

HOW THEY WORKED IT

(Rochester Herald.) When a good looking, prettily dressed young woman entered a St. Paul street car at Avenue A, the other day, the newspaper man looked at her as all the other men were doing, as she worked her way gradually along the aisle to a seat. But when all the women that she passed nudged one another and smiled, he looked a second time, and when several of the women giggled and gave one another a rather knowing wink, the reporter looked a third time, and then began to wonder what was the matter. There was no "April Fool" sign pinned on her, her waist did not gape in the back and none of her puffs were loose, nor the end of her switch showing. These are a few of the things that a woman knows delight women when they discover them on one of their dearest friends.

Trust a woman's eyes for seeing things and to do her justice; trust a woman's ingenuity to straighten things out, when she wants to. What was the trouble? Well, it seems from what one woman told another that the young lady had her dress skirt on wrong side out. "You tell her," said one woman. "Oh, I couldn't," said the other. "Well, someone ought to tell her; she may be going down town shopping, and just think how she will feel if she discovers it on the street; you tell her."

"No, you could do it better." Finally they both decided to tell her. Up the aisle they struggled, and one of the women bent down and whispered the awful news. "Well, someone ought to tell her; she may be going down town shopping, and just think how she will feel if she discovers it on the street; you tell her."

It must have been a staggerer, for the poor girl gave one little scream as if she had looked down and seen a snake instead of a skirt, wrong side out, and then she asked in fearful tone, loud enough for everyone to hear: "Oh, what am I going to do?" The men in the car got nervous, and fidgeted around, but the women went into secret session then and there and what with much whispering and nodding of heads, a plan was arranged and put into execution, on the spot. The woman sat in the seat with the wrong-side-out victim, got out into the aisle and the two women who sat in front of her stood up, and one of the women across the aisle stood up with the girl's seat mate. And then there came a glimpse of a big black hat being taken off and handed to another woman back of the crowd of sympathizers, a long, envelope appearing white arrangement came up next, disappeared, came up again and again disappeared, carefully guided by friendly hands. In less time than it takes to tell it, the women resumed their seats and the girl sat there as smiling and contented as could be.

One thing seemed to mystify all the women, and they asked one another quite audibly: "What in goodness name was she thinking about while she was dressing, not to have discovered those seams?" What mystifies the newspaper man is the question: If a woman can dress and do it in such limited time and space, why a man has always to wait around an hour, when he is going to take her anywhere and she is upstairs putting on her "hat"?

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THE PRESENT. What is wanted in the present day is a finer sense of proportion. We do not divide the word of truth rightly. We are top-sided and heavy and out of trim. The traditions of the fathers have too great a hold upon us, we attend to the process, when we should be careful only of the result. New knowledge should grow out of the old, the new wine is bursting the old skin bottles. What is the past to us? May we not transform our shadowy heroes into shining myths, whose conceptions shall be modern and whose moral usefulness shall help the present men?

We need to apply this rule of proportion to the Master's day, and not the great difficulty. He had with His disciples: "How is it that ye do not understand, how long shall I be with you?" The Holy Ghost's work is not fully accomplished at Pentecost; it is not finished to-day. God has more truth to shine out of His Word. The stop was not put upon His teaching when the canon of Scripture was closed. Some are so conservative that there is no progress in their nature. It is impossible to put this point in language clearer or stronger than that which Max Nordau uses in "The Interpretation of History." "The historical sense is an artificial product of the ruling classes, who use it as a means for investing the existing order, which is advantageous to them."

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elves alone, with a mystic and a poetic charm, for beautification of abuses by the glorification of their origin, and for casting a glamor of half tender, half reverential awe over institutions that have long lost any reasonable justification and become useless and meaningless.

Surely we do not live in cycles; we do not stand to-day precisely where any historic nation stood in a past age? Therefore, the man who is capable of being most useful to his country, to his race, to-day, is the man who has no restricting veneration; for the past who realizes his responsibility, and does not go running to history as a child to ask his father what he shall do.

Our duty is to serve our own generation; we are called to be Presentists. We are children of God. With Him is no past and no future. He says: "I am that I am"; and so many we say the same, because our spirit is from Him. We live in a day called Now. When tomorrow comes, it will be to-day. If holiness is imperative, you must be holy to-day. If you are perfect in Christ, you must be perfect Now. How can it be otherwise? You cannot divide Christ. The poor Levite divided his concubine into twelve pieces and sent each piece to the twelve tribes to accentuate his grief, but you cannot so divide Christ. You must have all or nothing, and you must have it now. The reason why you see so many small Christians is because their receptivity is small. They show a little Christ because their hearts are diminutive.

Heaven is not a land very far off, it is near—it is here, it is in you. The Kingdom of God is within; there is no show; it cometh not by observation, but it is real, and real for ever. "God will answer every prayer; God is present everywhere." H. T. Miller.

IT NEEDED A DIAGRAM. Dealer—Yes, quite good, only I can't quite see what it's all about. Artist—Why, it's as clear as mud. The farmyard at sunrise. Dealer—Of course, of course. But, say, would you have any objection to making an affidavit to go with it? The Sting of Corns Relieved in a Night Never slit your boots—that doesn't cure the corn. Just apply that old stand-by, Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. It acts like magic, kills the pain, removes the corn, does it without burn or scar. Get the best—Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor, the sure relief for callouses, bunions, warts and corns. Price 25c. As substitutes are dangerous, insist on getting "Putnam's" only. Sold by druggists.

THE PASSING OF THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN. (New York Sun.) By slow but steady decline the doctor who was wont to share the joys and more abundant sorrows of the family is disappearing from the scene of our afflictions. Another ideal closely entwined with the life of every man or woman is succumbing to the tendencies of the age. The diligent and sympathetic deacons of Ian McLaren and Robert Louis Stevenson have perpetuated in modern literature the ideal of the lovable type of man, and it is sad to note his threatened disappearance. This transition has not yet reached the rural communities. There the family doctor, who in childhood was dreaded because of his poisonous drugs, but was loved more deeply as the years passed during which he was the first to greet one in this world and the last upon whom the darkening vision of loved ones rested, this sympathetic counsellor in sorrow is still firmly entrenched in trusting hearts. In large urban centres, however, the family doctor is rapidly passing into a distributor of cases to the specialists.

BAD TEETH. (Kingston Standard.) Of some 400 or more pupils who have been examined in the public schools up to date the astonishing revelation is made that 250 of them have defective teeth. Surely this is not a matter to be passed over lightly—that parents should be so neglectful of their children that they should allow so deplorable a condition to persist. No clearer evidence could be offered than this, of the necessity of medical inspection in the schools.

A WELL-KNOWN MAN. MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED. Dear Sirs.—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains as I have used it for both with excellent results. Yours truly, T. B. LAVERS, St. John.

THE LIMIT. 'Tis an age of men chambermaids, girl Ph. Ds., And things more anomalous yet; But the latest, the strangest, most startling of these, is that creature, he, he-suffragette. —Puck.

CHINESE CHILDREN. The Chinese adore their children; family life is very close, and all the members members assist in bringing up the little ones; the babies are always in the arms or on the back of mother, sister, father or brother, and as soon as they can walk, they toddle about with their elders, their little bodies trussed up in wadded clothes, and their yellow heads shaved surfaces. Until they are five or six years old, boys and girls are treated much alike. They are always underfoot, swarming on the streets and in the cramped houses of the poor, playing softly together in the many-roomed sectional mansions and garden courts of the rich. Their elders seem to enjoy having them about, perhaps partly because they are by instinct quieter than western children, having been trained for centuries to a code of reverence. —From Harriet Monroe's "The Training of Chinese Children" in "The March Century."

JUST WANTED TO KNOW. Henpecked—Is my wife going out? Fisk—Yes, sir. Henpecked—Do you know if I am going with her.—Exchange.

Personally, we do not view with alarm, still we join in the general condemnation of a fashion that admits of a woman's wearing a skirt that was once an umbrella case. —Dallas News.

Remember the Lawrence Sugar. Try it—test it—see for yourself—that "St. Lawrence Granulated" is as choice a sugar as money can buy. Get a 100 pound bag—or even a 20 pound bag—and compare "St. Lawrence" with any other high-grade granulated sugar. Note the pure white color of "St. Lawrence"—its uniform grain—its diamond-like sparkle—its matchless sweetness. These are the signs of quality. And Prof. Hersey's analysis is the proof of purity—"99 99/100 to 100% of pure cane sugar with no impurities whatever." Insist on having "ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED" at your grocer's. ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES LIMITED, MONTREAL.

SAVE THE CHILD. (Montreal Witness.) One of the most serious problems of the times is what to do with tuberculous children. There are those, indeed, with whom for reasons very near to them, all other problems pale before this one. How momentous is the problem of the neglected tuberculous child may be appreciated by the statistics supplied to the public some time ago by the Instructive Visiting Nurse Association, of Baltimore, when it had on its visiting list sixteen hundred and sixty-five tuberculous patients, of which one hundred and sixty-five or ten per cent. of the total, were children of and under school age. And it was estimated that the association was caring for one-third of the consumptives of Baltimore.

HONESTY ITSELF. Application for employment was recently made to a Louisville business man by a young chap from the mountain region of the State. The Louisville man was favorably impressed by the stranger but as no references were offered he determined to hold the application in abeyance until he could personally look into the young man's antecedents, which he could do when next he visited that part of the State whence the applicant hailed. It was not long before the opportunity came. The Louisville man sought out the Sheriff of the young man's home county and asked: "Do you know Bill Sarks?" "Shore, I know him." "What kind of a young man is he?" "Pretty fair." "How honest?" "Honest as the shore. Why, he's been arrested three times for stealing, and acquitted each time.—Argonaut.

\$1,000 REWARD. For information that will lead to the discovery of whereabouts of the person or persons suffering from Nervous Debility, Fits, Skin Disease, Blood Poison, Genito Urinary Troubles, and Chronic or Special Complaints that cannot be cured at The Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265 Yonge Street, Toronto.

PIGEON FLIES WITH TRAIN. Every time a northbound passenger train leaves Marysville, Ia., over the Great Northern coast line a solitary pigeon leaves the station and accompanies the train for three miles. Railroad men have enjoyed this novel sight for many years. They look for the pigeon each day and the bird is as reliable as the train. This pigeon never failing to be on hand when the locomotive gives its preliminary puffing. No one among the train crew knows to whom the pigeon belongs or why the bird wings its flight abreast of the racing engine, but the pigeon has flown with Great Northern trains and it never fails to accompany its flight when a certain bird reaches the bluffs of north of Marysville.—Des Moines Register.

Kidneys Wrong? If they are you are in danger. When through weakness or disease the kidneys fail to filter the impurities from the blood, trouble commences once Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Gall Stones and the deadly Bright's Disease are some of the results of neglected kidneys. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills contain a most effective diuretic which strengthens and stimulates the kidneys so that they do their work thoroughly and well. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

HER TALENT. (Pittsburg Gazette-Times.) Neither wife nor yet discerning. Consisted of such trifles as she had learned by chance. But as every man was not witty, and you couldn't call her pretty, yet she never lacked admirers nor for partners at a dance. In face and form this fairy was a very ordinary. Her clothes were inexpensive—the women called them loud. But at every ball and party Her reputation was most hearty. For the men who all would gather about her partners at a dance. She was a tiny and soubriethish, but just a bit coquetish. But for music, art and letters she had no gift at all. Her fortune was most meager. Yet all the men seemed eager. On the slightest provocation at her little feet to fall. Her cooking was atrocious. It would make a man ferocious; but by men this girl was voted a most engaging bit. Yes, every man who knew her. Persistently would woo her. For she was a little bit attention while he talked about himself!

BISMARCK'S ADVICE. When Bismarck was at the height of his fame one of his supporters ventured to enlist the Chancellor's assistance in obtaining an appointment for his son. The proud father expatiated on his son's capacity. "He is admirably equipped," said the father, "and speaks seven languages." "Ah," said Bismarck; then reflecting for a few seconds, he added: "If he speaks seven languages make him a hotel manager."—From the London Globe.

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FOUNDING A SHEEP FLOCK. Since the new edition of the bulletin "Sheep Husbandry in Canada" was issued a few weeks ago, there has been a constant flow of requests for it flowing into the Publications Branch at Ottawa. A great many of the applicants state that they are just commencing, or are about to commence, sheep raising, and that they wish to learn how to handle a flock successfully. This bulletin contains a chapter specially prepared for such persons, describing how best to establish a flock of commercial sheep. The author, Mr. J. H. Spencer, recommends a flock of fifteen ewes as the minimum for a farm of one hundred acres. Such a flock can be increased with experience, but not beyond twenty to twenty-five, unless it is desired to make a special business of sheep raising. With the management and care described in the bulletin, an increase through lambs can be expected of from 150 to 175 per cent. and it should be the latter.

Before the present edition of the bulletin is fully exhausted a still further one will be ordered, so that no one need hesitate about ordering a copy, which will be sent free to all who apply for it to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

MONEY LIKE FLOUR. Hetty's Son Says It Is Given to the Rich to be Used. (Interview with Edward H. Green in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.) We use money because we know how. We aren't afraid of it. We're used to it. You aren't, but we know all about it. Now, I'm not afraid to handle a hundred thousand dollars. It means no more to us than so much flour to the cook. And it's the same wit ha million. I know how to use it. I have no use for idle people. Nor for idle pleasures—amusements that don't pay. I'm not afraid to handle a hundred thousand dollars. It means no more to us than so much flour to the cook. And it's the same wit ha million. I know how to use it. I have no use for idle people. Nor for idle pleasures—amusements that don't pay. I'm not afraid to handle a hundred thousand dollars. It means no more to us than so much flour to the cook. And it's the same wit ha million. I know how to use it.

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REAL ESTATE. THE CAPITAL OF SASKATCHEWAN. R. Katchawan, offers the finest opportunity for investment in Western Canada. A quarter section up situated in the finest about lots in "Highland Park"; they cannot fall to make you money. This property is well situated, close to the Union Station and half a mile from the wholesale section. Write for particulars. Bank of Montreal, Toronto, Ont.

FARMS FOR SALE. SASKATCHEWAN FARMS FOR SALE. I have approximately 40,000 acres of choice lands in quantities from a quarter section up situated in the finest wheat belt in the Province, on the C. N. Railway, between Regina and Saskatoon, close to elevator surface, prices ranging from \$15 up to per acre, \$25 to \$30 acre for improved lands. One-quarter section balance over five years. Write for full description; row is the time to buy before prices advance, do it to-day. Waddell, Simpkins, Block, Regina, Sask.

FURNISHING NOTES. New Fabrics for Upholstering and Decorating. Velour Directoire is a striped fabric in which lavender, blue or old rose is combined with buff gray. It is best suited for use in Directoire, Empire and some types of a colonial furniture. Taffeta Directoire is a beautiful material of wire stripes admirably adapted for draperies and furniture coverings in combination with damask. A new Damas Chinese, of the Louis XV. period, possesses the unusually beautiful Chinese rose color seen in rare tapestries in museums, but seldom elsewhere. Tulle Chinese shows small round medallions including quaint figures in Chinese costumes. The backgrounds are in rose or blue or lavender. Velours de Creux is for covering furniture of the early English type. It comes in several colors, with alternating stripes of strial and solid color ornament with various sprays of flowers.

WHAT FATHER TOOK. He came down the garden path, a sad, sorrowful figure. She watched him with anxious eyes. "How did father take it?" "He took it well," replied the young man. "Oh, I am so glad, George," she cried, pressing her hands together. "Are you?" replied George, flogging forthfully by her side. "Well, I can't say that I am, dear. At first your father wouldn't listen to me." "Why didn't you tell him that you had \$2,500 in the bank, as I told you to?" she exclaimed. "I did, after all else had failed," answered George, dejectedly. "And what did he do then?" "Do?" echoed the young man, passing his hand wearily through his hair. "He borrowed it!"

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL. To all Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which, possibly cures Leucorrhoea, Erysipelas, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, Ailing Hot Flashes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Women's Own Medical Adviser" also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 8, Windsor, Ont.

SORROW AND HAPPINESS. The waves which sorrow lashes up around us stand high between us and the world and make our ship solitary in the midst of a haven full of vessels. Richter. For a man who knows how to sorrow rightly, knows how to be glad with a joy; and when he is happiest, it is as though there ere a something of God throbbing in his bosom. It is as souls that we are happiest; and so suffering makes for happiness, because it helps to make the soul. Oh, what good sorrow does us, often! To many a one, while he is happy, the outer world feels eternal; but as soon as he is sorrowful, all worldly existence is only a film, because God and his soul feel so close. William Mountford.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CANNY WILHELM. The Kaiser has put down his matted bed. He has decided that for the future no member of the Hohenzollern family will be allowed to finance a theatrical production. He does not mean to run the risk of having a musical comedy daughter-in-law.