

THE EAGLE'S LESSON

From M. Brown's "The Eagle's Flight," in July St. Nicholas.

Far, far up among the crags was built the nest. It was just on the edge of a great cliff, and had been placed against a rock that projected from the cold, biting winds of the north. The nest was built of twigs and straw, and was as snug as a cat's paw.

When the sun shone brightly, the little eagle would peer over the edge of the nest, and see the world below. There was a wide, wide plain, with nothing on it excepting little bushes of sage-grass, scattered here and there. Sometimes rabbits and prairie-dogs would come near the nest, and the little eagle would look at them with a growl and a hiss. Then beyond the plain was a streak of blue, and in the air there were sometimes birds. At first they did not know what it was, but as their eyes grew stronger they saw that it was a river. It was from the direction of the river that their mother came with fish for them to eat. Then, just as they were getting tired of gazing over the great plain, the mother would come with the evening meal. After they had eaten their fill, they would sleep under her wings, and sleep till the beautiful morning came again.

Now there were three eaglets that were larger and stronger than the rest. He thought a great deal about the things he saw, and questioned his mother about them. When she was very tired, and his mother was very proud of him, and believed that he would come to the head of the river, the eagle would look at him with a growl and a hiss. One day, when Keneu had grown strong enough to fly alone, he went to the river. He came to his mother, who was standing with folded wings on a great high rock. She did not notice him, for she was looking away to the south, where all the land was covered with a blue haze.

"Mother," said Keneu, when he had climbed up beside her, "mother, tell me of my father."

For a time his mother did not answer; then she said, "I will tell you of your father. Over there, beyond the river, there are creatures called men. They live only to kill. They do not kill for food only, as we do, but because they like to see things die, and then they boast among their fellows of the great numbers they have slain. When they kill they use something that can make anything they touch die. One day, as your father came in from his hunt, I could see him far off, flying first high, then low, but he was coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly I saw a white puff, like a little cloud, near the surface of the plain; then there was a strange noise in the air; then I saw your father falling—falling—and he never rose again."

For a long time his mother did not say any more, and Keneu stood very still beside her. But his eyes were shining, for in him was rumoured the hatred and fear of man, which is in the deepest life of all wild things. And with the fear came a great longing, for he heard the voice of the desert, that calls and calls to the heart of the eagle.

Then his mother spoke again. "Keneu, you are very like your father, and he was the mightiest of all birds. You will be strong, and do not fear the dwellings of men, for they are only a shadow to you. Remember this: I have told you."

Keneu went off by himself, and thought of all the things that his mother had said to him.

It was not long before he began to fly a little, and he grew stronger and stronger. He began to make short journeys with him; then they became longer and longer, until, on one great day, he took him to the river, and showed him how to catch the fish. Keneu proved himself very skilful, and did not want to come away when the sun began to set low in the west. All that night he dreamed of the mighty deeds he would do when he went out into the great wide world. All night long he heard the rushing sound, and he could not sleep. Looking up, he saw the stars, and he thought of the wonderful world about him, strange being of which his mother had spoken, man.

ITCH

Mange, Pruritus, Scabies and every form of contagious Itch on human or animal cured in 10 minutes by Dr. J. C. Sanford's Itch Lotion. It never fails. Sold by Druggists.

London's Exposition in 1908.

An exposition in London is officially announced for the summer of 1908, to include science, art, products, manufactures, and systems of education of the whole British Empire, together with those of France and all her colonies. The preliminary arrangements were made last November between the officials of the Governments named and a site for the exhibition agreed upon.

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bad-habits. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. S. Sumner, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

His Place Was Filled.

Professor James H. Hyslop, of the American Society for Psychical Research, said in a discussion of mediums: "Genuine mediums being so plentiful, I can readily sympathize with those who ridicule false mediums. I heard of an amusing incident in this line the other day. A medium, after evoking Lincoln, Washington and other seasonable spirits, said, in a thrilling voice: 'I see a man of middle age, with black hair parted in the middle, a black moustache and a tip-tilted nose. Handsome, distinguished, stately, and he is hovering persistently about you, sir, and the medium nodded toward an elderly man with white whiskers. This elderly man started, and then burst suddenly into tears. His frame shaking with sobs, he cried: 'John, John, why, oh, why did you leave me to the misery of these past years?' 'You knew him!' the medium asked gently. 'Know him?' moaned the elderly man. 'I communed with him daily. Oh, John, he burst forth again, why, why did you have to die?' 'Courage,' said the medium, 'calm yourself. Though his loss was a great one, you may yet find another friend to fill his place.' 'No, no! Impossible! His place is filled.' 'Filled? What do you mean?' asked the puzzled medium. 'The elderly man, shaking his head sadly, answered: 'He was my wife's first husband.'"

His house is cool on the hottest day, for its ceilings are high, its roof overhangs, it has jalousies instead of glass windows and it is bare of thick carpets.

Stops Colic

Nurses' and Mothers' Treasure

—25c—6 bottles \$1.25.

National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited Montreal.

Testing Bulls With Automobiles.

That the automobile can be used with great success in determining the courage of young bulls intended for the bull ring has been demonstrated by Pedro Fernandez Somellera on his San Isidro hacienda in this state. The novel experiment was made a few days ago with a twenty-two horse-power car.

On all haciendas where fighting bulls are raised the young animals are "tested" with a view to determining their future fitness for the bull ring. Those that prove their courage are marked and left to grow up for future contests.

Up to this time the tests have been conducted by men on horseback, armed with pikes, like picadores. But M. Somellera, who is an enthusiastic motorist, this year decided on an innovation by introducing the motor car in place of the horseman. Accordingly, after the young bulls had been herded into a large corral the machine was driven into the enclosure. The occupants were armed with the usual pikes.

The experiment proved an exciting success. Several of the young bulls charged the machine at mad speed, and it was only by clever driving that the car and its occupants were kept clear of the horns of the surprised and apparently indignant animals.

The bulls that attempted to mix with the automobile have been credited with exceptional bravery, and they are expected to bring fame to the San Isidro hacienda by their future performances in the bull ring—Guadalajara correspondence Mexican Herald.

Tyranny of Cards.

The first universal delirium of bridge is, happily, over in England, and even confirmed card players show signs of convalescence, but they are still under the tyranny of games. Though the born gambler never realizes it, there are numbers of people who do not care for cards and remain quite cold on the subject of games of hazard.—London Sketch.

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The PEDLAR People Established 1861. 200
Ottawa Montreal Toronto London Winnipeg

Signs of Long Life.

"Bacon took a deep interest in longevity and its earmarks," said a physician, "and Bacon's signs of long life and of short life are as true to-day as they ever were."

"You won't live long," Bacon pointed out, "if you have soft, fine hair, a fine skin, quick growth, large head, early corpulence, short neck, small mouth, brittle and separated teeth and fat ears."

"Your life, barring accidents, will be very lengthy if you have slow growth, coarse hair, a rough skin, deep wrinkles in the forehead, firm flesh, a large mouth, wide nostrils, strong teeth set close together, and a hard, gristly ear."

—Minneapolis Journal.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swellings, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Sore \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by druggists.

Gray Horses in Maine.

After the disquisition on the value of grey horses, as compared with horses of other colors, the Parkhurst writer sagely notes: "You may change a farmer's religion or politics, make him think he is poor and handsome, coax his wife to run away with you, or sell him a dog, but you will never make him think a grey horse is not a jewel. I read somewhere recently that grey horses were not up to the standard, or words to that effect. I never was so astonished in my life. I have always thought, and do now, that grey or white horses were the handsomest, toughest breed on the planet."

The celebrated Arabian horses are white or dapple grey. Famous generals in all wars have ridden white or iron grey chargers. Grey men select grey horses to draw the band wagons in street parades. A great packing company always selects Percheron horses, not so much for the color, but because their feet will stand travelling on the pavements better than any draught breed. It is said that Joan of Arc rode a milk-white horse, and St. John, the revelator, saw a white horse in Heaven (Rev. vi, 2). Half of the draught horses in Aroostook are white or grey, and another decade will see 80 per cent. of them of that color.—From the Lewiston Journal.

Completeness of French Census.

France is a country where the census assumes almost the elevation of high art. The cult of detail of the personal kind carries passion for statistics to its apotheosis. There is nothing like it in this country. The timid bachelor who cares to know the Department in which women outnumber men, and are therefore least likely to reject a suitor; the woman yearning for matrimony who would learn where men are numerically the preponderant sex, and therefore compelled to respect the law of supply and demand, need only cast their eyes over these abundantly classified statistics.

Similarly, one may find at a glance which province or department most inclines to bachelorhood or spinsterhood, which is widowed and which to divorcees; where all the deaf and dumb come from, and where blindness is in fashion. This last is perhaps the most curious in detail of all. Why, for instance, should there be 163 blind people to the 100,000 in Corsica and only 45 in the Department of Vienne?—London Globe.

The Refuge Against Old Age.

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: "Cling to your youth. It is the artist's stock in trade. Do not give up that you are aging, and you won't age." In this familiar and homely advice is hidden the secret of the artist's power and charm. He never grows old; things never become commonplace to him; the colors do not fade. As a matter of fact, they never fade; it is the perception which becomes duller, the interest which becomes less keen. A good many men and women have discovered that it is a good thing to associate intimately with persons younger than themselves. This is one refuge against old age, but the real refuge is within. It is the assertion of one's immortality, the consciousness that one is in all relations and occupations, that one is going forward and not backward; that the world, which grows sadder because one's companions go out of it, is growing brighter because one is pushing toward the dawn and not toward the sunset. There is a great mass of misleading and cynical philosophy about old age. Poetry is full of images of disenchantment created for the greater part by disenchanted men. There was a profound truth in the old Greek picture of the spirit beginning its life in a strongly built house, protected from all the elements; finding, finally, that the house begins to be less secure, discovering at last that it begins to crumble, and at the end that it falls in ruins—only to leave the man free under the open sky.—From the Outlook, New York.

A Horse with a Strained Shoulder

Is sound as a dollar in 24 hours after you rub the sore spot with Fellow's Leeming's Essence.

It gives instant relief in all cases of Strains, Bruises and Swellings—draws the pain right out—strengthens the weak back, shoulder or knee. Whether you have one horse or twenty, accidents are liable to happen any time. Keep a bottle of

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50c. a bottle. At dealers.

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Getting Tired of Bosses.

The people are less and less well disposed toward bosses. They want none of them. The political boss is coming into constantly increasing disfavor. The voters are more and more awake and determined not only to know but to transcend their own business without waiting to be told by any self-constituted guardian. There have been recent examples showing that conventions can be controlled by the politicians, but that the voters are free and independent, and that when they go to the polls they cast ballots according to their own ideas and as they choose.—Utica, N. Y. Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Something in That.

If the people are neglectful of their political duties and vote according to the orders of bosses, then they would be badly under municipal ownership and under private or public ownership instead of themselves. There have been recent examples showing that conventions can be controlled by the politicians, but that the voters are free and independent, and that when they go to the polls they cast ballots according to their own ideas and as they choose.—Utica, N. Y. Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Finding the Difference.

Some people are going to be mighty surprised when they find out that there is a difference between real goodness and a receipt for pew rent.—Florida Times-Union.

The Spirit of Militarism.

The Moros in the Philippines are nearly all killed off in the work of benevolent assimilation, and General Wood is now getting ready at Olongapo to protect the army and fleet of the United States against an imaginary enemy.

What's the Use?

The list of drowning fatalities continues to grow. There seems no remedy except to repeat and repeat the warnings.

Talks on..

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Mad Dogs Easily Avoided.

Mad dogs do not attack people. This is the statement made by Dr. P. M. Hall, city health commissioner. "When a dog has the rabies," said Dr. Hall, "he has lost control of his body and what he does is mechanical. His jaws snap involuntarily and if he encounters any object, whether animate or inanimate, he is likely to bite it. But a mad dog does not attack as does an angry dog. He does not pick out a victim nor use any strategy. For this reason dogs suffering from rabies are less dangerous than is supposed. No grown person need fear them, for all he has to do is to get out of the way. The dog will not chase him. Of course, young children are in danger, as they do not know how to lodge the brute."—Minneapolis Journal.

Cow Carried Away a Golf Ball.

On Saturday two golfers were doing the round of the Bury Field links, Newport Pagnell, when a most remarkable incident occurred. One of the golfers in making a cleft stick struck a grazing cow on the hindquarters. In dropping the ball lodged in the whisk of the cow's tail. Expecting to see the ball fall when the cow moved, the players approached the animal, which started off on the run, the ball still lodged in the tail. The movements of the animal caused the ball repeatedly to strike her on the leg, which made her kick out viciously. For fifteen minutes the players gave chase in the hope of dislodging the ball, when a specially vicious cow caused the ball to fall to the ground.—From the London Evening Standard.

N-E-R-V-E-S

Nervous men and women, suffering nervousness—night depression—weakness—pale—pain and suffering—all cases when you take

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Tablets. They bring sunshine into your life—restore you to health, and strength, and happiness. If you are nervous—if the system is run down—and especially if you have any weakness—care yourself with Mira Tablets. 50c. box—6 for \$2.50. Drug stores or The Chemists' Co. of Canada, Limited, Hamilton—Toronto.

The Day of the Trolley.

So rapid is the extension of existing trolley lines and the construction of new lines that statistics of mileage are out of date before they can be compiled and published. The day of the trolley, long distance as well as short distance is upon us.

An article in the Metropolitan Magazine for July states that there are already 5,000 miles of trolley line in Ohio. An article in Appleton's Magazine for July says that in Indiana "1,000 miles of track are now in operation; 350 miles are building and will be placed in operation early this year, another 2,000 miles are projected; every steam railroad out of Indianapolis has been paralleled; more than \$50,000,000 has been actually invested in these properties; passengers are carried at their convenience in clean and comfortable cars and for one-half the former fares." A similar story might be told of many other sections.

The trolley line is no longer merely an improvement on the horse car for use in cities and their immediate environment. A number of hundred mile runs are possible to-day and thousands mile trips will soon be made. Experience thus far seems to have proved beyond any question that trolley lines can carry passengers and parcels at much lower rates than is possible for steam railways. It is true that they do not yet run at the speed of express trains, but this is offset by the fact of more frequent communication. In many cases, probably in a majority, the cost of the trip is of greater consideration to the traveler than is the time required for it, assuming a fair equality of physical comfort. If a steam railroad trip of a hundred miles is made in two hours at a cost of \$2 and the same trip can be made by trolley in three and a half hours for \$1.50 there will be plenty of passengers for the trolley.

The development of this system of transportation makes it even probable that before many years our railways will be used mainly for long distance travel and heavy or bulky freight, while the trolley will be generally used to say just what may happen around New York city, where conditions are somewhat peculiar. So far as the country at large is concerned there can be little doubt that trolley lines will revolutionize the feet a revolution in passenger transportation and also to exert an important influence in the field of parcel freight.—N. Y. Sun.

The Backslider.

The June brides in white bathing suits and silk stockings, paced the beach arm in arm.

"There is only one thing—"

And the blond bride sighed.

"There is only one thing more remarkable than the fortitude with which Tom gave up smoking as soon as we became engaged."

"As what is that, dear?" asked the brunette.

"The haste with which he took it up again after our marriage."—From the Minneapolis Journal.

We, Us & Co.

(Toronto Telegram.)

Ottawa is the home of nearly 2,500,000 free, happy and contented people, who have produced fewer triumphs of art and literature than any similar community of free and fairly well educated citizens on earth.

Red Riding Hood's Wood.

Jack killed his giants in Cornwall in the days of King Arthur, and Tom Thumb flourished at about the same time, while at much later date the babes were left by their wicked Uncle to die in a wood in Norfolk—distinctly in Northwest Norfolk.

Northwest Norfolk also contains "Little Red Riding Hood's Wood." Twenty years ago it was a lovely haunt for the nature lover. In the heart of the wood was a lake, in the middle of the lake an island, and on the island a tiny, uninhabited cottage. Flowers were everywhere in profusion, especially spring flowers—wild in the wood, cultivated in the cottage garden, which was kept in order by the owner's bailiff. It would have been kind to tell the villagers, who firmly believed that the episode in the life of little Red Riding Hood actually occurred, that Germany claimed to have sent us the story.—London Chronicle.



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3 cakes for 25c.
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Wild Geese Late in Northern Flight.

Skowhegan reports that at 3.30 a.m. Saturday a flock of wild geese, estimated at 4,000 or more, flew over the city, bound north.

While they were passing over the town the air was so full of them that it seemed like the approach of a storm cloud. The first gentleman to witness this remarkable sight was Summer C. Ward, who is an early riser. The flapping of their wings awakened him from a sound sleep, and his first impression was, until he went out on the lawn and saw what it really was, that it was thunder.

The remarkable part of it is that the geese were going north so late in the season. It is past their breeding time, but as everything has been so backward this spring it is presumed the birds waited for warmer weather before leaving the southland.—Lewiston Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The Spirits Moved.

(Toronto Star.)

A Hamilton woman has mysteriously disappeared. As she had previously held a complaint against a liquor dealer, they suppose she has been spirited away.

LAMENESS

Whether it is a fresh Bruise, Cut or Strain—or an old Spavin, Splint, Ringbone or Swelling—you can cure your horse with

Kendall's Spavin Cure

Thos. Castles, of Newark, N.J., bought a horse—lamed with a Jack Spavin—for \$100. He cured every sign of lameness with Kendall's Spavin Cure—won five races with the horse—then sold the animal to his former owner for \$1,000.00.

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