

A MODERN MEDICINE

Medicines of the old-fashioned kind will sometimes relieve the symptoms of disease, though they can never touch the disease itself—they never cure. Ordinary medicines leave behind them indigestion, constipation, biliousness and headache; purgatives leave the patient feverish and weakened. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, on the other hand, do direct good to the body, blood and nerves. They fill the veins with new, rich, red blood! They brace the nerves; they drive out disease by going right to the root of the trouble in the blood. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. Mrs. George Henley, Boxgrove, Ont., says: "It is with thanks that I tell you that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured me after my doctor had said I could not be cured. I suffered from an almost constant fluttering of the heart, and sometimes severe pains. The least exertion would leave me breathless and tired out. My appetite was poor, and my head ached nearly all the time. I had lost all ambition to do any work, and felt very hopeless. I had taken a great deal of medicine without any benefit, until I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have made a remarkable change in my condition, and I am feeling better than I have done for years. I gladly give my experience in the hope that it will benefit others."

Now Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up strength as they did in Mrs. Henley's case in just one way—they actually make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels, they don't bother with mere symptoms. They go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why these pills cure anaemia, headache, heart palpitation, indigestion, kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, general weakness and the special ailments of growing girls and women. But you must have the genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A CHEAP BAROMETER

A useful and trustworthy barometer can be made out of a glass jam jar and an olive oil bottle. If you can't get this, any bottle with a long neck will do. First thoroughly clean out the two articles named. When this has been done, fill the jar a little more than half full of water, and place the bottle upside down in the mouth of it. Your barometer is complete. Stand in a shady place and await results. If the water flows up the neck of the bottle above the level of the water in the jar, it indicates rain; on the other hand, if the water is level, fine weather may be expected.

Dr. Gould (of the U.S.) warns the public against the use of wood alcohol in the following terms: "Poisoning by wood alcohol is increasing. The cheapness of this alcohol is caused by the fact that there is no revenue tax upon it, and it costs only about 50 cents per gallon, instead of \$2.00. This makes the unscrupulous manufacturer use it instead of grain alcohol in flavoring and medicinal extracts. Some essences of Jamaica ginger, peppermint and lemon contain as much as 75 per cent. of wood alcohol. In the last eight years there have been over fifty deaths caused by it, and doubtless this is only a small part of the total number. Besides the deaths and other injuries, such as gastric disease, etc., from this source an especially disastrous result is amblyopia, which not seldom ends in absolute blindness; at least 36 cases have been reported within a few years."

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS IN FOOD

Every country has its individual manners and customs in the method of presenting and combining its different foods. What forms a single course on the menu of one land is not infrequently only a simple accessory to some more important ordinary production in another, and in this, despite the march of the times, one notes a certain conservatism. Very probably the warlike or nomadic habits of far-away ancestors in early historic times may have something to do with it. In few English houses are vegetables served separately as a course by themselves. We make an exception, for instance, in the case of asparagus, or artichokes and endiveflowers, but in presenting the latter dish "a part" the British cook invariably feels it incumbent on her to introduce the cheese element as a kind of apology. The traveller in France delights in "little peas in butter," and all the other delicious forms in which vegetables are encountered there, but on her return to native shores she returns to the old monotony, if not with gratitude, at least with placidity. Why should the watery, stringy mass we call by the mysterious title of "greens"—often a misnomer—be so frequently placed before the unwilling gaze, when out of these same materials may be provided the most delicious vegetable course. In America the habit of mixing cheese with salad is very common. To them the French plan of presenting an oil and vinegar mixture with cress, endive, and chervil as an accompaniment to chicken or game is nothing short of barbarous, and a concoction singularly wanting in flavor. Provided the cheese is of the right age and flavor, the amalgamation is not to be despised.

ABOUT DOGS

The best authorities agree that dogs should not be whipped or struck a blow more severe than a slap with the hand, says an exchange. A dog is intelligent, and as sensitive to the tones of the voice as a child. The voice, alone, is all that is needed to reprove him. If it is necessary to punish your dog do it at the time of the transgression, and not as one boy did, two days after the wrongdoing.

This boy was the owner of a splendid St. Bernard, who ran away from home on one occasion. When he returned, his master cruelly whipped him, although a neighbor remonstrated, warning him that the dog did not understand what he had done to merit punishment. "When the dog goes off next time, do you think he will come back when he remembers that a thrashing is awaiting him there?" angrily inquired the neighbor.

The boy paid no attention to the warning, and when Barko went away a week or so later the neighbor's words came true. Barko evidently decided that home with a lash was worse than no home at all. Unlike the cat of song and story, he "Never came back," to the great delight of the neighbor, who believed that in dog land as well as in child land goodness should be rewarded instead of badness punished.

HAY FEVER UNKNOWN

Certain it is, and many years of careful experience are back of the statement, that hay fever, and kindred annoying and troublesome summer affections, distressing to so many thousands all over the country, recurring regularly as July and August, are absolutely unknown in the "Highlands of Ontario." Thousands of people go to Muskoka, Georgian Bay or the Lake of the Bays every year for nothing else but to avoid hay fever, and find perfect immunity from the ailment, and many by going there regularly for a period of a few years are said to be permanently cured.

Hay fever booklet can be had free for the asking, by applying to J. Quinlan, D.P.A., Boulevard Station, Montreal.

THE VICTORIA CATARACT

The Zambesi Valley, for a hundred miles or more in every direction from the cataract, is a rough and broken plateau, covered with low brush and stunted trees, with here and there an outcrop of sombre basaltic rock, all thoroughly uninteresting. . . . Across this solemn scene, writes Mr. Theodore Van Kagenen in an article on the Victoria Falls in the June "Century," appears a river that in flood-time is perhaps half a mile wide. If a deaf man were following down one of its banks, he would notice little but the quiet water and the odd-looking column of smoke ahead. As this column was approached, he would expect to see the river banks bending, and the water flowing away on one side, and might glance to the right and left to note the direction taken. But the panorama changes as he gazes. The river is no more. And there where it should be is only the brown plain, as lonely, brush-covered, and monotonous as ever. One must go twenty miles farther before the vanished water and the surface of the land again commingle, before it will be possible to walk along the bank in company with the river. So sudden and startling is the transformation. Meantime the pillar of smoke has resolved itself into a dense mist forced upward, in terrible puffs from a yawning gash stretching directly across the bed of the river. This fearful abyss is every second swallowing thousands of tons of green-and-white water, and belching up blasts of mist that rise hundreds of feet into the air and hurry away with the winds as if rejoicing at their escape from the inferno below. And somewhere, nearly 400 feet below, the entrapped river is fighting its way between sheer walls of black rock towards a narrow cleft in the eastern wall, whence it escapes, foaming and boiling, through the zig-zags and curves of a deep gorge leading off to the eastward.

The Editorial Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society is engaged in preparing a new issue of the Holy Scriptures. Our readers will be interested in learning that the co-operation of the Rev. Dr. Currie of the Presbyterian Theological College has been asked for, in the endeavor to secure perfect accuracy in the printed text. Dr. Currie assisted in the revision of the last issue, and we are glad that again his aid is so highly appreciated by the eminent experts who are engaged in the editorial work of the greatest Bible Society in the world.

Senator John H. Mitchell, of Oregon, U. S., has been found guilty by a jury of that state of having, in association with Congressman Hermann, commissioner of the Land Office at Washington, conspired with one Pater, and others, to cheat the Government out of public lands by means of forged affidavits and fictitious names, and of having received \$2,000 from Pater to use his influence with Mermann. The New York Evening Post says: "He merely did what dozens of other senators and congressmen are doing all the time," and a western paper declares that now, "many conscript fathers must be sitting on the uneasy bench of anxiety;"—remarks which gain force from the terrible statement of a writer, over his own name, in a Boston paper, that within the last fifteen years 510,000,000 acres—"an area that would make thirty states the size of Massachusetts"—have been stolen from the Government. It is an appalling picture of corruption, "graft," and rascality in high places of political trust, that the United States newspapers give us, and it is certainly time that the law should punish promptly and adequately notorious robbers of the people.

To play fast and loose with the teachings of Scripture is to mock God and trifle with the day of judgment.