SUNDAY AT HOME

By Their Deeds.

A tattered beggar in the street
Sang always some old crooning hymn,
And held to those whom he might meet
His hat with ragged, greasy brim,
Two men—two mighty men—came by—
Two honored leaders of the town;
Came, too, a dame of repute high—
Each passed the beggar with a frown.

But still the beggar sang away,
With awkward music in each word;
And through the balance of that day
The three that chanting echo heard.
They heard, and held the fading strains
As memories of things that bless,
And added to their other gains
The golden one of kindliness.

Now, by some careless prank of fate,
These four met on the Way to Death,
And journeyed to the Joyous Gate
Where but the perfect entereth.
The warder halted them, and told
How all who entered must be known
By goodly deed—by deeds of gold—
By helpful actions all their own.

The honored men explained that they
Had given of their earthly wealth
To help their fellows on the way
To knowledge, peacefulness and health
The woman told of visits made,
The suffering and poor to greet—
All three told how the world had laid
Its laureled tributes at their feet.

"You may go in," the warder smiled,
"Although your fame we did not know,
A cup of water to a child
Is more than all the passing show."
The beggar turned to take his way.
With humbled mien and drooping head.
The warder called to him to stay.
"Come in! We've heard you sing!" he said.

—W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

The Charmed Chamber.

It is in every house, some time or other. No home can be long without it. And when it discovers itself it rules imperiously over every one belonging to the family, and even exerts its power far beyond it on many others. It gathers about in eager, anxious and sometimes, we might more truly say oftimes, sleepless thought. It is the centre of attention. To it an unabated stream of sympathy flows. It commands low-voiced speech, noiseless footsteps, subdued light, a muffled knocker, ever open eyes, ministering hands, loving hearts and everything it wills. Its sovereignty is an undisputed sovereignty, and its law is the law of love. All bow to it, and no burden it imposes, however heavy, is ever spoken of as grievous. All wait on it, and delight in becoming its ministering angels. What is this charmed chamber? It is the sick room. That part of the house, whether lofty or low, spacious or narrow, magnificently or meanly furnished, wher disease contends with health and seeks to overcome it. The sick one there, in his weakness and helplessness and danger, gathers about him the strength and wisdom and skill not only of the individual dwelling to which he belongs, but also that of the whole neighborhood. This gracious sympathy is ons of God's natural laws, and it is unspeakably grand. It proclaims the true kinship and brotherhood of man. It brings to the surface, what the bustle and business of life coversup and in a great measure hides out of sihht, the genuine human affection each has for the other. Ralph Waldo Emerson speaks a great truth in these words: "We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maurge all the unselfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we rejoice to be with! Read the language of those wandering eyebeams. The heart knoweth." All this kindness is revealed when one is thrown down by disease, and trampled upon by pain, and threatened with death. Then all hearts are touched, and express their sympathy by doing all that can be done to minister, so far as in them lies, restoration to health. And that is a touching sight to look upon.—Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, D. D., in Dominion Presbyterian.

The Joy of Life.

The man whose heart is filled with kind thoughts for others, and whose life deeds reveal that inner fountain of sweetness, must be happy, for, after all, it is only selfishness in some form or other that can kill the joy that every man was meant to know. If you will live earnestly wishing, not in any narrow or trivial sense, the happiness of others, and will let no day pass without some deed, however small, that seeks to fill out that wish, measuring up to the opportunity of helpfulness as it comes, then, by that great divinely-ordained sequence that never fails, you will drink the cup of human happiness held in the hand of God himself.

Oh! but you say, sorrow must come to every heart and every home. Yes, indeed it must; it is the sunshine and then the shadow, and sometimes that shadow deepens away into the blackness of night. But the strangest paradox of all life is, that joy and sorrow may find room in the one heart, the one an abiding and the other but a passing guest. If when sorrows come we turn our backs upon our blessings, and in so doing magnify our troubles and our fears, we will succeed in making ourselves genuinely miserable; but if, on the other hand, we leave the shadows behind us and look into the sunshine, we will find how good and cheering and helpful it is. The darkest shadows in most lives are those that each man casts by standing in his own light. And every true philosopher of life ultimately makes the discovery that it is the good things of life that are the most real, while what seem to be evils are, in the long last, but blessings in disguise.—Christian Guardian.

THE JEWS.

Their Wealth, Growth and Affluenc in Canada and the States.

(Montreal Witness.)

The rapid increase of the Jewish population of the United States has recently received some comment. In 1655 twenty-seven Portuguese Jews obtained reluctant leave from the Dutch governor, Peter Stuyvesant, to settle near New York; in 1881 there were about 50,000 Jews in that city; since that time each convulsion in Russia has resulted in a new exodus, until to-day there are between 800,000 and 900,000 Jews in Greater New York. One man in every five in the whole city is a Jew, and in Manhattan Island one man in every four. The "greener," as he is called, when he lands on this side, is nearly always desperately poor. For two days he is the guest of his people, and is allowed to eat and sleep as their charges. Then he goes to work. And how he does work! "He believes in the eight-hour 'day,' says Herbert Carson, 'eight hours before noon and eight hours after." Practically all the clothing trades are in the hands of Hebrews. They are minutely divided and subdivided into contracts and sub-contracts, and the new man going into the ranks of the most poorly-paid workmen sees in himself the prospective employer of labor and doggedly pushes his way upward till he attains his end. There is ever a supply of new immigrants coming, from which the lower ranks can be recruited. The clothing trades are, however, not the only career into which the Jew has entered. He has come into every field of effort. and in every field of effort he is meeting with almost startling success.

The poverty of the ghettos in cities on this side is no index to the true state of the people. These are largely inhabited by recent arrivals, the former residents having moved into pleasanter and more sanitary districts. But even the poor peddler, with his pack or push cart, or the poor stitcher in the factory is not always as poor as he appears. Alongside of the Hebrew's ambition to be an employer of labor is another—to be a landlord. This he also attains by degrees. He rents and sublets, buys on mortgage and finally buys land and building outright. So, in twenty-five years Russian-Jewish immigrants have acquired property in New York running into hundreds of millions ni value. In Montreal and other cities the same movements is perceptible. The Jew of to-day believes in the old Hebrew proverb which tells him that to get understanding brings long life, riches and honor. In 1904, in twenty-eight schools in New York, where the attendance was 64,605, there were 61,103 Hebrew children. In thirty-nine Philadelphia schools, having an attendance of 21,485, there were 11,683 Jews, and in nine schools in Chicago, with a roll of 11,430, the Jewish children numbered 7,929. We know in Montreal how rapidly the schools in some districts are becoming entirely Jewish. In the higher educational institutions—Columbia University, New York City College and Normal School, and in our own universities, young Jewish men and women carry off high honors, often from competitors who apparently possessed much greater advantages. Mr. Burton Hendrick says: "In spite of all drawbacks, the Russian Jew has advanced in practically every direction. His economic improvement is paralleled by that of no other immigrating race. In accumulating wealth, in liberating himself from ignorance and poverty, the Irishman, the Italian, the German, even the German Jew, cuts a poor figure beside him."

Apart from his personal services to this continent, the Jew certainly deserves its thanks, for without him who can say where we would have been. It is said that Santangel, the rich Spanish Jew, made the loan with which Columbus' expedition was fitted out. Ribes, another Jew, drew the principal map for the navigator's chart-house; another Jew, Abraham Zacouto, compiled his astronomical tables; while still another, whose name has been missed by chroniclers, made his astronomical instruments. The physician of the expedition was Bernol, a Jew, and a Jewish surgeon was also on board. The first sailor who saw land was a Jew named Rodrigo de Triana and Luis de Torres, the Jewish interpreter, was the first to land and address the natives in the Hindu dialect. After the successful issue of the voyage, a Jew, Gabriel Sanchez, founded American trade by obtaining a franchise from the King to sell cattle and grain to the Indians. Among the reasons which have contributed, according to Mr. Edward Lauterbach, in the 'Herald Magazine,' to the success of the Jews in America, are the fact that they assimilate well and love the country of their adoption and its political traditions. He refers also to their intense earnestness. The books that circulate in the libraries in New York's East-side are books of science, travel, biography and social economics rather than contemporary fiction. He also dwells on their belief in and love of humanity. In New York alone they have ten millions of dollars' worth of property which is given up to the service of humanity, such as asylums, hospitals and educational buildings, homes for the aged, etc. Another reason is that they are a cultured race with intellectual as well as commercial leanings, and a final reason why they have succeeded is "because they have placed character above everything, because they have treasured the educational and ethical ideals, ad also because they have aimed to perfect themselves morally, as well as financially."

This eulogium on the virtues of the Jew and the loftiness of his ethics will come as a surprise to the ordinary Gentile who might admit that in many things the Jew maintains on the average superior morals, but for the rest would say his standards are different. And it will never be correct to say that the Jew assimilate well, so long as they maintain their rule of separation. They can become genuine patriots, but they never allow themselves to merge into the general population. Perhaps the element that has tended most to the success of the Jew is his ability to "laugh at the impossible and say it shall be done." as illustrated by Zangwill's poor immigrant, who already saw himself "a restaurateur and a professor of languages" because he had a large bare room in his lodgings, or by Mr. Fischel. of New York, who landed with sixty cents in his pocket. Whatever may be the causes of the success of the Jew, no one need begrudge it to him. He is a good citizen, a good parent, and a good son. If he gains wealth, he contributes by his work, and still more by his active brain to the wealth of the community and, (even if we did not owe him debts that are really incalculable) his invincible determination and his faithfulness to his ideals are object lessons which may be expected to add to the grit of the rest of the community.

More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures sick women.

Miss M. R. Morin, 335 Ontario St., Montreal, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was in very poor health and doctored for months, receiving very little benefit. I had lost all ambition, was nervous, and subject to dizzy spells and painful periods each month.

"A friend suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as the proper medicine for me. I procured a bottle of this remedy and began taking, and before it was finished, I felt so much better that I continued its use and gave it a thorough test, with the result I am to-day well and a much healthier girl than I was three years ago. I have no more painful periods, dizziness or nervous troubles."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Exceptional Instance.

Gollifer—I've got to move my dwelling house a quarter of a mile or more. Have you any idea what it will cost me?"

Gosch—It depends entirely on the mode of transportation and the difficulties in the way. I knew a man in Jackson county, over in Missouri, who once had his house moved 300 miles by the simple process of building it a little too close to the banks of the Missouri River, and he didn't have to pay a cent for it.

ITCH

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

FARMER BUYS A CAR.

Although yesterday was society day at the motor car show, with an admission price of $1, the number of farmers attending was increased. But the dealers could pick them out, and took especial pains to do so. For, as one dealer said, "When a farmer asks about machines he means business.

One of the most picturesque of the farmers was Isaac Page, of Dickinson county, Kansas. He spent a few minutes in earnest conversation with W. S. Hathaway and then announced that he had traded his Maxwell runabout for a touring car. He spoke as if he had purchased nothing more valuable than an incubator.

His hat was a black felt, cheese box shape, with no dents in it and a straight brim. He wore a black and white hickory shirt with no collar or necktie. But his manner was that of a city business man.

"Don't get it into your head that I'm old," he warned. "I'm only 57. And don't think that there's anything unusual about buyin' a new motor car. We older people can't afford to get into ruts. Things change. We've got to keep up. There are a dozen other farmers in my county who own cars. We need 'em. Now, I live eight miles out of Abilene. With a car I can run in in twenty-two minutes, see?"

Everyone said it was perfectly plain.

"We can't have people telling us we're out of date. When I came to Kansas in '85 from Harrisburg, Pa., there was one set of conditions to meet. Now there's another set. When I bought my car—there's one like it, that red one over there—the agent hauled it into my granary.

"I'll come around Tuesday and show you how to run it," he said.

"I guess he was afraid I'd smash it up before he got at me.

"Well, I took the folks out and showed 'em the car, and they said it looked good. That was on Sunday morning. I got restless and shoved the thing out into the yard. And then I stood there lookin' at it and thinking.

"'Wife,' I said, 'I believe I can keep that thing in the road. Get in and we'll try it.'

"Well, she climbed in and we started. I made a ten-mile trip that morning, just as e-e-asy.

"Then Tuesday morning the agent came.

"I've only got an hour and a half to teach you about this machine,' he said. 'So you'll have to look close.'

"'You look closer yourself,' I answered. 'If there's anything special about this machine that I don't know already you get your thinker busy and tell me about it. Old man, I've been runnin' this car for two days.'

"Maybe he wasn't surprised."—From the Kansas City Star.

German tourists head the list in Alpine accidents.

MILES OF STRAIGHT ROAD.

A Condition Which Makes Motoring a Delight in France.

There are many sections of the chief roads in France which run for miles in an absolutely straight line. The country is invariably rolling and it is nothing unusual to come to the summit of some hill and see the road stretching away in front as straight as a die as far as the eye can reach.

Another feature of the French roads is the entire absence of fences, says the Outing Magazine. Fields come to the very edge of the grass bordering the rows of trees that line the roads and in Normandy and Britanny, especially, every foot of the acerage seems to be tilled in many places both gutters of the road on hills are carefully paved with stones so that the water may be carried off without cutting ruts in the macadam at the edges.

Motoring is ideal when it can be enjoyed under mile after mile of arched foliage, past fertile fields and picturesque cottages.

Made by a Convict.

In the gardens attached to the Houses of Parliament. Melbourne, there is an elaborately sculptured fountain, embellished with human figures, birds, flowers, and various other ornamental work in stone. This fountain has a remarkable history. It was constructed entirely by a convict named William Stanford, within the walls of the Melbourne jail. When a young man of twenty-one, Stanford, in a weak moment, joined a band of bushranging desperadoes, was captured and sentenced to terms of imprisonment amounting in the aggregate to twenty-one years. One day Colonel Champ, the governor of Melbourne jail, was astonished to find a beautiful angelic figure which Stanford had carved out of a meat bone. He showed it to the leading sculptor of Melbourne, who declared that the young man was a natural genius. The sculptor visited the jail and gave Stanford some lessons in the art. A petition for pardon was influentially signed, and Stanford was released. He became one of the most successful sculptors in Melbourne, and completely lived down his juvenile criminal escapade.—Dundee 'Advertiser.'

Red, Itching, Skin

—chapped hands—blotches on the face—scalp irritation—all are cured by

Mira

(MARVELOUS)

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

SKIN SOAP

It heals as it cleans. A medicinal and toilet soap combined. Soothing and antiseptic. Elegantly perfumed. Invaluable for babies, to keep the delicate skin clear and smooth.

25c a cake—at druggists or sent on receipt of price. The Chemists' Co. of Canada, Limited, Hamilton. 24

A Perfect Identification.

Signor Arditi, the well-known musical conductor, tells the following adventure he had with a bank cashier in an American city. He wished to have a cheque cashed; but, since the bank cashier did not know Signor Arditi, he told him he must get himself identified before he could receive any money.

"But I do not know anyone here," protested the musical conductor.

"I am very sorry," said the cashier.

Signor Arditi thought for a few moments, and presently said:

"Do you ever attend the opera, young man?"

"Frequently," said the cashier. "I am very fond of music."

"Then you must know me,' 'and, taking off his hat and turning his back upon the cashier, Signor Arditi beat time vigorously to an imaginary orchestra.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the cashier. "I know the back of your head very well. You are Signor Arditi." And he handed out the money to the musician without further ceremony.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Glad He Wasn't Mad.

A notorious mountain moonshiner, familiarly known as "Wild Bill," was recently tried before a Federal court in Georgia, and was adjudged gnilty.

Before pronouncing sentence the judge lectured the prisoner on his long criminal record, and at last, informing him that the court entertained no feeling of anger toward him, but felt only mixed pity, sentenced him to spend six years in the Federal prison at Atlanta.

Bill stolidly shifted the quid of tobacco in his mouth, and turned to leave the court room with the marshal. Once outside the only thing he said was this:

"Well, I suah am glad he wa'n't mad at me!"

An Obliging Patient.

The day the doctor called to treat little Kitty for a slight ailment it was only by the most persistent persuasion that he succeeded in getting the child to show him her tongue.

A few days subsequent to this the child said to her mother: 'Ma, the doctor don't have to tease me to obey him any more."

"Why not?"

"'Cause everytime I see him going by the house now, I stick my tongue out at him!"—Lippincott's.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

The Unlearned Lesson.

Just a litle skater,
Blithe as he could be;
Just a sign of danger
That he failed to see;
Just a little venture
Where the ice was thin;
Just a little flicker
As he tumbled in;
Just a little dear one
Who will not return!
Just a little lesson
Boys will never learn.

—Chicago Record Herald.

The Fish's Punishment.

Deacon (meeting a boy on Sunday morning carrying a string of fish)—Johnny, Johnny, do these belong to you?

Johnny—Ye-e-s, sir. You see, that's what they've got for chasing worms on Sunday!—Pick-Me-Up

Cure for Weak Lungs

"I have used your Psychine for about six months, and have found it an excellent remedy for pneumonia and weak lungs." Ronald Johnson, Farewell, Ont., April 15, 1907.

"Psychine is one of the best medicines on the market, and for all throat and lung troubles is unexcelled."— A. word from a man who has tested it.

Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and all throat, lung and stomach troubles yield to Psychine. At all druggists, 50c. and $1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

Opening Darkest Africa.

The Congo Free State contains about 800,000 square miles of territory, and a population variously estimated at from twenty to thirty millions. In favor of the government it may be said that, along commercial lines, the state is being greatly developed, an important step in this direction being the suppression of the Arab slave trade. The capital of the state is Boma, a city of several thousand people, situated forty-five miles from the mouth of the Congo River. Just below the first great rapids, an impassable barrier to ocean vessels, is located Matadi, a city of about 3,000 people, and the point from which is shipped most of the rubber and ivory brought down from the interior. From this city a railroad extends 240 miles to Leopoldville, from which point the river is navigable for 900 miles to Stanley Lake. From Stanley Falls to Lake Tanganyika, a distance of over 700 miles, a railroad is being constructed which will connect ultimately with the Cape to Cairo railroad, thus opening up a vast district, and furnishing much needed additional transportation facilities for the enormous lumber and mining interests of the state.— C. F. Stoddard in Leslie's Weekly.

FREE

Send us your name and address for 12 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us the $1.20 and we will send you these TWO SOLID GOLD filled RINGS. We trust you with the Jewelry and will send it all charges paid. Send us your name and address now. STAR MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I., U. S. A.

Where a Man Can Kick.

Away from home I am compelled to smile,
Though in my heart is bitterness and gall.
Be nice to people I don't like at all
And speak quite softly, though I rage the while.
At home I freely manifest my bile,
If things dont' suit me you hear something fall,
Yes, there they all come running when I call,
And meekly listen if I should revile
I'm boss—supreme. Who shall dispute my sway,
Or talk back when upon some fault I pick?
When I demand, who dares to say me nay?'
I'd settle a rebellion mighty quick,
Ah, home, sweet home; I love it, I must say,
It's just the one place where a man can kick.

—Chicago News.

10c. The latest success.

Black Watch

The big black plug chewing tobacco.

2265

The Judge's Turkey.

During the civil war, especially during the last years, the Southerners were often in sore straits for supplies of all kinds. During this period a Southern Judge was rather surprised to find a turkey on his table, stuffed according to the best rules of the art. As he had no turkeys in his poultry yard, and he knew that the sum he had given to his cook for household expenses did not run to a turkey, he called the sable servant and asked for an explanation. "Why, massa," replied Sambo, "it is like this: That turkey has been roosting three nights on our fence, and last night I grabbed him for the rent of the fence." It is not on record whether the judge was satisfied with this explanation.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Lake on Rock of Gibraltar.

On the eastern side of the rock of Gibraltar there is a curious looking white patch which recently led an American tourist to ask whether the rock was being armor-plated. It is really a catchment for rain water to increase the serve water on the rock. The catchment covers ten acres. It is made of galvanized corrugated iron fixed to piles and driven deep into the shady slopes above the village of Catalan. The water collected at the foot of the catchment runs through the rock into a tunnel two thousand feet long and is delivered into the reservoirs on the western side. The yield to each inch of rainfall is 240,000 gallons.—Baltimore American.

Following Instructions.

She was a little girl and very polite. 'Twas the first time she had been on a visit alone, and she had been told how to behave.

"Now, Ethel, should they ask you to stay and dine, you must say, 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out just as papa had anticipated.

"Come along, Ethel," said the host, "you must have a bite with us."

"No, thank you," said the dignified little girl. "I have already bitten."

Rising and Disappearing Islands.

The number of islands in the world is not at all constant. During the past century, says the "Certificate Examiner," volcanic action caused the rise of fifty-two islands from the sea, and the disappearance of sixteen others.

REMARKABLE CRIMINAL RECORD

In One Chinese Family Seven Sons Executed for Highway Robbery.

To-day a remarkable execution has taken place in this city, the like of which I think has never happened even in the annals of Chinese executions.

The man who was executed was found guilty of highway robbery and sentenced to be beheaded. He is the seventh of the family to suffer the extreme penalty in this city.

The parents gave birth to eight boys, and from whatever cause it is impossible for me to say, the whole family have just given themselves up body and soul to evil. The poor old mother escorted this, her seventh, son to the execution ground wailing her dreadful fate the whole way. On arrival the magistrate, fearing she might cause trouble, had her forcibly removed outside the crowd until all was over, when she ran back to the bleeding, headless body of her poor boy and again took up her wailing.—Sui-fnu correspondence Shanghai Mercury.

SHILOH'S

Quick ease for the worst cough—quick relief to the heaviest cold—and SAFE to take, even for a child. That is Shiloh's Cure. Sold under a guarantee to cure colds and coughs quicker than any other medicine—or your money back. 34 years of success commend Shiloh's Cure. 25c., 50c., $1. 316

Cures Coughs & Colds

QUICKLY!

Toys Children Like Best.

A hundred and thirty-two boys and seventy-two girls in a Parisian school were invited to describe their preferences in the way of toys. Among the former 31 voted for a railway train, 23 for tin soldiers, 10 for steam engines, nine for building bricks and eight each for toy-typewriters and mechanical horses. Forty girls—a solid majority—declared without hesitation that a doll was superior to any other implement of recreation. The superchild seems happy a long way off. And as diabolo had only two boy and six girl supporters, the 'Devil's Disciple' may still be called an infrequent object of the playground.—From the 'Schoolmaker.'

Fairville, Sept. 30, 1902.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Dear Sirs,—We wish to inform you that we consider your MINARD'S LINIMENT a very superior article, and we use it as a sure relief for sore throat and chest. When I tell you I would not be without it if the price was one dollar a bottle, I mean it.

Yours truly,

CHAS. F. TILTON.

THE DIFFERENCE.

He was a dog
But he stayed at home
And he guarded the family night and day.
He was a dog
That didn't roam,
He lay on the porch and chased the stray—
The tramp, the burglar, the ben away;
For a dog's true heart for that household best
At morning and evening, in cold and heat.
He was a dog.

He was a man
And didn't stay
To cherish his wife and children fair.
He was a man
And every day
His heart grew callous, its love beats rare.
He thought of himself at the close of day
And cigar in his fingers, hurried away
To the club, the lodge, the store, the show.
But he had a right to go, you know,
He was a man.

—New York Globe.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE

From October to May, Colds are the most frequent cause of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Grove on box, 25c.

Defying Age.

That's the story I am told:
"Gittin' ol'! Gittin' ol'!"
Well, mebbe so, but seems t' me
I'm spry as what I uster be,
Git yer fiddle—draw yer bow—
Rosum up an' let 'er go—
Louder! Faster! Let 'er sing!
Watch the ol' time pigeonwing!
What's the matter—air y' done?
Cracky, I have just begun!
Whare's that weazened up o' soul
Telt me I wuz gittin' ol'?

—Buffalo News.

Razoring Women.

(Toronto Mail and Empire.)

Slashing women with razors is a fine old foreign sport that should be very severely dealt with when practised in Canada. We shall be interested to see if the law considers it a more serious offence than the stealing of money from letters.

ISSUE NO. 10, 1908.

HELP WANTED.

FARMS FOR SALE.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED

We desire to employ a few Bright, Intelligent Men and Women . . . . . .

$2.00 per day GUARANTEED SALARY AND COMMISSION

Write The J. L. Nichols Co., Limited, Toronto. (Please mention this paper.)

Men's Fashions.

A Tuxedo waistcoat has a deeply pointed front. The pattern is a scheme of diagonal lines converging to the centre, giving to the wearer a slim, trim appearance.

Full dress mufflers and protectors are handsomer than ever this season. One, of peau de crepe, takes the reefer form and is a very long way in advance of the ordinary.

Tab collars with rounded points are sufficiently distinctive to make them welcome in dressy quarters.

Soft hats in every shape are popular among school and the younger college boys, but men are favoring the stiff varieties almost exclusively.

Red, green and brown are the moment's colors in neckwear.

Combination suits in underwear like the coat skirt were a long time gaining a foothold in popular esteem, but their fortune is fixed—they have got there.

Beautiful are the new shades in half hose. Gray, helio, garnet, azure and tan in lisles; pearl, gun metal and old rose in silk. For best dress of course we are still wearing black silk.—From Browning's Magazine.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

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

King Frederick and the Sentry.

Frederick the Great of Prussia often told a laughable story of an experience of his own. During one of his campaigns in Silesia he made it his habit to stroll through his camp in disguise at night to come in touch with his soldiers. One night he was stopped by a sentry, but giving the proper password was permitted to proceed. Instead of doing so, however, he endeavored to tempt the sentry into accepting a cigar, saying that a smoke would solace his long watch.

"It is against the rules," said the soldier.

"But you have my permission," said the King.

"Your permission! Who are you?"

"I am the King."

"The King be hanged!" said the incorruptible sentry. "What would my captain say?"

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

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New Bridge at Cairo.

The Island of Rodah, in the Nile, where tradition says Moses was found in the bulrushes, has just been connected with Cairo by the largest bridge ever built over the Nile in that section. The Rodah bridge, which took three years to build, is 1,740 feet long and 65 feet broad. There are fourteen spans, besides a turning span of 209 feet, which is swung by an electric motor, and which when opened gives a clear 70 feet on either side for the passage of vessels. At a recent official test every square yard of the bridge was subjected to a weight of 400 pounds. In order to give this weight the footpaths were piled with sand, while twenty tram cars loaded with cement, twenty-four water carts filled with sand and eight traction engines were kept on the bridge a whole day. The deflection of each span was noted, and after that the whole of the huge traffic was driven at full speed across the bridge.—From Zion's Herald.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Vacuum From Blow Out Shot.

Experiments made in Austria, says the Engineering and Mining Journal, show that a vacuum resulting from a blowout shot may amount to as much as 1-2 inch of mercury, which is equivalent to 8 lbs. to 9 lbs. to the square foot. This reduction of pressure creates an increase in the flow of firedamp in the ratio of 235 to 100. Under the conditions stated blow-out shots may furnish a considerable amount of gas that would not be driven from the coal under ordinary conditions.

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