

This and That

GREETING A KING.

How the sorrows of a king touched the heart of a fellow man so that he forgot court etiquette and remembered only that he had found a spirit that was sad, is told with a note of touching pathos by Mr. Jacob A. Riis in the Outlook.

It was when I went home to mother, he says, that I last met King Christian. They had told me the right way to approach the king, the proper number of bows, and all that, and I meant faithfully to observe it all. I saw a tired and lonely old man to whom my heart went out on the instant, and I went right up and shook hands and told him how much I thought of him and how sorry I was for his losing his wife, the Queen Louise, whom everybody loved.

He looked surprised for a moment; then such a friendly look came into his face, and I thought him the handsomest king that ever was. He asked me about the Danes in America, and I told him they were good citizens, all the better for not forgetting their motherland and him in his age and loss. He patted my hand with a glad little laugh, and bade me tell them how much he appreciated it, and how kindly his thoughts were of them.

As I made to go, after a long talk, he stopped, and touching the little silver cross on my coat lapel asked what it was. I told him—told him of the motto, "In His Name," and of the labor of devoted women in our great country to make it mean what it said. As I spoke I remembered my father, and I took it off and gave it to him, bidding him keep it; for surely few men could wear it so worthily. But he put it back into my hand, thanking me with a faithful grasp of his own. He could not take it from me, he said.

And so we parted. I thought with a pang of remorse of the parting bow as I stood in the doorway. I had forgotten, and turned round to make good the omission. There stood the king in his blue uniform, nodding so mildly to me, with a smile so full of kindness that I—why, I just nodded back and waved my hand. It was very improper, I dare say, perfectly shocking; but never was heartier greeting to king, I meant every bit of it.

HOW RABBITS FIGHT.

One day as I was quietly picking wild strawberries on a hill I heard a curious grunting down the side below me, then the quick thud! thud! of an angry rabbit. Among the bushes I caught the glimpse of rabbit ears. A fight was on.

Crouching beside a bluish spot, which I knew to be a rabbit's nest, was a big yellow cat. He had discovered the young ones and was making mouths at the thought of how they would taste, when the mother's thump startled him. He squatted flat, with ears back, tail swelled and hair standing up along his back, as the rabbit leaped over him. It was a glimpse of Molly's ears as she made the jump that I had caught. It was the beginning of the bout—only a feint by the rabbit to try the mettle of her antagonist.

The cat was scared, and before he got himself together, Molly, with a mighty bound, was in the air again; and as she flashed over him she fetched him a stunning whack on the head that knocked him endwise. He was on his feet in an instant but just in time to receive a stunning blow

A BUSY WORKER.

Coffee Touches up Different Spots.

Frequently coffee sets up rheumatism when it is not busy with some other part of the body. A St. Joe, Mo., man, P. V. Wise, says: "About two years ago my knees began to stiffen and my feet and legs swell, so that I was scarcely able to walk, and then only with the greatest difficulty, for I was in constant pain.

I consulted Dr. Parnes, one of the most prominent physicians here, and he diagnosed the case and inquired, 'Do you drink coffee?' 'Yes.' 'You must quit using it at once,' he replied. I did so and commenced drinking Postum in its place. The swelling in my feet and ankles and the rheumatic pains subsided quickly, and during the past 18 months I have enjoyed excellent health, and, although I have passed the 68th mile post I have never enjoyed life better.

Good health brings heaven to us here. I know of many cases where wonderful cures of stomach and heart trouble have been made by simply throwing away coffee and using Postum."

on the ear that sent him sprawling several feet down the hill. The rabbit seemed constantly in the air. Back and forth, over and over the cat she flew, and with every bound landed a terrific kick with her powerful hind feet that was followed by a puff of yellow fur.

The cat could not stand up to this. Every particle of breath and fight was knocked out of him at about the third kick. The green light in his eyes was the light of terror. He got quickly to a bush and ran away, else I believe that the old rabbit would have beaten him to death.—From "Wild Life Near Home."

DEFEATED THE BICYCLIST.

"Go and hitch up the ostrich," is not at all an absurd command on an ostrich-farm. There these great birds are often harnessed to a carriage, and make fairly good substitutes for horses. Although they cannot draw a heavy load, their speed is a recommendation.

At Jacksonville, Florida, there is a bird named Oliver W. that can run a mile in two minutes and twenty-two seconds. His owners claim that he is more satisfactory than a horse because he eats less, never shies at anything, never runs away, and goes steadily at a good pace without laziness or fatigue.

This particular ostrich appears to like his work. When the little carriage is brought out he comes running toward it at full speed, and both wings spread out, ready to have the harness put on.

On one occasion a cyclist tried so pass Oliver W. on a long, smooth stretch of road. He came up behind the carriage, thinking to get ahead and escape the dust. Oliver W. thought differently. He threw his head high in the air, gave a flap with his wings, and went forward with a speed that astonished the cyclist. Putting forth more effort, the latter made another attempt to pass the ostrich, but the faster the pedals of the bicycle moved the faster the long legs of the bird.

It so happened that the cyclist had a record as a fast rider, and to be distanced by an ostrich was not to his liking. For two miles he tried to pass his feathered rival, but he was then obliged to give up the race, defeated.

Some fast horses have tried conclusions with Oliver W., who seems to like nothing better than testing their speed, starting slowly to make them think it easy to distance him, and then gradually increasing his pace.—Youth's Companion.

THE EYES OF A LION.

One night, when some troopers were encamped in South Africa, it came the turn of Rennie Stevenson to go for water to the spring, which was about a thousand yards distant. He describes the experience in his book "Through Rhodesia." A comrade volunteered to accompany him. When they were nearing the spring, this man whispered to Stevenson:

"There's a lion skulking in the undergrowth on the right bank."

Yes, there were its eyes gleaming through the dark.

"Shall I fire?" whispered the soldier.

"Yes, fire, but take good aim. If you only wound it we are done for."

The trooper knelt and took a long, steady aim.

Bang! The sound of the shot reverberated through the surrounding trees and up the river. But there were the eyes still gleaming.

Stevenson asked for the rifle and crawled nearer, trying to get a better shot. Closer and closer went the two, their hearts in their mouths. Suddenly, when they thought they were almost in the face of the "lion," they found the "eyes" to be two glowworms. The alarmingly bright little creatures had not felt it necessary to get out of the way.—Sel.

ALCOHOL IN THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

The Medical Record is of the opinion that while recent experiments have shown that alcohol is easily and abundantly oxidizable in the human body this fact does not entitle it to rank as a food, and still less can this supposition be entertained if it at the same time causes decomposition and destruction of living protoplasm. That alcohol does this cannot be doubted in our present knowledge of metabolic processes, and, this granted, it may be contended that a substance capable of destroying body tissue cannot at the same time serve to build up and replace the parts destroyed.

HOW ANIMALS RANK IN WISDOM.

The monkey is the most intelligent animal. Poodle dogs come next; then in order the Indian elephant, bear, lion, tiger, cat and otter. Ants, bees and spiders are more intelligent than horses and goats, and the wild rabbit has considerable more brain power than the camel. Tame rabbits are almost last on the list, and have less intelligence than the frog. The lowest form in the animal school is occupied by the nautilus, octopus, python, tame pigeon, deer, sheep, buffalo and bison.

The spider, for instance, will construct its web in almost any position; and if it cannot find any natural object to which it can attach the supports, it will construct little weights of mud, and place them at the lowest part of the web to keep it in position.

Bees will construct their honeycombs in any place, regularly or irregularly shaped, and when they come to any corners or angles, they seem to stop and consider. Then they will vary the shape of their cells, so that the place is exactly filled. It could not be done more satisfactorily, if the whole thing had been worked out on paper before hand. Ants will construct hard and smooth roads, and will drive tunnels compared to which man's efforts in the same line are insignificant.—Junior Herald.

Robert Ford tells of the wife of a small farmer in Berthshire who went to a druggist with two prescriptions to be filled—one for her husband, the other for her cow. Finding she had not money enough to pay for both, the druggist asked her which one she would take. "Give me the stuff for the cow," said she; "the morn will do well enough for him, pur bodie. Gin he were to dee I could sune get anithe man, but I'm no sure that I could sune get anithe cow."—Ex.

Woman's Ailments.

SUFFERING WHICH DOCTORS FAIL TO CURE.

Thousands of Women Throughout Canada in a Similar Condition—Words of Hope to Sufferers.

In countless homes throughout Canada, where health and happiness should reign supreme, the peculiar weakness and diseases of women are responsible for an atmosphere of hopelessness and despair. This awful condition is largely due to a misunderstanding of the proper manner in which to effect a cure for female troubles of all kinds. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been more successful in cases of this kind than any other medicine, and they should be in every home, and should be used by every woman who is not perfectly hearty and strong. Mrs. Fred Murphy, a well known resident of Pubnico Head, N. S., cheerfully bears testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in woman's ailments. Mrs. Murphy says:—"A few years ago my health was completely broken down, my troubles beginning in one of the ailments which so frequently afflict my sex. I was a great sufferer from violent attacks of pain which would seize me in the stomach and around the heart. It is impossible for me to describe the agony of the spasms. Several times the doctor was hastily summoned, my friends thinking me dying. I was wholly unable to perform my household work, and was under medical treatment all through the summer, but without benefit. My appetite left me; my heart would palpitate violently after the least exertion, and I was pale and emaciated. My husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and procured me a supply. After using the pills a couple of weeks, I could feel that they were helping me, and after using seven bottles, I was fully restored to health. From that time until the spring of 1901 I enjoyed the best of health, but at that time I felt run down, and suffered from pain in the back. I at once got some more of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they soon put me all right, and I am now feeling better than I have done for years. I cannot praise these pills too much, nor can I too strongly urge those who are ailing to test their wonderful health restoring virtues."

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