

# Mother's Cough!

It distresses you as much as her! Why continue to treat it by dosing the stomach (which is not all) with cough mixtures, syrups, tonics, and the like? You will never cure lung troubles by dosing the stomach. The Peps way is entirely different. The Peps are made up of Pine extracts and medicinal essences, which when put into the mouth turn into healing vapors. These are breathed down direct to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes—not swallowed down to the stomach—which is not all.

Peps contain no morphia, laudanum, nor any of the poisons which are found in many of the old-fashioned cough syrups. Peps are, therefore, best for aged people and for young children. Peps do not disorder the stomach; they sweeten the breath, are pleasant to take, and are the latest and best that science can offer for the treatment of coughs, colds, bronchitis and allied lung troubles. 50c. all druggists and stores, or for prices from Peps Co., Toronto. Remember the name—

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## Some General Information for Busy People

### PESTS OF THE TROPICS.

**Insects Whose Bite is Like the Touch of Redhot Iron.**  
The pestiferous insects that infest the region tributary to the headwaters of the Amazon make life miserable for any one who ventures into the region. Commander H. A. Edwards of the Bolivia-Brazil boundary commission declares that there is no escaping them and that you are always scratching or slapping your body, except when you are under your mosquito net—and even then if you are not asleep.

In camp ants are a continual nuisance. They eat your clothes, gnaw the softer parts of your boots and ravage the food. Many kinds bite savagely. One kind, which the natives call *tashu*, lives in palcosantos or holy posts—trees that they hollow out themselves. Their bite is like the touch of a red-hot iron, and if any one inadvertently leans against a palcosanto the little red demons swarm out upon him instantly, and so bite him that for an hour afterward his life is almost unbearable.

Most dreaded of all are the tucanderas—black ants with bodies one and a half inches long that live in the forks of trees, but that often invade your tent. They bite very hard and probably inject some sort of poison into their victims, for the part bitten swells and pains excruciatingly. The ants or leaf carrying ants, black ants that make broad, straight roads of their own and move about in armies with scouts and flanking parties; gray ants that live in mounds of red earth six feet high, and make the traveler unwelcome, either by damaging his belongings or by inflicting pain on his person.

Mosquitoes, the bite of which is not only painful and irritating, but imparts malaria and yellow fever; various phlebotomous flies that inject the germs of what is called three day fever; wasps of all kinds; bees of all sizes; hornets as large as the smaller humming birds; the matouche and the tabana, a sort of mangrove fly with a taste for bloodsucking—each and every one of them does its share toward making the life of the explorer in those regions almost unbearable. There are flies that lay their eggs in your flesh or in your clothes.

Where there is any sort of grass you cannot guard against the attack of the mungum, a microscopic tick whose sojourn on your body causes a most tantalizing itch that you can alleviate only by sponging your body night and morning with alcohol. And in many places the plum, a small black fly that looks like a speck of dust, drives you half crazy by its bite. Although these regions are a paradise for the entomologist, the ordinary traveler will hardly regard them in that light.

### WONDERS OF THE ALPS.

**Changes Nature Wrought to Uplift Their Towering Peaks.**  
Nothing in the world's history is more impressive than the story of the Alps. Ten or twelve million years ago, possibly far more, a long unbroken line of weakness, a crack of fissure in the earth's crust, stretched away from France eastward hundreds of miles. On this line followed huge volcanic outbursts.

Next ensued a vast slow subsidence, which went on through geologic epochs until where Mont Blanc now rears its summit 15,780 feet was a sea fringing an old continent. Large rivers emptied into it. Deposits of mud, sand, gravel were laid one on another as the sinking went on until the layers became 50,000 feet, nearly ten miles, thick.

Then at last commenced a great uplifting; the struggling subterranean forces raised a huge load. For ages this went on until the rocks, crumpled, crushed, contorted, rose above the waters and continued to rise, forming lines of mountain chains and making Switzerland a tableland.

Every hour since then rain and snow, river, glacier and avalanche have been sculpturing into peaks and carving into lakes and valleys that vast platform with its recent sedimentary covering and its primeval granite core.

The result is a land of unequalled grandeur—London Telegraph.

### CRUSHED THE CRITIC.

**An Anecdote of Verdi and a Bothered Parisian Journalist.**  
The first production of Verdi's opera "Otello" took place at Milan, and all the prominent musical critics of Europe foregathered in the Cathedral City in honor of the occasion. Among them was a Parisian journalist of wide reputation and admitted authority in the musical world. His first care on his arrival in Milan was to seek out Verdi and ask to be allowed to be present at one of the final rehearsals.

The composer received the critic with extreme politeness, but replied that he could not possibly grant his request, as he had decided that the rehearsals were to be absolutely private, and he could not make an exception in the favor of any one journalist, however distinguished.

The Paris critic, far from pleased at this answer, protested that in these circumstances his account of the opera might not be all he should like it to be. "You see," he explained to the composer, who affected not quite to understand, "I shall have to telegraph my article the same evening. It will necessarily be hastily written, and the impression in Paris the next day may suffer in consequence."

But Verdi was more than equal to the occasion. "My dear sir," he made answer, "I do not write for the next day." The critic bowed himself out.

### USE A LOOSE REIN.

**Do Not Be "Bossy" and Domineering in the Home Circle.**  
I find that I can write all day without pain in my fingers if I hold the pen loosely. If I should grasp it tightly it would be only a few hours before the strain made writing almost impossible.

Do we not often hold too tight a rein on ourselves and our families for comfort? Habit has made us bossy and domineering. When a member of the family goes we want to know where he is going and how long he intends to be gone; we keep a string on him and are ready to drag him home that we may feel that all are sheltered and under our watchful eyes.

This is selfish care. It fences the individual in. It hampers him and makes his field of pleasure and activity cramped and restricted.

When one knows that another is trustworthy, why hold so tight a rein? Some of us have got into the habit of repressing and suppressing ourselves for the sake of peace and the absence of anxiety. Freedom is necessary for the development of individuality and the best that is in each one of us. The caged bird never sings so joyously as the bird in the field or forest—Shirley in Farm Life.

### Artistic Temperament Cured.

It will be news to many of her myriads of admirers to hear that that noble artist Titens "used to suffer from a bad temper, and in these outbursts she felt a strong desire to smash anything that came handy." How Titens was ultimately cured of the habit Mr. Ganz relates in his reminiscences: "She was sitting at the supper after a concert in a provincial town when the manager made some remark which annoyed her. As usual, she took the first thing that came to hand, a soda water bottle, and flung it at him. The manager was sitting at the table with his back to the window. The bottle missed him, smashed through the window and nearly killed a casual passerby. This, said Titens, gave her such a shock that she was completely cured of her falling."—Pall Mall Gazette.

### Clear Seeing Massenet.

Critics have not yet assigned the late M. Massenet his permanent niche in the temple of fame, but most of them agree that he was a charming, although not a great, composer. He had a quality of character, however, which is not the invariable accompaniment of genius, musical and other—he could appreciate genius in others. An anecdote taken from the Paris Figaro attests it:

A critic was indulging in extravagant praise of Massenet to his face and wound up his flattery:

"Wagner! What was he? His talent is most absurdly exaggerated. I have to pick and choose among a lot of rubbish in Wagner."

"Is that so?" commented Massenet suavely. "I should be quite happy with what you leave."

### Where Sentiment Stops.

Mary Johnson in her book "Hagar" has Mrs. Green, one of the characters, reply to her husband's wish that she could make money by saying: "It isn't so easy for women to make money. There's more ways they can't than they can. It's what they call 'sentiment' fights them. Sentiment don't mind their being industrious, but it draws the line at their getting money for it."

### CRUSHED THE CRITIC.

**Trapping a Coyote.**  
The coyote is one of the sliest and hardest of all fur bearing animals to trap. He delights in digging up traps springing them, eating the bait and getting caught. His sense of smell is very acute. The best way to trap him is to build a bonfire over the set after the traps have been properly placed. Throw into the embers some bacon rinds, chicken bones or, better yet, bones of sage hen or grouse. The coyote habitually searches about campfires for stray bits of meat and is therefore less wary. The fire obliterates the traces of the set, eliminates the tracks and smell of a human being, and the odor of the burned meat will attract him from a long distance. He is more likely to walk into the trap thus disguised than any other unless you have a carcass literally surrounded with traps with a severe winter on and no other carcasses within miles.—W. F. Wilcox in Farm and Fireside.

### Meeting Mrs. Spider.

In "Insect Biographies With Pen and Camera" the author pictures the plight of the unlucky fly who has entered Mrs. Spider's parlor:

It is struggling to escape from the unexpected net which in some mysterious manner has suddenly enveloped it when a creature of terrible aspect hastily rushes out upon it. Eight bead-like eyes glare wildly upon the terrified fly. A large, hairy and bristly finger-like palpus on each side of this appalling face waves and flourishes with angry menace in the air, apparently quivering with malignant glee. Then one of these combed and clawed feet is stretched toward the hapless prisoner, and the threads that hold the fly are suddenly tightened up as the monster pulls them together. Then the spinnerets eject a shower of silken strands over the fly, and it is spun round and round on the threads that hold it until at last it is securely enveloped, still alive, in silken bonds.

### When the World Was New.

The world is biggest when we are young enough to conceive of the pasture as an empire and the city block as a republic. Time is longest when we are young enough to see a day as an epoch, a week as an era, a summer as a century by seaside or lake shore as eternity itself. As we grow older the world grows smaller, and so does time. Space and time are nothing for boy or man save as he holds measures for them in hand or in memory. The boy understands ten feet because that is three long strides, and ten years because he has just lived them. Now we have lived another ten and yet another, but the first ten were the longest and are the truest measure, for the more years we are granted the more scornful of the gift we grow, though the more insistent, too, in our demand for more.

### Cape of Good Hope.

The Cape of Good Hope lies at a considerable distance from the end of South Africa and is, in fact, the middle of the three promontories, severally inconspicuous, which jointly terminate a slender peninsula some twenty miles in length forming the barrier between False Bay and the Atlantic ocean on the west. These three headlands, lying near together and commonly undivided, are designated Cape Point. It was here that Bartholomew Diaz first encountered the easterly gales and denounced the raging, threatening, threefold promontory under the sounding appellation of the Cape of Storms, to be afterward rechristened by pious, trustful hearts the Cape of Good Hope.

### Pairing in Legislatures.

The custom of pairing in the house of commons originated in Cromwell's time. "Pair off" is the phrase used to signify that two members of a legislative body of opposite political opinions agree to absent themselves from voting for a certain period. By "pairing" in this way they neutralize each other's absence. The whips of the house generally manage to find "pairs" when, for any reason, members desire to be absent temporarily.

### An Odd Epitaph.

The following epitaph is to be found in a cemetery within seven miles of New York's city hall:

Reader, pass on; don't waste your time. Our dead biography and bitter rhyme. For what I am this crumbling clay insures. And what I was is no affair of yours.

### Family Treasures.

"What's the trouble in the household?"  
"Mother" gave away all of father's old clothes. And he retaliated.  
"How?"  
"By throwing away all her old medicine bottles."

### Thriftily.

"I fear my cousin is going to marry a very stingy man."  
"Why so?"  
"She suggested a morning wedding, but he said to make it after lunch on the ground that she would get one more meal at home."

### Not Whisky.

Ma—You've been drinking! I smell it in your breath. Pa—Not a drop. I've been eating frogs' legs. What you smell is the hop.—Harvard Lampoon.

### When Money Took Wings.

Comedian—Did the ghost walk?  
Soubrette—No; it was an aviation comedy, and the ghost flew after the first week.—Exchange.

### Do not allow idleness to deceive you.

For while you give him today no reason tomorrow from you.—Old Saying.

### It is the uplifted face that feels the blighting of the sun.

Your unused learning is an unfit taper; a book, tight shut, is but a block of paper.

# THAT RASH ON BABY

Is causing you anxiety? Baby is fretful, cannot sleep. Appetite is gone! No wonder you are worried. But worrying won't do any good. Zam-Buk will!

You have tried the ordinary remedies. These are too coarse and harsh for baby's delicate skin. They either do not penetrate, remain uselessly on the surface, or penetrate and make matters worse. Zam-Buk is different. It is suited to delicate skins. Its pure, rich herbal essences bathe and soothe the tender, burning, irritated skin, stop the pain and itching, and get to the very root of the trouble! Zam-Buk kills the cause of skin disease and quickly forms new, healthy skin.

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Local Branch Time Table.  
IN EFFECT MAY 30TH, 1915.  
Trains will leave and arrive at City Depot, foot of Johnston street.

Going West.		Lv. City. Ar. City.	
No. 19—Mail	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.	12:30 a.m.
No. 12—Fast Ex.	2:58 a.m.	3:25 a.m.	
No. 27—Local to	3:30 a.m.	3:54 a.m.	
No. 1—Int'l. Ltd.	1:41 p.m.	2:12 p.m.	
No. 7—Mail	3:04 p.m.	3:40 p.m.	
No. 21—Local to	6:48 p.m.	7:37 p.m.	
Going East.		Lv. City. Ar. City.	
No. 13—Mail	1:30 a.m.	2:17 a.m.	
No. 22—Fast Ex.	2:58 a.m.	3:25 a.m.	
No. 28—Local to	3:30 a.m.	3:54 a.m.	
No. 6—Mail	8:15 a.m.	8:50 a.m.	
No. 14—Int'l. Ltd.	12:29 p.m.	1:23 p.m.	
No. 28—Local to	6:48 p.m.	7:37 p.m.	

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