

How to Make Evenings Happy

It is worth while for parents who have their boys and girls about them to provide the young folk with amusement at home; otherwise they soon learn to slip out to look for fun in the streets, where they see and hear so much that is objectionable, and perhaps fall in with companions whose influence will do them life-long injury. Well for those children whose parents make them happy at home, and well for those parents whose children know that their best companions and playfellows are their fathers and mothers.

After the children are past the stage of dolls and horses, it is a good plan to give them a present of a book or game on birthdays. In this way soon have a stock, draughts, tiddley winks, spelling games, etc. These are always enjoyed where there is a family, or when companions come in to join; and a shelf filled with story books provides hours of pleasure to the solitary child.

To encourage young people to club together and "save up" for some more expensive amusement is desirable. Many uncles and aunts, also visitors, are liberal with their coppers and silver at birthday times. These small sums are often wasted on trifles which perish with the using. Put together, however, and something added, there might be sufficient for such a thing as a second hand bagatelle board, which would be a treat to the whole household and their friends for years.

Where money is not so plentiful, and games of this kind are out of the question, there are many more economical ways of amusing the children. To cut out the pictures from papers and magazines, or even advertisements is always pleasant and interesting. Let these be pasted into an old copybook or better, into a book for the purpose, made of linen, and glazed cotton, and behold, a nice present for baby or a sick companion, or for the hospital.

If all the members of a family collect their postcards for a season either in a box or an album, or go over the pictures and talk of who sent them, and the places they came from they will make many a winter evening pass pleasantly. Also to gather pebbles and shells or country treasures during summer and then go back on where they were and what they hid when they got these things will bring summer sunshine into wintry weather for both parents and children.

This paper has suggested several practical ways of amusing children, and now it must finish as it began. It is worth while to spend time and trouble to make the young folk happy. They are likely to grow up better men and women for it, and if they should be spared till their parents are feeble and grey they will never grudge anything they can do to make the old folk happy. A.P.

Last of the Golden Eagles

When the pioneers entered the Black Hills of Dakota, thirty-five years ago, golden eagles were as common as are English sparrows at present, but with the death of Old Sentinel, that occurred a few days ago, it is believed that the birds have become extinct.

Unlike eagles of other sections of the country, the golden eagles were much larger, more fierce, swifter of flight and of a different color. The feathers and plumage of the back were almost yellow, hence the name.

In the early days of the community the birds were so numerous that they were considerably of a menace to the settlers. Frequently they would swoop down into the ranch lots pick up a lamb or a small pig and fly away to some crag, where they would devour the catch or car-

Proper attention to the hair and scalp is the best preventive of baldness. An occasional application of Bearine Hair Pomade keeps the scalp in healthy condition. It nourishes the hair follicles and supplements the natural oil of the head. Bearine not only prevents falling hair but stimulates new growth. 50 cts a jar at your druggists.

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ry it to their young. Many stories are told of golden eagles having attacked small children.

Old Sentinel has been one of the pioneer landmarks for more than a quarter of a century, and during all of this time he occupied the crest of one of the highest peaks of the Ragged Top Range. There, upon a shelf of rock, 4,000 feet above the valley below, Old Sentinel and his mate made their home, until about five years ago, when the latter died and the male bird became a wanderer. After the death of his mate Old Sentinel would make trips to the southern and western hills, frequently being absent for weeks. Many times he was shot at, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for the bullet was never cast that was to end his career.

Recently E. N. Norman, of the United States land office at Rapid City went to Deadwood, S. D., determined if possible to capture the golden eagle alive. He realized that Old Sentinel was the last of his race in the hills, and that in his capture he would secure a prize well worth effort. Going out to the Ragged Top Range with a small party of friends he was told that Old Sentinel had not been seen for more than a month.

Mr. Norman concluded that a trip to the lofty home of the eagle was worth the trouble, and climbed to the top of the mountain. There, covering a space of more than twenty feet square, were the bones of almost all kinds of small domestic animals, lying about in heaps. Not far away was the skull of an infant, whitened and polished by the storms of years. Bones that were taken for those of the legs and arms were also found, indicating that perhaps the stories of Old Sentinel and his mate carrying away children were not wholly untrue.

Down in a crevice of the rocks, some twenty feet below, was the body of the eagle. Ropes were put around one of the men, and he was lowered and pulled back, bringing with him the prize, not a live, but a dead eagle. Making an examination, Mr. Norman became convinced that the eagle must have been fully 100 years of age and that his death was due to old age. The body was taken down and brought to Deadwood, where the skin will be mounted and probably become the property of the Historical Society of South Dakota.

BUSINESS TRANSACTED AT THE BOARD OF EDUCATION MEETING

Resignations of several teachers received. Appointment of classical master for Collegiate.

Offer of better typewriters accepted for Collegiate.

Collegiate report, attendance and fees. Accounts read and passed. Collegiate contract matters. Collegiate Insurance.

Special meeting called to consider the matter of the new public schools. The board's eternal question — the school teacher. Sanitary Inspector Douglas comes into his own.

Change of Pulpit

Rev. J. R. Real will occupy the pulpit in the Cambridge-st. Methodist church Sunday morning and Rev. Thos. Snowden, of Janetville in the evening. The pastor, Rev. J. P. Wilson, will conduct missionary services on the Janetville circuit on Sunday.

Victim of Maternal Irritability

The other day I was crossing on a street in Chicago. Just before me was a woman crossing over, hauling a little three-year-old boy with one hand. With the other she was holding up her dress, and it was evident from the jerking way she moved and the anxious glances she cast up and down the street that she was nervous about the crossing. She gripped the little fellow's hand so tightly that it must have hurt, and she hurried him along so fast that try as he might, he could not take steps. His little legs just spluttered along and he was really hanging by one arm. It was no wonder that that presently, as they reached some unevenness, he fell flat.

She jerked him up so fiercely that I almost looked to see the poor lit the arm almost torn from its socket. Lifting him entirely off his feet she swung him along to the sidewalk and dumped him with a whack. He was covered with dust and she began striking him, partly to keep the dust out of him, but largely to relieve her own anger. For presently she shook him and wound up with a swift slap on his cheek.

"I could stand no more. 'Madam,' I said, 'you aren't fit to have the care of a child. Is he your own?'"

"Of course he is!" she exclaimed. "Oh!" I said, "I thought you must be a cross nurse! Don't you know that you have run every risk of injuring him, and that he has done nothing wrong at all?"

She was so surprised that she never answered me a word, though I suppose later on she thought of a dozen stinging rebukes for my interference. But meanwhile she handled the boy more gently. I have hopes that until I spoke, she was at least half-unconscious of her own cruelty and injustice.

The Symptoms of Modern Laziness

Express trains, telephones and elevators have not increased the nervous strain of modern life, argues Prof. Muensterberg in an American magazine. They lessen the friction of existence compared with what our forefathers knew. "Of course it's true," he said, "that the social life has become more manifold, and the outer tension has become stronger, but it is entirely misleading to believe that that is in itself a greater strain on the nervous system. The scientific psychologist brings no clearer conviction from his laboratory study of mental life than that of the relativity of mental states. The miller does not hear the noise of the mill. No one of us feels the touch of his clothes. In the same way we have become insensitive by adaptation to our tumultuous surroundings. When we return from the mountain woods we hear the roaring of the city for a day or two, and then it sinks below our conscientiousness and no longer harms our well-adapted nerves. Moreover, while our modern life has become more manifold, its emotional strain is rather less than that of the past. Our life is less sentimental and more realistic and business like. Least of all ought we to measure the good or poor states of our national nerves by the complaints of tiredness. It is true there are persons who demand from their nerves because they are too little provided with the healthy feelings of fatigue which nature has arranged as a more than hygienic life would allow warning sign for the exhaustion of the nervous system. But incomparably is the number of those who trained themselves to feel fatigued long before any exhaustion is threatening. It is a weakness of will and attention which causes the deceitful impression of nervous exhaustion, which is really nothing but a poor habit. Irritation plays a big role in it; continuous indulgence a greater. The longing for rest and for regular work can become just as much a craving and vicious custom as the longing for stimulants.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"I want another box of pills like I got for mother yesterday," said a boy to a chemist. "Did your mother say they had done her good? No, but they just fit my air gun."

HEAR WHY WE SPEAK FOR Zam-Buk

THE GREAT HERBAL BALM

INJURED FOOT CURED.

"I speak for Zam-Buk because it cured me of a terribly bad foot," says Mrs. Alice Barryman of 190 John St. North, Hamilton. She adds: "The injury was caused by a wagon wheel, and the sore was on my right foot. It became very inflamed and swollen and so painful that I fainted away. In spite of treatment, the wound got no better and the foot became more and more swollen until it was several times its usual size. The flesh was terribly bruised and blackened and it was quite impossible for me to walk. My husband's mother at last brought me a box of Zam-Buk. This was applied to the foot and it was surprising how soon I found relief from the severe pain. A further supply of Zam-Buk was obtained and I persevered in using this balm alone. In a couple of days the swelling had gone down considerably, the discoloration was less distinct and the pain was banished. In four days I could go about as usual: the bruised and injured foot had been thoroughly cured by the timely use of Zam-Buk."

Did you ever ask yourself:

"How is it that Zam-Buk is so popular?" It is because it is superior and different to other salves. Contrast them! Most salves are nine-tenths animal oil or fat. Zam-Buk hasn't a trace of animal fat in it. Most salves contain mineral coloring matter. Zam-Buk is absolutely without! Many salves contain poisonous astringents. Zam-Buk doesn't. Zam-Buk is actually more powerfully antiseptic than crude carbolic acid. Yet it stops instead of causing pain and smarting when put on a wound. It heals more quickly than any known substance, abscesses, ulcers, eczema, blood-poisoning, cuts, scalp sores, chaps and all skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 60c a box or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Send 1c stamp for trial box.

POISONED FINGER HEALED.

Mrs. Frank St. Denis of 305 Thompson St., Winnipeg, speaks for Zam-Buk because it cured her of a poisoned finger, which had caused her days of agony. Hear her experience. She says: "One morning, while washing, I felt a slight pain in the end of my finger. This gradually got more acute until by the evening of the next day the end of the finger had become swollen and hard and so blue I became alarmed. "The pain from it was almost too much to bear. It made me turn quite sick! Poppies of first one kind and then another were applied, but seemed to give me no relief. My daughter-in-law, who had had some previous experience with Zam-Buk obtained a box for me. I anointed the sore place liberally with this balm, and in a few hours, the throbbing aching pains were subdued. Further applications of Zam-Buk gave me more ease, so that I could get a little sleep. In a few days the nail came off, but after that Zam-Buk seemed to reduce the inflammation quickly. I continued its use until in the end it had brought about a complete cure."

Mystery of Sleep Still Unsolved

The Austrian Academy of Medicine has been collecting for some time reports dealing with things people do in their sleep; it has hoped to solve the mysteries of sleep itself. Among the reports were:

A locomotive engineer guiding his engine while fast asleep. Soldiers falling asleep while marching. Bicyclists continuing to pedal after falling asleep.

A lawyer writing a plea of defence in his sleep and filing it away among his papers. He remembered next morning having written the plea, but didn't remember where he had pigeon-holed it.

Hungarian count saddling his horse in his sleep and riding a couple of miles till overtaken by a groom sent after him. He was fast asleep when found, the horse nibbling at the grass by the wayside.

A student of chemistry at the Vienna university who made difficult translations from Italian and French scientific books, sometimes consulting the dictionary while fast asleep.

After considering the phenomena, the academy is obliged to say that the problem of sleep is as mysterious as ever, nothing certain having been ascertained save that the brain is almost devoid of blood during sleep. The academy had, under observation a patient who lost part of his skull, on the top of the head, by a shot. Through this hole it was seen that the brain lost color and contracted during sleep. When the man woke up the brain cells were again flooded.

Famous Old Hunting Ground

Time was when south-western Ontario boasted as good shooting as could be found anywhere in Canada, but that was before the birds were shot wholesale by the scores of hunters who came from far and near attracted by a variety of sport to be had within a dozen miles of this of this town.

There were ducks in abundance on the Eau en Inlet of Lake Erie about five miles long and two broad, with the joining point where the waters of the lake entered not more than a hundred yards in width, so that the French settlers who gave it the name of Rond Eau had an eye to the fitness of things as the basin is a veritable "round water." Filled with a growth of celery and rice, it affords the best feeding spot for miles around, and nature could not have contrived a better resting place for water fowl.

Up to within a few years ago there were many quail to be had, but these have been reduced to not more than a dozen besides known only to the hardest hunters, who take toll for a few days each year and between times guard their secret closely unless some good friend from a distance drops in for a day of reminiscences about the good old times when Will Hall and Sandy McPherson could show you a dozen fowl any forenoon and not tire the dogs in doing it.

As for snipe, if you wanted to hunt that elusive twister there were always enough of them along the marshy bottoms near the Eau to make it interesting, but the hunters of this part of the country never could conceive why any man would want to plough through muck and mire after snipe when a vigorous tramp over the stubble behind a brace of good dogs in the brisk autumn air was so much more fun, and so the snipe were left for a few benighted Yagkees, whose taste on anything, even sour march whiskey, was not considered up to the mark.

Jottings From Fenelon Falls

The regular meeting of the Womens Institute was held on Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. L. Townley. There was a good attendance of members; a number of visitors were also welcomed. The meeting was conducted by the President, Mrs. Dr. Gould, who, in her opening remarks, briefly reviewed the history of the Institute during the past year, and hoped it would continue during the year just begun to be a benefit to all connected with it. She wished all present a happy new year.

The minutes were then read and roll called by the Secretary, Mrs. D. Jewell.

The President called on several of the members for reports of the last meeting in connection with Miss Campbell's address.

Several of the points presented by Miss Campbell were discussed at some length, particularly the one treating on schools, their heating, seating accommodation, and sanitation. A reading by Mrs. Wm. Burgoyne entitled, "The Lovely, Old-fashioned Garden," was much enjoyed. Two subjects are to be prepared for the next meeting, the first "Should Women be on the School Board," and the second on "The Home and its Influence." Papers are to be read on the subject, and the members are invited to take part in the discussion of the same. The meeting was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem, after which dainty refreshments were served by the hostess. The next meeting will be held Friday, February 25th.

Mr. Grover Kerr is taking a course in Railway Telegraphy and freight and passenger work in Mr. Paton's school, in Lindsay.

Mr. F. A. McDiarmid, of Lindsay, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Geo. Martin spent Wednesday in Lindsay.

Mr. T. Cashore returned this week from Peterboro.

Mr. H. Fiske, of Owen Sound, is visiting friends in town and vicinity.

Mr. Jas. Lithgow, License Inspector, was in town on Thursday.

Miss Nellie Nevison, of Michigan, was guest of town friends and also of the Misses Thurston last week.

An interesting debate took place in the lecture room of St. Andrew's church on Thursday evening, Jan. 6. The subject, "Should Canada Own and Control a Navy," was decided in the affirmative. Affirmed by Messrs. Sims, Northey and Hetherington. Denied by Messrs. Lee and Imrie. Dr. Mason, who was on the negative side being unavoidably absent, his part in the debate was ably sustained by Mr. Lee.

Garfield Lane, a young son of Mr. Thos. Lane, fell of a sleigh on Tuesday, and sustained a fracture of one of his thigh bones. Dr. Johnstone was called, and the patient is progressing favorably. This accident should serve as a warning to those boys and girls who are addicted to the practice of hanging on sleighs.

Short Route to Gowganda

Commencing January 3rd, through service has been inaugurated to the Gowganda country, via the Canadian Pacific Railway to Sudbury, thence Canadian Northern Railway and stage line, which eclipses all former means of transportation to this country. Passengers may now leave Toronto 10.10 p. m. by Canadian Pacific Railway, arriving Sudbury 6.00 a. m. following morning; Canadian Northern train leaves that point 7.00 a. m., arriving Gowganda Junction 10.15 a. m., where connection is made with the Gowganda Transport Company, and passengers leave there at 11.00 a. m., arriving Gowganda 9 p. m. Stops are made at Phoenix for lunch and Elkhorn for dinner. The one way rate from Toronto to Gowganda is \$9.70 and round trip rate \$16.25. This rate includes transfer in Sudbury and from Canadian Pacific to Canadian Northern. One way rate from Gowganda Junction by the stage line to Phoenix, is \$2.00 to Elkhorn \$4.00, and Gowganda \$6. Round trip rates are \$4 to Phoenix \$8 to Elkhorn, and \$10 to Gowganda. The above provides the shortest, most direct and cheapest route from Toronto and Ontonago points. Sudbury sleeper is carried on the Canadian Pacific train leaving Toronto each evening and the Canadian Northern train from Sudbury to Gowganda Junction, carries dining car in which breakfast is served.

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