

A ROBIN ON THE THORN.

The frost is on the meadow,
There is snow, and cold's the morn,
But from the window I have seen
A robin on the thorn.
Not yet a leaf on any tree,
Nor ever grass blade green,
But this dull day of winter,
A robin I have seen.
Perhaps his winter quarters
In yonder thicket are;
Perhaps he tarried here and thought
The sunny south too far;
When other birds went flying there
He lingered here, I ween;
On this chill day of winter
A robin I have seen.

So brave the little fellow,
His breast so bright and red,
He strutted past the pane and cocked
His small, defiant head.
First robin of the season, he
Just pioneered the scene,
As fearless as a brigadier,
Full dauntless was his mien.
Oh, robin, swift the coming
Shall be of lovely spring!
Ere long in forest and in wood
Will fill how many a wing!
But none of all the feathered host,
When all the trees are green,
Will be so beautiful as you,
First robin I have seen.
This wintry day when northerns
May yet come sweeping by,
When storm and tempest brood aloft
Inullen, leaden sky,
You've dared the chance of weather,
You, splendid and serene,
And I am less a craven, for
A robin I have seen.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Everywhere.

Also Got the House

ON May 1 last a young professional man and his wife, who had then just come to Washington from a western state to settle, rented a furnished house uptown for the season. They expressly contracted for the whole plant and fixtures, from cellar to attic.

The owner of the furnished house—a club and guild woman of degree—held out for a good, round rental. Her terms were accepted, the contract was signed, a sizeable bunch of the season's rental was paid in advance, and the young couple from the west, breathing sighs of relief, naturally figured that they had an outfit all their own till the cold weather began.

But they were wrong in their hand-capping figures. Three days after they were installed their landlady, all amiability and smiles, as befitted the manner of a lady who frequently presides over women's meetings of one sort or another, called in the afternoon, in the absence of the head of the house.

She was received by the young man's wife. They talked weather, ailments, cut-on-the-bias and polo hat for a few moments, and then the landlady's eye suddenly—that is with apparent suddenness—fell upon a couple of small busts—Beethoven and Mozart—that rested upon ebony pedestals in the parlor.

"Oh, those dear busts!" she exclaimed, in a tone of passionate longing. "You cannot conceive how I miss them!"

"I do so do to on Baytown particularly! Would it grieve you too much, my dear, if I were to ask you to let me have them for my rooms?"

The young mistress of the household was a bit taken back, but young matrons are easily hypnotized by elders of their sex, especially those who are so distinguished that they occasionally preside over women's meetings.

"Er—certainly, I can understand how one becomes attached to little articles of that sort—take them, by all means," she replied, wondering what her husband would say when he discovered the absence of the busts.

"Thank you so much, my dear—I'll send a man for them this very afternoon," said the landlady, rising and taking an effusive departure.

An hour later a man with a pushcart hove to alongside the curb in front of the house, and when he got under way again he had the busts of Beethoven and Mozart, with their pedestals, in the hold of his cart.

"Huh!" was all that the young matron's husband said when, upon his return that evening, she told him about the absentee busts.

Five days later the landlady called again, bubbling over with good spirits and cheerfulness. After a few moments of breezy conversation, she got an eye focus on a leather couch in the sitting room, with four or five couch pillows banked upon the same.

Very well, I shall send for the couch this afternoon, and please do not let the man who comes for the pillows, there's a dear."

Whereupon she rose, pressed the young matron's hand fervently, and was off. Half an hour later the push-cart man came up, four bells, under a full head of steam and forced draught, and when he pointed down street again he had the couch and pillows properly stowed amidships.

"Why, what's become of the lounge?" inquired the head of the house when, after dinner that evening, he was ready to stretch himself out for a bit of a smoke. His wife told him. He looked at her quite fixedly.

"My dear," said he, "you're developing into more different kinds of a come-on a mark, and a good thing than you ever were before. Get contiguous to yourself, my dear. Practice the frozen countenance a little more, even if you do have to abandon some of the delectable. I was very fond of that couch, I surmise."

About a week later the landlady showed up again.

"I do hope she won't be wanting anything this time!" fervently said the young matron to herself when the servant brought her the card.

The landlady was as girlishly, giddily amiable and affectionate as upon her previous visits. After expatiating at considerable length upon sundry and diverse topics of the day, she had a sudden thump.

"Oh my dear, I knew there was something I wanted to ask you," she exclaimed, her crafty countenance wrinkling with benign smiles. That piano lamp—isn't it a lovely one!—presented to me for being the most popular lady of my guild. I do miss it so much! It she's such a soft, mellow glow, don't you think? And I'm going to have a small midsummer musicale in my teeny, teeny rooms the first cool night, and I'd be so much obliged to you if you could let me have it for a couple of weeks!"

"But I fear that my husband—he plays, you know—might—er—he is so particular about the little things around the house, you know—and he might—er—was the weak reply of the young matron of the household.

"Oh, I am perfectly sure he would not mind," interrupted the landlady, off-hand, in her confident way. "Why, he is the most delightfully agreeable man—I declare, I have quite fallen in love with him! Very well, then, my dear, I shall send the man for it this afternoon."

Then the landlady, giving the young matron's hand the most fetching, faking little squeeze imaginable, took her leave.

"Well, she's been here again," said the young wife to her husband when he came in.

"Who's that?" he inquired.

"Why, the landlady," said his wife.

"And what did she swipe this time?" he asked her.

"The piano lamp," was the reply.

LESSONS DISLIKED

CONQUER INERTIA AND STUDY WITH ZEAL.

How School-Girls May Become Interesting Women—Dorothy Enjoys English, But Hates Mathematics—The Girl Who Never Can Remember—The Girl Who Can't Remember—How One Miss Acquired a Foreign Vocabulary—School Prizes—If You've Too Many Studies, Drop the Ones You Like.

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER. (Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Some girls dislike all lessons. They would shed no tears if they never again had to memorize or recite; if lessons were left wholly out of their calendar from this time onward. I hope you do not belong to their company, or that if you do, you will make haste to leave it.

There was Molly Sue, a girl I knew when she was 16, pretty, soft-mannered, sweet-voiced, but, oh! so lazy! She drifted through successive schools without learning anything, always playing the role of a good natured, irresponsible shirker. Her kittenish ways and dainty sweetness won her far too many excuses from her teachers, and among her friends the feeling was well expressed by an artist, who said: "Molly Sue does not need to know anything. It is quite enough to look at her, as one looks at a perfect flower."

But Molly Sue did not stay 16! She grew out of childhood as you will, too, and after awhile people forgot to notice her when she was in the room with those who had brains and ideas. The perfect beauty faded. She became a withered rose. The vacant mind was like a dusty lumber-room full of rubbish. It was all the great pity, for if somebody had taken Molly Sue by the shoulders and shaken her out of her indolence when she was a school-girl, she might have grown up an interesting woman.

It is your positive duty, dear girl, to train mind, heart, and disposition that you shall be neither stupid, silly, insipid nor tedious when you are older. An interesting woman, clever, enthusiastic, keen and responsive, is more to be desired than a beautiful woman; and is more attractive in her home. She will more deeply impress society.

Of course this girl was an exception. Most girls conquer their inertia and study after a fashion; fortunately most girls have a share of common sense. Even reluctantly acquired knowledge is better than none at all.

What I want to urge upon you is to put the emphasis of your efforts on the studies you don't like. We all have studies we love, and it is easy to pursue them. For instance, Dorothy, who enjoys her English work, finds no difficulty in keeping at the head of her class, but when the question is of mathematics she groans about in the dark. If you will glance over your classmates, you will have no trouble in picking out a half dozen Dorothy's. Some of them come out splendidly in history and are dull in physics; some shine in Latin, and cannot tackle the simplest algebraic problem. The point for every such girl, don't you think, is to spend strength and time and really hard work on the book, the subject, the situation, that she has no particular aptitude for? The things one likes one acquires without painstaking, but it is painstaking that rewards one in the end.

I don't think there is a pleasure in the world that can be compared with an honest joy in conquering a difficult task. It is by hard work over what one does not enjoy that one gains that mastery of the will and facility of the mind that make the true distinction between the educated and the uneducated person. Natural cleverness is a good quality. But a better one is downright, sturdy, dogged perseverance, that never lets go, once it has started on any line of work.

A schoolgirl should take stock of her own capacity. There is an old story of a preceptor who wrote to the rich parent of a very dull pupil, that his daughter lacked capacity. "Buy her one immediately," telegraphed the man of affairs. Alas! gold cannot buy capacity. No outsider can give it you. But you can buy it for yourself.

You, Edith, who complain that you cannot remember, that what you learn to-day is forgotten to-morrow, may change all that, if you will give your attention to one thing at a time, and let nobody disturb you. Some girls learn to scatter-brained. Don't be like them. Fix your mind on a single graph, and compel it to understand that, and to remember it. Memory is a slave to those who know how to command it and make it obey.

You, Rosamond, who have no trouble about memorizing, but whose handwriting is that you cannot reason, that you do not see into things clearly, must make the same prescription. Be contented if you do not make very rapid progress, but concentrate your thoughts on the thing in hand. "Nothing can stand before the day's work," said a great teacher. Each day's work, carefully done, tells wonderfully on the work of a month or a term.

This is what happens to you, my dear girl, whoever you are. It has happened to me many a time, so I know whereof I speak. Never mind the locality; a girl in the district school in the woods, a girl in a town, a girl with every appliance, or a girl with few helps may have the same experience. You tug along dauntlessly. It is uphill work. You slip back sometimes, but you plant your feet again firmly, and take a new start. You gain a little ground to-day; a little more to-morrow. Suddenly, you can't explain how or why, the difficulties vanish, the husk of trouble falls away, and out comes the perfect flower, white, fragrant, satisfying. You could not see yesterday, but you see to-day. You had no vocabulary last week, but words crowd on you now.

A girl I know was studying a new language. She kept walling over and over: "I have no words, I have no words. I have to find out every word I want in the lexicon. It is an endless task. I shall never understand. Never catch up."

All at once, words began meeting her with friendly faces. They were no longer strangers. She knew their inflections, their cadences; the vocabulary of another language was her own. Hard work had brought its reward. "Never" is a word to be turned away from one's door. There need be no such word.

School honors and prizes are worth striving for. The girl who can win her teacher's approval is always enviable. But on the whole, the dull girl who wins it with effort is more enviable than the bright one who did not try hard. And I believe that it is much more pleasant to have the full approval of one's personal conscience, to know that let happen what may, one has done one's very best, than to carry off marks and medals and certificates.

Some of you are handicapped by having too many studies at one and the same time. It is unwise to attempt too much. If the class work includes more lessons than you can assimilate, ask to have some of them dropped. Teachers are willing to aid an earnest pupil who is doing what she can to overcome her own deficiencies. But if you drop something, let it be the thing you are fond of, not the thing you dislike. The study you care for may be taken up at any time in the future. The other must be faced and conquered now, or it will never give you the joy of victory.

Yes, I love the youthful winner. With the medal and the mark; He has gained the prize he sought for. He is joyous as a lark. Every one will haste to praise him; He is on the honor list. I've a tender thought, my darlings, For the one who tried, and missed. One? Ah, me! they count by thousands.

Those who have not gained the race, Though they did their best and fair-est. Striving for the winner's place. Only few can reach the laurel; Many see their chance fit by. I've a tender thought, my darlings, For the earnest band who try.

'Tis the trying that is noble, If you're made of sterner stuff Than the laggards who are daunted When the bit of road is rough. All will praise the happy winners; But when they have hurried by, I've a song to cheer, my darlings, The great company who try.

POINT AND HONITON LACE. The Vogue of Hand-Work Brings to the Fore Products Turned Out by Skillful Needlewoman.

Fine muslin braid and a small patterned Honiton are used in making this lace, which is an easily worked and effective design. Materials required for one yard of lace: Nine yards muslin braid, two yards Honiton, two yards purf edge, three skeins thread.

No more charming present could be bestowed at Christmas than a bit of this exquisite hand-work.

Children's Hair. The reason that children's hair darkens as the children grow older is because the hair pigment changes, the sulphur of iron increasing and becoming more powerful than the magnesia. The condition may be kept away to a certain extent by shampooing the little one's glory halo every week with eggs and hot water, a suggestion of salts of tartar being added to the first water. Dandruff cannot exist, when the scalp is kept perfectly clean. Twenty-four hours before the shampoo apply pure olive oil to the child's head, rubbing it in well. This will act as a tonic, and when your little girl is a big one, wearing tattered gowns and enduring other afflictions of the mature life, she will have a fine, healthy, thick head of hair.

Hereditary Fear in Animals. People who drive to the Bronx zoo, states the New York World, often wonder what causes the nervousness of their horses after they have looked at the animals and come out to drive home. It is the wild animal scent in their clothes. The same manifestations appear in the frightened horses of the country town when the cages of circus tigers, lions and panthers are near enough for them to get the smell. All dangerous wild animals have a strong odor. In times of excitement this odor is emitted so excessively as to be almost sickening. Even in the best zoological gardens and menageries the smell of the animals cannot be avoided.

Deadly Enthusiasm. Some dragons in a sham fight at Aldershot the other day became so much excited that they charged into a brigade of guards and slashed at them with their sabers, chased the guards' adjutant a considerable distance, cutting at him and wounding his horse, and rode over a corps of military bicyclists, putting the men to flight and smashing the machines. Many men were badly hurt before the officers got the dragons in hand.

Formal Dining. The guest of honor should be seated at the right of the host. The servant should present the dishes at the left hand of every guest in turn, beginning the first course with the guest of honor and passing in regular order around the table.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

STABLE VENTILATOR.

Simple Method by Which Fresh Air May Be Supplied to the Stock Without Draughts.

Down in New York there is a genial old shepherd and fruit-grower, J. S. Woodward, who gave me a hint as to how to arrange a ventilator on a sheep-barn, or, in fact, on any sort of a stable. This ventilator is always in working order; there never is any working for wind to blow into it, but always the air currents are out, as they should be, and when it is desired, it is readily closed up tight, says Joseph E. Wing, in the Breeders' Gazette.

By reference to the illustration it will be seen that it consists of the ordinary cupola, which may be of any form, on the sides of which are hinged light doors, the hinges at the top. These doors are connected by a board that holds one or both a little way ajar. Suppose the wind blows; one of them will shut and on the leeward side the other will be open. This makes it impossible for cold draughts to come down. Then supposing you wish to lessen the amount of air entering, you simply draw down on a cord that is attached to the middle of the connecting board at a place where there is a hinge, and it bends there, drawing the doors together somewhat or closing up as you like. I have seen the thing work and it is good. In the illustration the dotted line S shows the ventilators closed; O shows them open.

HOW THE VENTILATOR WORKS.

FIG. 1. The stock in which the bud is to be inserted should generally be of one year's growth whether from seed or cutting, and before inserting the bud the branches of the stock should be trimmed off for several inches above the ground to give a smooth place for the bud. The bark is now cut with a horizontal and a vertical cut in the shape of a T as shown in Fig. 2, a. This is best done with a budding knife, but the amateur will find that a sharp jackknife blade will answer the purpose very well.

This cut is made as near the ground as one can work conveniently (two to six inches) and on the side opposite the hottest rays of the sun. It is made just deep enough to cut through the bark, and the blade is then inserted beneath the corners and the bark raised, as shown in Fig. 2, b. The stock is now ready for the bud.

A bud is now cut from the bud stick, leaving a half or three-fourths inch of bark attached, and using the petiole of the leaf as a handle, it is slipped down behind the raised bark on the stock until the upper tip of the bark is just below the horizontal cut on the stock (Fig. 2, c).

The raised bark is now pressed down tightly about the bud and held down by wrapping as shown in Fig. 2, d. Raffle or narrow strips of waxed cloth will answer the purpose. The aim is to hold the bark of the stock and bud firmly together so they can unite and to exclude the air and prevent the bud drying out.

The operation is now complete except to watch the tree and see if the bud "takes," or starts to grow or unite with the stock. When this is accomplished, which should be in three weeks or less, the wrapping should be removed to prevent binding the tree and growing bud. When the bud has grown into a shoot the stock may be cut off a fourth to a half inch above the base of the shoot, leaving the latter to continue the growth and produce a tree of its variety. When budding is performed in the late summer, the stock is cut off the following spring after the bud has formed a vigorous shoot.

Sometimes two buds are inserted to provide for possible failure, and when they have well started one is removed, or if the operation was not a success it may be repeated the same season.

Ring Budding.—This method of budding which is illustrated in Fig. 3, is used only in propagating thick barked trees, as the nut trees, and ornamental plants, hence the farmer will have little use for it.

The bud, as removed from the bud stick, is shown at (a), the inserted bud at (b) and the same wrapped at (c). In cutting the bud a semi-cylinder of bark is removed with it and a similar section from the stock. The bud with its bark is now set in the place where the bark was removed and wrapped as in T budding.

Mending Leaky Hose. Have the hose perfectly dry, then make a cement in this way: Take two ounces of naphtha in a room where there is no open fire, and add shellac gradually until the mixture is like thin glue. Cut strips of kid from old gloves, and spread the mixture evenly on them, binding them firmly in place around the hose at the broken places. Let the hose remain for two or three days before using, after which it will hold as well as when new.

The cash price paid for silage indicates about one-fourth the feeding value of good hay.

BUDDING.

How the Operation of Shield Budding and Ring Budding is Performed.

The two chief kinds of budding are the T, or shield budding, and ring budding, a description of which is given by the Farm and Live Stock Journal is as follows:

T, or Shield Budding.—This is the most common method of budding and is used almost exclusively with woody stemmed plants such as trees. The buds which are of the desired variety are taken from what is called a bud stick (Fig. 1, a) which is a twig or shoot of the present year's growth

unless the operation is performed in early spring before the new growth has started, in which case the buds of last year's growth are used. Budding is generally performed, however, later in the summer after the new buds have formed, but the leaves are still on and the bud stick is trimmed so that the petiole or stem of the leaf is left to serve as a handle by which to insert the bud (Fig. 1, b). The illustration also shows the bud and the piece of bark to which it is attached and which is to be slipped beneath the bark of the stock. Fig. 1, c, shows somewhat the shape of this piece of bark as cut from the bud stick. The cut is made deep enough to include just a thin bit of the outer wood, or cambium. The bud sticks should be cut but a short time before the buds on them are to be used, or if they must be sent some distance or kept for a time should be wrapped in moist cloth or moss.

The stock in which the bud is to be inserted should generally be of one year's growth whether from seed or cutting, and before inserting the bud the branches of the stock should be trimmed off for several inches above the ground to give a smooth place for the bud. The bark is now cut with a horizontal and a vertical cut in the shape of a T as shown in Fig. 2, a. This is best done with a budding knife, but the amateur will find that a sharp jackknife blade will answer the purpose very well.

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DISFIGURING HUMOR.

Brushed Down from Face Like Powder—Dentist Said Lady Would Be Disfigured for Life.

CUTICURA WORKS WONDER. "I suffered with eczema all over my body. My face was covered; my eyebrows came out. I had tried three doctors, but did not get any better. I then went to another doctor. He thought my face would be marked for life, but my brother-in-law told me to get Cuticura. I washed with Cuticura Soap, applied Cuticura Ointment, and took Cuticura Resolvent as directed. I could brush the scales off my face like powder. Now my face is just as clean as it ever was.—Mrs. Emma White, 641 Cherrier Place, Camden, N. J., April 25, '05."

In the course of an address to students on one occasion Lord Kelvin, the great British scientist, uttered this warning: "The end of education is twofold—first, to help man to earn a living, and second, to make his life worth living."

Chicago, September 2, 1905.—With the conclusion of peace negotiations at Portsmouth, and the early ratification of a treaty between Russia and Japan, the Chicago & North Western is understood to have ordered rushed to completion a large order for new equipment for the Overland Limited, their crack every-day-in-the-year train between Chicago and San Francisco. This in expectation of a large volume of traffic to and from the Pacific Coast, due to the immediate commercial expansion that is anticipated.

"Education," said Uncle Eben, "ain't no benefit to a young man if it stinks him 'round' Shakespeare when he ought to be mixing 'de whitewash."—Washington Star.

Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn., offers your girl a first-class education at cost. Patron get the price. You can't get so much for the money elsewhere. Write at once for Book of Information.

A stable disposition together with horse sense generally makes a pretty good position in the human race.—Puck.

STOP, WOMAN!

AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers a great many years.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing all well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impedes them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation. Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read, answered, and returned only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has gained, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice. When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me."

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Dizziness, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, and Biliousness. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE PILL FOR COLIC, HEADACHE, BRUISES, AND ALL THE PAINS OF THE BOWELS. GENUINE MUST BEAR FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

The World's Standard DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS. 600,000 in Use. Ten Times All Others Combined. Save \$10.00 per Cow Every Year of Use. See how it works. Write for full particulars. THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO. 74 CORNHILL STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.

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