SUNDAY AT HOME

Jesus Christ the Same.

(By Helen Knight Wyman.)

What was He yesterday?"
A Friend most dear!
"Then haste to that Friend—
Still He is near."

"What was He yesterday?"
A Staff and Stay!
"Now is the time to lean—
'Lean hard,' to-day."

"What was He yesterday?"
A Shepherd kind!
"Then follow where He leads,
Pasture to find."

"What was He yesterday?"
My guiding Light!
"He can illume the way
No longer bright."

What was He yesterday?"
Saviour divine!
"Then lay on Him to-day.
All sins of thine.

"And if, to-day, He fills
Thy every need,
Thou can'st, forevermore
Trust Him, indeed!"
—The Congregationalist.

A Lurid Doom.

(By a Banker.)

Caused doubtless by an irruption of the ocean through a cleft into the incandescent inner crust of the earth, thereby generating an overwhelming and irresistible volume of steam, that safety valve of Europe, Vesuvius, has once more been the scene of a terrible calamity of nature's forces, in presence of which proud man is as help'ess and as impotent as a crushed worm.

Ominous rumblings and smothered detonations warn those whose homes were scattered around the very jaws of the fiery earth vent that an outburst of unusual severity must be expected. And in a moment it is upon them. With a strident roar as of ten thousand thunders, huge masses of red-hot rock, volleyed high in air, crush to death all upon whom they fell; clouds of sand and mud as dashes obscure the sun, and instead of the wondrous azures of the Italian sky, a lurid murky gloom darkens the air, making more vivid the tongues of devouring flame which belch forth from rents in the mountain sides, or are wildly vomited from the reeking crater; and causing the great balls of livid fire which from time to time are hurled from it as from the mouth of a huge piece of ordnance to appear even more terrible and awe-inspiring.

And now with a hissing blast which rends the air with its deafening stridor, fiery rivers of liquid rock burst forth in all directions, surging and eddying down the steep sides of the mountain, now plunging headlong down over a lofty beetling precipice, a cataract of flame and molten stone; now, still almost red-hot, surrounding and overwhelming a village, deluging the lower apartments with the smoking viscious fluid, and, gripping in its fell clasp those wretched creatures too infirm to flee, sepultures them unconfined and unkenelled; and now igniting one after another, a church, or cottage, or homestead, until the place is transformed as it were into a lurid horror, an antechamber of hell.

And so it goes on, a very inferno, a dire cataclysm of lethal ruin and death; red-hot rocks raining upon them from above; the terrible torrents of lava engulphing them in fiery desolation and destruction; and the booming, sepulchral thunder and flashes of flame from the ever burning interior fires of the earth, causing even the most intrepid to quail, terrorstruck and aghast.

But what will it be when this earth of ours will be burnt up and the powers of the universe shall be shaken. Then will those who have forgotten their God quail indeed with mortal terror and alarm; while those who have served Him, and whose misdeeds have been atoned for by the sufferings of the Messiah endured on their behalf as the punishment due to them, will look up in ecstatic joy. For they know, that their redemption is at hand.

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE.

(Anna R. Henderson in Leslie's Weekly.)

There's a cheery little proverb
It is very well to heed,
In the world where pain and sorrow
Are quite plentiful indeed.
If you would not have them double,
Then keep this well in view,
To never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

Don't think when storm-clouds gather
You are certain to be drowned;
The very darkest tempest
May quickly blow around.
And up above the blackness
Shines evermore the blue;
So never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

Oftimes a gloomy morning
Precedes a sunny day;
So, without word of warning,
Our trials slip away.
What pangs we oft have suffered
From ills we never know!
So never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

Quit counting all the bridges
You may never have to cross,
Quit climbing all the ridges
Of future pain and loss.
Trudge on and do your duty,
To God and conscience true,
And never trouble trouble
Until trouble troubles you.

Proof of Godliness.

And that proving and attesting will surely be in the sight of all men, and the proof of godliness will be seen in unselfishness and helpfulness in all the relationships of life. In the home and in the family life surely most of all. If there is any place that the ripe, sweet fruit of the Christian life should appear it is in that inner circle of our own. If we are the head of the household, we owe our family clothing and shelter and wholesome food. But having paid that debt a much greater one remains. Our own may still claim from us righteous example, faithful precept and instruction, the presentation of high ideals, gentleness, forbearance, sympathy, cheerfulness—all these and many more are theirs of right. These are the higher and more binding obligations, and herein is the true test of our Christian faith in the home—do we live there to serve, and to serve the highest and holiest interests, rather than to merely enjoy and to receive? There is no escaping, even in that narrow circle, the great law and rule of life that the apostle lays down. Service is the ideal, and it is only as we work along that line do we conform ourselves to God's great law of life, and find our happiness and usefulness perfected according to his will.

Music Halls of 40 Years Ago

In the palmy days of music halls there was no curtain, not the barest suggestion of scenery, scarcely a platform. The music hall forty years ago was a much simpler, homelier place. Space did not matter; you sat about at tables and drink at your ease from pewter pots, as fashion then demanded. It was a great honor to drink with the "chairman," the president of the assembly, an honor to which only a regular guest could aspire. The performers did not rush in for a "turn" at a flicker of a number dial, but were announced with solemn majesty by the autocratic chairman, after he had rapped for silence with his mallet. It was more of a friendly smoking room concert than a show, says the London Daily Mail. Our music hall is becoming overcivilized, and loses its grip.

At the old Canterbury the performers all used to line up on the platform and sing a rattling opening chorus, while the audience applauded with pewters and sticks and boots with unrestrained ardor. It was the same sort of thing as the Christy minstrels, and the comic man used to take the side, just as the "corner man."

Makeup was scarcely ever attempted. A song stood or fell on its own merits and the skill of the singers. The "great" Vance who introduced the "howling swell" to the halls, used to swagger about the platform, dropping silk handkerchiefs to show his illimitable wealth. The comic man would wear a little bijou hat on the back of his head, but that was all. The impression of reckless prodigality, moreover, in the "great" Vance was rather damped when his little page followed him picking up the priceless handkerchiefs. There were no drop curtain then.

How many songs of the last ten years can one recall? There are very few, and those are perhaps the most stupid. But the comic songs of twenty years ago have almost taken a place in the language. Some of them are household words. Who has not heard of Frederick Bowyer's:

They're all very fine and large,
They're fat, they're sound and prime,
If you fancy you can beat 'em,
It will take you all your time.
They're the widest in creation,
And I make no extra charge.
Now, who'll havea chance for a dozen or two,
They're all very fine and large?

The encore verse is the old, old landlady chestnut, but funny still:

I thought I'd go to Margate once
For rest, and change of air,
But, oh! I lost some pounds of flesh
The few days I was there.
I couldn't get a wink of sleep,
I shan't forget that bed,
The landlady said: "Do you like the rooms?"
I paid my bill and said:
"They're all very fine and large, etc.

Another classic that is scarcely dead yet is "Up I Came With My Little Lot." Indeed it has been sung quite recently with great echt. When "the handy men" marched their Long Tom up to Ladysmith and got it into position, this is what they sang (Capt. Scott will not deny the fact).

Up I came with my little lot,
The air turned blue for miles.

The scene is a swearing match at a beanfeast in Epping Forest—

The trees all shook,
The bobby took his hook,
And down came all the tiles.
The donkey he began to bray
As if his heart would break,
And even Dick Dunn went and told every one
That my lot took the cake.

But the early days of music hall were not monopolized by the comic song. Sentiment also had a turn—crude, simple sentiment perhaps, but quite as palatable as a magnificently staged bijou melodrama. Mr. Bowyer's "I Stood on the Bridge at Midnight" is an instance.

Next a form approaches at a halting pace,
Grief had failed to shatter the beauty of her face,
Promises and falsehoods fondly she believed.
Now her dream is ended, forsaken and deceived
Silently to Heaven she offers up a prayer,
Gazes at the river, then shudders in despair;
Clutching some love token in her withered hands,
Like an apparition, on the bank she stands.
"Why did he forsake me?
Him I loved so well!
Hark! the bell is tolling
Bidding earth farewell."
Frantically her hands high
In the air she throws,
A sigh, a leap, a scream, 'tis done!
As o'er the bridge she goes.

It reads a little sloppy perhaps, but Chas. Godfrey could make people shudder and sob when he sang it.

One of the first halls was the New Music Hall in Hungerford Market. There you heard a wonderful collection of the English ballads such as to-day you might chance to hear at the Queen's Hall. Younger readers may think it strange that half a century ago such classics as "The Blue Bells of Scotland" and "The Last Rose of Summer" were sung at the music hall; that the Shakesperian lyrics were still regarded as national songs and performed on the nightly performance to an enthusiastic music hall audience.

The old music hall songs had one advantage over the modern, which might easily be remedied. As a rule they were set to any old well known tune, so that there was no tricky air to be mastered before a song become into favor. A man wrote a song, say, "A Trip to Brighton." He took no trouble about the music, but just wrote "To the air of 'An Old Cork Leg,'" and the job was done.

Salaries have been revolutionized since the early days. When the new Canterbury was opened thirty years ago George Leybourne, the Robey of the day, was offered the princely salary of £20 a week. At that time the Canterbury was the chief hall in London. All the town travelled over the water to see the ballet, and the Grant Vance, Arthur Roberts, Nelly Power and Phyllis Broughton were the stars of the day.

Now, when most artists have carriage, it is curious to recall that Leybourne was presented by the manager of the Canterbury with a carriage and pair on the express understanding that he drove about in it "by way of advertisement."

In one respect the comic songs of forty years back have been improved upon. Then the chorus was invariably "Tra-la-la, Diddle-diddle-dee," or some other similar gag. The songs in which the chorus is the principal charm are only a gradual development. One of the first was Mr. Bowyer's popular "Little Bit of Sugar for the Bird." The chorus of this famous song was so adapted that it ran to 320 verses, stanzas being added, to suit all occasions. The original words ran thus:

When Dicky sits upon his perch
And sings a little song,
There's a little bit of sugar for the bird.
Some would call it bribery
And say it's very wrong,
That little bit of sugar for the bird.
Now ladies are like dicky birds,
For when they sing and play,
The men are so enraptured, they are carried clean away.
They lavish diamonds on them; if you ask them they will say—

It's a little bit of sugar for the bird.
Sweet, sweet; tweet, tweet,
Is not it a funny thing?
If she dances like a graceiet
He sends her round a bracelet,
It's a little bit of sugar for the bird.

Real or Fancied.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the drug clerk.

"Well," replied the man, "my room was full of rats last night, and I want—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted the bright clerk, "bromo for yourself or strychnine for them?"—Richmond Despatch.

The Impossible Eden.

(N. Y. Sun.)

Knicker—Looking for a summer resort?

Bocker—Yes; I want a place where I can wear old clothes and my wife can wear new ones.

It isn't a man's ignorance of the law that convicts him so much as the ignorance of his lawyer.

WORK OF CIRCUS WOMEN.

Their Lives Made Comfortable Outside the Glitter of the Ring.

Back in that section of the Coliseum where the Ringling circus performers have their dressing rooms a group of three women were seated the other day. Two of them were sewing and the third was industriously darning a varied assortment of hosiery. A party of ladies and gentlemen on a tour of the circus quarters passed the trio.

"Those poor wardrobe women," remarked one of the ladies as she glanced at them, "have all the drudgery of this life, haven't they? I can understand the fascination of the glitter and tinsel of the arena, but I pity the unfortunate creatures who do these commonplace things in the obscure regions of the place."

"Their guide did not tell them that the three "wardrobe women" were bespangled queens of the sawdust during performances. He did not explain that the hosiery repairer was with the circus because she was one of the best bareback riders in the world, that the other two had international reputations as a tight rope walker and a juggler respectively. Besides his guests had seen these three women but a short time before in all the glory of pink and gold and if they did not recognize their erstwhile entertainers it was not the guide's fault.

No women who work for money are more simple in their tastes, more domestic in their habits than those who add the charm of feminine loveliness to the daring features of a circus programme. In the crowded tent they dash about in a blaze of color because "the act goes better" that way. Spangles and tinsel, rouge and powder form the framework of "swell dressing" both in the traditions of the tent and in the minds of the hand-clapping, peanut-eating multitudes who ocupy the circus seats.

But when the beautiful fairy descends from her horse, trapeze or wire and returns to her dressing-room, she puts her "hoop-la" manner on the shelf with her tights and the trappings of her profession. Her ordinary raiment restores her quiet womanliness and long before her admirers of the arena have reached their homes she is busy about the duties of that little section of the great caravan which constitutes her household and in which she is as proud and happy as any housewife in the land.

Most circus women are always in the midst of their families. If unmarried, she is with her parents, who are also performers. If married, her husband is sure to be a member of the gigantic organization and if her children are of proper age they are doing something on the great programme. For circus performers are a caste. They inherit their calling, intermarry among their kind, and bring up their children to follow the sawdust life.

An enormous circus such as that of the Ringlings, has grown to be nothing else than a moving municipality and the equipment of the community life almost equals that for the performance itself. There is a hospital, a large library, a school with a kindergarten annex, a great nursery and a corps of maids who look after the little ones when mamma and papa are busy in the big tents. There is a large airy canvas house where sewing, chatting and even gossip can comfort the feminine nature. There is everything that modern civilization has made necessary for a well rounded women's life and far more than the average family can obtain.

$9.00 to New York and Return

Lehigh Valley Railroad from Suspension Bridge, Friday, June 15th. Tickets good 15 days. Tickets good on regular express trains leaving at 3.50 and 7.15 a. m., 7.15 and 8.43 p. m For tickets, Pullmans and particulars, call on or address Robt. S. Lewis, Passenger Agent, 10 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

In the Parcel Post.

The United States has not yet adopted the parcel post, and while it deprives the citizens of many conveniences the refusal of Uncle Sam to act as a mail express saves his servants a lot of trouble in figuring out the prohibitions in various countries. In Holland, for instance, potatoes are not received in the parcel post, and in order to gain admission for other tubers it is necessary to have the plants examined and a certificate made out that the roots are not affected by the phylloxera pest. In Belgium saccharine may not be mailed except to a chemist, and then not in lots exceeding four ounces. North Borneo will not receive tobacco or opium by post, and Bulgaria will take no clothing, nor boots, vegetables, flowers, leaves, roots or bulls, arms, ammunition, advertisements, candles, fishing nets, or mo? lasses. Russi abars varnish, church effects, playing cards and wooden pipe stems, while Denmark will not receive almanacs, and Egypt will not permit sausages to be mailed. Germany refuses anything of American origin, and has some clauses directed against Japan, while air guns, wax matches, rosaries, relics and jewelry are the miscellaneous lot barred by Spain. In the United Kingdom the post office will carry almost anything.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

The Editor Aaway From Home.

The editor is in Topeko this week. He has wired us twice, but we do not think his stuff up to the present time worth space on the front page. His animadversions relative to the republican state convention will be found on page 3.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Island Slipping Into the Sea.

The little Island of Ustica, which is situated off the Sicilian coast about 40 miles north of Palermo, threatens to disappear as a result of the violent shocks of earthquake which were experienced last week. There is no danger of a sudden explosion, as the island does not contain an active volcano, but Ustica stands on the very edge of the great marine depression, nearly two and a half miles deep, which lies between Italy and Sicily. The sides of this depression are crumbling away with the earthquake shocks, and the island will eventually sink into the sea.—London Sketch.

The two-headed girl of museum fame doesn't need a mirror to tell if her hats are on straight.

HAD SKIN DISEASE FOR TWENTY YEARS.

MINISTER'S WIFE HELPED HER GET ZAM-BUK.

A COMPLETE CURE WAS EFFECTED BY THIS HERBAL BALM.

The far-reaching results of a simple injury, and the amazing benefits to be derived from applications of Zam-Buk, are both illustrated by the story told to a presmen by Mrs. J. Burnett, of 2 Lockwood Court, Burton street, Leeds.

"One day, twenty years ago," said Mrs. Burnett, "I was minding a neighbor's child who became rather naughty, and when I took him up to correct him he kicked me on the leg. I was so severely bruised that I had to see a doctor. Not only did the skin not heal, but there was some deep-seated injury and the torture of recent years has been incredible. I rubbed in all sorts of embrocations, lotions, salves, etc., as you can tell from the fact that I had at one time as many as thirty-two empty bottles or boxes of one kind of ordinary ointment in the house! I was almost willing to try anything to get my leg better, but it would never have got better at all but for the wonderful effect of Zam-Buk."

"From the instep to the knee was swollen to twice its natural size, and the pain and tenderness increased until I was nearly driven wild. It was a torture even to hobble about. I felt that something serious was going to happen, for my condition was beyond description. A friend of mine remarked, 'Why don't you try Zam-Buk? I really think it would do you good.' I got some and the result is too wonderful for words. From first rubbing it in I could feel the good effects of the balm, for the pain gradually died away, the heat and swelling went down, and I seemed to have a freer use of my leg. Several ladies at the church, including the minister's wife, hearing what Zam-Buk was at last curing me, helped me with a little money, so that I might continue with it, and the result of their kindness is that, by persevering with Zam-Buk, I am now quite cured. I do not suffer the slightest inconvenience, and can get about to do my housework without difficulty. This is simply the result of using Zam-Buk, and let any one come and I will soon convince them of the blessing it has been to me."

It is by working such cures as the above that Zam-Buk has won for itself such a splendid reputation. In the Old Country, in Australia, in India, in South Africa and other countries, it is the favorite household balm and the one most widely used. It cures cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, pimples, running sores, spreading scabs, scalp diseases, poisoned wounds, festering sores, piles, ulcers, bad legs, abscesses, boils, ringworms, erysipelas, scrofula, barber's rash, blackheads, acne, stiffness, rheumatism and all injured, diseased, or inflamed conditions of skin and tissue. Of all druggists at 50 cents a box, or post-paid from the Zam-Buk Company, Colborne street, Toronto, upon receipt of price.

Sandals Coming Into Fashion.

"Do you know what we're coming to?" asked a shoe manufacturer. "Well, here's a forecast along my line. We're going back to the days of Greece. In five years we won't be wearing anything but sandals, in summer time, at least. Leather sandals for children were introduced by us several years ago. They sold like hot cakes last season, and they're going better now. We're turning them out as fast as our factory can be operated. And this year we've been making a quantity of large sizes. They're almost exclusively for women, but the men will be wearing them in a year or two, and mark my words, in about five more seasons of summer leather sandals will be the whole thing. We'll look like the Greeks, all right, and we'll feel mighty comfortable."—New York Sun.

The Chemists Company

is an association of Ontario Chemists, formed to make pure, safe, thoroughly reliable remedies.

Each remedy is made from carefully-selected formula, on strictly scientific principles.

For skin troubles and burns their Mira Ointment is quick in cure. While Mira Tablets and Mira Blood Tonic strengthen the nerves and cleanse the blood. Ointment and Tablets, each 50c. Blood Tonic, $1.00. At druggists—or from The Chemists' Co. of Canada, Limited, Hamilton—Toronto. *Look for the trademark,*

Mira
MARVELOUS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

Sifting Alien Arrivals.

It is encouraging to note that 1,000 immigrants charged with violation of the contract labor laws were deported from New York last week. The record-breaking rush of aliens through Ellis Island this spring has furnished just cause for apprehension. With thousands arriving daily, the possibilities of thorough inspection becomes so remote as to offer little hope in that direction, hence the surprise not that such a number of foreigners should attempt illegal entry into the country, but that they should be detected.—Detroit Free Press.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Fodder as a Fighting Element.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

It is said that Japanese prove that lean men on a spare diet make the best soldiers. That depends on the enemy and the cause represented. The American volunteer has never been beated nor his generous rations equaled.

Wilson's FLY PADS

Three hundred times better than sticky paper.

NO DEAD FLIES LYING ABOUT

Sold by all Druggists and General Stores and by mail.

TEN CENTS PER PACKET FROM

ARCHDALE WILSON,
HAMILTON, ONT.

SOME HOLSTEIN TESTS.

Sixten additional official tests are reported by G. W. Clemons, Seretary of the Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada. All these tests were made under the supervision of Prof. Dean, Ontario Agricultural College, and their correctness is vouched for by him. The amounts of milk and butter fat are actual, the amount of butter is estimated on the basis of 85.7 per cent. fat.

1. Daisy Texal 2nd (1,637), at 10y. 3m. 16d.; milk 352.8 lbs.; fat 14.24 lbs.; butter 17.24 lbs. Owner, George Rice. Tillsonburg, Ot.

2. Bontsje Pietertje Belle Paul, at 5y. 3m. 14d.; milk 352.8 lbs.; fat 14.25 lbs.; butter 16.61 lbs. Owner, Geo. Rice.

3. Daisy Albino De Kol (3,089), at 5y. 8m. 29d; milk 372.64 lbs.; fat 13.91 lbs.; butter 16.22 lbs. Owner, Walburn Rivers, Folden's Corners, Ont.

4. Beauty's Buffalo Girl, (3,562), at 5y., 8m., 12 d.; milk 420.5 lbs; fat 13.86 lbs; butter 16.17 lbs. Owner, P. D. Ede, Oxford Centre, Ont.

5. Ideal DeKol (3,134), at 5y. 9m. 1d.; milk 460.37 lbs.; fat 13.81 lbs; butter 16.11 lbs. Owner, A. C. Hallman, Breslau, Ont.

6 Dady Guillemette (2,548) lbs, at 9y. 3 m. 17d.; milk 401.12 lbs; fat 13.43 lbs; butter 15.66 lbs. Owner, A. C. Hallman.

7. Maud of Kent, 6th (2,905), at 7y. 3m. 29d.; milk 349.3 lbs.; fat 13.34 lbs.; butter 15.56 lbs. Owner, P. D. Ede.

8 Faultless Queen DeKol (5,794), at 6y 3m. 27d.; milk 496.6 lbs.; fat 13.16 lbs.; butter 15.35 lbs. Owner, G. Rice.

9. Princess Calamiaty Clay (3,557), at 4y. 9m. 22d.; milk 474.03 lbs.; fat 16.02 lbs.; butter 18.69 lbs. Owner, Walburn Rivers.

10. Roseleim (3,357), at 4y. 8m. 29d.; milk 332.37 lbs.; fat 11.82 lbs.; butter 13.79 lbs. Owner, W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ont.

11. Lady Waldorf DeKol (4,408), at 3y. 4m. 25d.; milk 423.75 lbs.; fat 12.57 lbs.; butter 14.66 lbs. Owner, W. W. Brown.

12. Daisy Albino DeKol's Duchess (4,239), at 3y. 8m. 15d.; milk, 351.12 lbs.; fat 12.15 lbs.; butter 14.17 lbs. Owner, Walburn Rivers.

13. Johanna Wayne DeKol (4,826), at 3y. 10m. 22d.; milk, 322.12 lbs.; fat 10.88 lbs.; butter 12.69 lbs. Owner, W. W. Brown.

14. Emma DeKol (4,196), at 3y. 9m. 14d.; milk 331.63 lbs.; fat 10.27 lbs.; butter 11.98 lbs. Owner, W. W. Brown.

15. Iolena Fairmont Iosco (5,022), at 2y. 5m. 22d.; milk 323.59 lbs.; fat 9.44 lbs.; butter 11.01 lbs. Owner, Walburn Rivers.

16. Lady Roberts 2nd (4,703), at 2y. 1m. 19d.; milk 304.71 lbs.; fat 8.98 lbs.; butter 10.47 lbs. Owner, F. C. Pettit & Son, Burgessville, Ont.

Use for Walls of Seoul.

The wall which runs around Seoul serves no useful purpose whatever; in fact, by restricting traffic between the city and suburbs to a few narrow gates, it is a great nuisance. There are enough stones in the wall to reconstruct the greater part of the drainage in the city, and with a little levelling the banks upon which the wall is built would make admirable building sites, and the money obtained from them would go a long way toward the cost of city improvements.—Corean Daily News.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE.
Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
JOSHUA A. WYNACHT.
Bridgewater.

Before the Train Left.

The lady of the good intentions sat in the union depot aawiting the departure of the train for Elmore, scheduled to leave at 5.01 p. m. She was sitting beside her sister and two children, and of nervous temperament, was observed to be restlessly moving about in her chair.

"Norwalk division east," yelled the station master as he strode across the big marble floor.

"Good-by, good-by," smiled the lady of good intentions to her sister, as she grasped the two children and stepped toward the gate. There was one loving embrace and a kiss.

"Don't forget to wind the clock tonight," she admonished.

"All right," rejoined her sister.

"Norwalk division east," came in stentorian tones from the man in the blue suit with big brass buttons on his coat.

"Say, Mary, remember the cat. Feed her," again the traveller said.

"All right, sister, I won't forget."

"And say, Marie, lock all the doors. Burglars might get into the house," almost stunned the crowd that was listening to the dialogue with amusement.

"Norwalk division east,' 'expostulated the stationmaster, who knew the woman wanted to board the train. "Only one minute, lady."

"Heavens, I forgot my bundle!" she finaly groaned, and, rushing into the depot, quickly secured it.

"Train! train!" the woman tearfully supplicated, as the big locomotive was slowly steaming out. "Conductor!" she cried.

But the Norwalk division east had gnoe.—From the Toledo Blade.

He was a Married Man.

London Tit-Bits tells of a Scottish singer named Wilson, who was being trained for professional work, sang a love song with exquisite quality of voice, but with insufficient passion and expression. His teacher told him he must put more feeling into it and sing as if he were really in love.

"Eh, man," he replied, "hoo can I do that and me a marriet man."

The Ruling Passion.

(Puck.)

Old Stoxanbons—Are you sure that you can no longer control the thing?

His Chauffeur—Yes, sir. I'm afraid it will get away from me very soon.

Old Stoxanbons—Then, for heaven's sake, run into something cheap!

The Welsh rarebit, too, is a yellow peril.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Wash oilcloths and linoleums with warm water and Sunlight Soap, rinse clean and wipe dry. The colors will be preserved and the surface unharmed.

Common soaps fade the colors and injure the surface. Sunlight Soap cleans, freshens and preserves oilcloths and linoleums.

Sunlight Soap washes clothes white without injury to the most delicate fabrics, or to the hands, for it contains nothing that can injure either clothes or hands.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way (follow directions).

Equally good with hard or soft water.

152

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, Toronto

Butter in Morocco.

Moors prepare butter in an original way. Fresh butter they despise and use only for cooking. It must be old if it is to be liked. After it has lain in a hole in the ground for some years and has got a certain appearance it becomes a delicacy. To make butter a goat skin is turned outside in. It is filled with milk, bound tight and tied to a tree. There is is beaten backward and forward till the butter is made. That is why one cannot get butter in Morocco without hairs all through it. The butter is then laid on pieces of wood and the maker proceeds to sell it.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Where Will You Go This Summer?

If you desire rest and recreation, why not try

"The River St. Lawrence Trip?"

Folders descriptive of the Thousand Islands, Rapids, Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Tadousac, the far famed Saguenay River, etc., on application to any railroad or steamboat ticket agent.

For illustrate guide, "NIAGARA TO THE SEA," send six cents in postage stamps to H. Foster Chaffee, Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Making and Destroying Echoes.

"It is possible to make echoes," said an architect: "It is indeed, easier to make than to destroy them.

"In the past men built their great temples and cathedrals with no thought of acoustics. Hence, when the preacher preached echoes rolled freely amid the groinings of the roof, down the rows of sculptured columns and round and round the nave.

"With wires strung here and with tapestries spread there many of the echoes of the Old World buildings have been obliterated. There are echo experts—builders acquainted with the science of acoustics, whose specialty is echo destruction. Sometimes their tasks are hard.

"To-day an architect takes thought of the echo. His building is constructed so as to exclude the intruder. And knowing how to exclude it he knows how to welcome it also. I have frequently in landscape work put up summer houses and aranged rocks so as to create an echo there."—From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Had a Familiar Look.

(Cleveland Leader.)

Mrs. Glen Viller—How do you like my new spring hat?

Mrs. Wade Parker—Lovely! Who made it over for you?

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

One of the Two Sure.

First doctor—Have you noticed that the people who live in the mountainous country generally have good lungs?

Second doctor—Yes. If they don't they die there.

ISSUE NO. 22, 1906

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, TWO GIRLS about 20 years of age for positions as cook and housemaid in a private family; good wages to reliable girls. Address in writing to Mrs. Geo. F. Glassco, 74 Hannah street east, Hamilton.

OAKVILLE FRUIT LANDS—10 ACRE lots, excellent for fruit, gardening or poultry; close to electric cars; big money in fruit. Write quick to A. S. Foster, Oakville, Ont.

Souvenir Post Cards

12 for 10c; 60 for 50c; 100, $1; 200, $2; 500, $5; all different. Largest and finest stock in Canada; 500 mixed, $2; albums, all prices. W. R. Adams, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, soothes the gums, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

DR. LEROY'S
FEMALE PILLS

A safe, sure and reliable monthly regulator. These Pills have been used in France for over fifty years, and found invaluable for the purpose designed, and are guaranteed by the makers. Enclose stamp for sealed circular. Price $1.00 per box of druggists, or by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price

LE ROY PILL CO.,
Box 42, Hamilton, Canada.

Navigation of the Rhine.

Consul Brittain, of Kehl, reports on the improvement of the Rhine. He says: "Some years ago the government spent a large sum of money in building extensive stone docks at Strassburg, but on account of the Rhine not being navigable more than eight months in the year the hopes of the place becoming an extensive shipping point were not realized. It is proposed now to deepen the channel of the river so as to permit of navigation the entire year, the city of Strassburg contributing $238,000 as its share of the expenses."

HOW IT SPREADS

The first package of Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid (the infallible Pile cure) that was put out went to a small town in Nebraska.

It cured a case of Piles that was considered hopeless.

The news spread, and the demand prompted Dr. J. S. Leonhardt, of Lincoln, Neb., the discoverer, to prepare it for general use. Now it is being sent to all parts of the world.

It will cure any case of Piles.

$1.00, with absolute guarantee. All dealers, or the Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Poor Lo Learning the Game.

(Philadelphia Press.)

12-year-old Indian lad has leased some oil land to the Standard Company for $10,000 in cash and $100 a week royalty. The untutored mind of the Indian is evidently becoming a fiction of the past.

Some men beg merely because they are too cowardly to steal.

Orange Blossoms

That precious remedy, is a positive cure for all female diseases. Write for description circular and free sample. R. S. McGILL, Simcoe, Ont.

Farmers and Dairymen

When you require a

Tub, Pail, Wash Basin or Milk Pan

Ask your grocer for

E. B. EDDY'S

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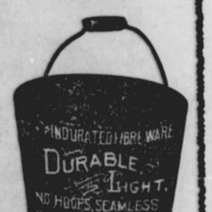

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Insist on being supplied with EDDY'S every time.

DOUGHTY'S CEMENT BUILDING BLOCK MACHINE

Patented 1905.

The machine is simple, handy and easily operated. Why pay fancy prices for a Block Machine when you can buy this machine and outfit at a moderate cost? Send for booklet, prices, etc. Awarded diploma at Canadian National Exhibition, 1905.

GEO. DOUGHTY, Patentee, Waterford, Ont.

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