

Not Work, but Worry.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That wrinkles the smooth, fair face,
That blends gray hairs with the dusky,
And robs the form of its grace;
That dims the lustre and sparkle
Of eyes that were once so bright,
But now are heavy and troubled
With a weary, despondent light.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That drives all sleep away,
As we toss and toss and wonder
About the cares of the day,
Do we think of the hands' hard labor,
Or the steps of the tired feet?
Ah! no, but we plan and ponder
How to make both ends meet.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes us sober and sad,
That makes us narrow and sordid,
When we should be cheery and glad,
There's a shadow before the sunlight,
And ever a cloud in the blue,
The scent of the rose is tainted,
The notes of the song are untrue.

It is not the work, but the worry,
That makes the world grow old,
That numbers the years of its children
Ere half their story is told;
That weakens their faith in heaven,
And the wisdom of God's plan.
Ah, 'tis not the work, but the worry
That breaks the heart of a man.

—X—

Curious Accidents.

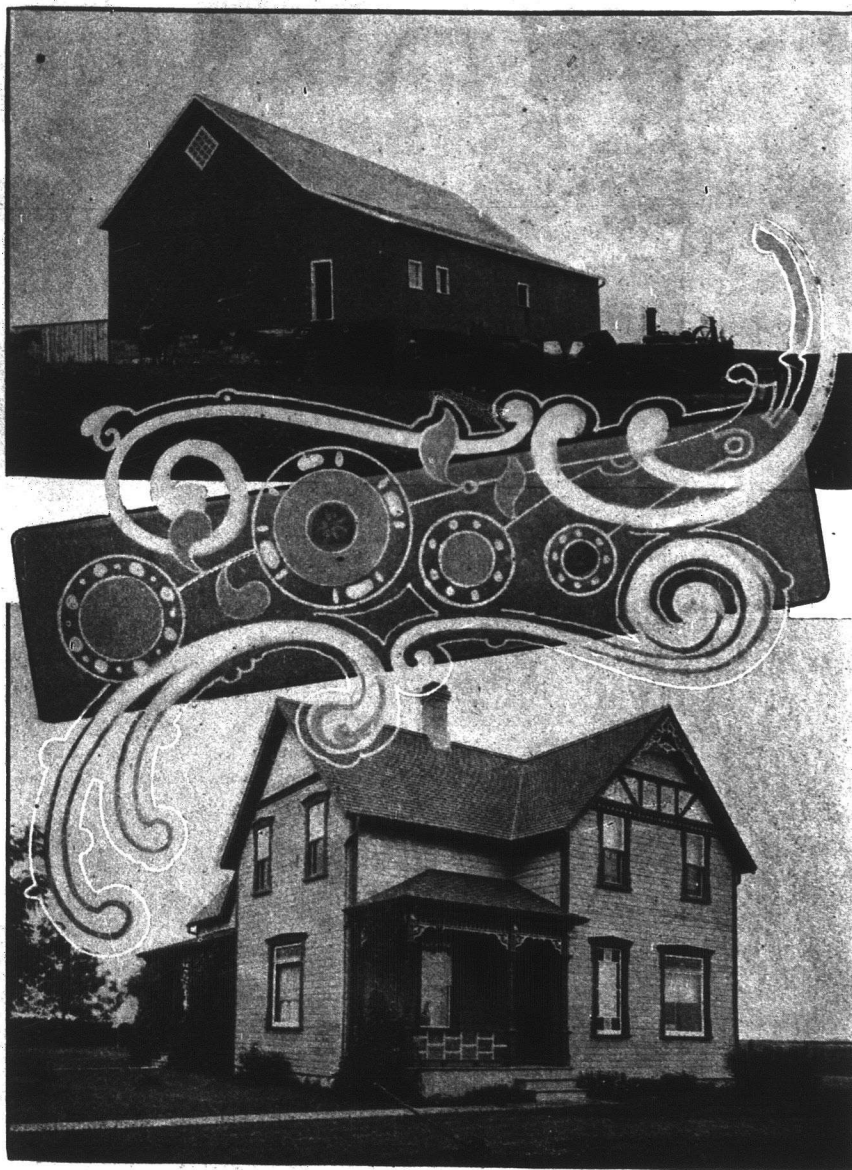
The Fidelity and Casualty Monthly Bulletin gives the following peculiar accidents:

During the process of tiling the slanting roof of an athletic club in this city, a workman who was astride the ridge-pole, putting on the last layer of tiles, shifted his position so that both feet were on the same side of the ridge-pole. He slipped, and, sliding down the roof, shot over the eaves to the ground, some 120 feet below. At the particular place he fell there was a pile of shavings and refuse about ten feet high. This pile existed by reason of a chute connecting with each floor of the building, down which the carpenters and other workmen on the building were in the habit of throwing refuse. The man bounced once or twice on the pile of chips, received absolutely no injuries, and in the course of fifteen minutes was back again at his work.

In Chicago some years ago, at a large varnish manufacturing establishment, the men were accustomed to be trained at fire drill whenever the alarm was given. On one occasion the men were lined up with fire-extinguishers on their backs. Probably because of long storage, the decomposition of the chemicals contained in one of the extinguishers had made the pressure within the extinguisher greater than it was calculated to bear. The result was that the bottom flew out, and the man, in the semblance of a human rocket, was shot up off his feet and out through a window, and, falling, was killed.

One of the high buildings in New York was just about finished, and the contractor was engaged in clearing it up. On the floor half way between the basement and the top floor, stood a barrel of lime which had not been used. A single block, with a one-part tackle rove through it, had been hung at the top floor. The workmen on the seventh floor slung the barrel of lime in a loop, and called to a workman on the first floor to lower it. They then swung the barrel off into

the elevator-shaft. The lime was heavier than the man below. He became frightened, but held on. The lime went down and the man went up. The barrel reached the floor and struck it with a blow sufficient to knock out the bottom and to release part of the lime. The rest of the lime being caked somewhat, stayed in the barrel.



RESIDENCE AND BARN OF JAMES BRYDEN,
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The man now, being heavier than what was left of the lime, came down again, while the barrel went up, but so gently that the man, in his trip of some seven stories up and down, received no injuries whatever.

Some years ago, at Donaldson, La., an explosion of a boiler took place while a negro happened at the moment to be on top of it. The boiler was thrown in one direction and the negro in another. In his flight the negro passed over a building thirty-five feet high and fifty feet broad, and lighted upon the roof of another building some ten feet lower than that over which he was thrown. Upon being asked by the company's representative how long he was in the air, he replied: "I cannot tell you exactly, sir. I did not look at my watch." He received no injuries whatever.

It is more difficult to keep a fortune than to make one.

A Girl's Pin Money.

A girl can scarcely be too young to have some idea of the value of money, and a weekly allowance will teach her the pleasure of providing little gifts and nicknacks out of her own pocket. At the age of 15 or 16 every girl should have an allowance, out of which she should buy her own gloves, sta-

Simple Hospitality.

One reason why we fail to take all the comfort and enjoyment we might from our friends and neighbors is that we are ambitious to make our social entertainments too elaborate. They soon become a burden and an expense to all but the very well-to-do. There is good sense in having a little something to eat when a few friends visit you in the evening.

Nobody has satisfactorily explained why the act of eating together promotes good fellowship, but we all know that it does. To secure this result, however, it is not in the least necessary that what is eaten be rare or expensive. Crackers and cheese, provided they are good and daintily served, will do quite as well as pate de foie gras or boiled mushrooms. The main thing is that what is eaten be relishable.

A chafing dish is a great invention for neighborly sociability. The moment the little company is gathered about the dining-room table, interest centres in the manipulations of the fair hostess. That is one of the moments when a woman looks most engaging. And when the plates are filled with the toothsome morsels, the spirit of neighborly friendliness and good cheer is at high tide. A little money will go a long way in pleasant entertaining, if we are sensible enough to make it very simple, and let good feeling largely take the place of money in the ordering of our hospitality.—The Watchman.

—X—

In life troubles will come which look as if they never would pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the calm and the morning cannot be stopped.

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