

CONSTIPATION

Is Productive Of More Ill Health Than Anything Else.

If the truth was only known you would find that over one half of the ills of life are caused by allowing the bowels to get into a constipated condition, and the sole cause of constipation is an inactive liver, and unless the liver is kept active you may rest assured that headaches, jaundice, heartburn, piles, floating specks before the eyes, a feeling as if you were going to faint, or catarrh of the stomach will follow the wrong action of this, one of the most important organs of the body.

Keep the liver active and working properly by the use of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills.

Miss Rose Babineau, Amherst, N.S., writes: "Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying various so-called remedies, which did me no good whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial, for they are indeed a splendid pill. I can heartily recommend them to all who suffer from constipation."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial, 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Bell-ringers

The missionary had come back on a vacation to his own little village in New England. It was a village of poor folk, and had never given much to missions—except the missionary. Its state of mind, in consequence, was at once humble and exalted.

The missionary told about his work three times on Sunday; but it was at the Sunday-school service in the afternoon, that enthusiasm waxed highest. The missionary was always a favorite with children, and these boys and girls

of his own town listened with rapt attention while he told about the little meeting-house that he hoped to build out West, and the different ways in which he and his Indians were trying to raise money for it. At the end of the talk the children clapped and clapped and clapped, and when the din was subsiding, one little boy cried out with explosive earnestness:

"Can't we help? Can't we do something?"

The missionary smiled, and the mothers sighed; but other voices had taken up the question, and now on all sides was heard the same cry:

"Can't we help?"

"Could you build the steeple?" suggested the missionary; and he named the sum of money necessary.

Mothers and fathers shook their heads, and the children's faces fell.

"Perhaps you could give us the bell to call the Indians to meeting?"

Again there was a shaking of heads; but suddenly out of the silence spoke the little boy who had first asked the question.

"We could give the rope to pull the bell," he said.

There was a burst of delighted applause. The little boy was allowed to pass the collection-plate, and he wondered why some of the mothers had tears in their eyes as they dropped in their nickles, and why some of the fathers seemed so deeply stirred.

Two years afterward the missionary came home for another vacation, and brought with him a photograph of the little mission church. In the doorway stood an Indian lad, pulling on the end of a bell-rope. He passed the photograph round among the eager children, and as they studied it he said to them: "My little friends, you can see here one end of your benefaction; the other end stretches up toward heaven."

And the children's faces shone, for they knew what he meant.

The Figure That Lied

By E. W. Frenz.

Roy Marshall had been in school nearly three years, and almost all the time he liked it. It was fun to read and write, and geography was easy. But the number work was not like the other studies. It was a good deal harder, and he had to work longer at his lessons. Peter Greenwood, who sat just in front of him, got on much better than Roy did in the number work, and this made Roy unhappy, for always before, in the reading and writing and other things, he had kept ahead of Peter. Roy could not see how it was that Peter could add up long columns of figures and multiply and divide, and always get the right answer, when he himself worked just as hard, and even harder, and often got a wrong answer.

One day the teacher, looking over Roy's shoulder at his paper, pointed out a mistake he had made, and said, as she turned away, "Remember, Roy, figures do not lie."

It seemed a funny thing to say, and Roy thought about it a good deal. Figures must be very good if they always told the truth. He wondered if it was easy for him. He tried always to tell the truth himself, but sometimes it was not easy. Once or twice he had been punished for things he had done, and had told the truth about, when it had seemed almost as if he would not have been punished if he could only have told a lie about it. But still he knew how his father and mother felt about it, and so he did his best to tell things just as they were.

But figures must be strange things if they never told a lie. Perhaps they were real and alive, like himself, and had to do things sometimes that were hard and that they did not like to do. At any rate, he thought about it a good deal.

The spring examinations came in March. Roy knew it weeks ahead, and he knew, too, that he ought to be reviewing the work he had gone over; but it was just marble-time then, and it was hard to stay indoors and study when everybody else was out playing marbles.

The examination in number work seemed to Roy easier than he had thought it would be. He did all of the first six examples, and was pretty sure he had got them right. But the seventh was a hard one. He worked and worked on it, and still he could not do it, so he skipped that and did the others, and then went back. He tried and tried again, but it would not come out right. Then, when he was very tired, he looked up just as Peter Greenwood asked to leave his seat for a drink of water. Peter left his paper on his desk, and although Roy did not intend to look, he could not help seeing some of the examples. Number seven was right before his eyes, and where Roy had the figure eight, Peter had a nine.

Roy went over his own work again and saw that it ought to be a nine, so without thinking much more about it, he changed his own work and put down the nine where he had had the eight.

Being in a hurry, he did not make a very good nine. It was hunchbacked and stooped over, with a big head, that seemed to be hanging down. But he turned in his paper, and hurried out and played marbles till dark.

After supper that evening he began to think about the examples again, and he remembered the figure nine that he had put down in place of the eight. He remembered how it looked—how it was bent over, and how it hung its head, as if it was ashamed of something. He kept thinking about it, and even after he had gone to bed the figure stood there before his eyes, looking so mean and sorry.

The more he thought about it the more it seemed to him that he had made the figure lie, when it did not want to, and had not meant to. That was why it looked so mean and ashamed.

The first thing the next morning Roy went straight to his teacher. "Please may I change one of the answers in my examination-paper?" he asked.

"Why, my dear boy," she said, "I couldn't let you do that. It wouldn't be fair. If you have looked up the answer out of school you must not change it now. That would not be right."

"Oh, yes'm, it would, because one of my figures lied," said Roy, eagerly. "He didn't mean to, but I made him; but I didn't mean to, either."

"Why, child, what do you mean?" Then Roy told the teacher all about it: how he had not got the right answer himself, and how he had seen Peter's paper, and put down the figure he had seen there.

The teacher laughed and hugged Roy the way his mother did sometimes. Then she took out his examination-paper, and where the poor, mean-looking figure nine had stood she put a great big eight that stood up so straight and looked so strong and honest that anybody could see at a glance that he was telling the truth, no matter if he had made a mistake.

And now Roy knows that if figures ever lie it is not because they want to, but because some one else makes them.

Treatment of Burns

Writers of surgical works usually divide burns into three degrees of severity. In the first there is nothing more than increased redness of the skin, with more or less smarting of the affected part. In burns of the second degree the surface is still red, but it is also more or less covered with blisters of variable size and extent. In the third class are placed the burns which are really burns—cases in which the tissues are charred or completely destroyed.

The danger of a burn varies in general with the extent of surface affected rather than with the degree. Thus a burn of the first degree, inducing only redness without blistering, but involving about two-thirds of the surface of the body, has caused death, while the actual carbonization of an entire foot and part of the leg has been survived.

The most desirable thing in the case of a burn of any extent or degree is to exclude the air and protect the part from pressure or rubbing. Cloths wet in a solution of ordinary washing-soda or cooking-soda and covered by oiled silk to prevent drying serve the purpose admirably; and the soda has the further recommendation of relieving the pain better than almost anything else. A mixture of equal parts of linseed-oil and lime-water—the well-known carron-oil—is a time-honored remedy. If blisters have formed, the water may be let out by making a little snip of the raised skin near the edge of the blister, but great care must be taken not to tear off the covering skin.

If the burn has been severe the constitutional symptoms may be marked, and treatment may be needed to ward off shock and prevent collapse. If the skin has been destroyed to a greater or less depth, antiseptic treatment will be needed to promote healing and prevent exhausting suppuration, or even gangrene. Of course if the burn is extensive or deep only "first-aid" treatment should be given. Medical assistance should be secured as soon as possible.

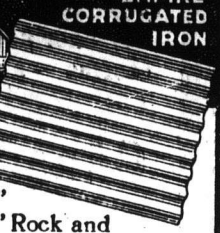
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