

The Calf Path.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home, as good calves
should ;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail, as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way ;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail, o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was
made,
And many men wound in and out
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path ;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through this winding woodway stalk
ed,
Because he wobbled when he walked.
This forest path became a lane,
And bent and turned and turned again ;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And travelled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street,
And this before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare,
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag calf about ;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day ;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.
A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun,
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw the first primeval calf !
Ah ! many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.
—Sam W. Foss.

Date of General Election.

When is it to be ? This question is disturbing the souls of politicians. In view of the material alteration in the commercial policy of the country which would be involved in a change of government it is a matter which concerns the general public. Meanwhile the aching corns of the populace cry for a remedy and the government give no heed to the demand. Look here ! don't suffer this neglect to delay the use of means open to all and which removes the most painful and obdurate corns in two days. Painless, sure acting corn cure. —Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

A New Class of Microbes.

Those scientists who have been discovering millions upon millions of microbes in every conceivable and inconceivable lurking place—who have declared the telephone to be loaded with them, imperiling the health if not the lives of all approaching this very convenient instrument ; and who have figured out to their own satisfaction that even a kiss of affection is loaded with the horrid infinitesimals—have quite possibly omitted one important factor in the premises from which their alarming deductions have been made. They have apparently taken it for granted that all of these unnumbered millions of little things, whose habits and peculiarities are so much of a sealed book to the common people, are the deadly, as well as the very potent, enemies of humanity. But now comes Dr. Bridger of England, who has been looking into the matter, let us suppose with the same facilities for accurate information as his medical brethren, and declares that microbes are of two classes ; that they consist of friendly tribes, so to speak, as well as those upon the warpath against human health, and that it is an extremely friendly race that is encountered in giving or receiving a kiss ! The learned doctor goes even further, and affirms that this particular family are very helpful to digestion, and that plenty of kissing is a sure cure for dyspepsia ! Well ! well, how science does clear up the mysteries of life in these later days ! We always realized that there was something very helpful to the system in a tender kiss, earnestly bestowed and gratefully received, but never thought of it as connected with the digestion ! Welcome, Dr. Bridger, to the great army of modern discoverers ! Find some more of those friendly tribes, please, and tell us all about them ; it is so cheering to know that not all of these numberless millions must be met and treated as enemies !

An Alibi.

Mr. Gruffpop (angrily)—“How dare you, sir, kiss my daughter under my very nose !”

Jack Dashley. “Excuse my awkwardness. I meant to kiss her under hers.”

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that there is no preparation whatever that compares with Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder for use in warm weather. It stands alone in that respect.

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It relieves sun-burn and chafing, entirely does away with unpleasant odors, cures Prickly Heat, Tender Feet, Blisthes, Pimples and Salt Rheum. It is cooling and healing after shaving.

Mothers who once use it, both for their babies and themselves, cannot understand how they ever got along without it.

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Up to Date People, wear

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Porous Waterproof Coats. Which will YOU have.

Gluttony.

In the great effort to put down drink, the evil of gluttony, its twin brother, is forgotten. Women are as prone to over-eating, as men to drink. There are hundreds of women in this city actually ill because of the incessant nibbling between meals. Go into any of the restaurants, at any hour of the day, and you will find women satiating themselves with ice cream and cakes, with fruit and candy. Week after week letters are received asking for cures for corpulence, and giving diet list that would astonish a navvy, and tax his ostrich-like powers of digestion to their limits. “I am suffering from dyspepsia,” writes an Essex county lady, “and increasing corpulence which I cannot account for, as I eat very little at meal-times. Of course I frequently eat between meals, but a couple of sandwiches and a box or two of candy don't count for much in the way of nourishment.” And she goes on to give a startling account of her pickings and nibblings, such as a glass of milk and a sandwich at eleven a.m., after a “light” breakfast of porridge and bacon and eggs. Then comes luncheon at one, an interlude of ice cream and candy at about three in the afternoon ; tea and thin bread and butter at four ; dinner at six, nibblings at eight, supper at ten, and all this with little or no exercise ! No wonder the good lady had dyspepsia and nightmare, and thirty-six inch corsets. Men do not transgress in this way as badly as women, but then they do other things.

The third woman to receive the degree of L.L. D. is Miss Frances Willard. The only others thus honored were Maria Mitchell and Amelia B. Edwards.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes : “I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the liver, having used them myself for some time.”

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“At Home.”

An amusing story is told of a dry as-dust Scotch professor, who received an “at home” card, just after those missives became fashionable. It read as follows :

“Principal and Mrs. Pirie present their compliments to Professor T—, and hope he is well. Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be ‘at home’ on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.”

This was something which evidently required an answer, but the recipient of it was quite equal to the occasion. He wrote : “Professor T— returns the compliments of Principal and Mrs. Pirie, and informs them that he is well. Professor T— is glad to hear that Principal and Mrs. Pirie will be at home on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Professor T— will also be at home.”

Children Shrink

from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

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