

The Mystery of Life.

LONDON TRUTH ASKS SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS THEM.

What do we know of life? Carbonic acid, water and ammonia, when taken into a plant, produce in some way protoplasm, which is a substance composed of minute corpuscles, and inside each corpuscle there is a smaller body called a nucleus. By taking in carbonic acid, water and ammonia, and converting them into this compound, called protein, the plant maintains its vigor, grows and multiplies. The animal does the same by taking in the same compound, with this difference, that, whereas the plant can manufacture protoplasm out of inorganic matter, the animal is obliged to procure it ready made from the plants. The same-nucleated mass of protoplasm that is the unit of plant life is the unit of animal life. The body and the plant are multiples of such units, variously modified, but in their composition identical. When the animal dies, the carbonic acid, the water and the ammonia of his body are restored to the collective stock; again they are taken into new plants, and through new plants into new animals. Thus protoplasm is the basis of all life. It is built up of ordinary matter, and it is resolved again into ordinary. Plants can make protoplasm out of its component parts; animals can convert lifeless into living protoplasm. This is the only difference between a man and a plant as regards their making. How all this is done we have not the remotest notion; all that we know is that it is done. Remove the carbon, the oxygen, the hydrogen and the nitrogen which form carbonic acid, water and ammonia, from the globe, and all vitality, whether animal or vegetable, would disappear from it. When brought together under certain conditions they give rise to protoplasm, and this protoplasm produces all the phenomena of life.

The Cost of Solomon's Temple.

Few people, even in these days of palmy extravagance and millionaire display, have any adequate impression of the gigantic cost of the great temple of Solomon. According to Villalpandus, the "talents" of gold, silver and brass used may be valued at the enormous sum of £6,879,822,000. The worth of the jewels is generally placed at a figure equally as high. The vessels of gold, according to Osephas, were valued at 140,000 talents, which reduced to English money (as has been shown by Chapel's reduction tables,) was equal to £575,296,203. The vessels of silver, according to the same authorities, were still more valuable, being set down as worth £646,344,000. Priests' vestments and robes of singers, £2,010,000; trumpets, £200,000. To this add the expense of building materials, labor, etc., and we get some wonderful figures. Ten thousand men hewing cedars, 60,000 bearers of burdens, 80,000 hewers of stone, 3,200 overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years, and upon whom, besides their wages, Solomon be-towed £6,733,997. If their daily food was worth 50 cents each, the sum total for all was £63,877,088 during the time of building. The materials in the rough are estimated as having been worth £2,545,337,000.

How to Yawn.

Did you ever watch a dog gape? For thoroughness and entire absence of affectation and mock shamefacedness there is nothing like it. When a dog gapes he doesn't screw his face into all sorts of unnatural shapes in an endeavor to keep his mouth shut with his jaws wide open. Neither does he put his paw up to his face in an apologetic way, while gaping in ambush, as it were. No; when he gapes he is perfectly willing that the whole world shall come to the show. He braces himself firmly on his fore feet, stretches out his neck, depresses his head, and his jaws open with graceful moderation. At first it is but an exaggerated grin, but when the gape is apparently accomplished the dog turns out his elbows, opens his jaws another 45 degrees, swallows an imaginary bone by a sudden and convulsive movement, curls up his tongue like the petal of a tiger lily and shuts his jaws together with a snap. Then he assumes a grave and contented visage, as is eminently becoming to one who has performed a duty successfully and conscientiously.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Scores of bottles which once contained perfumes have been found in Pompeii. In one jar, having a capacity of two gallons, there was a very delicate and ethereal perfume, the composition of which is not known.

Here are nine of the largest words in the English language: Substitutionalist, incomprehensibility, philoprogenitiveness, honorificabilitudinitas, anthrophagenarian, disproportionableness, velocipedistrianistical, proautitran-substantiationistical and transubstantiationableness.

A RUNAWAY

Or an upset may damage your buggy or waggon, perhaps only slightly, perhaps so badly that you will want a new one. In either case the best thing to do is to go to S. S. Gainer's, where repairing and repainting are done in the best style, and where the best kind of vehicles can be had at prices to suit the times. Shop on Francis Street East, next door to Knox's blacksmith shop.

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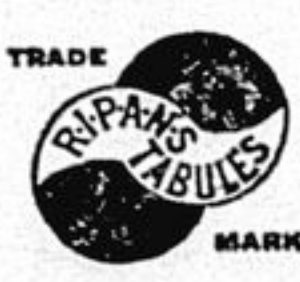
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H. E. AUSTIN, Com.
C. W. BURGONNE, R. K.

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R. QIBELL, Deputy Master.
JOHN MCGILVRAY, Rec-Secretary.

C ANADIAN ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS. Trent Valley Lodge No. 71. Meet in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block on the first and third Mondays in each month.

Wm. McKeown, N. G.
R. M. MASON, V. S., Sec.

L O. L. No. 996. MEET IN THE ORANGE L. hall on Francis St. West on the second Tuesday in every month.

LEWIS DEYMAN, W. M.
J. T. THOMPSON, JR., Rec-Sec.

I NDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS Court Phoenix No. 182. Meet on the last Monday of each month, in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block.

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HERBERT SANDFORD, R. S.

C ANADIAN HOME CIRCLES. FENELON Falls Circle No. 127, meets in the True Blue hall in McArthur's Block the first Wednesday in every month.

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R. B. SYLVESTER, Secretary.

A. F. AND A. M., G. R. C. THE SPRY Lodge No. 406. Meets on the first Wednesday of each month, on or before the full of the moon, in the lodge room in Cunningham's Block.

E. FITZGERALD, W. M.
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M ETHODIST CHURCH—COLBORNE Street—Reverend T. P. Steel, Pastor. Sunday service at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2.30 p. m. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7.30.

S T. ANDREW'S CHURCH—COLBORNE Street—Reverend M. McKinnon, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2.30 p. m. Christian Endeavor meeting every Tuesday at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

S ALVATION ARMY—BARRACKS ON Bond St. West—Capt. and Mrs. Wynn. Service every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and on Sundays at 7 a. m., 10 a. m., 3 p. m. and 8 p. m.

S T. ALOYSIUS R. C. CHURCH—LOUISA Street—Rev. Father Nolan, Pastor. Services alternate Sunday at 10.30 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2 p. m.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

M ECHANICS' INSTITUTE—P. KELLY, Librarian. Open daily, Sunday excepted, from 10 o'clock a. m. till 10 p. m. Books exchanged on Tuesdays and Saturdays from 12 a. m. till 3 p. m. and in the evening from 7 to 9. Reading room in connection.

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A Wild Western Record.

THE VARIED EXPERIENCES OF AN INTERESTING CHARACTER.

The easy and graceful manner in which some men adapt themselves to circumstances, and rise to any emergency, was never better illustrated than in the case of a witness who was being closely questioned about his past life by a lawyer in a western court room.

"You say," said the lawyer, "that you lived in Montana ten years ago. What, may I ask, was your occupation while there?"

"Well, there was n't anything else much to do, so I was a cowboy most of the time."

"And then what?"

"Well, then I drove stage until I went to Leadville."

"And what did you in Leadville?"

"Well, I was justice of the peace for three months, and then I went into the mining."

"And how long were you engaged in mining?"

"Until a big charge of giant powder went off before it was desired or expected, and blew us higher'n a kite."

"What did you do then?"

"I held down a bed in a hospital for three months, and then I went into the news stand and confectionery business for awhile."

"For how long?"

"Until my partner ran off one night with our entire profits for six months, and I ran after him as far as Cheyenne, and there my money gave out, and I went to breaking on a freight train."

"How long did you keep that up?"

"Until I lost two fingers coupling cars, when I quit, and after my hand got well I washed dishes in a restaurant for a month, and then I bought the proprietor out and ran the thing myself for three months, when I handed it all over to the sheriff."

"And then what?"

"Then I went off to Deadwood and opened up a laundry, but I did n't like the business, so I traded it off for a cigar store, and I was in that business for six months." Then dull times came on, and I made the acquaintance of the sheriff again. He got me a place as one of the night guards at the jail, but I hated night work, and I went teaching school for the winter in Nebraska."

"You taught all winter?"

"Yes, and I got elected county coroner in the spring; but I'm naturally of a lively disposition, and a coroner's work is pretty dull, although I'd plenty to do, for the town was the western terminus of a railroad all summer, and a kind of distributing point for all the cowboys' supplies in that part of the country. But I went west again in the fall, and took a contract to build a toll road in the mountains."

"Did you finish it?"

"Well, no; but I was doing well at it when a big snow slide came along and struck the section of the road I happened to be on, and I did n't know anything for two weeks after they dug me out down in the gulch about a mile from where the snow slide and I first met. Then I went down to Denver and ran an elevator for six weeks; but that was duller than being coroner, and in the spring I struck out for a new town in the mountains, and went to running an engine at a sawmill until I got a chance to run for county clerk."

"Were you elected?"

"I just was, and I served my full time and then went to the legislature for a year. Then I organized a big mining company, of which I was president until the thing busted up and I was stranded again."

"What did you do then?"

"Got me a little office and stuck out my shingle as a lawyer, but did n't do much, and I went into the electric belt business. I made big money at that for awhile, and wasted it by going into the newspaper business. I edited the paper until I took the wrong side of a mining strike squabble, and a lot of the boys came around one night and dumped my press and type into an old mine with twenty feet of water at the bottom of it, and then they escorted me a short distance out of town."

"And you did n't go back?"

"D'y'e think I'm a fool? I changed my name for awhile, and took a book agency in another state until I got a chance to open up a big brick yard."

"This covers a period of about four years. I guess you can skip the remaining six years, and tell me what you are doing now?"

"Well, I'm married, and am raising a family and writing a book, besides preaching some and lecturing on temperance."—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Sunday school teacher was telling a class about the devil going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour. "How fast can the devil run?" asked one of the pupils. "Hush, Johnnie," said the teacher, "such questions are profane." "Well, I don't care," replied Johnnie, "he can't outrun pa, anyhow, because I heard pa tell a man on the street that he caught the devil the night he came home from the lodge."