THE S. S. L

INTERNATIONAL L
SEPT. 28

Text of the Lesson, Review. Golden Text viii., 18.

Lesson I.—The giving (Ex. xvi, 1-15). Golden T vi, 11, "Give us this day bread." If we would as the of God please Him, we must ber that in Him and move and being, that He giveth breath and all things and his hand are our breath and all ways (Acts xvii, 25, 28. Dea 23). Therefore without a murmu we should gratefully accept day by day all He sends or permits and daily feed on Him in His word (John vi, 57).

Lesson II.—The Ten Command ments—duties to God (Ex. xx, 1-11). Golden Text, Luke x, 27, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." Because He de livered them from the bondage of Egypt by His great power that they might for their own happiness and the happiness of others be a special people unto Himself He asks their whole heart, and no true lover would like less from one he loved.

Lesson III.—The Ten Command ments—duties to men (Ex. xx, 12-17.) Golden Text, Matt. xix, 19, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The Golden Text tells us the only way in which we can show to man that we love God is by loving our fellow men.

Lesson IV.—Worshiping the golden calf (Ex. xxxii, 1-35). Golden Text, Ex. xx, 3, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before Me." One of the most amazing things recorded in Scripture is the love and the long suffering of God, and another is the great sinfulness of man. These people who had said to God, "All that Thou sayest we will do," are seen in a few days making an idol and calling it their God; yet He bears with them.

Lesson V.—The tabernacle (Ex. xl, 1-38). Golden Text, Ps. c, 4, "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise." Although they were such as they were and He knew them thoroughly, yet He commanded a tabernacle to be built that He might dwell in it among them. The Lord Jesus was indeed the true tabernacle, God manifest in the flesh (Heb. viii, 2; I Tim. iii, 16), and now each believer is a temple of God. (I Cor. vi, 19, 20).

Lesson VI.—Nadab and Abihu (Lev. x, 1-11). Golden Text, I Thess. v, 6, "Let us watch and be sober." God has sent from heaven the fire to consume the sacrifice (chapter ix, 24) and had appointed the way in which everything should be done, but these men, like Cain, disregarded God's way and preferred their own way before the Lord, and before the Lord they died. All in our churches to-day that is not of God may be counted strange fire.

Lesson VII.—Journeying toward Canaan (Num. x, 11-13, 20-36). Golden Text, Ps. xxxi, 3, "for thy name's sake lead me and guide me." God never left them although they oft provoked Him to do so, but the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night was their faithful guide and oracle and shield. Moses seemed inclined to lean a little upon his father-in-law, but in that he was wrong.

Lesson VIII.—Report of the spies (Num. xiii, 1-13, and xiii, 25, xiv, 4). Golden Text, Ps. xl, 4, "Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust." This looking to see if God was as good as His word and if the land was what He said it was gave no evidence of faith in God. But because they desired to send the spies God permitted them (Deut. i, 20-23, and we see the result.

Lesson IX.—The brazen serpent (Num. xxi, 1-9). Golden Text, John iii, 14, 15, "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," etc. There are many foreshadowings of God's way of redemption, such as the shedding of blood and the coats of skins of Gen. iii, 21; and the sacrifice of Isaac in Gen. xxii, but none more suggestive than this of the serpent upon the pole to which our Lord refers.

Lesson X.—The prophet like Moses (Deut. xviii, 9-22). Golden Text, John vi, 14, "This is of a truth that prophet that should come into the world." Every prophet, priest and king, as well as every sacrifice and the whole tabernacle and its ritual, all foreshadowed the true Prophet, Priest and King, the true tabernacle, the true and only Lamb of God, of whom the Father said, Hear Him!

Lesson XI.—Loving and obeying God (Deut. xxx, 11-20). Golden Text, I John v, 3, "For this is the love of God that we keep His commandments." The New Testament comment upon this lesson in Rom. x points us to Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to every one who believeth, the only one who ever truly loved and obeyed God and who becomes the righteousness and the life of every believer.

Lesson XII.—The death of Moses (Deut. xxxiv, 1-12). Golden Text, Ex. xxxiii, 11, "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face." The greatest of earthly prophets died; all kings and priests die; it is appointed unto men once to die, but our great High Priest, Prophet and King tasted death for every man, died, rose from the dead, is now at the right hand of God in heaven, crowned with glory and honor, and will come again to restore all things of which Moses and all the prophets have spoken (Heb. i, 1-3; ii, 9; Acts iii, 19-21). Every believer is one with Him in the glory, shall take part in the first resurrection, and reign with Him in His kingdom.

Paris has double the number of firemen, and fifty more engines than London.

DOCTOR JACK.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE,

Author of "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "Miss Pauline of New York," "Miss Capeke," Etc.

Besides, the vindictive pasha has doubtless known from the start that she is the sister of the man he hates—the prisoner of the palace—and it may be he hopes to thrust another thorn into the heart of Aleck Morton when he can be able to show him his beloved sister an inmate of the grand seraglio.

Thus it will be seen Doctor Jack has no child's play before him. First he must outwit the league that seems bound to wind up his mortal affairs for him, and when this has been accomplished, by a bold and ingenious plan he means to hoodwink the pasha and save Aleck Morton, if that worthy is in the land of the living.

In this undertaking he will need help, and hence is not at all sorry that circumstances have arisen which will necessitate Larry's accompanying them out of Spain.

The dude is just the man to assist—his mind is crafty, and it is more upon diplomacy they must depend for success than strength. So Jack, revolving these things in his mind, determines upon his course.

They have reached the roomy fonda, and as there is a corner where the papers are kept, Jack draws his companion thither—they secure a copy, and go to Jack's apartment, where the latter immediately consults the railway time-table.

Used to American methods, one would be distracted endeavouring to understand the jumble in which the arrivals and departures are announced—there is a lack of system in everything throughout Spain, just the opposite of what the traveller finds through France and Germany, where things are done according to a set rule.

Jack is good at deciphering enigmas, however, and he soon makes out that a train leaves the city for Bordeaux and beyond by way of Zaracoza at eight thirty in the morning, which may be construed as nine o'clock in Spain, for few things are done on time.

This is the most direct way to get beyond the Pyrenees and into France. True, the other route via Barcelona takes one along the sea where the ear can hear the sad moan of the waves, the eyes rest upon vineyards, orange groves, olive orchards and great fields of wild thyme, while the perfume-laden air is exceedingly grateful to the senses; but it is twice as long as the one chosen, which hurries the traveller over a high, hot plateau, in places a desert.

Time is a factor in the calculations of the doctor just now, and he means to give up all other considerations in order to get out of Spain with the least possible delay.

Taking out a small but accurate map, attached to a guide-book, he traces the course they will pursue to Paris, and then east, until at length his finger remains stationary over a dot that marks the Oriental city on the beautiful Bosphorus—Constantinople.

"There we rest—in that city duty calls. Will you go with us, Larry, and lend assistance in the effort to save your Cousin Aleck, held a prisoner in the pasha's palace?" he asks.

"Tell me the story—I will give you my answer when you are done," returns the other.

So Jack begins, and narrates all. It does not take him long, but he describes the thrilling scene in the wonderful gardens adjoining the harem of the wealthy pasha with such eloquence that Larry is quite carried off his feet, and before the other can put the question to him again he has seized Doctor Jack's hand earnestly.

"I am with you heart and soul, my friend. From this hour count me as one of you. We will thus form a little triumvirate of our own to oppose the enemy, and you will find this brain of mine as fertile in resources as that of the old time plotter, the Cardinal Richelieu."

Jack does not smile—he would not be surprised at anything Larry might do now, the little man has shown such a decided genius for diplomacy. He trusts him fully, and such action is apt to bring out everything there is in the dude.

Jack makes no error by underestimating the power of the enemy. He knows they will be watchful, and continually on the alert to circumvent any plans that may be formed.

All is to be kept a secret—no one must know that they intend leaving Madrid in the midst of the glorious carnival, for people would at once believe them insane, since the Spanish mind cannot conceive of a more glorious spectacle, longed for through many, many months, and enjoyed with all the fervour of their hot-blooded race.

They talk in low tones, for it is not absolutely certain that hostile ears may not be bent to hear their plans—these Spanish fondas in the cities, as well as the taverns, or posadas, in the villages, being rambling dwellings, with the queerest rooms imaginable, and ever so many nooks and hiding-places, quite bewildering to one used to straight halls as seen in English and American hotels.

It is easy to get lost in such a labyrinth, and does not require a great stretch of the imagination to people various dark corners with ready eavesdroppers, especially when the party concerned has cause to believe himself watched.

Jack is the last person in the world to allow any nervousness to lay hold on him, but he understands the situation and what he must expect—his enemies are unscrupulous and powerful, and this alone is enough to cause him uneasiness.

Step by step he goes over the plan with the other, to make sure there is no mistake, for such a thing would perhaps be fatal to the success of the role they have arranged.

Larry is to go to the Fonda Peninsular, and manage to let every one know that he is to take his aunt and cousin out early in the morning in a vehicle to see how Madrid looks after the first night's debauch—thus alarming no one when the carriage is ordered later on.

The trunks can be gotten down at the last moment, all preparations having been made by the ladies, to whom he will deliver a communication from Jack as soon as he reaches the hotel on the puerta.

Thus it is neatly arranged, and if they have even ordinary luck, by nine o'clock on the morrow the whole party will be aboard the fast Paris express, speeding over the rails in the direction of the gay French capital.

It is not their intention to remain there any length of time—duty demands that they at once seek the battle-field again, to stand up with the plotting pasha, and see if diplomacy cannot beat him in the game now on.

They are small in number, but as force cuts a poor figure in the deal, they mean to outgeneral the enemy. What the future holds for them only Heaven knows, but their hopes are strong, and when Jack bids Larry good-night, meaning to get a few hours rest, he squeezes his hand warmly as he says:

"In six hours we are away. Don't forget to be on time, my friend," and Larry answers:

"'Pon 'onah! now, Doctor Jack, we shall soon be on the road. Then hurrah for Paris!"

CHAPTER XIII.

When Doctor Jack finds himself alone once more he closes the door of his room, and sits down to think. A cigar helps him in this respect, and he grasps the reins of the situation in his hand.

Minutes slip away thus and he has gone over the whole situation. The thought of what lies beyond in the near future seems to stir the most sluggish blood in his veins into action, for he can no longer remain seated, but springing to his feet begins to pack the small portmanteau with the few things he carries with him—your old traveller knows too much to encumber himself with a variety of luxuries when on the jump, however much he might enjoy these same things if settled down.

When this job has been completed Jack consults his watch, and finds that the hour lacks but a few minutes of four. Through the open windows there still comes the sound of merry laughter from the street—the noise jars on Jack's mind, for he is in rather a melancholy state, as though certain coming events were casting a shadow before.

He tries to sleep, throwing himself upon the bed, but it is of no avail, and presently he is once more on his feet pacing the room.

This in a measure calms him, and when his attention is directed toward the street by an unusually boisterous crowd passing, Doctor Jack walks to the window and leans out.

How cool and pleasant the night air, and what a delicious odour of flowers comes to him. He can hardly endure the closeness of the room, in which the flickering gas has burned so long.

Looking down he sees that while many of the lights may have burned out, these are principally the Chinese coloured lanterns hung on the trees by the residents. The avenue is still brilliantly illuminated by myriads of tiny flames, and the pavement by no means deserted, though by far the greatest crowds have surged in the direction of the great central plaza, where the populace of Madrid delight to jostle one another upon gala occasions like this.

Attracted by the light and sounds coming from this quarter, the American turns his gaze thither—he can hear the roar of voices, the rising and swelling music of bands, and see the glow of fireworks as the many-coloured balls cut the black heavens, or bursting rockets send a shower of golden rain down from on high.

Madrid is having a grand old time, and woe unto the luckless travellers quartered in the hotels on or near the Puerta del Sol, the Fondas Peninsular, de Paris, de los Principes, de Rusia, or de los Embajadores—sleep will be an utter impossibility for them on these three full nights of the carnival.

Doctor Jack has stood thus, his elbows resting on the window-sill, which is high up from the floor of the room, perhaps ten minutes, when he becomes aware of a singular thing—someone is knocking at his door. In itself this is not so strange, but the hour makes it so.

He turns around, and as he does this the rap is repeated—not a bold sound, such as a man would make, but a timid one. Jack for the moment is amazed—he wonders if some new trick of the carnival is about to be sprung on him.

Then he recovers his self-possession, and walks to the door. The knocks have ceased, but he immediately opens the door, to find, as he already expected, that his caller is a woman.

She is masked, and wears a black domino that in a measure conceals her form. Jack has seen dozens disguised in this manner upon the street. It flashes over him that perhaps this senora is stopping at the hotel, and has made a mistake of the room, but she evinces no surprise or consternation at sight of him, so this can't be the case. Then the idea enters into his mind that it is a frank loving senora, who has possibly some giggling companions hidden in the hallway watching to see her little passage at arms with the brave American who slew the black toro, and whom the gentler half of Madrid's population has gone almost crazy over ever since.

These things flit through Jack's mind with the rapidity of lightning, and although but a few seconds have passed since he opened the door, he has already decided that he must beware of the black eyes that gleam from behind the other's mask.

His early morning caller has during this time stood there observing him—she evidently waits for him to speak, so he musters his Spanish, and says, laughingly:

"The senora would play some trick upon the American for the amusement of her friends. If she will consent to remove her mask, and call those who look on, I will have the landlord set an early breakfast or a late supper down below, where we can become better acquainted; and talk of the great carnival"—for Doctor Jack knows sleep is out of the question for him, and is ready to welcome this little episode of the grand masquerade in order to pass away some of the leaden hours that must elapse before the time comes when he can start for the fast Paris express.

All manner of liberties are taken during the continuance of the carnival, most of them innocent in themselves. Spanish women are generally shut up the better part of the year, and allowed little freedom, so that when the time comes for them to don a mask, secure from recognition, they do many things that at another time would be far from their thoughts. This is only human nature, and the black-eyed dames of Spain are nothing if not human.

To Jack's surprise, however, his unknown visitor does not eagerly grasp at his munificent offer of a feast for herself and friends. On the contrary, she seems to draw herself up haughtily, as though offended in a degree at his familiarity, and Jack guesses he has made a mistake.

"Senor Evans does not know who he addresses, evidently," and thus speaking, she removes the mask suddenly.

To say Jack is startled would hardly cover the ground—in all his life he does not remember feeling such a shock as when his eyes fall upon that face. It is Mercedes—her beauty seems to light up the dingy room as she stands there in the dorway. Doctor Jack fairly gasps, and for the moment loses his voice; but he is too old a campaigner to remain in this state long, and presently recovers.

"Mercedes—Senorita—how can you pardon my seeming rudeness? I never dreamed of this—ah, great pleasure—but I believed I was about to be made the victim of a joke by some fun-loving senoras living at the fonda. You will—you must pardon me."

All this he says in such an earnest manner, looking so sorry for the blunder, that it does not lie in a woman's heart to bear malice. Mercedes smiles—he is forgiven. She makes a movement as though she would enter—Jack immediately picks up a heavy chair with one hand, as though it were a chip, and begs her to be seated, while at the same time he is madly speculating as to the cause of her presence here at this strange hour.

True, the carnival is on, and it gives a sort of license to its votaries, but Mercedes is hardly the one to take advantage of this. He believes from the start that he must seek further if he would learn the truth.

Looking backward he can see all that has happened to him in connection with this woman who wears the crown of beauty. Like the shifting scenes of a moving panorama, the events pass before his mind's eye. First, there are the meetings in the flower market of Barcelona, when his eye is captivated by the loveliness of the supposed Catalan peasant girl who frequents the Rambla and sells him bouquets and boutonaires. Then he sees that face back of the veil worn by the nun from the cloister of the Benedictine church of San Pedro—she leans over him, her perfumed breath touching his cheek, her liquid eyes drinking his soul.

Last of all comes the bull-fight—his leap into the arena—the look of mingled pride and consternation he sees upon her face, and then the scene at her home, where she sings for him all the tender Spanish love songs she knows.

Is it any wonder Doctor Jack's heart beats faster than its wont, as he realizes that this magnificent creature has come to him bent upon some secret errand?

For a moment he even forgets that this creature—one of the loveliest works of Heaven—has been engaged in a plot against his life, because she is devoted, body and soul, to the cause of the Carlists—but it rushes like a wave over him again, and he becomes cautious.

What game can she be playing now? He almost fears Mercedes, her beauty is so great. Somehow she makes him think of a tigress, so magnificent in her bearing, and yet so subtle. Mentally he compares her with Avis, and the latter does not suffer thereby, for frankness is stamped upon her brave face, if the beauty of Mercedes is the greater.

"Kindly close the door, Doctor Jack. It would not do for anyone to see me here. I risk much in making this visit," she says, in her low, velvet-like voice, that thrills the American, though he cannot tell why.

He obeys her behest, and even turns the key in the lock as an additional safeguard against intrusion. Whatever her mission may be, it is his duty to protect her.

Standing near her, with his hands resting on the back of a chair, he looks straight into her colouring face, where the blushes creep under the satin-like, olive-complexion, as though he would read her secret there. She gives a short little laugh—it is certainly a strange thing for a young woman of the highest circle of Madrid to seek a private audience with a gentleman at such an hour, but there must be some strong reason for her action.

(To Be Continued.)

BIGGEST CHEQUE.

A cheque equivalent to $4,087,360 has been recently given by the Swiss Government to the Commercial Bank of St. Gall for the purpose of being paid over to the stockholders of the railway recently purchased by the State.

FOR FARMERS

Seasonable and Profitable Hints for the Busy Tillers of the Soil.

STICK TO DAIRYING.

Those who have engaged in the work of dairying know very well that it confines them very closely. The cows have to be milked twice a day, come what will. During recent years those who have gone through the hum-drum of dairying have found a rich reward in the splendid returns that have been reached. So large relatively have been these returns that some of them have been inclined to conclude that they were 'in the swim' as compared with the growers of beef. However, in this respect, the times have changed. Seven cents a pound for beef is certainly richly remunerative to those who grow it on correct lines. While meat making also is a very confining business, it is not so to the same extent as dairying. True, during the finishing season, cattle must be fed at least twice a day, and otherwise cared for; but in the summer the animals require little attention relatively, when compared with those kept in the dairy. The temptation, therefore, is very strong because of this in some quarters at least, to swing over from

DAIRYING TO BEEF GROWING.

With reference to the wisdom of doing so, ordinarily at least, our answer is ready. It is this: Dairymen don't think of making such a change unless you can give the best of reasons for so doing. Your business has already been mastered by you. You have made it a success. Then let other business alone, as the outlook for the future of dairying is also bright. If you take up beef growing you will probably have to take up a comparatively new line of work, so that now you will have to practice at it some time before you are completely successful. No one can be assured that a few years hence the price of beef will rule anything as high on an average as they are at the present time. We have for a long time held to the idea that the trend of prices on the whole is upward rather than downward, notwithstanding great depression may be in store for us in many lines before many years go by. When depression comes, beef growers are on the whole likely to suffer more than the producers of milk, since milk is an article of daily use, which every farmer must have more or less of. Again, we say therefore, dairymen make no change in your line of work, unless you are absolutely satisfied that the reasons are sufficient which would lead to the change.

ABOUT ODORS.

The power of absorbing odors is one possessed in a marked degree by milk. If, for instance, we leave a bowl of milk in the neighborhood of an uncorked bottle of sewage water, we should find in a very few hours that the milk was considerably affected thereby. Tests have been carried out in which milk has been placed near various strong-scented substances, and at the end of eight hours the odors could, more or less, be distinguished in the milk. The odors of turpentine, onions, tobacco smoke and rotten fish were strongly absorbed; those of musk and camphor only to a slight extent. This shows how important it is that milk should be kept among clean and fresh surroundings, and this point should be kept in mind by both producers and consumers. Milk should never be kept in the bedrooms of sick persons, and milk should never be drunk which has been near anyone suffering from infectious disease. It is a well known fact that the food consumed by the cows has an influence not only upon the composition of the milk, but upon its taste and odors. It appears, moreover, that the milk in the udder can never be affected if the cows breathe an atmosphere charged with odorous disagreeable smelling gases. The odor of carbolic acid quickly affects the flavor of the milk, and even also the flesh of the animal. Hence it is advisable, when houses have been disinfected with this acid, not to allow therein any milch cows or animals shortly to be butchered until the smell has entirely passed off. If cows are kept in stables recently washed with carbolic acid, their milk either raw or cooked will have a most disagreeable flavor. In short we must supply milking stock with plenty of food and pure fresh air, and be careful that the houses and surroundings are kept perfectly clean.

CLOVER AS AN EGG PRODUCER.

Experience has demonstrated the value of clover for egg-producing time and again. Clover has just the material in it to form eggshell, and hence it becomes an essential part of every ration fed to the chickens. It may not be generally understood that there are nearly thirty pounds of lime contained in each 1,000 pounds of clover. The chickens fed daily with clover will consequently prove better egg-layers than those denied it. The clover hay should be given to chickens in the winter in quantities sufficient to satisfy them, and to make them eat more it is desirable sometimes to prepare it in various ways. Cook and chop it up and mix it with meal or other articles. This will sometimes induce the hens to consume a great amount of clover every day. Cut up into short lengths and mixed with warm mash and then fed only as fast as the chickens will clean it up each day is probably the most economical way to feed the clover. Some cut the second crop of clover and place it in the poultry yard for the chickens to eat and scratch over at pleasure. This of itself is all right, but it is rather wasteful. More than half of the clover will be lost, and the chickens do not actually eat much more than the leaves. The stalks contain most of the lime, and these should be prepared so the chickens will consume them. Of all foods that can be raised on a farm for poultry clover is not only the best, but probably the cheapest, and a field of it is as essential to success as a pasture field is necessary to the success of dairying.

CAMERAS IN WAR TIME.

To France probably belongs the credit of using the camera for war purposes in a most satisfactory manner at a time when it was of the utmost importance. When Paris was besieged, communication with the outside world was had only by means of balloons and carrier pigeons. The despatches sent by carrier pigeons were photographed on small films, which could be attached to the feathers of the birds and in this way a single bird could carry thousands of words. Likewise the aeronauts who hovered over Paris used the camera for photographing the different positions of the Prussians. These photographs were the first ever taken of an invading army from a balloon. Profiting by this experience, the French army and navy have increased their carrier-pigeon and balloon service. Several hundred officers in the French army are expert photographers and every engineering corps carries with it complete photographic outfits.

ADEQUATE PROVOCATION.

An old Scotswoman had imbibed so much of the doctrine that music in church was sinful that when she came to this country she refused to subscribe to the general sentiment in favor of choir singing, etc. She scowled one day in her own church when the congregation took up an anthem that was scored rather elaborately, and complained to her new neighbor of the foothold the devil was getting even in the service of God, says the Philadelphia Times.

"But," protested her neighbor, "that anthem is very old and very sacred. Why, David sang it before Saul!"

"Weel! weel!" commented the old woman. "I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw a javelin a' David when the lad sang for him!"

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

TELEPHONE IN SURGERY.

In several London hospitals surgeons are now using the telephone whenever they have occasion to probe for bullets or other metallic objects. The receiver of the telephone is placed on the head of the operator, and the patient is placed, in the usual manner, in contact with a plate, the general medium employed being a wet sponge or some paper saturated with a saline solution, which is spread over the plate. The latter is connected with the telephone by a wire and the probe, after it has been introduced into the body, naturally vibrates as soon as the foreign metallic substances comes in contact with it. The probe is also connected with the telephone by a wire and thus no such blunder is possible as sometimes happens when an exploring battery is used.

A MUSICAL MOTH.

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle it strikes these ribs with its antennae, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a love-call from the male to the female.

ONE OF NATURE'S TRAGEDIES.

Terrible Battle Between a King-Fish and Pickerel.

Little is known by the average man of the tragedies which are constantly occurring in wild life. One well-known naturalist, indeed, goes so far as to say that no wild animal dies a "natural" death. Now and then an instance comes to light, like the following which shows how the life of a wild creature is suddenly snuffed out. The narrator was in a canoe watching a kingfish that had alighted on the dead branch of a tree on the edge of the pond.

Suddenly the bird rose and dropped straight down into the water like a stone, and disappeared beneath the surface. It reappeared almost immediately with a fish in its long, spear-like bill, but it had scarcely regained the surface when it disappeared again with a suddenness that led me to think that something had seized it from below. It did not come up again, and after a time I rowed to the spot where it had gone down to find an explanation of its extraordinary disappearance.

A dead pickerel about eight inches long was floating on the surface near the shore. It was doubtless the one the kingfish had caught. Soon afterward I saw an odd-looking object floating near. On examination it proved to be a big pickerel and the kingfish, both dead.

One of the bird's legs was between the pickerel's jaws, the long teeth of which went through the flesh. The kingfisher's spear-like bill ran clean through the pickerel's body, from side to side, a few inches below the gills.

No doubt the pickerel had seized the kingfisher by the leg as the bird was rising from the water with the small fish, and had pulled it back into the water expecting to dine upon the kingfisher. The bird had turned in self-defence and driven its sharp beak through the pickerel, inflicting a mortal wound. The pickerel, with bulldog tenacity, had kept its hold on the bird's leg, and the two had died together.

NEVER IMMUNE.

It is a fallacy, widespread but nevertheless a fallacy, for any one to suppose that a person who has once had smallpox, measles, scarlet fever or other contagious diseases is thereby made immune to that particular disease for the rest of his life. A Swiss physician has been examining the records of such diseases, and in the statistics at his disposal, which are very defective, as comparatively few physicians take the trouble to report such observations to the medical journals, he finds no less than 528 persons who have had smallpox twice, nine who have had it three times, and one who has had it seven times. For scarlet fever he finds 144 double and seven triplet attacks. A hundred and three persons had two and three seven attacks of measles; 203 had typhus twice, five thrice, one four times and even cholera shows 29 second and three third attacks. The natural inference is that during the prevalence of an epidemic one should not rashly expose himself to contagion, even if he has already had the disease.

AN ODD PET.

Not many women have owned more unique pets than the baby rhinoceros which amuses Mrs. Cook, wife of the governor of North Borneo, a British possession. The governor's house is near a jungle which is filled with wild animals. Out of this jungle of undergrowth a baby rhinoceros strayed one morning and was captured without much difficulty. Sixteen quarts of milk a day is the amount the hungry baby usually demands, and on it has thriven and grown fat. This child of the jungle looks very little like the full grown rhinoceros. If it were not for this single horn one might take him for a peculiar species of hog. He is about the same size, and covered with a shaggy coat of black hair. The baby rhinoceros follows Mrs. Cook about like a faithful dog, but it will not be long, if he keeps on growing, before he becomes too cumbersome even for a North Borneo pet.

CHEESE CAUSES CANCER.

Recent investigations point to the conclusion that one of the causes of cancer is improper food and drink. That cancer of the lips and mouth are caused by excessive smoking is now a fact established by the case of Gen. Grant and others, and it has been intimated that cancer microbes have been found in certain vile smelling foreign cheeses, for which some fashionable people profess to have great liking. So far as the malady is traceable to causes like these the remedy to be applied is simple and easy, viz., to smoke moderately, if at all, and to let all moldy and decayed articles of food alone, no matter if gourmets pretend to like them.

Dreadful Case of Itching Piles

Doctor Wanted to Burn the Skin With a Red Hot Iron—Patient Was Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment

Mr. Alex. McLean, Tarbot Vale, N.S., writes:—For two years I worked as sectionman on the Dominion Coal Company's Railroad between Sydney and Glace Bay, N.S., and during that time was exposed to all sorts of weather. Gradually my health failed, and I became a victim of protruding piles. At first I did not know what my ailment was, but consulted a doctor, and though he treated me for piles, they only grew worse.

I was forced to give up work and return to my home. My suffering could scarcely be described. I could not walk or lie down, but while the rest of the family was sleeping I would be groaning and aching from the excruciating pains.

"Again I decided to consult a doctor. This one stripped me, and said the piles would have to be burned with a red hot iron. I shivered at the thought of burning the flesh, and told him I could not think of undergoing such an operation, so he gave me some salve, for which he charged me two dollars, but it did not do me any good.

"I was in a desperate condition and had given up hope of ever being freed from this dreadful suffering when a friend told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment. He said he had seen so many cases that it had cured that he would pay for it himself if it failed to cure.

"My experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment is that the first application did me more good than did the two doctors, and it has made me as well and as free from piles as any man. Since being cured I worked during the winter in the lumber woods and experienced no return of my old trouble. I am not putting it too strong when I say that Dr. Chase's Ointment was worth $100 a box to me. You are free to use my testimonial for the benefit of others, as I feel it my duty to make known this great ointment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.