THE SIMPLE LIFE IN THE LABRADOR

In a recent issue of the New York Evening Post, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, writing under date of St. Anthony, April 5, gives some additional details of his experiences in the Labrador country. He tells of a "spring" trip taken among the natives early in March, with dog-drawn sleighs.

Perhaps our best record was nineteen miles, over sea ice of the open bay in two hours, he writes. The ice held just enough snow to give the dogs footing, and not enough to prevent the whale-bone runners from gliding over the hard surface. The wind was fair, and, of course, a straight compass course.

As we steered out northeast, between islands, the horizon was level ice. The dogs had done only a moderate trip the previous day, and had had fresh seal meat for supper. They maintained a gallop almost the whole way, only breaking into a trot when we ran alongside to keep our toes from freezing. Slowly and surely the high cliffs rose up as we drew nearer and nearer the opposite coast. The clear March sun shone full down out of a blue sky on spotless snow and glittering icicles. It was an experience for the gods. We could but feel sorry for those who lived in the big cities, and got all their pleasure out of artificial circumstances—and no doubt they pitied us for living "so far away."

A Sixty-Mile Day.

One day of full six-miles will also long be remembered. We had three teams and crossed the country from the west to the east coast. The track for the first thirty miles was largely over a series of immense ponds. We left before down, the red sun rising over the evergreen forest as we took the first expanse of water. Our joy may be imagined when we found the ice with a perfect surface. It was not too cold for our hard boots and skates, and we were able to lead our dogs many a mile, as they couldn't catch a skater on a 'glare' ice surface.

We covered the first thirty-two miles to the top of the country in six hours. Here there was an excellent tilt in beautiful green woods. The view from the top of the hanging marsh included the far-off snowy hills of Labrador, the long white streak of the ice of the Straits and away to the east of the jagged covering of the Atlantic floe ice, with here and there a patch of deep blue water. In the foreground again were the evergreen groves and white marshes, relieved by the bluer surfaces of the ice-covered lakes.

The sun shone hot in the shelter of the trees as we boiled the kettle. A couple of chickade and an inquisitive Canada jay kept hopping about with an indifference to our presence that was only equalled by the animals on Robinson Crusoe's Island, 'whose tameness was shocking to see.' It happened that none of us knew the right direction to follow to the village we were heading for, and there were twenty miles of rivers, thickets, marshes and lakes. My leading dog was the only member of the party who had ever been before, and he had been once, a year before in bad weather, with Dr. Stewart and a pilot. He seemed so confident, however, that I decided to trust him.

Dog as a Guide.

There was no cut path through some of the drogues of woods, not a single mark on the ponds, not a pole on the marshes. The dog was a large, rather short-haired animal, striped gray and brown, like a tiger, with an intelligent face, that always appeared to wear a grin. We called him "Brin."

As we covered the first few miles we were delighted to find that my dog was following a path that we could drive along, while here and there we found a stray blaze, showing we were in the track. The dog would sometimes cross a pond at right angles to track through the trees, and as it grew late we sometimes feared that he would not find the track again.

At last we brought up short. We had crossed a large double pond, turned sharp round an island, and some to an impenetrable hedge of virgin forest on the steep side of a range of hills which faced the lakes, still the leader went confidently on right into the trees, till all were tangled up. But it seemed as if he had no doubt. We halted to get the dogs back on the open, and we felt we had better camp there than go further and fare worse. Our implicit confidence in the dog at that moment looked like sheer folly, and I could to getting off and conferring with Dr. Little as to what should be done next. It ended in my doing my snow-racquets and starting for a tour round the lake, to see if the dog was even on a lake with any outlet at all.

Tying up the team I started, but on passing the very first big tree, I found the path, narrow, clean-cut, and taking the hillside at a sharp angle backward, so that actually the dog had only gone the wrong side of one tree and made a short cut, which hid the narrow path from us. Naturally we let him have his own way after that, and once we took the bay ice, he brought us to the houses at a full stretch gallop.

One reads many stories of animal intelligence, but none of us could name the sense that brought our bridle dog across the country. It could not be smell. Not a soul had crossed the year to leave a foot scent. It could scarcely be sight, for the snow and weather had been so bad the only other time the dog had done the journey that it had taken three days to cover what we did in less than twelve hours. It couldn't be hearing. The silence of the woods is absolute. The dog does not suggest the idea of much brain matter, anyhow. No man's memory, at any rate, would carry all the details of those twists and turns for twelve months, especially when so many other similar tracks of country were being travelled daily.

The dog seemed to show a little pardonable pride as he stood up and put his forepaw on my chest. But as I looked down into his intelligent face, still wearing the everlasting grin, I hardly knew whether to laugh over the new experience he had afforded us, so finally settled the conundrum by giving him a double portion of whale for supper.

Far From Home.

Our first night had been spent some thirty miles from home. Our host, a Dorsetshire laborer once, has a large hospitable kitchen, one of the charms of this coast in winter. Of the neighbors, only one was missing, that evening, and he lived actually next door. An excuse was made for him that it was "his fashion." "He were so shocking homely." It was full moonlight, and the ice on the great bay on the shore of which our host's house stood, was so tempting I left for a flying visit on skates to a neighboring settlement, gliding along in the absolute silence and isolation. It was a nerve tonic that even a palatial sanitorium cannot supply.

A lesson one learns in these homes, at any rate, where actual want is absent, is that happiness is independent of abundance, and a second is that food is intended to enable us to do work, not an end to live for. One man to whom I ventured to suggest he could afford a more varied diet, merely looked down at his muscular limbs and said: "I 'lows, doctor, only half the food I uses now does me any good." A rudely kept tally of 440 ducks that had fallen to the guns of the family during the fall meant simply to him so much more for all hands who come along.

The simplicity of the life leaves a capacity for enjoyment which superfluity of goods seems, out of revenge, to inevitably rob the self-indulgment of. A boy of six to whom I gave a sprig of raisins from our wallet went first dancing into his grandfather, shouting, "Daddon, I'se got a balsam." Here are a people not demented with the mania of owning things.

A simple life, however, by no means deprives our people of a scene of humor, and laughter and jokes are cracked over the fire at night. One man described his abundant offspring rolling about on the floor, "as a fine strike for a sealing steamer," and a morning when there was a hard crust on the snow likely to make his dogs' feet tender, "a real fine evening for 'lopping' (like rabbits) this will be."

A religious revival which commenced here several weeks ago has borne good fruit. Already the alteration in some of our friends is unquestionably remarkable. But we were now trying to explain to them that it is easier to continue to attend prayer meetings than, with their peculiar temperament, it is to attend night school; that hymn singing may not develop the talents as much as the R's, or oft-repeated public prayers so well qualify them for useful lives as would development of the mental faculties that God has endowed them with.

This is such delicate ground on which to trend, that only a long acquaintance and personal friendship emboldened us to venture on it.

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END OF THE WORLD.

HOW IT MIGHT BE DESTROYED BY FIRE WITHOUT MIRACLE.

A Possible Celestial Catastrophe—The Sun May Collide With a Dark Body—Stars Cannot Shine Forever.

(Astronomical Essays by J. Ellard Gore)

From Chapter xxii. we take the following extract, which may interest some who are concerned with regard to a possible celestial catastrophe.

Mr. Gore correlates the prophecies in St. Peter's epistles and the "Mahabharata," of the destruction of the world by fire, and proceeds to inquire how such a cataclysm could take place by the operation of natural causes, without the operation of a miracle. He thinks the possible cause may be found by the collision of the sun with a dark body in space. He says:

The existence of dark bodies in space has been suspected by astronomers. I say suspected, for really we have no direct evidence that such bodies exist. The idea seems to have originated in the so-called "dark companion" of the variable star Algol. But we have no evidence that Algol's companion is really a "dark body," that is, a body devoid of all inherent light, like the earth. It is true that the spectroscope shows no sign of a second spectrum, as in some variables of the Algol type, in which both components are of nearly equal brightness. But it has been recently found by Professor Hartmann that "a difference of only about one magnitude would be sufficient to bring the spectrum of the fainter component to almost complete disappearance, and a difference of two magnitudes would make it impossible for even a tract of the fainter spectrum to be visible on the plate." The companion of Algol might therefore be a star of 4 1-2 or 5th magnitude, and neither telescope nor spectroscope would show any trace of its existence. But apart from the above considerations, it seems very probable that many dark bodies do exist in space. In the case of large bodies of this kind, they would have their origin in cooled down suns. Stars cannot go on shining for ever. They commence their career with a limited amount of potential energy, and this energy is being incessantly dissipated in the form of radiant light and heat. This dissipation of energy clearly cannot go on continually and in the course of ages it must become exhausted. It is like a man living on his capital. If he receives no interest on it, and goes on spending the money steadily, the day must come, sooner or later, when the capital will disappear, and the man be reduced to bankruptcy. So it is with a sun. It can receive no energy from without, and it is constantly wasting its capital of energy in the radiation of light and heat. It is true that this waste may be apparently compensated for a time by the contraction of the sun's mass due to gravity. But this is only the conversion of potential energy into heat, and eventually the process must cease, as after a time—counted, of course, by ages—the sun's density will become so great that the contraction will cease, owing to the overcrowding of the molecules, no further heat will be produced, and then the body will begin to cool down. When this cooling process has sufficiently advanced, the sun will lose its light, and "roll through space, a cold and dark ball." There is evidence to show that in some of the variable stars this permanent waning of light has already commenced, and it seems highly probable that in many cases the cold and dark stage has been actually reached. These dark bodies may indeed be very numerous. We have no means of observing them, as they show no light, and would not be visible, even as faint stars, in the largest telescopes which could ever be constructed.

It is now well known that the sun is moving through space with a considerable velocity, and, of course, carrying with it the earth and all the planets of the solar system. Various estimates of the point towards which the sun is moving have been made, but the most recent and accurate calculations seem to point to a spot near the bright star Vega (Lyrae). In its flight through space it seems quite within the bounds of possibility that the sun may some day come into collision with a dark body. Should such an event occur, the collision would, of course, produce an enormous amount of heat and light, and St. Peter's prediction would at once be fulfilled. "The heavens" would be "on fire," and the whole surface of the earth and everything on it would be reduced to cinders in a few minutes. It would be like the destruction of St. Pierre on a colossal scale. The world would end "in unremorseful folds of rolling fire."

But such a catastrophe could not occur without our knowing of the coming disaster months, and perhaps years, beforehand. When the approaching dark body came within a certain distance of the sun, it would begin to shine by reflected light, like the planets. If a very large body, comparable with the sun itself in size, it would first become visible far beyond the confines of the solar system. For some months or years its progress would be very slow, owing to the great distance from the sun. It would probably be first discovered as a telescopic star, not differing in appearance from other stars of the same magnitude in its vicinity. It would then perhaps shine as a star of the 9th magnitude, as any much fainter star would probably be overlooked. Doubtless it would at first be mistaken for a "new" or "temporary' star, or a variable star at its maximum light, but the comparative constancy of its light, and its great parallax, or apparent change of place among the neighboring stars, would soon show astronomers its true character, and that it was really near the earth compared with the distance of the stars. It might, however, be mistaken for a distant comet, but if coming directly towards the sun, its change of place would be small, and its light examined with the spectroscope would show a solar spectrum, showing that, like the planets, it was shining by reflected sunlight. Further, its distance could be calculated from its parallax, and the result would show that no comet could be visible at such a distance from the sun.

I have made some calculations on the motion of this hypothetical body after it became visible as a star of the 9th magnitude, and therefore easily visible in a telescope of 3-in. aperture. Let us suppose the approaching dark body to have the same mass as the sun and the same density of the earth. Taking the earth's density as four times that of the sun, and the sun's diameter as 866,000 miles, I find that the diameter of the dark body would be about 456,000 miles. Now, taking the diameter of Uranus as 33,000 miles, its stellar magnitude as 5.7, and assuming that the dark body has the same "albedo," or light-reflecting power, as Uranus, I find that the dark body would shine as a star of the 9th magnitude when at a distance from the sun of 8.68 times the distance of Uranus, or about 15,000 millions of miles. Further, assuming that the sun is moving through space at a rate of 11 miles a second (about its probable value), and that the dark body is moving directly towards the sun with the same velocity, we can calculate by the laws of dynamics the time taken by the two bodies to come together, starting with a distance between them of 15,000 millions of miles. The motion for the first few years would be comparatively slow, and, as I have said, the increase in brightness would at first be imperceptible. To reduce the distance to 12,000 millions of miles would, I find, take about 3.4 years. At the end of 6.7 years the distance would be reduced to 9,000 millions and in 9.8 years to about 6,000 millions of miles. At this distance the brightness would increase to about the 5th magnitude, and it would then be distinctly visible to the naked eye. In about 11.8 years the distance would be reduced to 4,000 millions, and in about 14 years the dark body would reach the orbit of Uranus, or rather it would then be at the same distance from us as Uranus, for its path would not intersect the orbit of the planet, as I will show presently. It would then shine as a star of about—0.4 magnitude, or a little brighter than Arcturus, and would, of course, attract general attention. After this its distance would rapidly diminish, and its light quickly increase. After about a year from this time it would reach the distance of Jupiter. Its light would then be greatly increased. It would appear as a star of about—6.5 magnitude, or about 4 magnitudes brighter than Jupiter at its brightest, and about 2 magnitudes brighter than Venus at her greatest brilliancy. It would then be the brightest object in the heavens with the exception of the moon, and would be "the observed of all observers." After this its motion would become very rapid, and in about 51 days it would be at about the same distance from the sun that the earth is. From this point my calculations show that the velocity would be very rapid, and if a direct collision took place, the earth and dark body would meet in a little less than eight days, the velocity of each body being then over 400 miles a second. The effects of such a collision may be easily imagined. Both bodies would be reduced to the gaseous state within an hour, and a stupendous amount of heat would be produced, heat sufficient not only to destroy the system, but probably most of the planets of the Solar System.

If the dark body approached the sun in a straight line, it could not strike the earth itself or any of the planets, for the direction of the sun's motion is inclined to the plane of the earth's orbit at an angle of about 60 degrees. The nearest approach of the body to the earth would depend on the time of year at which its collision with the sun took place. If this occurred about the end of December, the dark body would not approach the earth nearer than the sun's distance; but if the collision took place about June 21, I find that the body would approach the earth within about 89 millions of miles. In this case its attraction on the earth would be greater than that of the sun, and it would probably draw the earth out of its orbit. In either case, when the collision took place the sun's mass would be suddenly doubled, and, according to Prof. Young's the earth's orbit "would immediately become an eccentric ellipse, with its aphelion near the point where the earth was when it occurred." But, of course this would not concern humanity, after the earth and all its inhabitants had been reduced to ashes.

It is, of course, possible that the dark body would not approach the sun directly in a straight line, but along an elongated ellipse. In this case its path might intersect the earth's orbit, and a direct collision with the earth itself would become possible, although not very probable. But in this case, if it missed striking the earth, it would also miss the sun, and there would be no collision. But the earth's motion in its orbit would be much disturbed by the powerful attraction of the dark body, and it is not easy to determine what the exact result would be. If, however, the body were moving in an ellipse sufficiently elongated to pass inside the earth's orbit, it would probably pass close enough to the sun to produce a great disturbance in that body due to tidal action, and a large amount of extra heat would probably be developed. Should the two bodies merely graze each other, an enormous amount of heat would certainly be produced, quite sufficient to cause the earth's destruction.

The approach of the dark body to the sun would form a magnificent celestial spectacle. When it arrived within the sun's distance from the earth, it would, I find, shine with about the same brightness as the moon when full, but with a smaller diameter, and it would increase rapidly in brightness of surface as it approached the sun. It would then—especially if the approach occurred in the month of June—begin to show phases like the moon, and we should then have the curious spectacle of two moons in the sky, one somewhat smaller than the other!

Instead of a dark body of the mass of the sun, we may suppose one very much smaller, say of the size of Jupiter. In this case, the masses being so unequal, the sun's motion would be much smaller. On the other hand, the dark body would not become visible until it was much nearer to the earth. In the case of a body like Jupiter, say, 87,000 miles in diameter, I find that it would become visible as a star of the 9th magnitude at a distance of about 3¼ times the distance of Uranus from the sun, or about 6,000 millions of miles from the earth. If the diameter of the dark body was the same as that of the earth, it would shine as a star of the 9th magnitude at about the distance of Uranus from the earth, and in this case it would fall into the sun in about 3 years. The amount of heat produced by the collision would, of course, be much smaller than in the case first considered, but it seems very probable that even a body the size of the earth, moving with such a hibh velocity when it struck the sun, would produce the most disastrous results to the earth. Such a body may possibly be now approaching us. If only the size of the earth, it might easily escape detection until well within the orbit of Uranus, and we might then have only a few months' warning before the final catastrophe occurred. But, it may be asked, Is there any star visible at the present time which might be identical with an approaching dark body. Well, all I can say is this, that I have carefully examined the region round Vega with a powerful binocular field-glass and that at present (April. 1905) there is no star brighter than the 7th magnitude within 5 degrees of Vega, which is not perfectly well known to astronomers. A careful examination with a 3 in. telescope, or, better still, a photograph of the regions, would, however, be necessary before a decided opinion could be formed on the subject.

LIKE THORNS IN THE FLESH

Are the Sharp Twinges and Tortures of Rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Certain Cure.

The twinges and the tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather, as so many people imagine. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood. The pains may be started by cold weather, damp weather or by keen winds. There is only one way to cure rheumatism. It must be treated through the blood. All the liniments and rubbing, and so-called electrical treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism. The acid that causes the disease must be driven out of the blood and the blood enriched and purified. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, red blood that they have cured thousands of cases of rheumatism after all other treatment had failed. As a proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do even in the most severe cases of rheumatism, the case of Mr. David Carrol, a well-known furniture dealer of Pictou, N. S., may be cited. Mr. Carrol says: "I have been a most severe sufferer from rheumatism, and in the hope that some other poor sufferer may find relief from my experience I gladly write you of the benefit I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The trouble settled in my shoulders and down my sides, and at times I was quite unable to raise my arm. I was attended by a doctor, but as I did not appear to be getting any better I sent for a so-called electric belt, for which I paid $40.00. It did not do me any good and then I tried another remedy, but without any better results. A friend asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got three boxes. By the time I had used them all I found the stiffness and pain less severe, and I got another half dozen boxes. When I had taken these every symptom of the trouble had disappeared, and in the two years that have since passed I have had no return of the trouble. I believe there is no other medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for curing this most painful trouble, and I have recommended the Pills to others who have been benefited by their use."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure rheumatism but all the other diseases due to poor, watery blood, such as anaemia, indigestion, nervous disorders, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood, with their headaches, backaches, sideaches and attendant miseries. Only the genuine Pills can do this, and you should see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around each box. 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.

EXTRAVAGANCES 150 YEARS AGO.

Modern Household and Dress Bills Compared With Our Ancestors.

We hear it said everywhere—at the beginning and at the end of each season—that modern extravagance is appalling, that women overdress, that they spend more for a single hat than their grandmothers did for their whole trousseau.

Like many other often recurring general statements, this is far from being accurate. The well-known French writer, M. Henry de Gallier, contributes to the current issue of La Revue a remarkable study on "Spending Money in Days of Yore."

From statistics carefully compiled, from private documents of one or two centuries ago, from letters and bills dating from those distant days, it appears that extravagance was far worse then.

The greatest change in the matter of expenditure is that during the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries men spent quite as much—if not more—as women for their own attire.

To-day the average man spends considerably less than the average woman on clothes, and in the wealthy classes the difference is more marked still, since it was recently stated by a queen of fashion that while a man could be quite "elegant" by spending £400 a year on himself a woman needed £400 a month to dress stylishly.

In the middle class, as in the aristocracy, 150 years ago more things were required by a man. He wore night cuffs of lace, his black suit cost £5 (of our money), his hats—he needed half a dozen— £1 each. He required silk stockings woollen stockings and "skin" stockings and five or six different kinds of boots.

He had to spend several pounds a year at the barber and wigmaker's. The middle class woman of those days managed to dress in a cheaper way, though dress was the main expense.

Diaries and memoirs establish the curious fact that the upbringing of three children cost a third less than the clothes required by their mother, a modest woman! Men wore ribbons, lace, embroideries, and jewelry in as large quantities as women.

Certain gentlemen's suits cost as much as £600 and three of these were required by each guest for great wedding festivals. These were exceptions, however. An elegant man could "manage" with six summer and six winter suits, at £100 apiece. This, needless to add, does not include the gold or silver buttons or the lace! Let us turn to women. In 1720 Mlle. de Tournon married in Paris. It was an elegant marriage, but by no means a great affair. Her aunt offered her £700 for "fans, bags and garters." The bride herself bought several gowns at prices varying from £150 to £400.

These were "ordinary things." For the court she required a long gown of white velvet, elaborately embroidered; cost £800, and the same dress could be worn on a few occasions only.

But gowns are not everything. Underwear and other "trifles" have to be considered. Mme. de Choiseul, the wife of a Minister of Louis XIV., wore several thousand pounds worth of lace on her evening dresses.

The inventory after her death of Mme. de Verrue's properties revealed the fact that she possessed 500 dozen cambric handkerchiefs, 480 shirts and 60 pairs of stays.

As for jewels, men formerly wore diamonds and pearls on their clothes, shoes and hands, while to-day a man of refined taste is satisfied with a modest ring, simple links, a little pearl as a shirt stud and a large stone as a scarfpin.

Hospitality then was on a far greater scale than it is now. It would be difficult even for the wealthy owner of a great mansion to place all the year round 700 beds at the disposal of his friends, as did M. de Rohan at his castle af Saverne. One hundred and eighty horses were always ready to be saddled for his guests and 60 beaters were used daily by him during the shooting season.

People of modern means had three days out of six from twelve to twenty guests at a time. People who called on business were invited to dinner and given a room.

The "bills" of Mme. de Choiseul prove that thirty sheep a month and 5,000 chickens per annum were required to feed her guests. Three hundred pounds of bread was necessary daily.

These receptions were elaborate, yet the guests enjoyed the greatest freedom. They called with as many servants, horses and dogs as they pleased. They were at liberty to take their meals in the rooms placed at their disposal or in the main dining hall.

Domestics—which so many people believe were very cheap in those days—were, as a matter of fact, more expensive than they are now. During the seventeenth century a kitchen woman was paid £3 or £4 a month, "not including wine and lard."

Gambling went on in most houses. There were games of "lansquenet" and "pharaoh" even in the salons of embassies! Servants asked their masters to stake their wages for them. Fortunes were lost and won in a few minutes. People staked their horses, their houses, their estates. The Duke de Rohan once staked his diamond order. He had not one sou left.

Lawsuits deserve of special mention. They were another craze of those days. Suits were everlasting; the son took up cases where his father had left them and transmitted them to his heir later.

It was the fashion; it was a luxury. The costs were colossal. A gentleman was able to say at the beginning of the nineteenth century: "My grandfather had thirty-three suits; he won every one of them and it cost him several thousands."

The amounts mentioned in the article are not of course the amounts appearing in ancient documents, but their equivalents in modern English money.—London Daily Mail.

NEGRO FARMERS.

Writers on the race question have often called attention to the destructive effects of city life upon the negroes.

Herding together in crowded quarters in the cities, they quickly become victims of diseases which would decimate their ranks were it not for a steady influx of new individuals.

The opposite of this story is brought to notice in some figures about Georgia farms which have just been published. The statistics are used to support the theory that agricultural life is far the best for the races.

In the state mentioned it is said that 82,822 of the 224,300 farms are owned by negroes. Among these are seventy-two who own more than 1,000 acres each, 336 own between 500 and 1,000 acres each, 1,475 own between 200 and 500 acres each.

Of the smaller farms there are 8,540 negroes who own between 175 and 250 acres each, 10,372 with holdings between 100 and 175, 19,016 with between 50 and 100 acres, and 39,662 with between 20 and 50 acres.

These remarkable statements expressed in another form show that the younger generation of negroes has increased its property holdings since 1901 to a value of nearly $5,000,000.

Such statistics taken from the Georgia records have much of hopefulness about them. The race question is many sided. But it is safe to say that the industry represented by land holdings of the magnitude indicated is working toward a solution of some of the difficulties.

The idle and shiftless negro is a menace wherever he may be found. The man who owns his home is far more likely to be worthy of respect.

The negro in the city, with limited opportunity for work, and subject to the disease which abounds among those of his race is fighting a losing battle.

The negro farmer who saves his money, purchases his place, and obeys the law is making opportunity for both himself and for his race.

The Georgia statistics show once again the value of the work which is being carried on in such schools as that at Tuskegee under the direction of earnest men like Booker Washington.

GANANOQUE MAN OUT OF TROUBLE

Had Rheumatism, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it.

Hugh Abernethy on His Feet Again—Cure is Easy, Simple, Natural and Permanent.

Gananoque, Ont., Oct. 19.—(Special).—That Rreumatism can be cured surely, simply and permanently is the good news that Hugh Abernethy, a well-known resident of King street, is spreading among his neighbors.

"I had suffered from Rheumatism and stiffness of the joints," Mr. Abernethy states. "My muscles would cramp. I could not sleep, and I had terrible headaches. I took many different medicines but nothing did me any good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes put me on my feet again."

Others who have taken Mr. Abernethy's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills are also loud in their praises of the old reliable Canadian Kidney remedy. For Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism and other blood diseases by curing the Kidneys. Sound Kidneys keep the blood free from impurities. And with no impurities, such as uric acid in the blood, you cannot have such painful and dangerous diseases as Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and Heart Disease.

Keep your Kidneys strong and well with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can face the cold, wet days of fall without a fear of Rheumatism.

In Debt on $120,000 a Year.

Extravagance is a disease just as much as nerves and appendicitis, and a most fashionable ailing at that. The Empress Josephine, poor thing, suffered intensely from this malady.

She had an income of 630,000 francs a year, and never could make it do. She was in a chronic state of debt. But then she changed her linen three times a day, and never wore a pair of stockings twice. This love of fine raiment followed her to the very grave, for she died robed in rose color and adorned with knots of ribbon.—From the Gentlewoman.

SO THOUGHTLESS.

He—How dull it was at Peanut's party last night!

She—Yes, in the early part of the evening. It got brighter soon after you left.

Bloward—I hesitate to tell you what that automobile cost me. You wouldn't believe it. I paid a fabulous price for the machine, though, I can tell you.

A MAGISTRATE INVESTIGATES ZAM-BUK

Says it is a wonderful Healer and does more than is Claimed for it.

No household remedy in existence has won such glowing tributes from people in high places as has Zam-Buk. Mr. Roger F. Perry, Justice of the Peace for British Columbia, tested this famous balm, and this is what he says of it:

"The Pavilion,
"Goldfields, B. C.

"To the Zam-Buk Co.:

"Gentlemen,—After a very fair trial I have proved Zam-Buk eminently satisfactory. In my case it cured a skin rash of five years' standing, which no doctor had been able to do any good for.

"I would certainly encourage any person to keep Zam-Buk in their home. It truly does even more than you claim for it. For my own part I would not now be without it in the house. Yours very truly,

(Signed) "Roger F. Perry,
"Justice of the Peace for B. C."

Zam-Buk differs from ordinary salves and embrocations, for while these mostly contain animal oils and fats, Zam-Buk is purely herbal. It soothes and heals cuts, sores, ulcers, eruptions, boils, eczema, chafing sores, etc. In the household it is the handiest possible remedy for burns, scalds, children's injuries. It instantly cleanses any wound to which it is applied; prevents festering, inflammation or blood poisoning. It cures piles, varicose ulcers, and fistula. All druggists and stores sell at 50 cents a box, or from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 6 boxes for $2.50.

Girls Oh Girls! Listen!

Although this is leap year, it is not such a cinch as it appears. It is a difficult matter to pop the question, and a few words of kindly advice may be of some assistance in this column. Man is a mean, tricky creature, dear girls, and sometimes when you imagine that you have the hammerlock on him he gives a sudden twist and in a moment is numbered among the missing. Therefore, girls, when you propose take no chances. Give the deceitful creature not even a tiny little loophole by which he may escape. We would advise you to put the important question thusly:

"Reginald (or Percival, or Harold, or whatever his name happens to be), will you marry me? Have you any objections?"

Just like that, girls.

Then, you see, you have him solid whether he blurts out "yes' 'or "no." If he remains silent, throw yourself into his arms and remark that silence gives consent.

Note to the men: The writer of this has left the country. Search for him will be absolutely useless.

INDISPENSABLE TO MOTHERS.

"I am satisfied that Baby's Own Tablets are indispensable to mothers," says Mrs. Abraham Boucher, Pierrreville Mills, Que., and she adds: "Before using the Tablets my baby was cross, peevish and not thriving well; but the Tablets have worked a great change, and my little one is well and happy." This is the verdict of all mothers who have used these Tablets. And better still, mothers have the guarantee of a government analyst that Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe—that they contain not one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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.

Extemporaneous.

A young lawyer was invited to deliver an oration on the occasion of the dedication of a new bridge. He did not prepare himself, but had an idea that he could speak at a moment's notice. He arose on the platform and commenced as follows:

"Five and forty years ago this bridge built by your enterprise was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." He paused for a moment. "Yes, fellow citizens, only five and forty years ago, I repeat, this bridge was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." Again he paused, and there were cries of "Go on! go on!" He was plainly rattled, however, he went on.

"I feel it hardly necessary to repeat that this bridge five and forty years ago was part and parcel of the howling wilderness, and I will conclude by saying that I wish it was a part and parcel of a howling wilderness now."—Philadelphia

Misinterpreted the Dream.

The "Rev." John White of eastern North Carolina, a thrifty farmer, dreamed that the Lord wanted him to go to Egypt as a missionary. In spite of the entreaty of his friends against it he sold his farm and took his family to Egypt, expecting a special revelation to teach him the language of the natives and provide for his daily wants.

After nine months in the far country he has written his friends for money to come home to begin life over again. He learned some sense, but the price was high.—From Charity and Children.

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