About the House.

THE MOTHER.

A little ring of gold—a battered shoe—
A faded, curling wisp of yellow hair—
Some pencilled pictures—playthings one or two—
A corner and a chest to hold them there.

Many a woman's fondest hoard is this,
Among her dearest treasures none so dear,
Though bearded lips are often here to kiss
That once made only prattle to her ear.

The sturdy arm, the seasoned form, the brow
That arches over eyes of manly blue
Mean all joy to her living memory now,
And yet—and yet—she hugs the other, too!

With that rare love, mysterious and deep,
Down in a mother-heart thro' all the year,
That placid age can never lull to sleep
And is not grief, yet oft brings foolish tears.

She often goes those hoarded things to view
And fingers the wee treasures hidden there—
To touch the little ring and battered shoe
And kiss the curling wisp of yellow hair!

CRULLERS AND TEA BISCUIT.

The following is a recipe for making French crullers. Four ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, four eggs and one-half pint of water. Cut the butter into small pieces, put it into the water, and stand over a good fire to boil. As soon as it boils, add the flour quickly, and stir over the fire until it sticks together and rolls around in the saucepan like a ball. Then take it from the fire, beat thoroughly, and stand it in a warm place, 72 F., for half an hour. Add one egg unbeaten, and beat the mixture until smooth. Add another egg and beat again, and so continue until the four eggs have been added. Next beat the entire mixture for five minutes until smooth; cover and stand aside for another half hour. Put one pound of lard or clarified dripping into a deep frying-pan; stand it on the fire to heat gradually. Put one cupful of sugar on a dinner plate, add to it one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and mix. Now flour the baking board, put on a tablespoonful of the mixture, and roll very lightly. The mixture will be very soft, but a little practice will make it possible to handle it without adding much flour. After rolling the mixture down to a quarter of an inch, cut with a round cutter, take out a center with a small cutter, lift carefully into cake turner, and slide it into the hot fat. Fry brown on one side, turn and brown on the other side. Take out, drain, then roll in the sugar and cinnamon.

These are very troublesome to make, but when well done are most delicious. Points to be remembered: 1. After adding the last egg, let the beating be rapid and continuous. 2. Have the fat hot, but not smoking hot. 3. Use very little extra flour in rolling out.

Tea Biscuit.—Successful tea biscuit are made by sifting half a pint of flour with a small teaspoonful baking powder in a bowl; add quarter teaspoonful salt and half teaspoonful butter; rub the butter fine in the flour; add half cupful milk and mix into a soft dough, turn on to a floured board and give a few turns with a knife to smooth the dough; then roll it out to one inch in thickness; cut it out with a small biscuit cutter; set them in a small, shallow tin pan close together; brush with milk and bake till done. This will make nine small biscuits.

WASHING TABLE LINEN.

The work on many of the embroidered doylexs and centrepieces, carving cloths, etc., in almost every home is so handsome that they might well be considered works of art and should receive the care necessary to preserve their beauty. The embroidery silk used is warranted to be fast in color and will not fade if they are washed properly, yet the fact remains that many a beautiful piece has been ruined by the careless laundress.

If the cloth has been stained, the stained portion should be placed over a basin, and boiling water poured through it. Or if a little salt, and a few drops of lemon juice are put on it, while still fresh, and the linen placed in the sunshine an hour or two, all traces of the stain usually disappear. Of course the lemon juice should not be applied to the colored silk, or it will fade the colors.

Table linen should not be used long enough to become badly soiled, as the hard rubbing necessary to get them clean is destructive to their beauty. Heat the water until it is luke warm, dissolve a little borax in it, and add enough soap to make a good suds. Wash each piece between the hands until clean, rinse through two waters with a little bluing in the second. The borax softens the water making very little soap or rubbing necessary. A little boiled starch may be added to the second rinse water, and will give it the stiffness of new linen. Hang where the wind will not whip it out, and iron while it is quite damp. The embroidered parts should be ironed on the wrong side and make the pattern show to the best advantage. Linen that is treated in this way will look fresh and unfaded as long as it lasts.

WINDOW BOXES.

A charming arrangement was noticed last summer. The plants employed were nasturtiums only, and the entire cost could not have exceeded fifty cents. The box was of rough boards, evidently strongly joined, and sat upon a pair of iron brackets.

The box was covered with floor oilcloth, tacked on, and the design was such that it looked like tile work. The colors were cream and brown. A pine frame the width of the window, and six inches across, was nailed to the top of the window for attaching the strings on which the vines were supported. The nasturtiums were of both the dwarf and climbing sorts.

A drapery of trailing nasturtiums fell over the edge of the box, and dwarf nasturtiums filled the center, and all were of the deepest, richest colors known to this flower. The nasturtiums that were trained up the supports were of lighter colors, lemon and orange and cream. The middle strings had been loosened and the vines had been drawn back from the center to each side by strong strings; the whole appearance being a diamond shaped aperture surrounded by a drapery of living green. The effect was equally charming from within and without.

HOMEMADE NOODLES.

Noodles and Cheese.—To 1 qt boiling water add 1 cup cut noodles, boil 10 minutes, drain off the water, put noodles in dish, add 1 spoon butter, 4 spoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, set in oven 10 minutes, serve hot.

Noodles with Onions.—Boil noodles same as for cheese, salt, slice 3 onions, fry in butter till light brown, pour drained noodles over onions, stir, serve at once.

Noodles and Bread.—Fry one-half inch to one inch cubes of bread in butter, till brown, pour boiled noodles over them, season and serve

THE TOOTH BRUSH PLANT.

One of the most curious plants in the world is what is called the tooth-brush plant of Jamaica. It is a species of creeper, and has nothing particularly striking about its appearance. By cutting pieces of it to a suitable length and fraying the ends, the natives convert it into a tooth brush; and a tooth powder to accompany the use of the brush is also prepared by pulverizing the dead stems.

A HOUSEKEEPER'S HINT.

"Did you know," said the old housekeeper, "that crushed egg shells are good for cleaning discolored or stained bottles. I used to think I must have a small amount of shot in the house for cleaning the inside of bottles. Of course, chopped pieces of potato are good, but egg shells are first-rate, too."

Saluting the Deck.

The poop or raised after deck of a ship over which floated the national flag was considered to be always pervaded by the presence of the sovereign. As the worshiper of whatever rank removes his hat upon entering the church so from the admiral to the powder monkey every member of the ship's company as he set foot upon this poop "saluted the deck," the invisible presence. But since in steamers there is often no lee side the custom in them has completely died out.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Tough Joint.

The boarder who was carving the roast beef at the request of the land lady laid down the knife and fork and took a short rest.

"The spirit is willing," he remarked "but the flesh is strong."

Our Debt to the Barn Fowl.

It is quite possible, though of course not demonstrable, that the humble barn fowl has been a larger benefactor of our race than any mechanical invention in our possession, for there is no inhabited country on earth today where the barn fowl is not a mainstay of health. There are vast regions of South America and Europe where it is the mainstay, and nowhere is there known anything that can take its place, which is probably more than can be said of anything in the world of mechanics.—Century.

Limits to His Gratitude.

"I feel that I ought to make some acknowledgment to the people who were so kind to us during my late wife's last sickness," said Mr. Phroggie, "and I would like to have them insert this card of thanks in a prominent place in this week's paper."

"We are obliged to make a charge for these notices," replied the editor of The Weekly Blizzard, looking over the manuscript, "and this will cost you $1."

"Then you needn't publish it," rejoined Mr. Phroggie. "I am not quite as grateful as all that comes to."

AT WOOLWICH HOSPITAL,

A HAVEN FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Some Things of Interest About the Dockyard and Arsenal That are Also Located in the English Town.

The Herbert Hospital at Woolwich, England, has 24 wards in all. In one corner of a ward, again, a poor fellow's eye peeps out of a bewildering array of sticking-plaster patches. In another, a stalwart infantryman hobbles along with a bullet in one foot. All around are signs of war; but not a syllable of boast, no posing, not the slightest trace of brag at having taken part in a great historic struggle. The Herbert Hospital boasts of a library of some 600 or 700 volumes, which are well patronized by the wounded Tommies. The hospital possesses an uncommonly handsome little chapel as well as a theatre—not an operating theatre—complete with stage, scenery, and every historionic requisite. Just now the auditorium is strewn with the kits of the returning troops, and similar articles which tell a tale more moving than any that have been, or could be, enacted on its pretty little stage.

There is nothing of the mushroom growth about the town of Woolwich. The Earlier chronicles carry us back, if vaguely, to the days of Alfred the Great—when there was a parish church there, now nearly 1,100 years ago.

Woolwich has been varied in spelling from Hulviz in the Doomsday Book, 1086,—which has been interpreted "the dwelling on the creek," to the modern method by the way of Owilwiche, Wooldwich, Wolnewich, Woollidge, Wulenic, and Wulewich.

From the very earliest times Woolwich has been the starting point of expeditions, from those of the early Britons, who harried the coasts of Gaul in Caesar's day, to the Arctic exploration undertaken by Sir John Franklin in 1845, and that of Sir James Ross in 1848.

VISITS OF ROYALTY.

In the early years of their married life it was the custom of the Queen and Prince Albert to depart from the dockyard, both for Scotland and the Continent, and many important launches have taken place there.

The two most notable visits of the Queen to Woolwich were in 1851 and 1854. The launch of the Trafalgar, 120 guns, took place on June 21, 1844. The roads from London swarmed with coaches, gigs, phaetons, and over a hundred steamers and yachts carried sightseers to points of vantage on the river. On that day her Majesty wore a bright blue silk dress and a white drawn silk bonnet trimmed with roses. The bottle of wine with which the christening was performed, was one of those which Lord Nelson had on board the Victory at the battle of Trafalgar.

Then came the launch of the Royal Albert on Saturday, May 13, 1854, when the Queen accompanied by the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, and the Duchess of Kent was present amid some 50,000 spectators. England and Russia were at the beginning of the war, and the bombardment of Odessa had just drawn attention to the navy, to which the Royal Albert was to be added.

CONVICT LABOR USED.

The dockyard was not finished until 1813, but additions were made to it earlier in the century, the extension works being carried out by convict labour, but the immense graving dock, the great basins, and the building slips added in the year mentioned enlarged the dockyard to 56 acres, with a river frontage of 3,569 feet. Even before this addition Woolwich was considered the mother dock of the kingdom, and drew praise from the Emperor of Russia when the allied sovereigns were visiting the Arsenal in 1814. But the end of the "Yard" came in 1869, when the workmen were sent out for the last time on Sept. 18, and the greater part of the machinery was moved to Chatham.

The Arsenal dates back to at least 1667, when Prince Rupert was ordered by the second Charles to raise works and batteries at Woolwich, and build in the warren's platform with 60 guns as a defence against the Dutch. Some authorities even date it back to Elizabeth; but in any case it was not until 1773 that it was visited by a reigning sovereign, when George III., went there on July 6.

ABOUT THE ARSENAL.

There was but little variation in the Arsenal until 1810, the Peninsular campaign keeping it uniformly busy for a series of years, but the new developments consequent on the rearmament of the navy, when the Admiralty rendered 10,000 guns obsolete at once, extended the work enormously. Steam power was introduced, and important machinery adopted, and the wharves and piers erected. The royal gun factories were built in 1854-5, for the manufacture of the wrought-iron ordnance invented by Sir William Armstrong, but rifled cannon only dates back to 1860, when the first specimens were turned out, and nearly a year later the first heavy Armstrong, 100-pounder, breechloader was proved at the Arsenal.

Severndroog Castle, an attractive feature of the landscape at Shooters Hill, is a triangular tower, erected in 1784 by the widow of Sir William James in honor of her husband, who so distinguished himself against the pirates of the Indian Seas, one of his exploits being the capture of the fortress of Severndroog, on the Malabar Coast, in 1775. This quaint war relic is only a few hundred yards from the hospital.

Lord Herbert, who married the daughter of Major-General Charles Ashe a Court, was a descendant of Herbert Fitzherbert, chamberlain to Henry I. The first earl was an adherent of the House of York, but his son exchanged his title for that of Huntingdon, which became extinct at his death. The dirst Earl of Pembroke of the present line was William Herbert, who married the sister of Katherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII., and the present heir is Reginald Herbert, born in 1880, who was educated at Eton and Sandhurst, and is an officer in the Royal Horse Guards.

A PERFECT DESCENT.

Teresa Falcioia, a woman of Zuarna, Italy, recently found out how it feels to fly. Near her home, which nestles in a valley, is a high wooded mountain. To it it has been her custom to go for fire-wood.

To carry this wood from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire, stretched from the valley up to the mountain-top.

A few weeks ago she and her two little daughters ascended the mountain, and after gathering three goodly bundles of wood, proceeded to send them down. Just as the mother had fastened the first bundle to the wire, and had launched it on its downward course, her wedding ring caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet.

Half-paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped from their sight, and then they ran down the mountain, fully expecting to find her lying dead at the end of the wire. And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain-top from which their mother had been torn is eight hundred yards above the valley.

But the children found their mother entirely uninjured. Her fall had been broken as she was reaching the earth by some branches of a prickly bush. The bundle of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.

THE BROOKLET.

"Oh, silver brooklet, flowing clear,
Forever speeding past me here,
I stand and ponder on thy flow;
Whence comest thou? Where dost thou go?"

"From out the rock's deep heart I glide,
O'er flowers and moss my course I guide.
Them floats upon my mirror true
The picture of the heaven's blue.

"So, like a child without a care,
I bound along, I know not where;
He will, I trust, my Leader be,
Who from earth's bosom summoned me."

—S. J. Underwood, From the German of Goethe.

ROYAL NAMES A HOODOO.

One of the Strongest Superstitions of the English Navy.

One of the very strongest and most ineffaceable of all superstitions in the royal navy, a superstition that is almost as strong today as ever it was, is that vessels bearing the names of royal personages are doomed to ill luck, and, strange as it may seem, there is an undeniable historic basis for this feeling.

Some of the most terrible disasters ever known in connection with our navy have concerned war vessels with royal names. Two vessels called the Royal James came to disastrous ends. One of them exploded, and some 800 officers and seamen perished. The other ship so named was actually carried out of the mouth of the Thames by the Dutch Admiral de Ruyter under circumstances disgraceful to those in charge of the craft.

Then there is the forever memorable disaster to the Royal George, an unlucky ship previously, that turned over and sank in sight of crowds at Spithead, over 1,000 souls, among whom were 300 women, being sacrificed. And second only to this hideous disaster is that which afterward befell the Royal Charlotte, which, after a career of much vicissitude, was consumed by fire off Leghorn, over 800 of the very flower of the navy perishing with her.

When in 1893 the Victoria, a new vessel and the very triumph of modern invention so far as naval architecture went, was rammed and sank at once in sight of the whole fleet and when hundreds of lives were lost, there was not a sailor, however matter of fact he might be, who did not remember the dire fate of the royally named craft. These instances are only the greater ones. A score of smaller ones are recked off by every royal navy man.—Tit-Bits.

Paid For His Joke.

The editor is fond of a joke and has the good sense to appreciate one at his own expense. A few weeks ago he was walking with a friend, and at the corner of a busy thoroughfare he saw a dilapidated looking Hibernian standing at the opposite corner gazing listlessly into vacancy.

"Watch me surprise this old fellow," said he to his friend. "Look right into his face and see if it won't be a study."

A second later they were abreast of the son of Erin, and the editor pulled out a silver coin and said as he thrust it into the man's hand: "Here's that half a crown I owe you. Now, don't go round any more telling people that I don't pay my debts."

For a second the man's face was a study. He was amazed at the unlooked for kindness, and then, as its purport dawned on him, he raised his hat and said: "Heaven bless yer honner! I'll never say another word agin ya. But," and his eyes twinkled merrily, "are ye sure it wasn't a crown ye owed me?"

The friend roared: "Oh, pay the man in full! Don't try to beat him out of a paltry half crown." The Irishman got his crown, but the editor no longer pays his debts at sight now.—London Telegraph.

Used Olive Oil.

A mistress before going out told her negro cook to fry some Saratoga chips in olive oil. The first thing that greeted the mistress upon her return was an unrecognizable and awful odor that penetrated every cranny of the flat. Rushing to the kitchen, the mistress found the chips sizzling away in a pan full of what proved to be vinegar.

"But I told you olive oil!" cried the mistress.

"Yes, ma'am, I know, ma'am," returned the cook, who, by the way, can read and write and is "up" upon matters of geography and history. "But, you see, ma'am, I didn't know what it was, and I saw that bottle there," pointing to a jar of olives, "and I just poured the stuff out of that over the potatoes. I s'posed that where there was olives there must be olive oil."—New York Sun.

Wonders of New Hampshire.

The average reader will be amazed to learn that little New Hampshire, with less than 10,000 square miles, has no less than 406 lakes and ponds, 154 brooks, 58 rivers and 294 mountains. This makes Iowa look small. Colorado, a big state, has 550 creeks. Texas has comparatively few rivers, lakes and creeks. Alabama has 693 creeks and 87 rivers. Iowa cannot approach that record. Minnesota has 222 lakes and 140 rivers.—New York Press.

Books.

Books are sweet, unreproaching companions to the miserable, and if they cannot bring us to enjoy life they will at least teach us to endure it.—"Vicar of Wakefield."

With Rich Red Blood

Throbbing Through the Arteries Weakness and Disease are Impossible--Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Makes the Blood Pure, Rich and Healthy.

Not a single day passes but we are reminded of the value of keeping the body supplied with an abundance of rich, red, life-sustaining blood.

Heart failure, brain troubles and nerve paralysis can only exist when the blood is in a thin, watery condition.

Deadly pneumonia and consumption cannot find a beginning in the healthy body, which is supplied with plenty of pure blood to rebuild and reconstruct the tissues wasted by disease.

To guard against disease, to prolong life, to insure health, strength and vigor to every organ you cannot possibly find a means so effective as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the blood builder and nerve restorative.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the very elements of nature which go to form new, rich, red blood, and this accounts for its phenomenal success as a system builder. It is as certain as the laws of nature, because it gets away down at the foundation of disease and cures by making the blood pure and rich.

Mrs. E. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament St., Toronto, states:—"My daughter was pale, weak, languid and very nervous, her appetite was poor and changeable, she could scarcely drag herself about the house, and her nerves were completely unstrung. She could not sleep for more than half an hour at a time without starting up and crying out in excitement.

"As she was growing weaker and weaker, I became alarmed, and got a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She used this treatment for some weeks and from the first we noticed a decided improvement. Her appetite became better, she gained in weight, the color returned to her face, and she generally became strong and well. I cannot say too much in favor of this wonderful treatment, since it has proven such a blessing to my daughter."

To allow the blood to get weak, watery and vitiated is to prepare the way for pneumonia, consumption, kidney disease, or other dreadfully fatal complications. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food prevents and cures disease by creating an abundance of rich blood and nerve force in the system. In pill form, 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A TRAMP AND HIS PAL

THE TRAIL THAT ONE MADE TO GUIDE THE OTHER.

It Enabled "Appetite Bill," After His Term In Jail Was Done, to Unerringly Follow His Partner From Cincinnati to Houston.

"We have a good many tramps up in our part of the country," said a sugar planter, "and I've made something of a study of their peculiarities. The old idea that they carve marks and signs on fences that can be read by all other members of the fraternity is pure nonsense, of course, but I have known several instances in which one tramp would leave a trail, so to speak, for the guidance of a partner who might not put in an appearance for months.

"The first case of that kind I ever encountered was rather amusing. I was riding, one spring day, down a road that passes through my place, when I noticed a typical hobo industriously carving a sort of hieroglyphic on a big post standing near the fence. The mark consisted of a square and triangle side by side, and he was just putting on the finishing touches as I arrived.

"My curiosity was at once aroused, and I determined to find out if possible exactly what the thing meant, so I proceeded to collar the fellow, and after a little vigorous bluffing he told me he was putting up directions for his partner, who would be along some time in the fall. He assured me that the marks meant nothing in particular, except that he had passed and was going in the direction of the point of the triangle.

"His partner, according to the story which I dragged out of him piecemeal, was doing a six months' jail sentence for slugging a policeman in Cincinnati and when he got out on Sept. 1 would strike south, following a trail of carvings on water tanks, depots, barns and fenceposts. When the first tramp struck a good place to loaf, he proposed to stop and wait for the other to catch up.

"'What's your partner's name?' I asked.

"'It's by rights William Sparks,' said the hobo, 'but everybody calls him "Appetite Bill" on account of his always being hungry. He carries a sack to pack grub in and has red whiskers and a funny looking wart on one side of his nose.'

"I was satisfied from my prisoner's manner that he was telling me the truth, so I took him up to the house, gave him a good dinner and sent him on his way rejoicing.

"Now for the sequel," continued the planter. "One afternoon in the fall I was driving home from the station when I passed a very dilapidated hobo with red stubble on his chin and a gunny sack under his arm, and some instinct told me that Mr. Sparks, alias 'Appetite Bill,' had at last arrived. He seemed to be looking for landmarks, and when he reached the big post I saw him step, scrutinize the carving and then start off with a new and confident step. That settled it, and I drove ahead and intercepted him at the house, half a mile farther on.

"'Hello, Bill!' I said. 'How's your appetite this evening?'

"'Appetite?' he stammered and gave such a violent start that he dropped his gunny sack.

"'Why, yes,' said I. 'Perhaps they didn't feed you very well at Cincinnati.'

"At the word Cincinnati he turned livid and glared around with such evident intention of bolting that I made haste to explain.

"'Don't be alarmed,' I said. 'I met your side partner a few months ago, and he told me to look out for you.' It took me some time to dissipate Bill's suspicions, but when I finally succeeded in convincing him that it was all right he told me a most interesting story of his journey across the country.

"A professional hobo will follow the track of another hobo with an accuracy that is curiously suggestive of woodcraft. All the way down from Cincinnati Bill had never once lost the trail, and before he left I gave him an addressed postal card and got him to promise me he would put it in the mail at whatever point he caught up with his partner. Less than a month later I received the card, bearing a Houston (Tex.) date mark; so I presume it was there they met.

"Both of these tramps could read and write, and I asked Sparks particularly why his friend didn't use some brief message in place of the hieroglyph. He replied that it would attract too much attention, and other hoboes would be likely to add misleading words, while the little square and triangle passed unnoticed.

"Since then I have encountered two other nearly similar cases, in each of which a tramp was leaving a cipher trail for a crony to follow when he got out of jail, and I infer that the practice is tolerably common. At any rate it is a curious feature of tramp life which I have never seen mentioned in any of the numerous papers and magazine articles that have appeared on the subject during recent years."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Men have missed their opportunities more often than opportunities have missed them.—Elliott's Magazine.

Japan tea drinkers try

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

It is absolutely PURE.

BABY'S PRETTY CURLS.

Pulled Them Off In a Car and Embarrassed Her Mamma.

A well dressed woman with a beautiful baby in her arms attracted the attention of all the passengers on a Germantown car. Every one was fascinated by the baby's pretty and smiling face and particularly by two golden curls which hung down her cheeks.

After awhile the child became nervous and began to tug at one of the curls which protruded from her hood. The woman, presumably her mother, quickly stopped her, but a few moments later she looked out of the window. No sooner was her face turned than the child seized her bonnet with both hands and pulled it off. It offered little resistance, but to the astonishment of every one on the car the curls came with it, and the supposed golden haired baby showed that in reality its head was without the semblance of a hair.

The child swung the bonnet to and fro and laughingly held it up for the inspection of the other passengers. It was almost a minute before the woman turned around. When she saw what the baby had done, her face flushed, and without a word she picked up the child and walked sedately out of the car. When last seen, she was trudging down Spring Garden street with the baby tucked under her arm like a sack of oats, but still holding tightly to the bonnet and cooing, "See my pooty hair?"—Philadelphia Times.

Behind the Scenes.

"A good many people," said a veteran stage manager the other day, "have an idea that beyond the scenes of a stage there is great fun and hilarity and that actors have a jolly sort of time between their appearances before the audience. The fact is a military camp during times of inspection is no more sedate than is the rear of any well regulated stage when the public in front of the footlights is being entertained. The shifting of scenes and the proper execution of an intricate play require all the thought that can be given them. All the men and women have all they can do to properly perform their parts. If a manager is an easy going man, caring little for discipline, he soon gets to the end of his career. You may be sure there is no business that is carried on in a more businesslike way than is the playhouse, and when the fun is on in the front those behind the scenes are carefully watching to see that no hitch occurs and that every one is ready to do his part at the proper time and does it properly when the time comes."—Washington Star.

How to Dry Rubber Boots.

It was a problem how to dry out big rubber boots. In the sitting room there was an open grate fire which was covered every night with fine coal and a few shovelfuls of ashes, so that the room never became quite cold. We found that if we heated a piece of old flannel as hot as possible and stuffed it down into the foot of a boot and stood the boot in front of the fireplace it was as dry as a bone next morning. The handiest thing to keep the boot leg open is a spring steel corset rib about 18 inches long by three-quarter inch in width.—Forest and Stream.

Origin of the Boat.

Only lately has the original boat been found in use among the savages of the south sea islands. There the natives take the stump of a tree whose roots offer a good seat, and, launching this primitive craft, they paddle around as contentedly as if there was no such thing as a European steamer, and, to tell the truth, they do not suspect its existence.

There can be no doubt whatever that in this stump boat we have the original method of transportation by water. Accident certainly contributed to this discovery.

A tired swimming savage found a log floating near him. He grasped it and found that it held him above water. He mounted his log and used a floating branch to propel the log.

It was but a step from the log to the more comfortable root of a tree and another step from the branch propeller to a shaped paddle.

Vitality.

Because one's parents and grandparents lived to be nearly 100 does not make it certain that their descendants will do likewise, for the inheritance of vitality may all be dissipated in 20 years of high living. A small stock of vital force well taken care of may last twice as long.

In the time of Louis Quatorze in France food in general was placed upon the table in one huge dish, and each helped himself with his naked hand. As late as the middle of the sixteenth century one glass or goblet did duty for the whole table.

SMALLEST SHEEP IN THE WORLD.

It Lives in Brittany and is No Bigger Than a Lap Dog.

The very smallest of all the kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton sheep. It is too small to be very profitable to raise for, of course, it cannot have much wool, and, as for eating, why a hungry man could eat almost a whole one at a meal. It is so small when grown that it can hide behind a goodsized bucket.

It takes its name from the part of France where it is most raised. But, if not a profitable sheep it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very gentle, and, because it is so small, it is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary.

Any little girl could find room in her lap for a Breton sheep.

One of this little creature's peculiarities is its extreme sympathy with the feelings of its human friends, when it has been brought up a pet in the house, and has learned to distinguish between happiness and unhappiness.

If any person whom it likes is very much pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but, if, on the contrary, the persons sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way.

QUEBEC UNITED.

No Division of Opinion in Regard to Dodd's Kidney Pills Whatever.

Miss Anna Mongren, of Grand Metis, Voices the Universal Verdict—Says She Feels Obliged to Tell Her Friends of Dodd's Kidney Pills. She Herself Has Been Absolutely Cured.

Grand Metis, Que., April 30.—Miss Anna Mongren, of the Village of Grand Metis, Quebec, has been cured of her kidney trouble of years standing by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Throughout this country it is becoming more and more common to hear of cures this famous medicine is making. The people of French Canada are not a class who are taken in by imitations or worthless preparations of any kind. They are a conservative people, and the reputation of a medicine has to be thoroughly established before they pin their faith to it. It is therefore a most convincing sign that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sterling remedy when French Canadians throughout Quebec speak of it in the highest terms of praise, and that moreover from a knowledge based on their own experience.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are now proved to be infallible in the cure of Kidney Diseases of absolutely every nature, Bright's Disease, that terror of physicians, Diabetes, which used to be called incurable; Rheumatism, the affection which renders the lives of so many otherwise strong and robust men and women of Quebec miserable, and which is the accompaniment of old age nine times out of ten throughout the Lower Provinces; Heart Disease, not generally known to be the result of Kidney Disease, but which is so nevertheless; Dropsy, Urinary and Bladder Complaints, Woman's Weakness and blood disorders all kinds yield freely and promptly to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Miss Anna Mongren, well-known in Grand Metis, writes as follows concerning her cure:

"I was suffering from a great pain in my side, which caused me much pain and uneasiness. I had taken three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I felt a wonderful relief. I continued to take them and now I am perfectly cured. Considering it only fair and honest to let the facts be known, I feel obliged to tell my friends of the virtues of Dodd's Kidney Pills and to think that medicine for the great benefit I have received."

Michael Krieger, a resident of Nova, O., is the exact facial and tonsorial double of Oom Paul. He was born at Uttewiller, Alsace, in 1823, but came to this country in early youth, and since 1838 has lived in Ohio.

Remember

REMEMBER

We don't advertise for mere effect, but for business. We know that, if you are subject to cramps, that you should have a prompt, efficient remedy on hand. Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—has a wonderful and immediate curative power. It relieves in one minute, it cures in five. Pleasant to the taste and the best known remedy for pain.

Congressman Littlefield of Maine, was the son of a Free Will Baptist clergyman, who changed his parish many times. Hence the boy was educated at Lebanon, Rockland, Foxcroft, Vinalhaven, and Week's Mills, Me.

A DELICIOUS CUP OF TEA—

LUDELLA

CEYLON. Put up from nothing but the finest tea obtainable. You can't help liking it. LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

"SELECTS"

You can select the color on any paint chart; but how about the quality? How will it look next year, and for years to come?

It is best to get the lasting quality in paints—it's the only kind that is a good investment.

Ramsay's Paints,

are that kind. For sale by all good dealers.

A. Ramsay & Son, Paint Makers. MONTREAL. Est'd 1842.

Miss Mabel McKinley, niece of the president, is an accomplished musician, and her singing is regarded as exceptionally good.

President-elect Rhees, of Rochester, University, owns one of the best private collections of Oriental manuscripts in the world.

A GOOD CORN SHELLER FOR 25c. A marvel of cheapness, of efficacy, and of promptitude, is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It goes right to the root of the trouble, then acts quickly but so painlessly that nothing is known of its operation until the corn is shelled. Beware of substitutes offered for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—safe, sure and painless. Sold at druggists.

George H. Godfrey, of New Albany, Ky., claims to hold the record for continuous employment in the service of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He has served the company 41 years, and was of great service during the war of the rebellion.

O'KEEFE'S LIVE MALT EXTRACT

Introduced and Endorsed by LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT

Chin Pom Ye, formerly Corean Minister to this country, who will represent his government in Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, has withdrawn his two sons from the Washington public schools, and will send them to Harrow, England.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box

HAD AN OBJECT.

Revivalist—But, Mr. Peck, don't you know where you will go when you die, if you die in your sinful course?

Hen Peck—You let me alone. I know what I am doing. My wife joined church last week.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms 50c. and from $1 a day. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop'rs.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill-College Avenue Daily Rate $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot, two blocks from C. P. Railway. Popular Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

GEDDLE SPRING.

I wrode a sple'did poeb lasd dighd,
Aboud Sweed Spring, that lides to the
Bud bad to burd id up to light
The fire to keep hyself frob freezig.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best

THE DEMOCRATIC PLAY.

Jimmy, did you cut the mane and tail off Johnny's rocking-horse?

Yes, pa; but I had to have a wig to wear in our play.

Thousands drink Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea every day. Ask any of them what they think of it.

THE SAVAGE BACHELOR.

I wonder, said the soda fountain clerk boarder, why the women are so set on marrying soldiers?

They like 'em because they have already been trained. A soldier's first duty is obedience, said the Savage Bachelor.

Mrs. Hetty Green, besides managing her fortune, is a great reader, and owns a valuable library in which are many rare books.

WPC 1022

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Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.

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FARM FOR SALE. Seventeen Acre Fruit Farm near Hamilton. Choicest fruit, new buildings and shipping facilities, first-class bargain. See our list for fine Stock and Fruit Farms. MILNE & LYALL, Hamilton.

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Every Town can have a Band

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Linen Marker for stamping Hand-kerchiefs, Clothes, Books, etc. Some thing every one needs warranted indelible black as jet, ink, pen up in some approved best silver pen. 2 Pads, all complete 25c each, $2.50 per doz. or 50 for $4.00. Try one, your money refunded if not satisfactory. Postpaid on receipt of stamps. C. G. YOUNG, 1 Adelaide East, Toronto.

MONTROSE Stock Farm, 175 acres, 2 miles from Elmira, and 9 Waterloo, Ont., for sale by public auction at Queen's Hotel, Galt, on Saturday, April 28, at 2 o'clock p.m. For particulars apply to DALZELL & BARRIE, Galt.

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