

# SUNDAY AT HOME

The Eternal Goodness  
I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes from shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,  
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within,  
I hear, "mid groans and travail cries,  
The world confess its sin;

Yet, in the meditative zone of things,  
And fused by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings,  
I know that God is good.

I know that where His islands fit  
Their troubled palms in air,  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

And then, O Lord, by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee.

—John G. Whittier.

## Fantasies of the Night.

A child of earth is indulging in a long reverie, giving vent to his imagination, and, in a flight of fancy, casting off the givens and trammels of mortality, and soaring through the universes, gradually sinking into the waters of Lethe, he reverts to now assumed tangible form and shape, and he feels that he is no longer subject to the feeling of a dream. He is now a being of flesh and blood, without air, without water, without life. Hanging threateningly overhead is a stupendous and gigantic orb shining brilliantly in the darkest heavens and lighting up the rugged scenery with a flood of reflected light, which from the configuration of the markings on the sphere he recognizes to be his native earth; and he realizes that he is upon her pedestal.

After exploring the wonders of those huge volcanic craters—Coppernits, with their brightly upturned walls, Tycho and Poenico, soaring up to the skies, or Sheldar, more wondrous than them all, its crater about four hundred miles in circumference, and of a capacity sufficient to contain perhaps every volcano on earth—depressed at the dismal and melancholy aspect of this dead, cold world, he lies off to visit that other side of the moon which is for ever invisible to us, and of the aspect of which we know absolutely nothing.

Leaving this arid and lifeless wilderness he speeds away, past our next neighbor Mars, unravelling the mystery of the great canals, past mighty Jupiter, past stupendous and majestic Saturn, and past other of the planetary wonders of the midnight skies, up to the dazzling glory of the sun itself; the mighty surging torridness of fire, and the intricate whirlwinds of flaming gases even wildly raging with convulsive energy on its surface transfixing him with awe and wonder. Then, hurled into the abyss of space, amidst rushing hummings carrying each with their planetary train on their long orbits round the great central pivot of the universe of God, amidst having, surrounding suns in the zenith of their effulgent hue, and amidst lightless, lifeless orbs, the scene faded away into eternal darkness, started at the overpowering glory of it all, he awakes—and behold it is a dream.

Though all this is fancy, yet for those who have not the spiritual vision, these who have not the commands of their God, but have with His never-revoked help lived the life of the righteous, and whose sins, inherited and committed, have been expiated from the records of creation, and the great expiation made on the cross by the Redeemer of mankind, for these a time will come when they are anguished with surely he ascended permission to visit all things, and to roam through all the vast and glorious universe.—Ly A. Barker.

## The Value of Pain.

Tossed as from a standpoint, pain is but a meaningless riot upon God's creation, a fancy from which one may escape, and yet one which perhaps more than any other suggests doubts as to eternal goodness and wisdom. It is a mystery, that for all time has perplexed the children of men. If it were simply a sensation which to sting men into right courses; if it were simply but the fiery punishment of willful and shameless wrongdoing; then we might understand it better. But when its awful coils, in insatiable unrelenting grip lay upon the spellbound and the victim, and its agonizing fangs strike deep into the soft white flesh of helpless child and lily-hearted woman, we gaze upon its work with horror and dismay.

It is not our duty to solve the riddle; but as faith gazes upon the work of pain and fails to read the reason, we ask, "Is there then, no gain in this?" "Is pain clear less to man?" And to these questions we can answer truly, "There is a gain to man, even in this work of pain." Pain softens hearts and widens sympathy. Pain draws the mother nearer to her child. Pain warms on selfishness, and makes men think. Pain smites many a pride and teaches him humility. Our weaknesses are not cured, but blessed. They smite us sorely, until we sweat the bloody sweat of pain; but from the darkened garden we go forth to a hill, sweetest, nobler life; and the hours of agony bear fruit in years of unselfish toil and lifetime of unfettered sympathy. Pain is the rod that smites waters of healing out of granite hearts. Pain is the chariot of fire by which men often rise to other worlds. All welcome is its touch, yet not unblest; by divine wisdom, even pain is yoked to the great chariot of humanity and helps to drag it forward. This, of course, does not sweep the full circle of its orbit, but this is surely one section of that circle, and one that we can see.

Oh, Ayon,  
"Weel, Donald, ye'll soon have rest frae a yer work, as the Doctor says ye are gay far through." Donald—"I'm no share of much leisure for the like o' ye. It was ay, Donald, that and dae that, see it'll be Donald, lieht up the sun; here, Donald, hing up the mune; here, Donald, the stars a bit dicket, and a' the like of that. Och, ay."

## A Pen Portrait of Lloyd-George.

"Who is the man with the beautiful head and face, and insignificant body" was the query of the writer, as she sat enjoying the most delicious of strawberries and cream one radiant afternoon at Westminster. "Beautiful head" fairly scorched her host in wrath. "I fail to see anything either in the appearance or mind of Lloyd-George that is beautiful." But woman-like the writer stuck to her opinion, Mr. Lloyd-George has a head and face which might belong to the most transcendental idealist rather than the President of the Board of Trade. A broad, massive brow above eyes of excellent form and color, delicately formed features of a sensitive mould, and above all a tremendously vibrant alertness, are the characteristics which strike one instantly. The head and shoulders give the impression of a powerful intellect of great stature, but adverse circumstances in youth may have stunted the growth of trunk and limbs, or it may have been the prodigious activity of the brain which has sapped physical strength. But the face is beautiful, the fine luminous texture of the skin, testifying to the vitality of the man. One would look for the propagation of the highest ideals of life from the finely modelled lips, regarding life in general, but alas! They are too prone to utter scathing invective rather than lofty sentiments. As a coiner of phrases, the President of the Board of Trade stands unrivalled among his fellows, and one can say with truth, that the results of many elections have hung upon the apt turning of a phrase which "sticks." The "Squidarchy and Hierarchy," which Mr. Lloyd-George uses as his pet target for assault, was a potent factor in putting the present Government in power. Rumor insists that "Little Wales" should claim this brilliant speaker as a son, that he was "made in Manchester," but his magnetism, verve and picturesque delivery proclaim that he is more Celt than Saxon. A squire of dames is Mr. Lloyd-George, you may find him almost any afternoon during the summer season dispensing hospitality to a group of ladies on the Terrace, a flower in the lap of his coat, and a waistcoat of somewhat pretentious design, attracts attention to his wearing apparel; but association with men in the front ranks of his party are modifying his ideas of suitable clothing for the minister of the Crown, just as his style of attack in the House is less virulent than of yore, less suggestive of the pettifoggery solicitor with a helpless witness in his power. It was amusing to listen to the worthy critic of the Welsh who are nothing if not patriotic, when Mrs. Lloyd-George appeared at one of the court drawing rooms, with her train embroidered with locks, and golden embroidery! To take upon herself the honor of representing Wales, was an unparliamentary error, in the eyes of those who have long posed as the exponents of all that is most distinguished in that little country, so ardent in its national aspirations. The writer has an interesting experience during the last elections, in South Wales, when, as an advocate of the tariff reform policy, she took part in the campaign. There the fight raged between "church and chapel." The kind of wear used by the "Chapel" party are exemplified by the following incident. Leaning over the edge of the pulpit one Sunday morning, a minister of the gospel addressed his congregation as follows: "Last night I had a dream. I saw Balfour in bed, and Chamberlain in bed." One cannot reproduce the burr of the r, or the liquid fullness of the l, nor yet the terrific impressiveness of the speaker's voice, which moved these emotional folk in an indescribable manner. One sees the other side of the question, in yet another incident. A meeting was held in one of the admirably equipped little school rooms to be found even in the remote village where the writer was to address the ladies. The speaker, a distinctly antagonistic crowd of workmen. Here an American minister, bearing the name of something—something—Jones, approached her on her arrival, and in a subdued voice, expressed the fears which he had in his mind. "There has only been a church in this place for a year or so," he added by way of explanation of the spirit of hollowness which was rampant. "How dreadful! Have you any other churches in the district?" "Oh, they have had their chapels, of course," was the reply, and the writer smiled. . . . Comment was unnecessary. The meeting was tranquil, and the end, when the writer asked for "Land of My Fathers," the response was hearty, and what was more, it was beautiful. Nothing can be more inspiring than the magnificent part singing by the

## BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for the trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, writes: "I have tried every method, but her successful home treatment, with 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 will stop. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night."

## A Queen's Hobbies.

Queens are invariably exempt from the mystery that veils the age of women, and they can never abate a day from the cold calculation of the calendar. Wilhelmina, Queen of the Low Countries, was twenty-seven the other day, and has reigned for nearly seventeen years, the first eight of which was under the guidance of her mother, a Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and sister of the Duchess of Albany. For six and a half years the Queen of Holland has been wife to Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg, who can milk "Bas," as he was formally styled, on the occasion of his marriage. Queen "Wilhelmina," as she is known to her subjects, has many hobbies; her dairy at Het Loo is one of them. Her Majesty is a practical dairymaid, who can milk a cow, churn the butter and make it into the delectable pat. The dairy began by being a hobby, but so successful did it become that it is not run as a paying business. The Queen is very fond of music, and has organized a series of "alum concerts" to brighten the lives of her poorer subjects. During the winter in The Hague, these concerts, which are given in large halls by excellent singers and instrumentalists, engaged at the royal expense, are attended by the thousands of the poorer quarters only. Queen Wilhelmina is also an expert needlewoman and is interested in the Industrial School of Amsterdam, where some wonderful work is done in handicrafts, which is eagerly bought by the best people, being exceptionally well made.—Dundee Advertiser.

## ITCH.

Manse, Prairie Scratches and every form of Itch cured on hands and feet. It is cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Ointment. It never fails. Sold by druggists.

An Effective Dental.  
(Boston Record.)  
Three tired citizens—a lawyer, a doctor, and a newspaper man—sat in a back room recently in the cold gray light of the early dawn. On the table and on the floor were scattered a couple of packs of cards. As they sat in silence a rat scurried across the hearth into the darkness beyond. The three men shifted their feet and looked at each other uneasily. After a long pause the lawyer spoke.  
"I know what you fellows are thinking," he said, "you think I saw a rat, but I didn't."  
Minaid's Liniment Cures Distemper.  
Eight Flights Up.  
When the first fire company, in response to an alarm, reached the long row of tenements, the fire-captain at once jumped from his engine and endeavored to locate the fire. When he had ineffectually hunted through one or four structures for it, he described an old woman sticking her head out of a window of the topmost floor of an eight-story tenement, a little farther up the street.  
"Any fire up there?" he yelled, when he had reached the pavement beneath this building.  
In answer, the old woman motioned for him to come up.  
Accordingly, the captain, with his men lugging their heavy hose behind them, laboriously ascended the eight flights and burst into the room where the old woman was.  
"Where's the fire?" demanded the captain, when no fire nor smoke became visible.  
"There ain't none here," replied the old woman, flashing an earnest, earnest look at the captain.  
"I asked 'y' up 'cause I couldn't hear a word you said 'way down there!"—From the November Behemian.

## BEER BUILDS BODIES.

LAZY stomachs digestions—they don't work hard enough to extract the good of one's food.  
Beer is a food-drink that makes the stomach do its work better, because it increases the flow of the digestive juices and gives the stomach muscles more strength to do their work.  
Beer is better for run-down people than medicine; and for thin-blooded people nothing else will enrich the blood so surely and quickly.  
Ask your own doctor if you had'n't better drink beer with your meals.

Oh, Ayon,  
"Weel, Donald, ye'll soon have rest frae a yer work, as the Doctor says ye are gay far through." Donald—"I'm no share of much leisure for the like o' ye. It was ay, Donald, that and dae that, see it'll be Donald, lieht up the sun; here, Donald, hing up the mune; here, Donald, the stars a bit dicket, and a' the like of that. Och, ay."

## Doctors Thought Baby Was Consumptive.

A letter to anxious mothers is written by Mrs. E. W. Kettle, of Kirkdale, P. Q., who says: "My little 4-year-old boy suffered since he was 18 months old from a bad leg. I tried many salves and had doctors attend him, but none did him any good. The doctors told me it was in the blood, and he was in consumption. I only wish now I had more faith in Zam-Buk, for it immediately healed the boy's leg. He is now nearly 4 years old, and looks far from being consumptive. I am now a strong, healthy boy, thanks to Zam-Buk. I hope this letter will help a good many anxious mothers."

Mothers, take heart. Don't be discouraged because everything has failed to heal your child until you have tried Zam-Buk. Zam-Buk is nature's healing balm, and quickly overcomes and removes all skin diseases. It is equally good for young and old.  
For all skin diseases Zam-Buk is without equal. It cures ulcers, festering sores, ringworm, cuts, bruises, chapped hands, boils, eczema, etc., etc. All druggists and grocers sell Zam-Buk at 50 cents a box, or post paid from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 3 boxes, \$1.25.

## A Strange Mistake.

My daddy says that once he was a little chap like me.  
So why he says the things he does I really cannot see.  
He says he cannot understand Why I so dote on noise,  
And like to play that I'm a band,  
Deserting quiet toys.  
He says he can't imagine why I stand upon my head,  
Instead of on my dignity,  
Like boys who're better bred.  
He says he cannot comprehend The reason why I can't,  
When up the stairs I mount, pretend That I'm a human ant.  
Instead of stamping on the stair,  
As though I thought that I  
Was going but a lively pair  
Of Hippopotami.

## From all of which I greatly fear In days beyond recall My dear old daddy, it is clear, Was not like me at all.

But like some other little chap, Whose name I never heard, Who likes to sit on someone's lap And never says a word.  
—John Kendrick Bangs, in St. Nicholas.

## I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

REV. WM. BROWN.

## I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. KAULBACK.

## I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

MRS. S. MASTERS.

## Thieving Barber's Trick.

"There a queer and nasty kind of criminal that we call the barber thief," said the detective. "He is a journeyman barber who lifts your scarfpin while shaving you."  
"These rascals have learned somehow or other to shave and haircut fellow well. They go everywhere in the rush season—California or Florida in the winter, Atlantic City in the summer, and so on—and there the overworked barber, with hands scarce, is only too glad to take them on, and to take them on without references."  
"I doesn't take a clever barber thief for me to make a good hand. In a day in Saratoga one of these men lifted one of my millionaires' and sports' neckties and diamonds and pearls to the value of \$1,000."—Minneapolis Journal.

## Natural History Jots.

Lions and tigers are too weak in lung power to run more than half a mile. An orange tree in full bearing has been known to produce 15,000 oranges. A man respires—that is, draws in his breath—sixteen to twenty times a minute, or twenty thousand times a day. Rabbits, says a naturalist, have white tails, so that the young may be able to distinguish their mother in case of pursuit. The color of a rabbit is so like that of the ground that this would otherwise be difficult, if not impossible.

## Shaving Mirror, 86.50

FOR the man who shaves no gift would bring quite as much pleasure as this Triple Shaving Mirror, as it is very much superior in every way to the ordinary style.  
It has attachments so that it can be either secured to the wall or stood up on a table.  
FOR travelling it is very convenient as it can be folded up to occupy only a small place.  
The Price is \$6.50  
Our handsomely illustrated Catalogue is yours for the asking

## RYRIE BROS., Limited

134-138 Yonge St. TORONTO

## ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

Interesting Facts Set Forth Without Waste of Words.  
The largest wagon in the world has been shipped to Nome, Alaska, for the Pioneer Mining Company. It is over 20 feet long and 7 feet high from the axle. The wheels are 10 feet in diameter, and are fitted with iron tires 1 1/2 feet in width.

Taximeters are a success in London, Paris, Hamburg and every city where they have been adopted. They have proved that honesty—even enforced honesty—is the best policy.

The machine which cuts up wood to make matches turns out 40,000 "splints," as they are called, in a single minute.

A publication recently issued by the Central Esperanto Office in Paris shows that there are 639 Esperanto societies throughout the world, and 38 journals are published specially devoted to the propagation of the language.

In Belgium breeders are obliged to keep a record of all cattle raised by them, and each animal has a registered trade number, which is engraved on the ring fastened to its ear.

Returns of the British Railway Clearing House show that 1,000 parcels a day are lost on the railways of the United Kingdom.

Two locomotive engines could pass each other in any one of the four funnels of the Mauretani.

The export of Chinese crackers from Canton was 45,197 hundred-weight last year, as compared with 45,104 hundred-weight in 1905, and 22,963 hundred-weight, the average for the previous five years.

## KEPT HIM BUSY.

Did His Very Lively Little Monogorie.

It is said that a friend once asked an aged Englishman what caused him so often to complain of pain and weariness in his legs.  
"Alas!" said he. "I have every day so much to do, for I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man who is in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always keep in with a bridle, lest it should speak anything unseasonably; the lion is my heart, with which I have to maintain a continual fight in order that vanity and pride may not fill it; but that the grace of God may dwell and work there; the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength."

## He Tried It.

A young farmer one day visited a physician and described a common malady that had befallen him. "The thing for you to do," the physician said, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning." "Write it down, doctor, so I won't forget it," said the patient. Accordingly the physician wrote the directions down, namely, that the young man was to drink hot water before breakfast every morning. The patient took his leave and in a week he returned. "Well, how are you feeling?" the physician asked. "Worse, doctor, worse, if anything," was the reply. "Alas! Did you follow my advice and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?" "I did my best, sir," said the young man, "but I couldn't keep it up more than ten minutes at a stretch."

## Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

CAT-LIKE MAN.

How He Does Love to Play With a Joke.  
The problem whether women have any sense of humor has vexed mankind for generations, says a well-known humorist. It is unfortunately true that they seldom laugh readily at a joke, but not good enough for us not to be "silly" when they play silly with a subject.  
But this may be due to a too keen sense of humor. We may not be up to their form. Our jokes (or rather) may not be good enough for them. (But, ha! Not good enough? But no matter.) We revenge ourselves for this by being silly when they do not know a word of what they are saying, and that, though when pain and anguish rack the brow of the man who is making a fool of us, we are not the audience we should choose for our finest flights of whimsicality.  
A writer in a monthly magazine, himself a humorist, extra, etc., of wide reputation, writes that he once signed an important letter in this line of affairs. "Woman's sense of humor," he says, "has increased in recent years. They see jokes more readily than we used to. This is due to the fact that they look their best when they are smiling."  
There is a reason why women should be no reason whatever why humorists should be no reason for being a good story, or working up to a pleasant epigram, will be the centre of attraction. The military, the musician, and the Gibson-me will be among the also rans.

## Week End Soap and Entailings.

The week end custom of entertaining in the toilet preparations that hostesses are expected to furnish for their men and women guests. Mrs. or Miss arrives and finds everything provided in the chamber and bath allotted to her. Not only combs and brushes, but pins of all shades and sizes up to an equal variety. Perfumes, powders for face, manure preparations, brilliancine, bath and hand soaps of several kinds, perfumed bath bags and waxes, dentifrice in powder and liquid form, listerine, camphor spirits.

## The Important Point.

For men are added shaving creams, cigarettes and slippers.—From Vogue.

The lank, long-haired young man looking dreamingly at the charming girl on the other side of the table, perfumed bath bags and waxes, dentifrice in powder and liquid form, listerine, camphor spirits.

## A Bargain.

Two Highlanders were on the Oban steamer. One carried and used ostentatiously a large red handkerchief. His companion in course of the voyage produced an orange and proceeded to suck it. The handkerchiefer looked curious at this for a few moments and then exclaimed, "Here, Sandy, man, gie us a suck o' your orange and I'll gie you a blow o' my handie."  
"Did you ever long for death?" he asked, in a low and moving tone.  
"Whose?" inquired the charming but practical young person.—Youth's Companion.

## LEARN DRESS-MAKING BY MAIL.

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, fit and put together any garment from the plainest shirt waist, to the most elaborate dress. The whole family can learn from one course. We have taught over one thousand 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 if you work in shops for years. Beware of imitations as we employ no one 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:—

## WANTED AT ONCE—We have decided to instruct and employ a number of smart young ladies to teach dress-making.

Having one teacher for 20 to 25 nearest towns where they live—\$20 to \$25. Those who have worked at dress-making or like drawing preferred. Please do not apply unless you can devote your whole time to it. THIS SCHOOL.

## Tribe of Fighting Indians.

"I journeyed for more than a year in Central America, mostly in Honduras, where I went to make a study of the native Indian tribes," said Charles C. Lesseur, of New Orleans.

"These aborigines are mostly of warlike and as brave fighters as any of the human race. I was especially impressed with the inhabitants of the Copan and Gracia districts. They are the best fighting stock in all Latin America, three or four hundred of them will often defeat an army of twice their size. They are ever eager for battle, and they are nothing of heavy adverse odds. They are supposed to be Christians, but from what I saw and learned from others I am inclined to believe that they practice heathen rites and ceremonies. They are excellent friends, but terrible enemies, and if defeated in battle are apt to visit their wrath on their unfortunate officers."

"These Indians cling to their primitive customs and do most of their hunting with bows and arrows. The way they use the bow is rather unique. They sight their game, calculate the distance, and then shoot their arrows into the air, whereupon the weapon falls upon the mark, whether a bird of beast, seven times out of ten, with fatal effect. The country they inhabit is quite cold, and often in the morning I have seen a thin coat of ice over the jar of water placed on my table. Again, when shivering under two or three blankets, I have looked with envy at my meso (servant) who, stripped to the skin, and wrapped only in a thin cotton sheet, slept as comfortably as though in a steam heated apartment.—Baltimore American.

## 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 \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by druggists.

## Oklahoma: Forty-Sixth State.

Uncle Sam's list of Territories has been seriously depleted within the memory of people now approaching middle age, who used laboriously to con a list of ten or twelve as a part of their geography lessons. The admission of the new State of Oklahoma (comprising the former Indian Territory and Oklahoma Territory), on November 16th, reduces the number of Territories to three—Alaska, Arizona and New Mexico—and brings the roll of States up to forty-six.

Here are some of the figures that indicate the importance of the new State in the most concrete and convincing form: Area in square miles, 70,230; population, 1,200,000; value of real property, \$80,000,000; estimated annual value of mineral products, \$200,000,000; annual crop of wheat, 40,000,000 bushels; corn, 72,000,000 bushels; cotton, 600,000 bales; value of domestic animals, \$98,000,000; bank deposits, \$40,000,000; railroad mileage, 5,600.—Leslie's Weekly.

## Cures Spavins

The world's greatest cure for Spavins, Swellings, Sprains, Sore Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by druggists.

## Nelson's Signalman.

It was in the winter of 1846 that Nelson's signalman—the man who hoisted the famous "England expects," etc.—was discovered by one who had served as surgeon on board the Tonant at Trafalgar. The signalman, John Roope, was selling watercress and red herrings in Blackfriars. He had deserted from the navy after the battle, and this had disqualified him for a pension, but representations were made to Capt. Pasco, signal Lieutenant on the Victory at Trafalgar, who used his influence on the old man's behalf. Capt. Pasco was at first unsuccessful, but was informed by the authorities that there were many more deserving candidates for Greenwich. Shortly after-

## Steel Side-Walls for Modern Homes

For superior work, either on paper or in reality, the only REALITY—gives protection against fire, and is the only material that can be used in the construction of modern homes. The best of all materials. Let us send you a copy of our book, "The Steel Side-Wall." It is the only book of its kind. The book is free.

## THE FEDRAL PEOPLE

Four mortars were dismissed by the Toronto street sweep for refusing to take out open can.

## ISSUE NO. 49 1907

## WINDING A WATCH.

Reasons Why It is Better Done in the Morning Rather Than at Night.

"You wouldn't think," said a watchmaker, "that it would make any difference whether a watch is wound up in the morning or at night, but it does make considerable difference."

"When a watch is wound up at night, coming out of a warm pocket, and laid down or hung up in a cool place, the mainspring will contract by the cooling off of the metal. Being wound up tightly all chance of contracting has been shut off and the spring is bound to break."

If, however, the watch is wound up in the morning, having partly run down through the night, there is room enough left in the barrel to contract. Another reason why it should be wound up in the morning is that the spring will then have more power and thus will be a better counter to resist the disturbing movements of the bearer during the daytime.

"Being generally in a horizontal position during the night and running with less power, the horizontal position, in which the balance runs more freely, will operate to make the length of the swing the balance wheel during the night as nearly as possible the same as in the daytime."

## Shiloh's Cure Coughs and Colds QUICKLY

Use Shiloh's Cure for the worst cold, the most severe cough, or a croupy child. It is a sure cure for all these troubles. It is a sure cure for all these troubles. It is a sure cure for all these troubles.

## MAKING A NOISE IN THE WORLD

But You Can't Always Tell by the Sound Just What There is Back of it.

"Lincoln," said Mr. MacGillivray, "told a story about a little steamboat running on the Wabash River with a whistle so big that when the captain blew it he had to tie up the bank for an hour or two to get up steam enough to go on. He had only a little boat, but he wanted to make as much noise as anybody on the river."

"And isn't it so, by the way, with our friends the automobilists? If you don't see it you can't tell by the sound of the horn whether the machine coming is a veritable battleship or a sickly little limousine body and with fourteen extra tires clamped to it, and hampers and baskets strapped to it all over, and with seven trucks on the roof, a regular house on wheels driven by a hundred horse-power engine, or a sickly little second hand two horse-power runabout, for the floppy little runabout is altogether likely to carry a bigger and louder horn than the majestic touring car."

"And still, are steamboats and automobilists the only people that like to put up a big front? Don't we all, us, big and little, like to make all the noise we can in the world?"

## Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Nae Winder.

An old woman from the country paid her first visit to Edinburgh the other day, and was taken over the sights, including Holyrood. On reaching the spot where Queen Mary's faithful servant was put to death, she gave a bad stumble. "Hi, I dinna winder at it," she replied. "I nearly fell myself!"

## Greenwich, room was found at Wardwood Hospital for old John.

Had he lived in our time he would probably have received a princely salary for repeating the signal nightly at music halls.—From the London Chronicle.

## Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

## THE WORLD'S CITIES.

Tokio has 8,000 public baths. Budapest and St. Louis have the deepest water wells in the world. London consumes over 9,000,000 tons of coal every year. Paris possesses the largest public gardens and the largest hospital. In Bilbao there is a law prohibiting the ringing of church bells even on Sunday.

## In Tokio, workmen wear upon their jackets the name of their trade and the name of their employer.

St. Peter's, Rome, has a floor area of 227,000 square feet, the greatest of any cathedral in the world.

## A London firm of electro-plate makers has in its service eighteen workers who have been with it for over fifty years.

In Vienna Museum there is a collection of coins numbering 125,000. It is said to be the finest in the world. Of all the boy-workers in London, newsboys are the healthiest, barbers the most unhealthy—a tribute to the open-air life.

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## SAW I YEAR

## AGED WOMAN GREAT

Duke Had Fall Was Necess Mrs. Mary That Drug to Die.

London, Dec. 15.—A woman, 80 years of age, was rescued from a state of unconsciousness by the use of a medicine called "The Duke's Fall." The woman, Mrs. Mary, had been taken ill and was unable to get up. She was found by her daughter,