ISSUE NO. 32, 1908

SUNDAY AT HOME

Books.

Every city contains a library. The largest library is to be found in the city of Jerusalem (the heavenly). The catalogue of this library would run up the books into the millions. Of the making of books there is no end; it is true here. What is a book? It is a cluster of depicted thoughts; pictures without words, thoughts put in cold type—a clumsy affair after all. A French philosopher said that language was given to man to obscure his ideas. It is certainly true that the half has not been told us—if, then, the remainders are so immense, what will the harvest be?

Men are books; men read books; it is surprising how accurate the appraisement is.

When nature dictates, the whole man speaks. All is uniform and consenting in voice, mien, motion, the turn of each feature and the cast of the eyes. But when art is the spokesman, and nature is not altogether suppressed, the turn of the eye may contradict the tongue, and the muscles of the face may counteract each other in their several workings. The proper study of mankind is man. Alas, we are students yet! We know in part, we gather scraps and fragments, the driftwood on our shore washed up by the tide gives us surprise. To-morrow we gather fresh harvest from the sea, but the ocean is uncaptured.

Men read men, understand but little, are understood perfectly by none, and yet the signals flash and flutter in the breeze.

They read and know because they are living. There is a glint in the eye of the sincere; there is a gleam in the face of the pure in heart, which constitutes God's mightiest missionary to the human race.

"Distinguished link in being's endless chain;
Midway from nothing to the Deity;
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd;
Though sullied and dishonor'd still divine!"

Men are ever on the lookout for meanings. When the Master said, "Follow me," it was not a sound that struck the ear; it was a flood of meaning that absorbed the soul, and made the appeal irresistible. Books wear out and burn up. Every scholar mourns the loss by fire of the great library in Alexandria, in Egypt, centuries ago; but these books of which we speak are simply indestructible. This circulating library sweeps round the world; their line is gone out to all the earth; their words to the end of the world. These books are self-recording, self-revealing, and yet they hide more than they reveal. God hides from all eyes the sight, a naked human heart. "How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, how complicated, how wonderful is man!" In your thirst for knowledge do you extend your enquiry concerning these? Let Paul give the answer: They are the messengers of the churches; they are the glory of Christ.

It is assumed that the angels who are the bodyguard of the redeemed do not weep, but Lady Powerscourt ventures the surmise that when the library of tragedies is complete, these triumphant defenders may be permitted to share the grace of tears to add to the completeness of the universal whole.—H. T. Miller.

The Blight of Islam.

(By a Banker.)

The country on which is concentrated the supremest regard of all Christendom, far surpassing in interest and fascination any other place in the whole world—the Holy Land—owing to the blighting effects of the effete rule of the Turk, in rough weather is practically shut out and isolated from the world. For the absence of any harbor, which any civilized power, even the most unimportant, would long ago have provided, renders landing altogether impracticable except in fairly moderate weather.

And even then a landing at Jaffa (formerly Joppa) is an experience frequently, though happily not always, the reverse of agreeable. The steamer anchors some distance from the town, and is soon surrounded by Arab boats, one of which approaches the lowered stair-gangway as near as practicable. The passenger then descends the stairway and seats himself or herself—and woe be to her if she be stout and heavy—on the small grating at foot, his feet dangling over the surging billows. His arms are then seized by two stalwart Arabs, who, as the boat rises on the crest of a wave to within a few feet of the platform, drop him into the arms of two other swarthy Arabs, who, while he is suspended in mid-air, violently clutch hold of his feet or legs. Down, down goes the boat in the trough of the sea, and down, down goes the passenger, who, gripped tightly by the Arabs, in a few moments is hurled, sprawling, into the bottom of the boat, amidst a number of exhausted and frightened ladies and gentlemen, some of the former trembling, and almost in hysterics, and all probably more or less sore with bruises and rough handling. The Arabs then with wild gesticulations and wilder still clamor and gutteral vociferations row off towards the shore, every now and then the surf breaking over the boat and drenching the occupants.

And then, the middle passage accomplished, what a thrill, almost of ecstasy, courses through the veins, as the traveller sets foot upon the shore and feels that he is on holy ground. His unpleasant experiences are forgotten; and as he journeys from place to place, hallowed by the presence, during His earth-life, of the Saviour of the world, he feels indeed that all that discomfort was as nothing compared with the pleasure of treading upon that sacred soil.

Surely it is time that the Great Powers should peremptorily call upon this semi-civilized government to forthwith put an end to this disgraceful state of affairs, and construct a proper harbor. For here the Great Founder of our holy religion, having on our behalf left for a time His archangel-surrounded throne in the heaven of heavens, lived a life of penury and obloquy, and then, as our substitute, suffered the penalties we had incurred through our manifold transgressions, thereby blotting out the record on high against all and any who will prostrate themselves before Him and plead that great atonement.

OLD IBBETTSON'S MONEY

The Senior Section of Loving Workers' Circle of the Society for the Distribution of Clothing Among the Native of Senegambia was to meet that afternoon at the home of Mrs. Deacon Forsyth. For a week she had been drawing funds in driblets from the unwilling deacon, and for two days she had been hard at work preparing for the supper that was an important feature of the society's meeting.

She had been helped in her work by her niece, Esther Dolbear, who was visiting in Brooksvale for the summer. The front room had been carefully dusted, and the old papers that covered the haircloth furniture had been removed, although even this detracted little from the funeral gloominess of the room.

The members were slowly gathering, and the gossip was going on apace. As each member came in she was greeted with effusion by those already there, while she mentally calculated the amount of gossip that had been going on about herself.

This amusement had almost been exhausted when one member brought up a new sensation by asking if anyone had heard what young Mr. Ibbetson had been doing. She was at once the target for a fire of question, too numerous to answer.

Mr. Ibbettson was the son of an old resident of the town who had been cordially disliked, as by his shrewdness and niggardly habits he acquired a considerable fortune and also a collection of documents that represented first mortgages on many of the farms of the town. The son had left home as soon as he was of age, not being able to stand the old man's miserly habits of living.

In a few years he had amassed a fortune in the stock market. At the death of his father he was found to have been made sole heir to the old man's estate, although the will contained the strange request that he should devote such of the estate as he wished to missionary work. Now, at the age of 30, John Ibbettson, bachelor, was back in Brooksvale for the summer, and had succeeded in stirring the townsfolk up in a remarkable manner.

As soon as it was found that he was going to remodel the old Ibbettson house and was to spend each summer there, the matter became the chief subject of debate in the church circles and at the grocery store. Among the men the financial standpoint was considered, as the work meant employment for the townspeople among whom ready money was a somewhat scarce commodity.

The church itself looked at the probability of getting a large share of the estate, as the young man's personal wealth was close to a million. Each of the missionary societies saw in itself the only proper outlet for using the money. The women, especially those having marriageable daughters, had their own views of the situation, each one secretly hoping that one of her own brood might catch the fancy of the young millionaire.

But to return to the meeting. To the frantic entreaties of the women Mrs. Jones stated that she had information showing that great changes were to take place in the Ibbettson estate. Mr. Ibbettson had brought plans that called for the remodelling of the old homestead and the building of a garage, and two or three other buildings, the character of which had not been ascertained.

Every mechanic in town had been hired and a gang of ten Italians had arrived that day. To crown the mystery, he ordered ten large tents and a hundred cot beds. This information was enough to set all the gossips in confusion and it was only by repeated calls that the president succeeded in calling the meeting to order.

In the meantime John Ibbettson was having an experience of his own. Riding into the town in his automobile he came across a gang of boys looking as disreputable as dirt and torn clothes could make them, engaged in stoning a poor cat that they had tied to a tree. Jumping from his car he dispersed the scamps and captured three who proved to be sons of well known citizens. Taking them to their homes he found in each case that the mother was at the missionary meeting. With a grim look on his face he drove to the deacon's home, and entered the kitchen with the boys just as the debate was at its height.

Waiting for a favorable moment to enter he heard one of the women tell with unction of the good work they were doing in sending a barrel of clothes each year to Senegambia. He was about to enter, but stopped as Esther Dolbear arose and in a few eloquent words told of the needs nearer home. Of the suffering poor in the tenement districts and the poor children who seldom saw a blade of grass.

Little attention was paid by the women to the remarks, and at that moment in strode John Ibbettson with the three shrinking, dirty, neglected looking boys. Simultaneously three angry women reached for the boys, but John drew the boys to him and empahtically expressed his opinion of mothers who neglected their own offspring for the children of Senegambian mothers. The meeting closed in haste and as the auto rolled away it was seen that Esther Dolbear was in it.

As they rolled along the road, John said: "Esther, I have been looking for you ever since you disappeared from the settlement work in the tenements." The bewildered girl could only say: "I did not know that John Betson, the slum worker, was the rich Mr. Ibbettson! I left New York because I lost my position." Slipping one arm around her unresisting form, John drew her to him and whispered: "Esther, your absence showed me how much I loved you. I am having my old home made into a country place where I can spend my summers and enjoy helping others. I am building a house for a large dining hall, and am going to put up tents for a hundred children, and spend father's money in giving poor children a taste of country life, close to God and nature.

"Will you marry me to help the work along?" Drawing still more closely to him, she replied: "No, John; not solely for that. But I will marry you because I love you." And with never a thought of the poor Senegambians, they rolled along the dusty road filled with a happiness pure and serene.—Boston Post.

NEW YORK CITY.

Interesting Items About the Places—Facts and Figures.

Courts are a great expense to New York city. The jurors alone last year cost $415,168. The year before the cost was $321,293.

There are 70,000 acres of floor space on Manhattan Island.

At the prevailing increase in population New York city will be the home of 11,000,000 persons in 1932.

Health is an important factor to the people of New York city, and the public treasury expends $6,300 each day in looking after it.

No wonder that so many shops in New York city sell shoes and that so many shops sell nothing but shoes, for it is estimated that the pedestrians of the city wear out 28,800 pairs of shoes each day.

There are more women members of clubs in New York city than in any two other cities in the world.

No other city on the globe has so many inviting resorts for pleasure, rest and coolness within easy reach as New York, but flying machines are required to reach them with any degree of comfort during the hot season.

The latest species of professional beggar in New York city asks for a nickel with which to pay his fare to the nearest hospital.

New York's death rate is less than it was one year ago, about in the proportion of 1,219 a week, as against 1,343.

Real estate agents of New York city estimate that 240,000 persons from the metropolis will find homes in the suburbs this year.

New York city's land values are increasing faster than the total value of the entire output of all of the gold and silver mines in the world.

ICICLES 60 YEARS OLD.

Odd Discovery Made Under the Sands of a Delaware Beach.

Claiming to have found icicles that have been preserved for over sixty years, Harry E. Elliott is backed by four companions who were with him when the discovery was made. Over sixty years ago an old oilhouse, where the fluid was kept for use in the Cape Henlopen lighthouse, was suddenly covered up by the shifting sands of Rehoboth Beach. No effort was made to uncover it, and the sand remained there until many had forgotten that a house had ever been on the spot.

Last week when Harry E. Elliott, a well known merchant, and four other companions were walking down the beach near one of the sand dunes they noticed the peak of a small house showing forth and procuring shovels started to dig the sand away, until finally the door of the little place appeared. Bursting open the door from its rusted hinges the men suddenly plunged into a veritable icehouse and were astonished to find icicles hanging from the roof. The ice was broken off, but in a few moments melted away.

Upon investigation it was found that the old oilhouse had been covered up for over sixty years and the icicles, which were formed then, had kept in the perfectly airtight compartment until the men dug the sand away. —Rehoboth Beach Correspondence Baltimore American.

Drawing It Fine.

"A man has to draw it fine these days."

"What do you mean?"

"Staying ten minutes after office hours each day will probably make a good impression, but staying fifteen is liable to excite suspicion that you are monkeying with your books."—Kansas City Journal.

Faith and Works.

Johnny—What would you do if you was out in the deep water and a great big shark was comin' right at you?

Tommy—I'd do a short prayer and then I'd swim like the old scratch.

Proof is inexhaustible that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures female ills and carries women safely through the Change of Life.

Mrs. Letitia Blair, Cannifton, Ont., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was sick for five years. One doctor told me it was ulceration, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor, and advised an operation. No one knows what I suffered, and the bearing down pains were terrible.

"I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"It has cured me of all my troubles, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me to pass safely through Change of Life."

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.

ALL RUN DOWN.

Miss Della Stroebe, who had Completely Lost Her Health, Found Relief from Pe-ru-na at Once.

Read What She Says:

MISS DELLA STROEBE, 710 Richmond St., Appleton, Wis., writes:

"For several years I was in a run-down condition, and I could find no relief from doctors and medicines. I could not enjoy my meals, and could not sleep at night. I had heavy, dark circles about the eyes.

"My friends were much alarmed. I was advised to give Peruna a trial, and to my joy I began to improve with the first bottle. After taking six bottles I felt completely cured. I cannot say too much for Peruna as a medicine for women in a run-down condition."

Pe-ru-na Did Wonders.

Mrs. Judge J. F. Boyer, 1421 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill., says that she became run down, could neither eat nor sleep well, and lost flesh and spirit. Peruna did wonders for her, and she thanks Peruna for new life and strength.

Some Few Escaped.

"Oh, John," whimpered the wife, as she seized the morning paper, "see what that editor has done with the account of our musicale. He has placed it alongside the column of death notices. It's a shame. And we had such prominent people as guests, too."

"I suppose," said the husband, wearily, "that the editor wishes to call attention to the fact that some people are more fortunate than others."—From the Bohemian.

No dead flies lying about when Wilson's Fly Pads are used as directed.

Cat Characteristics.

Cats, rather than belong to a new master, will cling in grief to the old walls and refuse to be taken away from them. But if they can follow their master they will go with him to the end of the world. One must not forget that they are extraordinarily nervous and timid, and from timidity easily lose their head and run away, they themselves know not whither. They must be well protected and made to feel that they are guarded and cared for. We must not, however, expect a cat to obey like a dog. It is a free and independent little beast—a cousin of the lion—a tropical animal which needs great warmth in order to become most beautiful and as large as its nature permits.—From Carmen Sylva's "My Kittens" in the August Century.

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER.

More little lives are lost during the hot weather than at any other time of the year, diarrhoea, dysentry, cholera, infantum and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give promptly the short delay too frequently means that the child has frequently passed beyond aid. During the hot weather months Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are small children. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent stomach and bowel troubles. Or if the trouble comes unawares the prompt use of this medicine will bring the child through safely. Mrs. J. Renard, New Glasgow, Que., says:—"One of my children had a severe attack of diarrhoea which Baby's Own Tablets promptly cured. I know of no medicine so good for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

RATS AND LEPROSY.

Marine Surgeon Finds Disease in San Francisco Redents.

Whether it is possible for rats to transmit leprosy to human beings is a question which, says a San Francisco special in the New York Herald, has come up pointedly here, following a report made by Dr. George McCoy, passed assistant surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service to Surgeon-General Wyman. A peculiar disease similar to leprosy has ben discovered among the rats in San Francisco, and experts are now considering whether it could be transmitted to persons. The reports of Dr. McCoy say:

"Soon after being assigned to the exterminations of rats in San Francisco I was informed by the city bacteriologist that he had observed the leprosy-like disease in one or two instances. He also showed me gross and microscopic specimens of the lesions.

"I therefore began to look for the condition and to keep notes on its occurrence.

"During the period covered by this report 13,500 rats were examined and 20 cases of the disease observed. It is believed, however, that the condition is more frequent than these figures indicate, as all of the cases observed have been made in full-grown, large rats, and the lesions very well marked.

"As to the relation of the disease to leprosy in man, Dr. W. R. Brinckerhoff, director of the leprosy investigation station at Molokai, Hawaii, states in an article which appeared in the transactions of the fifteenth annual meeting of the Hawaiian Territorial Medical Society, as follows:

"'The question immediately arises as to whether this disease of the rat may not be human leprosy occurring in that animal. Of course, with the data now available, it is impossible to give a categorical answer to this question, but the geographical distribution of the disease speaks against an affirmative reply. It seems more probable that rat leprosy is to human leprosy as is bovine or avian tuberculosis to the human disease, rather than that it is like plague or glanders, a disease common to and transmissible between two species.'"

SORRY HE MENTIONED IT.

Skrappy—When I married you I had no idea you were such a fool.

Mrs. Skrappy—The very fact of my having consented to be your wife should have removed any doubts you had on that point.

NEW YORK CITY.

Interesting Items About the Place—Facts and Figures.

New York city has 133 department stores, that employ 11,000 persons.

There are some large profits made on goods sold in New York city, but the greatest percentage goes to the retailers of jewelry that has imitation precious stones in its composition. The profit is often one thousand times as much as the goods cost. To get $40 for what cost forty cents is quite usual.

New York city has an average of one and one-half million visitors each week.

There has been a large increase in the number of emigrants from the port of New York during the last year, but the net result is that it is growing at the rate of about 32,000 a month through immigration.

Hot weather has brought a marked increase in the number of children who are taken to the New York hospitals for treatment, and the diagnosis shows that ninety per cent of the trouble arises from improper feeding.

When New York city's Catskill aqueduct is completed we will have water enough for a population of 7,000,000, without any cause for anxiety.

It takes about 2,000,000 cords of wood a year to make the newspapers that go through the presses of New York city.

New York's Zoological Park, in the Bronx, contains the largest collection of any park in the world. It has more than 4,000 specimens of beasts, birds and reptiles.

There are now fewer persons being injured by accidents on the railways of New York city, in proportion to the number of cars operated and the number of persons travelling in them, than at any previous time since the first line was put in operation.

Nearly one-third of the immigrants who arrive in the port of New York never go beyond the city for a home.

There is a lot of poverty on Manhattan Island, but the assessment rolls give $2,000 in taxable property to each inhabitant.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN,
Schr. "Strake," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

PRANK OF TROPICAL STORM.

Twisted All Four Masts of the Schooner James B. Drake.

The four-masted schooner James B. Drake is at McPhee's shipyard in East Boston undergoing repairs for one of the most peculiar accidents in the history of navigation.

While cruising in southern waters the schooner was caught in a cyclonic storm which revolved around the vessel in such a manner that all four of her masts were twisted in their steps. When the ship carpenters investigated the schooner preparatory to beginning their work they could scarcely believe their eyes. Plainly some rotary motion of wind and storm had caught the poles in a leverage, forcing them just half way around. No explanation is offered for the masts not coming out of the vessel. All four are standing and have been carrying sail all the way to port. No other damage was received during the storm, and although the masts were turned they were not injured in the least.

The accident is the first of its kind in the memories of the oldest navigators, about the harbor. They say that of all freaky gales reported of the tropics this is the strangest, and many refused to believe the story until they had visited the yard and viewed the schooner themselves.—Boston Transcript.

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

Fish Chased Ashore by Whales.

A serious menace to health is threatened at Nahant by the large quantities of fish which have been thrown up on the beaches and rocks following, it is believed, the appearance if porpoises and large fish supposed to be whales.

Although the fishermen gather them as the tide recedes many are overlooked. It is the opinion of the natives that the fish, which include mackerel, hake, pollock and herring, all small in size, have been forced ashore by the larger fish which have invaded the waters recently.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Fighting the Evil Spirits of the Farm.

The French farmer has sown; but what he will reap he knows not; that is the secret of the future, of nature, of the good Lord; his work is done.

To be sure, there are precautions to be taken; Pierre has done his best; he has spared neither soil nor good seed nor phosphates; but there are certain evil spirits.

That is, perhaps there are certain evil spirits; Pierre is not sure; but why, asks Pierre, take any chances And I, in my philosophy, find no answer ready.

There are, then, certain evil spirits; and on certain nights of the year they wake and do harm. The last night in April is full of peril, for instance. During the day the sorcerers go from farm to farm, making magic invocations, and laying preservative spells upon the cattle and the sheep. Having done their best the sorcerers—wild, bearded men and full of mystery—go away at dusk; and through the night the farmer must fight, unaided and as best he can, against the evil spirits. Why are the evil spirits set free this night to harry poor men of the soil? Pierre knows not; the good Lord, being all pitiful, has given them a vacation, he says.—Vance Thompson in the Outing Magazine for August.

Up to Him.

He (in the hammock)—Dare I light my cigar?

She (also in the hammock)—Do you wish us to be regarded in that light?

He—A cigar?

She—A match.

—From The Bohemian.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

Pants and Trousers.

Everybody talks well when he talks in the way he likes, the way he can't help, the way he never thinks of; the rest is effort and pretense. The man who says "trousers" because he likes to say it, and the man who says "pants" because he likes to say it are both good fellows with whom a frank soul could fraternize; but the man who says "trousers" when he wants to say "pants" is a craven and a truckler, equally hateful to honest culture and wholesome ignorance. He belongs to the same sordid category with the man who wears tight shoes and high collars that are a torment to the flesh, who eats olives that he doesn't relish and drinks uncongenial clarets, in imitation of his genteel neighbor in the brown-stone front.—Atlantic Monthly.

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.

Must Not Smoke in the Theatre.

Paul Mounet appeared at Havre recently as the Missionary Bishop in "Le Duel," which we saw in New York last year with Eben Plympton and Otis Skinner. As he lighted a cigar at the wings an officer of the fire brigade informed him that he must not smoke in the theatre.

"But it is in the play," explained M. Mounet; "I am smoking as I go on and then I throw the cigar on the stage." "Very well," replied the officer. So M. Mounet made his entry as usual, but following him were two firemen, one of them with a bucket of water and the other with a huge sponge. The audience, appreciating the situation, roared and applauded with delight, and M. Mounet carefully deposited his cigar in the bucket and wiped his fingers on the sponge before proceeding with the dialogue. They enforce the regulations against theatre fires in France.—Sports of the Times.

The source of all intestinal troubles is the common house fly; his buzz is the first symptom of typhoid. Wilson's Fly Pad is the only thing that kills them all.

Church Tower His Pulpit.

Sunday last being "Feast Sunday," the vicar of Selston, the Rev. C. Harrison, hit upon the novel idea of preaching from the church tower. The greater part of the congregation seated themselves in the churchyard, while many stood on the highway.

The reverend gentleman took as his text "The Builders and the Tower," and, possessing a strong voice, his remarks were heard distinctly by the large crowd of colliers and others gathered together, the weather being all that could be desired.—London Evening Standard.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

An Extra.

Howdy, Mr. Skeeter!
Hope I don't intrude,
Hate to stop a feller
At his daily food.

But I'd like to warn you
That you'd best beware;
What you're eating isn't
On the bill of fare,
And if you'll excuse me,
I would like to say,
That my nasal feature
Isn't a cafe.

—Judge.

When overheated take a glass of iced "Salada" Tea. It will prove most refreshing. As delightful as a dip in the sea.

The Carriage Waits "Without."

"The carriage waits without, my lord,"
"Without what, gentle sir?"
"Without the left-hand running board,
Without the French chauffeur,
Without a drop of gasoline,
Six nuts, the can of oil,
Four pinions, and the limousine,
The spark-plug and the coil,
Without the brake, the horn, the clutch,
Without the running gear,
One cylinder—it beats the Dutch
How much there isn't here!
The car has been repaired, in fact,
And you should be right glad
To find that this much is intact
Of what your lordship had.
The garage sent it back, by lord,
In perfect shape throughout,
So you will understand, my lord,
Your carriage waits without."

—Harvard Lampoon.

"The Crimp and the Consequence"

Is the title of a Mighty Interesting Little Booklet on Washboards, that has Just Been Issued.

¶ It tells the value of the Crimp in Washboards; the Features of the Ordinary Crimp, and the Features of the Better Crimp.

¶ And it Tells the Kind of Crimp that is the Better Crimp—AND WHY.

¶ If You are Interested, a Post-Card will bring this Bright Little "Eye Opener" to you At Once.

¶ Ask Yourself — Why not let us Send You a Copy To-day?

The E. B. Eddy Co., Hull, Canada.

Here Since 1851.

ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE IN CANADA, ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

LADIES!

Send your name and address and you will receive a free sample of SLOCUM'S COMPOUND PENNYROYAL TEA. Every mother and lady should use it. Used successfully by thousands of ladies. A powerful but harmless vegetable medicine for sickness peculiar to women, and all diseases arising therefrom.

25c size for sale by all druggists.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited,
179 King Street West, Toronto.

Written of Women.

Woman conceals only what she does not know.

Women are wise impromptu, fools on reflection.

Silence and blushing are the eloquence of women.

If a fox is cunning, a woman in love is still more so.

A woman laughs when she can, and weeps when she will.

Who hath a fair wife hath need of more than two eyes.

One should choose a wife with the ears rather than with the eyes.

A woman is like your shadow—follow her, she flies; fly from her, she follows.

Black Watch
Black Plug
The Chewing Tobacco of Quality.
BLACK WATCH
2271

Maine's Latest Snake Story.

An old hen with a large family of small chickens was recently given an empty barrel turned down on its side for a coop on the writer's premises. One day recently the hen gave the signal of distress used by all good grangers and the barrel was quickly surrounded by the fighting members of the household.

A large snake was found in the barrel and quickly lynched. Several bunches were noticed on the reptile's body and he was ripped up the back with a pair of shears and seven chickens were found gasping for breath. They are all alive yet.—Lewiston Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Curtain of Wine Corks.

One of the most fashionable clubs in Berlin has in its supper room a curtain made of champagne corks. Four thousand corks with their silver or gilt covering have been threaded on thin rods decorated with colored ribbons and embellished with small copper balls. It gives a very decorative effect at a distance and has the appearance of a Japanese panel.

Each cork is from a bottle of champagne costing about a sovereign, so that the curtain represents the expenditure of something like £4,000. —London Globe.

One packet of Wilson Fly Pads has actually killed a bushel of flies.

Discovered What the Noise Was.

While returning from work at Blairs Mills, Franklin County, Barney Wise, hearing a noise in the creek below Harris' tannery, paid no attention, thinking it was a cow.

The noise turned out to be a large bear, and it came out of the bushes into the road about ten feet in front of Mr. Wise. Barney is a noted pedestrian, but that evening he broke his record and was home before his wife had supper ready. The bear continued on his journey up Horse Valley.—Philadelphia Record.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

What He Meant.

Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it?

Hobo—I'm like de little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb.

Housewife—G'wan, you're only a bum. How could you fly from limb to limb?

Hobo—I mean de limbs o' de law, mum!

From the Bohemian—

His Suggestion.

Gillespie—I wonder what sort of collector I would make?

Hardrum—You might let me have $20 for ten days and find out.—July Smart Set.

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