

# SUNDAY AT HOME

WHAT?  
I stood in silence, my heart said what. The attention was trained, the nerve was steady, the sense of want was keen. I extended my survey, sent out messengers, rounded capes, crossed deserts, heard the roar of the sea. I waited, I watched, I prayed, my fleets returned richly laden, time enriched my store. I gathered harvest from my environment, and from heaven many an enlightenment; the mental cottage became a mansion, this expanded to a palace with a throne-room for the king. Over the throne these words were emblazoned: "This is life to know." Then came a period of concentration, appraisal and distribution; the compression was painful, growing pains ended in smallness, gold is tried, my indecision crumbled to dust, question, and in subdued dignity I said: "What?" The trailing clouds brought answer, the ancient billows sang the music of a thousand ages, the stars invited more extensive research. Oh, islands of the mental sea, undiscovered capes, and bays, and harbors, in short a ship without a name, sailing under the wealth of these overpowered discoveries, I rested, wondered and kept down my desires. What wealth unused, what power unappropriated, what feebleness in untried richness. Great strides demanded of an untried child, a child nevertheless who saw clearly: "This is life to know." Humbled, subdued, ached, there came a period of indescribable restlessness. I found that my large experience was not my patrimony, but only a void, in which sounded a question still. "Our wishes give us not our wish. In my agony I cried, wither? It is my privilege to soar? Can I pierce the ether, sail on those lofty seas, mark the commerce, hoist my distinctive flag, hail the retaining fleet? Passed in a twinkling, round the shoulder of yon chain of mountains; horses with golden manes, wheels of molten silver.

Roamy chariots with welcome sweet, Putting clouds beneath the feet.  
Can I trace the path of Enoch? Was he a lonely traveller, or did ten thousand angel choirs glorify his way? If these trophies went up, how much more the triumph that came down. The battle ground is here, souls are at stake, though they are sated up there. Oh, that I were a spirit, that I could see the gates of heaven, that I could see the gates of hell.

Shall we in the silent night, Point out questions to the light? Silent, mighty, ever new, Bringing wondrous worlds to view.  
The whence, the mission, and the way, Sailling on to destiny, Will the saints' sublimest art Be to govern worlds apart?

Grandly guiding sceptre's sway, Gliding through the live-long day, Equipped with mind's eternal law, Adorned with angels' robes and awe, Communion, linking bonds so dear, Increasing light our only sphere, And all the while our home shall be Perfect in simplicity.  
K. T. MILLER.  
Beansville, Ont.

The Spirit of Forgiveness.  
There are only a few people who have the patient spirit of forgiveness in dealing with the faults of young people. Most philanthropic workers are willing to forgive once or possibly twice when children in whom they have trusted fail to do right, but the second time exhausts their stock of patience, and they fall back on the reformatory or jail as the proper place. They forget that however willing or anxious young people may be to do well they have the bad training and bad habits of years to fight against, and cannot always do the right even when they most wish to. The other day an agent of one of the societies wrote about a girl who had been charged with theft. He wrote for advice and was requested to get her release on probation, secure good home surroundings, and give her another chance. He now writes that the offence has been repeated and seems to think that there is no further hope—and yet, patently, a young girl, with such a record, is not a hopeless case. The cooler part of the day is between 4 and 5 o'clock a. m.

SNAP SHOTS OF SCIENCE.  
Carriages are coin in Abyssinia.  
Rapid nail growth is an indication of health.  
The Pope has a million dollar lace collection.  
One week a day is the record for the Baltic Sea.  
The Chinese are being introduced to wall paper.  
A cannon report has been heard as far as 146 miles.  
There are 2,000 total abstainers in the English army.  
Spain leads in the production of lead.  
Germany is second.  
The wings of a fly in flight move 350 times a second.  
Wives are still obtained by purchase in some parts of Russia.  
The Chinese issued bank notes more than 2,000 years before Christ.

SEER MAKES BLOOD  
MALT  
HOPS  
BEER

THE better the blood the sounder the body can transform into healthy blood quickly with the least digestive effort.  
HOPS contain a medicinal principle which tones the nerves, without reaction, and so supplies nervous energy and saves it as well.  
BEER as brewed in Ontario is made from choicest Ontario barley malt, selected hops, and the purest of water, dealt with under conditions which insure purity and quality.

BEER is a tonic which cures indigestion, and is the most refreshing and health-giving beverage made under most hygienic conditions from Ontario barley malt and the purest of water.

## MOST POPULAR HYMNS.

How Some of the Most Famous Were Written.

Strange and pathetic are many of the stories connected with the origin of famous hymns. In some cases, however, fictitious romances have been built around the beautiful words sung in our chapels and churches. For many years it was believed that Cowper's "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" was written as an outpouring of the poet's soul in gratitude for the frustration of his attempt at suicide in October, 1773. The fact, however, that this hymn has been found in a manuscript in which the latest date is August, 1773, proves that it was written before Cowper's attempt on his life.  
Then, again, it is a popular belief that Augustus Toplady wrote "Rock of Ages" while sheltering from a storm between two limestone rocks in the Mendips. No proof of the story is forthcoming, however, and consequently it must be accepted with caution. But there is no doubt that the author of "Christians, Awake," John Byrom, composed that magnificent hymn as a Christmas gift to his favorite daughter, Dorothy, for he inscribed upon the manuscript, "Christmas Day for Dolly."  
It was characteristic of the late Bishop Bekkerstedt, who wrote "The Perfect Peace," that he always found it easiest to express in verse whatever subject was uppermost in his mind. One day he heard a sermon delivered by Canon Gibson, vicar of Harrogate, on the text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," and shortly afterward went to visit an aged and dying relative, Archdeacon Hill, of Archdeacon somewhat troubled in mind, and, it being natural to him to express in verse the spiritual comfort which he desired to convey, the Bishop took up a sheet of paper and there and then wrote down the hymn just exactly as it stands and read it to his dying friend.

An example of a hymn being written to suit a certain tune is furnished by the grand old favorite, "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old." Mrs. Luke, the author, was very much impressed one day by an old Greek tune which she had seen the children of the Normal Infant School, Gray's Inn road, marching to, and while going home on the stage coach she wrote the words to suit the music on the back of an old envelope.  
There are two accounts of how "Just As I Am" came to be written. One authority asserts that it was while she lay in great physical weakness on a sofa, the other members of the family being present at a bazaar in which all but the invalid were taking an active part, that Charlotte Elliott, the author of the hymn, wrote the words which have stirred the hearts of thousands.  
On the other hand, the story is that a young girl was going to the town to choose a new dress for a ball. On her way she met a priest, who said she ought not to go. However, she went, but did not enjoy the evening at all and returned home miserable. Charlotte Elliott (for that was the young girl's name) felt for that was the young girl's name, and asked what she should do. He advised her to go home and tell Jesus, all about it. "Just as I am," she said. "Yes, just as you are." She returned home, and on her knees composed the hymn. The proof, however, seems to point to the first story, which is given by Dr. Julian.  
Dr. Julian, by the way, tells us that the total number of Christian hymns in the 200 or more languages amounting to which they have been written is not less than 400,000. Germany coming first with 100,000, and England next. The most popular hymns, according to a census which has been taken, are, "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross," "A Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me."

## BEGGARS' UNION.

French Organisation for Protection Against Pretenders.

Not long ago an Austrian association of dancing masters sought redress at the hands of the law for the infringement of their prerogative by an unfortunate doctor of medicine who had found it impossible to make a living by the practice of his own profession. But the most remarkable trade union of which we have heard is one in the south of France formed by beggars for the suppression of unqualified practice.  
A meeting of street singers and of the lame, the halt and the blind who extract voluntary contributions from the charitable public was held at Marseilles, a one-legged man being in the chair, for the purpose of organizing themselves into a body strong enough to resist the encroachments of pretension. The association was duly constituted, with statutes and by-laws. It was decided that only French subjects with genuine malformations or sores could be admitted for membership.  
Compliance with this condition may not be altogether easy to enforce, for the limitation of diseases is a fine thing. Readers of the life of Amboise Pare will remember that when he was still a barber's apprentice he won some reputation in his native town by the exposure of a beggar of the parish church, exposing to the pity of the faithful a frightful fungating tumor of the arm which proved to be a piece of decomposed mutton. The foundation of the association two one-legged men, Roisin and Carlier, have started on a mission, delivering addresses wherever they go, warning the public against impostors, and stating the headquarters of the association are to be in Paris, and the organization will be under the direction of the two men, who, though he walks on crutches, who though he is a man of devoting activity, going up and down beating up recruits. Some difficulty seems to have arisen in regard to the duties of the members preferring to keep their earnings to themselves. A feeling of uneasiness seems also to exist lest the list of members should find its way into unscrupulous hands.—From the British Medical Journal.

## Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Grocers—Clean and Unclean.

In the November number, Woman's Home Companion gives these impressive figures in its campaign for clean grocery stores:  
There are eighty-four million people in the United States. For these fifty billion dollars are spent annually.  
Eighty-four million stomachs to be fed this year at a cost of twelve billion dollars. Allowed a very small average that half the marketing will be done by mail, telephone or through solicitors and children, forty-two million people will be fed by women who do not know how to do it. They know their grocers; and six billion dollars' worth of food will be bought without the supervision of the woman who knows her grocer.  
This food, distributed by grocers, clean and unclean, includes nearly 3,000,000 tons of sugar, 834,607,223 pounds of coffee, 175,000,000 pounds of prunes, 17,854,788 bushels of rice, 84,600,000 barrels of flour and 84,000,000 pounds of tea.  
"All of these commodities must be handled by various clerks and delivery men, and before they pass from the grocery store to your turned round you think it is about time you got acquainted with your grocer and his helpers. Are the men and boys who handle the food for your family worthy of the trust?"

## Encountering a Tiger.

How he met a tiger in an Indian jungle is told by a hunter: "I was out stalking with a very light rifle, accompanied by two native shikaris, who had no weapon at all. We were passing through some rather thick jungle, when I heard sounds as if a tiger were about, and glancing at my men, saw that they were looking rather queer. All of a sudden with a rush and a roar a large tiger sprang out of the jungle about 30 yards off and made straight for us. He passed close along our front, went a few yards, then turned round and snarled and watched us. After this he charged almost up to us, but did not come quite home, and then passed backward and forward in front of us two or three times. My men behaved exceedingly well, standing quiet steady facing the tiger, shouting and throwing stones and bits of stick at him. Had either of them tried to turn and run, or get up a tree, the tiger would have been on us for a dead certainty.  
"I reserved my fire for the last emergency, not caring, unless absolutely driven to it, with a light rifle, to risk a shot which would most probably fail to stop the tiger. The tiger continued to growl and play round us like a big cat, giving us an uncommonly bad time for about ten minutes. After a while we managed to back slowly over the top of some rising ground behind us, and once we were out of sight, I am ashamed to confess, that we went for it all we were worth, halting occasionally to make sure we were not being followed, until we were no longer being followed, and the great relief, we got out into the open.  
"The above is, luckily, a somewhat unusual experience, for a tiger generally avoids the presence of man if he can. Had it been a tigress with young cubs, suddenly disturbed by one of us, one could have understood her behavior in this exceptional manner, but this was a male tiger and there is no way of explaining his conduct."

## COULDN'T LOSE HIM.

"That bill collector is still downstairs, sir."  
"Didn't I tell you to say that I died quite suddenly half an hour ago?"  
"Yes, sir; but he says he would like a few moments' conversation with the remains."

## NOT THE ROUTE.

Wife—Where have you been all this time?  
Topsy Husband—Hic—on a trip, my dear.  
Wife—Well, you evidently didn't go by water.



**RYRIE BROS., Limited**  
134-138 Yonge St. TORONTO

Do What You Can.  
There always are those who wrap their talent for service in the napkin of not-worth-while. They feel that they could not do much because their ability is so small, and therefore they do nothing to do anything. They suppose that they are practicing the much-praised virtue of humility, while really they are evading duty and responsibility and thus incurring blame and guilt. The truth is, no one, however small his ability, need live uselessly. God bestows no talents which he means to be wrapped up in napkins of any kind. Of course we cannot give what we have not. But we should give always what we have. We are never to say, "There is no use in my giving, for I have so little. It can do no one any good." We have nothing to do with the matter of larger or smaller. We are responsible only for what we have. If it is but a little talent, one little talent is all we shall have to answer for. But we must answer for that, and if we fail to use it, we shall not only lose it in the end, but also shall incur the penalty of uselessness.—J. R. Miller.

**A BAKE DISH makes an exceedingly useful and much appreciated gift.**  
**AT \$5.00 we are offering a dish of the finest silver plate, having a removable granite lining, and richly ornamented handles.**  
**OUR large and handsomely illustrated Catalogue will be mailed upon request showing a very large assortment of these veritable dishes.**

**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 straight 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.

**DOSE BY SIZE.**  
A man living in the country far from any physician was taken suddenly ill. His family, in great alarm, not knowing what to do, sent for a neighbor, who had a reputation for curing cures.  
"Can't you give father something to help him?" asked one of the sons.  
"We-al, I don't know nothin' about doctorin' people."  
"You know more than we do, for you can doctor cows. Now what do you give them when they are sick?"  
"We-al, I allers gives Epsom salts. You might try it on him."  
"That's a long time," said the editor.  
"We-al, I give cows just a pound. Your father is a quarter as big as a cow—give him a quarter of a pound."  
Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

**The Noise He Heard.**  
An old lady was visiting some relatives, one of whose sons had recently entered the ministry. She had not seen him since his boyhood, and was therefore anxious to attend service at his church.  
At dinner subsequent to the Sunday sermon, she heard delivered by her nephew, it was observed that she was singularly reticent. Suddenly she broke her long silence by asking her nephew: "Frank, why did you enter the ministry?"  
"Why, aunt," exclaimed the young man, "what a question. I entered the ministry because I was called."  
Just a suspicion of a smile came to the old lady's face as she responded: "Are you sure, Frank, that it wasn't some other noise you heard?"  
Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

**Limitations.**  
"Needn't shave my upper lip this time," said Archie, as he took his seat in the barber's chair. "You may start a mustache, for me."  
"I can't do that, sir," said the barber. "I'll let your upper lip alone, but you'll have to start the blooming mustache yourself, sir."  
Tommy—Pop, what is the difference between a D. D. and an M. D.?  
Pop—The difference is, my son, that one preaches and the other practices.

## LIORICE ROOT.

We Buy Half a Million Dollars Worth a Year From Asia Minor.

Liorice root grows wild in the fields of Asia Minor, and few attempts have been made thus far toward its cultivation.  
Until fifty years ago it was practically unused, says Fur News. The root grown on the Meander plains is the best, in the world, being superior to that found in Syria, Mesopotamia, Caucasus, Siberia or China.  
The exporters of the root lease liorice bearing lands for a period of from three to five years. Digging usually begins in October, and is done by peasants, who at the end of each day deliver the root to the various depots and receive payment according to the quantity they bring.  
The root is piled up and exposed to the air until about May and June. It then weighs only half as much as originally, owing to the thorough drying process which it has been subjected to. The root is sorted to obtain the qualities known as "debris" and "bagatelle," both of which are highly valued.  
Liorice root is shipped in bales weighing about 220 pounds each, pressed by hydraulic machinery and strapped with iron bands. The United States is the principal consumer of this class of liorice, which is shipped there in its natural shape as raw material, being pasted for medicinal purposes, and is especially used for flavoring plug tobacco. Liorice root in its original state can also be found in any drug store in America. We have no exports to the United States amount to about 14,210 tons, valued at \$550,000.

## ZAM-BUK'S WONDERFUL SUCCESS.

The following remarkable cures are convincing proof that Zam-Buk is the most wonderful skin cure known. Zam-Buk succeeds when all else fails, and no home is complete without it.  
Eczema, 15 long years Mr. T. M. Marsh, 101 Delorimier avenue, Montreal, wore gloves day and night—his hands were so bad with Eczema. Five doctors failed to cure him, but Zam-Buk triumphed. Ask him about it.  
CHRONIC ULCERS, 40 years suffering from Ulcers, which covered her body made Mrs. Jane Beers of 1 Original (Ont.) long for death. A few weeks' trial of Zam-Buk brought complete restoration. No wonder she writes: "The like of Zam-Buk has not been seen since the Great Healer left the earth."  
50 cents a box of all druggists and stores, or postpaid on receipt of price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Three boxes for \$1.25.

## The Adolescence of the Dollar.

The dollar took some rounding. Nor did it formerly ring true, but much alive, formerly a blunt or bellow. Cattle, among country folk, at one time constituted the dollar, while primitive, man generally made use of any article sufficiently abundant for the standard payment of all merchandise.  
Thus, in ancient Greece, says Harper's Weekly, a large bronze tripod had the value of a dozen oxen. A good hard-working woman, on the other hand, was given in exchange for only four such beasts.  
In metal took the place of money, the dollar being to its traditions, and coins were still called after live stock. Thus, "pecunia," applied to metal money, derived its origin from the Latin word "pecunia," the custom of counting heads of cattle being the present designation of a sum in cash—capital, or "capita" (heads). In Sanscrit, rupa (herd, flock) made rupya, or the Indian rupaie. While imports of electrum, or admixture of gold and silver, when first in use as money, bore the impress of an ox or cow.  
Not clumsy, but too fragile, were the shells in use as money by the negroes of Africa, and throughout ancient Asia, where the natives, taken by its beauty, gave the shell a money value.

## ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft and calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swellings, sprains, sore and swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save \$60 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by druggists.  
No "Regret" Blanks in Georgia.  
"How long have you been writing this story?" asked the editor.  
"Ten years," replied the author.  
"That's a long time," said the editor.  
"I had a dozen bills outlawed in that time."  
"Well," sighed the author, "what would you advise me to do with it?"  
"Throw it in the fire."  
"But—I have no fire."  
"Here," said the editor, "I'll lend you a match—and my stove!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## ITCH

Mange, Prairie Scabies and every form of contagious Itch on human or animal cured in 20 minutes by Wolff's Sulfur Lotion. It never fails. Sold by druggists.  
Underground Moving Platforms.  
A novel proposition is occupying the attention of a special committee of the Paris Municipal Council, in the form of a scheme to construct a series of moving platforms which are to form a circle in the centre of Paris underneath the grand boulevards and the Boulevard St. Germain. It is proposed to have three running roadways moving at different speeds. Passengers would step off the fixed platform to the revolving platform, and from that to the faster one in turn. A trial has proved that getting on and off the platforms is as easy as boarding an omnibus.

## POOR OLD UNCLE.

Uncle—Bobby, I hear you are learning to swim.  
Bobby—Yes. So are you, ain't you, Uncle?  
Uncle—No, my boy. Why?  
Bobby—Oh, I heard father say yesterday that you had a hard job to keep your head above water!

## LEARN DRESS-MAKING BY MAIL.

In your spare time at home, or Take a Personal Course at School.

To enable all to learn we teach on cash or instalment plan. We also teach a personal class at school once a month. Class commencing last Tuesday of each month. These lessons teach how to cut, make and put together any garment from the plainest shirt waist suit, to the most elaborate dress-making, and guarantee to give five hundred dollars to any one that cannot learn between the age of 14 and 40. You cannot learn dress-making as thorough as this course teaches. Beware of imitations which cross with our name outside the school. This is the only experienced Dress Cutting School in Canada and excelled by none in any other country. Write at once for particulars, as we have cut our rate one-third for a short time. Address:—  
SANDER'S DRESS-CUTTING SCHOOL, 21 Erie St., Stratford, Ont., Canada.

## Fruit and Health.

Perhaps some of you have thought that I have insisted too much, week by week, on the value of fruit—good, fresh, wholesome fruit—as an article of food consumption; but of its health value too much cannot be said. Fruit should—let me say it again—be looked upon as a necessity, not a luxury, as it is at present, and form a part of every meal, either raw or cooked. Our doctors have been laying this law down for a long time now, but of late an eminent man in the east has shown with much success that the acids of lemons, apples, and some other fruits are capable of destroying all kinds and varieties of the germs which cause disease and pain in the human body. The acids, citric and malic, contained in the fruits mentioned have probably the effect of killing these disease germs. Cholera germs are said to be killed in fifteen minutes by lemon juice or apple juice, and even typhoid germs, which have great resisting power, are killed in about thirty minutes by either of these acids, even in a diluted form. A tumbler of cold water, saturated with chlorea bacilli, to give rather a frightening instance, may be gulped down one's throat with impunity, providing a lemon has been squeezed into it fifteen or twenty minutes before this. One isn't going to run this risk, of course, but still it shows what value these fruit acids have in serious disease; but their value is great, too, in keeping the body in good general health, providing always the fruit is in good condition and is eaten in moderation. To encourage children to spend their "sweet pennies" in fruit rather than in sweets is a wise proceeding, though a few sweets are good for growing children.—Margaret.

## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Marriage will teach a man a lot of things that he had never expected to learn.—Florida Times-Union.  
Knicker—If Swarthmore votes for football he will lose three million dollars. Bocker—And only get a quarter back.—New York Sun.  
"Parson, somebody dared us to get married, and we never take a dare. Here we are." "Well, my young friends, I dare you to go home and endeavor to cultivate some common sense."—Louisville Courier-Journal.  
About the time a dressmaker's bill has set a man back \$100 or more it is easy to convince him that beatism unadorned is adorned the most.—Chicago News.  
Patient—What is astigmatism, doctor?  
The oculist—It means that you can see better with one eye than the other. Patient—Oh, yes! I see, one small eye is apt than the other.—Sydney Herald.  
The fox may lose his hair, but not his cunning.—Dutch.  
"Her debut is going to be the grandest affair of the season." "Having it made in Paris, I suppose.—Houston Post.  
I deem the presence of the master to be the eye of the home.—Aeschylus.  
The little one—But if I give you me penny, would I get it out of it? The big one watch me spend it. 'Tis 'dyer want, anyhow!—Chicago Tribune.

## John Was Huffed.

In the olden time a woman in the north of Scotland went to visit her husband, who was condemned to be hanged on the following day. The doomed man began to give his last instructions to his wife preparatory to bidding her farewell, when all at once she broke in upon the conversation, and exclaimed: "By the by, John, when will I plant the tatties this year?" The unfortunate man, as may be imagined, grew exceedingly indignant at the indifference of his wife, and exclaimed, angrily that need I care what ye plant them? I'm no likely to need any o' them." "Heeh," replied the woman, turning to the warder with a wag of the head, "oor John's huffed because he's gann't to be hanged the morn', and marched out of the cell."

## Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Prevalent.  
"I don't know just what ails me, doctor. It doesn't seem to be sore throat, and it isn't rheumatism, and yet—"  
"I know exactly what it is, madam. It's the balloon neck. We'll soon straighten that out."

## Badly Put.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the prosecuting barrister, "this prisoner is an unmitigated scoundrel; he acknowledges it. And yet, thanks to the wisdom of the common law, he has been given a fair trial by a jury of his peers."  
The prisoner was acquitted.—Tit-Bits.

## Success Magistrate.

Beware of looking at sin, for at each look it is apt to become better looking.  
We HOPE TO CATCH YOUR EYE WITH OUR NEW BOOT.  
They appear to fancy that the public has not even the most elementary notion of judging.

## Success Magistrate.

Beware of looking at sin, for at each look it is apt to become better looking.  
Chicago News.—It's awfully hard for a woman to stand the prosperity of her neighbors.  
Soap has been known to the world for 3,000 years.

## ISSUE NO. 46, 1907

Business Sacred Cattle in Texas.

A herd of Burmese sacred cattle, which Tom O'Connor, a stockman of Gollad, Tex., imported from India about two years ago, has done so well that the variety will soon be found upon many of the ranches of southwest Texas.  
A. P. Borden, of Pierce, Tex., and other representative cattlemen of the Gulf coast region made a study of the Burmese sacred cattle in India before the experiment of bringing them over here was tried. It was found in these investigations that the Burmese cattle were not subject to the splenic, or "tick" fever, which is the bane of the cattle of southern Texas, particularly when introducing stock from "above the line."  
The claim is made that the Burmese as beef animals are the equal of any of the breeds of cattle commonly found upon the ranches. They fatten easily and their flesh is of good quality. When crossed with other breeds the result is an improved animal both as to standard of weight and other important qualities, it is claimed.—Kansas City Star.



## St. George's Baking Powder

"There's nothing like St. George's Baking Powder"  
"It keeps its strength—the last spoonful is as good as the first."  
"And it gives such a fine flavour to the baking, once people use it, they want it every time."  
Write us for our new Cook-Book.  
National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

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## We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best:

Matthews Foley, Oil City, Ont.  
Joseph Snow, Norway, Me.  
Charles Wharton, Mulgrave, N. S.  
Rev. R. O. Armstrong, Mulgrave, N. S.  
Pierre Landers, Pokemouche, N.B.  
Thomas Wasson, Sheffield, N. I.

## HERE AND THERE.

Vancouver Province.—Sudden abolition of reckless brutality among our shopkeeping classes. A firm of shoemakers advertises.  
WE HOPE TO CATCH YOUR EYE WITH OUR NEW BOOT.  
They appear to fancy that the public has not even the most elementary notion of judging.  
Success Magistrate.—Beware of looking at sin, for at each look it is apt to become better looking.  
Chicago News.—It's awfully hard for a woman to stand the prosperity of her neighbors.  
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