Belief
... brought
Gibbons

...ethods and materials will permit
INDIVIDUALITY that lifts it above the
...RED LABEL.

STEEL Shingles
LOCKED ON ALL FOUR SIDES

...nical covering for Roofing or Siding for Churches, Poultry Houses, Cribs, etc. ... Cheaper than wood shingles or ... are the only tools required. It is ... Iron, Painted or Galvanized, in sheets ... V Crimped Roofing. 2000 designs of ... of buildings through the Dominion are
LIGHTNING PROOF
... as you require to cover your new or old ... can supply Eave Trough, all sizes, ... Elbows, Spikes, Tubes. ... British flag. Established 1861. Capital
... and Free Samples.
... PEOPLE,
TORONTO ONT. ... Yonge St. VANCOUVER, B.C. 615 Pender St.
... POST OFFICE.
OTTAWA ONTARIO, CANADA

Bargain List of Farms
...ailed free. ALF. BROWN,
...pr. K, Picton, Ont.

...earn Telegraphy
... opportunities in the U. S. for ... as telegraph operators. 30 ... higher salaries. Positions for ... Send for free catalogue. ... & Ry. School, Detroit, Mich.

...ARPET DYEING
... This is a specialty with the
BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO.
Address Box 158, Montreal.

FARMERS!
... the season of the year when you ... every precaution with your ...
S... TONIC
... you have the best ...
Valuable Advice Free
... Become your own veterinary ...
The VETERINARY SPECIALTY CO., Limited
... ST., TORONTO, ONT.

...adian Pride Homespun
(Registered)
... Strongest ... and Last
$2.75
pants made in Canada heavy weight dark gray mixture manufactured from pure Nova Scotia wool, ... kept ... the highest ... of excellence ... durability ... the St. Croix Woollen Mills Co., Ltd., Newport, N.S. These pants are kept by the leading clothiers of the Dominion. If you cannot secure them write
Clayton & Sons
HALIFAX.
and enclose $2.75 with waist and leg measure for sample pair which will be delivered to you ... paid anywhere in Canada except the Yukon.

ALL IN IT.
... worried so much ... why don't you join a ...
... and that most of ... to the same club!"

... Produced by Witch Hazel when ... as found in "The D & L" ... are truly magical, it being a ... rheumatism and neuralgia.

... Mamma, if I must ... to Mr. Bray about his extortion, should I say, 'Dear Mr. ...' ... "Certainly, under ... circumstances."

... Regulator.—To bring the ... into symmetrical working ... physicians when they ... suffering from stomachic ... for this purpose they ... nothing better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will be ... pleasant medicine ... bringing the refractory organs ... and restoring them to ... in which condition only ... perform their duties properly

... "And is this chair really ... piece of furniture?" Dealer ... madam? There's no ... about that. Why, it was so ... when I thought it, that ... had to have a new back, ... seat, and three new legs made.

...sh or Cure
If Shiloh's Consumption Cure fails to cure your Cold or Cough, you get back all you paid for it. You are sure of a Cure or the Cash.
If it wasn't a sure cure, this offer would not be made.
Can anything be fairer?
If you have a Cold, Cough, or any disease of the Throat, Lungs or Air Passages try
SHILOH
25c. per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

ISSUE NO. 51—05.

CURRENT TOPICS

It is perhaps fortunate for the Russian Jews that they are scattered over less than one-third of the Czar's European domain. Draw a line north and south on the map half way between St. Petersburg and Moscow, and you find that nearly all the Jews live to the west of th's line. There are few of them as far north as St. Petersburg, and still fewer as far east as Moscow. We ... see in Professor Hettner's recent map that along the eastern edge of their habitat they begin to be numerous only at about 100 miles south of St. Petersburg, and that they form an important part of the population of but two or three towns on the upper Volga to the west of Moscow.

The towns in which the Jews are a large element are in western Russia and Poland, in the river basins tributary to the Baltic or to the western part of the Black Sea. They are found in large numbers among the water systems of the Lovat, the Western Dvina, the Niemen and the Vistula, tributary to the Baltic. They are very numerous in southern Poland, and also along the Black Sea tributaries, the Dnieper, the Bug and the Dniester. Kishineff, on a tributary of the Dniester, Kieff, on the Dnieper, and Odessa, between the Dniester and the Bug, have recently figured as the greatest centres of outrage and murder.

The Jews swarm in all the Polish towns and in Lithuania, from Austrian Galicia to the Baltic; about half of them live in this extreme western part of the empire. Most of the other half live in southern and southwestern Russia, and the total Hebrew population numbers over 5,000,000. Poland was the centre from which they were disseminated in western Russia; and, as their fathers went to Poland from Germany, it happens that to-day they still speak, besides the Russian language, a corrupt German, much mixed with Hebrew and Slav.

These 5,000,000 Jews are living among about 35,000,000 Slavs, or, in other words, they form only about one-eighth of the population in the region they call their home. Many of them are poor and some of them are beggars, but in spite of their unfortunate environment, overwhelmed as they are by millions who dislike them, a large number have thrived in business as merchants, shopkeepers, brokers, money lenders, contractors, and in many other vocations.

This is not the only part of the world in which sections of the Jewish race have been almost engulfed in seas of hostile humanity; but it has been left for Christian Russia to inflict upon the Jews such horrors of suffering and outrage as they have been spared even by the fanatical Mohammedans of Morocco.

RUSSIAN GHOST STORIES.

How a Murder Was Revealed—Warning of Death.

In a certain town in the province of Minsk, West Russia, a peasant suddenly disappeared. He was last seen leaving the church and going home to his sister, with whom he lived. One day, in a dream, his sister saw her brother. He looked pale, his eyes were closed, and his legs were broken. He told her that he had been murdered by her husband and his brothers. He mentioned the exact date and place of the deed, and added that his body was put in a sack and thrown into the river. He wanted her to find his body and to have it buried in the family grave.

This dream was repeated several times, and at last the sister sought the advice of her aged father-in-law. He told her that it would be difficult to find the body, and if the culprits were brought to justice her children would be left orphans; so, after consideration, the sister gave the matter up. But her brother's spirit would not rest, and appeared in a dream in the above manner to a friend of his. Soon the news spread to the local authorities, who took the matter up. The river was searched, and the body was found in the exact spot indicated.

This discovery had such an effect on the murderers that they at once confessed. They gave all details of the crime—how, after service, they took him ... where they all dined, and on ... for home they attacked their ... Finding that the sack was too small, they cut off his legs, tied a stone to his neck, and threw him in the river. The above is certified to be perfectly accurate by the local authorities.

A Russian paper relates the following ... occurred in an officer's family at the time of an outbreak of cholera. The eldest son was in an office in a ... nearly 200 miles from his home. One morning the family were visited by an undertaker, who said he had received ... from a person, whom he described, to make a coffin for their eldest son. The father replied that the son was far away and the family were all well. Directly afterward a telegram came that the eldest son had died at the same time that his ... had been seen by the undertaker.

FLOWERS THAT SHOOT.

Birds and insects carry seeds about ... as easily as the wind. The rough ... coats of the quadrupeds often ... the burs of the plant they come in contact with, and carry them for thousands of miles. Rivers and all running waters perform a similar ... multitudes of plants are found growing upon their banks, the seeds of which have been brought by the current from distant localities, and, being stranded when the water is low, they find at once an anchorage and a suitable place for growth. There are plants even that jerk and dart out their seeds like shots from tiny guns, for the purpose of scattering them. Touch-me-nots and cardamines form quite a miniature artillery when ripe, discharging their little batteries with a vigor that is quite comical.

Your ship will never come in unless you go out with a tug to meet it.

ESSENCE OF REAL RELIGION

Every Man is Religious in Proportion as He Seeks the Right.

What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah vi., 8.

There must be some good reason for the fact that many men feel chagrined if they are charged with being religious. Often these men possess the keenest sense of right and make the strongest insistence on reality. The truth is that they object to the unreality of that which they have learned to call religion; often their protests against spurious types of religion are but declarations of the true kind.

Every honest hearted man turns with loathing from the cant, meanness, and selfishness that wear the guise of piety. It has led the world to think that a religious man is the one who goes to church, uses certain phrases, and generally cuts ... cloth of his life to the pattern prescribed by the clergy. Thus easily the good is made to serve the bad.

It is a blessing that there always have been men who repudiated that kind of piety. But to the true man religion is simply the effort to find the right life. He is most religious who lives best. Faiths must be judged by their fruits; a man's religion and his religiousness by his living. That is the best religion which best teaches men to live. If any book beside the bible can do more for us, if any faith beside Christianity can give the world a nobler life,

LET US FIND AND FOLLOW IT.

To the question, what is religion? the bible gives a surprisingly simple answer. Instead of minute rules it gives broad principles; it lifts aloft noble ideals and denounces baseness. It breathes of righteousness, that is, right thoughts, words, deeds, relations. It is the text book on the fine art of living. All other thoughts and teachings but serve this and have value only on account of their service.

Every act is holy, an act of worship, as it serves the good and the true. You can no more confine religion to a church than you can imprison knowledge in a school-room. It belongs on the street, in the home, the office, the shop, wherever men are seeking to do right and make life right. Many a man is religious who would resent the imputation of piety.

Right seeking and right doing in justice and mercy—these make the life of righteousness. There never has been and there never will be any real difference of opinion as to these virtues. He who is ashamed of them has no place amongst men; he who neither seeks them nor endeavors to realize them is not religious, no matter what his professions and protestations may be. And the man who seeks them with all his heart is religious whatever he or others may think.

The time will come when we shall brand as heretical and impious every mockery in forms and words and prescriptions that has so long paraded as the true and only expression of godliness. Then the test of a man's religion will be the measure in which his life makes for justice, mercy, and humility. Then, instead of asking, What does ecclesiastical etiquette require me to do? we shall inquire, What is right, noblest, best for a man in a world of men?

This makes the religious man, then, that he seeks the life that deals justly, that walks uprightly,

THAT LOVES MERCY,

that does good and serves and blesses men, that seeks not high things for reward but seeks them in character. This makes the religious man whether he be in sympathy with existing religious institutions or not; these virtues have no substitutes, neither names, ceremonies, nor creeds can take their place.

But when once the life has entered on the passionate search for rightness, when once the love of justice, mercy, and humility has laid hold on us, there will be little time or energy to give to foolish problems of angels or history, there will be no care whether men think we are religious or not. We shall come to see that our desire in living is the desire of the Lord of all life, that our goal is a divine and glorious one, and nothing will turn us from it. Above all will be a sense of harmony with the Infinite, too deep for words too sacred for expression.

THE S. S. LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, DEC. 31.

Lesson XIV. Fourth Quarterly Review. Golden Text, Psa. 65. 11.

Hymn verse (tune, "Jesus Loves Me"):

God is good, he crowns the year
With his love and joy and cheer.
May we learn his holy way,
Love and trust him, and obey,
Help us to love thee,
Help us to trust thee,
Help us to follow
Our Leader all the way.

PRIMARY NOTES.

A little talk about crowning. A king is crowned when he is made the ruler of his people. Those who won in the races used to be crowned to show that they were honored as victors over the rest. But when a thing is finished it is said to be crowned. We have now finished a year of Sunday school and of Sunday school lessons from God's Word. David in talking to God told about a crown for the year. He said to the Lord God, "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." What a beautiful crown! No one but God could finish the year with such a crown as this. It means, too, that every day in the year has worn the crown of God's goodness!

We have had some jewel words for the last thirteen weeks and for the lessons as we have learned them. If we put these shining truth-jewels together we shall know something about the crown of the year.

Here they are in order (1) Wisdom, (2) Deliverance. (3) Gladness. (4) Holiness. (5) Power. (6) Love. (7) Safety. (8) Prayer. (9) Temperance. (10) Watchfulness. (11) Obedience. (12) Gifts. (13) Salvation. (14) Review, Goodness.

In conducting review, teachers may well group the lessons around the characters mentioned, and call for the truth jewels in connection. These lesson truths can be recalled in accordance with the way in which they have been preserved. If they have been written upon cardboard they may give them in turn, the class repeating them in concert afterward.

These should be special drill upon the characters that have been the basis of study. They are Daniel, Belshazzar, Cyrus, Zerubbabel, Zechariah, Esther, Ezra, Nehemiah, Paul, and the Messiah.

Thought for Teachers:

Dearly beloved, a parting word
I would speak for the closing year:
If in His name you have ministered,
Your secret desire his ear hath heard,
And he saith to you, "Be of good cheer."

CURE FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

After the hands have been in water they should always be thoroughly dried with a soft towel, then common oatmeal well rubbed into them. A bowlful of the latter should be kept in a convenient place for this purpose. Regularly applied, it will usually keep the hands delightfully soft and white. Warm gloves or mittens should always be worn when the hands must be exposed to the weather, and the hands should never be allowed to become thoroughly chilled.

A PORTABLE SUBMARINE.

A new type of submarine torpedo-boat is undergoing tests in England. The boat is only 34 feet long by 6 feet ... inches in diameter, and can be carried on the deck of a battle-ship, and launched when it is desired to bring it into action. It has a speed, when submerged, of eight knots, carries two torpedo tubes, and is navigated by a crew of three men.

One good turn—has often to hold up two bad ones in a variety show.

Be a man of few words—but don't say them over and over.

It isn't safe to bet on anything—especially a sure thing.

Nell—I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything. Belle (sweetly)—You couldn't get into them, my dear.

SOME ACCOMPLISHED MEN

ADMIRABLE CRICHTONS OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

A Multitude of Professions and Employments Is No Rare Thing.

Recently there might have been seen a sign painted in gilt letters over a shop at Chartres, in France, which informed all and sundry that the proprietor a Monsieur E. Pichot, was a dealer in firewood, a polisher of floors, an undertaker and embalmer, a purveyor of festival and wedding dinners, and which wound up with the laconic statement, "Debtors evicted."

Every English village has its general shop, which is often combined with such subsidiary attractions as "watchmaking," cobling, the letting of apartments, flyproprietorship, and the offices of postman and postmaster.

Abroad the conditions are frequently more romantic. Thus at one time, and possibly to-day, the tiny township of Faaborg, on the Danish island of Funen, boasted a Mr. Meyer, who was chiropodist and surgeon, a distiller of spirits, owner of a fleet of sailing vessels for purposes of transport, farmer and storekeeper, besides doing an important trade in a peculiar oven which he had patented. This gentleman's seven handsome daughters assisted him in his various business enterprises, all of them marrying wealthy men except one, for whom no husband could be found other than

THE LOCAL SEXTON.

At Basle, in Switzerland, the writer boarded with a lady whose mornings were occupied with a class which she instructed in massage and Swedish gymnastics, whose dwelling-house was divided into a "pension" and a grocery establishment, who wrote poetry for the local papers, and whose spare moments were filled by a matrimonial agency and the conduct of a circulating library. This lady, too, was a special adept at laying-out and shaving corpses, for which latter operation she often received as much as 20fr., or over $4.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Highgate amassed a considerable fortune by the multiplicity of his accomplishments. On Sundays he was a lay preacher and occasionally an organist. During the week he sold a savory kind of meat-pie for which he was famed; additionally, he dyed hair, ran a photographic studio, was secretary to a political association, let Bath-chairs and during the summer months ran personally-conducted tours in France Belgium, and the Rhine district.

The United States, however, is the land par excellence of the Admirable Crichton. At Amberville, in California, a certain Jake Sylvester will carve you a sumptuous monument to put over your grave, print your name among the "society" news of his paper, extract your teeth or fill them, serve you with strong drink in his saloon, or sell you "a corner lot" at

HIS REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Sylvester is also an officer of militia, a lawyer and politician, director of a bank, and a registrar empowered to join his neighbors in the bonds of holy wedlock. He is a life and fire insurance agent as well, and is said to be employing his spare time in the compilation of a dictionary of the Anglo-American language.

That wealthy man known as "The Millionaire of Springfield, Illinois, showed no less versatility than foresight in the acquisition of his immense fortune. The enumeration of his simultaneous enterprises would alone fill a column. He acquired the right to erect advertising stations in all the tourist resorts of the Western States; he traded in antediluvian remains purporting to have been found in the celebrated Mammoth Caves of Kentucky; he obtained decorations and titles of honor for ambitious Americans at prices ranging from one to five thousand dollars; he ran a University that granted degrees to aspiring medicos, school teachers, and ministers of religion; he provided childless parents who wished to adopt children according to their requirements; and it was he who on several occasions negotiated the grafting of ears, noses, and fingers on persons who were willing to pay for the luxury of acquiring such lost or damaged articles from their more well-favored, if less wealthy fellow-creatures.—London

HAUNTED.

"My dear sir, I assure you, the house is haunted—badly haunted—diabolically haunted, and of this there can be no reasonable doubt. Expertus loquor, I have heard, I have seen," said Horace Alger, laughing fiercely, as if he wanted to pick a quarrel with me, and pulling his magnificent moustache.

"Well," I replied in courteous but unconvinced tones, "you are a soldier, and have been under fire, and recognize no such vulgar feeling as fear, and you are a bit of a scientist. But rats, you know——"

"Jack, if you wish to break the friendship of years, and to run a serious risk of being knocked down, you are going the right way to work. Do you mean to insult my intelligence, and doubt the evidence of my sense, by suggesting an explanation that is neither adequate nor true?"

"Well, th... ...ds," I rashly hazarded. "Now, ...od friend, I warn you. I will not ... answerable for my actions, if you per... in such outrageous scepticism."

"But you forget, Horace," I quietly objected, while I carefully placed a substantial oak table between myself and him, "you used to express the utmost contempt for ghosts, and denounced them as the subjective phenomena of diseased minds. And it is certainly unscientific, to say the least, to press the occult world into your service before you have exhausted all possible sources and resources of reason. Bats will account——"

"That will do," he cried angrily, shaking his hand at me, while his fingers condensed into the epigrammatic argument called a fist.

"And owls," I added, disregarding his violent demeanor, and dodging behind my extemporized fortress.

"You are trying my patience sorely," he retorted in tones that should have blasted me into nothing.

"And draughts," I went on, my courage rising with the occasion, "are very ghostly."

"Jack Parsons, beware!" he exclaimed "My fighting weight is eleven stone, and you are barely nine. If you suspect my sanity or my courage, my muscle is beyond suspicion."

"And there is room, in a house like yours, for any amount of imposture or trickery."

"Now, just look here, Jack," he burst out, trying in vain to speak calmly. "Can rats, or cats, or bats, or owls, or draughts, talk French (good classical French, mind you), and say, 'Sois mon frere ou je te tue'?"

"Why, of course not; whoever pretended that they did?"

"Ah!" continued Horace, hammering the proof home with his usual rough insistency, "and what rat, or cat, or bat, or owl, or draught would yell, 'Le diable est bon! Vive le bon diable!' I ask you, as a barrister of some repute and experience, to explain this, if you can."

"It sounds very mysterious and dreadful," I replied; "but in these days of the Psychical Research Society ghosts are getting shy."

"I communicated with the Society, and an imposing don came down armed with all the latest instruments and interrogations of modern inquiry, and drove me nearly wild with his interminable questions. In the most guarded way he seemed anxious to ascertain whether there was any madness in my family—if I had suffered from sunstroke, or was ever subject to illusions or hallucinations. Plainly he thought me a fool, and did not believe my story."

"And was he able to throw any light on the riddle?"

"We sat up rather late, and then he went to bed smiling, and triumphant. But about two o'clock he broke into my room pale and penitent, declaring there really was something in it after all, and as the Thing spoke French, which he did not understand, he would hand over the problem to a French scholar."

"It does seem more of a puzzle than I imagined," I said. "And I do not profess to be a hero or a scientist or a philosopher, but I am quite sure that I have no faith whatever in ghosts, and I should be perfectly willing to occupy the haunted room. Give me a free hand, and that is all I require—no revolver and no brandy."

"Thank you, Jack, I accept the offer gratefully, for I cannot get a servant to stop more than a week, and the house is getting such a bad name that it will soon become uninhabitable. I know you have a cool head and iron nerves, and how you managed to control that homicidal lunatic with whom you travelled by rail alone, I never could comprehend. That hour must have been awful."

"My dear Horace, I assure you we had rather a pleasant time together, when I had shown the absurdity of his passion for cutting throats by an appeal to his vanity and other weak points, which I soon discovered."

"I should have jumped out of the window."

"I don't believe it. You would have covered yourself with glory by doing some desperate thing, which a man with my physique could not dream of. But, by-the-way, who was the last tenant of this place?"

"An old bachelor, a naturalist, I fancy, who had lived abroad for years, and had only men servants. He would not have a woman about him. Monkeys ranged all over the house at their own sweet will, and snakes (harmless ones, I suppose) dropped on the unsuspecting visitor from curtain poles and every point of vantage. They say he knew the language of monkeys, and preferred their habits and conversation to those of human beings. One or two always sat at table with him, and chattered and ate and drank as freely as he did."

"Why did he resign the place?"

"Oh, he was a rolling-stone, a born wanderer, and never remained long in any spot. And he had money."

"Did he take all his live stock and establishment with him when he cleared out?"

"Yes, they went off in half-a-dozen caravans—so people tell me."

"But, now the obvious question arises, was the house haunted before his occupation of it or not? Or do the unearthly occurrences date from his departure?"

"Well, I imagine, putting two and two together, Mr. Antrobus left really because he found the place too hot for him, though he openly professed to move because change was the breath of his existence, and also he wanted a new sphere for his studies as a naturalist."

"Did you ever see him?"

"No, but our intermediary declared he was like his monkeys, as one pea resembles another pea. From constant intercourse with them, his face, his voice, his movements, his gestures, all displayed an astonishing reversion to type—i.e., simian ancestry. But for all——"

"Ha! ha! ha! 'Sois mon frere ou je te tue.' Tiens, mon ami!'"

The interruption was appalling in its suddenness, and, followed by a diabolical chuckle, it made my steady old humdrum heart kick for a moment, though hitherto this organ had rarely admitted an accelerated pulse from love or any of the customary excitements. A point of law, or an artistic murder, might sometimes gently quicken its action, but nothing else could. In the course of our conversation, we had left the library where we were sitting, and going upstairs had just reached the closed door of the haunted room.

"I don't think I have overstated my case," observed Colonel Alger, with a low, grim laugh of exultation.

"By no means," I answered cheerfully, recovering with an effort my balance of equanimity, which had been so rudely disturbed. "Your invisible tenant is apparently as much at its ease in the day time as in the night."

"Indeed," said my friend, "I have never heard it after sunset."

It was now a dull average October afternoon. The sun had coquetted with the clouds for a few hours, and had then entirely disappeared and an oppressive silence lay over the wing of the house in which the room was situated. And, as I had proved before, I found it impossible to localise the strange words just uttered, without any competing sounds to act as bearings.

"This is delicious!" I cried. "You promised me, Horace, a warm welcome and good company, but I never expected society of this interesting kind. Please let my possessions be transferred at once to this enchanting chamber, I promise myself an agreeable and instructive visit."

The change was speedily effected, Colonel Alger's valet regarding my rashness with ill-concealed compassion and curiosity. The room, upon examination, presented no salient feature or ambiguous construction. The walls were oak panels, and when diligently tapped and tried yielded no results, beyond a few cobwebs and a little dust. The floor, too, seemed sound.

"Bah!" I exclaimed aloud. "I believe there is nothing to discover. Perhaps you——"

"Le diable est bon! Vive le bon diable!" And a harsh mocking stuttering kind of unearthly cachination came close upon the utterance of this atrocious sentiment.

Again I failed to localise the sounds; again my investigations were fruitless. I spent the best part of a fortnight with my friend, shooting, reading, yarning, and ghost-hunting. But nothing transpired, no clue could be established towards the unravelling of the enigma.

Once more we applied to the Psychical Research Society, and this time a great French scholar arrived—alert, fearless, and omniscient. But with all his learning he failed to enlighten us or solve the problem.

I began to think of Mrs. Besant and the Theosophists, when a brilliant idea flashed into my mind. Why not examine the roof? The house was a long, low, straggling edifice, with only one story above the ground floor. The next day I must tear myself away from my oldest and dearest friend and the familiar delightful ghost, whose voice somehow had been growing feebler and sader of late—perhaps at the prospect of my departure.

I had ascertained long ago that Horace Alger had positively seen nothing, except some very intangible and indefinable shadows, which melted at once when submitted to a little breezy brisk cross-examination. And the roof was the one point my vigorous and varied scrutiny had forgotten.

A ladder was procured, and planted against the side of the house over the window of my room; I felt here, if anywhere, must be the solution of the problem.

"Go up, Giles," said Colonel Alger to the gardener, "and see that all is right above, before Mr. Parsons makes his survey."

"Please, sir, remember my wife and family in case of accidents," replied Giles, as he reluctantly mounted the rungs. "I'd stand up to any man my weight, but ghostisses is out of my reckoning. There's no getting upsides with the likes o' they."

Presently he descended with a run, white and trembling, and horribly scared. "It's a-swearing awful!" he stammered—"like a dragoon—no offense meant!" And here he glanced apologetically at the Colonel, who laughed.

I then slowly ascended the ladder, stepped on the roof, and in a moment the mystery was revealed.

"Horace," I shouted in triumph, "here's a sky-light, and now our course is clear."

Up we rushed to my room, and once more tried the panels. Presently one, which had been imperfectly fastened, gave a little and then slid back, revealing a door beyond. Opening this we found ourselves in a tiny room lighted from the top. And there, evidently dying and feebly grasping a rude perch, was a great grey African parrot, cruelly shut in, his stock of food long exhausted. As we entered he revived with a knowing wink, and shrieked, 'Sois mon frere ou je te tue! Le diable est bon! Vive le diable!" Then with a sharp convulsion he fell lifeless to the ground.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE TWO DOORS.

Whisper "Farewell!" at midnight,
To the Old Year whisper low;
Then open the western door,
Open and let him go.

The work of the hands not good:
The will of the wavering mind;
The thoughts of the heart not pure;
The words of the lips not kind.

Faith that is broken or lost;
Hopes that are fading and dim;
Love that is selfish and vain—
These let him carry with him.

Whisper farewell to your doubts,
To follies and faults that you know;
Then open the western door,
With the old year let them go.

Turn to the sunrising next,
When the shadows are growing thin,
Set open the eastern door,
And welcome the New Year in.

Welcome the other brave—
"More faithfully do your part"—
Welcome the brighter hope,
Welcome the kinder heart.

Welcome the daily work,
Welcome the household care;
Clasp hands with the household love,
Lift hands in the household prayer.

Forgotten be all mistakes,
And over again begin,
When you open the eastern door
To welcome the New Year in.

WHIPPING PROHIBITED.

Among the curious things that arrest the attention on arriving in Moscow is the entire absence of whips among drivers of cabs, carriages, and all sorts of vehicles. There is a law prohibiting their use. There is not a single whip in use in Moscow. The excellent condition of the horses attests the benefit of this human law. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the sleek and well-groomed horses used in the carriages of Moscow.

DISEASES AND REMEDIES

CRANKS ATTEMPT TO MAKE US MISERABLE.

Take Powders for Bad Temper and Yawn for Health—Novel Hygienic Notions.

There is a danger in wearing stockings. In particular ladies will find that it is very dangerous to wear the fashionable colored stockings. Medical men have been reaping a golden harvest from the leg maladies of ladies. Amongst the ailments attributed to colored stockings are violent shooting pains, weakness and numbness, swollen joints, and so on.

A well-known Vienna doctor has discovered that the wearers of silk stockings suffer, in addition, from vertigo. When the stockings were analysed he found that they were loaded with a preparation of lead, which the skin absorbed. He advised his patients to return to the old-fashioned white stockings, and they have improved since they did this. All the colored stockings are stated to have derived their beautiful tints from a preparation of mercury, while many of the beautiful red ones contain arsenic, and are made from aniline dye.

STOCKINGS AND PARALYSIS.

In producing some particularly delicate colors in silk, chloride of tin is used as a medium. This salt exists in large proportions in some of the dyed fabrics, and in connection with the natural perspiration upon the feet the salt dissolves and causes a violent disorder. A lady who wore light yellow silk stockings has suffered so severely that partial paralysis has been caused.

Cheap stockings form a very real danger to health. The analyst for Nottingham, England, Mr. S. R. Trotman, M.A., F.I.C., has been investigating the matter, and he has tested a large number of samples of cheap hosiery. The results of his investigations show that at least 50 per cent. of such stockings contain very distinct quantities of arsenic. As a matter of fact, the amount rises in some cases to as much as half a grain in each pair of stockings. It is true that this arsenic is not highly soluble, but still it can be extracted by water and by slightly acid solutions. Therefore there is a strong possibility, and indeed, a likelihood, of the arsenic being gradually absorbed by the system and so causing evil results to the health.

DEATH IN THE BOOT POLISH.

Many boot polishes are also very injurious. This is especially true of those polishes which contain aniline dye and are used for polishing brown boots. There have been numerous instances of poisoning caused by the use of these shoe polishes.

Soiled clothes are often very dangerous. When Sir Frederick Treves returned from Japan he said that the high percentage of wounded men who recovered after being perforated by bullets in the Manchurian campaign was due to the fact that the men put on clean clothes before going into battle. This means that if a piece of clothing was carried into the body by the bullet it was not at all liable to set up a septic poisoning.

A good shaving soap is extremely valuable. It is usually regarded that the use of soap lather prior to shaving the beard is simply necessary as a means of facilitating the somewhat troublesome operation. It is supposed to extract the oily matter from the hair, and thus to render it brittle, so that the blade of the razor saws through quite easily. Still, soap plays a much higher part than this.

SOAP MEANS SHAVING SAFELY.

Although those who shave themselves frequently cut themselves with the razor, it is rarely that anything more serious than a small cut ensues. The slight wound usually heals up rapidly without any risk. All this is due to the fact that soap renders the razor's blade bacteriologically clean. That is to say, that it removes all septic matter from the blade and so sterilizes it. The amount of soap which is rubbed on the skin during the act of shaving is considerable. It is an established fact that soap has considerable antiseptic power, as a 6 per cent. solution is quite sufficient to destroy the typhoid bacillus.

How many deaths have been caused by politeness it is impossible to estimate. Unfortunately, it is true that a great many deaths occur through men doffing their hats to ladies in the streets, especially during cold weather. This is why a society of ladies in the town of Haparanda, in Sweden, decided to relieve men of the necessity of doffing their hats.

The ladies have decided that during cold and damp weather all that will be expected of men will be,

A MILITARY SALUTE.

The ladies took this step as the result of studying medical statistics, which established the fact that three times more men than women suffer from cold, neuralgia, toothache, and influenza. The ladies have inferred that these maladies were due, to a very large extent, to the obligation imposed on men to take off their hats in the streets.

One of the latest and most beneficent additions to human knowledge is that powders may be administered for bad temper. Sir Lauder Brunton recommends the administration of temper powders to gouty persons and others who have become temporarily irritable.

It is possible also to take a liquid which will marvellously increase the strength. In fact, it has been queried whether the food of the gods has not been discovered. Dr. Clement and Dr. Huchard have discovered that formic acid increases the strength of people in a most extraordinary manner. For instance, one delicate subject who could scarcely lift anything but the lightest weight was able to lift five times the amount after being experimented upon.

A NEW ARTICLE OF DIET.

Dr. Huchard's experiments upon himself have been most interesting. In a couple of days he doubled his strength, while in five days he was actually able to treble it. In order to achieve this he took five grammes of formic acid. It may be mentioned that formic acid is a colorless liquid which is found in the bodies of ants, and the hairs and certain parts of some kinds of caterpillars, while it is also the substance that gives to nettles their virulent stings.

Also, it has been discovered that piano-playing is injurious, while yawning is most beneficial. A Berlin physician has made investigations, and he states that out of one thousand girls who play the piano before the age of twelve years he found no fewer than six hundred cases of nervous diseases. When he took the same number who did not play the instrument he found that there were only one hundred cases of nervous diseases. As a result of these investigations the author of the experiment states that the piano should never be used by a child before the age of sixteen years, and even then the child should not play more than two hours a day.

Deep yawning is beneficial when practiced as a regular exercise. A German professor of gymnastics maintains that it is the cheapest and surest way to obtain health. This is due to the expansion of the breast-bones and the stretching of the arms which accompany a whole-hearted yawn, together with the filling of the lungs. Altogether yawning forms a splendid daily exercise.—Pearson's Weekly.

CHICKS FED BY MACHINE

HOW THEY ARE FATTENED FOR THE MARKET.

New Methods Employed on Big Farms Owned by Firms in Western States.

Machine-fed chickens are not a myth. They are a stern business reality. The fact is that about 10,000,000 pounds of machine-fed chickens are raised in the United States annually and that a good share of this amount is exported to London.

So important is this branch of the food industry that the big packing firms in the United States have engaged in the business of raising chickens, ducks and other poultry. The total business done in this line amounts to millions of dollars annually.

In several of the Western States, principally in Iowa and Nebraska, are scattered dozens of "feeding stations," where chickens, ducks and geese are used for the world's market.

The method of raising the chicken has undergone a scientific evolution. The idea applied to-day would have sounds like a fairy tale to the chicken farmer of twenty-five years ago. They are entirely at variance with the old way of letting the barnyard hen hustle for its own subsistence. Near the big packing counters, like Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City, feeding stations are in operation the greater part of the year. Here from early spring until the cold weather sets in, chickens are fattened for the market.

HOW IT IS DONE.

"We do not raise the chickens, said one of these firms. "We buy them from the farmers when they are about six weeks old and then we feed them for the market. About 25,000 chickens are thus cared for at each place, on the average.

"A feeding station, in the first place, must be scrupulously clean. It takes about twenty-one days to fatten a fowl and every twenty-one days the chicken house is whitewashed. It must be kept free from odor and dust. Perfect sanitary conditions are the vital principles.

"The chickens are placed in long coops and packed so tightly that they can find only room to move comfortably about. But they cannot run around. They are fed from four to six times a day, according to conditions. The food consists of a porridge of which corn meal and milk form the basic parts.

THE FEEDING MACHINE.

"The machine that is used to feed them is built on the lines of a sausage stuffer. A rubber tube extends from the receptacle. The feeder takes each chicken from the coop, places the rubber tube in its bill and then pumps it full of food. In twenty-one days the scrawny little chicken comes out fat as a butter ball. As a rule it doubles in weight in that period.

"Of course, every feeding station requires constant watching. Men go constantly up and down the line of coops and watch the fowl. Whenever a sleepy chicken that does not appear to thrive is spotted it is immediately taken from the coop. At the stations where we have refrigeration we kill the chickens for market. In most cases we ship to our packing plant. Here the chickens are dressed and assorted and packed ready for shipment.

"Ducks are also raised on scientific lines. They are kept within an inclosure, limited in space, but food troughs, amply filled, prevent them from roaming about in search of food and they fatten rapidly."

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Farewell, Old Year! thy destined race
Will quickly have a close;
And thou among thy forefathers,
Will sink into repose,
But ere to dark oblivion's shore
Thy spirit wings its flight,
I fain would take thee by the hand,
And kindly say, "Good-night!"

For though with thee thou bear away
From life's still cherished shore,
Days, weeks and months, a numerous train
That can return no more;
Yet will the loss prove gain to those
Who walk in truth's fair light;
It brings them nearer to their home
And promised rest. "Good-night!"

We part to meet no more, old friend,
Then let us part in peace;
Thou speedest to eternity,
Where strife and discord cease,
And if future years be mine,
However swift soe'er their flight,
Will strive their purpose to fulfil,
Then wish them all—"Good-night!"

SOMETHING LIKE A WHISTLE!

A big triple whistle, the largest ever constructed, has been put into use by the East St. Louis Electrical Railroad Company. Four times a day this mammoth whistle is blown, and it can be heard for ten miles north, south, east and west. Connected with an electric clock which is guaranteed not to vary five seconds in a year, this whistle will prove the most valuable public time dispenser ever invented. Residents in the immediate neighborhood of the power-house anticipated all sort of trouble when the big whistle was first talked about. But no one has had any reason to complain of discord at whistle-time. At seven in the morning, at high noon, at one in the afternoon, and at six in the evening, the great triple whistle announces the correct time to all within ten miles' hearing. The clock with which it is connected sets off the blasts on the second, and everyone within its sound knows he is paying a heed to a reliable time-keeper.

A BOOK WITHOUT PRINT

A book belonging to the family of the Prince de Ligne, now in France, is said to be the most curious book in the world, because it is neither written nor printed. The letters of the text are cut out of each folio upon the finest vellum, and, as it is interleaved with blue paper, it can be read as easily as the plainest print. The care and labor bestowed upon it was excessive. Rudolph II., of Germany, offered eleven thousand ducats for it in 1640, or about $12,000 of our money. It is a remarkable fact that this literary treasure bears the royal arms of England, although there are no other records or traces connecting it with this country.

GUESSING AT IT.

"Yes," said Miss Ann Teek. "George has my wedding ring all ready and it has Kismet engraved inside it."

"What did you say was engraved in it?" asked Miss Knox.

"Kismet. You know what that means, don't you?"

"Why—er—I suppose it's Latin for 'better late than never.'"