

PAGE FENCING

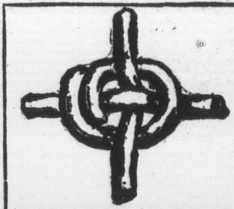
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When you buy a knife for instance, you consider the quality of the steel in the blade. The biggest and heaviest knife is not necessarily the best. Now there is just as much difference in the quality and strength of steel in fence wire as there is in a knife blade or razor. The Page Co. use a high carbon steel wire, which though it costs you but little more, is fifty per cent. (50%) stronger than wire in other fences. The lightest Page fence is as strong as the heaviest of other makes.

Notice the lock in PAGE "EMPIRE" FENCE. You may have noticed also that others are imitating it. That is a good recommendation for it. Wherever you lead others follow. AIPAGE wire is "COILED," not crimped.

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Will Make her Pleasant

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Such a woman should get sympathy not blame.

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"Shortly after taking them I forgot I had any nerves."
Mrs. James Arthur, North Rustico, P.E.I., says:
"Since commencing their use I feel more buoyant, more vitality."

We might go on indefinitely citing the words of those who have had the old time spirits and vigor restored by this remarkable twentieth century preparation for women.

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Headache

They Hurt You. Use Zutoo.

Don't think because the drug cures for headache do not make your heart palpitate, dull your nerves or upset your stomach just when you take them, that they are not hurting you, for they are.

The magazine "Health" speaks truly when it says: "Every dose of such drugs is at the expense of vitality, and sooner or later the penalty for outraging nature will be exacted."

You can avoid this penalty and cure your headaches just as quickly by taking the vegetable cure, Zutoo.

It is Harmless as Soda.

THE GIANTS OF OLD

ANCIENT RACES MARVELS OF PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

The Semibarbians of One Thousand Years Ago Were All Remarkably Proportioned Men—The Giants of Ancient Greece and Rome.

That the human race has degenerated in size as well as longevity is a fact well attested by various authorities. A prominent Washington physician who has made a life study of brain and cerebral development, says that, on visiting the catacombs of Paris, what struck him most in these vast repositories of the contents of the city's ancient graveyards was the great size of the skulls in comparison with those of more modern mankind. This superiority of development in the men who lived 1,000 years or more ago the scientist attributes to the open air life then in vogue and the physical sports and exercises indulged in.

There are several races of giants mentioned in the Bible, and the Greek and Roman historians have recorded many examples which serve to show that these specimens of elongated humanity were by no means rare at one period of the world's history.

Thus it is mentioned that the Emperor Maximian was eight feet some inches high. The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was seven and a half feet in height, the giant Calbora, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Caesar, measured near ten feet, and the bones of Secundilla and Fusio, keepers of the gardens of Salust, were but six inches shorter.

The probability is that outside of cultivated Greece and Rome among the semibarbarous of the greater part of present day European nations physical development reached often to more wondrous proportions.

The Chevalier Scory in his voyage to the peak of Teneriffe says that they found in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain the head of a Guanche which had eighty teeth and that the body was not less than fifteen feet long. The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high.

Reviand, a celebrated anatomist who wrote in 1814, says that some years before that time there was to be seen in the suburbs of St. Germaine the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high.

At Rouen in 1800, in digging in the ditches near the Dominican, there was found a stone tomb containing a skeleton whose shin bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been seven or eight feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper upon which was engraved, "In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Baron de Vallemont, and his bones." There is, indeed, evidence in the ponderous armor and two handed sword which remains to us in museums to prove that the knight of the ages of chivalry was a heroic specimen of human architecture.

Platerius, a famous physician, declared that he saw at Lucerne the true human bones of a subject who must have been at least nineteen feet high.

Valance, in Dauphine, boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bueart, tyrant of the Vivarais, who was slain by an arrow by the Count de Cabillon, his vassal. The Dominicans had a part of his shin bone, with the articulation of the knee, and his figure painted in fresco, with an inscription showing that this giant was twenty-two and one-half feet high and that his bones were found in 1708 near the banks of the Modere, a little river at the foot of the mountain of Crusol, upon which (tradition says) the giant dwelt.

On Jan. 11, 1833, some masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a locality which had long been known as the Giant's field, at the depth of eighteen feet discovered a brick tomb thirty feet long, twelve feet wide and eight feet high, on which was a gray stone, with the words "Theobobchus Rex" cut thereon. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton, entire, twenty-five and one-half feet long, ten feet wide across the shoulders and five feet deep from the breastbone to the back. The teeth were each about the size of an ox's foot, and his shin bone measured four feet.

Near Margarinio, in Sicily, in 1816, was found a giant thirty feet high. His head was the size of a hoghead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.

Near Palermo, in the valley of Magara, in Sicily, a skeleton of a giant thirty feet long was found in the year 1848 and another thirty-three feet high in 1850. Several of the gigantic bones of the latter subject are still preserved by private persons in Italy.

The Athenians found thirty-two famous skeletons, one thirty-four and another thirty-six feet in height.

At Totle, in Bohemia, in 758, was found a skeleton the head of which could scarcely be encompassed by the arms of two men together and whose legs, which are still preserved in the castle of the city, were twenty-six feet long.

The celebrated English scientist, Sir Hans Sloane, who treated the matter very learnedly, does not doubt the facts above narrated, but thinks the bones were those of elephants, whales or other animals. But it has been well remarked that, while elephants' bones may be shown for those of giants to superficial observers, this can never impose upon such distinguished anatomists as have testified in many cases to the mammoth bones being unmistakably human.

Be patient with every one, but above all with yourself.—Francis.

THROAT EXERCISES.

Evils That Come From Misuse of the Vocal Organs.

The chronic sore throat is not infrequently produced by the misuse of the vocal organs. Very often that usually little member, the tongue, is accountable for the difficulty, as it is for a great many other troubles in this gustatory life. Many people have a habit when talking of pushing the tongue so far back against the delicate membranes that line the throat that irritation more or less painful is caused, and if it continues any length of time ulcers will form, and so will a doctor's bill.

Control of the tongue is excellent in all senses of the word. Physically this organ may be managed by depressing it into a hollow at a point three-quarters of an inch back of where the tip of it comes when in a natural position in the mouth and at the same time singing very light head tones. This exercise requires some patience at first, but the habit of keeping the tongue down is soon acquired. In speaking or singing it should not be allowed to hoop up and fill the mouth, thus interfering with the free passage of the tones of the voice from the throat to the front of the mouth, where they should strike and then escape clear as a bell. This hooping up of the tongue in the mouth is the cause of much of the indistinct and slowness of utterance to which we are too often obliged to listen.

In many people we notice the line from the point of the chin to the peak in the form of a right angle. In a shapely throat this line forms a curve, just as a canary's does when the small yellow artist is warbling his carols.

To develop the throat and make this angle a curve stand before a mirror so that you may watch the throat swell out. Now thrust your tongue out as far as it will go, then draw it back quickly and forcibly, at the same time bringing it downward in the mouth as far as you can. Place your thumb and forefinger against the larynx (commonly called the Adam's apple), and if you are making the right movement you will feel the larynx pass downward. For a week or two make the movements lightly. After that time put as much force into it as you can. The exercise should be practiced for a few minutes several times a day to insure rapid and good results.

To fill up the hollows of the neck stand correctly and then slowly fill the lungs with air without elevating your shoulders. As the air is forced upward into the throat hold it there a few seconds and then expel slowly. This exercise is best performed soon after rising in the morning and before retiring at night.

Time and Eternity.

The stream of time never runs dry, and the ocean of eternity will forever expand its mighty surges mountain high against the bank of time's little stream, sweeping with each receding billow over its expansive bosom the frail human craft from the shore of time, with earth's happiness, human affection, toil, trials, tears and sin, to the eternal shore of celestial beauty and bliss. Oh, mighty ocean of eternity, your wonderful anthem of life and death brings eternal woe and condemnation to him who is untrue to himself and his divine pilot, but to the trusting, faithful man it sings of endless felicity in the presence of time who has redeemed his people from the bondage of sin and has swept them through the pearly gates.

The Wonderful Dismal.

One of the most wonderful things in vegetable life is a beautiful and minute class of seaweeds called diatoms. They belong to the seaweed family, yet they may be found by the thousands in any roadside ditch, fresh or salt water lake or even in cisterns, wells, springs, etc. Most species of plants are made up of an infinite number of little cells, but with the diatom it is otherwise. Each representative of this wonderful family of plants is formed of but a single cell and this so minute that it would require 2,500 of the most common fern, laid end to end, to make a string an inch in length. Some species of diatoms have the power of independent motion, and on that account were for some time believed to be animals.

Candy and the Flag.

The following is accredited to the late Senator Hoar: At a Fourth of July celebration in a Canadian town where both English and American guests were assembled the flags of the two countries were used in decorations. A frivolous young English girl, loyal to the queen, but with no love for the stars and stripes, exclaimed: "Oh, what a silly looking thing the American flag is! It suggests nothing but checkerberry candy." "Yes," replied Senator Hoar, "the kind of candy that has made everybody sick who ever tried to lick it."

Charity.

Charity is a universal duty which it is in every man's power sometimes to practice, since every degree of assistance given to another upon proper motives is an act of charity, and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility as that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbor.—Johnson.

His Advantage.

First Man—How do you do? Second Man—Reg pardon, but you have the advantage of me. First Man—Yes; I guess I have. We were engaged to the same girl, but you married her.

The taste of beauty and the relish of what is decent, just and amiable perfect the character of the gentleman and the philosopher.—Shaftesbury.

A SONG FROM THE PERSIAN.

Alf and are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love—
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, fine as musk,
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,
Move hand-in-hand from dawn to dusk,
Each morning nearer Paradise.

Oh, not for them shall angels pray!
They stand in everlasting light.
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And slumber in His heart by night.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

QUEER COINCIDENCES.

Andrew Lang Tells Real Curious One About a Clock and a Letter.

Here is a real curious coincidence, reported to me by a trustworthy friend. My friend paid a visit, with a companion, also known to me, to a lady. On the chimneypiece of the drawing-room was a black marble clock, not going, and near it a small round clock in working order. Suddenly a child of the lady of the house, standing on the hearth rug, said, "Mother, the big clock" (the black marble clock) "is ticking." "Impossible," said his mother. "It has not ticked for many a month. I broke the pendulum myself." Every one present then examined the marble clock, which was ticking away steadily, and the coincidence was that it had taken up the time correctly and was in accord with the small clock beside it. No one had touched the black marble clock.

Of this coincidence I can only offer the explanation which must already have occurred to every reader. Some body in the house must have got the clock mender to mend the marble clock without informing the lady of the house. The clock must have been set to the right time, and neither the lady nor her visitors happened to notice its ticking till it was observed by the child on the hearth rug. If this view be disproved, then there was a genuine miracle—a clock going, or ticking at all events, with a broken pendulum. Such is the weakness of human testimony that my friend does not tell me whether the big clock's hands were moving or whether it only ticked.

I know nothing analogous to a clock that ticked without going except a queer story of a letter, which is reached for by the signatures of the persons who wrote the narrative and who stuck to it when cross-examined orally. They were a brother and sister, living together. One evening a letter came to their house directed to their care, but addressed to a third person, who did not live with them. The sister placed the letter on the chimneypiece, meaning to put on the proper address. Presently the letter began to tick like a watch and kept on ticking. The brother came in and heard the ticking. They examined the letter, could find no explanation and next morning carried the strange epistle to the person for whom it was meant. The letter proved to be extremely important, though the envelope was not marked "immediate," like envelopes containing advertisements. Apparently the letter, like all matter according to Haeckel, was not destitute of consciousness and knew that it was in a hurry. Of course, the black marble clock may on these principles have had not only consciousness, but conscience, and said to itself: "Let me fulfill the purpose of my being. Go to cannot without a pendulum, but tick I can and will." None the less the normal explanation seems the better.—Andrew Lang in Illustrated London News.

A Lost Lesson.

The proprietor of an engineering works in Scotland, according to The Dundee Advertiser, was watching the leisurely efforts of an apprentice who was swinging his hammer in a gentle way.

"Look here, laddie," he said, going up to the youth and taking the hammer from him, "when I see a man that takes his hammer by the end of the shaft and strikes a proper blow like that I give that a man 25 shillings a week, but a man that takes it in the middle like this only gets 15 shillings a week and the sack whenever we get slack. See?"

Hoping he had sufficiently well drilled on home his point, he surveyed the lad more in sorrow than in anger, but the latter requested an extension of the lesson.

Two Mistakes.

An Irish merchant who had more money in his pocket than his appearance denoted took a seat in a first-class carriage. A dandy fellow-passenger was much annoyed at Pat's presence and, viewing his handkerchief, taxed him with having picked his pocket. After recovering his handkerchief, which he had put in his hat, he made a lame apology, but Pat stopped him with this remark:

"Make yourself easy, darlint. Don't bother about the matter. You took me for a thafe. I took you for a gentleman. We were both of us mistaken, that's all, me honey."

Have the Billiard Habit.

Natives of New Zealand are victims of the billiard habit. The inspector of native schools in New Zealand attributes the lax attendance of the young Maories to the fact that their parents "spend their whole time playing cards or billiards." He alleges that the children are often kept up all night billiard-marking and are of course utterly unfit for school work next day. He says he encounters billiards everywhere on his travels. The game is even played on the roadside.

He Had Not Lost It.

A London bus driver had shouted, "Igh Oborn!" says a writer in Pearson's Weekly, till the passenger on the seat behind him could no longer resist the temptation to make a joke.

"Excuse me," said the passenger, "but haven't you dropped something?"

"I see wot you're driving at," returned the driver keenly, "but never mind. I shall pick it up when we get to Bedford street."

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TIME TABLE

GOING WEST

No.	Express	Arrives	Leaves
No. 3	Express	1:31 a.m.	1:36 p.m.
No. 1	Express	11:30 a.m.	11:33 a.m.
No. 7	Express	2:00 p.m.	2:20 p.m.
No. 9	(Moccasin)	8:15 p.m.	
No. 5	Express	11:43 p.m.	11:48 p.m.
No. 15	Express, Loc.		6:00 p.m.
No. 11	Express, Loc.		8:00 a.m.

GOING EAST

No.	Express	Arrives	Leaves
No. 8	Express	3:30 a.m.	3:35 a.m.
No. 2	Express	4:10 a.m.	4:15 a.m.
No. 6	Express, Loc.	10:00 a.m.	2:50 p.m.
No. 4	Express	2:30 p.m.	2:35 p.m.
No. 12	Express	9:00 p.m.	
No. 10	(Moccasin)		6:50 a.m.
No. 76	Local (Sun. only)		2:45 p.m.

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RAILWAY TIME-TABLE

GOING WEST

	No. 1	No. 8
Brookville (leave)	9:30 a.m.	4:20 p.m.
Lyn	9:55	4:45
Seeleys	10:05	4:42
Fortillon	10:18	4:58
Elbe	10:24	4:58
Athens	10:38	5:05
Soperton	10:58	5:22
Lyndhurst	11:05	5:29
Delta	11:18	5:35
Elgin	11:32	5:49
Forfar	11:40	5:55
Crosby	11:48 p.m.	6:00
Newboro	11:58	6:10
Westport (arrive)	12:15	6:20

GOING EAST

	No. 2	No. 4
Westport (leave)	7:00 a.m.	8:20 p.m.
Newboro	7:10	3:35
Crosby	7:20	3:46
Forfar	7:25	3:52
Elgin	7:31	4:02
Delta	7:45	4:21
Lyndhurst	7:51	4:28
Soperton	7:58	4:37
Athens	8:15	5:05
Elbe	8:22	5:12
Fortillon	8:27	5:18
Seeleys	8:38	5:30
Lyn	8:45	5:41
Brookville (arrive)	9:00	6:00

Sunday Train—A passenger train will leave Brookville every Sunday at 9:30 a.m., stop at all stations, and arrive at Westport at 11:30 a.m. Returning, will leave Westport at 4:50 p.m., and arrive at Brookville at 6:50.

*Stop on signal

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