

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

RELIEVE THE GREAT REFRESHMENT OF OUR TIMES.

When All the Flocks Are Gathered Together—Why Some Are Kept Back—Treat in God's Providence—Christ's Eternal Fountain—To the Gospel Well.

Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y. Washington, Aug. 11.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage represents religion as a great refreshment and invites all the world to come and receive it; text, Genesis xxix, 8, "We cannot until all the flocks be gathered together and all they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

A scene in Mesopotamia, beautifully pastoral. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic repartee. I look off, and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is, "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that occurred Jacob accosts the shepherdess and asks them why they postpone the staking of the thirst of these sheep and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherdess reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot until all the flocks are gathered together and all they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Coming to the Gospel Well. If a herd of swine come to a well, they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when a flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating, they come together peacefully. We want a great multitude to come around the gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd; they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church, it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. We have had people permanently leave church because so many other people come to it. Not so did these oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered, and the more flocks that came the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. Why not gather a great flock? All this city is a flock, all New York is a flock, all London is a flock, all the world is a flock.

This well of the gospel is deep enough to put out the burning thirst of the 1,600,000,000 of the race. Do not let the church by a spirit of exclusiveness keep the world out. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations. "Whoever will, let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the south. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now. As at this well of Mesopotamia Jacob and Rachel were betrothed, so this morning at this well of salvation Christ, our Shepherd, will meet you coming up with your long flocks of cares and anxieties, and he will stretch out his hand in pledge of his affection while all heaven will cry out, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him."

Why Some Are Kept Back. Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? I say to you, as Daniel said to Belshazzar, "The God in whose hand thy breath is, and all thy way, thou hast not glorified." If you treated anybody as badly as you have treated God, you would have made 500 apologies; yes, your whole life would have been an apology. Three times a day you have been seated at God's table. Spring, summer, autumn and winter he has appropriately appeared you. Your health from him, your companions from him, your children from him, your home from him, all the bright surroundings of your life from him.

Oh, man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throeb of gratitude toward the God that made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martyrdom and feel his lifeblood trickling on your forehead and cheek and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

Heart of Stone, relent, relent. Touched by Jesus' cross subdued; See his body, mangled, rent, Covered with a gore of blood. Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Crucified the Eternal Son!

Jacob, with a good deal of tug and push, took the stone from the well's mouth so that the flocks might be watered. And I would that this day my word, blessed of God, might remove the hindrances to your getting up to the gospel well. Yes, I take it for granted that the work is done, and now, like oriental shepherds, I proceed to water the sheep. Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. You are as much discontented with this life as the celebrated French author who felt that he could not any longer endure the misfortunes of the world and who said: "At 4 o'clock this afternoon I shall put an end to my own existence. Meanwhile I must toil on up to that time for the sustenance of my family." And he wrote on his book until the clock struck 4, when he folded up his manuscript and, by his own hand, concluded his earthly life.

Christ's Eternal Fountain. There are men who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy today, to be unhappy forever unless you come to this gospel well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes, and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus and of all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you today. In the far east there was a king who used once a year to get on the scales, while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems—indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king. Then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ today steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says, "All are yours; all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity—all are yours." We do not appreciate the promises of the gospel.

When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him, "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject. You know all about it and I know it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and the old man clasped his hands and in his dying moment said, "That's just the promise I have been waiting for—'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promise!

The Cry for Comfort. If I could gather all the griefs of all sorts from these crowded streets and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say as a Christian man; "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say; "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort. Give us comfort!" For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the world, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come. "Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows. You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you can't talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I may not have lived as long as you, but I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health and about their departed friends and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their souls.

After two persons have lived together for 40 or 50 years and one is taken away, what desolation! I shall not forget the cry of Dr. De Witt of New York when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife and after the obsequies had ended he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again. Farewell, farewell!"

To lean on a prop for 50 years and then have it break under you! There were only two years' difference between the death of my father and mother. After my mother's decease my father used to go around as though looking for something. He would often

get up from one room without any seeming reason and go to another room, and then he would take his cane and start out, and some one would say, "Father, where are you going?" and he would answer, "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something! Though he was a tender-hearted man I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After 60 years' living together it was hard to part. And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this gospel, and I come to them and offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this gospel well. Sit down, father or mother, sit down. See if there is anything at the well for you. Come, David, the psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the psalmist; "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright. He is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah; "down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your ailing eyesight and falling limbs.

Trust in God's Providence. You get a little worried for fear that some time you will come to want, do you? Your children and grandchildren sometimes speak a little sharp to you because of your ailments. The Lord will not speak sharp. Do you think you will come to want? What do you think the Lord is? Are his granaries empty? Will he feed the raven and the rabbit and the lion in the desert and forget you? Why, naturalists tell us that the porpoise will not forsake its wounded and sick mate. And do you suppose the Lord of heaven and earth has not as much sympathy as the fish of the sea? But you say, "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not. If you were of no more use, he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you 70 or 80 years? He thinks more of you to-day than he ever did because you think more of him. May the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Paul the aged be your God forever! But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined that no one shall go out of this house uncomfited. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician lest he touch the wound too roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician. So I come to your timid and shrinking soul to-day and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medication.

But people when they have trouble go any where rather than to God. Dr. Quincey took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to the theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the gospel.

Gathering Cloves.

Cloves are now cultivated in many of the tropical regions of the earth. A clove-tree begins to bear at the age of ten years and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five years. There are two crops a year, one in June and one in December. The tree is an evergreen and grows from forty to fifty feet high, with large oblong leaves, and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty. The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava. The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green, and at the time of gathering bright red. Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark color which proclaims them ready for shipment. In this country and in England they are used almost wholly as a condiment, but in France they are used largely in the manufacture of certain liquors; and to some degree they are employed in medicine for their tonic properties.

Petroleum Kills San Jose Scale.

The farmer has found petroleum his best friend in dealing with other pests than the mosquito. It is the only thing that will kill the tree scales, including the famous San Jose scale, and it is the sovereign remedy for a line of bacterial ill in vegetation. Not merely the invisible parasites are combated with oil, but the visible insects as well. Kerosene emulsion goes far to compensate for the loss of insectivorous birds out of doors, and is absolutely indispensable in dealing with the pests in poultry houses and stables.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate Their Department of the Farm—A New Hint as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

Does It Pay to Show?

There is an army of unsuccessful exhibitors in the country and they are ever ready to join in an argument of this sort. Their lack of success is a somewhat sore point with them and they are not fond of having people express their views on the strangeness of their defeat when other men who have not been so long in the business were much more successful. But there are several things to be considered in this matter which are apt to escape the attention of the men who are too hasty in arriving at conclusions. For instance we have noticed with sorrow that it is not always the man who shows the best lot of hogs that has the best to sell every year at home. Neither is it the successful showman who has always the largest, strongest litters of pigs in the pens at home nor do the litters he owns usually come from the show sows. If he would tell us the inside story of his show experience he would often have to recount how he scoured the country for several of the animals he exhibited with such success and even when he found them they were not all that he could desire in point of shape or some other special particular. He would tell us further that he brought out the good points or patched up the deficient ones by feeding that cannot be considered beneficial to the breeding qualifications of the animal in question. But then he would tell you if honest that he did not buy the animal to breed from so much as he did for the purpose of showing. He fussed and fed and showed for the purpose of acquiring a name and reputation of having raised one of the very finest type swine that had taken the largest numbers of premiums at the fair. He sought this name and reputation that he might sell large numbers of pigs on its strength and we can scarcely blame him for the desire for prominence, popularity and profit, nor can we criticize severely the methods he pursued in attaining the desired end. It is evident, however, that while he gained in one respect by showing hogs and the farmers of the country were benefited by his exhibits and the name and fame of his respective breed of hogs was boomed by his work, he lost in another respect. It must be confessed that the exhibiting of hogs too often leads to overfeeding, while overfeeding leads to loss of reproductive powers. The winning of premiums, galore, is, too, apt to change a plodding careful breeder into a professional showman who seeks to buy and sell hogs on the reputation he has acquired in the arena. He would be of more value to the community if he would continue his breeding operations with the object of further improving his hogs and the breed of swine he handles and it is well if he sees it in this light and makes it a point to show only the hogs he has raised himself, seeks to build up a reputation by his own work rather than by borrowing the plumes of others and thereupon strutting before the community in splendor of other men's making. Exhibiting is a praiseworthy business when the exhibitor shows swine of his own breeding each year along with the boar which has been used but it is not all that can be desired when it tempts a man to ruin his breeding stock by overfeeding, or devotes most of his time to searching out and fitting stock for the purpose of making a reputation upon the strength of which to sell ill-bred, ill-fed, pedigreed scrubs which should have been castrated or fattened. Exhibiting stock should never be made the chief method of advertising nor the main aim of the year's work. It should go hand in hand with the most careful breeding methods having for their aim the constant improvement of the stock on the farm and should not induce any man to ruin his breeding animals by overfeeding and lack of exercise. The names of breeders handed down to posterity will be of those who built up herds systematically and perseveringly, showed stock of their own breeding and fed for profit and health rather than appearance and prizes.

Hereditary Effect of Tuberculosis.

In order to determine the influence of tubercle toxins upon the constitution of the young animals, a French experimenter has conducted a number of experiments in inoculating guinea pigs. Five tests were made in which the guinea pigs received the distilled products of cultures of the tubercle bacilli. The inoculations were given several months before the period of gestation began, and as a result of the inoculation the young were born in diminished numbers and either dead or with feeble constitutions. The author believes from these experiments that tubercle toxins influence gestation in lessening the number of the young, in causing the death of the foetus, the premature death of the young, or a weakened constitution. Further experiments with young animals born under these conditions indicated that they are more sensitive to tuberculosis than normal animals.

Our readers will be interested in the reports of tests at the West Virginia experiment station relative to the feeding value of meat meal and ground bone and meal. Both feeds are undeniably good, but in the tests mentioned the ground bone and fresh meat gave better results than did the meal meal. One series of tests do not of course settle such matters but they have a certain bearing. Thirty-four Barred Plymouth Rock hens and two cocks were divided into two similar lots. They were supplied at all times with grit, granulated bone and water. The grain ration for each lot of fowls was the same. The fowls fed fresh ground bone gained more in weight than the lot receiving meal meal. During the experiment the fowls receiving the fresh bone laid 1,824 eggs weighing 485.2 lbs., of an average weight of 12.75 lbs. per hundred eggs, while the meal meal lot laid only 2,360 eggs weighing 291.2 lbs. and weighing 11.94 lbs. per hundred. Consequently the fowls fed fresh bone not only gained more in weight but they also laid more and larger eggs. During the experiment four of the hens receiving meal meal died and were replaced by others. At the time it was thought that they were killed by some poison present in the meal meal. The fowls receiving ground fresh meat and bone remained healthy during the entire test. The experimenters say: "Of course with another sample of meal meal the results might have been different, and consumers are advised when purchasing meal meal or beef scraps to insist upon obtaining a perfectly fresh article."

Origin of Turkeys.

C. E. Thorne, in his poultry book, says that naturalists at present recognize but two species of wild turkeys—the Meleagris gallopavo, which is the wild turkey of the Southwestern United States and Mexico, and the Meleagris sylvestris of Canada and the northern United States. These varieties were formerly classed as different species under the name of Meleagris mexicana and Meleagris americana, but, as they differ but little, except in color of plumage, they have latterly been regarded as but one species. Meleagris ocellata is the rare and beautiful Ocellated turkey of Central America.

In former geological epochs, at least three other species of Meleagris have existed within the limits of the present United States. The remains of two species, Meleagris altus or superbus, and Meleagris celer, having been found in the Post Pliocene of New Jersey, and of another, Meleagris antiqua, in the Miocene beds of Colorado.

Anatomically the turkey is closely related to the Guinea fowl; hence, the generic name, Meleagris, the ancient

name of that fowl. The species name gallopavo, is compounded of the names of the hen-yard fowl, Gallus, and of the peacock, Pavo.

Ornithologists now generally believe that the wild turkey of Mexico was the direct parent stock of the domesticated turkey, basing this belief upon the facts that this variety shows more tendency toward the variation in the color of the plumage which characterizes the domestic fowl, as its wing coverts and tail feathers contain some white. Another argument in favor of this theory is that the species or variety existing in the vicinity of the comparatively civilized Mexicans would probably have been brought into domestication long before that whose habitat was among the roving Indians to the northward. That the turkey had been domesticated by the Mexicans is shown by the fact that it was introduced into Europe from Mexico or the West Indies by the Spaniards, early in the sixteenth century.

Dairy Weeds.

Reports from England say that there have been a number of convictions in the courts recently for the sale of butter containing preservatives. One man was convicted for selling butter containing 63 grains of boracic acid to the pound, and another for selling butter containing 63 grains of the same substance to the pound. Yet another was fined for selling butter with only 17 grains of boracic acid to the pound. Without doubt some of this butter came from the United States. It is known that from the Elgin district butter containing no salt but preserved with boracic acid is being sent to England.

A New York justice, in fining some milk dealers for watering their milk, told them that if they came before him again and were convicted of the same offense he would send them to the penitentiary. It is asserted by the officials in charge of the enforcement of the laws against food adulteration that it is almost impossible to prevent the watering of milk. So alarming have conditions become that the Medical Society of the County of New York has appointed a committee to devise methods of improving the milk supply of New York City. Doubtless the doctors have found the bad milk one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the recovery of their patients and the thrift of children forced to live upon it. The above-mentioned commission has hit upon what it believes to be a practical scheme. It has selected a few dealers that are known to be above suspicion and has issued to them a label that may be used on each bottle of milk, certifying that the milk in the bottle is pure. By so doing it is hoped the consumers will buy only of those dealers that have or may have the labels. By this means the rogues should be frozen out of business.

Standing High Above the Plains of Humidity.

The Highlands of Ontario are now so favorably known by the summer traveler and those looking for a place to spend the hot summer months that some of the districts are becoming as popular as the hotel accommodations has to be added to each year. Thousands of people annually go up into the Muskoka Lakes District, and no one is ever disappointed at the beauties that are there and the health-giving propensities of the pure air. The altitude of Muskoka—1,500 feet above sea level—endows it with all the advantages obtainable among the mountains, while as a matter of course it lacks nothing in so far as lakes and islands are concerned. In fact it possesses a variety of attractions, any one of which would be more than sufficient to make it dear to the hearts of its summer habitues.

Handsome illustrated descriptive publications of the several districts comprising the "Highlands of Ontario," are issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System and can be had free on application to J. H. Burgis, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

Popular Interest in Albert Judson Fisher's Unique Love Story.

The district is located about 100 miles north of the city of Toronto, and can be reached from Buffalo in less than seven hours and from Toronto in three hours, and the farthest points on the lakes are reached at a reasonable hour the same day. Perfect immunity from Hay Fever is assured.

Statistics show that of the population of Paris only 26 per cent are natives, whereas the figures for the other capitals of Europe are as follows: St. Petersburg, 46 per cent; Berlin, 41 per cent; Vienna, 45 per cent, and London, 65 per cent.

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Pierpont Morgan a Mathematician.

J. Pierpont Morgan was for several years a student at the University of Göttingen, and there won distinction and a notable prize for excellence as a mathematician.

If a lead wire will sustain a weight of twenty-eight pounds a copper wire of the same thickness will support 200 pounds and one of iron 300 pounds.

STATES ARE REPRESENTED.

A Wide Impression Gained—The American Exposition Held at Buffalo, N. Y., July 22—A Joint meeting of railway passenger agents, hotel and newspaper men was held this afternoon with the view of securing some means for correcting as far as possible the impression that appears to prevail at distant points that railway rates to the Pan-American Exposition are high and that hotel rates in Buffalo are excessive. The conference revealed the fact that Buffalo can accommodate two hundred thousand visitors in its private houses and hotels at rates ranging from fifty cents to two dollars per night, and that no one need pay more than one dollar for a first-class lodging in a private house. It was also shown that the railroad rate is lower than for any former exposition for a five, ten or fifteen day ticket, according to distance, being at the rate of one fare plus one dollar for the round trip, from all parts of the country. The Niagara Falls cheap, one-day special excursions of former years, when trains were overcrowded and everyone subjected to great discomfort, are remembered only so far as the low rate is concerned, and this is quoted as showing what might be done. The passenger agents assert that the present half rates are as low as can reasonably be expected. An extension of the present limit has been looked for, as it gives too short a time for anyone to see the big exposition, but it has not yet been modified. Other points which the representatives of the publishers' association will lay stress upon are that the Exposition is completed in all details and that both Buffalo and the Exposition are well policed and as free from dangerous characters as any city in the country. A joint committee was appointed to deal with questions affecting the Exposition and the proper welcome and care of guests. The Exposition has been in operation for some time a free bureau of information for the convenience of intending visitors.

An Unsettled Tourist Resort. The Highlands of Ontario are now so favorably known by the summer traveler and those looking for a place to spend the hot summer months that some of the districts are becoming as popular as the hotel accommodations has to be added to each year. Thousands of people annually go up into the Muskoka Lakes District, and no one is ever disappointed at the beauties that are there and the health-giving propensities of the pure air. The altitude of Muskoka—1,500 feet above sea level—endows it with all the advantages obtainable among the mountains, while as a matter of course it lacks nothing in so far as lakes and islands are concerned. In fact it possesses a variety of attractions, any one of which would be more than sufficient to make it dear to the hearts of its summer habitues.

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