

"All coons look alike to me!"
So do most teas, but none taste like
Blue Ribbon Ceylon.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we waste in wealth, or
sorrow in fame?
Earth's highest glory ends in "here he lies!"
And "dust to dust" concludes her
nobles' song.

The candid friend usually remains
candid longer than he remains a
friend.

One trouble with economy is that it
is generally practiced by men who do
not need to exercise it.—Saturday Post.

We must in this world gain a relish
of truth and virtue, if we would be
able to taste that knowledge and per-
fection which are to make us happy
in the next. The seeds of those spiri-
tual joys and raptures which are to rise
up and flourish in the soul to all eter-
nity must be planted in her during
this present state of probation. In
short, heaven is not to be looked upon
only as the reward, but as the natural
effect, of a religious life.—Addison.

The longer I live the more I feel the
importance of adhering to the rules
which I have laid down for myself in
relation to such matters.

First—To hear as little as possible
whatever is to the prejudice of others.
Second—To believe nothing of the
kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
Third—Never to drink in the spirit of
one who circulates an evil report.

Fourth—Always to moderate as far
as I can the unkindness which is ex-
posed toward others.
Fifth—Always to believe that if the
other side were heard a very different
account would be given of the matter.
—Simson.

CONDUCT.

The object of religion is conduct;
and conduct is really, however men
may overlay it with philosophical dis-
quisition, the simplest thing in the
world. That is, today, it is the sim-
plest thing in the world as far as un-
derstanding is concerned; as regards
doing, it is the hardest thing in the
world. The true meaning of religion
is not morality, but morality touched
by emotion; and morality is well
marked by the word righteousness.
Conduct is the word of common life;
morality is the word of philosophical
disquisition; righteousness is the word
of religion.—Matthew Arnold.

THE OBLIGATION OF KINSHIPS.

We are put into the world primarily
not to agitate in behalf of single tax
or of co-operative industry or a so-
cialistic commonwealth, but first of all
to be good husbands and wives, fa-
thers and mothers, sons and daugh-
ters, brothers and sisters. No degree
of activity and apparent success in
efforts looking to the public welfare
can atone for lack of fidelity and ten-
derness in these primary human re-
lations. The family always has been
and always will be the sphere in which

men get their best discipline and their
largest growth. No child of a man is
trying to do his utmost to fulfill the
obligations imposed by kinship with
others ought he to venture out into
the wide field of action in which the
general good of society is the object
sought. Fortunately, we are not
without men and women who are loyal
both to the family and to society and
who are serving both with uprightness
and zeal. From such persons as these
and from them alone will proceed the
impulses that will lift the world's bur-
dens and right its wrongs.—The Con-
gregationalist.

SOURCES OF CHARM.

A gracious presence, and cheerful,
well-modulated voice have more power
to create beauty in the home than all
the luxuries that money can buy. The
parent and teacher cannot overes-
timate their moral value also. They
forestall opposition, allay irritation,
and prepare the way for receptivity.
What is called "personal magnetism"
is largely capable of analysis. If a
stiff, uninteresting person has genuine
kindness and sincerity, though he
have only ordinary endowments, he
can be transformed by correct train-
ing.

A husky, dull, or weak voice may be
made pleasant and clear, a slovenly
enunciation may become elegant, a
slouching gait dignified, and an unat-
tractive person may become winsome.
The charm of manner consists in its
grace, its simplicity and its sincerity.
Cultivate a pleasant manner of laugh-
ing. Keep the voice sympathetic and
cheerful.

Look with interest, but without
staring, at the person with whom you
are talking. Do not let your eyes
wander over her clothes or around the
room. Be simple and sincere. Be
yourself a good listener while another
is talking. In talking to a number of
people scattered around the room,
even though you are telling the story
especially to one, let all the others feel
that their presence is recognized, and
their interest is appreciated. Hold each
one pleasantly with your eye. A so-
cietable woman of tact does this in-
stinctively.

THE GIRL'S ALLOWANCE.

The question of an allowance for the
daughter of the household is one that
seems to be pretty generally accepted
that it is a good idea, and teaches a
girl the value and use of money. So
it does, but it sometimes teaches her
some other things that need a little
guarding against. A girl with an al-
lowance occasionally makes it an ex-
cuse for penuriousness on the one
side, and unhesitating begging on the
other, that tends to a little to charac-
ter deterioration. A girl is perfectly
right and proper to give as an excuse
for self denial that one's allowance is
exhausted, or will not admit of the
proposed pleasure trip.

It is not right to say, as girls have
been heard to do: "I'll go with you,
but you must pay my car fare," or,
"I have only a dime to spare in the
treasure box, will let me come in on
that," etc. I have heard a girl reply,

in answer to a suggestion from a
companion on a short railroad trip,
that a parlor car should be taken.
"Oh, if we do that you will have to
pay my way on it, my allowance is
so nearly spent." Girls who would
shrink from the idea of "sponging"
under other circumstances, do not
hesitate to take advantage of this al-
lowance peg on which to hang a good
many small meannesses in money mat-
ters. When it comes to the mother's
purse, the cribbing by any means and
outright purloining, indeed, are not
disguised. These are only little foxes,
to be sure, girls, but they gnaw the
vines of integrity and self respect,
and would better be choked off.—
Harper's Bazar.

GOOD PLACE TO TEST

THE METTLE OF A MAN

The English "Algie" as He Is Seen on the
South African Veldt.

As the Columbia State says, "The
Spanish-American war established the
reputation for manhood and bravery
of the society city man, and dissipated
the prevalent idea that the culture and
the assumed cynicism of life he af-
fects are incompatible with the pos-
session of soul and spirit. In many of
the volunteer regiments that went to
the front, or got no further than the
unhealthy camps, the handy proven
himself the equal of his less refined
cousin when it came to endurance of
discomforts and hardships."

The Spanish war did not need to
demonstrate the city bred man's fit-
ness for a soldier's duties. That was
abundantly illustrated in the civil
war. The same thing has been illus-
trated in South Africa. Even the
dude, whose home and society antics
amuse and disgust, is capable of be-
ing transformed into a man under
proper incentive and surroundings.
This is the way Julian Ralph describes
the English "Algie" as he is seen on
the veldt. "Reggie" is a stout, fat-
tish, middle-aged man, with a laugh-
ing face, and a hearty, hearty nature.

He is getting a biscuit a day for his
complete rations; drinking the health
of sweethearts and chums, out of a
water bottle filled with the essence of
dead Boers and dead horses; being
shot at day after day, month after
month, year after year; chumming
up with colonials and Boers (you
have no idea how many Americans are
fighting on the English side), who
slap him on the back and call him
pard, old man; running races on the
barriest old pligs Boers shoot-
ing at him to make each merry con-
test a race with death; never com-
plaining, never repining, always being
what we would call "one of the very
best."

The army is an excellent place in
which to test the mettle of men. The
results are often surprising. Men
whose stamina, fortitude, courage and
coolness under trying conditions have
been confidently predicted and relied
on to go to pieces and wilt, becoming
helpless in their fright or useless in
their demoralization, exciting surprise,
pity and contempt; while others, not
calculated to inspire confidence or high
regard, prove themselves to be true
mettle, courageously cheerful, obedi-
ent and ready for any duty which
occasion may demand. The army is
the place to test men, whether they be
dandies or dirt delvers. The good red
blood of generations has not run to
water in the veins of those young
Englishmen who have exchanged the
attractions of London drawing-rooms
for a life of danger and hardship at
the front. There is no braver man
than the English officer, who may also
be a Scotchman or an Irishman—but
the Boers have shown him, or at least
they have shown everybody else, that
he has much to learn in the matter
of modern fighting and tactics.—Nash-
ville American.

GO BACK AND SIT DOWN.

"Where would man be if it wasn't
for woman?" snapped the suffrage
leader in the street car.
"Sitting in a comfortable seat instead
of hanging onto a strap!" retorted the
man with many bundles.

THE POETS.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Just at the turn of the midnight.
When the children are fast asleep,
The tired Old Year slips off by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
And the New Year takes a peep

At the beautiful world that is waiting
For the hours that he will bring;
For the wonderful things in the peddler's
pack;

Weather, all sorts, there will be no lack,
And many a marvelous thing.

Flowers, by hosts and armies,
Stars and sunshine and rain!
The merry times and the sorrowful times,
Quickstep and jingle, and dirge and
chimes,
And the weaving of joy and pain.

When the children wake in the morning,
Shouting their "Happy New Year,"
The year will be started well on his way,
Swinging along through his first white
day,
With the path before him clear.

Twelve long months for his journey;
Fifty-two weeks of a spell;
At the end of it all he'll slip out by him-
self,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf
At the stroke of the midnight bell.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE LOVER.

Go roam the world from east to west,
Search every land beneath the sky,
You cannot find a man so blest,
A king so powerful as I,
Though you should seek eternally.

For I a gentle lover be,
Sitting at my loved one's side;
She gives her whole soul to me
Without a wish or thought of pride,
And she shall be my cherished bride.

No show of gaudiness hath she—
She does not flash with jewels rare;
In beautiful simplicity
She weareth leafy garlands fair,
Or modest flowers in her hair.

She sometimes dons a robe of green,
Sometimes a robe of snowy white;
But in whatever garb she's seen,
It seems most beautiful and right,
And is the loveliest to my sight.

Not I her lover am alone,
Yet unto all she doth suffice;
None jealous is, and everyone
Reads love and truth within her eyes,
And deemeth her his own dear prize.

And so thou art, Eternal Nature!
Yes, Bride of Heaven, so thou art,
Thou loveliest of every creature,
Giving to each no stinted part,
But filling every peaceful heart.

—James Russell Lowell.

OPPORTUNITY.

And must I wait till some mysterious
power
Upon me hath bestowed the gift to
think,
To speak, to act, that in some special
hour

Some thrilling soul from my life's
springs shall drink?

Nay! Opportunity is ever near—
At home, out in the world's great busy
market.

A look, a word, a deed, some life may
cheer,
Give strength anew to some despondent
heart.

Then may I by my thought, or word or
deed,
Unto the world a blessing thereby
prove,
And give some other soul of these in
need,
And thus some weary burden help re-
move.

Charles McCubbin.

Costly Twist of a Lion's Tail.

[Philadelphia Post.]

The success of the American manufac-
turer in the British Islands during the
past year or two has been so great that
he is coming to look upon those coun-
tries as a natural possession. Indeed,
a prominent American recently started
a London dinner party by referring to
the revolution as an "unfortunate
affair by which we lost England!"—
a reversal, surely, of all previous de-
clamations of the episode. But com-
mercial statistics undoubtedly justify not
only pride in present achievements, but
also faith in the future. Foreign
markets are unquestionably marked as
ours; but meanwhile the student of the
ways by which we acquire them may
occasionally point out methods by which
it is not advisable to approach the for-
eigners, and give warning that fact is
as useful sometimes in opening a door
to commerce as it is in private life in
opening doors to domestic battles.

The autumn in England was marked
by a determined effort on the part of
the American cigarette trade to control the
English cigarette trade. This effort may
yet succeed, but in the beginning there
was no question that the Americans
advised their plans. To reporters
from all the newspapers they declared
that they were going to drive every
British manufacturer out of business,
and that within a few months the
American cigarette would reign supreme.
Now this, when cabled to America, is
very good advertising, but naturally
enough its appeal was not so strong in
Britain. The native manufacturers put
huge advertisements in the papers, in
which was shown the British lion re-
clining on a rock by the Atlantic, and
smoking a London-made cigarette, while
he repelled the attempt of an army of
evil-looking American cigarettes to enter
his country. The result is a question-
ably that, at the moment, a great num-
ber of people in England insist on hav-
ing the English product.

If the Americans had kept only reason-
ably quiet probably they would never
have happened. In question of trade
patriotism is not easy to rouse. The
Parisian cries, "les Boers," the Eng-
lishman, "the Boers," and the American
declares to an English tailor to order
his clothes. The English imperialist calls
loudly for measures against the Boers,
and then goes out and fills his house
with things "made in Germany." Nations,
however, may be easily misled by
advertisements. There is no hope for them.
A great thing to observe in connection
with a commercial, as well as any
other, is that you should not "rub it
in."

HE WON'T SEE BILLS.

Visitor—Is your father at home?
Little Daughter—What is your name,
please?
Visitor—Just tell him it is his old
friend, Bill combination to control the
English cigarette trade.
Little daughter—Then he isn't in. I
heard him tell mamma if any bills
came he wasn't home.

DESOLATION EVERYWHERE.

Graphic Description of the Pan-
American Today.

The Soul of the Great Exposition Has
Passed and Disintegration
Has Come.

The gray light of an early twilight
fell over the broad expanse of the Pan-
American Exposition grounds and
tinted everything it touched into a
dull, blurred picture, that as one look-
ed at it seemed the ghostly vision of
what was once the proud Rainbow
City.

It was a sad spectacle, but the sad-
ness of it was to be met with the ap-
horism, that such is the end of all
things, and must be, says the Buffalo
Courier.

Everywhere was wreckage and ruin.
The asphalt avenues were covered
with mud, and over the esplanade was
laid a temporary railroad track, on
which stood cars laden with packing-
cases full of heavy machinery ex-
hibits.

The lakes of the court were drained,
and the muddy bottoms, with the sum-
mer's accumulation of debris, lay bare
and offensive. The fairy lamps which
once charmed the eyes were merely
rows of stalks topped with broken
glasses.

Across the way a great sheet of
stuff had fallen from the side of the
liberal arts building, and as the wind
swept over the pylons of the triumphal
causeway, the warriors flopped their
banners and tottered, for they are near
to falling.

South of the Temple of Music is the
magnificent array of statuary there,
not one figure has retained its beauty,
for here and there is an ear gone from
an Indian, a hand has lost the calf
of her leg, and a headless seahorse
swims through imaginary water. Some
wretches with eyes that were blind,
and souls that were near unto dirt,
had used a black writhing brush to
disfigure some of the fairest, with
shameful writings and crude attempts
at ribald art.

In doorways, where the feet of mil-
lions have trod in the months now
past, there were piled quantities of
waste paper, excelsior and remnants
of packing-boxes. The only sign of
life in sight was a solitary sheriff's
deputy, walking about to relieve the
ennui, a steam-exPELLING automobile
winding in and out of the track in
the wreck-strewn roadway. Loaded
with visitors anxious to see even the
ruins. Plump sparrows hopped every-
where, finding good fare in the rub-
bish from the buildings, especially the
agricultural and state buildings.

From the upper end of the Midway
a scene is presented which is one of
utter desolation. Last evening there
was not a sound to break the stillness,
but the whining of the little yellow
dog, which belonged to the Africans,
and which refused to live any place
else but in the village. He has been
taken away two or three times by P.
H. Goodyear's men, but he always
comes back. He has his place to
creep in and out. During the day he
roams the district west of the West
Amherst gate, searching for food, and
in the late afternoon can be seen
trotting back and making his way to the
African village, where he howls and
whines night and morning with the
sense of his desolate loneliness.

Over the streets of Mexico the sign
still flares, "Admission Free—All Are
Welcome."

Where the "Around the World
Show" was the legend may be de-
scribed "Performance is now going on,"
yet there is no human voice, not one
note of music, and never the clink of
a coin to break the silence. On down
the debris-strewn way looms the white
face of the girl in front of Dreamland,
and on that placid visage, still smiling
that inscrutable smile, there is the quiet
of death which seems to pervade every-
thing. Perhaps she is dreaming her-
self of the merry roisters who roamed
the Lane of laughter, perhaps the
memory she hears the pulsating band
down in Alt Nurnberg, or the blatant
tangerous ballyhoo ripe before the
streets of Cairo, who blew up and down the
way rings the old familiar cry, "Have
a look. Have a look."

But in the twilight, while the arms
of the night draw closer into their em-
brace the deserted city, the conscious-
ness steals over the beholder that all
this will never be again.

Aloft on the tower, again forward the
spirit of the goddess of light, but
strive as she may, her beck awakens
not one spark from all that once
scintillated, the soul has passed, the
distillation has come, and the spirit
of progress in which the great expo-
sition was conceived, has swept over it
and beyond it. It is but the God that
had served his great
and noble purpose.

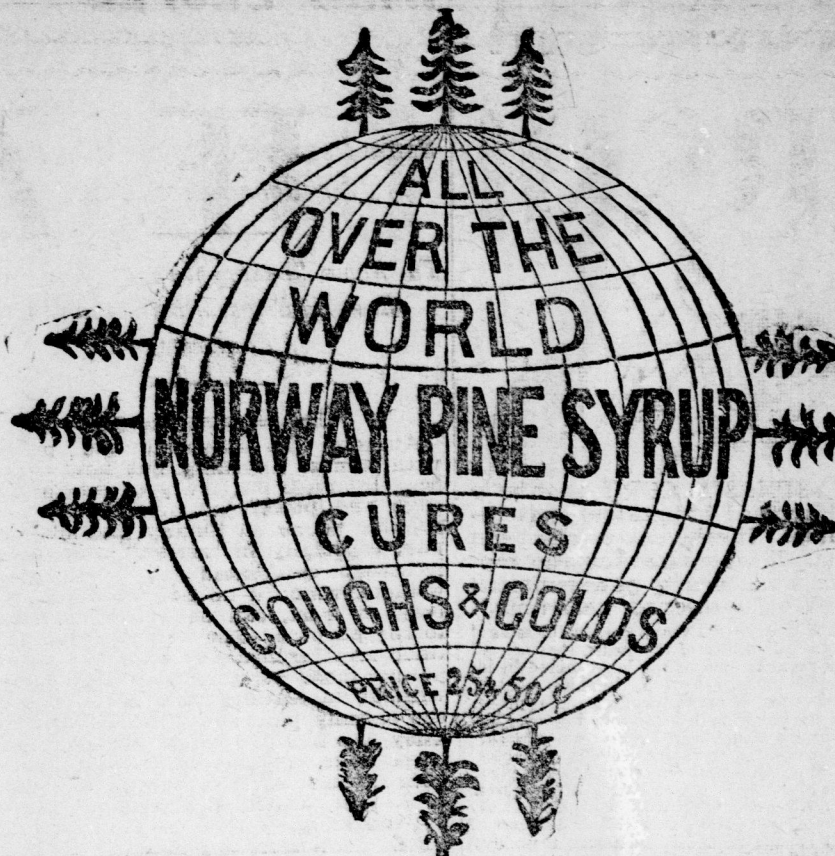


Gloomy thoughts be-
come habitual to the dys-
peptic. He looks on the
edge of a mental break-
down, and every mole hill
becomes a mountain. His
condition affects his busi-
ness judgment and mars
his home relations.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medi-
cal Discovery cures dys-
pepsia and other diseases
of the organs of diges-
tion and nutrition. It gives
buoyancy of mind as well
as health of body because it removes the
physical cause of mental depression.
It enables the perfect digestion and
assimilation of food, and the body is
strengthened by nutrition which is the
only source of physical strength.

"I was afflicted with what the doctors called
nervous indigestion. Took medicine from
my physician to no avail," writes Mr. Thos.
G. Lever, of Lever, Richland Co., S. C. "I
might have had cold or hot feet and hands,
alternately. I was getting very nervous and
could not sleep. I decided to try a few bottles of
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets'.
I continued for six months or more,
and on. I have to be careful yet, at times,
what I eat, in order that I may feel good and
strong. I fully believe if any one suffering with
indigestion or nervous liver or chronic cold would
take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and
'Pleasant Pellets' and observe a few simple hy-
gienic rules, they would soon be greatly re-
lieved, and with a little perseverance would be
entirely cured."

Biliousness is cured by the use of Dr.
Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.



The present is the best time to se-
cure a policy on your life. It will pay
you to secure it from
**THE.....
NORTHERN
LIFE**

Business Written, an increase of 54 per cent.
Annual Premiums, an increase of 50 per cent.
Cash Income, an increase of 22 per cent.
Expenditure, LESS THAN LAST YEAR.

Its Guaranteed Cash Surrender and Loan Policy, its Combination Life Policy, its
adjusted Income Policy, its Duplex Policy—all comprise advantages that cannot be
surpassed. It pays the agent to sell them. It pays the policyholder to buy them. It
will pay you to secure one now.

Write for particulars to head office, London, Ont.
JOHN MILNE, Managing Director.

Omega Oil

FOR CHILDREN—If your little boy or girl comes home
from school or play with a sore throat, the first thing to do is to
rub the throat and chest with Omega Oil. There isn't a bit of

danger in using it freely,
for there is no turpentine
or ammonia in it. A whole
barrelful of it would not
burn or blister the tender-
est skin. Children like to
have their mothers rub
it on them, because it
smells so nice and
is such a beau-
tiful green color.

It is a pure vege-
table oil lin-
iment, which does
not evaporate,
and you must keep
rubbing it in until it is
all taken up by the
pores. Mothers ought
to remember that "a
stitch in time saves
nine," and keep
a bottle of Omega
Oil in the house
all the time. A
bottle of it on the
shelf is a necessity
in every home.

It is a protection
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THE BABY'S COLD



What is to be done? Upset the stomach
with syrups and home mixtures, and make
a bad matter much worse? No, for there
is a better, a far better way.

It's by using Vapo-Cresolene.
Just put the Vapo-Cresolene in the
vaporizer, and light the lamp beneath. Soon
the healing, soothing, penetrating vapor is
given off.

Put it on the table near the baby's crib
where he can breathe-in the vapor as he
sleeps. You see this vapor passes right
over the inflamed membranes in the nose
and throat, then it goes down into the
bronchial tubes, destroying all germs and
quieting all inflammation.