

THE CHANGE THEY MISS

OPPORTUNITY THAT COMES ONCE IN A LIFETIME.

Men Who Don't Ask One Particular Question at the Right Time.

Funny how people always think afterward of what they should have said before. One man did make good the next day, but few do that. A man met him on the hillside. He was bound doublequick for the church at the foot. The backslider, oddly enough, was going up.

"Hi! You're going the wrong way!" called the churchgoer.

The backslider yelled back, but his answer was lost.

"Say," he demanded of the churchgoer the next day, "did you hear what I said?"

"No."

"Well, it's too good to waste. You said I was going the wrong way. I said you seemed to be going downhill pretty fast yourself."

That's the pathetic part of it. This story illustrates the opportunity that comes once in a lifetime.

There are hundreds of thousands of men kicking themselves because they failed to ask one particular question at the right time, and they know they're never going to get the chance to make good now.

A number of really good men marry—wives to the contrary notwithstanding. When an engagement is announced there is always a kind of financial investigation over teacups, but it's nothing to the inquisition that has gone before. Prospective papa-in-law gets out his glasses and turns them on the mere man who aspires to spend the rest of his life in a perspiring effort to keep up the feminine luxury he is bidding in.

Is he able to support a wife? How much is his salary? What are his prospects? How does he stand with the president of his company?

Son-in-law hopeful to be put's his best foot forward with a persistence that threatens to give him a onesided dog gait for all time to come. He submits to impertinent questions as to whether he has any one dependent on him or not. He almost confesses that he has turned over a new leaf and got rid of all dependents. Of course papa means aged mother or old maid sister. Son-in-law just saves himself by catching on in the nick of time.

He listens to the thrilling history of papa's superhuman struggle to decorate the stem on which the glorious blossom of girlhood he hopes to pluck is supported. The more he hears of the folderolis and funny-dos that have been lavished on her the surer he is that if he misses getting her he will lose the prize beauty in the rosebud garden.

Meekly he answers all questions. Largely he lies about the promise

of a raise. Humbly he reports his bank account—plus. Timidly he confesses his smoking and drinks—minus.

Mamma-maybe comes in and tells him that she has tried to rear her darling daughter to be an ornament to her husband's home. She says they could not think of letting her life go into the keeping of a man who could not provide for her as well as her parents have done.

Son-in-law suggests that he is considering a lease on an apartment in the fashionable, select—and expensive—Whitherland. He says it as if he were not at the moment wondering where he will land when he is forced to live up. Mamma-maybe is charmed. She couldn't ask more. Why, she can't afford to live there herself.

He gets the girl. The cook cuts out during the first week of housekeeping. He eats dried beef and biscuit for dinner three days running. The housemaid leaves because she won't wash the dishes.

He begins to think about that question he didn't ask.

His ornament can't cook. Her kisses are sour because he even hints that she ought.

He remembers that in every other bargain he has made he has let the seller prove the worth of the goods. He recalls how he stood papa's questioning, how he pleaded for the privilege of providing a home and servants and gilded leisure for the—ornament.

He thinks she ought to be able to cook a dinner that would fill the aching void. He doesn't ask, he doesn't want her to do it all the time. He appreciates her beauty and her charm and her gift for entertaining; but she ought to be able to take the wheel in an emergency.

Why didn't he ask about it? Why didn't he see what she had to bring to the domestic partnership? Why?

TREE PLANTING IN HOLLAND.

Elms and Lindens the Best, but the Elm is the Hardier.

There is perhaps no other well populated country in the world which has so many well wooded towns as has Holland. Most of the streets and grachts or canals have avenues of trees. Utrecht has two rows of trees on either side of its quaint canals. Its canal banks are constructed as if in two stories. The lower story, almost flush with the water level, is lined with warehouses and vaults, while the upper story has dwellings and shops. Both levels are planted with trees.

So many avenues of trees make a Dutch town exceedingly pleasant, especially on a hot day. The foliage tempers the glare of the sun and the vistas of green are refreshing to the eye. These abundant growths in thickly populated towns are highly useful as well as ornamental. It is recognized that from a hygienic point of view they are valuable to the citizens.

In Holland these useful services are gratefully recognized and the trees are carefully tended by the municipalities. The cost of this care per capita in the different towns varies somewhat. Last year, for example, Utrecht devoted 21 cents (Dutch) to its trees for each inhabitant and The Hague 23 cents for each of its 259,000 citizens. It takes 2½ Dutch cents to equal an American cent. About ten years ago the annual cost of caring for the trees of The Hague was 19 cents (Dutch) per capita, but since that time many new trees and shrubs have been planted throughout the city and new parks have been laid out.

It has been found that not every kind of tree will thrive in the streets of a town, for trees have many enemies both above and below ground. Gas escaping from pipes underground is the worst enemy of trees, because quite small quantities of it are deadly. For this reason special precautions are taken against the leakage of gas in Dutch towns. How electricity escaping underground acts upon trees as yet has not been sufficiently studied to be understood. Trees will not grow in very narrow streets where the houses are high; neither will they thrive if the pavement does not let in moisture and air in sufficient quantities.

The best trees for street planting in Holland are elms and lindens, but the elm is the hardier of the two and will grow where a linden will not. Trees of these kinds reach a great age, like the old elms along the quiet grachts of Edam, one of the "dead" cities of the Zuyder Zee, which saw the fleets of Van Tromp and De Ruyter in the harbor of Edam—the harbor which appears so tiny to modern eyes that one with difficulty imagines "the terror of the North Sea" anchoring there. Then there are the magnificent lindens of the Mallebaan

in Utrecht, which appealed to the French monarch, King Louis XIV. Those lindens he commanded his soldiers to spare on peril of their lives.

A MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE IS HER BABY'S WELFARE

Every mother is anxious that her little ones shall be healthy, good natured and bright. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, and make teething easy. Mrs. T. Covert Massie, Toronto, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little boy since he was three months old, and find that they agree with him splendidly." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE MUTTON BIRDS.

Trapping Them Only Means of Livelihood of Inhabitants.

Some time back a party of twenty-five interested in nature study and kindred subjects formed themselves into a party to make a sea tour among the islands lying between Australia and Tasmania and off the coast of the latter place, says the Sydney Times.

One of the party on his return said there are hundreds of islands in the locality mentioned which from a distance look like mere barren rocks, but on closer examination prove to be fertile territory, many of the islands being inhabited by white communities or native and half caste people who have occupied themselves for many years as trappers of mutton birds for export to Tasmania and for their own consumption. The average catch on one island is about 1,500,000 birds a year, and the income from this source amounts to between \$5,000 and \$6,000.

The dark skinned people who occupy Cape Barren Island are of all shades, from the mere suggestion of tint to pure black, and they have been of this variegated skin color for nearly 100 years. There is a school on this island attended by sixty or seventy children, the teacher being paid by the Tasmanian Government, which satisfies its conscience in respect to these unfortunate by merely giving them instruction in "the three R's" and taking no further trouble to help them to put their education to practical account when they have finished their period of school. They are naturally nomadic in their instincts and do not know how to organize their affairs, hence as soon as they leave the school they take on the mode of life of their elders, living well when the birds are plentiful and going short to a greater or less extent in the off season.

The touring party concerned itself largely with the bird life found upon the various islands, the specimens including albatross, gannet, gulls, dotterels, oyster catchers, pelicans, geese and mutton birds. On Albatross Island, the bird the place is named after, hatches its young, and it is said that this is the only known place in the world where the bird makes its nest, an old theory being that these mysterious creatures hatched out their young on their backs, a theory no doubt absurd, yet forgivable in the early days when nobody had discovered their hatching place.

Mutton birds flock on various islands in the vicinity in myriads and the eggs of various birds abound in such huge numbers that shiploads of them could be gathered with comparatively little trouble. It is said that numbers of eggs from these islands find their way into market and are sold as duck eggs, which they resemble in appearance and flavor.

NOW HE KNOWS.

Mystery That Bothered the Middle Aged Man in His Youth.

"When I was a boy," said the middle aged man, "we used to come across a pear tree occasionally that had pears so hard you couldn't bite 'em. Maybe you've seen 'em."

"They were a chunky built pear almost spherical in shape, a very dark green, and almost black in color and about the same specific gravity as cast iron. You threw one of those pears against a rock and it might chip the rock but it would have no effect on the pear. These pears never got ripe; they always remained of just that same hardness. There were no apples that we could not bite into, but those hard pears were proof even against the teeth of our youth."

"I used to wonder sometimes why

those pears grew, what they were for and what became of them. Now I know. I came across some yesterday preserved.

"There they were in the 'ish, two pieces of one pear, two hemispheres of pear, looking strangely familiar when in my mind I had reconstructed them to make one pear; and when after barely escaping shooting the piece I tried out of the dish onto the table in my repeated endeavors to penetrate it; when, I say, I had finally managed to shaver a sliver off this piece I felt morally certain, and when I had tested it any lingering doubt I might have had was removed, it was tasteless. They were beyond all question the same old pears.

"Boiling and steaming had softened them a little on the surface, but not much, and despite all treatment they still remained as they had ever been, without taste. They were the pears, all right—the petrified pears of our youth, and while we couldn't eat them we smiled as we thought we had solved at last that long standing mystery of what they did with them—they can 'em."

RICE AT WEDDINGS.

Custom of Throwing Rice Over Newly Weds Comes From India.

The custom of throwing a shower of rice over newly wedded couples comes to us from India and originated in the idea that rice was an emblem of fecundity, says House-keeper. The Hindu bridegroom, at the close of the marriage ceremony, throws three handfuls of rice over the bride, and she replies by throwing the same over him. With us, the rice is thrown by outsiders. The "old shoe" custom is generally supposed to come from the Hebrews, and is supposed to have originally implied that the parents of the bride gave up all authority over her. The Germans had a long custom, which perhaps they would not wholly give up even now, of putting the bridegroom's shoe on the pillow the bridal bed; and in Anglo-Saxon marriage the father gave a shoe of the bride to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it to remind her who was now her master. The wedding ring was used among the ancient Hebrews primarily with the idea that the delivery of a ring conferred power on the recipient, and thus the wife wearing her husband's ring shared his authority. The ring in the Roman espousals was a pledge of loyalty, and the idea that it should be worn on the third finger of her left hand because "a nerve connects this finger with the heart," originated with Romans. Orange blossoms were worn by the brides among the Saracens, because they were held to symbolize fruitfulness; the very general use of these flowers in Europe and America for bridal adornment is comparatively a modern custom.

BABY FELL ON TO THE STOVE.

Mrs. T. S. Dougall, of 523 Flora Avenue, Winnipeg, says:—"My contact with the side of the hot stove. She sustained a serious burn, and her cries and screams were terrible.

The child laughed through her tears. "I sent out to the druggist for the best remedy he had to use on a burn. He said there was nothing to equal Zam-Buk, and sent back a supply. I applied this, and it soothed the pain so quickly that I bound up the hand in Zam-Buk, and each day applied Zam-Buk frequently and liberally, until the burn was quite cured. The little one was soon able to go on with her play, and we had no trouble with her during the time the burn was being healed. I feel very grateful for this cure, and would recommend all mothers to keep Zam-Buk handy for emergencies like this."

Fifty cents spent on a box of Zam-Buk has saved scores of people as many dollars, to say nothing of saving hours of pain!

NATURALLY SO.

"I wonder what man on record called the biggest bluff?" "I guess it was the man who named Gibraltar."

PERFECTLY SAFE.

When a woman is first married, she fears her husband is so brave and generous that he will get hurt some day rushing into a dangerous place to do a noble act, but she is not long in finding out that on that score he is perfectly safe.

In Copenhagen the unemployed have found occupation in rat-killing, the number exterminated reaching 5,000 to 8,000 a week.

BANISH PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS

Everyone Needs a Tonic in the Spring to Build Up the Blood.

If you want new health and strength in the spring you must build up your blood with a tonic medicine. After the long indoor winter months are past most people feel depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood is impure and watery. That is what causes pimples and unsightly eruptions. To this same condition is due attacks of rheumatism, the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia, poor appetite, frequent headaches and a desire to avoid exertion. These troubles can all be banished by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood which drives out impurities, stimulates every organ, strengthens every nerve and brings a feeling of new health and energy to weak, tired out, ailing men and women. Mrs. Frank Murphy, Clark's Harbor, N. S., says:—"A year ago I was completely run down and my work became a burden to me. I felt tired all the time, and could hardly drag myself about. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking three or four boxes was again in the best of health. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will prove a friend in need to all who are weak and ailing."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PRESERVING THE SIGHT.

Avoid Sudden Changes From Dark to Brilliant Light.

The following rules are recommended for the preservation of the sight: Avoid a sudden change from dark to brilliant light; avoid the use of stimulants and drugs which affect the nervous system; avoid reading while lying down, or when mentally or physically exhausted; when the eyes feel tired rest them by looking at objects at a long distance; pay special attention to the hygiene of the body; for that which tends to promote the general health acts beneficially on the eye; up to forty years of age bathe the eyes twice daily in cold water; after fifty years bathe the eyes, morning and evening, with water as hot as you can bear it; follow this with cold water, that will make them glow with warmth; old persons should avoid reading much by artificial light; be guarded as to diet, and avoid sitting up late at night.

KING AS SPORTSMAN.

Has in His Lifetime Had a Hand in Every Variety.

There are very few sports in which King Edward has not at one time or another been a participant. He has taken the premier place as a British yachtsman, the first position on the turf, and has won the prize most coveted by all hunting men—the Grand National Steeplechase. He is one of Britain's biggest farmers; he owns 12,000 acres of game preserves at Sandringham alone, where 3,000 head have sometimes been killed in a single day.

His stud of driving horses were once of world-wide renown. In his younger days he was a keen deer stalker, and an enthusiastic cricketer. Nor must his tiger hunting expeditions in India be forgotten. In short, it may be said that, although he is, of course, excelled by individuals in each branch, no single man in the world has done all these things so well as the King, not even among those who neglecting the sterner realities of life, have devoted their energies to the pursuit of pleasure alone.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

It is good to be wise, but wiser to be good.

Heaven's manna sits ill on the stomach of sloth.

Heaven is deaf to us when we are blind to others.

Character is the sum of all life's choices.

Star preaching is apt to mean night in the church.

A serene life always has storms in its past curriculum.

It is well to watch the virtues that danger press agents.

The man with a putty backbone usually borrows a pious front.

It may be the ill we are dodging is the cure for the greater ill we desire.

Men are never greatly moved by those truths they fully comprehend.

"After taking three bottles of your wonderful medicine, our baby was entirely well and needed no more medicine. At sixteen months of age she weighed thirty pounds. She had cried eight months, night and day, and nothing did her good until we tried Scott's Emulsion."—MRS. E. C. SMITH, Villa Rica, Ga.

Scott's Emulsion

probably saved this child's life. Four doctors had been tried. SCOTT'S EMULSION seemed to be just the thing needed, and it is just the thing needed by thousands of other children. It's so easily digested, so pure and harmless, yet most powerful in building up the most delicate child or adult. But be sure to get SCOTT'S EMULSION, there are so many worthless and harmful imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

* Full copy of Mrs. Smith's letter and many others of a similar nature, together with some of our valuable literature regarding children, will be sent upon receipt of your address, mentioning this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto