You Can Defy the SPRING FATIGUE

And nervous exhaustion, if you will make the blood rich and red by using DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Fatigue and weakness tell of weak, watery and impure blood.

Are you going to go through the usual suffering and discomfort of spring this year or take a hand in the matter of your health and build up the system?

It is for you to decide, for you know that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, by forming new, rich blood, overcomes the fatigue, the weakness, the feelings of depression and discouragement which come with spring.

The nervous system is almost always exhausted in the spring. Your appetite fails because the nerves which control the appetite are exhausted, and so it is with digestion and the working of the other bodily organs.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the greatest of spring medicine because it is the greatest of nerve restoratives. It forms the new red blood from which vigor, energy, and nerve force are created.

If you would restore the healthful glow to the complexion, sharpen the appetite, improve digestion, strengthen the action of the heart, revitalize the wasted brain and nerve cells and round out the wasted form you must use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. No imitation is just as good. There is no substitute but will disappoint.

Mrs. John P. Shannon, Whiteside, N. S., writes:—"I used four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and found it an excellent medicine. It has proved to be a splendid treatment for headache and a run-down nervous system."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Boss—Well, Bridget, do you wnat to leave or stay?

The cook—Don't try to boss me Faith, I dunno. If yez want me to shtay, I'll lave, an' if yez want me to lave, I'll shtay!—Cleveland Leader

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"Why do you yell at your mule in that manner?" said the kindly person. "Have you no sympathy for dumb animals"

"Boss," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "when dat animal takes a notion, he's wuss dan dumb. He's deaf and dumb."—Wasmington Star.

The Poor Man's Friend.—Put up in small bottles that are easily portable and sold for a very small sum, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil possesses more power in concentrated form than one hundred times the quantity of many unguents. Its cheapness and the varied uses to which it can be put make it the poor man's friend. No dealer's stock is complete without it.

Gunner—And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled.

Guyer—H'm! I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapples.—Chicago News.

"Ay tank Ay go across the street and get the tailor to mend my vaist," drawled a Swedish foreman, showing his employer a very ragged vest.

"All right, John."

"In a few minutes the Swede returned with his vest untouched.

"Aren't you going to have it mended?" asked the boss.

"Ay tank not in that shop," replied the Swede. "Ay ask him what he charge an' he say, 'Two dollar.' Then Ay ask him: 'Will you take the vaist in part payment?' an' he wouldn't do it."—Everybody's Magazine.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

When doing fine hand work keep a saucer of cornstarch near by, occasionally dip the fingers into it and wipe them with a soft towel.

A great amount of crossbar goods are used in women's underwear. Being so durable, it is highly recommended. There are medium heavy kinds and one variety more dressy because of the sheer material. This is, strange to say, generally embroidered, although nightgowns are usually lace trimmed.

When sewing many women place a needle in the machine and use that one needle for all kinds of work with all kinds of thread, from No. 50 machine thread to the very finest. This makes an ugly stitch, often a thread loop from time to time. Always use a fine needle with thread used to tuck fine lingerie. The stitch is smoother, and the goods do not have the large holes made by an extra large needle.

Charming little bootees of white kid are made for the baby and embroidered with the featherstitch in pink or blue silk. The patterns for the diminutive boots are the same as that used for the knitted slippers of older people. First the tiny sole is cut, then the upper. The one is sewed to the other, the seam is fastened at the heel, and the top is bound in ribbon. The feather or brier stitching is then put all around the seams and just below the ribbon binding, and baby's shoes are finished.

An excellent way of making children's bib aprons is by using the regular yoke patterns, cutting the back deep enough so that a narrow piece of the goods comes under the arm. Instead of the same depth yoke in front, cut the material as long as the child's dress, rounding the goods at the side if you prefer. Join the back yoke to the front piece, cut the sleeves and sew in. Face the yoke, neck and sides with bias strips of the material. Two buttons will be sufficient for the back. When finished you will have a bib that not only entirely covers the front of the child's dress, but also protects the sleeves.

TACTFUL CHAPERONS.

How They Should Dispose of Undesirable Young Men.

The perfect chaperon is born, not made, because to be at her best she must be constantly on guard without the appearance of watching her charges, and that means a poise and self control and an ability for self effacement that the average woman does not possess. And because of this lack of sufficiency chaperons are frequently maligned either by parents or young folk, for if she is too strict the latter are annoyed, and if not sufficiently so parents are displeased.

The most difficult problem that a chaperon has to manage is what to do when men whom she considers undesirable talk to her charges. To give them the cut direct is rude and places her in a most unfortunate position.

To show her displeasure quietly is not apt to be effective, for girls are likely to champion those whom they deem downtrodden, and, if the men have the least charm of manner or know how to make themselves agreeable, to snub only makes them more interesting to the average young girl. While no chaperon is so silly as to think that every man who meets her charge wishes to marry her, the older woman has nevertheless to remember that he may be a possible husband, and it is imperative that the girl should be guarded from undesirable associates. Probably the best way of managing such a situation is for the chaperon to be constantly in the foreground, without the appearance of being so, not giving the man any opportunity to develop the acquaintance beyond most formal lines.

Her greatest tact lies in so managing her charges that she can retain the girl's confidence, for so long as she has it she will know the situation. Once let her lose it, and she works in the dark, not being certain what the day may bring forth. As to how much liberty a girl may be given by her chaperon in summer, one can only say it depends greatly upon the girl and her associates. If they are reliable and she is sensible there is no need of her having a protector all the time, for her own good sense is enough. Girls are always given more freedom in summer than in winter, and with a man whom she has known intimately and is known to be a gentleman in the fullest sense of the word there is no reason why she should not drive, sail and walk unchaperoned.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Art ticking braided in fancy designs is much used for bureau covers.

Among the dainty baby slips are those made with a Dutch neck for summer wear. They are decidedly attractive.

In stitching a pocket on the outside of a garment run the stitching half an inch above the edge of the pocket. This keeps the garment from tearing.

In pressing a plaited skirt one will gain time and have more satisfactory results if the plaits are basted before the pressing is done. Clean the skirt and brush it on the inside as well as the outside. Next baste the seams, cover with a damp cloth and press on the right side with a medium warm iron. Dampen the cloth when necessary and press until the cloth is dry.

Plain coarse chain stitching that looks much like the kind that children use to decorate their dolls' clothes is the latest freak of fashion, not only for gowns, but for shirt waists. Gowns are worked in the simple stitch in braid patterns and usually in self colors. Shirt waists stamped with braid patterns are outlined with the loose chain stitch. Stems with coarse, solid work are also made in this way.

The clever girl who makes laundry books for presents selects a neat rice paper for the leaves and cuts the double cover from red paper of a heavy variety, then ties the leaves together with red baby ribbon. Between the leaves of white paper are blue carbon paper slips, so that a duplicate copy is made when one marks off her laundry. This makes a handy booklet and one that would be appreciated by any woman who must send a list of laundry to her laundress and keep one herself.

Candlesticks Again In Favor.

The woman whose aim is to reveal a touch of the artist in her home just at present is interested in the old fashioned candlestick. It is a revival as happy in its way as that of the return to favor of Sheffield or pewter ware. The candle held its own against the oil lamp, but lost its popularity when gas came in, and it was practically outlawed when electricity came into general use. Now, however, many women of society are using candles extensively. One society leader, in fact, has gone to the extreme of having electric fixtures removed from several rooms, relying entirely upon candles for lighting. These candles she displays in antique candlesticks of beaten brass. Tall Russian candlesticks now are seen on many library tables, and tall silver colonial sticks are on many dressing tables. New candlesticks are shown in pottery and wrought iron, but antiques are first in favor. The prices of old brass candlesticks have advanced greatly in the last few weeks, and few now are to be found in the antique shops.

To Clean Chamois Skin.

An excellent way to restore chamois skins that have become stiff and soiled is to rub them through a strong solution of cold water and household ammonia, later rinsing thoroughly in clear cold water to soften. Pin to the line to dry in the sun and rub through the hand slightly.

Sardou and a Statue.

Some months before his death Victorien Sardou, passing with a friend the Place de la Madeleine, pointing to the statue of Jules Simon, said: "There is nothing uglier than this good man in his frock coat. To erect this hideous monument a charming little fountain similar to the one we see on the other side of the place has been suppressed." And now it has been decided to erect the statue of Sardou on the spot occupied by the other fountain—Cri de Paris.

THE MAJOR OUTWITTED.

Tricky Old Officer Found That Green Sentry Was a Tartar After All.

An eccentric old major, who, it is said, boasted that he could pass any sentry, day or night, was never at ease only when testing the efficiency of soldiers. He would steal up, under cover of darkness, upon a newly-joined recruit, and invariably succeed in disarming him; then a severe reprimanding would instantly follow. He would disguise himself as an inoffensive-looking being, and politely ask a sentry to "let him examine the mechanism" of his Lee-Metford, and, where success crowned his trickery, he would march the deluded sentinel to the guard-room, and place him under arrest for "surrendering his arms" to an unknown person. He had even turned the sentry-box over, and made the sentinel who, perchance, was snatching a few winks, a prisoner underneath. But jokes of this kind are sometimes carried too far, and often made to recoil upon the perpetrators. It so happened with the major, and, moreover, nearly cost him his life.

During the Matabele campaign, the major was placed in charge of a company of Mounted Infantry. One night, as they were laagered near the Matoppa Hills, he to test the vigilance of a particular sentry whom rumor had proclaimed "a very nervous fellow," and, in consequence, was universally known under the sobriquet "Funkey," sallied forth, and concealed himself in a large bush of the bramble type, in close proximity to where the timid man was ordered to keep a sharp lookout, to guard against surprise by the warriors of Lobengula. Hearing yells and hideous laughter, what appeared to be those of a hyena, but in reality were only those being imitated by the eccentric officer, Funkey approached near the bush, when the secreted major immediately started shaking the bush in vigorous fashion, fully expecting to see the nervous soldier run for his life.

But Funkey was not the man the major anticipated, and, bringing his rifle to the present, he commenced rapid-firing, and kept up a continuous fire until his entire stock of ammunition became exhausted. Meanwhile, the major, who had been severely wounded, had taken refuge in a large hyena-hole. Funkey's last shot being expended, he came to the charge, and rushed the bush, bent upon doing further execution, when, to his surprise, he espied the frightened major peering sorrowfully from his prison. "You brute; oh, you beast, oh! I thought I was being ushered from this mortal coil. Oh! Oh! you wretch, my poor wife"—then he fainted.

Funkey was no longer thought to be a nervous man, and, needless to say, the major refrained from playing tricks upon sentries from that night.

ERIN'S RUINS CRUMBLE.

Famous Chapel In Garranboy Village Now Near Decay.

Slowly but steadily the historic landmarks which dot the western and southwestern part of Ireland are disappearing. Time's ravages and man's neglect have done the work of effacement, and places dear to the hearts of Ireland's sons, at home or in exile, are fast crumbling into decay.

In this connection may be mentioned the little Roman Catholic chapel of Garranboy, a quaint hamlet within a few miles of the picturesque town of Killaloe in the County Clare. This little edifice dedicated to the worship of God was built in 1812, when its people taking advantage of the relaxation of the penal laws, moved once more into the open and dared to aspire to the right of public worship.

Close by, but more secluded, stood the old thatched Chapel of Sean Tigh an Alfrinn—the old house of the mass—where the people of the surrounding districts of Clare and Tipperary were wont to assemble during all that long, dreary night of persecution and when the ancient parochial churches of the neighborhood were either appropriated or destroyed, to assist at the great sacrifice and hear the Word of God, while sentinels kept watch from the surrounding hilltops. 'Tis no wonder associations so sacred would be treasured deeply in the hearts of a faithful people.

It would be hard to realize the deplorable state of decay in which the present structure is. The walls are seriously out of plumb, the roof is in danger of falling in, and that, all things considered, remodeling is out of the question. An effort is now being made to remedy this sad state of things—to replace this historic ruin by a building, plain and substantial, but somewhat suitable for its sacred purpose. In this work the Very Rev. Canon Flannery, the parish priest of Killaloe, is much interested and has issued an appeal for aid. The people of the locality have been and are, according to their means, contributing generously to the building fund; still, without assistance from their friends at home and abroad and the public, there would be little hope of success.

Canon Flannery believes that an appeal to the sons and daughters of Clare, Limerick and Tipperary in the United States and Canada—an appeal which has the warm approval of the Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, bishop of Killaloe—would be generously responded to, and Canon Flannery is buoyed up with the hope that many American dollars will be willingly contributed for this absolutely necessary work.

When She Laughed.

A somewhat self-satisfied, vainglorious and grumpy English actor complained that the noted actress Ellen Terry continually laughed in one of his most important scenes. He had not the courage to tell her his objections, so he wrote her a letter of heart-broken complaint, in which he said: "I am extremely sorry to tell you that it is impossible for me to make any effect in such and such a scene if you persist in laughing at me on the stage and so spoiling the situation. May I ask you to change your attitude, as the scene is a most trying one?"

Miss Terry's answer was very direct and to the point, for she wrote: "You are quite mistaken. I never laugh at you on the stage. I wait till I get home."

Only One Day's Sport.

There is only one day in the year on which the inhabitants of Monte Carlo are allowed to gamble at the Casino tables—the Prince of Monaco's birthday.

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER.

More children die during the hot weather than at any other time of the year. Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum and stomach troubles come without warning and when a medicine is not at hand to give prompt relief, the delay may prove fatal to the child. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are children during the hot weather months. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent deadly summer complaints, or cure them if they come unexpectedly. Mrs. O. Moreau, St. Tite, Que., says: "My baby suffered from a severe attack of cholera infantum, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared and he regained health splendidly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"YOU KNOW."

You may say to me: "How's the boy? How's things?"
And I'll pause before punching you.
"Wee gates?" "What's doing?" and kindred flings
Will cost but a curse or two.
You may even gurgle, "Oh, look who's 'ere!"
Or, "You're quite a stranger, Gene,"
But never again, sir, let me hear,
"You know what I mean."

I'll stand for "How are they coming, hey?"
And perhaps for "Well, what's new?"
I'm glad to know "It's a nasty day,"
And "You're looking fine" is true,
But listen—I might say "listen here"
If I wanted to waste your spleen—
These words mean a fight when I am near:
"You know what I mean."

"What's yours?" is good in its proper place,
And "What'll you have?" is too.
There's a sort of a crude and vulgar grace
In a blithe "Here's looking at you!"
You may say "Have another" with naught to fear,
But to "get my goat" just lean
With a knowing look toward me and leer,
"You know what I mean."

—Chester Fickins in New York American.

Absentminded.

An English paper says that the champion absentminded man lives at Belham. On one occasion he called upon his old friend, the family physician. After a chat of a couple of hours the doctor saw him to the door and bade him good night, saying: "Come again. Family all well, I suppose?" "My heavens!" exclaimed the absentminded beggar. "That reminds me of my errand. My wife is ill!"

Dysentery corrodes the intestines and speedily eats away the lining, bringing about dangerous conditions that may cause death. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial clears the intestinal canals of the germs that cause the inflammation, and by protecting the lining from further ravages restore them to healthy condition. Those subject to dysentery should not be without this simple yet powerful remedy.

"Taking any of those 'week end' trips out of town yet?"

"No. Weakened condition of my finances forbids."—Chicago Tribune.

Wilson's Fly Pads, the best of all fly killers, kill both the flies and the disease germs. 3

"I tell you it's an outrage," screamed the married suffragette. "The man who keeps that public house across the street can vote, and I can't."

"That's so," replied her husband. "But he shuts up at 11 o'clock and you never do."—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"Like lettuce, Pat"

"No, Oi don't. An' Oi'm glad Oi don't. For if Oi liked it Oi'd ate it, an' Oi hate the stuff."—Life

Absorbine on Broken Artery.

Under date of Jan. 14, 1909, the following letter was received from John L. Funk, of Butler, Colo. "I am writing you to thank you for the kind suggestions and interest you have taken in my case. My mare with the broken artery is entirely cured. The swelling has gone down and the leg is its normal size again. The swelling went down over a month ago and I thought it might cause trouble later on, but it is cured to stay cured. I would not take $100 for what $4.00 worth of ABSORBINE did for this mare. I have been recommending your remedy to others in this locality. It is all you claim for it. I wish you great success with your medicines."

If you have a similar case or if you wish information concerning any blemish on your horse, write for free booklet. ABSORBINE at druggists' $2.00 a bottle, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 238 Temple St., Springfield, Mass. Canadian agents:—Lyman's Ltd., 380 St. Paul St., Montreal, P. Q.

Teacher—Now, children, who was it came after Charles I.?

Bright Boy—Please, miss, the executioner.—Boston Transcript.

The Canadian Pacific are now running five palatial steamships each week between Fort William, Port Arthur and Owen Sound. A trip by the Lake Route is a pleasant one during the hot weather.

She—"In painting I suppose you paint the country green and—" He (an artist and Bohemian)—"The town red."

Digby, N. S.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—Last August my horse was badly cut in eleven places by a barbed wire fence. Three of the cuts (small ones) healed soon, but the others became foul and rotten, and though I tried many kinds of medicine they had no beneficial result. At last a doctor advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT and in four weeks' time every sore was healed and the hair has grown over each one in fine condition. The Liniment is certainly wonderful in its working.

JOHN R. HOLDEN.

Witness, Perry Baker.

Mrs. A.—Yes, it was a great sale. Why, the auctioneer knocked down over a hundred pieces of rare china in an hour.

Mrs. Z—Gracious! He almost equaled the record of our maid.—Chicago Daily News.

HUNTING THE RHEA.

Ostrich-like Bird Furnishes Exciting Sport In Patagonia.

Down in Patagonia one of the principal sports is the chase of the rhea, a member of the ostrich family, but not quite so large as the ostriches we see in the circuses and the zoological gardens. The bird, however, is a swift runner and can set a fast pace for a horse or a greyhound. It has also some sagacity, for frequently it will double on its course and sometimes in that way succeeds in eluding its pursuers altogether. The requisites for the rhea hunter are a horse, a fast dog and a bola. The dog finds the scent of the bird, and the hunter pursues as fast as he can on the horse. When he comes close enough he makes use of the bola. This instrument is made of two or three balls of lead or stone attached to a throng which is six or eight feet long. When it is hurled at the fleeing bird the balls wind about the part where the bola strikes and serve to impede its progress. The hunters and dogs then rush forward and dispatch the rhea.

When the bird sees that it is in danger often it will crouch down flat on the ground and stretch its neck out under the grass and wait until the dogs pass. If the wind is blowing against the scent this ruse often saves the life of the game. If it is discovered it usually is so startled that it makes no effort to escape. The rhea will run for five or six miles on a stretch, and it gives dogs and riders all they can do to keep up with it. But when the game is captured the hunters feel that the chase is worth while, for the wings of the birds are not unlike turkey meat in flavor, and the meat of the thigh has a taste not unlike that of horseflesh, which connoisseurs pronounce very fine.

THE PIPE OF PEACE.

Etiquette of the Calumet Observed by the American Indian.

When you read an account of the conclusion of a treaty with the Indians you are pretty sure to find that the calumet was brought out and handed around. The calumet is a pipe of peculiar construction. The bowl is of red sandstone, and the stem is of reed, about two and a half feet long. The stem is decorated with women's hair and feathers, which hang from it like a fringe.

This pipe is the famous "pipe of peace," used by the American Indian. After a treaty has been concluded the pipe is produced and filled with tobacco, it is then handed to the representatives of the party with whom the treaty has been made, and they must take at least one whiff of it. It is afterward passed around among the Indians present, who also take a whiff of it, and that ceremonial ratifies and makes sacred the compact that has just been entered into. The passing around of the calumet is an act of hospitality, and a refusal to take it is considered a dire offense.—Chicago News.

A Fireside Game.

Word guessing is a good game to play in the evening. One of the players thinks of a word and says, "I have a word of six letters; the first letter is 'g' and the last is 'a.'"

The guessers are allowed to ask any questions they like, which the leader is bound to answer, if he can do so without actually telling the word. The player who guesses the word correctly chooses the next one, and a prize is won by the player guessing the largest number of words.

THE MARITIME EXCHANGE.

It Keeps Posted on Every Vessel Engaged In Commerce.

It is a fact not generally known that the arrival and departure of steam and sailing vessels engaged in commerce is reported daily from every port in the world. Sitting in the Maritime Exchange, you could tell at a glance just what had transpired in shipping circles of any port during the past twenty-four hours. There is a report on every ship that has cleared or entered. The report gives the name of her home port, how many days out, her cargo, the number of passengers, her consignors and consignees, her destination and her captain's name. The companies themselves and underwriters and forwarders station these agents all over the map, and the agents are like so many train dispatchers on land reporting the movements of every piece of "rolling" stock under the reign of maritime law. The number of men engaged on shore in the business of sailing ships is twice as great as the number managing those same ships on the ocean.

In any given company the organization represents a great pyramid of brains and brawn, authority percolating down through the maze of detail from the man who draws a princely salary studying the Mercator projection to the stevedore who shifts freight. Every man has his work cut out for him.

Every steamer that floats is considered as a unit. It is a semi-independent state the moment it leaves shore. It has its orders just the same as a battalion of soldiers on the battlefield, and on its bridge walks the captain, who holds almost arbitrary power over the destinies of his floating community.—Bookkeeper.

One Among a Million.

"With all due respect to the wives of others," says the man with the shiny nose and the dimpled chin, "I must say that my wife is the greatest woman in the world."

"That is a splendid way for a man to talk, and it does you honor," says the man with the missing buttons on his vest.

"Well, when I am mowing the lawn my wife doesn't stand at the window and call to me to tell me where I am leaving uncut ridges."—Chicago Post.

The Latest.

Sandy Pikes—Yes, mum, I used to be de star wire walker in de days of Barnum. Couldn't you loan me a quarter to join me show in de next town?

Housewife (suspiciously)—Where is your wire?

Sandy Pikes—Don't carry it any more, mum. I'm a wireless walker now.—Houston Post.

A WRONG NOTION.

Every Woman Doesn't Take to Housekeeping Naturally.

The notion seems to be prevalent because a woman is a woman she ought to know how to keep house, just as many think when she becomes a mother she will instinctively know how to care for and bring up the baby.

Both are prevalent notions that have done much harm. The haphazard housekeeping that rules in many a home is often the result of this very belief that knowledge of housework will come as naturally as a duck takes to water.

A girl would not undertake bookkeeping or even the most ordinary business position without having studied for it to some extent. What a sorry mess she would make of it if she did, and how quickly she would lose her position! But a girl will enter blithely into matrimony without the slightest preparation for the housekeeping that is as sure a part of it in nine cases out of ten as the putting on of the wedding ring. And housekeeping is a business, a profession, an art. As compared with the ordinary business life it is as calculus to short division.

If the new housekeeper be an exceptional, earnest, ambitious, conscientious girl she may win out in time, but through much tribulation.

If she be a girl of less fine caliber she struggles along for awhile, then gives up in despair. Housework becomes a synonym of unpleasant, uncongenial work, of drudgery, and she drifts into the haphazard, unthrifty kind that is one of the smoothest worn roads to the divorce court, though it is not often so named in the suit.

Training would have obviated all this and in addition put a keen joy into the work she has elected to do of which the untrained has little comprehension.

When a woman thoroughly and scientifically understands housekeeping it becomes a delight. It is first a joy to know that she is giving her loved ones a home in the truest sense of the word, bright, beautiful, sanitary, healthful; to know she is spending the family income wisely; that she is getting value received for her money; that she is providing nourishing food so combined chemically at each meal as to give the highest food value and the utmost palatableness.

In addition to the joy of this personal science there is the professional delight of meeting and mastering the problems that arise. They are just as big as, often far more important and farreaching than, the problems of the business girl's day. The untrained do not know there are such problems, or if a big matter does come up which they feel they are not capable of coping with they skirt in a dissatisfied way around the edge of it because they know not what else to do with it. Not so the trained woman. She grapples it and conquers it as the stenographer does a hard letter or the bookkeeper her trial balance. And she has the same keen joy the business woman experiences in performing her work well, but with the added happiness of knowing this is not business, but the work of making loved ones happy.

Use Linen Strips In Packing.

If you go off on frequent jaunts it is a great help to have the following articles, which with a machine can be made in a few moments and after using can be laid away for future use. Bind strips of linen in different colors about a yard wide and three-quarters of a yard long with white linen tape or merely hem them if you prefer to save the time. In the green one, we will say, lay your linen and plain white waists. Fold it over and button or pin together with safety pins.

In the blue one place your lingerie waists. In smaller ones of suitable sizes put your stocks and belts, in another your veils, with a stiff square of cardboard to hold them flat. Bind squares fifteen or sixteen inches and sew tapes to one corner for your shoes, which can be rolled up like a package diagonally, with the ends turned in and tied.

Vary these colors for convenience in finding them. You can outline in embroidery cotton, if you care to, "Ties," "Pumps," "Shoes," "Rubbers," or merely pin a written label on each. The cases containing these accessories can be laid in a drawer on your arrival.

Knew the Ropes.

"What do you say to a young lady at a dance?" quoted the youth who was about to attend his first ball.

"'Oh,'" replied the society man, "'talk to her about her beauty.'"

"But suppose she hasn't any?" said the youth.

"In that case," rejoined the society man, "'talk to her about the ugliness of the other girls present.'"—London Tatler.

Waked Them Up.

It is related of an eccentric chaplain to a foreign court that he became so annoyed in consequence of his audience, or, rather, congregation, making a practice of going to sleep during his sermons that he resorted to the following "awakening" expedient. In the midst of one of his sermons he drew forth a harmonicon from his pocket and began to play. The one or two who were still awake, astonished to see such a performance in a pulpit, awoke those who slept, and pretty soon everybody was lively as well as being filled with wonder. This was the preacher's opportunity, for he at once commenced a most severe castigatory discourse, in the course of which he said, "When I announce to you sacred and important truths you are not ashamed to go to sleep, but when I play the fool you are all eye and ear."

No One to Run It.

The agent had dwelt eloquently and at some length upon the superior merits of the heater he was trying to introduce into the homes of Saymouth, but the woman at the door had looked thoughtfully into the distance, away from his compelling eyes, as she listened.

"Why," said the agent at last, "a child could run that heater."

"We have no children," said the woman conclusively as she shut the door and locked it.—Youth's Companion.

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Japanese Self-Control.

The Japanese are trained to conceal unhappy feelings and only to publish to the world the record of things bright and cheerful. Of this wise discipline of self Lafcadio Hearn gives a good instance in his "Kokoro":

"I had a male servant in the house who seemed to me to be the happiest of mortals. He laughed invariably when spoken to, looked always delighted at work and appeared to know nothing of the small troubles of life. But one day I peeped at him when he thought himself quite alone, and his relaxed face startled me. It was not the face I had known. Hard lines of pain and anger appeared in it, making it seem twenty years older. I coughed quietly to announce my presence, and at once the face smoothed, softened, lighted up as if by miracle. It was a miracle, indeed, of perpetual and unselfish control."

Vastly Different.

As will be seen, it makes a great difference how one uses the muscular resources at one's command. A member of an athletic club, after swimming the length of the large tank in the basement of the institution, came out puffing and blowing, apparently exhausted.

"You don't manage your breathing right," said the swimming instructor. "It ought not to tire you so. As to the upper part of your body, including your arms, you use exactly the same muscles and in very much the same way in swimming as in sawing wood."

"No, sir!" gasped the swimmer. "When it comes to sawing wood I use the muscles of some other man."

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

Grace—Who is that man they're all quarreling with?

Jack—Why, he's keeping the score

Grace—Oh!—and won't he give it up?—Bohemian Magazine.

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For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Is Compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free. 2

A young girl had just told how, in crossing the ocean, she had seen, from the porthole of her stateroom, a man overboard, struggling in the water. She was asked to tell exactly what was her first thought when she caught sight of him.

"Why," she declared, "when I first saw him, out there in all that water I thought to myself, 'How inappropriate!'"—Rochester Herald.

Don't experiment with unsatisfactory substitutes. Wilson's Fly Pads kill many times more house flies than any other known article. 3

"I must congratulate Jack on his golden wedding."

"Golden wedding? Why, he's only just married."

"I know, but his bride is worth a million."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

It was a wizened man who appeared before the Judge and charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half was a big, square-jawed woman, with a determined eye.

"In the first place, where did you meet this woman who, according to your story, has treated you so dreadfully?" asked the Judge.

"Well," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife. "I never did meet her She just kind of overtook me."—

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