

NEED OF A STANDARD BREAD.

Shown by Fact That Some Animals Die Fed on Certain Kinds.

Dr. Leonard Hill, the English physiologist, has made recently an interesting contribution to the question of what the English are now calling "standard bread," the standard containing about 80 per cent. of the total grain as against the 70 or 73 per cent. contained in the whiter bread now generally used.

Although the discussion has thrown much light upon the chemistry of flour and has served to show in how many ways things may be added to "improve" it, it has contributed but little to our knowledge of the physiological value of the different flours.

Dr. Hill has been conducting experiments on the nutritive value of white and of standard bread, using rats as subjects. He says that his results have been astonishing. Rats fed on white bread or flour did very badly. Many of them died; the others grew slowly, increased but slightly in weight in six weeks, after which time nearly all of them began to lose weight.

The rats fed on the standard bread or flour did much better; fewer of them died and their increase in weight was more than twice as great as in those fed on the white bread and flour. Dr. Hill concluded that either the standard flour contained something essential to growth which was not in the white flour or that the latter contained something detrimental, "improvers," for example.

These are not the first experiments which show that different wheat breads have markedly different physiological effects. In bulletin 60 of the hygienic laboratory, Hunt states that mice fed upon the "white wheat bread" obtained from one Washington bakery showed but one-fourth the resistance to certain poisons that was shown by mice fed upon similar bread from another bakery, although dealers considered them equivalent.

It is quite probable, says the Medical Journal, that breads which have such markedly different effects upon infants and young children, and perhaps upon adults, especially in sickness. The lower animals are usually supposed to be resistant and adaptable as regards food, whereas the extreme sensitiveness of infants to slight changes in diet is well known.

AN INDEPENDENT MINER.

Remarkable Instinct of an Old Mexican.

The Mexican miner is the best in the world, says Mr. S. D. Woods in "Lights and Shadows of Life on the Pacific Coast," and he gives an instance of an old Mexican who seemed by an instinctive faculty to know where "mineral" could be found. He was nearly seventy years of age, and had, apparently, no ambition beyond providing for his own simple needs.

He was, I think, the best mineralogist and worker of ores I ever knew. He would take his little sack, wander over the hills for perhaps a month, and delve into the old dumps of the abandoned mines. By this search he would, in a month's time, fill his sack with a hundred pounds of ore. This ore was rebellious, and required the most careful and skilful reduction and refining.

For this purpose he had built in one of the canons near by, out of adobe which he had made himself, a little smelter and a refinery.

The work accomplished by means of this little adobe smelter and refinery was as complete as could be found in the magnificent system of Swansea, which is the world's chief mineral reduction plant, and to which are sent the rebellious ores which defy the skill of the resident ore-workers.

The old Mexican would build a little fire in his smelter, and when the heat was just right, cast in with the necessary fluxes, which he would gather from the hill slopes, his little handfuls of rebellious ore, and by and by out of the smelter would run a little stream of mineral, in which were mingled lead, copper, silver and gold. The mass would be, perhaps, out of the hundred pounds he smelted, about half as large as an ordinary football.

The mass of unseparated ore he would subject to the processes of his little refinery, and by and by—for the process was slow—out of the refinery would flow the separated streams of gold, the silver and the lead; and thus from his hundred pounds of ore the old Mexican would usually secure from fifty to seventy-five dollars. This was enough to supply his simple wants for quite a while, and it was by this process of the highest scientific character that this old, uneducated, simple-minded man brought to himself what he called the necessities and comforts of life.

"Now, Miss Agely," said young Mr. Rich. "I should like to propose—" "Oh, this is so sud—" "That we have some ice-cream—" "That would be lovely! I like straw—" "Some evening when the weather is warmer."

WHEN SUMMER COMES GUARD YOUR BABY

The summer months are the most dangerous of the year for the little one. The complaints of this season come so quickly that often a precious little life is beyond aid before the mother realizes baby is ill. Colic, diarrhoea and cholera infantum are all rife at this time. The mother must guard her baby's health every minute. She must be careful of his food and careful that his stomach is kept sweet and his bowels move regularly and freely. To do this nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets—they are mothers' best friend at all times of the year, but more especially in the summer, when, if given occasionally, they act as a preventive of those dreaded summer troubles, or if they do come on suddenly the Tablets will just as quickly remove the cause and baby will soon be well again. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SIGHT OF THE BLIND.

A Medical Missionary's Pathetic Experience.

A passage from one of the letters written home by a young American medical missionary—letters that make up "A Bluestocking in India," by Winifred Heston—gives not only a glimpse of the benefits which Eastern women are receiving, but also shows the ennobling reaction of the work upon the worker.

Yesterday I had an experience which made me feel small. It was one of my first cataract cases; the woman was absolutely blind—had not seen a thing for years. I did the operation on both eyes at one sitting, bandaged them, and sent her to the ward.

When the day came for the removal of the bandages, I found her in the woman's general ward, which was full of overflowing patients. She was eager for her release, so I told the nurse to loosen the dressings, and then applied the counting test.

All the women were as still as mice, holding their breath to learn if her sight was really restored. You could have heard a pin drop. Holding up my fingers before the eyes so long sightless, I asked her to count.

She did so: "One, three, two, four." "She sees! she sees!" whispered the women from cot to cot. The poor patient herself fell in a transport of joy and gratitude, embraced my feet, kissed the hem of my skirt, and called me all the endearing names which her vocabulary afforded.

She would have worshipped me then and there, so deep was her feeling; but I lifted her up and led her away, to tell her of One Who alone is worthy of worship.

Yes, I used to say I was not coming to India to preach, but to practice medicine; but when an event like this drives you down into the depths of abject humility, you just cannot help telling the poor ignorant women that, after all, there is something worthy of love and worship; that there is One absolutely pure, and holy, and merciful, and Who loves everyone of them with a perfect love.

Everybody has a soul, and I am beginning to find out that my chief concern is not, after all, with the body.

Clean Stomach, Clear Mind.—The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions, and when it gets out of order the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach and the best preparation for that purpose is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

Smugglers are not the only people who shirk their duty.

When you want to clear your house of flies, see that you get Wilson's Fly Pads. Imitations are always unsatisfactory.

Towley—"Brown is terribly absent-minded. The other evening he sat up till after one o'clock trying to remember what it was he wanted to do." Cowley—"Did he remember?" Towley—"Yes, he discovered that he wanted to go to bed early."

The Pill That Leads Them All.—Pills are the most portable and compact of all medicines, and when easy to take are the most acceptable of preparations. But they must attest their power to be popular. As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the most popular of all pills they must fully meet all requirements. Accurately compounded and composed of ingredients proven to be effective in regulating the digestive organs, there is no surer medicine to be had anywhere.

CAPTURING AN OCTOPUS.

A Fisherman's Experience With One of These Creatures.

In political and economic literature the octopus has been made familiar to the general reader as a symbol of the corporation that grasps everything within reach and holds on to it. The fitness of the emblem will be understood from the account given of one in the pages of Mr. E. B. Kennedy's "Thirty Seasons in Scandinavia." A large octopus is now in the Natural History Museum in Trondhjem. It was brought in during 1897, and I saw it on its arrival. The history of its capture, as it was detailed to me, not only by the fisherman whose boat it had attacked, but also by two other independent witnesses, is as follows:

The man was leisurely rowing on a calm day close to the rock-bound shore of one of the fiords some fifty miles north of Trondhjem. Suddenly a long, glistening arm swept over the stern of the boat, and there remained fixed.

The fisherman, appalled at this strange apparition, dropped his oars and sprang to his feet, when, like magic, another hideous-looking arm shot out and bent over the gunwale. The boat now listed severely, and the man, realizing that he was being attacked by some monster against which his old knife was the only available weapon, seized his oars and labored with might and main to get his boat into a crevice of the rocks, all the time shouting for his mates, who were not far off.

He had to strain every nerve to drag his hideous cargo after him, for the suckers never relaxed their hold; and when he got within reach of willing hands, it took the hardest work of the three men to haul it up a slight incline. The monster still hanging on even over the bare rock. Then they belabored the creature's head with oars and clubs, and having safely secured it, sent off to the nearest station and telegraphed concerning the prize which they had captured. It was at once purchased by the museum and carried off to that establishment, after having been photographed.

They stretched out the creature's arms before preparing it. I measured the two longest tentacles. They were ten feet and four inches each in length. This, over all, together with the great carpetbag-looking body, gave a measurement of thirty feet across.

Pain Flees Before It.—There is more virtue in a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil as a subduer of pain than in gallons of other medicine. The public know this and there are few households throughout the country where it cannot be found. Thirty years of use has familiarized the people with it, and made it a household medicine throughout the western world.

Lady—"Did anyone call when I was out?" Servant—"Yes, ma'am. Two ladies and seven gentlemen." Lady—"Did they leave their cards?" Servant—"No, ma'am. I was in." Lady—"What do you mean?" Servant—"They called on me, ma'am."

House flies are hatched in manure and revel in filth. Scientists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of Tuberculosis, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Infantile Diseases of the Bowels, etc. Every packet of Wilson's Fly Pads will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper.

"You have two very bright pupils, Miss Winsome," remarked Mr. Sweetley to the school-mistress. "Which ones do you mean, Mr. Sweetley?" "Why, those in your eyes, to be sure."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

HE WAS CURIOUS.

The prisoner at the bar had a long list of previous convictions against him.

"Your worship," he said to the judge, "would you mind postponing the case for a week, the lawyer who is defending me is ill?"

"But you were arrested with your hand in the gentleman's pocket," objected the judge. "What possible defence can your lawyer make?"

"Just so, your worship. That's why I want the case postponed. I'm curious to know what on earth he will say!"

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The Company is organized to take control of the claim immediately adjoining the Hollinger Mine on the North. This claim is known to contain the extension of at least one of the Hollinger veins.

30,000 shares are offered for sale at \$3.00 per share, and the subscription list will be closed as soon as the 30,000 shares are fully subscribed, when the stock will be listed on the different Exchanges.

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FULL INFORMATION WILL BE FURNISHED BY
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Magistrate—"You say this man stole your coat? Do you understand that you prefer the charge against him?" Prosecutor—"Well, no, your honor, I prefer the coat, if it's all the same to you."

The genuine Wilson's Fly Pads are by far the best fly killers made. Every housekeeper should use them. All Druggists, Grocers, and General Stores sell them.

Mistress (to servant, about to be married)—"And where did you meet your young man, Mary?" Mary—"Oh, at uncle's funeral, mum. He was the life and soul of the party!"

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wart may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure if used as directed.

"Biffkins yawned dreadfully when Doctor Doseall was telling that funny story last night." "Yes, but the doctor got even with him, he sent Biffkins a bill for inspecting his throat."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY. For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Mother—"Oh, Bobby, you naughty boy, you've been smoking!" (Pause.) Poor darling, do you feel very bad?" Bobby (who has been well brought up)—"Thank you, I'm only dying."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"Have you any absorbing papers around here?" asked the stranger of the newsagent. "Absorbing papers?" echoed the clerk. "Yes, sir. Jimmy, give this gentleman a couple of blotters."

As a vermicide there is no preparation that equals Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

Tourist—"I wonder at your allowing people to mount that fine old ruin." Native—"It's quite safe, sir. It was only built last year!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

SEA, SEA, SEA!

A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

Mrs. Goodart—"You seem to have some education. Perhaps you were once a professional man?"

Howard Hasher—"Lady, I'm a numismatist by profession."

Mrs. Goodart—"A numismatist?" Howard Hasher—"Yes, lady; a collector of rare coins. Any old coin is rare to me."

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

Ethel—"All is over between us. Here are your presents. A gold locket and chain, a diamond ring, and a pearl necklace." Herbert—"There are some other things I gave you I insist upon being returned." Ethel—"What are they?" Herbert—"Seven thousand, three hundred and fifty-one kisses."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen.—In June, 98, I had my wrist and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days and the tooth cuts refused to heal until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using. The effect was magical; in five hours the pain had ceased and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever.

Yours truly,
A. E. ROY,
Carriage Maker,
St. Antoine, P.Q.

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SASKATOON. NEEDS you if you are a hard-working Farmer in any branch. Could you only see our agricultural prosperity, nothing would thereafter keep you where you are. What money have you saved the past seven years? In less time, with less work, farmers win fortunes here. Make the best of life. God meant you to write COMMISSIONER, BOARD OF TRADE, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Western Canada.

AGENTS WANTED. START TEA ROUTE TO-DAY. Send postal for circular or fee for samples and terms. Alfred Tyler, London.

AGENTS WANTED.—A study of other Agency propositions convinces you that none can equal ours. You will always regret it if you don't apply for particulars to Travellers' Dept., 223 Albert St., Ottawa.

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