

## \* This and That \*

### SHOUTS WE CANNOT HEAR.

Most people, says 'Tid-Bits,' suppose mole to be dumb, but it is not. A mole can give a sound so shrill that it has no effect on the human ear at all, and another sound so low and soft that no human being can hear it. Yet a weasel can hear both these sounds as plainly as you can the report of a gun, and a sound registering machine—the phonograph—will show them both, with scores of other sounds you are deaf to.

The usual note of the mole is a low purr, which it uses a good deal while at work underground; and it can also shout at the top of its voice if hurt or alarmed, but though it shouted and purred in your ear you would not hear it. The sound register, however, with its delicate pencil that marks the volume of sound on a paper, gives the quantity of both sounds.

A weasel, too, which is one of the mole's enemies, can hear these sounds through a couple of inches of earth, and often catches the mole when he throws up his hillocks of earth. The common field mouse, too, has a purr that is altogether beyond you, though if he is hurt you can hear him squeak plainly enough. A death's-head moth, too, can squeak, but that is done by rubbing his wings together, and is not a voice at all.

But the champion of all creatures for good hearing, and one that can hear a sound that is over a hundred degrees beyond your own limit, is the common thrush, and you can often amuse yourself by watching him at it. He can hear a jobworm moving underground, find him by the noise, and haul him out.

Often you may see a thrush stand perfectly still on your lawn, cock his ear and listen intently, then make a couple of steps and haul out a fat jobworm. Even the starling, which is about the size of a thrush, cannot do this, but he knows the thrush can, and being a disreputable person, with no common honesty, he follows the young thrushes about on their worm hunts and steals the worm from them as soon as they are caught.—Ex.

### TRAVELING COMPANIONS

In order to be happy with a companion you must have one who is thoroughly congenial and sympathetic, who understands your unspoken thought, who above all is willing to let you have your way on the concession of the same privilege. I shall never forget a holiday I once had with a man of whom I had thought well. In a couple of days I discovered that he was a reincarnation of Mr. Barlow of Sandford and Merton. He was an early riser, and would come into my room and waken me. One should never be awakened on a holiday.

### SURE NOW

#### The Truth About Coffee

It must be regarded as a convincing test when a family of 7 has used Postum for 5 years, retaining health and keeping heel by and strong on this food drink.

This family lives in Millville, Mass. and the lady of the household says: "For eight years my stomach troubled me all the time I was very nervous and irritable and no medicine helped me."

"I had about given up hope until 5 years ago next month I read an article about Postum Cereal Coffee that convinced me that coffee was the cause of all my troubles. I made the Postum carefully and liked it so much I drank it in preference to coffee but without much faith that it would help me."

"At the end of a month however I was surprised to find such a change in my condition. I was stronger in every way, less nervous and at the end of 6 months I had recovered my strength so completely that I was able to do all my own housework. Because of the good Postum did us I knew that what you claimed for Grape-Nuts must be true and we have all used that delicious food ever since it first appeared on the market."

"We have 7 in our family and I do the work for them all and I am sure that I owe my strength and health to the steady use of your fine cereal food and Postum (in place of coffee). I have such great faith in Postum that I have sent it to my relatives and I never lose a chance to speak well of it. Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich."

Ice cold Postum with a dash of lemon is a delightful 'cooler' for warm days. Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500 oo cooks contest for \$35 money prize.

He would rouse me and read out of a timetable or out of Baedeker. He would say: "If you get up directly there is just time for us to have breakfast and catch a train for such and such a place."

Now it is obvious that on holidays there should be ample leisure for breakfast. Nobody should ever dream of starting by any train before eleven o'clock in the morning. Nobody should take a watch with him on his holidays. He should—as far as possible experience the timeless state. If he wants to go anywhere he should, when the impulse seizes him, ask a waiter when the next train starts for his place, and take it if it is suitable, and wait till next day if it is not. A good plan, which I have tried more than once with eminent success, is simply, when you feel disposed, to drive to the station and wait there until there is a train for the place you want to go to.

Mr. Barlow also was great upon seeing all the sights in Biedeker, and all the pictures that were marked with stars. I will not, however, go on with this story. People may travel together with comfort if they will not criticize one another, and if each will allow the other to do exactly as he pleases.—W. Robertson Nicoll.

### TOO BUSY TO GET OLD

"You don't seem changed a bit," said an acquaintance, half wonderingly, half enviously, to one whom she had not met for years. "You look as young as you did ten years ago." "Young?" repeated the other, as if reflecting upon the word for the first time. "Bless you! I haven't had time to grow old; I have been too busy even to think about it," she answered, with a cheery laugh. It was true; her heart and hands had been full. An invalid had looked to her for all the brightness and comfort that came to his sick room. A sister's orphan children had been left to her care, and the task of managing a limited income so that it would provide for all had kept her very busy. Besides, she had really mothered the flock. Her heart had kept warm and young with interest in all their interests. How could she grow old? To keep close to Christ in a spirit of helpfulness is to be always imbued with his courage and good cheer.—Sel.

### THE DIFFERENCE

A manufacturer, about to establish an agency in a distant city, had in his employ two young men whom he regarded highly, and both of whom he would like to advance to the coveted position. As it could go to only one he watched the men closely for some time, while trying to decide which he should send to represent his interests. One of the young men was an industrious plodder, always punctual to the minute. The other was a much more brilliant fellow who did his work well and easily, made friends readily, and was universally popular; but he made promises carelessly, forgetting them almost as soon as they were made. Finally the employer invited both of these young men to dine with him on a certain evening at exactly seven o'clock. The plodder presented himself to his host as the clock was striking, and they two immediately sat down to dinner. Five minutes later the other guest appeared with a laughing apology for being late, which, he said, was entirely the fault of his watch. On the following day the appointment, with a large increase of salary, was given to him who had learned the business value of promptness. The young man had learned that habit through "holding fast" against the stress of temptation, and it is so in every department of life.—Sel.

### THE BUTCHER'S WARNING.

A few weeks ago a young lad presented himself at the shop of a local butcher, and, when the burly proprietor appeared, gave a small order.

"You don't buy so much meat now as you did in the summer," remarked the butcher.

"No," responded the lad, "and it's because father has become a vegetarian."

"Well, my lad," came the grave retort, "you give your dad warning from me that, as a rule, vegetarians come to a violent end. Take a bullock—'e's a vegetarian. Wot's the result? Why, 'e's cut off sudden, in his very prime!"—London 'Tit Bits.

# Fast Flyer Begins Journey TO COAST

## Imperial Limited Tri-Weekly Service Opened Under the Most Favorable Conditions.

The Canadian Pacific has given the sign that summer is here again.

The Imperial Limited, the company's transcontinental flyer, which crosses the continent from Montreal to the Pacific ocean in 97 hours, started yesterday and is to day puffing in the long fight with time along the rugged and precipitous shore of Lake Superior.

The Imperial Limited service was inaugurated a week earlier this year than usual. This will probably become the permanent date. Next year it is predicted there will be a more momentous change. The company expect to have two trains leaving Montreal daily, one of which will be the Imperial Limited, running its race in 97 hours. This year it will run three times a week, the days of departure from Montreal being Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and from Vancouver, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Yesterday's train, radiant in fresh paint and varnished mahogany, rich red and warm from tender to baggage car, drew out of Windsor Station punctually at 11.40 o'clock, taking with it a full complement of passengers and a party of Montreal newspaper representatives, who journeyed with it as far as Ottawa, the guests of the company.

There was a large gathering of people on the platform. They had come out to see this graceful thing hurling its snorts of defiance, and as if conscious of the power that had bound it in fetters to obey the will of man and determined to flee from it.

### MAKE UP OF THE FLYER.

The train was just as it began its work last year, consisting of two palace sleepers of the most modern type, two tourists sleepers, one upholstered in leather and the other in corduroy; dining car and cars for the accommodation of the ordinary first class passengers—each car solidly built, wide vestibuled throughout and with exquisite finish both internal and external.

The journey to Ottawa gave the the party ample opportunity to admire anew the sumptuous Louis Quinze sleeping cars, fresh from the hands of the decorator and spotless as when they first entered the service.

The company lays itself out to provide on this train for the tastes and purses of all classes of patrons. The wealthy may secure seclusion in state rooms of ivory and gold with the comforts of a drawing room with its velvet frappe upholstery. His less fortunate brother, whom the spurs of ambition has driven forth to carve a career in the great west where the

possibilities are elemental and vast as nature herself, may find a comfortable lodging and cook his own food at a range that would make many a housewife burn with envy, for the small charge of a couple of dollars a day in addition to the ordinary railway fare, while he is being whirled along to meet destiny at a speed of forty miles an hour.

The company gave its guests an opportunity of testing the quality of the cuisine on the dining car, and it was much to the advantage as well as pleasure of the guests that Mr. George McL. Brown, superintendent of dining, sleeping and parlor cars, accompanied them on the trip, for he was able to show how, by the scientific utilization of space, it is possible to do so much where there is little room to spare.

On this day the mysteries were all revealed, not even the kitchen, that shining, remote, miraculous place, where the chef waves the wand of the magician, being held sacred from the raids of the inquisitive.

Mr. Brown told how every summer sees some new improvement introduced in this mystic arena where multum in parvo reigns supreme, and shows how, with burnished steel and tin and copper and dull lead, one can do wonders if they are put into the right shape.

Some of the stores taken on, say at Montreal, last the trip to the coast, but of others, there is a fresh supply daily.

In the run through the Rockies the dining cars are dispensed with; for beyond Laggan meals are provided at the charming hotel chalets at Field Glacier and North Bend.

The floral decorations on the tables are delightfully refreshing—the dining service could not be excelled in any hotel. Each guest finds a boutonniere by the side of his plate and a beautifully designed menu tells of the good things from which he may make his choice, and shows him pictures of the mountain scenery, with all the delicacy of shading that is known to the engraver's art.

The trip to the capital and back was made under the most pleasant conditions. Mr. Geo. H. Ham took the party under his special protection, and proved himself in a very real sense both philosopher and friend.

At the capital the party was met by Mayor Cook, Senator Templeman, the principal resident correspondents, and several reporters, who conducted them to the Parliamentary Buildings, where there was informal exchange of greetings and revival of old friendships.

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