

Calendar for Jan., 1908

MOON'S PHASES. New Moon 31. 5h. 43m. p. m. First Quarter 101. 9h. 53m. a. m. Full moon 181. 9h. 37m. a. m. Last Quarter 261. 11h. 1m. a. m.

Table with columns: Day of Week, Sun, Mon, Tue, Wed, Thu, Fri, Sat, High Water, Low Water. Rows for days of the month.

A Wayside Cross.

(By Louis F. McGee.)

The moving pictures of my flight Through planted fields and orchards white With flower, past tower and sleepy town, All vanished, save a cross that stood Beside the way, close to the wood, Below a hill whose slopes of brown, Warmed with the first green of the vine; And there a woman bowing down Before a shrine. On paved streets I bear the roar of Agains, more in the crowd once more; But now where burdens seem to be Too hard, these hillsides reappear— That peasant form; and even here, Rising at every turn for me Out of the pain and wrong and loss, Of these and city stones I see A wayside cross.

Christmas Tide.

Snow time, and time, The world is growing old; The shadows fall across the wall, The night is long and cold; When lo! the joyous songs arise Of angels in the starry skies. Child time, glad time, The world is young again; The starlight streams, the holly gleams Upon the frosted pane. Grant us, dear Lord, a place beside The baby Christ, at Christmas-tide! —Willis Boyd Allen, in Harper's Bazar.

Glasgow, an Extraordinary City.

Here is a city which knows no boss but itself; which takes the merit system as a matter of course, and without any law enforcing it; a city which keeps its officials in office as long as they will stay or as long as they serve the convictions of their constituents; a city which makes its enterprise pay, and pay big, and watches its finances as prudently as the most conservative banking house; a city in which it is the ambition of every citizen to serve without pay and without return save in the approval of his fellows. Here, too, is a city which knows no favor, no friendship, no politics, in the choice of its servants. "Wanted, a Town Clerk. The Corporation of Glasgow," so the newspaper advertisement runs, "invites applications for the office of Town Clerk, which is about to become vacant. The salary will be \$10,000 a year." Here was the most important salary offered within the gift of the council, an office which combines the duties of the city solicitor as well as all the clerical duties of the city, hunting for the man, much as a German city looks for a lord mayor, or an American college or church searches for a president or a minister. The corporation was offering its most influential post to the candidate from all Great Britain best qualified to fill it. Here, too, is a city in which all citizens are united in demanding efficient service and securing it, a city in which the privileged few who own the franchise corporations in America and the unprivileged many who are seeking a job are united with the city rather than against it. For Glasgow offers no franchises whose values run into the millions as a tempting treasure to gamble for. There are no privileges to corrupt the council; no big financial interests to unite the rich and influential, the press and the bar, the club and the church on one side, and leave democracy outstaged and un-

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic. "I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. Housh, Boston, West Locomotive, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

led blindly to carry on the burdens of self government. This absence of privilege frees the best talent of the city; it unites its purse with its patriotism. It is this absence of class interest that binds and fuses the whole people into one ambition—an honest city, an economical city, a serviceable city. And they get it, too. The city's properties are worth \$95,000,000, and the annual revenues from reproductive undertakings alone, exceed \$15,000,000. All these enterprises are handled with the most scrupulous honesty. None of their earnings sticks in the hands of contractors, aldermen, or clerks on its way to the city treasury. Such a thing as official corruption is almost unknown.

The explanation of Glasgow is deeper than the form of the charter, deeper than the merit system, deeper than the method of electing councilmen by popular nomination—important as these things are. It is deeper than the Scotch character, thrifty, prudent, and careful thought it is. I fancied it was the Scotch character, despite conditions in Pittsburg, the most thoroughly Scotch, as it is among the worst of American cities. So I went to Edinburgh, the most beautiful of all British cities, as it is the centre of culture, literature, and traditions of Scotland. Here one should find the Scotchman at his best. I went to the Town Hall. The Lord Provost and the town clerk were away. I wanted to see the council. It would not meet for several weeks. It seldom met oftener than once every three weeks. I looked into its enterprises. "We don't go in for such things as Glasgow does," says an official. "We lease our tramways to a private company. The gas and water are in the hands of a parliamentary commission. The members of our council are too busy with their own affairs to devote much time to the city."

Glasgow, I found, was in disfavor. Its thrift and enterprise were undignified—almost vulgar in the minds of the Scotchman of the capital city. So I returned to Glasgow, to the man on the tram, to the business man in the club, to the tradesman in his shop. For I had come to believe that it is the people that explain the official, that it is they who control the administration. So I went to the people and listened to their talk of Glasgow. But it was not Glasgow, so much as it was the tram, the gas, the telephones, the parks, the bowling greens, the baths, the concerts, the splendid sewage works, and the overlying rates. It was the Alderman So and so, and his speech at the last council. It was Scott Gibson and his condemnation of his fellow-members for voting a few pounds out of the treasury for some dinner or other. It was a longer ride on the tram for a cent. For the man on the street knows about these things. He is a good citizen because it is his city; it gives him more for his money than anyone else, and it gives him many things.

"So I came to believe that the Glasgow man loves his Glasgow, as his forbears loved their highlands, because Glasgow loves its people. "We don't compare our tramways with Manchester or Liverpool," one of them said to me. "We have the best system in the United Kingdom." I think that is true. I have ridden on most of them, and the Glasgow system seems to me the best of them all. The services is as frequent as could be asked, and you get a seat for a fare. You get it on top of the cars if you want a smoke, and the cars are cleaned and disinfected every night;

A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly. His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body. The physician who had attended the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion.

NOW: To feel that boy's arm you would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00.

they are bright as fresh paint can make them; they have no advertisements on them; they are easy riding and laid on concrete foundations with grooved rails, which offer no obstruction to other traffic. The conductors are courteous—they have to be. They have 1,000,000 critics, all watching them. —Frederic C. Howe in Scribner's.

Man's Opportunities Lie Everywhere.

Success represents a rule in three: Multiply one's talent by one's opportunity and divide by circumstances and limitations and you have one's career. Unfortunately, the divisor called circumstances is often made too large. Strictly speaking, everything depends on the man. Every day I hear some youth exclaim: "If I only had a chance!" "Give me this place," with similar expressions, indicating an over-emphasis of opportunity, and an under-emphasis of self-reliance. The simple fact is that some of the greatest cotton mills are a thousand miles from the cotton fields, some of the greatest steel plants are a thousand miles from the iron mines, that gold ore is often smelted at distances remote from the quartz and that South African diamonds are polished in Amsterdam and African silk woves in New Jersey looms.

Up in Cortland, N. Y., is one of the greatest wire factories in the world, owned by two brothers whose business could not be bought for millions. Thirty years ago these two boys left the farm to start a little hardware store in the village. One day a customer failed, and the only thing they could get for the debt was an old hand loom for weaving wire for a flour sieve for the housewife in the kitchen. Now, nothing was more unlikely than that they could do anything with the old loom. What! Found a wire factory at Cortland! Their competitors scoffed at the idea. They were hundreds of miles from the seashore—that meant freight bills. They were hundreds of miles from the coal fields—that meant a heavy heavy handicap. They were a thousand miles from the iron mines—that was prohibitive. But they went to work. They kept that every-thing depended on the man.

In the face of every obstacle they have a business employing fifteen hundred workmen. Last week I saw them take a billet of steel six feet long and one foot square, weighing sixteen hundred pounds. When the billet came out at the other end of the factory it was a tiny wire thread, flexible as silk, forty-five hundred miles long, that would reach from New York to San Francisco and on to Sitka, Alaska. Fifty dollars' worth of steel wrought into wire gauze embedded in crystal glass had taken on a value of \$5,000. For intellect is a magician. Put these two brothers a thousand miles from the base of supplies, and they will turn a heap of red rust into some mechanism of use and beauty. Plainly everything depends upon the man.

Less than a hundred miles away I found another proof that it is the man that makes the industry, the tool, the town. Fifty years ago in Norwich, N. Y., was a young blacksmith, ambitious for success. His town held a hundred houses; far to the north was one railroad, to the south another. The youth was isolated, and shut out from the great world of commerce. One day a contractor who had agreed to build a barn, came to the young blacksmith, and ordered six hammers, the best that David Maydole could make—hammers whose heads would not fly off the handle. "Perhaps you will not want to pay for as good a hammer as I can make," answered the young blacksmith. "You make me a perfect hammer and we will not quarrel about the price." "But," said Maydole, "a perfect hammer means three new changes that have never been put on any hammer. It means that the head must be very hard in its temper, to drive the nail. It means that the claws must be tough to pull out the nail, representing a different temper for steel. Then it means that the central part of the hammer must have steel that extends out along the handle itself—that is flexible and soft. This means a third kind of temper."

David Maydole made those six hammers, and they were perfect hammers. The heads never flew off, the claws were tough, the top was chilled steel that drove the nail to its sure place. But each hammer turned the carpenter who owned it into an advertising agent. Without Maydole knowing it, one man started to New York to spread the fame of the best hammer in the world. Another carpenter started for Buffalo and another to receive orders for hammers.

One day a Scotchman came to Norwich, N. Y. He was amazed at the great factory, but when the men told the traveller that this was the best hammer in the world he scoffed at the idea, insisting that it was a hammer made in Great Britain that held the first place. He therefore sent an order to an old friend in Glasgow to find the best hammer he could in England and send it to him, so that he might meet a wager which he had made in Norwich, N. Y. One day the package reached the village store and the boy came for testing the merits of the Maydole hammer and the strange English hammer. But when the package was opened this hammer that journeyed all the way from England to Norwich, N. Y., was found to bear David Maydole's name, having first of all travelled to England, to meet a hardware man who wanted the best hammer in the world. Norwich, N. Y., had no coal mine, no iron mine, but it had a man. Cortland, N. Y., had no steel plant, no looms, but it had two men. Everything depends upon the man. For all young men ambitious to get on, the lesson is so simple that they who run may read. Begin with the thing that is nearest at hand. Are you working in cloth? Save the wastes. Are you handling a delicate tool? See if you can make it more perfect. Are you looking for a chance? It is so close to you that if it were an ogre it would bite you. The more difficult the task the more development and growth there is in mastering it. There is not a tool in the world that cannot be made ten times as good. There is not a business today that is not full of wastes that could be saved. The method you are using today is already outgrown, and why may you not find a better one? Young man, work more with your head and less with your hands. Go to the library and get some text books on your own occupation. There is a fortune waiting for you.—Newell Dwight Hillis, in World Magazine.

Commenting on the fact that one of the nobles of London obtained the bulk of Lord Brampton's fortune, a correspondent of the Tablet writes: "It has occurred to me that he was, as others have been, who have taken the trouble to themselves acquire wealth, with a great deal of industry and the pen of comfort, and other amenities of the admirably equipped Oathoic institution, the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, he was also, as a man who had worked hard to make his fortune and so know the value of money, almost equally impressed with the full annual report with balance sheet showing all their sources of income and satisfactorily accounting for every penny, which they send to their subscribers. We live in days of severe competition, and the English laity will not make a penny sacrifice unless they are satisfied that they are getting full value for their money, and that can only be done by having all the accounts audited by laymen. I am sure that a great deal could be done to help on the conversion of England if the clergy were to take the laity into partnership on the purely business side of ecclesiastical affairs. The laity would take more interest in the affairs of the Church, and would be more ready to give; it would also help to weld us together, which is the great need now, especially when such a fierce onslaught is being made on our educational institutions."

We have met young Canadians who have received a High School education, who had never heard of Sir Frederick Williams' defence of Kars, or Sir John Ingalls' defence of Lucknow. They knew that Nova Scotia had sent two or three statesmen to Ottawa, but were unaware that the two greatest names in the military annals of Canada were borne by men from the same little province by the sea. Our recollections of the heroism of Ingalls have been revived by the gathering in London last week of the remnant of that desperate host which cleared our East with steel, and their review by Lord Roberts. Sir Henry Lawrence died of his wounds on July 4, 1857, and from that date till Sept. 25, the eight thousand Sepoys who besieged the Residency at Lucknow were successfully resisted by the little band of Englishmen under the command of Colonel Inglis. The Montreal Star is in error, however, in supposing that it was the latter date that "the distant skirt of the pipes of the 78th Highlanders told them 'The Campbells are coming.'" It was the gallant General Havelock who forced his way into the Residency on Sept. 25, but he, too, was besieged, and it was not till November that Sir Colin Campbell arrived with his killed lads and finally put the Sepoys to flight.—Oaklet.

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Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties. Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions. Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

MISCELLANEOUS

Waiter.—What would you be pleased to order, sir? We have p'tage printante a la julienne, ficandean de veau avec croquettes des pommes de terre, rissoles de boeuf. Diner.—Yes, well give us a plentiful of whichever of them's nearest to Irish stew.

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

Now, tabman, said a lady whose nerves were far from being strong, please understand that you must be very careful. When you come to a crossing you must wait till the policeman tells you to go on, and if the streets are slippery you must drive very slowly. All right, mum, was the cheerful rejoinder, I'll be very careful, mum; and in case of a accident, mum, which 'ospital would you like to be taken to?

There is nothing harsh about Lax Liver Pills. They cure Constipation, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, and Bilious Spasms without griping, purging or sickening. Price 25c.

My wife his "better half," but that's a sort of bluff; He can't deceive himself, for she's "The whole thing," sure enough.

MINARD'S LINIMENT, CO., LIMITED. I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT from time to time for the past twenty years. It was recommended to me by a prominent physician of Montreal, who called it the "great Nova Scotia Liniment." It does the doctor's work; it is particularly good in cases of Rheumatism and Sprains.

Yours truly, G. G. DUSTAN, Chartered Accountant, Halifax, N. S., Sept. 21, 1905.

BETWEEN JOBS.

"O, yes," said Lowe Gmedy. "Raxter has been in the profession for quite a number of years." "Indeed?" remarked Crittick. "Comedian or tragedian?" "Well, a pedestrian most of the time."

Minard's Liniment cures everything.

BETTER STILL. Miss Yerner.—But would you die for me? Jackley Brightley.—To tell you the truth, dear, I would not.

Miss Yerner.—Ah! I just knew you wouldn't, and yet you talk to me of love— Jack Brightley.—My dear, my love is of the undying sort.

Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold

IT CAN HAVE BUT ONE RESULT. IT LEAVES THE THROAT OR LUNGS, OR BOTH, AFFECTED.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP IS THE MEDICINE YOU NEED.

It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. It is a single strength Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim the great virtues by promptly extinguishing the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrup, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pins meet the trade mark, and price 25c. Mrs. Henry Seabrook, Haverhill, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy known for the cure of colds. It has cured all my children and myself."

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Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold

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