SUNDAY AT HOME

The Heart's Cry After God.

(By the Rev. Archibald G. Brown.)

"My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."—Psalm lxxxvi., 2.

If you look into the Psalm from which my text is taken, you will see that it would be impossible for David to use stronger language than he does to express his desire, for in the second verse, from which we have selected our text, he says, "My soul longeth." The word in the original is stronger than that. The literal translation would, perhaps, be more after this sort: "My soul hath grown pale. It is ready to faint away for the courts of the Lord."

Just as intense desire will eat into the strength of our manhood, and put a premature paleness upon the cheek, and earlier furrows on the brow, "so," says the Psalmist, "my soul is literally pining away to be found once more with the Lord's people.'

As if that were not enough, he adds: "Yea, even fainteth"; and the idea there is consumed with desire. And then he goes one step further: "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." They can contain their desires no longer, and so my tongue maketh this wilderness to echo with my call. I cry until these rugged mountains send back the sorrowful notes of my voice. "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

You will see that, after all, the Psalmist reaches the climax of desire, not when he speaks of the sanctuary, but of God Himself. "My heart and my flesh crieth out"—not for the tabernacle—not for the services of the priesthood there—not for the multitudinous sacrifices and burnt offerings, but for God—the living God.

A caged bird cannot fly; does it therefore cease to be a bird? No; that it does not fly is because it is in a cage. Open the door; see, now, how quickly it darts through the opening, and flies, skimming through the air, heavenward. It has the bird's nature. It had the desire for flight even when the cruel wires kept it in.

And so it is with the child of God. Often does he get caged, and if you were to judge simply by appearances you would say: "Surely he has not the nature of the Christian within." Only open the door. Only give him a chance of flight; you will see then that, after all, the desire of his soul has been towards God: for, in the language of my text, he says: "My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

There is a hunger in the heart of the saint which only God Himself can satisfy. Thou mayest fill its mouth with everything thou canst think of, and it will yet hunger and cry out for: "God! God! God!" If you are really a believer—a saved man—the world cannot make you content, let it try its utmost.

If all the wealth of the universe were yours, and all the honors that society can give were lying at your feet—if everything a natural heart can wish for were in your possession, you would be as wretched as hell with it all if you had not the living God by your side.

If, on the other hand, you are a child of God, and walking in the light of His countenance, though trade may be bad, though children may be sick, though sorrows may come like Atlantic billows one after another, in ceaseless roll, you will yet be able to say: "My soul rejoiceth in God my Saviour." He who hath the Divine presence, and nothing else, yet knows he is rich to the utmost of bliss. He that has all things else, but lacks the realized presence of his God, feels unutterably poor. All the experiences of the Christian may be solved themselves into this: "My heart and my flesh crieth out for God."

Consolation of a Saviour.

Rev. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll has been discussing the elements of Spurgeon's popularity. Among other things, he says: "It may seem a hard saying, but it cannot be doubted that his theology was a main element in his lasting attraction. Why has Calvinism flourished so exceedingly in the damp, low lying, thickly peopled, struggling regions of South London, where James Wells, an utterly uneducated man, and a Calvinist so high that he thought Mr. Spurgeon a dangerous heretic, divided the honors with his young neighbor, and had such a funeral as South London had never seen before? To begin with, all religions for the masses are essentially the same. A Roman Catholic theologian, Father Paul Gaire, says: 'Go and preach to your uncertain men and your obscure catechumens in the streets of our large towns. How many proselytes will you gain among the masses, the stench of whose corruptions goes up to heaven more fully every day? You tempt them by the sublime doctrine of a universal salvation, but in doing so you deprive them of the consolation of a Saviour.'"

Advantage of Unforgiveness.

Christ requires every time any one is forgiving toward any one else. For unforgiveness means unlove, and unlovingfulness, which always plays into the hands of the devil. No Christian can serve Christ, or loyally represent Christ, while withholding free, full forgiveness from a single fellow-man. No Christian who says of any human being that, because of some terrible injury or injustice he can never forgive him, has backslidden from Christ and is serving the devil in that act. The devil knows this and seeks persistently to persuade us that there are some things, or some persons, that we ought to forgive. He succeeds in persuading more of us than he ought too. Paul gave as a reason for forgiveness unconditional forgiveness: "that no advantage may be gained over us by Satan; for we are not ignorant of his devices." We are fond of claiming that it is some over high sense of righteousness and fairness that makes it impossible for us to forgive certain offenders, but the real reason is our likeness to that very offender, in our confessed resemblance to the same man that he serves.

A portly woman is a woman who would have been fat if she hadn't had a big bank account.—Florida Times-Union.

CATERING TO WILD ANIMALS

A visit to the kitchen of a big zoo will convince anybody that the man who takes several hundred assorted wild animals to board has his work cut out for him and plenty of it.

The hardest as well as the most important thing in such a job of catering is to find out just what will best agree with each individual boarder. As there are few creatures more easily upset than wild animals in captivity the task is by no means an easy thing.

The zoo landlord would be glad enough if his dumb animals had at least a portion of the perennial flow of language with which every human boarder seems to be endowed. He'd rather have them kick about the food than merely crawl off into a corner and leave it alone.

The kitchen is apt to be in a basement under one of the animal houses. Here a hot fire burns a good deal of the time while things simmer in double boilers and bake in the ovens. When a reporter visited one zoo kitchen the other day the oven was full of brown bread for the bears. It was in great square loaves over a foot in diameter and about three inches deep.

It was not like Boston brown bread, nor yet like the usual bakers loaf. It was almost as solid as a rock; nor any light triviality such as humans get under the name of bread. It was made of whole wheat bran, graham flour and molasses, and the bears thrive upon it.

With the exception of the polar bears, the bruin family does not get meat at the zoos. The keeper tells you laconically that they are not carnivorous. He evidently never lived on a Maine farm close to the woods and had holes picked in his flock of sheep by marauding bears.

The superintendent of the zoo who is the real landlord, and the head keeper, who does the actual catering, know better. They know that a big bear would make short work of a live lamb or sheep if he got a chance. But he's better off in captivity without such a hearty meal, even if they were willing to let him have it.

But they let him have a little variety. They make huge cakes of boiled rice mixed with eggs and milk. These become firm as they grow cold and are cut into sections of various sizes and given to all the bears except the polars.

Little bears get pieces as big as a man's two fists. Big bears get a hunk as big as a man's head. It doesn't look like much of a meal for an animal weighing about half a ton, but there's a lot of nourishment in it. And it weighs about eight pounds anyway.

The big bears get sixteen pounds at their two daily meals. Sometimes it's the brown bread, sometimes rice; occasionally oatmeal, boiled and allowed to get cold and to set. Once in a while, as a rare treat, they have apples or some berries, but it costs too much to give them such dainties very often.

If anyone wants to have proof that the mouth does water at the thought of eating let him watch the bears when the keeper is bringing their food. One big brown bear is always told by the keeper to stand up on his hind feet and to ask for his dinner.

He does it, holding the bars with his fore paws, swinging his huge head from side to side and grunting with open mouth. And as he swings his head there is ample and most amusing demonstration of the fact that his mouth is watering for the cake displayed outside.

The polar bears get raw meat, which they devour bones and all. They hold it down with one paw and tear pieces off with their teeth.

A zoo of fair size will use from 150 to 200 pounds of fresh meat a day. A wagon was unloading at the time of the reporter's visit. There are quarters and sides of beef, practically the only kind of meat used. Almost all of it is served raw.

The mere cutting of it is quite an undertaking. The big joints for the lions, tigers and animals of that class do not take long. But there are dozens and dozens of little pieces about the size of a man's finger which are cut from the lean portions and put in the big cages for eagles, vultures, owls and other flesh eating birds.

They are not thrown in carelessly either, but are placed one by one along the branches used as perches, and here and there on the rocks or other objects in the cages far enough apart to prevent danger of two birds coming into conflict over them.

The reporter saw kegs and baskets filled with chopped vegetables, all kinds mixed up together, turnips, carrots, potatoes. Some of them were chopped more finely than others. The tapir, for instance, gets a great mess of these vegetables cut almost as small as the diced vegetables served on our own tables.

Monkeys, by the way, are the only animals which care for onions. They are the only animals too which get cooked meat, unless for some special reason a carnivorous animal might have his usual ration cooked.

The monkeys have a good deal more variety in their food than any other zoo boarder. They eat bananas, bread, cooked potatoes—a great many things not favored by other zoo folks.

Monkeys will eat anything that is thrown into their cage, but this accommodating appetite does not really lighten the task of the landlord. When some careless visitor has poked a newspaper through the bars in the monkey house it is up to the zoo chef then to evolve a menu adapted to a stomach disordered by a diet of printers' ink ink and pulp paper.

At one end of the zoo kitchen was the store room. Here were baled hay for the herbivorous animals; bins of cabbage, of potatoes, of carrots; baskets of lettuce, kegs of herring and of whiting for the seals; packages of crushed oats, barrels of flour, of rice, of molasses.

Everything was good in quality. Most of the things were of the same grade used in a hotel for human beings. Many of the things were the best of their kind. And as for the cooking, there were fewer frills about it, of course, but there was no slighting the business.

A New Empire.

(Chicago Sunday Tribune.)

The new world of the twentieth century is Canada's fertile northland on the Arctic slope. The Canadian prairie Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta have nearly reached the 100,000,000 bushel mark of annual wheat production, and there is also being produced nearly a million bushels of other grains annually. The tract of country from which this enormous yield of grain is being produced is practically confined to what has been known in past years as the fertile belt. The limits of production in this area is far from being reached. In the country north of this is a great clay belt estimated to contain at least 10,000 square miles, where all the ordinary vegetables and hardier grains can be grown. There are other sources of wealth here. About eleven years ago there was bored on the Athabaska, 170 miles north of Edmonton, a prospect hole looking for natural gas. The gas came in such force as to stop the operations, and this gas well, the largest known in the world, is burning continuously ever since. Up and down the Athabaska, above and below this point, are remarkable deposits of tar sands, which, if utilized, would furnish paving material in abundance. Moreover, there is indisputable evidence of enormous wealth in petroleum, which is oozing out as it has done through centuries has caused these strange deposits. In the vicinity of the tar sands, along the Athabaska, also are extensive deposits of salt, where it can be taken from the surface in great masses pure white. Along the banks of the lower Mackenzie for many miles are great areas of burning coal. When the discoverer of this river, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, passed down about 1789 the same coal was burning, and it never has stopped since. The country is so large and so little known that no one could say what hidden sources of wealth there may be. In view of the development of Cobalt, which is not far from the Ottawa Valley, from an unmarked spot in the wilderness seven years ago to the greatest silver mining district in the world, it is difficult to predict the possibilities of the great unexplored country north of the Saskatchewan. Last winter in Ottawa the statement was made before a committee of the Senate that in the land north of Edmonton, extending down the Peace River as far as wheat production is possible, there is a tract of country fit for settlement as great as that now settled west of Winnipeg.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

Influences That Detract From its Allegiance to Magnetic Pole.

Nothing in the navigational equipment of a ship has been the subject of more anxious scientific research or receives more jealous care than the mariner's compass.

The popular notion of the compass needle always pointing north and south is—well, more inaccurate than even popular notions usually are. Even under the most favorable conditions there are only certain places upon the surface of the earth where the compass needle does point north and south, and it is quite safe to say that such conditions are never found on board of any ship.

But we must go further and say that no more unfavorable position could be found for a compass than on board of a modern steamship, which is a complicated mass of steel, all tending to draw the compass needle from its allegiance to the magnetic pole of the earth, warring influences which must needs be counteracted by all sorts of devices which hedge round the instrument by an invisible wall of conflicting currents of magnetism.

And as if this were not enough there are now huge dynamos to be reckoned with, producing electric currents for all sorts of purposes on board. In the midst of these mystic currents the poor little compass needle, upon which the mariner depends for his guide across the trackless deep, hangs suspended like one shrinking saint surrounded by legions of devils.—Windsor Magazine.

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.

He Was Prepared.

The lawyer was doing a cross-examining stunt.

"Now, sir," he said to the witness, "tell the court how far you were from the accused when he fired the shot."

"Thirteen feet seven and three-quarter inches," answered the witness.

"Oh, come, now," said the lawyer, "how can you tell to the fraction of an inch?"

"I knew some fool would ask me," replied the other. "So I measured it."—Chicago News.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

His Hands Were Cold.

Dick—I didn't get much encouragement when I proposed to that naughty beauty.

Jack—Well, faint heart never won fair lady, old man. Maybe she thought you had cold feet.

Dick—Pshaw! She must have thought I had cold hands. She gave me the mitten.

Mercury to Gold—Well, you would not mountaineering. Well, didn't bring home your new hat the other night?—Harper's.

Miserable All The Time

Dull headaches—backaches—low spirits—half the sight of life—don't sleep well—all tired out in the morning—no heart for work.

GIN PILLS

will make you well

Your kidneys are affected either through overwork, exposure or disease. It is the kidneys that are making you feel so wretched. Gin Pills cure sick kidneys—make you well and strong—give you all your old time energy and vigour. Choice 50c and $1.00 at druggists, or 6 boxes for $2.50 sent on receipt of price if your dealer does not handle them.

BOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN. 89

CLERGYMAN CREATES A SENSATION.

TELLS HIS CONGREGATION THERE IS A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

It is generally admitted among medical men that drunkenness is a disease. Some modify this by saying that it is a sign of weak will power. Now, weakness is dangerously near disease. As the taste for liquor is a disease, it is only necessary to find the proper cure to be rid of the trouble.

A well known Methodist divine, interested in the cause of temperance, made it his business to find out if any cure for drinking has been discovered. This is an extract from one of his sermons on temperance.

"I find that the use of Samaria Remedy for the cure of drunkenness is steadily increasing. Wives who wish to win back their husbands, and mothers who long to redeem their sons, are giving Samaria Remedy to the wayward ones in tea and coffee. Those who have relatives or friends who feel that they need help to shake off the hold of the demon rum, buy Samaria Remedy. In the alcoholic wards of the leading hospitals Samaria Remedy is ordered for those who express an earnest desire to stop drinking. It delights me to say that Samaria Remedy is doing a grand, good work, and has my hearty blessings for saving so many from lifelong dissipation and degradation."

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price are sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 24 Jordan Chambers, Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

Getting Use of Tent Life.

It is my habit to comb my hair before retiring, and to look at myself in the glass meantime. This may be due to vanity. It may be a sort of a general inspection to see if I have added any new features, or lost any of those plucked from the family tree. Perhaps it is only to observe what the day's burdens have done for me in the way of wrinkles and gray hairs. Never mind the reason, it is a habit; but I didn't realize how precious it was to me until I got back to the tent and found that our only mirror was in Eddie's collection, set in the back of a combination combbrush affair about the size of one's thumb.

Of course it was not at all adequate for anything like a general inspection. It would just about hold one eye, or a part of a mouth, or a section of a nose, or a piece of an ear or a little patch of hair, and it kept you busy guessing where that patch was located. Furthermore, as the comb was a part of the combination, the little mirror was obliged to be twinkling around over one's head at the precise moment when it should have been reflecting some portion of his features. It served no useful purpose thus, and was not much better when I looked up another comb and tried to use it in the natural way. Held close and far off twisted and turned it was no better. I felt lost and disturbed as one always does when suddenly deprived of the exercise of an old and dear habit, and I began to make mental notes of some things I should bring on the next trip.—From "The Tent Dwellers," by Albert Bigelow Paine," in The Outing Magazine for June.

A Proper Pride.

Farmer Green—D'ye remember thet ornary little Pimpernell boy thet helped me with th' hayin' last year? I gave him 18 a month an' found. Well, he's got to be a right smart ball pitcher, an' t'other day a feller came along an' offered him $3,000 to finish out th' season with a perfeshnal club.

The city boarder—Well, well! He jumped at it, of course?

Farmer Green—Not yet. Sandy Pimpernell may be a freckle faced runt, but he's got a proper pride about him, too. He says thet he don't know as he cares to be tied up to any team thet looks like it might be a tail ender.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Practicing and Practice.

"Good gracious, Mrs. Riter, what is all that noise and swearing about?"

"Sh! That's my husband, who is furiously angry because I disturbed him in his work to tell him the coal was out and we would have to order more today."

"Is his work so important?"

"Yes; he's writing a series of articles for a popular magazine on how always to keep sunshine and cheerfulness in the house."—Baltimore American.

PERFECT DUST BEATER.

Free to HouseKeepers

We want every housekeeper to have a Perfect DustBeater. Every home needs it every day. Hundreds of testimonials. To introduce it we will send a New Household Necessity of equal value and Free Premiums. Send 4c cents, stamps or money order.

THE OXFORD SUPPLY CO., Dept. G., Woodstock, Ont.

Month to Marry In.

There have been many rhymes on both the days and months to get married. One of the most popular of the rhymes on the months is as follows:

Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind and true;
When February birds do mate,
You may wed, nor dread your fate.
If you wed when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know;
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden she for man.
Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day.
Marry when June roses Blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.
Who married in July
Must labor always for their bread.
Whoever wed in August be,
Many changes are sure to see.

SNOWED UP ON THE STEPPE.

Experiences of Winter Travellers on Siberian Railway.

When winter sets in adventures by rail are frequent and the process of "roughing it" is trying. Often trains are snowed up at little squalid stations on the steppe, when the passengers can get nothing but black bread and tea. For hours? Aye, and for days. It depends on the authorities how long the ill-starred travellers shall abide.

This year numerous trains were caught in the snow, almost buried there, and generally on the open steppes fifty or sixty miles from a lemon and a hundred miles from a beefsteak. The passengers besought the station master and others to have them dug out and to clear the line. They even telegraphed to the Minister of Ways and Communications, and received assurances that the order would be given. It was given—and disregarded.

Story telling and card playing in the flickering light of a candle were the most serious occupations of the prisoners on the steppe. In one case that came under my knowledge "he" and "she" met for the first time under these uncommon conditions, fell in love over a sausage, a stale roll and half a bottle of wine, which he happened to have, and they married shortly afterward.

Here is a copy of one of the telegrams from snowed up passengers that were sent this season: "This is the second day that we are kept by snow drifts here in the lonely station, Pookhovo. In spite of the energetic telegram of the Minister of Ways and Communications the manager of the line has taken no efficacious measures. We are doomed to linger on here for an indefinite period." (Signed by the passengers of the international wagon of the Rostoff fast train.) And they lingered on for two days.—London Telegraph.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly,
ALFRED ROCHAV,
Proprietor Roxton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

Scored a Point.

The attorney for the defence was cross examining a witness whose testimony had been particularly damaging to his client.

"Mr. Williams," he said, "I will ask you if, at the time when you saw the defendant—by the way, Mr. Williams, what is your occupation?"

"By profession, sir," answered the witness, "I am a statistician in the Department of——"

"Thats' all, Mr. Williams. Your honor, we are ready to let the case go to the jury right now."

The New York American of Dec. 18th, 1907, says the common house fly is one of the greatest enemies of man. It is a solemn scientifically ascertained fact that he is one of the worst disseminators of disease known, far surpassing the mosquito in this respect. Wilson's Fly Pads will kill many times more flies than any other article.

To Clean Files.

Files clogged with tin or lead should be cleaned with strong nitric acid. For iron filings blue vitriol should be used first, then the file should be rinsed in water and dipped in nitric acid. Dip the file several times in nitric acid for copper or brass. Diluted sulphuric acid should be used to clean a file clogged with zinc. After cleansing, the files should be rinsed in water, thoroughly brushed and dried in sawdust or by burning alcohol on them.

Put it to the test, let your tea-pot prove to you that for purity, flavor, quality and reliability "Salada" is supreme.

Tactful Host.

When a tactful host entertains a tactful guest, there is sure to be rewarding conversation for the onlooker and listener.

"What do you think of our place, on the whole?" asked Mr. Brown, as he stood with his old school friend on the piazza, waiting for the station carriage which was to bear the 24 hours' guest away.

"Rather a good little place," said Mr. Ray, impartially. "Perhaps a bit bare now, but no doubt time will change all that."

"Yes, indeed," said his host, with great heartiness and no hint of offence. "I hope before you come again the trees and shrubs will have made a good growth—then you'll see a change."—

Clay and the Salary Grab.

"'Quinn,' said an old member one day, 'I heard you worrying about the mileage. Did you ever hear the story of Clay and the salary grab?'

"'No,' I replied.

"'When Clay was Speaker,' he continued, 'along about 1816, the crowd raised their salaries to $1,500 a year. There was a great howl all over the country, and when Clay reached home in Kentucky, he found old one-armed John Pope, a Federalist, out after his scalp to beat the band, and all the Clay adherents ominently silent. Worried and anxious, Clay sought out his old barber, who had always been enthusiastic in his advocacy and who happened to be an Irishman. "I trust I may count on your hearty support, as usual?" Clay asked. 'Faith, Mr. Clay,' said the Irish barber, I think I shall vote at this time for the man who can get out one hand into the Treasury.'"—Henry Beach Needham, in Success.

Business.

"Of course," said the shrewd business man, "I don't want to be sick, but it looks as if I'd have to call in Dr. Brokeleigh for a couple of weeks."

"Why?" demanded his partner.

"Because he owes me a hundred dollars and that's about the only way I can collect it."—Philadelphia Press.

Many a man feels big who has a small excuse.

FITS CURED

Sufferers from Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, Nervous Troubles or Falling Sickness should write the LIEBIG CO., 179 King street, Toronto, for a trial bottle of their Fit Cure and Treatise. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Not Entirely.

"He was the only person beside yourself that had access to the room, was he?" asked the detective.

"Yes," said the victim.

"The property was taken while you were downstairs eating breakfast?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you had left the room locked?"

"I had."

"Well, he took it. It's a plain case."

"No," said the other. "It's a hunting case, with a lot of gingerbread work on it."

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

Tell the Facts.

Oh, it is really worth the price
That you will be obliged to pay,
And are the neighbors just as nice
As those from whom you moved away?
Is transportation just as good?
Some little drawbacks you'll allow,
If not as bad as those you've stood,
How do you like the change by now?

Of course it seems a little strange,
With furniture the rooms are small,
There's trouble with the kitchen range,
The oven will not bake at all.
The stairs are steep, a leaky roof
Brings frowns of worry to your brow.
The basement is not waterproof.
How do you like the change by now?

You'll have to newly decorate;
The plumbing's poor, you will admit.
You didn't quite anticipate
The parlor carpet wouldn't fit.
There's one thing, you will have to buy
A lot of new stuff anyhow.
But tell me—honest, hope to die—
How do you like the change by now?

Your dining room and kitchen can be kept free from flies by using Wilson's Fly Pads as directed on each package. Get the genuine Wilson's; no other fly killers compare with them.

The Schoolchild Up to Date.

Make haste to school, my little child,
Or else you will be late;
Your books are all aseptic now,
And hose's your sterile slate.
Your pencil has been boiled an hour—
'Tis germless, now, I hope;
And don't forget to wash your desk
With this carbolic soap.
And I met about the schoolroom floor
Some unseen microbes lurk.
Just sprinkle formaline around
Before you set to work.
You'd better put, for safety's sake,
Bichloride in the ink;
And water that has not been boiled
You must not dare to drink.
Of course, when recess comes around,
Some food you'll want to munch;
So in this disinfected box
Is predigested lunch.
And since I've said that in a kiss
Bacteria may dwell,
I may not give you, as I'd like,
A mother's fond farewell.

New York Evening Post.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

The Stoopers.

They look you up, they look you down,
They pass remarks about each gown,
They note the trimmings on each hat,
They get each tout tnsemble—pat!
They criticize each person's clothes,
They size you up from head to toes!
They give you such a freezing glance,
They stare you out of countenance!
They laugh, they smirk, they smile, they jest,
They are, in fact, a social pest!
Who are "they"? "They" can only be
Those scoffers that you nightly see
Perched on round cushions at their doors,
Whom every passerby abhors!
Who are they? Snoopers, scandal whoopers!

They're "stoopers"!

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

German Population Statistics.

Official complications quoted by Consul General Richard Guenther, of Frankfort record the number of marriages which took place in Germany during the year 1906 at 498,990, of births 2,084,739 (including 62,262 children stillborn), of deaths 1,174,464. The birth rate averages about 34 per 1,000 of the existing population. Of the deaths 374,636 were infants under 1 year. Germany's population increases at the rate of about 900,000 per year, the result of excess of births over deaths. The loss by emigration has been slight in recent years.

Seaver—My neighbor, Hamilton, is of the opinion that confidence has been restored. Weaver—Thought you didn't speak to Hamilton. Seaver—I don't, but I notice he don't sift his coal ashes any more.—Brooklyn Life.

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World's Deepest Bore Hole.

The deepest bore hole in existence, we are told by Prof. Louis, of London, is at Paruschowitz, in Upper Silesia, and is 6,573 feet deep; it began with a diameter of 12.6 inches and finished at 2.7 inches. It is easy to imagine the difficulty of boring so small a hole to the depth of one and a quarter miles. The engineers could not have reached the depth, so it is stated, without using Mannesmann weldless steel tubes for boring rods, which shows the dependence of mining upon the allied arts. The writer goes on: "Bore holes such as these are now always made by means of the well known diamond drill, which brings up a core of the rocks passed through, and thus affords positive information respecting them. Unfortunately, the only kind of diamonds suitable for this purpose, the dark opaque stones, showing no distinct cleavage, known in the trade as 'carbons,' are scarce and proportionately dear, so that diamond drilling is now a costly operation; I have, however, good grounds for saying that we are within measurable distance of seeing such 'carbons,' or at any rate 'boot,' produced artificially. For rocks of moderate hardness these diamonds have of late years been replaced to some extent by shot made of specially hard chilled iron, but these are of little use in the harder rocks. One of our greatest needs at the present moment is a metal that shall be strong, tough, and considerably harder than quartz; the production of such a material would conduce more to the technical advancement of several branches of mining than almost any other discovery that could be named."

Black Watch

Chewing Tobacco

The big black plug.

2269

No Excuse.

A Johnny-on-the-spot high school boy rushed into the market, and, throwing $1 on the counter, said to the man behind the block: "Give me a yard of pork and keep the change." The butcher walked over to the refrigerator, took out three pig's feet and handed them to the boy with the remark that three feet make a yard the world over, and he was much obliged.—Palestine (Texas) Herald.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL.

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 8, Windsor, Ont.

Terrible Punishment.

The "Is-it-hot-enough-for-you?" fiend has passed away and, as his soul crossed the River Styx, he was given a transfer for hades.

"Ah," chuckled his satanic majesty, "you're just the man I've been waiting for."

Leading him to the hottest room in the hottest portion of the hottest regions, he left him, without the comfort of even a palm leaf fan. Every twenty minutes thereafter Satan would stick his head in the door and shout:

"I say, Freshie, is it hot enough for you?"

"Verily," sighed the former earth-fiend, "this is Hell."

All Druggists, Grocers and general stores sell Wilson's Fly Pads.

Pike Ate the Trout.

Two years ago Sir Julius C. Wernher, the South African mining magnate, had the lake at Luton Hoo Park netted for coarse fish and the bed cleaned at a great cost. Eleven thousand rainbow trout were then placed in the pool. The lake was again netted recently, when 1,800 pike, one of which weighed seventeen pounds, were caught.

There were, however, only nine trout, the sole survivors of the 11,000 introduced to the water two years before.—From the London Daily Mail.

Minard's Liniment Lumbermen's Friend.

Found Out.

Customer (pointing to the hieroglyphics on his check)—Is that my name in Chinese?

Go Long (Chinese laundryman)—No; 'scription. Means 'li'l' ole man; close eyed; no teet'.

Customer—Er—thank you.

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