

**This and That**

**A QUEER PAVEMENT.**

One of the oldest, quaintest and most interesting towns in California is Monterey. In the days before the gringo came, while Alto California still formed part of Mexico, Monterey was its capital city. Many buildings still remain that are eloquent of those times. For a long period Monterey Bay afforded fishing ground for a considerable number of whalers. Monterey Bay still provides sport and profit for many fishermen, but is no longer the habitat of any great number of whales.

A curious memento of the whaling industry remains, however, in the pavement leading up from the street to the west door of the church of San Carlos de Borromeo. This is one of the churches founded by the Spanish missionary fathers, and is still in excellent repair. The priests live in a house adjacent to the church, and services are held regularly.

The round, mushroomlike objects in the pavement are the vertebrae of the great mammals. The pavement is in good condition and seems to wear well. Hundreds of persons walk on it without ever knowing of what it is made. The pavement is probably unique, at any rate in this country.

Another memento of the early days of Monterey is a wooden cross erected on the spot where Father Junipero Serra, the most notable of the Spanish missionaries to the California Indians, landed on June 3, 1770, on the banks of a creek, now nearly dry, and near a tree now almost dead. The wooden cross is not very old, but has been placed on the spot by the Landmarks Society, the function of which, as its name implies, is to preserve buildings connected with the history of California, and to cultivate interest in historical places and people.

The strange circumstance about the memorial is that the inscription on the plate beneath the arms of the cross contains a ludicrous mis-spelling of the name of the man whose memory it is designed to honor. The name of Father Junipero Serra, which is mentioned in every history of California and should be familiar to every child educated in the public school of the State, is spelled "Fumpero"—and this, too, in a town intimately connected with him and his noble work and comprising among its inhabitants a large number of persons of Spanish origin.—The New York Tribune.

**JOHNNY'S PA.**

My pa—he always went to school,  
He says, an' studied hard.  
'W'y, when he's just as big as me  
He knew things by the yard!  
Arithmetic? He knew it all  
From dividend to sum;  
But when he tells me how it was,  
My grandma, she says "Hum!"

My pa—he always got the prize  
For never bein' late;  
An' when they studied joggerly,  
He knew 'bout every state.  
He says he knew the rivers, an'  
Knew all their outs an' ins,  
But when he tells me all o' that,  
My grandma, she just grins.

My pa—he never missed a day  
A goin' to the school,  
An' never played no hooky, nor  
Forgot the teacher's rule;  
An' ev'ry class he's ever in,  
The rest he always led.  
My grandma, when pa talks that way,  
Just laughs, an' shakes her head.

My grandma says 'at boys is boys,  
The same as pa's is pa's.  
An' when I ast her what she means,  
She says it is "because."  
She says 'at little boys is best  
Wh'n they grow up to men,  
Because they know how good they was,  
An' tell their children then!  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

**THEN AND NOW.**

Then: Only a few years ago a young man of promise was invited to sign a pledge. He declined, saying, 'Why should I deny myself the use of the cheerful wine because some people abuse it? I can drink or leave it alone!'

Now: A man staggered into a pawnbroker's shop in New York the other day, and

laying down a package on the counter, exclaimed:

'Give me ten cents!  
The proprietor open the parcel and found a pair of little red shoes so slightly soiled as to indicate that they had seen but little wear.

'Got them home,' said the man; 'my wife bought them for the baby.' Mad with thirst he cried: 'Give me ten cents. I must have a drink.'

'You had better take them back to your wife,' said the pawnbroker, 'the baby will need them.'

'No she won't,' said the man, 'because she's dead. She's dead, I say; died in the night.' And he bowed his head on the counter and wept like a child.—Selected.

**"THE BAR"**

The saloon is sometimes called a bar. That's true.

- A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
- Whoever named it, named it well.
- A bar to manliness and wealth;
- A door to want and broken health,
- A bar to honor, pride and fame,
- A door to sin and grief and shame,
- A bar to hope, a bar to prayer;
- A door to darkness and despair.
- A bar to honored, useful life;
- A door to brawling, senseless strife.
- A bar to all that's true and brave;
- A door to every drunkard's grave;
- A bar to joys that home imparts;
- A door to tears and aching heart's.
- A bar to heaven, a door to hell;
- Whoever named it, named it well.

—Gist.

Mrs. Kidder—Charles can't you give me another check? I see you have a whole book full.

Mr. Kidder—That doesn't signify, dear. I have used up my balance at the bank.

Mrs. Kidder—Then why didn't you give up your check book? Now, it's no use for you to tell stories, Charles Kidder. If you mean to say I shan't have any money, why don't you say so right out, like a man?—Boston Transcript.

**Notice to Pile Sufferers**

**We Don't Ask You To Take Anyone's Word For What Pyramid Pile Cure Will Do.**

You Can Have a Trial Package Free By Mail.

We receive hundreds of letters like the following: "I have been feeling so good I could hardly believe it, after suffering with piles for a year, to find that I am once more feeling like myself. I wish you could have seen me before I started using Pyramid Pile Cure and look at me now, and you would say I am not the same man. I have gained 20 pounds, and all on account of Pyramid Pile Cure." Walter Sharkley, 56 Park St., Springfield, Mass.

"I bought a fifty cent box of Pyramid Pile Cure and used as directed with the most unexpected results, a complete cure. I have been troubled with piles for thirty years and was in much distress and passed much blood, but at present am free from any kind of piles." F. McKay, Weaverille, Cal.

"Pyramid Pile Cure has been worth thousands of dollars to me; it cured me after using numbers of other remedies and taking medicines from doctors." It also cured my son, although he could hardly walk, eat or sleep; he is now all right." B. Stringfellow, Postmaster, Elko, S. C.

By the use of Pyramid Pile Cure you will avoid an unnecessary, trying and expensive examination by a physician and will rid yourself of your trouble in the privacy of your own home at a trifling expense.

After using the free treatment, which we mail in a perfectly plain wrapper, you can secure regular full-size packages from druggists at 50 cents each, or we will mail direct in plain package upon receipt of price. Pyramid Drug Co., 325 1/2 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

**Woman's Kidney Troubles**

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Especially Successful in Curing This Fatal Disease.**



Mrs. J. W. Lang and Mrs. S. Frake

Of all the diseases known, with which women are afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless early and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave exhaustive study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—was careful to see that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was sure to control that fatal disease, woman's kidney troubles. The Vegetable Compound acts in harmony with the laws that govern the entire female system, and while there are many so called remedies for kidney troubles, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women, and thousands have been cured of serious kidney derangements by it. Derangements of the feminine organs quickly affect the kidneys, and when a woman has such symptoms as pain or weight in the loins, backache, bearing down pains, urine too frequent, scanty or high colored, producing scalding or burning, or deposits like brick dust in it; unusual thirst, swelling of hands and feet, swelling under the eyes or sharp pains in the back running down the inside of her groin, she may be sure her kidneys are affected and should lose no time in combating the disease with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the woman's remedy for woman's ills.

The following letters show how marvelously successful it is.

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.**

Mrs. Samuel Frake, of Prospect Plains, N. J., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—  
I cannot thank you enough for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. When I first wrote to you I had suffered for years with what the doctor called kidney trouble and congestion of the womb. My back ached dreadfully all the time, and I suffered so with that bearing-down feeling I could hardly walk across the room. I did not get any better, so decided to stop doctoring with my physician and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am thankful to say it has entirely cured me. I do all my own work, have no more backache and all the bad symptoms have disappeared. I cannot praise your medicine enough, and would advise all women suffering with kidney trouble to try it.

Mrs. J. W. Lang, of 636 Third Avenue, New York, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham—  
I have been a great sufferer with kidney trouble. My back ached all the time and I was discouraged. I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure kidney disease, and I began to take it; and it has cured me when everything else had failed. I have recommended it to lots of people and they all praise it very highly.

**Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation.**

Women suffering from kidney trouble, or any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Out of the great volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than likely she has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

**Surprise** is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use **Surprise Soap**

It makes child's play of washday—and every day a happy day.

The pure soap just loosens the dirt in a natural way and cleanses easily—without injury. Remember **Surprise is a pure, hard Soap**

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