be detected by giving a little feed to the colony in a feeder each evening for a week. This will make the queen commence to lay, and the eggs may be easily seen. Unless a queen is much valued, however, or it is desired to winter as many as possible, it does not pay to spend too much time hunting a queen this time of year. In an apiary of any size, even a small one, there are nearly always a colony or two too light in bees to put into winter, though they must have good queens. When a populous colony is found queenless, unite with one of these small colonies having a good queen, and everything will be all right. When a colony is found that has been queenless for a long time, so that "laying workers" have made their appearance, and, as a consequence, the hive is populated chiefly by little drones, it is no use to bothering with them. The appearance of a comb containing brood from the eggs of these laying workers is so entirely different from that of a comb containing the brood of a good queen that even a novice will notice it at first glance. Whereas "proper" brood is capped evenly, and almost level with the top of the cells, this freak brood of the laying workers is very uneven and patchy, with the cappings bulged away up in some places, and having the general appearance of rough ground, or a field covered with boulders. Laying workers lay any number of eggs in a cell—as many as there is room for, sometimes. So does a "drone laying" queen. But there is this difference which will enable the beginner or anyone else to distinguish between the work of the two; that the eggs of the laying workers are nearly always stuck to the sides of the cell about two-thirds of the way to the bottom, while the eggs of a drone-laying queen will be placed in their proper place in the bottom of the cell. A drone-laying queen is no use, and must be destroyed and her colony united with one having a good laying queen.

After seeing that all colonies have good queens and enough bees, each hive must be weighed to find whether there is a sufficient honey in it to winter the bees. An eight-frame Langstroth hive, with cover, bottom-board and everything complete, should weigh in the fall, at least sixty pounds if it is proposed to winter the bees on their summer stands. If to be wintered in a cellar anything over fifty pounds will generally be all right, but a few pounds more is safer. A ten-frame hive should weigh about ten lbs. more than an eight, for equal results. When weighing, if hives are not built all alike, allowance must be made for variations in weight of lumber or other material in their make-up. The weights given above are for ordinary hives of well-seasoned one-inch pine lumber, with single board covers and reversible bottoms. Mark the weight on each hive at the time of weighing, and after the weighing is done, get the light ones up to proper weight. If one has some heavy combs of honey saved from the extracting supers, it does not take much time to do the feeding. Simply open the light hive, take out an empty, or nearly empty, comb, or more than one if necessary, and replace them with full ones. Arrange the combs so that all those containing much honey may be near together, any which are nearly empty being placed by themselves at one side of the hive. By arranging the combs this way, the bees do not find it necessary to move across empty combs to get at the full ones during the winter, as would happen if half the honey is at one side of the hive, and half at the other, with empty combs between. If no full combs are to be had the bees may be fed up to weight on granulated sugar, mixing equal parts by weight of sugar and water and melting it upon the stove, and feeding in a feeder or some kind of dish inside the hive or in an empty super body set on top of the hive. A shallow pan placed on top of the frames, and with a piece of this wood just a trifle smaller than the inside of the pan placed in to float on the feed, so that bees may not fall in and be drowned, works all right. Place warm feed in the pan each evening, as much as the bees will take down in the night, and get them up to weight as fast as possible. Better feed to five pounds or so over weight, as they will go back that much after feeding stops. Get the feeding done soon as possible, and look out for robbers while doing it.

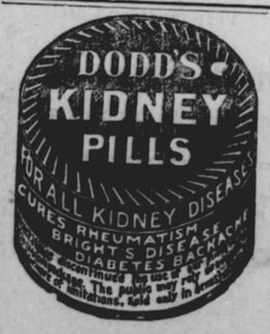
A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine for children that gives the mother the guarantee of a Government analyst that it is absolutely free from opiates and poisonous soothing stuff. The Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and simple fevers, and bring teeth through painlessly. They give baby sound natural sleep because they remove the cause of crossness and sleeplessness. Mrs. Ralph Judd, Judd Haven, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have given me great satisfaction both for teething troubles and constipation." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Warning to Trolley Car Drivers.

Every time we went into Damascus, whether from our tents on the terrace above an ancient and dilapidated pleasure garden or from our red tiled rooms in the good Hotel d'Orient, to which we had been driven by a plague of sand flies in the camp, we stepped at once into a chapter of the Arabian Nights Entertainments.

It is true there were electric lights and there was a trolley car crawling around the city, but they no more made it Western and modern than a bead necklace would change the character of the Venus of Milo. The driver of the trolley car looked like one of "The Three Calendars," and a gayly dressed little boy beside him blew loudly on an instrument of discord as the machine tranquilly advanced through the crowd. A man was run over a few months ago; his friends waited for the car to come around the next day, pulled the driver from his perch and stuck a number of long knives through him in a truly Oriental manner.—Henry van Dyke in Harper's Magazine.



CURRENT COMMENT

Down to your books, boys and girls; there will be a diploma list to publish when the June roses bloom.

According to the report of the Pennsylvania Health Department the death rate in that State for 1906 was 16.5 per 1,000 of population. The urban rate was 18.1, the rural rate 15.1. Nearly 25 per cent. of the total number of deaths were of infants less than one year old. The death rate among the negro population was 27.5 per 1,000, as against 16.2 per 1,000 among the whites. There were 10,180 deaths as a result of violence. The deaths among the children and the negro population, no doubt, show the need of better sanitary arrangements and more enlightened care in rearing the infants.

Lord Kelvin, who died recently, was the most famous scientist of the time. A few of the inventions that made him so famous were:

Thomson mariner's compass. This was a great improvement on all existing maritime compasses.

Many electro-meters, volt-meters, ammeters, and watt-meters. These are instruments used for measuring the force of the electric current.

The mirror galvanometer and syphon recorder. These are two delicate instruments used in submarine telegraphy for receiving signals.

Graded galvanometers. These are for detecting an electric current and measuring its strength.

Machines for predicting the level of tides. A depth recorder. A tide gauge. An air condenser. An astronomical clock. A water tap.

Some interesting facts bearing on the population, debt and expenditure of the various nations have recently been given to the public in a British Blue Book. According to the figures given in this document there seems to be no great justification for the jeremiads of the earth-rate cranks who profess to see the coming depopulation of the world. The names show that in the last ten years there has been a total increase in the population of the principal countries of over 63,000,000 persons. We find that the total population has grown from 506,000,000 in 1895 to 570,000,000 last year. The figures are as follows:

	1895.	1905.
Russia	125,000,000	142,200,000
United States	68,934,000	83,143,000
Germany	52,279,000	60,605,000
Japan	42,271,000	47,015,000
U. Kingdom	39,221,000	43,221,000
France	38,459,000	39,300,000
Italy	31,296,000	33,600,000
Austria	24,971,000	27,241,000
Hungary	18,257,000	20,114,000
Spain	18,157,000	18,960,000
Smaller nations	47,732,000	54,166,000

Belgium as a country is the most crowded of the civilized nations included in the computation, as will be seen by this tabulation of population per square mile and area:

	Area in square miles.	Persons per square mile.
United States	3,567,371	21.4
Russia (Europe)	2,052,490	51.3
Spain	194,744	95.5
Hungary	125,392	153.6
France	204,321	190.7
Austria	115,802	225.8
Germany	208,727	290.4
Japan	147,476	316.9
United Kingdom	121,371	341.6
Holland	12,559	406.4
Belgium	11,370	588.7

When it comes to districts, however, Hanse Towns in Germany shows a population of 3,327, while the most densely peopled square mile in the world is found in New York.

In birth-rate Russia leads, the figures being 49 per 1,000 of the population. But against this it has also the highest death-rate, which stands at 31 per 1,000 of the population. The lowest birth-rate is possessed by France, the births only averaging 21 per 1,000 of the population, and when the fact that its death-rate is as high as 19.6 per 1,000 is considered, the small increase in the total population shown above is explained. Russia's slaughter of the innocents is a disgrace to civilization, while France offers a problem to political and social economists. Spain, Italy, Austria, Hungary and Japan all have birth-rates of over 32 per 1,000, but their death-rates are equally high, the lowest of the group being Japan, with a rate of [illegible] per 1,000, and the highest Spain, with a rate of 25.8 per 1,000. The lowest death-rate is that of Denmark, where it stands at 13.9 per 1,000, and as the Danes have a birth-rate of 28.5 per 1,000, their position is an enviable one. The United Kingdom is among the most favorable so far as death-rate is concerned—16.5 per 1,000—but its death-rate has steadily fallen to 27.6.

	Population.
London	4,872,710
New York	3,437,000
Paris	2,714,000
Berlin	2,040,000
Tokio	1,819,000
Chicago	1,699,000
Vienna	1,675,000
Philadelphia	1,294,000
St. Petersburg	1,265,000
Moscow	1,033,000
Buenos Ayres	1,026,000

The return gives the total of the debt of the nine most important nations as £4,069,000,000, a staggering figure. Here are the statistics of expenditure and debt:

	Expenditure.	Debt.
Russia	£223,575,000	£ 747,518,000
U. States	159,022,000	296,222,000
U. King.	146,951,000	796,736,000
France	143,889,000	1,038,779,000
Germany	110,444,000	161,311,000
Italy	74,819,00	517,247,000
Austria	72,282,000	289,485,000
Hungary	50,640,000	226,343,000
Belgium	25,119,023	126,183,000

Russia appears to be the only country which succeeds in carrying on its national duties at a cost less than £2 per head, while the United Kingdom, France, and Austria-Hungary are the most costly nations, their expenditure reaching over £3 per head of the population.

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