



The Life of Christ.
(By Frederic E. Duval, D. D.)
"The life was the light of men," John 1:9.

O Thou the only holy life,
Ordained the light of men to be,
I turn from all my mental strife,
And pray Thee to enlighten me.

Through all the avenues of earth
My soul has wandered in thy quest
Of lasting good, but finds a dearth,
And meekly turns to Thee for rest.

There is a spirit all men feel,
A mystic force they could not trace,
A kinship with their veiled fate—
That lingered long with veiled fate—

This heavenly kinship, gracious Lord,
In Thy pure life I find would see;
This hidden glory, long adored,
Thou dost in love reveal to me.

It lights the way to life divine,
And strength affords to walk therein;
It upward draws to love like Thine,
And purifies the heart from sin.

With sorrow for the worthless past,
I turn repentant toward Thy way;
With chastened hope of peace at last,
I'll walk with Thee, my light and stay.

Winnipeg, Dec., 1907.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

I looked through a volume of "Remarkable Answers to Prayer" and I was struck with the flatness of its contents. Thirty years ago it would have been welcome in more ways than one; now it did not seem to fit. I felt how incompetent the large class of devout persons are to do the part of an analyst.

Here is a city for a million people, and the drinking water has to be analyzed. How many could do it? Perhaps a dozen, and when done, only half of that number can write a report so as to be understood by the common reader.

There is no greater mystery than the mystery of prayer. There are many avenues of thought; at the end of every one there is an impenetrable mystery.

If so, our ideas of prayer are inadequate and unworthy, and we never arrive at the final point. A devout man takes his pen to write about a recent experience.

Can he delineate matters faithfully, as in a diagram or chart, and so render it as to be fit for publication? We may ask who is he? What combination of qualities cluster round him to give him full equipment, delicate and accurate, to do the task? Was there ever such a crowd of functions concentrated in one person?

He is culprit, judge, jury and verdict. He tries to describe matters faithfully, but like the woman at the well, we may say in the spirit she said it, and "Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." What is the duty of the analyst? It is to separate, examine, classify, weigh, measure and test, combine, strike an average and give result.

There are millions of prayers answered every moment, but they are incapable of publication I gravely doubt. Can you penetrate the inmost chamber of private worship, where the lonely man is with the only God? Tell how the furniture is arranged in that most holy place. No other eye can trace, for you are alone. "There shall be no man in any place," Lev. xvi. 17. Your own eye cannot trace, for you are in the dark. The folds of the tent are dark, fold on fold; the light of the sun is not there, nor moon, nor stars, nor glimmer of lamplight. "The kingdom of God is within you"; all others are excluded, and you are incompetent. Your ink-horn is not in your grille; you have no grille; you are naked before the Lord; your naked feet stand on the living rock. To try to look in upon you is indelicate and impenetrable. This sacred region is inviolate, and most sacred even in thought.

The solitude is as deep as death. Only to stand and think of God!

O, what joy to be able to think of God!
To think the thought, to breathe the name;

Earth has no higher bliss,
Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
To prostrate before the throne to lie
And gaze and gaze on Thee.

"Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." An earthly father pitieth his child. Often he cannot help him, but behind God's pity is His purpose, plan, provision. We see the present pain. He sees it too, but He sees also the pleasure and the purpose, which are hid from us. We know not what will come in an hour, but from His eyes nothing is hid. His hand is not short, nor is His storehouse empty; it is silent night, He guides thee, with His silence He equips thee. His love is expanding. His light is enlarging, and all this is to help you to stem the hostile tide, to bear the cross, carry the pale crown of submission. O glory under a cloud, O songs sung in the night. What harvest of answered prayers gathered on the beach after the long storms of life!

H. T. Miller.

The great, soft, downy snowstorm like a cloak
Descends to wrap the lean world head to feet;

It gives the dead another winding-sheet,
It buries all the roofs until the smoke seems like a soul that from its clay has broke;

It broods moon-like upon the autumn wheat,
And visits all the trees in their retreat.

To lie and mantle that poor shivering folk,
With wintry bloom it fills the harshest grooves

In jagged pine stump fences. Every sound
It hushes to the footsteps of a nun. Sweet Carity! that brightens where it moves,
Inducing darkest bits of churchly ground

To give arduous answer to the sun.
—Ebbelwyn Wetherald.

The whole of the Royal plate, gold and silver, is valued at two millions sterling, due's age.

ONLY GENUINE WILD HORSES.

A BOOK ABOUT THE BEASTS PRJEVALSKY DISCOVERED.

Captives From the Gobi Desert in Asia Studied Carefully by the Russians—Proved to be a Distinct Species—They have Been Untamable Thus Far.

There was little prospect thirty years ago of the discovery of the genuine wild horse. There are, to be sure, the so-called wild horses of the Americas, but they are the descendants of horses that the Spaniards brought to the western world some centuries ago. While evidence existed that wild horses were probably as abundant in prehistoric times in the south of Europe as zebras are to-day in British East Africa, most naturalists believed that true wild horses with an unbroken line of wild ancestry were extinct.

Then, in 1879, the Russian explorer Prjevalsky reported that he had discovered a new and quite distinct horse in the Gobi Desert to the west of Mongolia. Two years later Polakoff published a description of the horse to which he gave the name Equus prjevalskii. Then the brothers Grum-Grjimaldo saw the horses in the desert and learned many new facts about them.

The Russians were greatly interested and it was decided to capture a number of the animals and bring them to Europe. These efforts were successful, and five years ago a herd of about thirty of the Prjevalsky horses, after no end of trouble, were landed in Europe. Most of them are still in Russia, but a few were taken to England, where they are kept on the estate of the Duke of Bedford.

The English naturalists did not make a scientific study of the animals in that country because the Russians have had a most thorough investigation in progress, with the advantage that nearly all the captive horses and a number of skeletons are in their hands. Very few of the English naturalists believed that they were true wild horses, but looked upon them either as a kiang hybrid, the kiang being a species of the ass, or as the offspring of escaped Mongol ponies.

The Russians, however, have settled the question. They have proved by the methods of comparative anatomy and in other ways that the Prjevalsky horse has no relationship with Mongol ponies or the kiang, but is a valid and distinct species of the genus horse, without relationship to the ass, though it has some features, but even in these features, as the tail, for example, the resemblance is closer to the horse than to the ass.

The results of the investigation were prepared for publication by Dr. W. Salensky, director of the Zoological Museum of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, St. Petersburg. The book has just been translated into English and published in London under the title "Prjevalsky Horse."

It contains a number of pictures of the captives. The frontispiece shows a three-year-old stallion and a two-year-old mare, which are the property of the Duke of Bedford. The animals were mere colts when they arrived in Europe, and were not possessing, for they did not take kindly to the breaking process, were out of control and had ragged coats and wild, forward gaits. They have now reached maturity, have been well cared for and are good-looking animals.

Many naturalists now hold the opinion that the domestic horse of to-day was mainly derived from three wild species, which have been named the steppe variety.

For lack of data Dr. Salensky has not been able to determine what relationship exists between the wild horse of Mongolia and domestic horses. The animal is an inhabitant of the Dzungaria and Koldo districts of the Gobi Desert. Its habitat, which is not large, lies between the Great Altai and the Tian Shan Mountains to the north of Chinese Turkestan.

The brothers Grum-Grjimaldo, who have had the best opportunity to observe a horse in its wild state, say that it lives in the level districts and goes at night to the pasture lands and drinking places. It breaks its way through the brush, where it rests until sunset.

When there are nursing colts in the herd the animals always rest in the shade of the trees, but this does not appear to be the case when the foals become adults. They usually walk one behind the other, so that the region where they live is covered with deeply trodden tracks.

They neigh clearly, and the sound corresponds exactly to the neigh of the domestic horse. There is some resemblance between the snorting of a badly frightened wild horse and that of domestic animals when scared.

The Mongolians have made many attempts to tame the wild horses, but in vain. All efforts to tame the animals that have been brought to Europe have also failed.

Thus far the horse will not submit to man; is afraid of him, and cannot be rendered servicable. Though now accustomed to the sight of human beings, the captives are very badly frightened if a person approaches nearer than within two or three rods of them.

Still some facts are known which indicate that there is hope that those horses may eventually be tamed. The explorer Koslov about forty years ago saw a colt of six months belonging to a chief in the Gobi that had been so far tamed as to walk peacefully in a bridle. It would permit itself to be led up a stairway to the floor above, and even allowed the seven-year-old son of the chief to sit on its back.

It is practically impossible to capture adult animals on their native plains. The Russians followed the comparatively simple Mongolian method of getting possession of some of the horses.

From time to time they could see from afar the herd colts had been added to the herd within a day or two. They thereupon pursued the herd on horse until the colts became so exhausted that they could travel no further, and then it was easy to capture them.

Black Watch

Remarkable for richness and pleasing flavor. The big black plug chewing tobacco.

Abyssinian Ministry.
The decree of the Emperor Menelik announcing the construction of a Cabinet on European lines is as follows:
"The lion of Judah has prevailed. 'Salutation be to you.' 'It is some time since we thought of introducing a European system to our country. You have always indicated (this) and said it would be good if we, too, would adopt some of the European systems.' 'I have now taken steps to appoint a Ministry, and if it is the will of God I will complete it. I inform you that I have appointed the following to my cabinet: Affa Negus Naabu, Fitaurari Habta Giorgis, Frivy Seal Gabra Selassie, Beji Giorgis, Likanamasus Katama, Nagadras Haila Giorgis, Kantabida, Sadik.'—From the London Standard.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT
Removes all hard, soft and calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, ringbones, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen joints, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by using our bottle. Warranted the most wonderful of all English Cures ever known. Sold by druggists.

What Irrigation Has Done for the Cotton Crops of Egypt.
Economists who study the increased productivity of the earth which is secured through irrigation, when they come to Egypt, all ponder on the cotton yield. In its fullest sense that the future Egyptian irrigation means. The showing of the cotton yield of the Nile regions in values presents a remarkable series of ascending figures. The increase in the value of the crop over the previous year was \$30,000,000. Over cropping, but of recent years, and unfavorable conditions of the season from which Egypt is no more exempt than other cotton-growing regions, have been balanced by curing increased areas under cultivation, so that an actual increase of 20,000,000 pounds in the crop of 1907, was obtained, the production for those years being 654,313,000 and 675,000,000 respectively. The area under cotton in 1907 was slightly in excess of 1,500,000 acres and the average yield per acre was 445 pounds. In Lower Egypt 40 per cent of the cultivated area of 1,260,000 acres is under cultivation and all of this section is irrigated. The Nile valley, the Assouan dam, the engineers have respected the permanency of this source of wealth, since cotton can be grown on the same lands two years out of five.

We may conclude that in cotton Egypt has a permanent world market, and for that reason the cotton which is cultivated in preference to other crops. The change from the time of Joseph and his captive brethren to the epoch of Lord Cromer and the British Consul is one from corn to cotton.

From "The West in the Orient—Irrigation: An Old Foe Newly Applied," by Charles M. Pepper, in the January Scribner.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.
The Dusy Bee.
The value of \$25,000,000 placed on the annual output of honey puts this farm crop only slightly behind raw cotton, which has a valuation at the refineries of \$28,000,000. Comparisons with the output of the sixty-four beet-sugar factories, which have a capacity of 500 tons of beets daily, may seem odd. Yet the product of this coddled and pampered insect is valued at less than double that of the busy hive communities.

The bee in effect pays the interest on the public debt. \$24,110,326. Shall not the insect which Napoleon made an imperial emblem have some State recognition such as Massachusetts gives to the codfish, the legislature has, as a matter of fact, the products of honey in England fisheries, which have been the subject of treaties and international conventions and occasionally raised the spectre of war among nations. It is only half the bee's product.—The New York World.

Time To and From Sometimes Varies.
Howard Carroll, of Denver, whose business-like presentation of the invitation to the Democratic National Convention to Denver was largely instrumental in the victory of that city over Chicago and Louisville, told a good story in the course of his speech.

"An old miner boarded a train at Denver one day to go to Pueblo," he said. "When the conductor came around the man inquired how far it was from Denver to his destination. He was told about 130 miles.

"Well, how far is it from Pueblo to Denver, then?" was the next question.

"If it is 130 miles from Pueblo to Denver, it must be 130 from Pueblo to Denver," replied the conductor, somewhat testily.

"Not necessarily so," said the miner. "It is one week from Christmas to New Year's, but it is a long time from New Year's to Christmas."—Chicago News.

On the Boulevard.
"Allow me to introduce the man who has written more absolute nonsense than anyone else in Paris."
"Monsieur is a journalist!"
"No, madame; diplomatist to the Chamber of Deputies!"—Transatlantic Tales.

"That Mrs. Poppley," said Miss Grouch, "is the most slovenly I ever saw."
"But," protested Miss Goodley, "she has a big family of growing boys."
"All the more shame to her, for she should know that cleanliness is next to godliness," and—"She says it's next to impossible!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

TALLER SILK HATS FOR MEN.

Changes in Style That the London Hatters Are Considering.

The question whether the tall hat shall become taller is now being anxiously debated by the half dozen west end hatters who rule the fashion, and several of them have almost decided to take a step in that direction by an increase of one-sixteenth of an inch in height.

"The Englishman," said a west end hatter, "is never violent or conspicuous in changing a fashion, and only a very slight alteration can be made at a time. For two or three years, however, there has been no decided change in the shape of the top hat, and it seems about time there was some alteration. The limit of shallowness seems to have been reached. They are now being made six inches deep in the largest, so that they can only grow taller again. A sixteenth or even a quarter of an inch does not sound very much, but it really makes a great deal of difference in the appearance of a hat. The very thick hat of fifteen years ago was only six and five-eighths inches deep.

It does not believe, however, the top hat will be made deeper as that again the bell shape has come to stay, and if you increase the depth the shape must either become nearly straight or display a conspicuous and inelegant waist.—London Daily Mail.

What He Liked Best.
Speaking of critics reminds me of one old friend, long dead, who considered himself a grand judge of ministers and their parties. One day I was out of my own pajamas. He was a Boanerges in style, and took the congregation by storm. Meeting during the winter was not surprised to hear his highly laudatory opinion of my preaching given. I said, "I have told you tell me what particular feature in his preaching attracted another? Well, he said Davitt impressively. 'I noticed when he was in the pulpit that he had a little at the mouth.'—The World's Idea of perfection in pulpit eloquence.

LIAND AND ARM ENDANGERED.
Zam-Buk Arrests Blood Poison.

Neglect a cut or scratch or it may turn to blood poisoning. Mr. Joseph Lalbertie, taking a walk in the park, saw a man in the park and arm by the time of Zam-Buk. He says: "I cut one of my fingers with a nail. It was not deep, but it would become so serious, but in two days it was so bad that I was unable to work. I was alarmed and began searching for another remedy, but I was relieved. I was about to consult a doctor, but I was advised to try Zam-Buk. This I did. Zam-Buk cured my blood poisoning in one week. I am now well and my hand and arm are as good as new. I have since used Zam-Buk on my wife and children. It is a most valuable remedy for all blood poisoning. It is sold by all druggists and stores, 50c. or by mail, 75c. per box. 6 boxes \$2.50.

One on the General.
Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, was a tireless worker when he started on anything. He and his secretary, Clancy, says the Baltimore Sun, oftentimes sat in the library until almost daylight, when the general wanted to finish up anything.

During the night sessions of the Senate, toward a close of Congress, a Senator called on General Butler one morning at 3 o'clock. The same Senator called again when the Senate adjourned, and following morning at daybreak, and following the general and Clancy still at work.

"Don't you ever stop?" the Senator asked.

"No," General Butler said. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

"General, I never knew before just who my employer was," Clancy said, bowing.

The Flustered Farmer.
Lincoln Beachey, the Toledo aeronaut, was being congratulated on the \$2,000 prize that he won with his dirigible balloon at St. Louis.

"And how did you feel when you found yourself the victor?" a young girl asked.

"Feel?" said Mr. Beachey, laughing. "Why, I felt excited, frustrated. I felt just like my old Toledo friend, John Humphreys, at the time his first baby came."

"To Jack Humphreys, covering in his library, the doctor entered.

"Congratulations, Mr. Humphreys," the doctor said. "A fine 12-pound baby."

"Glorious!" shouted Jack, hysterically. "And am I a father or a mother, doc?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.
MAKING ROMAN CANDLES.
A Good Deal Like Solitary Confinement—One Man to a Hut.

The most solitary person in the world during working hours is the maker of roman candles.

He occupies an isolated cell, says the Technical World, and nobody comes near him while he is engaged in his patient toil.

The wages he gets are high, but not by reason of the loneliness to which he is condemned; he is paid for the risks he is obliged to take.

The quarters occupied by this ermite artisan are a tiny house, which might almost be called a hut, with a floor space not more than six feet square. Striving by itself, at least sixty yards from any other structure, the little building is walled and circled by a high wall of electric battery. The buttons are placed on the face over the nerves leading from the teeth to the brain, and a circuit is established which touches the teeth.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.
Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for the trouble. Mrs. M. Sumner, Box W. 4, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if you can't get your child to bed. It can't be helped. This treatment also cures bed-wetting, and is a sure cure with urine discharges by day or night.

Extraction Without Pain.
An electrical instrument recently invented for avoiding the pain incident to the extraction of teeth has attracted considerable attention. Briefly it consists of adjustable prongs, carrying buttons and connected with an electric battery. The buttons are placed on the face over the nerves leading from the teeth to the brain, and a circuit is established which touches the teeth.

Make a Frame House Look Like Stone.
By the most delicate, most subtle outside finish for any house—makes it warmer inside, and a circuit is established which touches the teeth.

PEDLAR ART STEEL SIDING.
Hundreds of patterns, in which you have your own picture, cut out, ready to use. Cost less than you'd think for such value. See the book about this new thing. All kinds of structures. It's FREE. Address 213

The PEDLAR People
Ottawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

It's a toss-up which class of people a woman dislikes more, those who talk about her or those who ignore her.

THREE MEN IN THE SAME TROUBLE

A Voluntary Statement by a Justice of the Peace Showing How Consumption is Being Cured by Psychine.

There are few people who, either themselves or some of their friends, are not suffering from some form of throat, chest, or lung or stomach trouble. To such the following voluntary statement by a Justice of the Peace, to those who are suffering from these troubles, will bring encouragement and help.

It is a source of comfort to know that there is one remedy which, after others have failed, and the physician's skill has been exhausted, can always be relied on to bring help and relief to the suffering, and restore health and vigor.

Dr. T. A. Sloucom, Limited:
Green Harbor, N.S.
I feel it a duty I owe to suffering humanity to state the facts for the benefit of other sufferers from this terrible disease. Yours very truly,
Leander McKenzie, J.P.

Psychine positively cures colds, coughs, bronchitis, la grippe, chills, night sweats, wasting diseases, and all other ailments of the chest, stomach, creates a ravenous appetite, destroys all disease germs, and builds up the system quickly, making sick people well and weak people strong.

Psychine (pronounced sic) and power for sale at all drug stores at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

The Ebb and Flow of Immigration.
That immigration flood of 1,285,000 people in the fiscal year 1907, which ended on the 30th and which left all the records far behind, attracted far less attention than did an influx of a quarter of those dimensions half a century ago when the potato famine in Ireland in 1846 sent the immigration into the United States in 1847 above the 200,000 mark for the first time in the country's history, and when the abortive insurrections in Austria, Hungary, Prussia, Bavaria, and other European countries in 1848-49 re-enforced the Irish influx.

In 1854, the immigration broke above the 300,000 line in 1856, and above 400,000 in 1854, many persons feared that the alien deluge would overwhelm America and subvert its institutions. Then started that wave of nativism which resulted in the establishment of the secret, oath-bound Know-Nothing party, which swept Massachusetts and several other States in 1854, and which, under the name of the American party, polled 875,000 votes for Fillmore and the necessity of getting a new soldier as possible from all elements of the population, killed nativism except in a few feeble and sporadic outbreaks, and it disappeared since.—From Leslie's Weekly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.
The Philosopher.

He came home at night to find the house deserted, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. There was a crumpled note on the centre table. He read it. His wife had eloped with a fascinating billeteuse.

He flung the note on the floor. Then he shrilly whistled. There was no response. He whistled again. He saw it all now. She had gone and taken the dog with her!

He picked up the note and read it aloud.

"I have gone away with William," she wrote. "I felt that I needed a change." Twenty minutes later he handed this "person" over the "wants" counter to the leading morning daily.

"Viola—Send back the dog and keep the change."

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We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well-known people.

From MRS. J. MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.
ECENTRIC ALFRED NOBEL.

Traced the Irregularities of His Pulse New Pictures for His Walls.

Alfred Nobel, whose memory receives its annual revival in the award of his munificent prizes, has little personal knowledge of England. He disliked our climate and cooking—in all London he found only one hotel and one restaurant where dinner was a possibility, and he qualified even this phrase by describing their cuisine as "the least disagreeable" in England.

A disappointment that he never got over was that he was not elected a member of the Royal Society, while his lifelong weakness and nervous disposition and winter bronchitis made first Paris and then San Remo his chosen abode on his attainment of wealth.

Only twice did Nobel ever visit the great high explosive factory which he established in Scotland. In Paris he was in his carriage driving to his laboratory outside the city. He had an extraordinary knowledge of languages, a distrust of lawyers—he made his own will—and when heart disease came upon him he wrote a spermograph to trace the irregularities of his pulse.

Tiring of the pictures on his walls he arranged with an art dealer to have his rooms hung with pictures on hire, returning them and receiving others in exchange as often as he liked. He took out 129 paintings in England, and the invention to which he attaches most importance was his artificial India rubber, of which few people have ever heard, because his dynamite speaks so loudly for itself.—London Chronicle.

Held It All.
Maud—"What very large teeth the Scotchmen have, mamma, haven't they?"
Mamma—"Not any larger than our Maud's—Oh, yes, they have; for when to-day if he would take just a tooth-ful; and I'm sure papa made the butler, and his tooth held it all, for he didn't snarl a Atom."

VOLCANIC POWER.

Italian Engineer Plans to Use Steam From the Globe's Interior.

So much has been said regarding the dangers of destroying the picturesque beauty of the great falls of the Niagara River by the use of the enormous mass of water as a power producer, that an engineer who turns his attention to the inner fires of the earth may be regarded as a sort of scientific saviour of society. Pictures have been published showing the condition to which Niagara would be reduced in a single decade of years, and the satirist and the sentimentalist have joined hands in attacks upon the social commercialism which destroys what nature intended to be indestructible.

But volcanoes, though picturesque, are not so alarming as waterfalls, and might be utilized to almost any extent for practical purposes without fear of a well known fact. An Italian engineer, a native of Tuscany, proposes to attempt this feat on a large scale. He has made a close observation of the temperature of a steam issuing from the saffoni, and has found that during the past ten years or so the temperature has scarcely altered, nor has the amount of steam varied much in quantity. The steam rises thirty and occasionally ninety feet, the temperature ranging from two hundred and fifty degrees to two hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit.

This ingenious Italian has already succeeded in harnessing the energy for the operation of a small steam engine, to which a dynamo was connected, and is confident of far greater achievements. He is now making endeavors to drive a turbine with the steam issuing from the large saffoni, representing an aggregate of some four thousand horsepower. If these first reports are to be accepted as accurate, it would seem that in the near future a new unit of energy will be created—namely, volcanic power.

Shiloh's Cure
Use Shiloh's Cure for the worst cold, the sharpest cough—try it on a guarantee. It will give you your money back if it doesn't actually CURE quicker than anything you ever tried. Safe to take—nothing in it to hurt even a baby. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's Cure—25c, 50c, \$1. 218

Who Does It?
'Tis not the maid well groomed and fair,
The maid with merry eye,
Who fills the world with woeeful care
For men like you and I.

'Tis not the gayest of the gay
At party, ball or show,
Who makes life seem a fun'ral day
For all mankind—O, no!

All thanks to her with laughing eye
And ruby tinted lips,
Who, at our elbow fingers nigh
And of love's nectar sips.

The not the jolly girl, I claim,
Who, with her saucy wink,
It's just the cover proper done,
That drives the men to drink.
—From the November Bohemian.

Red, Itching Skin.
Contains itching with Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter and constant scratching until the skin is raw and bleeding.
Nothing gives relief? You're wrong. Just try

mira
TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
O, each said, as this wonderful Ointment is applied! Itching stops—red, angry places heal—and in a short time you will not have a sign of the disease. Look for the name—50c. and 25c. At drug stores. Mira Ointment Co., Canada, Limited, Hamilton—Toronto.

A Co-Ed Condonors.
Out at the University of Chicago the women's normormities have developed fountain heads of humor, from which wit springs as spontaneously as all from John D. Rockefeller's wells in Indiana.

Most of the numerous "gags" that emanate from this source, are so unspun from the co-eds have evolved a new jest, or rather, a new version of an old one, which starts off like this:

"Why is J. Pierpont Morgan like Pharaoh's daughter?"
"Can't you guess it? Why, how perfectly stupid of you."
"If Pierpont Morgan is like Pharaoh's daughter because they both found a little prophet in the rushes on the banks."

ITCH
Mange, Pruric, Scabies and every form of contagious Itch on human or animal cure in 20