

OUTPUT OF TWO FORESTS.

The Enormous Output of Lumber in Wisconsin and Minnesota.

"The story of a Pine Board" is the title of an article by W. S. Harwood in St. Nicholas. Mr. Harwood says of the lumbering in Wisconsin and Minnesota:

About four billion one hundred and sixty million feet of logs were cut in the season of 1895—that is to say, what is equivalent to four billion one hundred and sixty million pieces of board twelve inches square and one inch thick. I wonder if even the lumbermen themselves, and the log-cutters, and the manufacturers of lumber in the great mills, realize what an enormous amount of lumber this is. Why, it would build a house around the globe, with a main room ten feet high and a large attic, circling up the inside walls and roof with a sweet, fragrant pine; it would put down a matched floor; and then, when the house was all completed, there would be left enough lumber to build tight board fences on either side of the house, three feet and a half high, the whole distance around the globe. Besides all this, there would be shingles enough for a good portion of the house; and then, if the mighty builder of such a globe-girdling house wanted to fit it up a little more neatly, there would be a large supply of laths, and I suppose, the plasterers could furnish him enough stucco and lime.

Or if he wanted to construct a roof shelter for all the people on the globe, our mighty builder could accommodate them all, allowing to each man, woman and child a clear space of two square feet in which to stand, and still have room left for five hundred millions of men, with the same room in which to stand. And to look at it in still another way, this same builder would have material to construct a bicycle path of pine, a little over two feet wide, from the earth to the moon, for there would be nearly eight hundred thousand miles of board a foot wide and an inch thick. In sawing this lumber up into the required length and thickness there was great waste in sawdust—so great, indeed, that the sawdust pile would stand a hundred and twelve feet high on a city square, and five hundred feet square at the base; and this is saying nothing about the vast amount of pieces of slabs which are split up into kindlings.

This enormous quantity of lumber represents merely the output of two forests—one in the northwestern part of the State of Wisconsin, and the other in the northern part of the State of Minnesota; and at the rate the logs are being cut up there will not be a piece of pine forest standing in all this vast region at the end of ten years, unless something is done by the government to put a stop to the ravages.

SOME PETS OF ROYALTY.

Diversions of the Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

In a book recently published by Grant Richards, there is an entertaining chapter on the pets at Sandringham, the East Anglian home of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The pets of the Princess comprise almost every kind of animal and bird that is domesticated. H. R. H. has her pony stable, which was built in 1874 for four French ponies, which have now been replaced by the English-bred Bins, Merry Anties, Bow and Bell. This stable is considered the prettiest building of its kind in the world, with its white tiled walls, with green-tiled frieze, and open wooden roof. The name of the tenant, according to custom, is written in gold letters over each stall. The author of the book above mentioned further states that the Princess has always preferred brown harness to black, and all used by her is in tan leather with brass mounts. H. R. H.'s affection for dogs is well known, and among the feathered pets are doves, descendants of the single pair presented to H. R. H. during her first visit to Ireland, and an assortment of Australian pigeons. The wonderful cockatoo, "Cocky," is said to be over 100 years old. He used to live in the Princess' boudoir, but the penetrating power of his screams was such that it was necessary to relegate him to the kennels, where he is, however, regularly visited by the Princess when she goes to round of her favorite cages, kennels and stalls. "The pheasantry," was built for some pet goats, which were killed by a flash of lightning while huddling together under an elm tree. Some time after, it was furnished with incubators for pheasant rearing, and both Prince and Princess take almost enthusiastic interest in this establishment and its uses during the rearing season. The Princess pays constant visits, and looks personally after the hatching operations. This incubator house has been a truly practical success, and last year it proved to be of exceeding service in filling up the gaps in the young broods caused by bleak nights, and one memorable storm of rain which swept over that side of the country. The young chicks were on that night destroyed wholesale, and every keeper in the district



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has a vivid remembrance of that fearful night. The incubator house proved invaluable at this crisis, and here it is that from the little basket replenished with grain she feeds her to the friends, including the silkies, bantams and pheasants, which here have their home.

Lesson Your Want.

More of the true enjoyment of life lies in this maxim than is generally thought. We may indeed go to extremes and cut to the quick, like that Cynic philosopher who threw away his wooden cup on seeing a vagrant boy drink from the hollow of his hand. But the truth is, we create many of our own necessities; and with the growth of luxury new wants come in, not by ones nor by tens, but by hundreds.

The Battle to the Young.

Many times has the subject of bodily power, strength, and stability been discussed in these articles. Through all ages men have admired and praised strength, and sought to possess it. Sculptors loved to represent in marble, and painters on canvas, this splendid quality. For it is always strength that wins its way and conquers. The strong are a relative light and tasks easy. Labour is but little more than needed exercise, and sleep (being a fruit of limited fatigue) is sound, sweet, and refreshing.

With clear minds, nerves attuned to harmony, and muscles creeping under the skin, like children turning on their sheets in bed, the strong face the day's toils and duties as hunts in less struggle for freedom when the bound is about to begin. Such as these are to be congratulated on having what is worth more than fame or money. For strength (with health as its natural and necessary basis) is the enchantment which transmutes lead into gold, conjures flowers out of the sand, and compels harvests to ripen among the rocks.

But the weak and feeble! (a fearful large percentage of the whole) what has the world to offer them? Comfort? Sympathy? Consolation? These are acceptable, to be sure, but even they are the weak themselves; as the vigorous have little pity for the ailing. For search the world over there is no substitute for health.

Can strength and health be gained when lost? Yes, often. Take two illustrations out of many.

"In March, 1894," writes a friend, "I had a severe attack of influenza. After it I was not able to get back my strength. My appetite was poor, and my food seemed to do me no good. After eating I had pain and distress at the chest and around the sides. My breathing was short, and I was so weak I could not get down stairs, or even stand. I passed very bad nights, and had little true rest, day or night. All my color left me, and I became as weak almost as it was possible for me to be."

"A doctor attended me and gave me medicines, but they failed to benefit me. Nothing did me any good. Finally a friend recommended me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After using a bottle of it I soon began to pick up my strength. I could eat well, and food agreed with me, and in a short time I got back to my work as strong as ever. Since then I have enjoyed good health. I know others who have benefited by taking Mother Seigel's Syrup. You may publish this statement if you wish. (Signed) Richard Roberts, Penbong, Rhosybol, Anglesey, June 16th, 1897."

"For over ten years," writes another, "I have suffered from indigestion and a tired, heavy, weary feeling. I had no real appetite for food, and after meals experienced a good deal of pain at the chest and between the shoulders. I was always able to get about, but had this wearing, nagging pain. I took all the medicines usually recommended for indigestion, but obtained only a little temporary relief. For years I continued to suffer, when one of our customers told me of the benefit she had received from Mother Seigel's Syrup. I procured a bottle and it gave me immediate relief. I could eat well, and food no longer pained me. By taking an occasional dose when required I keep in good health. You can use this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs.) Martha Gill, wife of Mr. W. Gill, grocer, 45, Stoney Lane, Southwick, Sunderland, June 4th, 1897."

Let me repeat once more that strength results only from nutritious food well digested. No drug can directly confer strength. The stomach and other digestive organs must be made to do their work. After that nature does the rest. To cure dyspepsia is a difficult thing, yet Mother Seigel's Syrup never fails when used faithfully as directed. Then strength returns—as it did to those whose letters we have just read.

Very Plain.
He—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude.

She—Oh don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him. How sweet! What does the artist call the picture?

He (looking about)—Oh, I see! It's written on a card at the bottom, 'Sold!'

PAIN IN THE HEART.

Too serious a condition to neglect.

A Guelph harness maker tells how he was cured.

Mr. Wm. Dyson, the well known saddler and harness maker of Guelph, Ont., makes the following statement: "I heartily re-



commend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone suffering from nervousness and heart trouble. They are a splendid medicine for such complaints. For a long time I was afflicted with nervousness and pain in my heart, which was especially severe at night, often destroying my rest. These pills cured me and invigorated my nervous system which is now strong and healthy. They restored restful sleep besides removing the distressing heart pains which formerly gave me so much anxiety and trouble."

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ABATING A NUISANCE.

How a Bright Reporter Silenced a Pompous Editor at D.M.P.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer prints a sharp retort—a little too sharp, perhaps, but of that the reader may judge—once uttered by a Mr. Tomlinson, who was a shrewd newspaper reporter, and at the same time a genial, presentable person and a mover in polite society. Even in polite society, however, a man is not sure of being politely treated. Says the Plain Dealer:

Tomlinson seldom appeared at a party or a banquet or any other social function, without being approached by some one who would say:

"Hello! Well, I suppose you're looking after something to write up for your paper eh? You newspaper fellows never allow anything to get away, he! he! he!"

Tomlinson usually smiled, and let such remarks pass without serious notice, but one night he was at a dinner given by the most exclusive club in the city. When the company was seated, Tomlinson found himself directly opposite the head of one of the largest commission houses in the city. The man looked at the reporter for a moment, as if he thought he must be mistaken. Evidently he was surprised to see a reporter at such a place. This nettled Tomlinson, and he waited. When the buzz of conversation had died down, so that the commission man could be heard by everybody, he said:

"Well, Mr. Newsman, I suppose you'll have a full account of this in the paper tomorrow, won't you?"

"No," Tomlinson replied. "I didn't come here to report the dinner. I came especially to see you. It is alleged that you have formed a strong corner in butter, and I would like to get a few facts from you concerning the outlook for eggs."

The man never spoke to Tomlinson again.

Author and Critic

A kind hearted man, when he is obliged to find fault, tries to do it with gentleness—directness—as in the following instance, reported by the Chicago Post:

"At your request," said the critic to the young author. "I have read your book from beginning to end."

"So good of you," returned the young author. "And now I want to feel that you can speak frankly and tell me just what you think about it. I suppose you saw a great deal in it that you would change if it were left to you."

"No," replied the critic, thoughtfully. "On the whole I think I may say there was very little."

"Really!" exclaimed the young author delighted. Do you know I had an idea you'd tear the whole book to pieces. I can't tell you how pleased I am; but of course there are some changes that you would advise relative to publication of a second edition. What are they?

"There's only one that's of much importance," explained the critic. "And that?" said the young author.

"Why, that's where the hero jumps from the yacht into the ocean to save the heroine."

"It is too thrilling? Wouldn't you have him jump after her?" inquired the young author, anxiously.

"No, it's not too thrilling," was the reply; "and of course I would have him go in after her; but, you see, they're both rescued. I wouldn't have that."

"You—you wouldn't have them rescued?"

"Certainly not. Let them both down."

"But this happens in the first chapter—almost the first thing in the book."

"Precisely. That's just when it ought to happen."

FOURTEEN THOUSAND ISLANDS.

The Maldiv Archipelago, lying in the Indian Ocean, several hundred miles southwest of the southern point of Hindostan, although containing inhabitants, does not frequently see visitors from the civilized world. Such a visitor has recently described these islands in an Austrian geographical periodical. They number it appears, not less than 14,000, and are all composed of coral rocks. Few of them rise more than seven or eight feet above sea-level, although they contain cocoanut palms and other forms of vegetation. Hundreds of little islands ranged around in a circle, with narrow shallow channels between, form atolls, or rings, having quiet water within. Occasionally an individual island is found in the form of a ring, with a smooth lake enclosed in its coral embrace.—Youth's Companion.

A WIFE'S LAST HOPE.

Husband Smitten with that Direst of Sufferings—Rheumatism—South American Rheumatic Cure Gives Relief in 10 Hours.

Mrs. C. Saunders Brookbury, Que. writes: "My husband was confined to his bed for two months with acute rheumatism pains and fever. Doctors could give him no little relief, I had about lost hope of his recovery. I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure and ten hours after commencing its use all pain had left him. He took in all three bottles, and is now well and strong, and free from all pain."

African Explorer (dumbfounded)—"What, you, Clarence Vere de Vere, in the heart of darkest Africa! What in the world are you doing here?" Clarence Vere de Vere—"I'm wearing the necktie Miss Darling gave me for Christmas. I promised her I would you know!"



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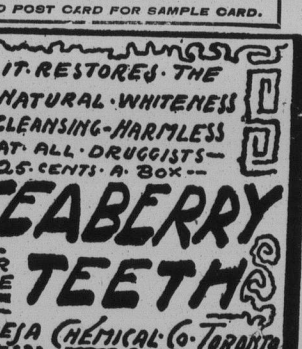
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El Pad

Diego sat on the

client adobe church the time of day whose lives had forgotten mission tommy seists. He looked at the moon trees just the stubby vines

With an envy heard uttered to Diego. None of lived these old fessor, in whose as in the grave. the name had be his patron saint, descendant of a

Three months when the earth warmth of the drew rein at the Pedro. His fa weak after the l was in as lame

When Diego passed. He st often as he di him be quiet as turned. So it day, as he sat ing to the troi hand laid on h bastiano, bend

"Tell me, ne You have neve blessed sacram "Not here, f the chapel at when you hear out like un le

"Nay," say Mother is alw for you to slep for you to the glorious mem founded; but

The old ma chapel, fresco long since ent altar was ado and with relic distant Spain, sional where n ively tell upon went through this began

"Rather, pr than I can be here."

"Proced, m trust, you ha that one to y ned un'o dea I have, I h Tell me, a courage the "My name i ramonte. M the Boulon del Parres. the fairest up spring, where well as by d fragrant with sons and of There I lived never once b trouble. Th nineteen year came to us o was coming Norte, and v Chibubus. "maquina de for myself, a to work an when before greater tha desire to tra