THE REAL AND THE IDEAL

We Need to Learn for Ourselves What Is the Work That Endures.

"Set your affections on things above, not on things on earth."—Col. iii., 2.

It is probable that from the age of 16 up to 30 Jesus of Nazareth spent His life in mechanical toil. He made wooden plows, axe handles, and yokes; He served as a carpenter. Then for three years He gave Himself to the ministry of ideal things, exclusively to the service of the spirit.

There is a wonderful satisfaction in making things, in looking over some concrete piece of work accomplished when the day ends. It is a satisfaction that belongs to the artisan. Is it not probable that many said that it was a great pity when Jesus gave up so useful a trade as His? To them He seemed to be but chasing the rainbow.

But to-day who possesses a single one of the things that young carpenter made? And did we possess them all what better off would the world be? Yet, on the other hand, how ill could this world afford to lose what He gave it by those three years of the service of the ideal.

In our age of things we so easily forget how large is the place of the ideal and the spiritual. Ever estimating our assets in the concrete, we fail to recognize that our real wealth lies in thoughts and things abstract. The permanent possessions of humanity are spiritual.

NOT ACRES NOR ARMIES,

not banks nor business make a nation, but mighty, compelling ideas and traditions.

Jesus, Shakespeare, Browning, Lowell, Emerson left no goods and chattels, no bonds and mortgages; they left inspirations; they bequeathed ideals; living first for the soul, their souls survive and remain to us all. The truly great who still stand after the test of the years are those who have lived for the spirit.

This is as true of the worker and the warrior as of the philosopher and poet. All were inspired by glowing visions; they set their affections on things above the trifles for which we struggle and spend ourselves. They endured as seeing glories to us invisible; therefore their names endure.

The great undertakings of our own day are possible only under spiritual inspirations. No rewards of money only can induce a man to steadfastly conduct affairs of great moment and enterprise; he is buoyed up by a great hope; often the very greatness of the task and the sense of serving great ends carry him on; always he sees the work in the idea rather than the wage.

We must learn to measure life with the sense of the infinite. We must not think that a man has failed because he has not left burdened warehouses and bonds. We must cease to think that we can tell whether work be high or lowly by the size of the wage. We need eyes to see the glory of the least act in the light of the glowing motive.

A new estimate is placed on every act when it is measured not by bread alone but by the things of the soul. The mother's care of the children, the father's steady humble toil for them, the faithful watching over the sick,

THE MINISTRY OF THE LOWLY,

all have a new glory in the light of the love that leads the way and the spirit that guides those who do the least of these things.

It is a good thing to lay a course of bricks so that it shall be true, but of greater value to the world than the wall that stands firm is the spirit that forces the man to build aright. No man can do even this without an ideal set in his heart, and when the wall shall have fallen the world shall still be enriched by his ideal.

Too many of us are fretting because we are not getting on in the world. Seeing the apparent ease with which some acquire fortune, we become discontented with our small gains. We talk as though fortunes and follies, money and lands were the only things worth while. Yet we know better, for we all find our real joys in other things.

Life is the business of learning to use things as tools, the real as the servant of the ideal, to make conditions ever better that character may grow the more to serve in the making of things and the enduring of things under the inspiration of the full and glorious purpose of life, the realizing of the best for ourselves, the rendering of our best to others.

HENRY F. COPE.

THE S. S. LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON,

JULY 7.

Lesson I. God Feeds Israel in the Wilderness. Golden Text: John 6. 5f.

THE LESSON WORD STUDIES.

Based on the text of the Revised Version.

From Egypt to Sinai.—The effect of the overthrow of the Egyptians upon the hearts and minds of the Israelites was to inspire them with fear and awe at the marvellous manifestations of Jehovah's power. In the words of the Exodus narrator, "And Israel saw the great work which Jehovah did upon the Egyptians, and the people feared Jehovah and they believed in Jehovah, and in his servant Moses" (Exod. 14.31). The escape out of Egypt and the power and goodness of Jehovah are commemorated in the Song of Moses and Israel which the biblical narrator introduces at this point. Leaving the shore of the Red Sea, Israel now turned its face toward the east and set out to journey to the Land of Promise. This journey of the children of Israel has not inaptly been compared with the Mecca pilgrimage from Cairo, an annual phenomenon in many respects similar in character. Indeed, this similarity is emphasized in the Hebrew word for "exodus," which is "hag," and the significance of which is perpetuated in the modern hajj of Mohammedan pilgrims. The route taken by the Israelites was not however the modern caravan route straight across the northern end of the peninsula, but the more circuitous one familiar to students of the Bible as the traditional route of the Exodus journey, and which followed in a general way the coast line of the peninsula southeast to Sinai, and from thence northeast to the vicinity of Kadesh-barnea. A summary of the itinerary of this journey is given in Num. 33. 1-49, where forty-one stages or forty stopping places between Raamses in Egypt and the final encampment of the Israelites at the Jordan River are enumerated. In this summary the dates of starting (the fifteenth day of the first month, of the first year) and of Aaron's death in the fortieth year (the first day, of the fifth month) of the desert journey are also recorded. The recent researches of Naville have settled beyond reasonable dispute the first stage of the line of march, and a closer knowledge of the Sinaitic peninsula encourages the belief that, before long the correctness of the traditional site of Sinai and the traditional Exodus route as a whole will also be established beyond question. The first stopping place of the Israelites after leaving the shore of the Dead Sea was at a place called Elim, where fresh water was found. This was more than three days' journey from the place of crossing the Sea, though probably not far from the shore.

Verse 1. Elim—On the assumption that the traditional site of Sinai is correct, Elim has been identified with a fertile wady basin near the coast, about one-third of the way from the northern end of the Red Sea.

The wilderness of Sin—The similarity between the names "Sin," "Zin," and "Sinai" has been frequently pointed out. It is possible that the deserts of Sin and Zin have both received their name from the mountain, Sinai, though in the Exodus narrative as we now have it the two are carefully distinguished. The wilderness of Sin is the name given to the open plain west of Sinai, while the wilderness of Zin (mentioned later in the narrative Num. 13. 21, and elsewhere), lies in the opposite side of the peninsula far to the northeast.

2. Murmured against Moses and against Aaron—The hardships of the overland desert journey were for a large majority of the individual members of this great migrating host certainly not trifling. A scarcity first of water and then of food were among the grievous trials which they had to bear.

3. When we sat by the flesh-pots—The expression may be taken literally, but in a wider figurative sense it stands for the abundance of food of every kind which the Israelites, whatever their other afflictions had been, had enjoyed in Egypt.

4. Bread from heaven—Lit., "food," not bread in our sense of the word (comp. note on verse 14, below).

The people shall . . . gather a day's portion every day—A severe test of obedience and faith, especially when the supply for each day was sufficient to make possible the gathering of a larger amount in advance.

7. 8. The glory of Jehovah—It is not quite clear whether the reference here is to the glory in the cloud, mentioned in verse 10, or to the miracle of providing food. We are inclined to accept the latter view. The reading of the next verse as rendered in the Revised Version seems to require this interpretation. This shall be, when Jehovah shall give you in the evening flesh to eat, and in the morning bread to the full.

9. And Moses said unto Aaron, Say—Aaron is still the spokesman, or rather, the mouthpiece, for Moses, who, as we remember, had a physical difficulty of speech which he apparently never overcame: "And Moses said unto Jehovah, Oh, Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant; for I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue" (Exod. 4. 10).

12. At even—Lit., "between the two evenings," that is, in the late afternoon.

14. A small, round thing, small as the hoar frost on the ground—The word translated "round thing" may also be rendered "flake".

15. What is it?—Or, "it is manna"; Hebrew, man hu. In Num. 11. 7-9, we find the following description of the manna: "And the manna was like coriander seed, and the appearance thereof as the appearance of bdellium. The people went about, and gathered it, and ground it in mills, or beat it in mortars, and boiled it in pots, and made cakes of it: and the taste of it was as the taste of fresh oil. When the dew fell upon the camp in the night, the manna fell upon it."

It has often been attempted to explain the feeding of the Israelites in the desert by assuming that the manna was a natural desert product, the exudation of a desert tree still common, and formerly doubtless much more abundant, throughout the Arabian peninsula. The exudation referred to is described by travellers as a glutinous, waxlike substance which in the morning after its first appearance is white, changing rapidly to a dirty yellow color; it melts quickly in the sun, and before the day is over is absorbed in the ground; it appears each morning during certain months of the year and is sweet to the taste, being used for food in times of famine. A more recent explanation identifies the manna with desert lichen, grayish-yellow in color, which grows in great abundance on rocks and stones of the desert. When fully matured the leaves curl up and the plant loosens from the rock and is blown about by the wind, being gathered ultimately in heaps in the ravines and sheltered places not unlike the leaves of autumn, though of course very much smaller. This plant is a not uncommon substitute for corn among the natives in the steppe region of southwestern Asia, being ground and baked like corn. It is dry and has an insipid taste. Referring to these and other attempted explanations Professor Alexander Macalister, of the University of Cambridge, writing in the Hastings's Bible Dictionary, says: "None of these could be the manna of the Exodus, which was a miraculous substance. . . . They are physiologically insufficient as food and can keep indefinitely," as the manna of the biblical narrative could not. Another barrier to the acceptance of this natural explanation of the manna is that these natural desert products are found only in small quantities and at certain times of the year, while the daily provision of food for the Israelites continued during the two score years of their desert pilgrimage.

Twenty-seven thousand vessels yearly enter the port of London.

Argentina boasts a wheatfield 66,720 acres in extent.

One value of critics is that, like flies, they keep great men from sleeping.

The "Giant Atlas" of China is the largest known moth. Its wings measure 8 inches to 9 inches across, and sometimes as much as 11 inches.

A FAIRY'S REVENGE

INSULTING THE FAIRY.

"HO! HO! HO!" laughed Count Wilfred, "that is the ugliest old woman I ever saw."

Little he dreamed that the old woman, who had just passed, had heard him, so that he was much embarrassed to perceive that she was looking toward him.

"Young man," said she, sternly, "I am not exactly what I seem. In reality I am a fairy, and have taken this form merely for my present convenience. I have the power of teaching you a much-needed lesson, and I intend to use it. Since you do not respect old age, or have no pity for the deformed, hereafter you will not be able to distinguish between the beautiful and the ugly."

In vain the count pleaded that he had meant no harm. The fairy refused to remove the curse she had placed upon him.

The count really wasn't a bad young man. He was kind and generous and good-natured. But a great many things amused him, and he liked to poke fun at people, so that he sometimes gave offense when he hadn't the slightest intention of so doing.

Sadly Wilfred retraced his steps. The trees and the flowers and the sky, which but a moment before had been so beautiful to him, now seemed bare and ugly. In great discontent he hastened his steps in order to escape from a scene so displeasing.

Upon approaching his magnificent castle a great dissatisfaction seized him. "That building is a disgrace to the kingdom," muttered he. "I'll have a suitable one built immediately."

The master builder came in response to Count Wilfred's summons.

"Come with me and I will show you the kind of castle I wish built," said the count.

The builder was led to a small cottage nearby, in which lived a poor shepherd.

"Why do you show me this hut?" was the surprised query of the count's master builder.

In astonishment the other exclaimed: "I want a castle built exactly like that," instructed the count.

In astonishment the other exclaimed: "Why, master, that is only a few logs thrown together!"

"Logs, indeed! Do you mean to tell me that this superb building is not ten times as beautiful as that horrid old castle?" Wilfred demanded fiercely. Turning away he sharply said, "You have my commands; be about your business."

Again entering the castle the count called for something to eat. As soon as his splendid gold and silver plate was laid upon the table, he threw it on the floor, crying angrily:

"I want none of these foolish things. Bring me a pretty service of pewter."

His favorite hounds, whom he had hitherto considered most handsome, he now kicked from him in disdain, and filled the kennels with a pack of mongrel curs. In the stables his princely horses made place for a number of old, wretched nags which could scarcely move.

His friends grew surprised and greatly alarmed when he began to show fondness for the ugliest and most slatternly maid in the city, and openly insulted the beautiful daughter of a powerful prince who visited him by declaring she was the homeliest person he had ever met. She never repeated her visit.

It happened that a rich and beautiful lady of noble blood, living in a neighboring castle, loved Count Wilfred deeply. He, in turn, had been very fond of her before he had met the fairy. This devoted maiden pleaded with her fairy godmother to try to cure the count of this strange disease of the mind. Now it so chanced that this was the very same fairy who had bestowed the curse. She decided that the count had learned his lesson, and, therefore, did as the lady asked, so that she might be spared further unhappiness.

Count Wilfred always refrained from making fun of any one thereafter. He soon married the lovely lady who lived in the castle nearby, and considered her more beautiful than ever.

The Cup of Poison and Its Result

"DID you ever come near being poisoned?" Philip asked his uncle, the great African explorer.

"Only once that I can remember," replied Uncle Robert, "I'll tell you how it happened.

"On this particular visit to the interior, I was accompanied by a friend named Grey. It was his first experience and he was unable to understand the ways of the savages.

"One day, as we drew near a village, we were greeted by the most frightful yells. These cries came from a poor wretch who was being cruelly beaten by order of the king.

DRINKING THE POISON.

"Grey's blood boiled at this sight. Springing forward, he leveled his revolver at the native who held the murderous-looking lash, and demanded that he stop.

"The poor fellow, who was released, threw himself on the ground before Grey and vowed eternal gratitude. Pleading that his life would no longer be safe if they left him to the mercy of the king, he begged that he be permitted to go along with the party. This favor was granted.

"The king of the tribe was in high dudgeon at our interference; and the bloodthirsty scowls with which he followed our departure boded ill for any of us who should fall into his hands.

"Having traveled a short distance, we pitched camp, and Grey and I went off a short distance for a stroll.

"We had gone but a few rods when Baron, who was before us, uttered a deep growl. Scarcely had we time to raise our eyes, when we found ourselves surrounded by a band of savages. Realizing the impossibility of escape, or of giving the alarm without being run through by a spear, I quieted the dog with a word, and then demanded of the black who seemed to be in command the reason for our being molested. The savage, without speaking, placed his fingers to his lips and motioned us to follow him.

"Guarded closely on all sides, we retraced our steps along the path we had recently traveled, and were ushered into the presence of the king whom we had insulted a few hours before.

"The king sat upon his throne of wood and ivory, and we were led before him, the villagers forming an immense circle round about us.

"'Oh, king!' cried I, in a deep voice, in the native tongue, 'do you but touch us and great evil will come upon your village! We are gods!'.

"The king sneered, but for all that he seemed to be somewhat ill at ease.

"'We shall see if you are gods. Bring forth the death potion!' he cried to one of his guards.

"Presently the savage returned with a cup containing a dark liquid.

"'Now,' said the king, 'if you drink this and live, I shall know that you are, indeed, a god.'

"I had in the meantime slyly taken from my pocket several little white pills. These I had secured from a celebrated druggist while in Paris, and they were supposed to make one proof against most forms of poison.

"When the cup was handed me I waved my hand over it in a mysterious way, muttered a few words and then dropped the pellets, unseen by the natives, into the goblet.

"'Behold, king!' I finally said. Holding the cup on high, I drained it to the last drop and then dashed the empty goblet to the ground. I looked scornfully at the king.

"One moment passed, then another. The savages looked at one another in wonder. Never yet had the poison failed to kill its victim almost instantly. Was the white man indeed a god?

"I now drew myself up to my full height, pointed my finger at the dumfounded king and thundered: 'Down on your knees, you wretch! I have thus far been merciful to you and your people. Provoke me not further or you shall die!'

"The king threw himself down before me, begging forgiveness.

"'Arise!' said I. 'In spite of what you have done, I have decided to be your friend.'

"Just then the sound of approaching men was heard, and our men appeared on the edge of the forest. We joined the party, and, not waiting further, proceeded at as near as I could guess a rate as to be poisoned, although in danger of being speared through the back.

HECTOR NO PROTECTION.

FARMER GREEN OUTWITTED BY BAD BOYS.

REALLY, there wasn't much use of Farmer Green having such fine trees in his orchard. Bad boys stole nearly all of the fruit. He was lucky, indeed if they left him enough for the needs of his own family.

One tree bore an especially fine apple—big and sweet and juicy. Anxiously he watched the fruit ripen.

"Those scamps won't run away with these apples," said he on the morning of the day he intended to pluck them. So he tied Hector under the tree. Hector was a fierce bulldog, and any boy would have to be very brave to come within close range of him.

But you can see that the bad boys got the apples just the same. One teased Hector with a long stick. Hector, in his anger, shook all the fruit from the tree, and the other boy picked up the apples when the dog wasn't looking his way.

When Farmer Smith came an hour or so later Hector was sitting underneath the tree looking immensely pleased with himself—but there wasn't an apple on the tree. The farmer is still perplexed.

AILMENTS OF WORKERS

MALADIES PECULIAR TO CERTAIN FORMS OF TRADE.

They Range From Bends to Writer's Cramp—The More Callings the More Diseases.

When man was a semi-ape and ranged the prehistoric hills the maladies that beset him were as few and as simple as those which afflict his simian brothers in the African jungle to-day.

As a rule he died a death of primitive violence. A bear gobbled him, a snake bit him or a strange herb poisoned him. In time of plenty he ate too much and died of a terrific stomach ache; in hard times he starved to death. Instead of microbes and bad drainage he feared lions, blizzards, falling trees, swift rivers, reptiles, lightning and the men of rival tribes. He seldom died in bed.

But when civilization began to develop specialization and life grew complex, bacilli began to play a part in human affairs. The man who showed an unusual capacity for chipping flint arrow heads spent his whole time at the task, and his customers—the hunters and warriors—brought him his share of meat and drink.

By and by there were whole groups of arrow makers, and the constraints of their work began to tell on them. All day they crouched over their flints, breathing flint dust. And so, in the course of time, there arose among them a tendency to grow hollow chested and to spit blood, and the world was face to face with

TUBERCULOSIS PULMONALIS.

When the stone age melted into the age of bronze more diseases arose. Workers in copper began to be afflicted with sores; rich copper merchants ate too much and died of gout; vineyards were established and drunkenness was invited.

By and by there were hundreds of diseases and it was necessary for one whole class of men to spend their time combating them. Hence arose the early wise men, soothsayers, charm sellers, magicians and priests.

Their doses and doctrines, instead of destroying the old diseases, merely served to create new ones, and so we of to-day have inherited an illimitable store of ills. In modern man it is a meek and lowly organ that cannot show two dozen fatal maladies peculiar to itself. The heart has fifty. The brain has a thousand.

All the while new diseases are being evolved as civilization becomes more and more complex. Last year, for example, probably 500 men in America and Europe died of the bends. And what is that? Simply a malady caused by breathing air at high pressure.

In building tunnels and excavating for piers it is necessary to send men down into caissons in which the air, instead of being at its ordinary pressure of 15 pounds to the square inch, is at 50 or 100 pounds. Few men can stand this pressure long and even those that can ordinarily suffer alarming after effects. Coming out into the open air again their ankles and knees swell, they vomit and there are agonizing pains in their heads. Sometimes they sink into a comatose state and die.

Fortunately modern medicine tries to keep pace with modern maladies, and so it is usually possible to cure this disease. It is due as a rule to the fact that the transition from the outer air to the caisson, or vice versa, is made too rapidly. The body has too little time to adapt itself to the change. The cure, then, consists in

GIVING IT A BETTER CHANCE.

The man who topples over in agony after leaving a caisson is sent back and the pressure is reduced very slowly. In Europe, the tunnel and bridge builders maintain special chambers for this purpose. As a result the mortality in bends has been reduced to 3 per cent.

Unfortunately there are other occupation diseases which present greater difficulties. Some of them in truth may be cured only by the patient abandoning his trade. One of these is chalacosis, which is a malady of the lung. It is caused by breathing great quantities of stone dust. You have often observed, no doubt, that when a marble or stone building nears completion men go all over its surface with sandblasts, cleaning and smoothing the stone. Well, these blasts send up a cloud of finely powdered stone and the workmen are forced to breathe it. At first their bronchial tubes make a brave effort to expel the dust and they cough a great deal. But by and by the little scavengers in the vestibules of the lungs are overcome and the minute particles of stone begin to invade the lungs themselves. The result is chalacosis, which is a form of pneumonokoniosis, which means a scurlike overgrowth of lung tissues. Stonecutters, knife grinders, brass workers, coal miners and all other workmen who have to breathe dust of any sort day after day suffer from varieties of this disease. All city dwellers are its victims more or less.

The lung and bronchial tubes of a countryman are bright and rosy in appearance, but those of a city man are usually dark and dull looking. A coal miner's are often as black as ebony. Strange to say, this condition does not seem to induce tuberculosis. Miners, though their lungs are always abnormal, seldom die of consumption.

Wind instrument players suffer from a malady called emphysema. The small air passages in their lungs are inflated so much and so often that the surrounding cells are mashed flat. A secondary result is that the lungs themselves attain unusual dimensions and the patient develops an inflated chest, shaped like a barrel. This condition, however, is by no means peculiar to cornetists and horn blowers. It is a symptom, also, in various definite pulmonary maladies.

WORKERS IN CHEMICALS

are subject to all sorts of unusual afflictions. Those who take part in the manufacture of rubber, for example, are often badly injured by the vapors of sulphide of carbon—an exceedingly pungent smelling liquid used to dissolve the elastic gum. These vapors cause headaches, neuralgia, a staggering gait and violent bodily pains; followed sometimes by delirium and mania.

Workers in aniline dye factories are subject to vertigo and other distressing ills. The cause here is the inhalation of aniline vapor. Fortunately it is possible to relieve these symptoms without much difficulty, and in the case of most men time seems to produce a sort of immunity.

It is a well known fact that many persons are unable to take quinine because it causes a troublesome eruption to appear upon their skin. Among the natives of South America who strip cinchona bark (from which quinine is made) from the trees and among the white men who handle the bark, this same eruption is often encountered. It takes the form of a host of small pimples and its general aspect is much like that of eczema. A holiday of a few weeks usually serves to make it disappear and after an individual has been cured he seldom suffers a second attack.

Weaver's tonsilitis is a malady frequently met with among the employees of cotton mills, due to the presence of minute fibres of cotton in the crypts of the tonsils. These tonsils cause a chronic irritation and the way is thus opened for the entrance of stray germs. The malady yields to the treatment indicated for ordinary tonsilitis.

Tea tasters, despite the fact that they seldom if ever swallow any of the tea they taste, commonly suffer derangements of various bodily functions. The poison in this case is the very powerful alkaloid to which tea owes its soothing virtues. The most common symptoms are gastric disturbances, paleness and various local disorders in the mouth. The final effects are loss of memory, chronic anxiety and other evidences of a general nervous breakdown. A complete rest of a month or so ordinarily serves to effect a cure; but when the tea taster returns to his queer occupation his old disabilities commonly reappear.

It is a commonplace of observation that the excessive use of any one group of muscles leads to a sort of local paralysis. This malady was formerly very familiar in the form of what was called

WRITER'S CRAMP.

It was thought that the triumph of the typewriting machine over the old fashioned pen would cause it to disappear from the earth, but it is now in full bloom as typewriter's cramp. Similar neuroses afflict telegraphers, violinists, piano players, cigarette makers and milkmaids.

Another form of this serious and troublesome disease incapacitates marine engineers. These men usually spend all their time, awake and asleep, within a few feet of their beloved engines. The constant vibration overworks certain of their muscles—particularly those of the legs—and the result is a good deal of pain. Sometimes this pain extends up the back and has distressing consequences. As a rule it is relieved by a few days ashore.

Workers in ship engine rooms also suffer from breathing hot, vitiated air

Legend of the Stork

THERE was once a sultan of Turkey who gathered around him as his counselors all the wise men of his dominions. The sultan himself was very wise, but he could not help playing jokes upon the dignified advisers.

For several months the sultan had enjoyed not a single trick. He began to fear that he would soon be growing dull unless something happened to amuse him.

That day he directed his slaves to thoroughly oil the broad steps that led to the palace. He then sent word to all his counselors that he wished to see them at a certain time in the afternoon. Placing his chair at the head of the steps, the sultan seated himself upon it, chuckling.

THE SULTAN'S JOKE

As the hour appointed arrived the wise men appeared. But try as he would to keep his footing, each dignified gentleman slipped upon the oily surface and rolled to the bottom of the steps. The sultan roared with laughter. This was for him the best joke he had ever played.

But one of the wisest of the advisers, who knew all about magic, was so angry at being treated in this way that he changed the sultan into a stork.

And the stork to this day, though a wonderful old bird, you know, sometimes does such foolish things as bringing you a baby brother when you want a sister or a baby sister when you want a brother to play with.

Gets Fish in Ice Cake.

C. E. Comley, proprietor of a summer resort at Black Lake, Wis., captured a forty-pound muskellonge in a peculiar manner. Comley, with a force of men, was harvesting ice in a shallow bay of the lake, where the water was frozen solidly to the white sand bottom. The great fish was found frozen in the crystal ice, and an oblong piece was sawed out and the fish taken to Rhinelander. The ice was placed in a tank at a restaurant, and when it melted the fish was found to be still alive and apparently none the worse for having been frozen in the solid ice all winter.

Bobby's Strategy.

Quite a number were present at dinner, and Bobby found himself entirely overlooked.

Having waited patiently for some time and receiving nothing to eat, at last he inquired loudly if some one would kindly give him some mustard.

"What do you want with the mustard, Bobby?" asked his mother.

"To go with what you have already given me," he cheerfully explained.

Bobby received all he wanted thereafter.

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ALCOHOL AND WORK.

Sir V. Horsley Shows How Use of Stimulants Hampers Work.

The workmen who uses alcohol, even in moderation, is not, a series of experiments of Alcohol and the Human Body, Sir Victor Horsley and Dr. M. Sturge, as valuable to his employer the workingman who uses none.

Diagrams show the amount done in setting up type by two who worked one day taking moderation and the next abstaining. On the non alcoholic work being was better and more done, though in every case the days they took alcohol thought they were working quickly.

That more physical labor done by teetotallers was done by taking two parties of men, being allowed absolute abstinence by paying them sufficiently well to work to make signs that the extent the men does as much. Here the alcoholics led in the first two days, about the first two after that their power for work and at the end of the days teetotallers were far ahead and got much more extra work done.

STANDARD BANK STATEMENT

Shows Increase in Total Assets for Year of $2,881,529.

The statement presented at the second annual meeting of the shareholders of the Standard Bank of Canada was a most satisfactory one, showing the past year the business increased by $556,142, making it $4,430. The reserve fund now stands at $1,650,000, an increase of $250,000, this being the new block issue. The balance forward on the profit and loss account was $165,529, an increase of $71,748. The deposits have increased $1,530,812 during the year, and show an increase of $2,355,555. Total assets now stand at $19,626,659.87, an increase for the year of $2,881,529. Quick assets, Dominion notes, legal securities, amount to $6,119,730. The paid up capital was $1,000,000, of which 12 per cent. was paid last year. $10,000 was written off premises, and the balance carried forward to the profit and loss account. W. L. Cowan and Mr. Hamilton were re-elected directors to serve respectively.

As long ago as 1710 maps were made on which were shown a map of England, with the principal towns from London.

ITCH, Mange, Prairie Scratches, every form of contagious Itch on humans or animals cured in 30 minutes by Ward's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by all druggists.

The Wakamba, the best people in Uganda, are the most intelligent black race in Africa. They have a system of calculation which exceeds by whole miles the Sioux, men working, and have a solid knowledge of mass.

An End to Bilious Headaches. Dyspepsia which is caused by a weak stomach, has a marked effect on the nerves, and often results in severe headaches, the most distressing kind. These are heralds of fever, and frequently the most excruciating of all headaches. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it quickly. Be well if these Pills operate. There are none so good in the treatment of Liver Complaint.

Out of the 12,136,000 acres owned by the British Government in the United Kingdom owns 10,550,000, or 87 per cent., and owns 68,000 forty-acre farms.

There is no more obstinate skin trouble than Salt Rheum. It sometimes lingers for years. Weaver's Cerate makes short work of it. Take Weaver's syrup to insure permanent cure.

It is a curious fact that the men who did most to convert the world had always had a Jew for their teacher. Such were St. Paul, Julian, Spinoza, the real originator of the Christian religion.

They are Not Violent. Some persons, when they require the stomach, regard and other purgative pills as speedy in their action, but permanent good. Their use induces chills, and if persisted in injure the stomach. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. For purposes in this respect they are superior.

"I'm satisfied," said the author, "that you intend to cheat me out of my money." "All right," chuckled the lazy debtor. "If you're satisfied."

The town council of a small Ontario community met to inspect a site for a hall. They assembled and as it was a warm day they suggested that they leave the chairs there. "Someone can stay there to watch them," suggested another. "What for?" demanded a third. "If we are going out together, what need is there for anyone to watch the clothes?"

A New Orleans Lady Because she Nourishment from Scott's She took Scott's Result: She gained a pound ALL DRUGGISTS