HOW THE BRAIN WORKS.

THE CHIEF OF THE ORGAN ARE WORRY AND SHOCK

Interesting Account of the Relation of Sensory and Motor Nerves Which Are Constantly at Work.

Although there are many things about the brain which scientists have not yet fathomed, still great strides have been made recently in knowledge of what the cranium contains. The cerebrum is the chief part of the brain, and immediate source of all our mental action. The gray matter of the outer surface is made up of layers of nerve cells. These are the thinking centres. Experiments on animals have shown that each convolution has a special function, and if destroyed it cannot be replaced. Also it is found that the left brain is more active than the right. This knowledge has been most useful in relieving suffering.

Thus, if an epileptic commences a fit by twitching the right thumb or hand, one would find the cause in its nerve centre on the left side of the brain. We are now able to make a map of the surface of the brain according to the various functions. All impressions received from the outer world whether by sight, smell, hearing, taste or touch, are carried direct to the surface of the brain and recorded in the brain cells of their respective areas, while all movements are the result of impulses sent down from the cells in the different motor areas.

There are five large sensory areas: First, sight, which is the largest, at the back. Smell, taste and hearing have their positions at the side of head, in the temporal region and inner surface. Touch resides at the top of the brain, while the large motor area occupies the bulk of the middle brain.

THE MOTOR AREA.

is so arranged that the motor cells of the lips are in front, then those of the hand, arm, and so on, backward to the foot. The simplest brain action is as follows:—If a person touched anything hot or sharp the painful sensation would be telegraphed to the sensory area. The sensory cell which received the message would wire on to the motor cells to pull the hand away. If the person was asleep, and therefore, the brain not acting, such a simple act might be managed by the spinal cord, or medulla. It is called a reflex act.

A person may be walking toward a precipice, and the impression of danger is telegraphed to the optic lobe, and thence a message is sent to the motor area to turn and walk away. But, supposing it be dark, how are the motor cells to receive instruction and guide the individual in walking? He feels with his hands and feet, and the sensorry cells receive messages from them how to direct the cells. The impression stamped on the brain cell will guide the individual under similar circumstances again, and this goes to constitute experience and memory.

It is easier to remember a lemon or a horse than a mathematical formula or a poem. The reason of this is that whereas the former have impressions stamped on several centres, as sight, touch, smell, taste, hearing, speaking and writing; the latter are stamped merely on the speaking, hearing, seeing and writing centres. These centres are not nearly so retentive. In repeating poetry it is the sound of the last line which suggests the next line. Hence poems with rhyme are easier to learn than those without.

Though poetry is revived in the sight and sound centres, it is not so well fixed there as

SIMPLE OBJECTS.

Thus a lemon is stamped twice in the optic centre—once as a yellow oval fruit and once as the printed fruit. So there is an optic word centre and a pictorial or photographic centre. The poem or formula is only stamped in the former.

Those who photograph know well that a good impression requires correct exposure. Under exposures are poor and do not last. It is the same with our brains. We cannot learn without drilling the subject matter into our brains— frequent repetition when learning by rote, and careful fixed attention from the special guidance and energy of the prefrontal or fore brain, which acts as the commanding officer. Many people are not trained to use their eyes. A quick observer notes in a moment what would escape the dullard altogether. It is important to train one's self to observe. Accuracy and speed come with practice. The brain is like a big album of photographs and other sensory impressions. It should be stored with accurate impressions, especially of the good. It is especially wise in the training of children to give them impressions of the good and the true; the false and bad will be forced upon them soon enough.

Not only the memory, but the attention requires training; in fact, one is necessary to the other. If we sit before a preacher and hear every word he says, but cannot recall it a moment afterward, it is because our prefrontal brain has been at rest. If we wish to recall a subject the stimulus must pass to the prefrontal or registry office, whence the stimulus is sent to the brain cells containing the sensations to be recalled. The great problem is to keep the brain healthy and active.

WITHOUT STRAIN.

If the blood is not right the brain cannot be, for it is nourished by good blood. The chief enemies of the brain are worry, which disorganizes the machinery; shock, which paralyzes the brain. Worry or excitement causes irregular nerve action. We call it confusion of ideas or nervosity. The optic brain centres throw up a series of depressing mental photographs, exaggerating existing trouble. This continues to depress the cells in the fore brain, resulting in complete failure to judge aright or analyse correctly. Slight annoyances are likely to grow into quarrels in this way, for by brooding over them brain fatigue occurs. Then the imagination sees exaggerated views until spite and hatred, and kindred passions exhaust the fore brain, and misguided actions result. The stronger the quarrel grows the weaker the finer perceptions become. This explains the disease of the age—worry and its results.

Self-control is the key to right living and thinking. An over-indulgent parent allows the animal instinct to prevail over the intellectual control to the injury of the child's mental development. The higher the intellect the more these instincts are under control. Euthanasia, or mental well being, is what all must strive for—the body in health and the mind at peace. Unrest wears out the strongest brains. Worry is poison to the brain; work develops it.

WANT BACHELORS TAXED.

At a meeting of middle-class women of Athens, held recently, it was decided to ask Parliament to impose a heavy tax on all bachelors over 40 years old. The passage of any such measure is said to be unlikely, for the Chamber has become the chief resort of well-to-do bachelors. Consequently the tax would hit them heavily.

OUGHT TO BE AMIABLE.

She seems like an amiable girl.
Well, who wouldn't be amiable with a lover in the ice cream business?

CANADA'S SOLDIER POLICE

THEIR DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Number of Officers and Men in the Force—Their Rate of Pay—Lead the Life of a Regular Soldier in Barracks—Some Incidents of Their Life on the Plains, and Showing Their Coolness in Face of Great Danger.

And again: At Golden, in the heart of the Rockies, there was a pretty tough mining camp. Major Steele was commanding the police there, and in spite of firm measures the miners were beginning to get a little out of hand. One night it culminated in a riot. Sergeant Fury, a determined, bull-dog little man, was sent, with two constables, to arrest the ringleaders. The gang had possession of a saloon. Fury walked in, and going straight up to the man he wanted, said: "Come with me; I arrest you."

Of course it was an invitation that the turbulent miner had no idea of accepting. Fury reached out persuasively with his left hand, clutched him by the collar in an iron grip, and backed for the door. It was like throwing a lamb among a cageful of hungry tigers. There was a mob of swaying, swearing miners in front of the little sergeant which his two assistants were vainly trying to keep back. A huge desperado made a rush at Fury from behind. He felt him coming, and without looking around fired point-blank over his shoulder, and brought him to the ground winged. It had a soothing effect upon the others, and the police got their prisoner out on the road before the crowd had time to get worked up into a passion again.

It was some little distance to the barracks, and as they hurried the unwilling captive along the road, they saw the miners coming for them again. "There'll be some quare work this time," laughed Corporal Hetherington, for he was of the party. Just as they pulled their prisoner over a bridge which spanned a little stream, a figure came tearing down the road from the barracks with a sword in one hand and a revolver in the other. It was the commander, Major Steele, whom the noise of the fighting had roused from a bed of illness. He planted himself firmly in the middle of the bridge, and vowed to kill the first member of the mob that attempted to pass.

It was settled that time as it always is. No prisoner is ever given up by the Northwest Mounted Police once the law demands that he be arrested. The miners knew enough of Steele to know that he would keep his word, also that their comrade would have a fair, square trial; that much Steele promised them.

Not that prestige and determination carry the point always. Sometimes the desperadoes turn on the policeman, handicapped by his orders to arrest and not kill, and the death dew gathers damp on his face, and the regimental number is all that is left of him in the force. Duck Lake is the "Five Points" of the Northwest. It lies 100 miles north of Regina, the capital of the Territories. Last year five white men—four policemen and one civilian—and three Indians lay dead on the prairie with their faces to the sky, to the end that the peace broken by one Indian outlaw might be made whole. Almighty Voice, son of John Sounding Sky, was hungry and killed a cow. The first little irregularity was that the cow belonged to somebody else. Therefore a sergeant of police and a half-bred guide rode forth to bring Almighty Voice before a magistrate. As they rode along they heard the report of a gun. They turned from the trail, and came suddenly upon the Indian and two squaws. He had just killed a prairie chicken. "Tell him I've come to arrest him for killing cattle," said the sergeant to the guide.

"Tell him if he advances I'll kill him!" answered Almighty Voice.

Sergeant Colbrook rode quietly forward. The guide covered the Indian with his carbine, but the sergeant made him put it down again. "We have no authority to kill," he said. "We've come to arrest only. Tell him to lay down his arms," he added, as he rode steadily forward.

A few paces more, and there came another warning from the Indian at bay. The sergeant, according to his orders, had no choice. He could not retire; he had no authority to shoot the Indian; his orders were simply to arrest him, even if it cost him his life—and it did. Another pace, and the fire belched from the muzzle of the Cree's gun, and Sergeant Colgbrook fell shot through the heart. The guide's code was not so high. He could retire, and he did, very fast.

That was the beginning. A price was set upon the murderer's head; he was declared an outlaw, and for a thousand miles north the red-coated riders watched for Almighty Voice. While they scoured the land far and wide, Almighty Voice lived for many moons shielded by his Indian friends at Duck Lake.

One day a horse was stolen, and a half-breed scout with a companion started to round up the thief. They caught him. As they were bringing him through a clump of poplars astride of a knock-kneed cayuse he disappeared as if by magic. Then Almighty Voice appearer upon the scene, and the scout was soon galloping for dear life—for the little life that was left him. For a bullet had gone crashing through his back, and the slayer of Sergeant Colbrook was running like the wind at his horse's heels, making savage clutches at the swishing tail. Bending low along his horse's neck, the scout rode with reeling brain. One clutch of those dark, sinewy hands in his steed's tail, and the next instant a knife would be at his throat. The horse gained a little—the prey was escaping. The pursuer stopped for an instant, and his fierce black eyes glanced along a gun-barrel. The bullet cut through the cowboy hat of the scout, and severed the woven hair bridle between the horse's ears. The bit dropped from the horse's mouth, and under the new freedom he sped faster. Almighty Voice gave up the chase.

Over the wire the news was flashed into Prince Albert, and Captain Allen and a detachment of police rode eighty miles that night. Almighty Voice had two other killings to attend to, but that ride caught him in a trap. In the morning the police were reconnoitering from a little hill. Allen saw three vertical blots on the landscape. As he looked they scampered into a bluff on all fours like deer. "That's an old game," he said. "They are the men we're after."

They surrounded the bluff. As Captain Allen patrolled close to the bushes he suddenly saw something which made him lean far down along the side of his horse, but he was too late. He heard the bone of his right arm snap like a piece of glass, and his hand swung limp as a rag at his side. The bullet from Almighty Voice's rifle had smashed through his arm close to the shoulder. The exchange of leaden cards had been mutual. A 44 bullet from Allen's revolver had scorched its way through Almighty Voice's ankle.

Thrown from his horse by the shock, the officer crawled like a wounded duck into the thick grass of the prairie. When he had gone a little distance, he raised himself on one knee, only to look along the cold steel barrel of a rifle and into the merciless eyes of Almighty Voice. He knelt for the space of five seconds looking into the face of death, expecting every minute the crash of the leaden messenger. Without uncovering his wounded quarry, the Indian pointed with two fingers and said, "Throw me your cartridge belt."

The Captain understood; the Indian would not waste a cartridge upon him now that he was disabled; he needed them all for defense. Where he stood in the edge of the oush he was covered, and would not expose himself by coming out to finish his man with a knife. "Throw me your cartridges or I'll kill you," he said in Cree.

"Never!" answered Allen.

Just then there was the crack of a carbine, and a bullet spat against the trunk of a poplar and went zipping off through the light branches. A constable had sighted the Indian; the latter jumped back among the trees.

Temporary repairs kept Allen from bleeding to death. They tried burning the Indians out, but the poplars were too green. Then three constables—Hawkin, Kerr and Lundy—crept in through the thick, dangerous undergrowth of the bluff to drive them out. Their few comrades keeping guard on the outside heard at regular intervals the rifles speak, but no message came from the deep shadows of the aspens. No fleeing Indian darted into the open, no smoke-grimed, red-coated policeman struggled forth holding a dark captive. There was nothing but the occasional sharp crack of a rifle, the yell of defiance of an Indian, and then silence—heavy, oppressive silence. After a time there was nothing but silence, no call from the constables to their friends on the outside, no word from the rifles—nothing but the ominous stillness. The hearts of the watchers grew heavy, and well they might, for the three brave troopers were lying with their white set faces looking up at the blue vault, their bodies torn by the bullets that had been fired at them from the distance of a few paces.

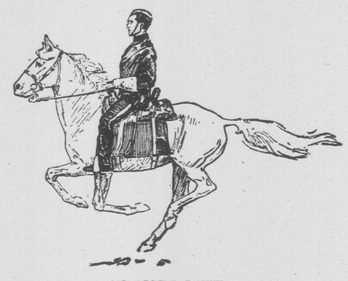
With the persistence characteristic of the force, two men, O'Kelly and Cook, went in to do what three had failed to accomplish. As he wormed his way along on his stomach, O'Kelly made a discovery. The Indians, with devilish ingenuity, had made three runways leading up to a certain point by breaking the small bushes off close to the ground. These led to a death-trap—a pit dug by the Indians with their knives. At the other end of each was a hawk-eyed Indian with a leveled rifle. It was in these little runways that the three policemen had been shot.

The two constables avoided the paths, and kept to the thick growth. Suddenly O'Kelly became aware of a pair of khaki-colored legs in front of him. Thinking it was one of his dead comrades he reached out to pull the body back. As he did so the feet were wrenched violently from his grasp, and disappeared over the embankment into the pit. The rifles belched forth in his very face, and an Indian sprang up on the embankment to get a better shot at him. A bullet from O'Kelly's rifle went crashing through the redskin's brain. The constable fired into the body out, and hugged his mother earth as though he loved her. A shot from Almighty Voice tore a spur from off his heel.

Ten feet away Cook was lying flat and motionless behind the dead limb of a fallen tree. He saw the smoke of the rifle from the Indians' pit, but he did not see the pair of lynx-like eyes motionless as the rock of Gibraltar that watched steadily that limb that covered his face. Cautiously he raised his head a few inches. There was a sharp crack, a puff of smoke, and bark and chips were driven into his eyes with terrific force. Luckily, the aim had been a little low, the bullet had glanced.

They recovered one of their wounded comrades a little later, and inch by inch worked their way backward, dragging him between them. All that night they guarded the bluff. Once Almighty Voice tried to creep out, but was driven back. In the morning a little trail and a crutch dropped from the blood-stained hands of the Indian showed where he had tried to escape. About midnight Almighty Voice called to the police, "Brothers, we've had a good fight to-day, I've worked hard and am hungry. You've plenty of grub; send me in some. To-morrow we'll finish the fight."

The next day the fight was like a Roman spectacle. A small hill near by was covered by Indian and half-breed spectators. The old tan-faced mother of Almighty Voice sat there



ON LIGHT DUTY.

and crooned a weird death-song, and cheered her boy to fight to the death like an Indian brave. She screamed defiance to the police—her son would slay many more of them. But his end was drawing near. A field-gun had been brought up from Regina; a few shells were thrown into the bluff, and then a charge was made. It was difficult charging through that thick growth, but when the smoke cleared away, the pit held three dead Indians, and it was "all quiet along the Saskatchewan" once more.

Many special bodies of troops in Europe, such as the Guards, are filled with men over six feet. In the Northwest the need is different. Abnormally large men would only be an incumbrance on the long rides, breaking down both themselves and their horses. A combination of sinew, strength, endurance, brain, and a fair moral tone is necessary to make up the man who is expected to ride oftentimes day and night, without eating or sleeping, to hold his own in a foot-race or a fight with a swift Indian or half-breed; and also show by example that the Northwest Territories are to be developed and governed along the lines of order and industry. The returns from the different posts show that physically the men are admirably fitted to fill this bill. In height their average runs about five feet nine inches, with a chest measurement of thirty-eight and one-half inches. Recruits are subjected to a searching medical examination before being taken on. The aim is "to make it a difficult force to get into, and an easy one to get out of." The result is a fine body of contented men and few desertions.

In addition to their actual duties as peace officers, the police are supposed to gather for the government information on every subject under the sun—the sun that shines between the forty-ninth parallel and the Arctic Ocean; the state of the crops, the conditions of the ranches, the breeds of horses and cattle most suitable to their individual localities; their opinions on the different ordinances relating to the protection of cattle ranches; even statistical returns to show where the best markets are and how they can be reached. Should a rancher kill a steer and bring the carcass in for sale, the law says that he must also bring the hide bearing his brand to show that in a moment of forgetfulness, he has not killed his neighbor's animal. The police must see that he does this. They must have constructive ability, and report on roads and bridges, and different modes of transit—from the humble cayuse to the swift-rushing railway. The settlers arrivnig in the country are under the watchful eye of these guardians; their physical moral and financial conditions are duly observed and reported to headquarters. If the Mormon settlement or the colony of Mennonites, have 900 cattle and 600 sheep, those in authority will know it, for a "Rider of the Plains," will have it all jotted down in his note-book. Just how much gold per day the miner takes from the sands of the Saskatchewan is also known; and how much he pays a ton for the coal he burns during the long winter months. You will find in the blue book a list of the questions Li Hung Chang asked when he paid a flying visit to Calgary. Pork-packing and poultry-raising are not beneath notice; and intelligent advice is given, backed up by facts and figures, as to how these industries may be better followed. Nothing escapes the vigilance of these alert policemen.

Fierce battles are waged between the fire fiend and the constables sometimes. Day and night, scorched and seared and athirst, they have to battle often to preserve the country from becoming one vast kiln. No more exciting picture was ever drawn than the sight of two policemen, with two wet blankets knotted together and trailing the ground, galloping one on either side of a line of leaping hungry flame. Miles and miles of fire line they will put out in this way.

In former years the most onerous of the police duties was the preventing of the sale of liquor in the Territories. The Northwest was then a prohibition state. The Lieutenant-Governor had authority to issue a permit to a man to have in his possession liquor up to five gallons, providing always the man was respectable. These permits gave the police no end of trouble. So long as the owner of a permit held it in his hand he was entitled to the possession of five gallons of liquor, though the keg had been drained twenty times. A saloon-keeper with friends who held permits could store a large stock of smuggled liquor and snap his fingers at the police. It was an article of faith that men who tried to bring in liquor by means lawful or otherwise were public benefactors; while the police, who were trying to interrupt this wholesale trade, were men to be put far astray and shrined on a hog's back.

Many and various were the tricks resorted to by the men stricken with a thirst engendered of life in that high, dry atmosphere. A consignment of Bibles to Edmonton proved full of a spirituous consolation that caused them to sell as readily as hot cakes to people who previously had taken very little interest in Christian literature. That the Bibles were tin did not matter in the slightest.

A high-rolling gambler, "Bull Dog" Carney, once ran a car-load of smuggled whiskey into Golden. The police got knowledge of it, and after many up and downs confiscated most of it. "It was a sight to make your heart ache, sor," the sergeant who told me about it assured me. "A carload of whisky spilled out on the ground before a squad of men thirsty to their very sowls. Surely a little keg wouldn't have been missed from all that lot—a wee little keg," he added plaintively.

Upon another occasion, when there had been a lawful seizure of "moonlight," the superintendent in charge had seen every package broached and its contents emptied out upon the ground, even to the last "wee little keg." The ruby-tinted nectar had gurgled forth and sunk into the parched earth before the eyes of a thirsty file of inwardly groaning policemen. But when the bugle piped melodiously for stables, there was not a corporal's guard to feed the many horses; and the superintendent took counsel with himself, and went on a tour of inspection. He jabbed viciously with his walking-stick at the brown spot of earth where the liquor, many times emptied, had burned away the grass. His stick went through the crust of earth, and struck something which gave back a hollow, complaining sound. It was the bottom of a tub. On top of the tub was an old iron grate; on top of that the earth. It was a very peculiar geological formation, not described in any of the works. The superintendent spoke never a word, for silence is a gold coin studded with rubies; doubtless some wicked men had put it there to bring discredit upon the force. When the next lot of seized liquor was to be emptied, he said to the sergeant: "We'll take this to a new place, and give the grass a chance to grow in the old spot."

(To Be Continued.)

HOUSEHOLD.

HOUSEWIFELY PROGRESS.

It is a trifle, apparently, writes Marian Harland, when a woman taboos oil in salad dressing because she "has never been used to putting it in," when she thinks mint sauce a "trashy" accompaniment to roast lamb, and "won't hear of hot sauce with cold pudding," or whipped cream as an accompaniment, to ice-cold raw tomatoes, when the vegetable dishes must all be set on the table with the meat, "as she has always had them," and lettuce be cut up and dressed in the kitchen at the cook's convenience, instead of being served, crisp and cool from the deft fingers of some members of the family, who is "up in salads."

Each protest is a symptom of decadence which is wilful, not inevitable. She has stopped learning because she has stopped. In time, mental muscles become stiff, but disuse is the cause of the change.

"I account that day lost in which I have learned no new thing," said an aged sage.

Our housewife may lay the saying to heart. If there be a better way than hers of doing anything—from making picklette to giving a wedding supper—she should be on the alert to possess herself of it. It is not true that it is easier for young people to keep themselves and their houses abreast of the times than it is for their elders. The first step that counts in the downward road is the tendency not to take any step at all. To stand still is to be left.

USES FOR PAPER.

A double newspaper with the corners folded down for the bib and tied around the waist with a strip of muslin, makes a nice apron for dish-washing and baking. Several thicknesses of paper placed under the coat or wrap over shoulders and chest when going out in the cold will save many a severe sickness. If there are not bedclothes enough to go around on a below-zero night, try laying your spare newspapers between the covers, especially over the feet. Use soft paper wrappings to polish your nickle stove plating.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Lemon Ice Cream.—Two quarts of milk, one quart of cream, three cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, quarter of a box of gelatine, juice of two lemons and one orange, grated rind of three lemons. Mix sugar, juice and rind of lemons and orange juice, and set aside; soak gelatine in half pint of milk and cream and pour over gelatine until dissolved. When cold partly freeze; then add lemon juice and sugar, and eggs beaten separately; turn the crank rapidly and freeze.

Pineapple Ice Cream.—One half pound pineapple, one half pound sugar, one pint cream, one half pint of milk, juice of one lemon. Grate pineapple and add sugar and lemon juice; put cream and milk in freezer, and when partly frozen add sugar and fruit.

Peach Ice Cream.—One quart cream, one pint milk, two cups sugar, whites of two eggs, one dozen ripe peaches. Pare and mash the peaches, add sugar, and let it stand; add cream and milk, and just before freezing the beaten whites.

Vanilla Ice Cream.—One quart of cream, one pint of milk, two cups of sugar, whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix the sugar with the cream and milk; add flavoring and strain into freezer. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add just before freezing.

Coffee Ice Cream.—One quart cream, one and a half cups of sugar, one pint strong coffee. Whip cream, mix coffee and sugar thoroughly, add to cream and freeze.

Peach Short Cake.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one pint of milk. Sift the flour, salt and powder together, rub in the butter cold; add the milk and mix into a smooth dough, just soft enough to handle; divide in half and roll out to the size of breakfast plates; lay on a greased baking tin and bake in a hot oven 20 minutes, separate the cake without cutting, as cutting makes them heavy. Have two dozen peaches peeled and cut in slices; use half of them to cover the bottom halves of shortcake; sprinkle plentifully with sugar and cream; lay on the top halves with the crust downward; use the rest of the fruit over them, and sugar plentifully.

Cream Onke—One half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one half cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, with three quarters of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir butter and sugar to a cream, beat the three whites to a stiff froth and add them with the sifted flour and powder, with the milk, alternately, to the creamed butter and sugar. Bake in two equal good-sized jelly tins. For filling boil three quarters of a cup of milk with a pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one half tablespoonful of butter, mix one tablespoonful of flour with one quarter cup of milk and stir into the boiling milk. Continue the boiling for a few minutes longer, remove from the fire, and add the juice of half a lemon and spread between the layers.

Delicate Cake.—Sift three quarters of a cupful of flour, one quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder and a speck of salt together. Put into a bowl two tablespoonfuls butter, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, beat them to a cream, then add the grated rind of half a lemon. Beat two eggs in separate bowls, add one egg and stir in half the flour, then the other egg and the rest of the flour; mix well. Pour the mixture into a well-greased cake tin and bake in a hot oven 30 minutes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

All the receptacles for flowers should be clear glass or white china. Some ladies have sets of Belleek, but it is rare and costly, and any clear glass will do as well.

Cheese sandwiches are always in order to serve with salad. Grate any cheese and rub it to a paste with butter, spread the bread, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cut into strips.

A little pipe clay dissolved in the water on washing days will thoroughly clean the dirtiest linen, and will help to save labor and soap, besides the clothes being made much whiter.

A favorite form of table decoration in Paris this summer is to place a tall vase or basket of flowers in the very centre of the table. A recent pretty decoration had what the school mistress sisters in "Vanity Fair" called a "beau-pot," or a nice plant of some kind, in the middle of the dinner table; but it has been reserved for the last two or three decades to heap the table with flowers—the costlier, the better liked—and to make this decoration a prominent feature of the entertainment at a dinner or supper, and, to a less extent, of a luncheon party.

White veils may be nicely cleansed by soaking for half an hour in a solution of ivory or castile soap. Then press between the hands until clean. Rinse in clear water. Make a cupful of very weak starch or gum arabic water, soak the veil in it a few moments, then clap in the hands until nearly dry. Spread a towel over a pillow and pin the lace in each point smoothly over it, letting it remain until perfectly dry.

Starch is a warm weather necessity, but it takes the unerring instinct of an artist to apply it properly. The sins of omission and commission the average laundress perpetrates in its name might be called one of life's little sad-ironies, if puns were not so detestable. If some gifted woman, or man, for that matter, would give up trying to make a book, a statue or a picture, and found a school where the gentle art of starching would be taught, she might attain fame and the eternal gratitude of her fellow mortals at a single bound. A department in which people could be instructed how to infuse the desirable amount of starch into their summer manners would also be valuable.

Simplicity is what is needed in the cooking of mushrooms or their flavor is destroyed. Long cooking toughens them, therefore, have everything in readiness to serve before beginning with the mushrooms. To cream them, wash one pound of the mushrooms, remove the stems, saving them for steak a la Bordelaise, peel caps and throw into water. Put into the chafing dish two tablespoonfuls of butter. As soon as melted add the mushrooms, cover and cook five minutes, add a teaspoonful of salt, and cook five minutes longer, pour in two tablespoonfuls of thick cream and a teaspoonful of sherry or Maderia. Sprinkle with paprika and a little nutmeg, if desired, and serve at once, with or without toast.

GIFT FOR A BRIDE.

At a recent wedding the bridesmaids gave to the bride a chest of linen as a joint present. The chest was a handsome piece of furniture, made in quartered oak, finely polished and fitted with compartment trays. Its contents included four sheets and pillow cases of fine linen, hemstitched and with the bride's initials in small letters at one side just below the hem; a beautiful tablecloth and a dozen dinner napkins, each piece having the bride's initials, and a number of fancy doilies and tray cloths. The embroidery was the work of the donors, which enhanced the value. Sprigs of lavender were laid away in the folds of the linen, each piece of which was done up in tissue paper tied with white ribbons, a spray of orange blossoms being fastened to the bow of white ribbon which tied together the cards of the donors.

Cashmere shawls are made of the hair of a diminutive goat found in Little Thibet.

HUNGRY FOR A KISS.

The prettiest child story told lately is in French. A mother tells her little girl that because she has been naughty she will not kiss her for a week. Before two days have gone by the child's lips hunger so for her mother's kiss that she begs her not to punish her any more. The mother says: "No, my dear; I told you that I should not kiss you, and I must keep my word. "But, mamma, mamma," says the little girl, "would it be breaking your word if you should kiss me just once to-night, when I'm asleep?"

A Good Story.

A story is going the rounds at the expense of one of the best known men of this place. We shall not mention his name, but you know him. Of rather determined mien, he has of late been showing signs of mental agitation. He wears a full beard, but a few days since his wife, much to her alarm, found him sharpening a razor. She thought his mind was unhinged and she went into hysterics. Explanations followed and it was found that life had for him still some charm. He intended to use the razor upon painful corns. A friend who had used Putnam's Corn Extractor with success advised its use, with the following results: Man quite happy, wife ditto, razor sent away. Use Putman's Corn Extractor.

PARIS PUBLICATIONS.

There are now published in Paris 2,585 periodicals, nearly 100 more than were issued at the corresponding date last year.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Props.

A BUSINESS COURTSHIP.

Mr Perkins is a good business man, isn't he, daughter?

I think so, mamma; ten minutes after he was presented to me he told me he was a widower.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus. Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo Carslake & Co., Props.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G T R. Depot, two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal.

A MOURNING CEREMONY.

A lady in deep mourning some time ago called upon the proprietor of a Sydney, New South Wales, waxworks show and asked to be allowed every Sunday morning to place a white shirt on the figure of her husband. Her request was granted, and for close on six months she never missed a Sunday. Then the visits ceased, and no more was seen of the eccentric visitor until one day the waxworks man was rending at his door, when she came along in gay apparel and explained that, as she had married again Hubby No. 2 objected to the eccentric ceremony over No. 1.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

NEVER WASHED.

First Tramp—Nobody can say that you have a submarine face.

First Tramp—It's never under water.

Second Tramp—What do you mean?

TOURS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico, the choicest resorts, and to the trans-continental traveller the grandest scenery. Two separate and distinct routes through the Rocky Mountains, all through tickets available via either. The direct line to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold camp on earth. Double daily train service with through Pullman palace and tourist sleeping cars, between Denver, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, and Denver and Portland. The best line to Utah, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington via the "Ogden Gateway." Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colorado, for illustrated descriptive pamphlets.

CHARACTERISTIC OF THE BRUTE.

Daisy—I thought you hated Dick Dashleigh, and yet I saw him hugging you last night.

Mazie, blushingly—Well, I believe I did say he was a bear.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Grand Quay Cigar Manufacturer.

A LONG BEARD.

Just before W. V. Smith, of Florence, Kan., goes to bed he carefully places his beard in a muslin bag. After he has entered the bed he puts the bag under his pillow. His beard is nearly eight feet long.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF **MALT**
Invigorates and Strengthens.
W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT

TRUE NERVE.

Johnson—What kind of a fellow is Thompson?

Bailey—Well, he's one of those fellows that can take a glass and stop—provided you treat first.

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A wholesome, nourishing preparation which takes the place of tea and coffee cures indigestion, and all complaints caused by tea and coffee which are poisonous. "Rocko Health Drink" is absolutely pure and is used at your meals instead of coffee. A 10c. package will make 75 cups. Rokco also makes a delicious summer iced drink. For sale by grocers. Ask for it.

MAN'S INCONSISTENCY.

You are the apple of my eye, my dear, he said.

And only yesterday you told me that I was a peach!

$5 Tires
PER PAIR.
Double Tubes, give good service—Send in early—won't last long.
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is always maintained. Do you use it? If not, do so. Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

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THE IVEY PATENT EXTENSION SHOE CO.,
Are anxious to secure the address of every lame man and woman in Canada whose lameness consists in one limb being shorter than the other, and are offering good paying employment to every lame person who will take the trouble to write for circulars and care to act as agents. Get one of the Extensions for yourself and you will, after wearing it a week, have no trouble to convince others of its value.
This Extension is by far the best of its nature ever placed on the market, and enables the wearer to walk upright, to walk with ease and comfort, to wear any ordinary store shoe, and gives them the same appearance as their more fortunate friends. Descriptive circulars free to all. Ask for terms to agents. Address
BEFORE AFTER. 170 BAY STREET, - - - TORONTO, CANADA.

EVERY REASON TO REJOICE.

Here are some extracts from a rather odd marriage notice which appeared in the Stockton, Kan., News:—"Miss Della Hill is married. Her husband is a travelling man of considerable means, and she does not have to labour, not even to make her own bed. Her husband is some years older than she is, and weighs 256 pounds. Their home is in Louisville, Ky. They were married in Kansas City. Miss Hill's friends here will all rejoice."

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. Sold by all druggists. 50c a bottle.

LOTS LIKE IT.

Why, he asked, do they call this resort Eden?

Probably, she replied, because you are the only man about the place.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

BEASTLY.

I see they made a lion of Scribe over in London.

Yes, he reminds one of a lion.

In what way?

Wears his hair long and has a den.

W P C 984

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Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. This regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.
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Stammerers Especially those who have failed to be cured elsewhere, write to Dr. Arnott, Berlin, who will convince you he can cure you.

Garment Cutters! who wish to improve and have up-to-date methods, write us. C. W. BUNT & CO., Toronto.

LADIES WANTED—To represent us in this district. Permanent position, steady wages, pleasant position. ITALIAN DRUG CO., Montreal.

TORONTO Cutting School offers special advantages to all desirous of acquiring thorough knowledge of Cutting and Fitting Gentlemen's Garments. Write for particulars. 113 Yonge St., Toronto.

"BEAVER BRAND" Mackintosh never hardens & is guaranteed Waterproof. Ask for it, take no other. Beaver Rubber Clothing Co., Montreal.

Lady Wanted in this district to represent large European firm, pleasing, profitable and steady position. Apply, Italian Drug Co., Montreal.

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The Great Magnetic Vegetable Discovery of the Chinese has never been known to fail. Absolutely pure and harmless. A trial will convince you of its great influence. Sent by mail in plain wrapper for 50c.
Oriental Chemical Co., Montreal.

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