

CATERING TO WILD ANIMALS

A visit to the kitchen of a big zoo will convince anybody that the man who takes several hundred assorted wild animals to board has his work cut out for him and plenty of it.

The hardest as well as the most important thing in such a job of catering is to find out just what each one of the hundreds of individual boards. As there are few creatures more easily upset than wild animals in captivity the task is by no means an easy one.

The zoo lander would be glad enough if his dumb animals had at least a portion of the personal flow of language with which every human being is endowed, but as he'd rather have them kick about the food than merely crawl off into a corner and die he knows better.

The kitchen is apt to be in a basement under the side of the main building. Here hot fire burners and a deal of the time while things simmer in double boilers and bake in ovens, the cook must look out for the zoo kitchen the other day the oven was full of brown bread for the bears. It was in great haste that he took out a loaf and about three inches deep.

It was not like Boston brown bread, nor yet like the hard brown bread of New York, but it was a sort of a compromise between the two. It was made of whole wheat bran, Graham flour and molasses, and the bears liked it very much.

With the exception of the polar bears, the bear family does not get meat at the zoo. The keeper keeps them as strictly as possible on a vegetarian diet and had holes placed in the flock of sheep by surrounding them.

The superintendent of the zoo who is the real landlubber, and the head keeper, who does the actual catering, know better. They know that a big bear would make short work of a live lamb or sheep if he got a chance. But he's better off in captivity without such a heavy meal, even if it costs him his skin to get it.

But they let him have a little variety. They make huge cakes of boiled rice mixed with eggs and milk. These become firm as they grow cold and are cut into sections of various sizes and given to all the bears except the polar.

Most bears get places as big as a man's two fists. Big bears get a bunk as big as a man's head. It doesn't look like much of a meal for an animal weighing about half a ton, but there's a lot of nourishment in it. And it weighs about eight pounds anyway.

The big bears get sixteen pounds at their two daily meals. Sometimes it's the brown bread, sometimes it's occasionally a little meat, boiled and allowed to get cold and to set. Once in a while, as a rare treat, they have apples or some berries, but it costs too much to give them such delicacies very often.

If anyone wants to have proof that the mouth does water at the thought of eating he can watch the bear when the keeper is bringing his food. One big brown bear is always told to stand up and get ready on his hind feet and to ask for his dinner.

He does it, holding the bars with his fore paws, swinging his head from side to side and grunting with open mouth. And as he swivels his head there is ample and most interesting demonstration of the fact that his mouth is watering for the cake display outside.

The polar bears get raw meat, which they devour bones and all. They hold it down with one paw and tear pieces off with their teeth.

A zoo of fair size will use from 150 to 200 pounds of fresh meat a day. It is a wagon unloading at the time of the reporter's visit. There are quarters and sides of beef, practically the only kind of meat used, and most of it is served raw.

The more curious of it is quite an undertaking. The big joints for the lions, tigers and animals of that class do not take long. But there are deer and some smaller animals whose pieces about the size of a man's finger which are cut from the lean portions and put in the big cages for eagles, vultures, owls and other flesh eating birds.

They are not served as carefully either, but are placed one by one along the branches used as perches, and here and there on the rocks or other objects in the cage far enough apart to prevent danger of two birds coming into conflict over food.

The reporter saw legs and baskets filled with chopped vegetables, all kinds mixed up together, turned over and over in the hands of the keeper, and some of the more choice pieces of the vegetables served on our own tables.

CLERGYMAN CREATES A SENSATION. TELLS HIS CONGREGATION THERE IS A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

It is generally admitted among medical men that drunkenness is a disease. Some modify this by saying that it is a sign of weak will power. Now, weakness is dangerously near disease.

As the taste for liquor is a disease, it is only necessary to find the proper cure to be rid of the trouble.

A well known Methodist divine, interested in the cause of temperance, made it his business to find out if any cure for drinking has been discovered. This is an extract from one of his sermons on temperance.

"I find that the use of Samaria Remedy for the cure of drunkenness is steadily increasing. Wives who wish to win back their husbands, and mothers who long to redeem their sons, are giving Samaria Remedy to the wayward ones in tea and coffee. Those who have relatives or friends who feel that they need help to shake off the hold of the demon rum, buy Samaria Remedy.

In the alcoholic wards of the leading hospitals Samaria Remedy is ordered for those who express an earnest desire to stop drinking. It is delicate and safe, and Samaria Remedy is doing a grand, good work, and has my hearty blessings for saving so many from lifelong dissipation and degradation."

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and prices are sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 24 Jordan Chambers, Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

Nothing in the navigational equipment of a ship has been the subject of more anxious scientific research or received more jealous care than the mariner's compass.

The popular notion of the compass needle always pointing north and south is well, more inaccurate than even popular notions usually are. Even under the most favorable conditions there are only certain places upon the surface of the earth where the compass needle does point north and south, and it is quite safe to say that such conditions are never found on board of any ship.

But we must go further and say that no more unfavorable position could be found for a compass than on board of a modern steamship, which is a complicated mass of steel, all tending to draw the compass needle from its allegiance to the magnetic pole of the earth, warping influences which must needs be counteracted by all sorts of devices which hedge round the instrument by an invisible wall of conflicting currents of magnetism.

And as if this were not enough there are now huge dynamos to be reckoned with, producing electric currents for all sorts of purposes on board. In the midst of these mystic currents the poor little compass needle, upon which the mariner depends for his guide across the trackless deep, hangs suspended like one shivering saint surrounded by legions of devils.—Windsor Magazine.

More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures sick women.

Miss M. R. Morin, 336 Ontario St., Montreal, writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I was in very poor health and doctored for months, receiving very little benefit. I had lost all ambition, was nervous, and subject to dizzy spells and painful periods each month.

"A friend suggested Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as the proper medicine for me. I procured a bottle of this remedy and began taking, and before it was finished, I felt so much better that I discontinued its use and gave it a thorough test, with the result I am to-day well and a much healthier girl than I was three years ago. I have no more painful periods, dizziness or nervous troubles."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness or nervous prostration.

Why don't you try it? Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

He Was Prepared.

The lawyer was doing a cross-examining stunt. "Now, sir," he said to the witness, "tell the court how far you were from the accused when he fired the shot."

"Thirteen feet seven and three-quarter inches," answered the witness. "Oh, come, now," said the lawyer, "how can you tell to the fraction of an inch?"

"I knew some fool would ask me," replied the other, "so I measured it."—Chicago News.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

His Hands Were Cold. Dick—I didn't get much encouragement when I proposed to that haughty beauty. Jack—Well, faint heart never won fair lady, old man. Maybe she thought you had cold feet.

Dick—I'm! She must have thought I had cold feet. She gave me the mitten. "You used to say that you would move mountains for me." "Well, didn't I bring home your new hat the other night?"—Harper's.

Miserable All The Time?

Dull headaches—back aches—low spirited—hate the sight of food—don't sleep well—all tired out in the morning—no heart for work?

GIN PILLS will make you well

Your kidneys are affected—either through overwork, exposure or disease. It is the kidneys that are making you feel so wretched. Gin Pills cure sick kidneys—make you well and strong—give you your old time energy and vitality. Cheer up—and take Gin Pills. 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your dealer does not handle them. SOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN. 50

SNOWED UP ON THE STEPPE. Experiences of Winter Travellers on Siberian Railway.

When winter sets in adventures by rail are frequent and the process of "roughing it" is trying. Siberian trains are snowed up at little squallid stations on the steppe, when the passengers can get nothing but black bread and tea. For hours? Aye, and for days. It depends on the authorities how long the ill-starred travellers shall abide.

This year numerous trains were buried in the snow, almost buried there, and generally on the open steppes fifty or sixty miles from a beam and a hundred miles from a leaf-stalk. The passenger brought the station master and others besought the station master and sent him to have them dug out and to clear the line. They even telegraphed to the Minister of Ways and Communications, and received assurances that their work would be given. It was given—and disregarded.

Story telling and card playing in the flickering light of a candle were the most serious occupations of the prisoners on the steppe. In one case that came under my knowledge "the" and "she" met for the first time under these uncommon conditions, fell in love over a sausage, a stale roll and half a bottle of wine, which he happened to have, and they married shortly afterward.

There is a copy of one of the telegrams from snowed up passengers that were sent this season: "This is the second day that we are kept by snow drifts here in the lonely station, Pookhovo. In spite of the energetic telegraph of the Minister of Ways and Communications the manager of the line has taken no efficacious measures. We are doomed to linger on here for an indefinite period." (Signed by the passengers of the international wagon of the Rostoff fast train.) And they lingered on for two days.—London Telegraph.

Getting Use of Tent Life.

It is my habit to comb my hair before retiring, and to look at myself in the glass meantime. This may be due to vanity. It may be a sort of a general inspection to see if I have added any new features, or lost any of those plucked from the family tree. Perhaps it is only to observe what the day's band set has done for me in the way of wrinkles and gray hairs. Never mind the reason, it is a habit; but I didn't realize how precious it was to me until I got back to the tent and found that our only mirror was in Eddie's make-up case set in the back of a combination comb-brush affair about the size of one's thumb.

Of course it was not at all adequate for anything like a general inspection. It would just about hold one eye, or a part of a mouth, or a section of a nose, or a piece of an ear or a little patch of hair, and it kept you busy guessing where that patch was located. Furthermore, as the comb was a part of the combination, the little mirror was obliged to be twirling around over one's head at the precise moment when it should have been reflecting some portion of his features. It served no useful purpose thus, and was not much better when I looked up my make-up man's notes of some things I should bring on the next trip.—From "The Tent Dwellers," by Albert Bigelow Paine, in The Outing Magazine for June.

A Proper Pride.

Farmer Green—D'ye remember that ornary little Pimpernell boy that helped me with 't hayin' last year? I gave him 18 a month an' found, Well, he's got to be a right smart 'ol pitcher, an' 't'other day a fellow came along an' offered him \$3,000 to finish out th' season with a perpendicular chub.

The city boarder—Well, well! He jumped at it, of course?

"Farmer Green—Not yet. Sandy Pimpernell may be freckle faced runt, but he's got a proper pride about him, too. He says that he don't know as he cares to be tied up to an' any team that looks like it might be a tail ender.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Peaching and Practice.

"Good gracious, Mrs. Ritter, what is all that noise and swearing about?" "Sh! That's my husband, who is furiously angry because I disturbed him in his work to tell him the coal was out and we would have to order more to-day."

"Is his work so important?" "Yes; he's writing a series of articles for a popular magazine on how always to keep sunshine and cheerfulness in the house."—Baltimore American.

PERFECT DUST BEATER. Free to Housekeepers.

We want every housekeeper to have a Perfect Dust Beater. It is the best dust beater ever made. It will sweep and scour every part of your house. It is made of the best materials. It is easy to use. It is cheap. It is perfect. Send 4c. in stamps or money order. THE OXFORD SUPPLY CO., Dept. G., Woodstock, Ont.

Month to Marry In.

There have been many rhymes on both the days and months to get married. One of the most popular of the rhymes on the months is as follows: Marry when the year is new, Always loving, kind and true. When February birds do mate, You may wed, nor dread your fate. If you wed when March winds blow, Joy and sorrow both you'll know; Marry in April when you can, Joy for maiden and for man. Marry in the month of May, You will surely see the day. Marry when June roses blow, Over land and sea you'll go. They who in July do wed, Must labor always for their bread. Whoever wed in August, Many changes are sure to see.

Clay and the Salary Grab.

"Quinn," said an old member one day, "I heard you worrying about the mileage. Did you ever hear the story of Clay and the salary grab?" "No," I replied. "When Clay was Speaker," he continued, "along about 1816, the crowd raised their salaries to \$1,500 a year. There was a great howl all over the country, and when Clay reached his home in Kentucky, he found old one-armed John Pope, a Federalist, out after his scalp to beat the band, and all the Clay adherents obediently silent. Worried and anxious, Clay sought out his old barber, who had always been enthusiastic in his advocacy and who happened to be an Irishman. "I trust I may count on your hearty support, as usual," Clay asked. "Faith, Mr. Clay," said the Irish barber, "I think I shall vote at this time for the man who can get but one hand into the Treasury."—Henry Beach Needham, in Success.

Business.

"Of course," said the shrewd business man, "I don't want to be sick, but it looks as if I'd have to call in Dr. Brokeleigh for a couple of weeks." "Why?" demanded his partner. "Because he owes me a hundred dollars and that's out the only way I can collect it."—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentle—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable. Yours truly, ALFRED ROCHAV, Proprietor Roxton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

Red, Itching, Skin -chapped hands-blotches on the face-scap irritation-all are cured by Mira SKIN SOAP.

It heals as it cleans. A medicinal and toilet soap combined. Soothing and antiseptic. Cleanses and softens. Invaluable for babies, to keep the delicate skin clear and smooth. See a cake—at druggists or sent on receipt of The Chemists Co. of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Tell the Facts.

Oh, it is really worth the price. That you will be obliged to pay, And are the neighbors just as nice As those from whom you moved away? Is transportation just as good? Some little drawbacks you'll allow, If not as bad as those you've stood, How do you like the change by now?

Of course it seems a little strange, With furniture the rooms are small, There's trouble with the kitchen range, The oven will not bake at all, The stairs are steep, a leaky roof Brings frowns of worry to your brow, The basement is not waterproof, How do you like the change by now?

You'll have to newly decorate; The plumbing's poor, you will admit, You didn't quite anticipate The parlor carpet wouldn't fit, There's one thing you will have to buy A lot of new stuff anyhow, But let me—honest, hope to die— How do you like the change by now?

Your dining room and kitchen can be kept free from flies by using Wilson's Fly Pads as directed on each package. Get the genuine Wilson's; no other fly killers compare with them.

The Schoolchild Up to Date.

Makes haste to school, my little child, Or else you will be late; Your books are all asseptic now, And here's your sterile slate. Your pencil has been bottled as bourn-Tis germless, now, I hope; And don't forget to wash your desk With this carbolic soap. And lest about the schoolroom floor Some unclean microbe lurk, Before you set to work, You'd better put, for safety's sake, Bichloride in the ink; And water that has not been boiled You must not dare to drink. Of course, when recess comes around, Some food you'll want to munch; So in this disinfectant box, Is predigested lunch. And since you sit in a class And bacteria may dwell, I may not give you, as I'd like, A mother's love farewell. New York Evening Post.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

The Stoopers. They look you up, they look you down, They remark about each hat, They note the trimmings on each hat, They get each tout tussle-pat! They criticize each person's clothes, They size you up from head to toe! They give you such a freezing glance, They stare you out of countenance! They laugh, they smirk, they smile, they jest. They are, in fact, a social pest! Who are "they"? "They" can only be Those scoffers that you nightly see— Perched on round cushions at their doors. Whom are they passerby abhors! Who are they? Snoopers, scandal whoopers! They're "stoopers"!

German Population Statistics.

Official compilations quoted by Consul General Richard Guehrer, of Frankfurt record the number of marriages which took place in Germany during the year 1906 at 498,090, of births 2,084,739 (including 62,262 children stillborn), of deaths 1,174,464. The birth rate averages about 34 per 1,000 of the existing population. Of the deaths 374,636 were infants under 1 year. Germany's population increases at the rate of about 900,000 per year, the result of excess of births over deaths. The loss by emigration has been slight in recent years.

Seaver—My neighbor, Hamilton, is of the opinion that confidence has been restored. Weaver—Thought you didn't speak to Hamilton. Seaver—I don't, but I notice he don't sift his coal ashes any more.—Brooklyn Life.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Customer (pointing to the hieroglyphics on his check)—Is that my name in Chinese? Go Long (Chinese laundryman)—No; 'sclection. Means 'IT' ole man; cless eyed; no teat'. Customer—Er—thank you.

World's Deepest Bore Hole.

The deepest bore hole in existence, we are told by Prof. Louis, of London, is at Parushowitz, in Upper Silesia, and is 6,573 feet deep; it began with a diameter of 12.5 inches and finished at 2.7 inches. It is easy to imagine the difficulty of boring so small a hole to the depth of one and a quarter miles. The engineers could not have reached the depth, so it is stated, without using Mannesmann wireless steel tubes for boring rods, which shows the dependence of mining upon the allied arts. The writer goes on: "Bore holes such as these are now always made by means of the well known diamond drill, which brings up a core of the rocks passed through, and thus affords positive information respecting them. Unfortunately, the only kind of diamonds suitable for this purpose, the dark opaque stones, showing no distinct cleavage, known in the trade as 'carbons,' are scarce and proportionately dear, so that diamond drilling is now a costly operation; I have, however, good grounds for saying that we are within measurable distance of seeing such 'carbons,' or at any rate 'boot,' produced artificially. For rocks of moderate hardness these diamonds have of late years been replaced to some extent by shot made of specially hard chilled iron, but these are of little use in the harder rocks. One of our greatest needs at the present moment is a metal that shall be strong, tough, and considerably harder than quartz, the production of such a material would conduce more to the technical advancement of several branches of mining than almost any other discovery that could be named."

Black Watch Chewing Tobacco The big black plug.

A Johnny-on-the-spot high school boy rushed into the market, and throwing \$1 on the counter, said to the man behind the block: "Give me a yard of pork and keep the change." The butcher walked over to the refrigerator, took out three pig's feet and handed them to the boy with the remark that three feet make a yard the world over, and he was much obliged.—Palestine (Texas) Herald.

A Windsor Lady's Appeal.

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures: Venereal Diseases, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Menstrual Pain in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness, prostration, or use of cold cream, or any other treatment at home at a cost of only 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Advice," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. S. Windsor, Ont.

Terrible Punishment.

The "Is-it-hot-enough-for-you?" fiend has passed away and, as his soul crossed the River Styx, he was given a transfer for hades. "Ah," chuckled his satanic majesty, "you're just the man I've been waiting for."

Leading him to the hottest room in the hottest portion of the hottest regions, he left him, without the comfort of even a palm leaf fan. Every twenty minutes thereafter Satan would stick his head in the door and shout: "Say, Freshie, is it hot enough for you?" "Verily," sighed the former earth-fiend, "this is Hell."

All Druggists, Grocers and general stores sell Wilson's Fly Pads.

Pike Ate the Trout.

Two years ago Sir Julius C. Werber, the South African mining magnate, had the lake at Lyton Hoo Park netted for coarse fish and the bed cleaned at a great cost. Eleven thousand rainbow trout were then placed in the pool. The lake was again netted recently, when 1,800 pike, one of which weighed seventeen pounds, were caught.

There were, however, only nine trout, the sole survivors of the 11,000 introduced to the water two years before.—From the London Daily Mail.

Minard's Liniment Lumbermen's Friend.

Found Out. Customer (pointing to the hieroglyphics on his check)—Is that my name in Chinese? Go Long (Chinese laundryman)—No; 'sclection. Means 'IT' ole man; cless eyed; no teat'. Customer—Er—thank you.

ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE IN CANADA, ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have Hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others. Sold and used everywhere in Canada.