

Our Boys and Girls.

A LITTLE WORD.

A sneer, a shrug, or a whisper low. They're the poisoned shafts of an ambush. Shot by a coward, the fool, the knave. They pierce the mail of the great and brave. 'Tain't the buckler of wisdom and pride. To turn the buckler point aside. The lips may curl with a careless smile. But the heart drips blood, drips blood. Ah, me, what hearts have been broken. What rivers of blood been stirred. By a word in malice spoken. By only a little word.

HARD TO KILL.—There is a word in the English language that is used very often. It may be good or bad, it may lead to misery or happiness, joy or sorrow, honor or dishonor, peace or disquietude. The word is "habit." Somebody has been trying his hand in this word, and he works it out thus: "Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another the whole of "it" remains. You take off still another, and it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to get rid of a habit, you must throw it off altogether and once it cannot be done a part at a time. The young should carefully cultivate good habits, and in time of need, they'll shine out and illumine their path on a dark and desolate road, and be to them a harbinger of joy and peace hereafter.

RULES FOR GIRLS WHO WOULD BE POPULAR.—1. Remember that a good voice is as essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to fluent language. The voice should be carefully trained and toned. A full, clear, flexible voice is one of the surest signs of good breeding. 2. Remember that one may be witty without being popular, talkative and yet a great bore. 3. Be sincere. One who habitually sneers at everything, not only renders herself disagreeable to others but will soon cease to find pleasure in life. 4. Be cheerful. If you have no great

troubles on your mind, you have no right to render other people miserable by your long face and dolorous tones. If you do you will be generally avoided.

5. Be amiable. You may hide a vindictive nature under a polite exterior for a time, as a cat masks its sharp claws in velvet fur, but the least provocation brings out one as quickly as the other and ill-natured people are always disliked.

6. Be charitable in your conversation. Persons of the female sex are generally put down as great talkers, and that little organ called the tongue is a very dangerous weapon. Gossip Town is a dangerous place, and contains many dangerous shoals such as "Falsehood Bay," "Don't Care" Cape, "Mind don't you tell" point, "I heard" breaker, etc. Speak in kindness and charity of others as you would like others to speak of you. Never forget the golden rule of charity at all times and in all places.

DON'T BE SLOVEN.—Some of our young folks forget that tidiness is a great and necessary factor in life. Don't be a sloven or a slouch. Resolve that you will be tidy about everything that you do. Remember that everything you throw upon the floor of your room, or your office, or your workshop, you or some one else will have to pick up. The great want of tidiness comes from a lack of the right sort of early training. Every boy and every girl ought to be taught early the law of order. They should learn to hang up carefully their hats and clothing, put away their shoes, their playthings and whatever else they may use. A place for everything and everything in its place. These may seem little things, but they all go to make up a training that will be of great value in after life.

GOOD POINTERS.—(1) Forty is the age of youth—50 is the youth of old age.

(2) Ambition has but one reward for all its troubles, its sorrows, its gains—a little power, a little transient fame, a grave to rest in, and a fading name.

(3) Anger ventilated often hurries to forgiveness, anger concealed often hardens into revenge. When you are angry don't act, wait and count 100.

(4) Avarice starves those who practice it, in order to feed those who afterwards gloat over the fool's errors.

THE DEATH OF A COWARD.

The boy leant wearily against the bulwark rails watching the lights as they came up one by one on the coast. The plunging of the ship still made his head reel and he was weak from want of food. He seemed altogether apart from the stir and din that three hundred emigrants on board created. His whole soul was filled with a dumb and impotent protest against his fate and the life before him. Old Captain Malcolm had shown little wisdom when he sent his only son to sea to have some Pluck knocked into him.

In the father's defence it may be said that he was utterly unable to realize the timidity and sensitiveness of the boy. All his ancestors had been rough seamen who had faced storm and danger on every sea, and courage and nerve were hereditary qualities. And now the last of the Malcolms seemed more of a girl than any of his five sisters.

All the exhortations to manliness, all the covert reproaches that came from his father, were so many darts that rankled and festered in his soul, but failed to compel his nature to be other than it was. The boy was made for peace, for the quiet and uneventful life that an office in his native town could have offered under his mother's watchful care. Instead, he was here, an apprentice on the steamship "Pride of Asia," a big cargo boat just off the slips on the Tyne, and carrying emigrants to the Cape.

The ship's doctor came out of the saloon in the poop to go his evening round below. With him was his wife, a slight, girlish figure wrapped in a heavy cloak, she turned at the ladder which led to the lower deck and was about to go back when her eyes fell on the boy. She had noticed him once or twice before and his white face and lonely air roused the woman's sympathy in her. She touched him lightly on the shoulder and said, "You are leaving home, like me."

The boy started. A slight color sprang to his cheeks and tears to his eyes. He smiled faintly, showing a gap where two teeth had been knocked out by a smaller boy in the only fight he had ever had at school.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "You must feel lonely," she said; "but you will soon be back and then every one will think so much of you."

Her voice had something caressing and inviting about it, and so his confidence, overcoming his shyness and reserve, broke bounds. He told her everything—how he would hate this life, how all filled him with fear and disgust, the cold and darkness, the chaff and horseplay of his fellow-apprentices, the indifference of every one around him. He told how impossible it was to come up to his father's standard, how he felt he was a born coward and that he would always be one, shrinking instinctively from the danger and excitement that bolder natures took pleasure in.

She listened sympathetically. Her hand had patted him once or twice,

and encouraged him to go on. When she came back she said "You must not be too hard on yourself. It is not always those who fear the least that are bravest in the end. When the time comes I am sure you will do your duty."

The boy heard her listlessly. He had little heart to respond to any appeal to his manliness. There seemed to be no time when he would not shrink from hardship and danger. He almost felt as if his confidence had been misplaced, and that she had understood nothing after all.

She saw the change, and her interest in him somewhat waned. Courage to a woman is the primary quality in the other sex, and nothing will compensate for the lack of it. She bade him good night and turned away back to the poop.

In a few minutes the second mate passed along the deck and told the boy to go below. Then all was quiet. A few hours later the "Pride of Asia" was steaming at "slow," with her whistle going every minute. The Channel fog girt the ship like a shroud. The captain walked the bridge uneasily. No tempest or rock-bound shore gives the anxiety that a fog on this waterway of the nations does. Danger is imminent everywhere, and the most careful seamanship is no guarantee of safety. So it was now. A hoarse shout from the man on the lookout. The captain sprang to the telegraph, and as "Full speed ahead" rang out, a large sailing ship took form in the fog, and in a few seconds crashed into the steamship in front of the bridge.

The "Pride of Asia" shook from stem to stern, heeled over to starboard, and then began to lurch ahead, while the other went pounding along her side, wrenching the port boats from their davits and staving them in with her bowsprit. Then she passed away as a ghost in the fog.

The "Pride of Asia" had met her death wound. At once all was noise and confusion. The emigrants came pouring up on deck, screaming and shouting with terror. Some of the sailors rushed to clear the boats, but a sharp order from the captain stopped them.

In a few minutes the captain had decided on his course. The remaining boats would not carry a hundred and fifty people. There were more than twice that number on board. On the other hand, the land was about three miles off, and a sandy and protected beach meant safety. But could it be done with that host in her side? He would try. He changed her course, rang "Full speed ahead," and shouted to the mate, "Go down and shut the forward bulkheads, Mr. Jones."

The mate ran forward, and with the help of the carpenter tore off part of the hatch covering and sprang to the ladder. As he climbed down young Malcolm peered aimlessly over the hatch.

"Bring down a lantern," cried the mate, and Malcolm, galvanized into activity by fear, seized a lantern from the alleyways and clambered down into the hold.

The mate ran toward the iron door in the bulkhead, which had been left open, and pushed it to.

"The light here—quick!" And the boy brought it. "Blast them!—Oh, blast them!" roared the mate. "They've put the bolts on the wrong side. In five minutes we'll all be in kingdom come." He stumbled for the ladder and Malcolm followed, wild with terror. Yes, every one would be drowned, and he, too, with the cruel, cold water sucking him down. He dropped the lantern and began to pull himself up the ladder.

Oh, to be out of this awful ship, safe once again at home! But the mate had said that all were lost. That meant him, too. And if only that door were shut, all could be saved. Great beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. He groaned and writhed about like one on a rack. He stopped again on the last rung. He clung to the ladder as a drowning man to a rope. He could never let go. Why was he not going up the ladder? He would go back. He had seen that. He could fight for a place, and be saved. He was so young; not old, like the mate and captain. They must give him a place.

All at once he loosened his hold and ran blindly for the door. On the way he tripped and fell heavily on his hands and face, cutting and bruising them. He lay half stunned for a minute moaning from the pain. Then he raised himself and crawled the rest of the way. He passed through the door, and with feverish haste shot the great iron bolts. He was alone in his tomb. He leaned against the bulkhead, sick, sick to death. Why had he done this? Why would he be saved now, but he—O! God, no more light or life for him! His poor dry lips moved convulsively, and his hands beat aimlessly on the iron wall. With a rush. He would die in the open—with others around him. It would be good to die thus, not in this hell of darkness and desolation. He unshot the bolt and fumbled for the other. Then with a low moan, he cast himself from it, driving his teeth into his lips in his agony.

It was not to be. He was too great a coward to live. He could only die. He would pray. But he could think of nothing—nothing but the "This night when I lie down to sleep" he had learned at his mother's knee.

To sleep—Oh, he would sleep long! There was to be no waking, no time. How the water was creeping up!

Long shuddering fits shook his frame as he felt the icy fingers of death rising inch by inch. He screamed, he raved, dashing his head against the iron—that death might come quickly. He plunged beneath the water, only to come up again, fighting madly for life. Then there was a long drawn sob, and then silence.

The Captain stood on the bridge, a figure of stony despair. The land could never be reached with water pouring like a torrent into the forward hold. He cursed his negligence in overlooking such a frightful blunder. It was going to cost two hundred lives and he must not be among the saved. The "Pride of Asia" was getting low in the water, but he could not understand why. She was not sinking under the fog. She was vibrating from the engines, pushed to their highest pressure, for the firemen stuck gallantly to their posts. Five minutes went and ten, and then, with a sudden shock, she took ground and all were saved.

Malcolm was missing and the sorrowful news was sent to his father. It was thought he had fallen overboard when the ship grounded, and he could not swim. A week afterward the divers entered the forward hold and found, to their astonishment, that the bulkhead door, which they had expected to find open, was closed.

They forced it open and against it was floating the body of a boy. "Old Captain Malcolm comes often to the little graveyard by the sea. In it stands a cross on which are inscribed the words, "HERE LIES A HERO."

Pimples on the face are not only annoying, but they indicate bad blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures them by purifying the blood.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Great men are as rare in politics as they are elsewhere, and are no more common there than elsewhere. The main part of government is plain, practical business and requires the same traits, faculties and methods as a great manufacturing or commercial enterprise. But the field is broader and the opportunities are more alluring. Government affairs concern every citizen, and the legislator, with novel and forcible ideas, which he expresses in original and striking language, has an assured au-

EXPERIENCE

has taught us how to make the best Emulsion in the world; Experience has proved that this Emulsion is worthy of entire confidence. There are many imitations of

Scott's Emulsion and all kinds of substitutes for it; but none equal it. If your doctor recommends you to take Cod-Liver Oil, or you know yourself that you need it, get SCOTT'S EMULSION; it is the best Cod-Liver Oil in the best form.

If we had your address we would send you a sample and a pamphlet telling more about it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, all druggists, Montreal.

dience of as many millions as there are voters in the Republic. The bulk of our legislators and magistrates are men of fair, average, every-day capacity, who would be content with the revenues of the leading attorney at the county seat or the teacher of languages, or the principal tradesman in a country town.

It would, perhaps, be within bounds to say that the Speaker and twenty representatives in each Congress have been the responsible architects, and builders of our legislative fabric, since the war. In the Senate, for obvious reasons, the proportion of influential participants is greater; but even here it is less than the majority.—Ex-Senator Ingalls, in the Saturday Evening Post.

YEARS OF PAIN.

The Experience of Mr. William Smith of Hawkesbury, Who Suffered for Many Years from Kidney Trouble.

From the Post, Hawkesbury, Ont.

Everybody in Hawkesbury knows Mr. William Smith. He came here when the town was yet in its village days, as one of the lumber company's staff of mechanics. In 1881 Mr. Smith was appointed town constable, and filled that position until very recently. As is well known to many of Mr. Smith's friends, he has suffered much from kidney trouble for quite a number of years past, and at times the pain in his back was so great that he was almost physically unable to move.

He doctored a great deal, sometimes getting temporary relief, but the cause of the trouble was not removed, and soon the pains, accompanied alternately by chills and fever, returned. At last he came to look upon his condition as one which no medicine could permanently aid. Indeed his condition might still have been one of much suffering had not Mrs. Smith ultimately prevailed upon her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. "It seemed," said Mr. Smith to a reporter of the "Post," "that it was a useless experiment, and yet I was willing to do almost anything that would bring relief. I had not used the pills long before there was a doubt of relief, more in fact than I had obtained from any other medicine. I continued their use, and soon all symptoms of the trouble that had made my life one of much misery for many years were gone. I feel that I am cured, and have no hesitation in saying that the cure is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. And I never lose an opportunity of recommending the pills to neighbors who may be ailing."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving the disease from its seat. Your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOOD ADULTERATION IN EUROPE.

Correspondence from Switzerland, published in an American journal, just deals with the question of food adulteration in Europe.

The following are a few of the articles of food that are adulterated in the Old World, to an extent that is attracting the serious attention of the authorities in the different countries, and especially in Switzerland, where the laws against the debasement of any kind of human food are very strictly enforced.

Chocolate and cacao are coming more and more into general use as articles of food. Many people who are unable to drink coffee or tea, use chocolate and cacao as a beverage. The slot machines have extended the consumption of chocolate, and altogether its use has greatly increased during the past ten years. This advance in demand forced an increased supply; the adulterator saw his opportunity and commenced operations, and at once there was noticeable an increase in the trade in mutton tallow, lowest grade sugar, shells of the cacao bean, sweetest potato meal, and the others containing the proper colors.

Honey is coming into general use on the continent of Europe, and the bees, being never so busy, cannot supply one-third of the honey that is consumed, so some one must naturally make enough to supply the deficit. Through a series of manipulations of almost everything containing saccharine, this is now being successfully accomplished, and, of course, this industry flourishes best in those years when the bees have but little success in manufacturing the real article, which very often occurs. The "dishonoring of honey," as it is called, is a growing art, and several successful establishments are now in operation, producing large quantities of that artificial honey for the market, and the product is in popular demand. All sorts of ingredients enter into the manufacture, among which may be mentioned syrups, malt extracts of the lowest grades, meal of different kinds, and cornstarch. From a pound of bee honey, five to ten pounds of "dishonored honey" is made so successfully that it sometimes requires an expert to discover the deception.

In Switzerland, bread seems to play a more prominent part as food than in any other country, except France. It furnishes 70 per cent. of the nourishment of the 3,000,000 inhabitants in the Swiss republic. But rigorous enforcement of laws and prompt re-shipment of the bread-eaters have not, thus far, prevented adulteration taking place. Being the chief article of food, it has the widest market, and consequently offers the best opportunity for debasement. To increase the weight of bread is becoming quite an art on the continent of Europe. Some bakers soak the dough heavily with water and by quickly baking succeed in holding much of its

weight. Others mix potato meal with the flour. This system does not necessarily make unwholesome bread, although it lessens its nourishing power. The most unwholesome bread is made out of low-grade flour, in which alum or blue vitriol is used to improve its appearance. Sometimes, the mixture of these ingredients is too generous, and these poisons become so pronounced as to severely affect the health of the consumers.

If all of the substances that pass through a continental coffee-grinding machine during the year should be written in alphabetical order, it would begin the list with acorns and end it with wormwood, sprouts of which are sometimes used to give the debase coffee a slight aromatic bitter taste. Adulteration occurs largely in the coffee that is sold in the ground form. Several coffee-berries factories have been discovered in Europe which were doing a large and profitable business by moulding an admixture of tan bark, stove rust, clay, sawdust, chievery, coffee, sugar and coffee meal into a neat berry by the aid of some ex-glutinant; and these berries were so well made that the deception was not discovered for a long time. This production had a large sale among the lower classes of Russia and Poland, and, mixed with the genuine coffee berry, its sale was quite lively in other parts of Europe. Unroasted coffee berries are often made from oat and rye flour and cornmeal. The worst kind of these grains is destroyed by some process, and, after the proper amount of coffee aroma is added, the berries are formed and caused to maintain their shape by some adhesive substance.

The debasement of tea is a growing industry. Twenty-five years ago, the tea-drinking habit was confined largely to Holland, Russia, and England; but the beverage is now popular in almost every continental country. This new condition increases the demand, and the adulterators thus have the opportunity to ply their nefarious trade with success. Take a handful of ordinary tea, place it in lukewarm water, and when the leaves are thoroughly saturated, open and spread them out, and three chances in six, you will find a quantity of strawberry, linden, sage, and other leaves in the collection. But should it be found that all of the leaves belong to the tea plant, that will be no proof that adulteration has not taken place, for the clever Chinese have a trick of using the old leaves of brewed tea for the export trade, and some of the tea dealers of Europe have discovered the deception and are utilizing the trick by preparing these leaves themselves.

A CERTAIN METHOD for curing cramps, diarrhoea and dysentery is by using Pain-Killer. This medicine has sustained the highest reputation for over 60 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer. Perry Davis'. 25c and 50c.

HOW HE GOT EVEN.

Some people are philosophical enough to accept defeat gracefully; but the nurse and her wrath and waste much time in a mistaken effort to "get even." Of one of these latter a Chicago paper tells an amusing story.

A man came to a Chicago hotel one day, and took his dinner outside with a friend. When he came to pay his bill he found himself charged with a day's board, dinner and all. He protested. The clerk tried to explain that the American plan was based strictly upon time, and that if he chose to eat elsewhere it was his own lookout, but the man would not be pacified.

He paid the bill under protest. Then he asked if dinner was still on, and was informed that it lasted until nine in the evening.

"Then I'll go and tackle it!" he exclaimed. "I've eaten one dinner, but I'm going to get my money's worth out of this house, or perish in the attempt."

He rushed into one of the dining-rooms, seized a bill of fare, and ordered everything he could think of. When he finally got to the end of his tether, the waiter handed him a check for four dollars and ten cents.

"What's that for?" he asked, in surprise. "Your dinner, sir."

"But I have already paid for my dinner in my bill," he protested. "I'm staying here on the American plan."

"Then you should have come to the other dining-room," said the waiter. "This is the European plan cafe."

The man paid the bill and walked out. His feelings must have been both in his body and in mind.—Youth's Companion.

THE OLD STORY.

Last Friday a man who had been a Catholic priest for eleven years went into the river at Worcester, Mass., and walked out an apostate. Sunday's papers announced the fact in the headline "H. C. Priest Becomes a Baptist." This is the first chapter of the strange eventful history; the next two are the most interesting. When the Rev. M. J. Arthur Coutlee (for this was his name) was got to talk over his aquatic escapade, he volunteered to give some of the reasons which, he said, impelled him—these amongst others: "I was led to abandon the Roman Catholic Church by the want of charity I experienced in it, by a study of the Roman hierarchy, which I found very human. Now mark what happens when this man of exquisite spiritual sensibilities discovers the fly of too much humanity in the amber of the Roman hierarchy. In the following Monday's papers there was yet another startling headline: "Priest Elopes and Weds," together with these salient particulars: "Worcester, Mass., July 9.—Rev. M. J. Arthur Coutlee, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and Miss Georgiana Parrier, formerly a school teacher in Ontario, Canada, who eluded her parents and came 800 miles, were married by Rev. Arthur

St. James in the Beacon Street French Baptist Church here to-night." Is it any wonder that the "humanity" of a Catholic hierarchy was too much for this eminently saintly and disinterested gentleman? It is the old, old story; whenever you hear of a fallen priest, look for the woman or the wine-flagon. —Catholic Standard and Times.

KEEP BABY'S HEAD COOL.

An old family physician said recently to a young mother who asked for advice toward preserving the health of her infant through the trying heat of midsummer: "Keep your baby's head cool, have him wear a woolen band, and don't talk too much to him." The first caution is certainly needed if a mother has any intention of using a tight-fitting cap for her baby's summer wear. Much better are the little flats of pique or muslin, which shade the eyes, and yet do not enfold the head too closely. If a cap is used the strings should be left untied most of the time to permit air to circulate over the head. The second caution scarcely needs dwelling upon, as the value of a woolen band as a preventive of summer disorders is well understood. The third warning scientists tell us applies all the year around; it was emphasized for the summer, because every lessening of strain upon a baby's brain is of value during the heated term. It is a trial to the modern mother to find that the baby's baby talk which her baby seems to follow so wisely and to answer so sweetly may easily be too much indulged in by this pair of close friends. The little mind is attracted, and endeavors to centre itself upon an effort to reciprocate the mother's fond talk with its own tenderly expressive sounds, and thereby incurs a strain that, too often repeated, is dangerous.

We cannot eat fruit while the tree is in blossom.

Take special care to avoid to-day that sin into which you are apt to fall. Mary will help you. Ask her by saying one "Ave" on your knees.



YOUR BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is **SURPRISE SOAP**

It will give the best service; it is always uniform in quality, always satisfactory. You cannot do better than have Surprise Soap always in your home.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH
Pain-Killer.
A Medicine Chest in Itself.
Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for
**CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS,
COLDS, RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA.**
25 and 50 cent Bottles.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
BUY ONLY THE GENUINE
PERRY DAVIS'

A Blessing to the Fair Sex!

PERFECT BUSTS by the use of **ORIBITAL Powder**. This perfect development of the bust within three months, and cures Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.
Price per box, with directions, \$1.00; six boxes for \$5.00.
General Agent for the Dominion:
L. A. BERNARD,
1882 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.
United States: G. L. DE MARTINY, Druggist, 105 West 11th St., N.Y.

C. A. McDONNELL,
Accountant and Liquidator,
180 ST. JAMES STREET,
Montreal.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the Liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing Books and preparing Annual Reports for private firms, and public corporations, a specialty.

Loans negotiated on Real Estate. Superintendence of Real Estate, such as Renting, Collection of Rents, and Repairs, Fire and Life Insurance. Valuations made of Real Estate. Personal supervision given to all matters.

TELEPHONE 1182.

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It is the best medicine for nervous PEOPLE.

ANTIC

very inter-
made at
ter. The
dry well
proved qu
quies. So
correspon
an urn-sha
foot in len
riously eno
of chalk b
which prob
some preci
ever, quite
posted a
plements, r
wonderful s
seem to ha
penter and
cmith, with
jects of b
in. The pr
penter's pla
although u
1,500 years
retaining th
still quite a
chisels and
sized, hand
etc. In the
be specified
charcoal, a
three avian
shapes, a fl
for lifting c
candelabra
and several
precise unse
been determ
are several
ple of ploun
sword. Pro
deeper down
doubtedly th
Silchester a

The domes
ways with
ments were
direction of
and Educat
four years a
sons for the
girls for eve
rider rather
dreds of vol
and town fa
they would
were doing
service. A
returned, so
cial inequal
plove, other
liness, etc.,
jection to de
deprived the
ney, comfort
veighed in c
The commu
vestigation o
mistresses n
the condition
satisfactory.
more than th
Boston Schol
into existenc
the prospect
would fit the
enter the sch
be adapted a
of the next s
of other stud
primary pur
try boys in
their work i
be adapted a
schools, but
into town an
elementary w
for the new c
country and
a result, ag
be that the
country boy
to cities.
The aim of
make work
who is to be
film a know
which will re
commonplace
possibilities f
as can be fou
hope the Stat
has voted the
State course
The course i
been adopted
pared by the
in the Depart
in the Unio
venport, of t
culture in th
and Superint
of the Champ
will be of an
first. None of
will be beyon
any boy or g
tion. Its gre
pected in t
though even
ication is con
part of the w
Following a
tions from tea

KEEP your stomach healthy with Sarsaparilla