CHAPPED FROM FINGERS TO ELBOWS.

Boy's Agony Relieved by Zam-Buk.

If you are suffering from badly-chapped hands you will be able to comprehend a little of the agony which Henry Walker, of 14 Manufacturers Street, Montreal, endured before Zam-Buk gave him relief. His mother, telling of the case to a Press representative, said:—

"Henry works with his shirt sleeves rolled up above his elbows, and passing from a warm room to the biting cold, as he was obliged to do, he got the worst case of chapped hands and arms I have ever seen. From his fingers to his elbows was one mass of raw flesh, with bad cracks here and there. Whenever he washed it brought tears to his eyes, the pain was so acute. He tried several kinds of salves, but nothing relieved him really until he tried Zam-Buk. This balm seemed to take away the burning and smarting almost at once. The cracks began to heal, and a few applications of the balm cured him. His hands and arms are now smooth and soft.

"We have also used Zam-Buk for other emergencies. I sustained a burn on one of my fingers. Zam-Buk took the fire out and healed up the sore. It really seems a wonderful household preparation.

"On one occasion my son Harry had his foot frozen. It was very swollen and discolored, but Zam-Buk both relieved the swelling and removed the discoloration. Zam-Buk is so handy and so effective that we shall always keep a supply handy."

Miss Hattie Bertrand, of Salisbury, (Ont.), says: "Every winter I suffer from chapped hands, but I have found a cure in Zam-Buk. Applied at night, it heals the cracks by morning, and takes away all the soreness."

Similar effects follow its use for eczema, scalp sores, blood poisoning, ulcers, ringworm, children's sores, cuts, burns, and bruises. It also cures piles. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box; or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

What it Meant to Bill.

Patrick Jones, New York's superintendent of school supplies, was talking at a dinner about corporal punishment.

"Corporal punishment in our schools is no more," he said, "and that is a good thing. Undeniably, though, many a boy showed wonderful pluck.

"I remember a boy named Bill, a brave fellow, was doing miserably one day in a geometry recitation.

"'Now, sir,' said the schoolmaster savagely, 'for the last time, what is the square of the hypotenuse of a rightangled triangle equivalent to?'

"'It's equivalent to a lickin' for me, sir. There's the club,' said Bill."—Boston Herald.

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

Mother (reprovingly)—Don't you know that you should never let a man kiss you?

Daughter—But, mamma, it seems so forward for a girl to do the kissing. —Boston Transcript.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Sometimes I s'picions," said Uncle Eben, "dat de onlies' man dat really an' truly loves work is de one dat's hirin' somebody else to do it."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

An amusing anecdote relating to the King's recent stay at Brighton was related the other evening by Rev. Cecil Maunsell.

The reverend gentleman, who vouched for the authenticity of the story, said that a few days ago a boy walked up to his Majesty as he was strolling along the esplanade at Hove, and said to him:—

"Mister, can you tell me the time?"

"Yes," replied the King, taking out his watch, "it is a quarter to one."

The boy then informed his Majesty "that he had been waiting two hours to see the blooming King," adding "I am not going to wait any longer."

"Neither shall I," replied the King, as he resumed his walk. His Majesty himself, said Mr. Maunsell, afterwards related the incident with much gusto.

Coughs of Children

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is —give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says.

Ayer's — We publish our formulas. We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor

If you think constipation is of trifling consequence, just ask your doctor. He will disabuse you of that notion in short order. "Correct it, at once!" he will say. Then ask him about Ayer's Pills. A mild liver pill, all vegetable.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A LIVELY CHASE.

And the Poor Dear Girls Didn't Enjoy it a Bit.

"Aren't you afraid to go home alone, girls? If you'll wait just a few minutes John will be home, and he will be glad to go over with you."

Thus spoke Mrs. Smith to three young ladies who lived 200 yards down the road and who were about to leave her house after an evening call.

"Oh, no, we're not afraid! We'll just get out our hatpins, and then if any one comes for us we'll give battle." This was from the youngest of the three, and she flourished a long and dangerous looking pin, finally jabbing it into an imaginary foe. The two others took their hatpins in their hands, and the three, bidding good night to their hostess, made their way down the path to the gate, all on the alert and in readiness to repel attack. They were as brave and bold as ever warriors were. They turned from the front yard into the road and started toward home.

"Girls, what's that?"

The three stopped and listened, but only for a moment. Away back on the road they could hear the footfalls of a man. They went on at a rapid walk. The footsteps of the man grew nearer, and they could hear that he was walking more quickly than he had been.

The girls walked faster.

The man walked faster.

The girls almost ran.

The man was coming nearer, and he almost ran.

The girls broke from their walk and scurried rapidly on. They were but a little distance from their front gate now.

Then, oh, horrible! The man began to run after them! They did not have the strength to scream out. It was all they could do to keep on running. The villain was almost on them now, but they were just a few feet away from their front gate. They got to the gate, opened it, and their pursuer was upon them. They would probably have fainted, but they caught a glimpse of the man who had chased them, and—it was the brother of two of them.

"Well," said he, all out of breath, "you're nice ones to run away from me that way. I was going to stop in at Mrs. Smith's to bring you home, and then I saw you starting out."

The girls did not speak just then, nor for many months did they say anything of the fact that two of them could never afterward find their hatpins.—Detroit Free Press.

PLACING TABLE SILVER.

Where and How Forks and Spoons "Ought to Go."

Many inexperienced hostesses who wish to give a more or less formal luncheon or dinner are not quite sure how forks and spoons should go.

Custom varies somewhat in this respect, and just at present it is not so much in favor to have an array of silver resembling a jeweler's display at each plate. Only enough for one or two courses are laid.

In any case the forks go to the left of the plate. In the order of using they are taken from the outside in. The spoons and knives, in their order, are at the right of the plate.

If most of the forks and spoons are not on the table in the beginning, the order of serving should be as follows:

If a fruit punch or bouillon are used, the glass holding the punch should stand on a doily on a dessert plate, and the spoon for the course is also laid on the plate. The bouillon cup and saucer should be on another plate, and the spoon should be at the right of the plate.

The forks and knives for the main courses are at the sides, also the fork for the salad, but it is better to have the ice cream fork and spoon passed on the plate after the table is clear, as it makes the table cluttery to have them there during a long meal, also makes clearing the table more difficult.

Coffee is served in the drawing room after dinner in coffee cups, and the spoon rests on the saucer.

CURE FOR NERVES.

They May Be Calmed by Silence, Solitude and Sleep, Says One Writer.

In an article on "Nerves" published in Harper's Bazar the story is told of one of our noted scientists who went to Dresden to consult the famous specialist for broken down nerves. On hearing his symptoms the great physician said indifferently:

"Ach so? It is probable that you have—yes, all the gelehrten [learned] have neurasthenia naturally." The remedy suggested was "play golf and go to Egypt. You can get Munich beer in Cairo, though it is disgustingly expensive there."

Silence, solitude and sleep are the sovereign remedies suggested for jagged nerves. Slight daily doses of the three "S's," it is claimed, will prevent a nervous breakdown and may be obtained by even the most busy people. But "all the learned have neurasthenia" is at once a warning and a consolation to the brain worker. To "drive the machine" with skill and care is the problem of the successful American.

The writer of this article urges that we ought to thank God that we belong to the most nervous, restless, all pervading race the world has ever seen since the days of Julius Caesar. It is our "nerves" that make us what we are.

Natural Kindness.

At an out of the way railroad junction a traveler found himself hungry, but with only two minutes to spare before his train left. "I'll take a cup of coffee," he said to the young woman in charge of the restaurant. "I've no time for anything else."

"You can take all the time you want, sir," said the young woman cordially "You look at this bill of fare, and I'll telephone to the superintendent to delay the train a little while."

"Why, can that be done?" asked the traveler in amazement.

"Certainly," said the young woman. "Of course it can. It's a branch road and no other train coming or going over it today, and the superintendent would want you to have a good meal. He owns this restaurant."

When Your Child Has a Cold

Are you satisfied with anything that sells under the name of cough medicine.

Or do you search out a medicine of proven value such as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

How few cases of consumption there would be if every child's cold were looked after as it should be.

Did you ever think of it in this way?

It is the neglected cough and cold that leads to the dreadful lung diseases sooner or later. From repeated attacks the lungs are weakened and there comes pneumonia or consumption with their dreadfully fatal results.

How watchful parents should be of their children. How careful to use effective treatment instead of trusting to cough mixtures which are often of little value or of harmful effects.

Because it is prepared from linseed, turpentine and other simple but wonderfully effective ingredients, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is particularly suitable as a treatment for children's coughs and colds.

Croup, bronchitis, and even whooping cough yields to the influence of this great medicine and for this reason it is kept constantly on hand in the majority of homes and has enormous sales.

Mrs. John Cheaney, Innerkip, Ont., writes: "Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured my little girl of whooping cough when the doctor had given her up and since then we always keep it in the house as a treatment for coughs and colds. It is the best medicine we ever used."

These is no getting round statements such as this and you want the most effective treatment possible when your child becomes ill. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cts. a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

SUNKEN REEFS.

Sweeping the Ocean Floor Instead of Sounding.

The mishap of the cruiser Yankee brings forth the comment that it is the more remarkable as occurring on the coast "perfectly charted." Presuming that the Yankee got off her course in a dense fog, it may be said that, while our coast is as well charted as that of any nation, "perfect" is not the characterization yet to be employed. The methods of surveying the ocean floor to locate reefs and shoals are now undergoing a revolution which when fully accomplished, will reveal to the mariner many danger points which have heretofore escaped record. The old way of finding out reefs and rocks not evident to the eye was by sounding. Now the coast survey proceeds by "sweeping"—that is, by sinking to the depth a pipe bar, which is trailed along by two boats, one at each end of the cable passing through it. Any obstruction encountered is immediately perceptible and is at once noted, located and observed. Coastal waters are carefully "platted," and each plat is thoroughly gone over. The superiority of "sweeping" over "sounding" is made evident by the fact that in a comparatively limited area of the Maine coast, covering rather more than forty linear miles, fifteen reefs have been discovered heretofore uncharted. It often happens in sounding that the lead line avoids some narrow spindle of rock whose point is just below the surface of the water and which goes uncharted. When the cruiser Brooklyn was gashed by one of these unsuspected pinnacles on our coast a few years ago it was found to be isolated and surrounded with deep water up to within a few feet of its sides. Sweeping will minimize the probability of repetitions of such accidents.—Boston Transcript.

The Emperor's Style of Dust.

There is a good story told of a German driving an English friend from Frankfort to Homburg, when a motor car passed at a terrific pace, raising a cloud of dust.

"Ah!" said the German. "There goes our emperor."

"How do you know?" inquired the Englishman.

"Do you suppose anybody else could raise a dust like that?" was the reply.

"I purchased a bottle of *Scott's Emulsion* and immediately commenced to improve. In all, I think I took 14 bottles, and my weight increased from 133 pounds to 184 pounds in less than six months. I know from personal results the efficacy of *Scott's Emulsion*."—FRED. R. STRONGMAN, 417 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Strongman's letter. He had a trying experience, had got run down

Scott's Emulsion

built him up, as it has thousands of others.

The strengthening and flesh-producing properties of SCOTT'S EMULSION, are unequalled by any other preparation, and it's just as good for the thin, delicate child as for the adult. Be sure to get SCOTT'S. It's been the standard of the world for 35 years, and is worth many times the cost of the numerous imitations and substitutes.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a full copy of Mr. Strongman's letter and some other literature on the subject. Just mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE 126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

WALLACE NESBITT AS "JUNIOR."

Privy Council Handed Jolt to Him In Recent Steel-Coal Hearing.

Every member of the bench and bar in and about Toronto, from the veteran justice to the recently titled lawyer, is enjoying to the full a story that has come back to town concerning Mr. Wallace Nesbitt and the Privy Council. All of them know Mr. Nesbitt. They are aware that he stepped down from a high place on the bench to again mingle in the fight as one of the best versed legal men in practice on constitutional and corporation questions of law. In short, Mr. Wallace Nesbitt has a reputation as a distinguished lawyer throughout the country, second to none.

The tall, carefully garbed lawyer is always listened to with the greatest of attention by courts he addresses, for even though he enunciates what seems at first like a startling departure from the code, judges know that his comprehensive knowledge of all branches of his subject may take him even farther than they have been. This must be kept in mind to appreciate the points of the story.

During the hearing by the Privy Council at London of the appeal in the famous Steel-Coal controversy, Wallace Nesbitt appeared for the Dominion Iron & Steel Co., but for the purpose of argument before the learned court, the Steel Company retained Sir Robert Finlay to appear for them.

It is more than probable that Mr. Nesbitt knew more about the intricacies of the case than did Sir Robert. At any rate when the London man was pleading, Mr. Nesbitt rose a number of times and interjected remarks to keep things straight. It became evident to those who knew the Lords that some of them did not like this, even though Mr. Wallace Nesbitt had appeared before them on numerous occasions formerly. Finally, however, the chairman of the court spoke up after a little extemporaneous address from Mr. Nesbitt, delivered, as the court thought, in the wrong place, and gazing at Sir Robert Finlay, addressed him thus:

"It would greatly facilitate the present hearing of this case, sir, if you could manage to keep 'Your Junior' quiet."

It is said this terrible dig kept Mr. Nesbitt quiet for a good half-hour.

M'GUIGAN'S ENERGY.

He Is Famous Among Railwaymen as a Snow-Fighter.

It is doubtful if people realize how big a man is the individual who is about to build Ontario's power line, Mr. F. H. McGuigan. The name, by the way, since many are in doubt in this matter, is pronounced as if spelt Magwiggan. From the time when in order to help his widowed mother he started out as a water boy on a construction gang until he resigned the general managership of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. McGuigan's life was one of strenuous activity.

On one occasion when, as superintendent of a United States line, he was fighting a snow blockade, he never took off his clothes for seventy-two hours. For forty-eight hours he had no sleep, and during all this time nothing to eat except sandwiches eaten standing up between rushes at the snowbanks. Talking of that time long afterward he said he fought like this because he was young and ambitious to make a record for keeping his division open. Asked if, with his added experience, he would do it over again, he said he would not. On the contrary, when he became convinced that a heavy blizzard was on and a blockade absolutely unavoidable, he would issue an order to keep all trains at the terminals and all engines in the roundhouses till the storm was over. Then, when the storm was past, they could start out to clear the line with a lot of fresh men and live engines instead of having to dig out frozen trains and "dead" engines with a force of tired and half-frozen men.

Pioneer of the Wilds.

In the sudden death of William Wylie at his home in Edmonton the other day, there passed from the scene of northern activities a man who spent 46 years of his life practically isolated from civilization in the great wilds of the Athabasca district. Up to September last Mr. Wylie had been for all those years in the employ of the Hudson Bay Co. at Fort Chipweyan. At the present time there is only one white man, Timothy Gaudette, of Fort Good Hope, who has lived longer in the north than he. So fond did he become of the isolated life that he rarely left the post. This fall he went to Winnipeg, but could not live there, and returned to Edmonton with the intention, it is believed, of returning to Fort Chipweyan in the spring if death had not terminated his career.

This old settler was a Scotchman, and Dr. Mackay of Edmonton, a retired Hudson Bay physician said of him: "I never knew a finer man, nor one with a keener sense of honesty." When he arrived at Edmonton last September, mention was made of him for up to that time he had never seen a steam car or a telephone, and could not imagine such a thing as an automobile. He lived a strange life, did this honest worker, but he was one of our nation-builders.

A Mother's Devotion.

A young student of the O.A.C., named Craven, whose home is in New Zealand, was sitting just behind Mr. and Mrs. John Knowles of Guelph, and their child in the train that was wrecked near Guelph Junction a short time ago. When the first shock occurred he saw the mother take her child in both hands, and hold it up anxiously. As the coach toppled over she fell back, holding the child high above her head and safe above the debris of broken seats and shattered glass. The mother herself was thrown right across the car and was pinned down by the seats that fell around her. She seemed to be suffering pain from injured hips and legs, but her one thought seemed to be her child. Her husband escaped with an injured hand. He took the child and passed it out of the car, while others helped him to carry Mrs. Knowles from the wreck.

A Costly Promise.

An amusing little story is being told of Miss Lillah McCarthy, the well-known actress and wife of Mr. Granville Barker. When she was ten years old her father, wishing to train her memory, bribed her with a sovereign to learn the second book of "Paradise Lost." So rapidly did she commit the words to memory that he again offered her 10s. to learn "Romeo and Juliet," which was no light undertaking. Success again followed, and he repeated the offer with "Macbeth." So quickly did Miss Lillah rattle off the lines that her father remarked: "It is becoming rather expensive. Next time you shall have sixpence."

A Nervous Wreck

Mr. W.A. Harron occupies the important position of telegraph operator on the C.P.R. in the North-West, and upon his quick brain and steady nerve depend the lives of many thousands of travellers daily. Not so very long ago this bright Canadian youth lay at his home in Newton, Ont., in a state of nervous exhaustion and premature decline.

Mrs. M. E. Harron, writing quite recently says: "I must say our son would have been in a consumptive's grave long ago had it not been for PSYCHINE. He was taken down with La Grippe and a severe cold. His whole system was weak, including his lungs, which were seriously affected, as is always the case after La Grippe.

"After taking several remedies and treatments we procured PSYCHINE and tongue cannot tell the marvellous results brought about in two months. He gained over twenty pounds in weight, and strength and appetite returned."

PSYCHINE is the greatest tonic known to medical science. It builds up the system and tones up every organ of the body, enabling it to resist and throw off disease. Weak nerves cannot exist where PSYCHINE is used consistently. Send for a trial bottle and prove the truth of these statements.

PSYCHINE is sold by all druggists and dealers, 50c. and $1.00.

Chicago's Model Park.

What is expected to be Chicago's model park is now being built on the north side. To make room for it, the heart of one of the worst slum districts in the city has been torn down, six acres of buildings in all being razed. In place of the tumbledown structures there will be, in the course of a few months, a playground, a swimming pool, club-house, library, and a lunchroom. There will be a natatorium, with a swimming pool 35 by 150 feet, which will accommodate 200 bathers an hour. Besides the indoor gymnasia, there will be outdoor enclosures of the same kind, one for women and girls and another for men and boys. A baseball diamond, which can be turned into a fotball field in Fall and a skating rink in Winter, will occupy part of the open ground, as will also a running track. Another feature will be a playground for children under ten years old.

Relief for the Depressed.—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected. Try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They revive the digestive processes, act beneficially on the nerves and restore the spirits as no other pills will. They are cheap, simple and sure, and the effects are lasting.

"It takes but two to make a bargain."

"Yes, but only one gets it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Irascible Magistrate— Officer, why did you bring this prisoner up before me? Can't you see he's as deaf as a door nail?

Policeman—Oi was told ye'd give him a hearing, sor!—Judge

The Nova Scotia "Lumber King" says:

"I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST liniment in use.

I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT and it was as well as ever next day.

Yours very truly,
T. G. McMULLEN.

Nothing Lacking.

A Highland minister, who was rather a pompous gentleman, came to a shepherd's house to baptize a hild.

"Are you prepared?" he asked the ond parent.

"Ou ay, munnister; I have got a grand ham for tea."

"I mean spiritually prepared," thundered the cleric.

"Af coorse I am; oh, yes. I got twa bottles o' first-class whisky from the inn," replied the imperturbable Celt.—Tit-Bits.

HAD GIVEN UP HOPE

But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Vigorous Health.

Medicines of the old fashioned kind will sometimes relieve the symptoms of disease, though they never touch the disease itself—they never cure. Ordinary medicines leave behind them indigestion, constipation and headaches. Purgatives leave those taking them feverish and weakened. On the other hand Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do direct good to the body, the blood and the nerves. They fill the veins with new rich blood; they tone and strengthen the nerves; they cure disease by rooting it out of the blood. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm.

Mrs. George R. Wilson, Moncton, N.B., says:—"A few years ago after confinement I contracted a severe cold and although I took considerable medicine, I got no better. In fact my condition was gradually getting worse. I was all run down, had no appetite and grew so weak that I could not do my housework. At last the doctor who was attending me told my husband that I was going into a decline, and I feared so myself, for a sister had died of consumption. When almost in despair a friend suggested my taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got half a dozen boxes. Before I had taken them all I began to get better. Then I got another half dozen boxes, and before I had used them all I was able to do my housework again and was in better health than I had enjoyed for years. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from going into consumption and I warmly recommend them to every weak person."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN ANTARCTIC STORM

Braving the Perils of a South Polar Winter's Night.

FIERCE FURY OF THE GALE.

Adventures of a Party of Explorers in a Journey Over the Broken Pack Ice—The Solid Wall of Wind That Flanked a Friendly Iceberg.

The arctic explorer has always had hardship and danger enough, but the antarctic discoverer has far more terrible conditions to meet. Luckily he meets them with all the equipment and method that arctic exploration has taught mankind. Yet they are most dangerous, as the story of those who have lived through the south polar winter night can testify. One of the experiences of Bernacchi on the cruise of the Southern Cross some years ago shows what an antarctic gale means.

He and a comrade, Ellifsen, started out on a short sledge journey to carry provisions from one camp to another. It was in September, and the broken ice pack over which they must travel was but a foot and a half thick and likely to break in pieces afresh or pile up in deadly masses at the mercy of the sea and wind. The two men had three sledges and eighteen dogs. They had hardly started before the wind rose and a gale threatened. Halfway to their destination there was an iceberg imbedded in the pack ice, and they hastened to reach this before the storm should break.

For five hours they toiled over the ice, the wind gradually rising. The gale broke in fury just as they reached the iceberg, under whose lee they pitched a tiny silk tent, into which they crawled after having fed their dogs as best they could. Hour after hour the wind raged, and the thermometer went to 9 degrees below zero. The snow drifted over and into the tent. Sleep was impossible.

The explorers, who had met typhoons in the China seas and cyclones in the tropics, found by the aneroid as well as by their own sensations that this gale surpassed them all. Worst of all, it seemed as if the ice was beginning to crack. They knew well that the iceberg which protected them from the full force of the storm was the most dangerous place possible in other ways, as the ice was sure to separate first immediately round the berg, throwing tent, men and dogs into the icy seas. The cracking of ice was now to be heard above the roar of the wind. They dared not stay in their shelter.

A little to the east, Bernacchi remembered, was a cave in the body of the iceberg. Once in that, they would not at least be precipitated into the sea, even if they were carried away, iceberg and all. It was so dark that the wall of the berg could not be seen even when the hands touched it. The two explorers groped as best they could along the slippery walls, both hands on the ice and their bodies pressed against it. Halfway around they left the lee side and met the gale. It came like a solid thing, bearing them back and down. Not one inch could they move against it, and further exposure meant death. They groped back, blinded, deafened and almost paralyzed with cold, to shelter. Then they commenced a tollsome hunt for a foothold on the lee side somewhere. Toward morning they found a low spur or projection, upon which they scrambled and lay down perfectly exhausted in the snowdrifts, which grew each moment. To this they owed their lives, for the snow soon covered them and kept in the warmth of their bodies.

They dared not sleep for fear of never waking, so they roused each other alternately. At last day broke, and the gale abated. Crawling over the snow, their garments frozen stiff as boards, their beards solid lumps of ice, they managed to reach their tent. The ice had not broken, though it was cracked here and there. They took food, slept, fed their dogs, who were deep in the drifts, but alive, and then courageously went ahead, "not caring to be beaten," as Bernacchi expressed it. It was 8 o'clock at night before they reached camp, but the next day they were exploring and taking photographs and observations just as usual. Man may seem puny against nature, but he conquers her from the arctic to the antarctic by his unconquerable soul.—William Rittenhouse in Forward.

A Clever Barber.

"By heck, Cynthia," drawled old Farmer Hardapple after his visit to Chicago, "them thar city barbers are mind readers."

"That so, Hiram?" said his wife.

"Why, I should say so. The one I met knew that you cut my hair last, and, by cum, he never saw you in his life."

Partridge at $7 a Plate.

In the grill room of the Plaza hotel, Lattard, head waiter, has devised a new dish which is scheduled at $7 a plate. It is "partridge Napoleon I." and is prepared by roasting four birds on a bed of sliced grapes, apples and pineapple, over which a quart of champagne has been poured. The fruit simply gives flavor to the birds and is not served.—New York Herald.

Grant's Little Story.

General Fred Grant shows in a little story how a willing but prejudiced witness may confound himself. "Any complaints, corporal?" said the colonel, making one morning a personal inspection. "Yes, sir. Taste that, sir," said the corporal promptly. The colonel put the liquid to his lips. "Why," he said, "that the best soup I ever tasted!" "Yes, sir," said the corporal, "and the cook wants to call it coffee."

Not to Be Disturbed.

"Sody crackers? Yes'm," said the country storekeeper. "I got 'em. I'll—er—send 'em up to you."

"Well," replied Mrs. Medders, "I did 'low to take 'em with me."

"Yes'm; but, you see, Bill Bruser he's a-dozin' on top o' the bar'l jest now, an' he ain't in the best o' humor today."—Philadelphia Press.

TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH

Mix two ounces of Glycerine with a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and a half pint of straight Whisky. Shake well, and take in doses of a teaspoonful every four hours. This mixture possesses the healing, healthful properties of the Pines, and will break a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable. In having this formula put up, be sure that your druggist uses the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared and guaranteed only by the Leach Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.

A Cast-Iron Trust.

There is a trust in Fuller's earth with the final process known only to one or two persons, whose lips are rigidly sealed. The deposits of Fuller's earth exist chiefly at Bath and Nottinghamshire, England, and at Maxton, in Scotland, in addition to deposits in the London district. The industry is practically controlled by a combine which strictly preserves the methods of preparation of the earth.

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Lady Patron—Mr. Photographer, which view of me do you think would be the most pleasing?

Photographer—Madam, if you would not take offence——

Lady Patron—Not in the least.

Photographer—Then I would say ah—er—back view, madam.—Bohemian.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

"I'm going to have some photographs taken, John," said the wife of his bosom the other morning. "Have you any preference as to position?"

"Well," rejoined the husband to his wife, "if you were to pose before the camera while in the act of sewing a button on my trousers it would make a picture that I could contemplate with pleasurable emotion."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Ladies First.

At a Sunday school in the country a teacher was examining her class on the Bible, the lesson being a part of Genesis. She asked her class: "Why did the serpent tempt Eve instead of Adam?" For some time there was silence, but at length a little boy held up his hand and replied: "Please mum, 'cause it's ladies first."

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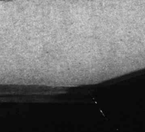

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