SUNDAY AT HOME

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling plash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.
—Henry Van Dyke.

Prayer.

Our Father in Heaven, the heavens declare Thy glory and the firmament showeth forth Thy handiwork. On every side we see the evidences of Thy presence and power. But we bless Thee that Thou hast given to us a clearer revelation of Thyself than in the world of nature. Thou hast not left us to find out by our own groping the way of life. Thou hast given us Thy law which teaches us our duty to Thee and to our fellow men. And Thou hast also spoken to us through Thine own Son. As Thou hast given us the light, give us grace, we pray Thee, to follow the light and to abide in it. Forbid that with the light upon our pathway we should chose the way of darkness. Let Thy love be shed abroad in our hearts so that we shall rejoice to do Thy will. Enable us to grasp the great spirit of love that underlies all Thy law, and bring these wills of ours into such complete harmony with Thine that service shall be our delight. Amen.

My People.

(II. Sam. vii. 10.)

I will appoint a place for my people, and will plant them that they may dwell in a place of their own and move no more.

I. My people. Mine by ownership, providence and redemption. I have given them to my Son and no one dares to challenge my right. I have given my Son to them and no one says Me nay. They are chosen and called and kept. "Jacob is the lot of mine inheritance. The Lord's portion is His people."

II. They are planted. How did you get that ornamental tree in front of your house? You went to the bush and made your choice, you uprooted it with care, and brought it home and planted it in a favored spot. Just so, the wild olive tree is brought, tended, grafted, cared for, in time the fruit abounds. Trees of righteousness the planting of the Lord. Planted in the courts of the Lord. Are you a tree of the Lord's right hand planting? If not, Christ has power to root you up and cast you away. Take care, and look to your evidences of a clear title.

III. They are placed. Happy is the man who is in the place of God's appointment. He leads not by the shortest way, for character is of slow growth—nor by the easiest way, for He is not the minister of our selfishness. We are led in the wisest way and in the most useful, and these have often tears and pain and loss.

1. It is a place of their own— discovered, prepared, kept, given grapes from vines they did not plant, cities they did not build, the old corn of the land they did not reap.

2. It is permanent. They are to "move no more" in relationship, in alliance, in devotion, and freedom from enemies.

Sometimes the Lord's people may be considered in Egypt waiting for the Deliverer.

Sometimes in the wilderness watching pilot cloud and pilot fire.

Sometimes in Canaan fighting the battles of the Lord. These stages mark great advances—and in all the Lord calls them "My people."

H. V. Miller.

Most Unhappy.

The one who is incapable of happiness is the most to be pitied of mortals. It seems strange that there should be, in this beautiful world, souls so dark that neither by night nor by day is there star or sun. But there are those out of whose lives the sweetness has gone for this world, and the only joy they have is in looking forward to the day of rest in the grave. Life to them has lost its clear outlines. They are in the haze of the final twilight, and there is only the mist that follows the sunset. This is not the will of God. It fits neither with His purpose nor man's mission. It is neither a tribute to this world, nor a rightful preparation for the next. The sad of heart should consider again the cry of the Psalmist: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul; and why art thou disquieted in me?" Out of that shadow he lifted his eyes into the sunlight: "Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God." —Selected.

Fishers of Men.

Fishing for souls is a personal work. It is not confined to the pulpit; every man or woman who professes faith and an ardent love of Jesus should engage in it. It is not a "professional" business, restricted to a few, and to be done in a set fashion. Nor is it to be accomplished only by a whole church employing a huge net to bring in a multitude of converts at a single draught. Sometimes a powerful and general revival does this. But conversions follow individual effort with individual hearts. A pastor often accomplishes as much by an hour of close friendly conversation as by an hour of public preaching. The Sunday school teacher can reach his or her scholars most effectually by a private visit, and a faithful talk with each member of the class. Personal work does the business; each fisher must drop his own hook, baited with love. No one is scolded to Christ, yet an unconverted person will bear a tremendously searching talk if it is conducted in a frank tender spirit and unmistakably prompted by affection. The real aim must be persuasion, that is, to persuade the sinner to let go his sin and to lay hold of Jesus. He is wise that winneth souls.

THE EAGLE'S LESSON

From M. Brown's "The Eagle's Flight," in July St. Nicholas.

Far, far up among the crags was built the nest. It was just on the edge of a great bluff, and had been placed against a rock that protected it from the cold, biting winds of the north. The nest was built of twigs and willows, and bits of string, and was lined throughout with horsehair. The mother eagle had taken great care to make it strong and warm, and the three little eagles, snuggled close together within, thought it the nicest nest in the world.

When the sun shonet brightly, the little eagles would peer over the edge of the nest, and the things that they say were very wonderful indeed. There was a wide, wide plain, with nothing on it excepting little bushes of sage-grush, scattrel here and there. Sometimes rabbits and prairie-dogs scampered among the bushes, and the little eagles did not know why their hearts grew big and hot at the sight of those little running things. Then beyond the plain was a streak that was sometimes brown and sometimes blue. At first they did not know what it was; but, as their eyes grew stronger they saw that it was a river. It was from the direction of the river that their mother came with fish for them to eat. Then, just as they would be getting tired of gazing over the great plain, the mother would come with the evening meal. After they had eaten they all went to sleep under her wings, and slept till the beautiful morning came again.

Now there was one of these eaglets that was larger and stronger than the rest. He thought a great deal agout the things he saw, and questioned his mother about the places she had visited. And his mother was very proud of him, and believed that he would some day be the greatest among the eagles. So she called him Keneu, the great war-eagle, and she told him of her journeys and of the things she had seen.

One day, when Keneu had grown strong enough to hop along the rocks in the sun, he came to his mother, who was standing with folded wings on a great high rock. She did not notice Keneu, for she was looking away to the south, where all the land was covered with a blue haze.

"Mother," said Keneu, when he had climbed up beside her, "mother, tell me of my father."

For a time his mother did not answer; then she said, "I will tell you of your father. Over there, beyond the river, there are creatures called men, who live only to kill. They do not kill for food only, as we do, but because they like to see things die; and then they boast among their fellows of the great numbers they have slain. When they kill they use something that can strike anything a long way off. One day, as your father came in from his hunt, I could see him far off, flying, first high, then low, but bearing ever toward home. Suddenly I saw a white puff, like a little cloud, near the surface of the plain; then there was a strange noise in the air; then I saw your father falling—falling—and he never rose again."

For a long time his mother did not say say more, and Keneu stood very still beside her. But his eyes were shining, for in him was roused the hatred and fear of man, which is in the deepest life of all wild things. And with the fear came a great longing, for he heard the voice of the desert, that calls and calls to the heart of the eagle.

Then his mother spoke again. "Keneu, you are very like your father, and he was the mightiest of all living eagles. You will be strong and beautiful as he was; but, my son, do not go near the dwellings of men, for they are cruel. Always remember this that I have told you."

Keneu went off by himself, and thought of all the things that his mother had said to him.

It was not long before he began to fly a little, and he daily grew stronger and more glad that he was alive. His mother soon began to make short journeys with him; then they became longer, and finally, on one great day, she took him to the river, and showed him how to catch the fish. Keneu proved himself very skilful, and did not want to come away when the sun begun to get low in the west. All that night he dreamed of the mighty deeds he would do when he went out into the great wide world. All night long he heard the churn and roar of the river, and it flowed through his heart as it did through the burning sand, till he could not sleep. Looking up, he saw the great kind stars; and he wondered much about that strange being of which his mother had spoken, man.

ITCH

Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. Sold by druggists.

London's Exposition in 1908.

An exposition in London is officially announced for the summer of 1908, to include science, art, products, manufactures and systems of education of the whole British empire, together with those of France and all her colonies. The preliminary arrangements were made last November between the officials of the Governments named and a site for the exhibition agreed upon.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

His Place Was Filled.

Professor James H. Hyslop, of the American Society for Psychical Research, said in a discussion of mediums:

"Genuine mediums being so plentiful, I can readily sympathize with those who ridicule false mediums. I heard of an amusing incident in this line the other day. A medium, after evoking Lincoln, Washington and other seasonable spirits, said, in a thrilling voice:

"'I see a man of middle age, with black hair parted in the middle, a black moustache and a tip-tilted nose. Handsome, distinguished, stately, and he is hovering persistently about you, sir,' and the medium nodded toward an elderly man with white whiskers.

"This elderly man started, and then burst suddenly into tears. His frame shaking with sobs, he cried:

"'John, John, why, oh, why did you leave me to the misery of these past years?'

"'You knew him?' the medium asked gently.

"'Know him,' moaned the elderly man, 'I communed with him daily. Oh, John,' he burst forth again, 'why, why did you have to die?'

"'Courage,' said the medium. 'Calm yourself. Though his loss was a great one, you may yet find another friend to fill his place.'

"'No, no! Impossible! His place is filled.'

"'Filled? What do you mean?' asked the puzzled medium.

"The elderly man, shaking his head sadly, answered:

"'He was my wife's first husband."

His house is cool on the hottest day, for its ceilings are high, its roof overhangs it has jalousies instead of glass windows and it is bare of thick carpets

Stops Colic —and all stomach and bowel disorders. Makes puny babies plump and rosy. Proved by 50 years' successful use. Ask your druggist for it—

'Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure

—25c.—6 bottles $1.25.

National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited Montreal.

Testing Bulls With Automobiles.

That the automobile can be used with great success in determining the courage of young bulls intended for the bull ring has been demonstrated by Pedro Fernandez Somellera on his San Isidro hacienda in this state. The novel experiment was made a few days ago with a twenty-two horse-power car.

On all haciendas where fighting bulls are raised the young animals are "tested" with a view to determing their future fitness for the bull ring. Those that prove their courage are marked and left to grow up for future contests.

Up to this time the tests have been conducted by men on horseback, armed with pikes, like picadors. But M. Somellera, who is an enthusiastic motorist, this year decided on an innovation by introducing the motor car in place of the horseman. Accordingly, after the young bulls had been herded into a large corral the machine was driven into the enclosure. The occupants were armed with the usual pikes.

The experiment proved an exciting success. Several of the young bulls charged the machine at mad speed, and it was only by clever driving that the car and its occupants were kept clear of the horns of the surprised and apparently indignant animals.

The bulls that attempted to mix with the automobile have been credited with exceptional bravery, and they are expected to bring fame to the San Isidro hacienda by their future performances in the bull ring.—Guadalajara correspondence Mexican Herald.

Tyranny of Cards.

The first universal delirium of bridge is, happily, over in England, and even confirmed card players show signs of convalescence, but we are still under the tyranny of games. Though the born gambler never realizes it, there are numbers of people who don't care for cards and remain quite cold on the subject of games of hazard.—London Sketch.

Get this FREE Book before you build. Tells why fireproof metal material is cheaper from first to last—tells why one kind is the cheapest it's safe to buy. No matter what you mean to erect or repair, indoors or out, send for book. Ask nearest office

The PEDLAR People Established 1861. (302)

Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

Signs of Long Life.

"Bacon took a deep interest in longevity and its earmarks," said a physician, "and Bacon's signs of long life and of short life are as true to-day as they ever were.

"You won't live long," Bacon pointed out, "if you have soft, fine hair, a fine skin, quick growth, large head, early corpulence, short neck, small mouth, brittle and separated teeth and fat ears.

"Your life, barring accidents, will be very lengthy if you have slow growth, coarse hair, a rough skin, deep wrinkles in the forehead, firm flesh, a large mouth, wide nostrils, strong teeth set close together, and a hard, gristly ear." —Minneapolis Journal.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by druggists.

Gray Horses in Maine.

After the disquisition on the value of grey horses, as compared with horses of other colors, the Parkhurst writer sagely notes: "You may change a farmer's religion or politics, make him think he is rich and handsome, coax his wife to run away with you, or sell him a dog, but you will never make him think a grey horse is not a jewel. I read somewhere recently that grey horses were not up to the standard, or words to that effect. I never was so astonished in my life. I have always thought, and do now, that grey or white horses were the handsomest, toughest breed on the planet.

"The celebrated Arabian horses are white or dapple grey. Famous generals in all wars have ridden white or iron grey chargers. Circus men select grey horses to draw the band wagons in street parades. A great packing company always selects Percheron horses, not so much for the color, but because their feet will stand travelling on the pavements better than any draught breed It is said that Joan of Arc rode a milk-white horse, and St. John, the revelator, saw a white horse in Heaven (Rev. vi. 2). Half of the draught horses in Aroostook are white or grey, and another decade will see 90 per cent. of them of that color."—From the Lewiston Journal.

Completeness of French Census.

France is a country where the census assumes almost the elevation of high art. The cult of detail of the personal kind carries passion for statistics to its apotheosis. There is nothing like it in this country. The timid bachelor who cares to know the Department in which women outnumber men, and are therefore least likely to reject a suitor; the woman yearning for matrimony who would learn where men are numerically the preponderant sex, and therefore compelled to respect the law of supply and demand, need only cast their eyes over these abundantly classified statistics.

Similarly, one may find at a glance which province or department most inclines to bachelordom or spinsterhood, which to widowhood and which to divorce; where all the deaf and dumb come from, and where blindness is in fashion. This last is perhaps the most curious in detailof all. Why, for instance, should there be 163 blind people to the 100,000 in Corsica and anly 45 in the Department of Vienne?—London Globe.

The Refuge Against Old Age.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: "Cling to your youth. It is the artist's stock in trade. Do not give up that you are aging, and you won't age." In this familiar and homely advice is hidden the secret of the artist's power and charm. He never grows old; things never become commonplace to him; the colors do not fade. As a matter of fact, they never fade; it is the perceptions which become duller, the interest which becomes less keen. A good many men and women have discovered that it is a good thing to associate intimately with persons younger than themselves. This is one refuge against old age, but the real refuge is within. It is the assertion of one's immortality, the consciousness day by day, in all relations and occupations, that one is going forward and not backward; that the world, which grows sadder because one's companions go out of it, is growing brighter because one is pushing toward the dawn and not toward the sunset. There is a great mass of misleading and cynical philosophy about old age. Poetry is full of images of disenchantment created for the greater part by disenchanted men. There was a profound truth in the old Greek picture of the spirit beginning its life in a strongly built house, protected from all the elements; finding presently that the house begins to be less secure; discovering at last that it begins to crumble, and at the end that it falls in ruins —only to leave the man free under the open sky.—From the Outlook, New York.

A Horse with a Strained Shoulder

is sound as a dollar in 24 hours after you rub the sore spot with Fellows' Leeming's Essence.

It gives instant relief in all cases of Strains, Bruises and Swellings — draws the pain right out — strengthens the weak back, shoulder or knee.

Whether you have one horse or twenty, accidents are liable to happen any time. Keep a bottle of

Fellows' Leeming's Essence

handy so you can have it when needed.

50c. a bottle. At dealers.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL. 16

Getting Tired of Bosses.

The people are less and less well disposed toward bosses. They want none of them. The political boss is coming into constantly increasing disfavor. The voters are more and more awake and determined not only to know but to transact their own business without waiting to be told by any self-constituted guardian. There have been recent examples showing that conventions can be controlled by the politicians, but, that the voters are free and independent, and that when they go to the polls they cast ballots according to their own ideas and as they choose.—Utica, N. Y., Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Something in That.

If the people are neglectful of their political duties and vote according to the orders of bosses, then they would fare equally badly under municipal ownership and under private or public ownership instead of themselves and the bosses, then they would get good service under either private or public ownership. It all comes back to the voter's willingness to be independent of the boss.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Finding the Difference.

Some people are going to be mighty surprised when they find out that there is a difference between real goodness and a receipt for pew rent.—Florida Times-Union.

The Spirit of Militarism.

(Philadelphia Record.)

The Moros in the Philippines are nearly all killed off in the work of benevolent assimilation, and General Wood is now getting ready at Olongapo to protect the army and fleet of the United States against an imaginary enemy.

What's the Use?

(Toronto Globe.)

The list of drowning fatalities continues to grow. There seems no remedy except to repeat and repeat the warnings.

Talks on..

Banking by Mail

SECURITY a Vital Point

An important consideration to every one with money to deposit is the matter of *security*—the *strength* of the depository.

The immense resources of the Union Trust Company are represented by—

An Authorized Capital of $2,500,000.

A Paid-up Capital of $2,500,000.

A Reserve of $400,000.

4% Compounded Quarterly

Thinking people realize that *four* instead of *three* per cent. interest on savings deposits means *one-third* added to the *earning power* of their money.

To put it another way, it amounts to one-third clear gain to you.

Then why be satisfied with 3 per cent. when you can get 4 per cent. from the Union Trust Company?

Our booklet E sent free on request, gives full information on Banking by Mail at 4 per cent. interest. Write for it to-day.

The UNION TRUST Company Limited

TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO

Capital and Reserve, $2,900,000

Celluloid Starch

Easier ironing gives better finish on things starched with Celluloid Starch, the only no-boil cold-water starch that can't stick. You will like it best, once you try it. Buy it by name. Any good dealer.

Saves Labor—Time—Linen, Too 206

Mad Dogs Easily Avoided.

Mad dogs do not atack people. This is the statement made by Dr. P. M. Hall, city health commissioner. "When a dog has the rabies," said Dr. Hall, "he has lost control of his body and what he does is mechanical. His jows snap involuntarily and if he encounters any object, whether animate an inanimate, he is likely to bite it. But a mad dog does not attack as does an angry dog. He does not pick out a victim nor use any strategy. For this reason dogs suffering from rabies are less dangerous than is supposed. No grown person need fear them, for all he has to do is to get out of the way. The dog will not chase him. Of course, young children are in danger, as they do not know how to dodge the brute."—Minneapolis Journal.

Cow Carried Away a Golf Ball.

On Saturday two golfers were doing the round of the Bury Field links, Newport Pagnell, when a most remarkable incident occurred.

One of the golfers in making a clock shot struck a grazing cow on the hindquarters. In coming down the ball lodged in the whisk of the cow's tail. Expecting to see the ball fall when the cow moved, the players approached the animal, which started off on the run, the ball still lodging in the tail. The movements of the animal caused the ball repeatedly to strike her on the legs, which made her kick out viciously. For fifteen minutes the players gave chase in the hope of dislodging the ball, when a specially vicious kick caused the ball to fall to the ground.—From the London Evening Standard.

N-E-R-V-E-S

Nervous men and women, unstrung nerves—sleepless nights—depression—weakness—paleness—pain and suffering—all cease when you take

Mira (MARVELOUS) TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

Tablets. They bring sunshine into your life—restore you to health, and strength, and happiness. If you are nervous—if the system is run down—and especially if you have any weakness—cure yourself with Mira Tablets. 50c. box—6 for $2.50. Drug stores or The Chemists' Co. of Canada, Limited, Hamilton—Toronto. 16

The Day of the Trolley.

So rapid is the extension of existing trolley lines and the construction of new lines that statistics of mileage are out of date before they can be compiled and published. The day of the trolley, long distance as well as short distance is upon us.

An article in the Metropolitan Magazine for July states that there are already 5,000 miles of trolley line in Ohio. An article in Appleton's Magazine for July says that in Indiana "1,000 miles of track are now in operation; 350 miles are building and will be placed in operation early this year, another 2,000 miles are projected; every steam railroad out of Indianapolis has been paralleled; more than $50,000,000 has been actually invested in these properties; passengers are carried at their convenience in clean and comfortable cars and for one-half the former fares." A similar story might be told of many other sections.

The trolley line is no longer merely an improvement on the horse car for use in cities and their immediate environment. A number of hundred mile runs are possible to-day and thousand mile trips will soon be made Experience thus far seems to have proved beyond any question that trolley lines can carry passengers and parcels at much lower rates than is possible for steam railways. It is true that they do not yet run at the speed of express trains, but this if offset by the fact of more frequent communication. In many cases, probably in a majority, the cost of the trip is of greater consideration to the traveller than is the time required for it, assuming a fair equality of physical comfort. If a steam railroad trip of a hundred miles is made in two hours at a cost of $2 and the same trip can be made by trolley in three and a half hours for $1.50 there will be plenty of passengers for the trolley.

The development of this system of transportation makes it even probable that before many years our railways will be used mainly for long distance travel and heavy or bulky freight, while the trolley will be generally used to say just what may happen around New York city, where conditions are somewhat peculiar. So far as the country at large is concerned there can be little doubt that trolley lines are destined to effect a revolution in passenger transportation and also to exert an important influence in the field of parcel freight.—N. Y. Sun.

The Backslider.

The June brides in white bathing suits and silk stockings, paced the beach arm in arm.

"There is only one thing ——"

And the blond bride sighed.

"There is only one thing more remarkable than the fortitude with which Tom gave up smoking as soon as we became engaged."

"And what is that, dear?" asked the brunette.

"The haste with which he took it up again after our marriage."—From the Minneapolis Journal.

We, Us & Co.

(Toronto Telegram.)

Ontario is the home of nearly 2,500,000 free, happy and contented people, who have produced fewer triumphs of art and literature than any similar community of free and fairly well educated citizens on earth.

Red Riding Hood's Wood.

Jack killed his giants in Cornwall in the days of King Arthur, and Tom Thumb flourished at about the same time, while at much later date the babes were left by their Wicked Uncle to die in a wood in Norfolk—distinctively in Northwest Norfolk.

Northwest Norfolk also contains "Little Red Riding Hood's Wood." Twenty years ago it was a lovely haunt for the nature lover. In the heart of the wood was a lake, in the midde of the lake an island, and on the island a tiny, uninhabited cottage. Flowers were everywhere in profusion, especially spring flowers—wild in the wood, cultivated in the cottage garden, which was kept in order by the owner's bailiff. It would have been nkind to tell the villagers, who firmly believed that the episode in the life of little Red Riding Hood actually occurred, that Germany claimed to have sent us the story.—London Chronicle.

Don't take risks with your skin.

Use the soap that you KNOW is free of harsh alkalies and injurious colorings and perfumes—

"Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap

It is made of pure vegetable oils—and soothing, healing witch-hazel.

3 cakes for 25c.

Insist on having "Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap. 10

Wild Geese Late in Northern Flight.

Skowhegan reports that at 3.30 a.m. Saturday a flock of wild geese, estimated at 4,000 or more, flew over the city, bound north.

While they were passing over the town the air was so full of them that it seemed like the approach of a storm cloud. The first gentleman to witness this remarkable sight was Summer C. Ward, who is an early riser. The flapping of their wings awakened him from a sound sleep, and his first impression was, until he went out on the lawn and saw what it really was, that it was thunder.

The remarkable part of it is that the geese were going north so late in the season. It is past their breeding time, but as everything has been so backward this spring it is presumed the birds waited for warmer weather before leaving the southland.—Lewiston Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The Spirits Moved.

(Toronto Star.)

A Hamilton woman has mysteriously disappeared. As she had previously laid a complaint against a liquor dealer, they suppose she has been spirited away.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Every packet will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper

— SOLD BY —

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES

10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

Haunted Rectory Abandoned.

Luffincott, where the rector refuses to reside in the rectory because he saw the ghost of a predecessor named Parker, is a remote parish of West Devon, in the picturesque valley of the Tamar.

There are about thirty "haunted" rectories and vicarages throughout the country, but clerical ghosts have never hitherto been taken so seriously, though Fielding's truculent Parson Trulliber would make a formidable apparition.

However, the Bishop of Exeter intends to stop the present week-end visits to the rectory of rowdy ghost layers—who certainly do not "do" their "spiriting gently"—by declaring the living vacant. As the population and endowment of Luffincott are both exiguous, the parish could be worked, without disturbing the ghost, by uniting the rectory to some adjoining benefice.—From the Westminster Gazette.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Judging by a Sure Sign.

Wise—He's very wealthy.

Mrs. Wise—Yes, and very stingy and mean.

Wise—Come, now, you're not sure of that. You mustn't judge a man by his clothes.

Mrs. Wise—I don't. I'm judging him by his wife's clothes.—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad, so I could not work and it hurt me to breathe. I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good.

One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT warmed on flannels and applied on my breast, cured me completely.

C. H. COSSABOOM.

Rossway, Digby Co., N.S.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's Cheap Gown.

Mrs. Vanderbilt, of Baltimore, has recently appeared in a yellow gown made by a cracker woman of the North Carolina mountains. The material was grown, spun and woven by the same woman and cost its wearer just $25. It is hoped that the almost lost art of hand spinning and weaving may be revived if a fad for homespun among wealthy women can be started. This is a pleasing hope.—Exchange.

LAMENESS

Whether it is a fresh Bruise, Cut or Strain—or an old Spavin, Splint, Ringbone or Swelling—you can cure your horse with

Kendall's Spavin Cure

Thos. Castles, of Newark, N.J., bought a horse—lamed with a Jack Spavin—for $100. He cured every sign of lameness with Kendall's Spavin Cure—won five races with the horse—then sold the animal to his former owner for $1,000.00.

WELLINGTON, N.Z., Nov. 2nd, '05.

"I have found your Spavin Cure a very fine remedy for all sorts of lameness in horses and I am never without it."

E. J. WISBEY.

Get Kendall's Spavin Cure—the remedy used by two nations for two generations. $1. a bottle—6 for $5. Our book—"Treatise On The Horse"—will save you many a dollar if carefully read and acted upon. Write today for a free copy.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., 27

ENOSBURG FALLS, - VERMONT, U.S.A.

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