SUNDAY AT HOME

The New Birth Illustrated.

In your school days you worked over your problems and found the answer was not right. But when you found that it was wrong you changed a figure here, another one there, and when finally you could not make it come right you took your sponge and wiped it all out and said, "I am going to begin over again." Now that is what Christ said to Nicodemus: "Begin over again as a child. Don't do it as an old man; begin to grow up into the childhood toward God, and then when it comes time to go to heaven you will simply go home." I asked my little girl one day when she came home at noon, "Why did you come in here?" She opened her great eyes and looked at me; she did not know what I meant. I said, "Why didn't you go into the doctor's next door?" Finally she said, "Why this is my home." Yes, it is home; that is the reason you are going to heaven—you are going to your Father's home. It must be a home. You have to be a child of God if you wish to enter the Father's home. There is not a man living who does not need this new birth. There are a great many men living today who need to have their lives turned back to the very source and to be born again into a real childhood, and fitted for the home that is in heaven. So I say it is one of the gladdest and most joyous things in the whole gospel. To think of it, my friends, that a man can be born again. Think of it, that your life with all its blunders can be wiped out; that your sins can all be cast into the sea; that you can start all over again and prattle as God's child, and work as God's child, and finally go home, because heaven is your Father's house. Surely the story of the new birth is good news to the men and women of this day.—Dr. Alexander McKenzie.

Far From the Madding Crowd.

(By a Banker.)

To the tired brain worker, who, from "early morn to dewy eve," day after day, week after week, month after month, sits at his desk, perhaps engaged in literary work, or perhaps occupied in the still harder work of controlling some great commercial undertaking, to shake the dust of the great city from his feet, and for a time to quit the haunts of men and rove about amidst the wild mountain scenery of the Pyrenees or of the Alps, is indeed the acme of mundane enjoyment. Instead of the smoke-laden atmosphere of the city he is now breathing the free invigorating upper air of the mountains, and, alpenstock in hand, leaps from boulder to boulder, or from one ice hummock to another, as though his youth had been renewed like the eagles.

And who, unless his heart were very adamant itself, could roam about amongst the glorious scenery of the mountains without experiencing a feeling almost of ecstacy coursing wildly through his veins, for he is in the midst of surroundings of the sublimest grandeur and magnificence. In front a mighty glacier, torn and rent into irregular, fantastic columns and pyramids of ice, gendered in a vale between two opposing ranges of upreared, pinnacled cliffs, their beetling crags rising sheer towards the deep azure of the skies; while here and there the rugged surface of the ice is cleft into deep crevasses; now as brilliant a blue as the skies of heaven above, or now a vivid brilliant green vying in beauty with the emerald itself. Beyond is a range of lofty monarchs of the snows, their rounded domes and sweeping hollows and plains ever shroudede in a glittering mantle of dazzling whiteness; while yet beyond a vertical pinnacle of rock, upon which is resting a wisp of vapor as white as the snow itself, rises towards the skies.

Beneath, and bordering the course of the glacier, is a wild rocky garden of lovely alpine flowers blooming in wildest profusion and luxuriance; while still further down the landscape is set out as in a map—winding rivers, from this height like a thread of molten silver, a small sparkling lake bordered by a dense forest of pines, numerous hamlets, and scattered chalets and lodges.

Aye, to escape for a time and roam about these beauties, far from the madding crowd, is indeed a pleasure and a joy. But when the time comes for the weary toiler to cast off his earth-trammels, if he has conformed his life according to the Creator's commands, and if, through the expiatory sacrifice of the Savious of the world, upon whom he has laid his sins, there is no record on high against him, his redeemed spirit will bound upwards to the Paradise of God, where the glories and the beauties are such that the mind of man is altogether unable to conceive.

Will Your Anchor Hold?

Will your anchor hold in the storm of life?
When the clouds unfold their wings of strife,
When the storm tides lift and the cables strain,
Will your anchor drift, or firm remain.

Will your anchor hold in starts of fear?
When the breakers roar and the reef is near,
While the surges rave, and the wild winds blow,
Shall the angry waves your bark o'erflow?

Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
When the waters cold chill your latest breath?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
While your anchor holds within the rail.

Will your eyes behold through morning light
The city of gold, and the harbor bright?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
When life's storm are past fer evermore?

Come to the anchor that holds the soul,
Steadfast and sure while the billows roll:
Fastened to the Rock that cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep in the Savior's love.

Prayer.

Our Father in heaven we bless Thee that amid all the perplexing experiences of life we are assured of the abiding presence of our Saviour and Guide through the indwelling Spirit. Grant, we pray Thee, that He may fill our lives, keeping us from the taint of every round. Enable us to live day by day as Thine own redeemed ones and save us from doing anything that would bring discredit upon the sacred name we bear. Help us to adorn the gospel in all things, and to Thee we shall give the glory. Amen.

Telling Fortunes By Tea Leaves

The person who can tell fortunes by cards, palmistry or tea leaves, is sure to be a popular individual, providing as he does an endless source of entertainment. For though we put not an atom of confidence in what we are told, yet there is a certain fascination about the subject in which we must all acknowledge an interest.

First, the one whose fortune is to be told should drink a little of the tea while it is hot, and then turn out the rest, being careful not to turn out the grounds in doing so, and also not to look at them, as it is bad luck.

Then she must turn the cup over so that no water remains, for drops of water in the tea grounds signify tears.

Next she must turn the cup around slowly, towards her, three times, wishing as she turns it.

After this she must rest it a minute against the edge of a saucer—to court luck.

Then the fortune teller takes it and reads the fortune.

Three small dots in a row stand for the wish. If near the top it will soon be realized; if at the bottom, some time will elapse.

If the grounds are bunched together it signifies that all will be well with the fortune seeker, but if they are scattered, it means the reverse.

A small speck near the top means a letter; a large speck, a photograph or present of some kind, what it is depending on the shape of the speck.

The sticks are people—light or dark, short or tall, according to their color and length. A thick one a woman. If they lie crosswise they are enemies. If straight up, intimate friends, or a pleasant acquaintance to be made.

If a large speck is near them, it means they are coming for a visit, bringing a valise or trunk.

If there is a bottle shape near the stick it means a physician. If a book shape, a minister or a lawyer. If many fine specks, a married man.

The sticks with a bunch of grounds on their backs are bearers of bad news about you.

A long line of grounds with no openings between foretells a journey by water; if openings, by rail.

A large ring, closed, means an offer of marriage to an unmarried woman. To a married one it means a fortunate undertaking. To a man, success in business.

A small ring is an invitation.

Dust like grounds bunched together at the bottom or side is a sum of money.

A triangle signifies good luck, as does an anchor or a horseshoe.

A half moon or star to married people means a paying investment. To unmarried, a new admirer or sweetheart.

A pyramid is extremely lucky.

A square or oblong means lands.

Leaves, sickness and death.

Fruit, of any kind, health.

Flowers, a present, what is it depending on the shape or the present may be flowers.

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 New Place.

Oh, gee, this is an awful place,
We have been here a day,
'N not a kid has spoke to me;
I can't go out 'n play,
Fer no one cares cos we hav come,
There ain't a chance fer fun.
I don't know anybody yet,
I am a preacher's son.

The place we lef' was great, you bet.
I knew mos' ev'ry kid.
To ev'ry birthday party, I
Was sure to git a bid.
'N m 'n Tommy Carter went
Off fishin' ev'ry day,
'N I was short-stop on the Team,
Oh, ginger, it was gay.

Jus' now a feller called his chum
As loudly as he could;
"Hi Jimmie, see the Preacher's kid,
I bet he's awful good."
I s'pose the people in this town
Think it the best o' jokes
T' go about their muddy streets
Insultin' other folks.

Some day I'll ketch that kid alone,
Then there will be a fight,
I ain't one-half as good as him,
I'll learn him that alt right.
'Course I don't look for trouble, but
I bet some kids 'll see
'At no one's going' to have a chance
T' walk all over me.

Gee whiz, I hate to move about.
Paw seems to like it though,
He thinks we ought to be content
No matter where we go.
He sez 'at Abram had to move
Wherever he was sent.
I bet 'at Isaac hated it,
No matter where he went.

A PUMA BABY.

Hissing like a sullen geyser, the great Puma mother crouched with flaming eyes. Ridge of her tawny back, brushed up in rage, tail aswitch, steel sinews rigid beneath soft skin, she glared at her four pups in the cage corner. A fluffy ball of spotted fur sprawled on unsteady legs across toward her. Out shot a mighty forearm; the baby was hurled suddenly back among her cewering brothers and sisters.

"Nasty temper," I remarked to the keeper. "Has he been long like that?"

"Started this forenoon," he shook his head in anxiety. "I don't like it. I'll have to separate them, I fear."

The unnatural mother commenced pacing her prison, sparring viciously at her offspring in passing. Three huddled together in a pitiful heap, but one stood up and defied her. A jungle terror in miniature, his tiny rage was magnificent. Tensely alert before his trembling mates, he shifted warily to meet each blow, dodging, spitting, striking out an awkward paw at the great thrusts.

"They don't turn on their pups often. Only knew it once before. You notice, mein herr, her claws are not out when she strikes. That may come—then we will lose some promising babies here." The young German keeper was greatly distressed.

I returned in the morning to see how the affair had progressed. Entering the Frankfurt Thiergarten, I found the Lion House. My friend stood in the empty corridor looking into the cage; sleek forms shifted restlessly on every side, a pale light came from above; the place was close with a heavy odor.

He greeted me mournfully. "The little beggar was too spirited. She got him last night. Just a second in her jaws and the taxidermist won't attempt to stuff the skin." The remaining puppies peered wonderingly at us from an adjoining cage, the murderess paced in silence, but her eyes were alive with a strange, fascinating light. The tragedy had stirred the rows of imprisoned beasts. An uncanny howl in a chilling key came from the leopards, the lion's deep-throated guttural sent unwelcome shivers through one's nerves.

I left the building, relieved to feel the breeze and see the sunlight. Poor little chap of a puma, he surely had tremendous pluck!—The Travel Magazine, New York.

Never Mind the Expense.

At Amatova, a station on the Uskub-Salonika line, perhaps the most amusing episode of this year's campaign occurred. Close by a band had made a marsh its headquarters for many days and the Turks getting wind of it, sent a small army with guns to capture them. For a whole day the swamp was bombarded with shrapnel and riddled with bullets, and the only damage done was when a shell burst a little too far, and sent a shower of sand against the station-master's windows. But the band had left the night before! Several thousand rounds of ammunition, therefore, had been wasted on a barren stretch of rushes and swamp. It is the same everywhere, reckless expenditure of cartridges and a minimum loss of life from this mode of firing.

Things have reached such a pass here that no Christian peasant is safe. A patrol thinks nothing of shooting down a peasant working in his fields. Corpses strew the melon gardens and remain unburied. Riding a short distance from the town yesterday, I saw a gendarmie patrol marching along the high road beguiling the way by firing a shot alternately at about every hundred yards. They did not trouble to aim their rifles in the air, but fired point-blank across the fields, all under cultivation.—London Mail.

The Screened-in Porch.

I have my porch equipped with screens
and not a chink remains,
Through which you could get into plague
me with your hateful trains;
I rest my feet upon a chair, my ankles
are exposed;
My Adam's apple o'er a shirt san collar
is disclosed;
At night I loll at ease and dream of
triumphs which may come,
Screened in from care, my world is fair
—now hum, confound you, hum!

Time was when I was forced to sit and
wave the smoking punk,
And ever and anon give way to sad displays of spunk;
Around my ankles there were rings of
poisoned ridges which
I rubbed and scratched and scratched
and rubbed to stop the burning itch.
But now, with cocked-up feet, I sit, to
former sorrows dumb,
And through the screen gaze at the scene
—oh, hum, confound you, hum!

My blessing on the man who first hit on
this pleasant scheme;
Where might a poet hope to find a
fairer, nobler theme?
The evening breezes fan my brow and
gladness fills my breast;
I've done my best to-day, and now am
taking well earned rest,
Absolved from care, I tilt my chair and
sit and idly drum
With figers light which bear no bite—
now hum, confound you, hum!
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Japan's Purpose to Rise.

The important inquiry with regard to Japan in a large way is—is it not?—as to the direction in which the nation is now moving. And in answer to this inquiry I am able to give a most unequivocal and quite satisfactory answer. Never before in the history of the country, and at the present time in the history of no other country, do we find the same intelligent, deliberate and widely prevalent purpose to do away with the nation's reproach and to rise in the scale of national business morality. In saying this I speak what I know to be true.—From George Turnbull Ladd's "On the Business Morals of Japan," in the July Century.

Diphtheria is spread by the common house fly. Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers known. Refuse unsatisfactory substitutes.

Caesar's Dilemma.

The boy advanced boldly to the front of the stage. With a comprehesnive bow that took in the Board of Education, the school principal, and the audience, he began his oration.

"Caesar," he resonantly remarked, "had reached the ranks of the Rubicon—I should say the branks of the Brubicon—that is, the bunks of the Braibicon—I mean the brab of the Banksicon."

The boy drew a long breath. So did the audience.

"And so," continued the orator again, "he went back and tried it again."

This time he succeeded.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Musical Beds.

Chloral, morphia and the poppy must look to their laurels as aids to "nature's sweet restorer," for, according to a French contemporary, an invention promises to produce sleep on stormy or hot nights and to effectually banish insomnia. The invention is a musical bed. The subject takes his rest, and with his foot releases a spring which sets a musical box in motion. The appaartus begins to grind out sweet lullabies and melodies, and in a short time the patient is in the arms of sleep.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

WOMEN AND GIRLS HELD BY ANAEMIA

Unless the Blood is Made Rich and Red Health Cannot be Restored.

Throughout Canada there are thousands of growing girls and women held in the deadly clutches of anaemia. Slowly but surely a deathly pallor settles on their cheeks; their eyes grow dull; their appetite fickle; their steps languid. Daily they are being robbed of all vitality and brightness. Their sufferings grow more acute if neglected, until the signs of early consumption become apparent. If your wife or daughter or sister complains of weakness, pains in the side, headaches or backaches; if her appetite and temper are uncertain and she is often low spirited anaemia has her in its deadly hold. What she needs is new, rich, red blood. Give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People without loss of time, for they actually make new, red blood. They make girls and women well and happy, impart an appetite and steadily bring back the charm and brightness of perfect, regular health.

Miss Carrie McGrath, 26 Fenwick street, Halifax, N. S., says:—"I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. Three years ago I suffered from anaemia in a severe form. I was all run down and as pale as a sheet. I could scarcely eat anything, and what I did take did not seem to nourish me. My hands and feet were much swollen and the least exertion would leave me breathless and my heart beating violently. I seemed to have pains and aches all over. I was so weak I could not even sweep a floor. At different times I was under the care of three doctors, but did not get any better. One doctor said I had dropsy and that my blood had all turned to water. My friends thought I was in a decline and that I had but a short time to live. I was completely discouraged myself, when one day a lady friend called to see me, and told me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured her daughter of anaemia and urged me to try them. I decided to try them, and in the course of a few weeks felt somewhat better. I met the doctor one day and he remarked how much better I was looking. I told him it was not his medicine but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that were helping me, and he told me I had better keep on taking them. I continued to do so until I had taken another half dozen boxes, when my health was perfectly restored. I am more than grateful for what these pills have done for me and strongly recommend them to all weak girls."

Thousands of men and women, now well and strong, praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for having cured anaemia, general weakness, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous disorders, paralysis and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. These Pills do this by making new, red blood which feeds the starved nerves, drives out disease and strengthens every organ in the body. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Reasonable.

One day when Arthur had asked, if possible, more questions than usual during the dinner hour, and coaxed for everything on the table until his mother despaired of ever being able to finish her shortcake, she turned to him and said sternly: "Arthur, keep still. Mamma wants a little peace."

Without a moment's hesitation he looked into her face paintively and said: "Arthur wants a little piece, too."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents.—I cured a valuable hunting dog of mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT after several veterinaries had treated him without doing him any permanent good.

Yours, etc.,
WILFRID GAGNE,
Prop. of Grand Central Hotel, Drummondville, Aug. 3, 1904.

Oldest Hunting Centre in England.

The Holcombe Hunt, under whose auspices the Edgworth Agricultural Society hold its twenty-first annual show today, possessed a pack more than 400 years ago, Holcombe being the oldest hunting centre in the kingdom. King James I., after resting at Houghton Tower on his way to York, hunted with the Holcombe, and was so pleased with the sport that he granted to them the right to hunt so many days a week forever in the township of Quarlton, which was part of the royal manor of Tottington. Carefully stowed away at Holcombe is an old huntsman's horn, which is 22 inches long and has been in possession of the hunt for more than 200 years.—London Standard.

Some people look upon tea as a mere drink. It all depends upon the tea. "Salada" Tea is a delicious and refreshing beverage. Sold only in sealed lead packets.

Opportunity.

The two sat on the park bench, looking at the moonbeams dancing over the lake.

"Just one, Doris!" he pleaded.

"'Sh!'" she whispered. "I feel as if some other man were watching us!"

Just then the moon accommodatingly went behind a cloud, and the man in it disappeared.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

BEFORE HE SKIPPED.

Landlord's Daughter—Fathre says you are ten dollars behind in your board and you must pay before you leave.

Departing Guest—You tell your father it is he who is behind; I am ten dollars ahead.

YEAST IN A PLANT

But It Can Be Seen as Such Only With the Microscope.

Yeast is a small plant which can be seen only with the aid of the microscope, says Good Health. There are two varieties, wild and cultivated, for these tiny plants can be improved through cultivation as larger plants can be.

Firms which make yeast for the market must grow these plants quite as carefully as the florist grows his flowers. Care must be taken that they do not become mixed with other varieties, therefore destroying the culture.

In some laboratories where yeast is grown two separate buildings are kept for this purpose. These are both carefully disinfected, and if it is found that the yeast becomes contaminated in one building the culture is started anew and the other building, previously disinfected, before moving into it.

The purest culture of yeast is probably obtained in the compressed yeast cakes. These can be kept only for a very short time, and then in a cool place, which renders it inconvenient for the warmer parts of the country. In this case of course the dry yeast cakes must be used, which when fresh are perhaps quite as good as the compressed, except that they require a longer time and should be started in the sponge instead of the stiff dough.

This plant, like bacteria, requires warmth, moisture and food. The materials out of which the bread is made should always be warmed and the dough should always be kept in a warm place. The temperature most favorable is about that of the body, a little less than 100 degrees.

There is always considerable moisture in bread and plenty of food for the plant. The food which it requires is sugar. This it obtains from the wheat, there being some sugar in the flour and more sugar is also formed from the starch.

As the yeast plants feed upon sugar they break it down into two substances—alcohol and a gas known as varbon dioxide, or carbonic acid gas. As the gas is formed it is held by the gluten, which is a very elastic substance. When the bread is put into the oven the heat expands the tiny bubbles of gas, causing the bread to rise, or to become much lighter. The alcohol formed, being a volatile product, passes off in the baking.

Living in the Tropics.

Most Americans in the tropics make the mistake of eating large quantities of beef and salt meat. The best and cheapest fish market in the world is found right at our doors. Spanish mackerel at one and a half cents a pound can be had any day. Fifty cents will furnish fish for fifty people. The longosta del mar is a forty-second cousin of the American lobster and altogether toothsome. It may be ordered the day before and delivered alive at your door.

Mindanoo coffee will not be found in the market just now, but Senor Torrejon, our enterprising grocer, will secure it soon. The writer will then tell the ladies how to make coffee from the best bean in the world. The Singapore coffee sold in the Chinese stores is infinitely superior to the commissary brand and can be freshly roasted, without which no coffee should ever be drunk.—Mindanao Herald.

FITS CURED

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

Making the Sultan's Cigarettes.

"The Turkish Sultan," said a tobacconist, "has for generations smoked the finest cigarettes in the world. Cigarettes like his bought here would cost over one shilling apiece.

"In the royal palace there has been from time immemorial a small cigarette factory—a light, airy room, a bale of exquisite tobacco, one or two simple hand cutting machines, half a dozen workmen of marvellous skill. Here the cigarettes of the Sultan are turned out. The best cigarette tobacco comes from Turkey and the best of that goes to the Sultan. A hundredweight of leaves is rejected before a pound sufficiently fine and flawless is found for royal use." —From P. T. O.

Black Watch
"Biggest and Best"
Plug
Chewing Tobacco
2012

Daring Deeds.

Sir William MacGregor, Governor of Newfoundland, 30 years ago, while holding the post of medical officer in Fiji, performed a remarkable feat of heroism. A shipful of Indian coolies had been wrecked about twelve hours' steaming from the capital, and Dr. MacGregor—a man of vast physical strength—who headed the relief party, clambered along a broken mast which gave access to the vessel and returned again and again with a man or woman on his back, and sometimes a child gripped by its clothes in his teeth. His greatest feat, however, was the rescue of a woman who had fallen onto a reef below, and who, having got at the spirits was mad with drink. Two men who tried to save her were swept out to sea, but young MacGregor, lowering himself down a rope, seized the knot of the woman's hair in his teeth and dragged her up to life again.

Adonis in Hard Luck.

A man once asked Thackeray to lend him five shillings, which he would convert into £20,000. Asked how he explained that he knew a young lady with £20,000 who he knew would marry him if he asked her, but he had pawned his teeth, and wanted five shillings to redeem them in order to propose effectively.—T. P.'s Weekly.

WOMAN'S BACKACHE

The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention.

In such cases the one sure remedy which speedily removes the cause, and restores the feminine organism to a healthy, normal condition is

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mrs. J. A. Laliberte, of 34 Artillerie Street, Quebec, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For six years I have been doctoring for female weakness, heart and nerves, liver and kidney trouble, but in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I can safely say I have found a cure.

"I was continually bothered with the most distressing backaches, headaches, and bearing down pains, and I kept growing more and more nervous.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of all these distressing symptoms and made me a well woman. I would advise all suffering women, young or old, to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

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.

RULES FOR FLY TIME.

Cards Submitted to N.Y. Health Board for Distribution to Households.

In furtherance of the New York Merchants' Association's campaign against the house fly, the board of health has been asked by Edward Hatch, Jr., chairman of its water pollution committee, to undertake the distribution among householders, hotel and restaurant proprietors, and in other places where they do the most good, of cards on which are printed the following rules for "fly time."

Keep the flies away from the sick, especially those ill with contagious diseases. Kill every fly that strays into the sick room. His body is covered with disease germs.

All refuse and vegetable matter should be disposed of or covered with lime or kerosene oil.

Screen all food.

Keep all receptacles for garbage carefully covered and the cans cleaned or sprinkled with lime or oil.

Pour kerosene into the drains.

Screen all windows and doors, especially the kitchen and dining room.

Don't forget that if you see flies their breeding place is in nearby filth.

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 or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney or Bladder Troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 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.

The Rub.

"My!" exclaimed little Billy, as he gazed at the lithograph. "I'd like to be a giraffe. Just think how easily you could 'rubber' over the baseball fence."

"That's all right," replied Tommy, "but there is another time when you wouldn't want to have a neck like a giraffe."

"When is that?"

"Why, in the mornings when your ma begins to scrub your neck with soap and water."—Chicago News.

Pa's Dentist Bill.

"I guess paw must have passed a lot of time at the dentist's when he was in New York," said Johnny Green.

"Why do you think so?" queried his ma.

"'Cause I heard him tell a man today that it cost him nearly $800 to get his eye teeth cut," replied Johnny.—Boston Post.

TERM HAD A QUEER ORIGIN

How a Quarter of a Dollar Came to be Known as "Two Bits"

"Did you ever hear the expression 'two bits' used as an equivalent for a quarter of a dollar?" asked a New Yorker. "The term is commonly used in the south and west. Not one person in 1,000 even of those who habitually use the term knows its origin.

"Even as late as the close of the eighteenth century the silver coinage of the United States had not superseded the Spanish 'milled' dollar in the west and south. Fractional currency was particularly scarce and to obtain this the Spanish 'milled' dollar was cut up to make change. Halves and quarters, of course, suggested their own names, but when the quarter was cut in two the worth 'eighth' was discarded for 'bit,' a small slug having the value of 12½ cents. Many curio collectors have these slugs in their possession, although, of course, they have long since gone out of use as currency.

"So with 'thrip,' used in New Orleans and the vicinity as an equivalent for the nickel or 5-cent piece. 'Thrip' is merely an abbreviation of 'threepences,' the coin of that value once in general use, representing about the same amount of money as a 5-cent piece."—New York Mail and Express.

DOLL PREVENTED WAR.

Remarkable Incident in United States History.

It is not very generally known, though it is a matter of history, that on one occasion a doll prevented a war between the United States and the Apache Indians. The American Government allotted the Indians certain territory, which the latter did not feel inclined to accept, so war began.

One day a little Indian child strayed from its father's wigwam and was found by the American soldiers. It was crying bitterly, and they were unable to console her. The commanding officer then thought of a doll which had arrived that day for his little girl, and he gave to to the Indian papoose, who soon ceased crying.

Soon after a detachment of soldiers escorted the child to its father's wigwam, and its arrival caused great excitemeat. The Indian mother appeared at the American tents the next day with the doll, to return it, but she was overwhelmed with joy when she heard that her little girl might keep it. The result was that the incident created a change of feeling among the wandering Indians and led to negotiations, which ended in their going quietly back to the land set apart for them by the United States Government without any trouble.

PILES

Mr. Alfred Brown, of Merriton, Ont. says:—"For six years I have not known what it was to be free from pain. No one ever suffered more from itching bleeding Piles than I did and I tried everything to get cured but failed. One day a friend of mine who had been cured with Zam-Buk gave me a part of a box to try, and the relief I got was marvellous. I then bought a supply and before I had used it all was completely cured."

Of all druggists and stores, 50c.

ZAM-BUK
RELIEVES & CURES

The Usual Uncertainty.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"Really, I cannot tell," she said.

"I've read in the books
Of shaded nooks,
And wooded hills
With babbling rills.
I think I'd take
To a nice lake,
But ma prefers
A pier for hers.
And sister, she
Wants Italy,
Whilst dad is very certain that
He'd rather summer in the flat,
I guess that we are going away,
But as to where, I cannot say."

—Washington Herald.

Three packets of Wilson's Fly Pads cost twenty-five cents, and will kill more flies than twenty-five dollars' worth of sticky paper.

Population of Russian Cities.

The populations of the largest Russian cities are: St. Petersburg, 1,534,000; Moscow, 1,173,000; Warsaw, 756,000; Odessa, 449,000; Lodz, 351,000; Kieff, 319,000; Riga, 260,000; Charkow, 197,000; Baku, 179,000; Vilna, 162,000; Tiflis, 160,000; Tashkent, 156,000; Jekiterinoslaw, 135,000; Kishineff, 125,000; Rostow, 120,000.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Between Those Girls.

Miss Ascum—When Mr. Richley saw my photograph he said it was very pretty, didn't he? Come, now, honest!

Miss Chellus—No, quite the reverse. He said it was a good likeness.—Philadelphia Press.

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