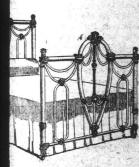
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AN HOUR WITH THE EDITOR

PROGRESSIVE THEOLOGY

Friday, September 6, 1907

That the Deity must be "yesterday aday and forever" the same, may b The second periods of the control of imitted without argument, but that

MARE ANTOINETE

MORE ANTOINETE

thoughts which are true. If two things, which are alleged to be true, do not harmonize, one of two conclusions is inevitable. Either error is present in one or both of them, or there is a harmony which we are unable to appreciate. But Humanity has not far enough advanced to be able to state in words the eternal and essential in solutions. Nevertheless they inevitable. Either error is present in one or both of them, or there is a harmony which we are unable to appreciate. But Humanity has not far enough advanced to be able to state in words the eternal and essential in words the eternal and essential in the common people and their sufferings were as nothing. Nevertheless they

swith most of it would be advantage of the guidance of Madame de Pompadour, but masterly woman fided before the and precipices, with only a few words, and these utterly insufficient, should be about the splendors beyond. When we read the teachings of such leaders of human flower hand the dearnings of such leaders of human flower hand the search as a girm of the search of the supplied and the teachings of such leaders of human flower hand the search of the supplied to the times, Mandame de Pompadour, but the masterly woman fled before the much coolness and address amid dirt. His offers was promptly accepted. His offer was promptly accepted, the collections beneathed the search of the supplied as the control of his literary works. His defice was promptly accepted, the collections beneathed the supplied as the search of the supplied at t

a clear view of the Divine in section of the many and a clear view of the Dauphiness had been entered would regard the Delty as He would have us do, we would find, to follow the illustration given, that the spotless summits are only the crowns might retain nothing belonging to a foreign court, the doors were opened and the young princess came forth." It is notable that the Princess de Lamballe, who was the most intimate balle, who was the most intimate of their poverty to this, but the Princess de Lamballe, who was the most intimate of their poverty to this, but the Princess avers that she was, on the contrary economical, and that many of the things, which the people believed were intimated the princess deal of their poverty to this, but the Princess avers that she was, on the contrary economical, and that many of the things, which the people believed were intimated that the Princess devent that the princess avers that she was, on the contrary economical, and that many of the things, which the people believed were intimated that the Princess devent that the princess avers that she was, on the contrary economical, and that many of the things, which the people believed were intimated that the Princess devent that the princess avers that she was, on the contrary economical, and that many of the things, which the people believed were ignorant," writes Confuclus, "may medde with knowledge; vet in its that the Queen's the discussion of the discussion o fany man to get much further adanced than his fellows in defining he relations of the divine and human. It is fairly safe to assume that the individual, who claims to be able to individual to individual. vanced than his fellows in defining far as her person was concerned, re- own savings.

of the exalted nature of royal houses. In the capted as a new conception of the capted as a new conception o spect to the exhibition of her personal charms, who endeavor are earnest students, who endeavor the exhibition of her personal charms, she was exceedingly free in lotine, she displayed much grief, but it ween sovereign and subject, father lotine, she displayed much grief, but it would be a mistake to attribute this to her friends to her lack of education, which compelled her to make up for death under the name "la Veuve want of knowledge by a freedom of Capet," that is the Widow Capet. As speech and familiarity of manner. By such the record of her burial is kept, but her nothing to say in regard to

pence, at least, instead. That's the way the collections are doubled."—London Tit-Bits.

A New Tongue Self-made Man (to highly educated grandson)—Well, Teddy, my boy, and what do you learn at school?

Teddy—Latin and Greek, and French and Algebra.

Self-made Man—Ho. indeed! And what's the algebra for cabbage?—Tit-Bits.

"I have come, madam, to take your gas meter out."
"I'm glad to hear it, for it's done nothing since it's been here but take me in.

top of his morning paper, "I see they've them yesterday."—Harper's Weekly, just discovered the biggest diamond the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has ever known in South "How do you manage here without the world has been a second here."

presented a silver service to a battle-ship, "But how do you reconcile your-self to the punch bowl?" was asked of one of the delegation. "Punch bowl?" ejaculated the Kansan. "Goodness! We thought that big thing was for oatmeal mush."

the continuance of sacrificing to the case it has always been part of the ancient and august ceremonial, which a wise man will not neglect or despise." It is not difficult to understand why Confucianism appeals to all classes of the Chinese, the practical and intellectual as well as the ignorant and superstitious.

The following maxims give a little winder. The prisoner shook his head.

Mosophy:

The prisoner shook his head. Over the hills of care, my Love, Over the mountains of dread; we come to a world or where hearts forget to weep; over the mountains of dream my Love over the hills of care, my Love, Over the mountains of dread; we come to a walley, glad and vast, where we meet the long-lost dead; and there the gods in splendor dwell, In a land where all is fair, over the hills of care.

The closing speeches were over at over the hills of care.

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"Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous."

"When the year becomes cold, then we know how the pine and the cypress are the last to lose their leaves; just so men are not known save in times of adversity."

"Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles. Have no friends not equal to yourself. When you have faults do not fear to abandon them."

Bishop Potter was staving with a

Bishop Potter was staying with a friend in a country house up on the Hudson. On Sunday morning as he passed through the library he found a small boy curled up in a big chair deeply interested in a book, Are you going to church, 'Tom'?" he asked. "No." he replied. "Why, I am,' the bishop said. "Huh!" the boy returned, "that's your job."

The Hydra—There have been many strange things in English history. One of the most curious was recently mentioned by a little schoolghtl.

"The hydra," said this much informed young person, "was married to Henry VIII. When he cut her head off, an other one sprang right up." — Youth's Companion.

Jeanie—I say, Edith, what's a paradox?

Edith (her eldest sister)—Oh, a paradox is when you say something that seems to be the opposite of what you mean, something inconsistent as, for example, when a girl says—"Now George, it's really time you were away!" and yet holds him so fast that he can't get away.

Over the mins of spring.

And where we reach there we will know The faces we knew of yore, The lips that kissed, the hands that clasped, When memory loosens her store; and we will drink to the long dead years, and yet holds him so fast that he can't get away.

here?"
Villager—"Yes, sir, very; we send
all that isn't to Paris."

wonderfully apropos," said one states-

an.
"Yes," answered the other; "he's like When at the last I lay me down to sleen. our parrot at home. It doesn't know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvellously apt."—Washington Star.

"I never do have any luck. Now raging toothache has begun just at the moment that I was going to take my life, and the nearest dentist lives at least three leagues from here."—Pele

Mrs. De Hitt-"The Dobsons at last have a girl they hope to keep."

Mrs. De Witt—"Absurd! Where is such a girl to be found?"

Mrs. De Hitt—"She was born to

"How do you manage here without "How do you manage here without a doctor within ten miles? Suppose somebody is taken ill?"
"Sure, we'd just give him a glass of whiskey, sor!"
"And if that did no good?"
"The we'd you have been somether."

"Then we'd give him another!"
"But suppose that had no result?"
"Bedad, then, we'd know he wasn't worth throublin' about."—Tit-Bits. "So you've discharged your French

"So you've discharged your French maid, Mrs. Comeup. I thought she was such a good one."
"So she was, but she didn't know her place."
"That's odd. She's been with some heart prays. place."
"That's odd. She's been with some of our best families. How did she offend?"
"When I told her, 'Marie, I am go O marvellous voice, cease singing, cease!

but they are attempting the importance of the part of the part of they are attempting the importance of the part of they are attempting the importance of the part of they are attempting the importance of the part of they are attempting the importance of the part of they are attempting the importance of the part of they are attempting the importance of the part of they are attempting the importance of the part of they are attempting the importance of the part of they are attempting the importance of the part of they are attempting the importance of the part of the

CURRENT VERSE

Over the mountains of sleep, my Love, Over the hills of dream,
Beyond the wails of care and fate,
Where the loves and memories teem;
We come to a world of fancy free,
Where hearts forget to weep;
Over the mountains of dream my Love
Over the hills of sleep.

Over the mountains of dream, my Love, Over the hills of sleep; Could we but come to that heart's des-

Could we but come to that head of the fire, where the harvests of fancy reap. Then we would know the old joys and hopes.

The longings of youth's bright gleam. Over the mountains of dream my Love, Over the hills of dream.

Yes, there the sweet old years have rest And all the joys we missed, myLove, Amid the glad ones loved of yore. At the sign of the Fancy Free; And there the old lips would repeat Earth's memories o'er and o'er, O'er the mountains of might-have-been Over the hills of yore.

Unto that valley of dreams, my Love,
If we could only go,
Beyond the mountains of heart's des-

The hills of winter and snow,
Then we would come to those happy
isles,
Those shores of blossom and wing.
Over the mountains of waiting, my
Love,
Over the hills of spring.

Consternation in the hen roost has been caused by the dictum of the Reading Poultry Conference that "the secret of many eggs per bird is to keep no hen beyond the autumn of its second year".

Visitor—"And is your milk good here?"

(You gir your we send year" we send the secret of the property of the secret of the property of the pro

Villager—"Yes, sir, very; we send all that isn't to Paris."

Uncle Pierre—"Yes, Tommy, it is quite possible that there are people in the moon."

Toto—"Well, what becomes of them when there isn't any moon?"—Pele Mele.

Over the mountains of dream, my Love, Over the hills of dream, my Love, Where the loves and memories teem, Where the loves and memories teem, Where hearts forget to weep.
Over the mountains of dream my Love, Over the hills of sleep.
Over the hills of sleep.
—Campbell.

When at the Last

sleep, And of the morrow's dawning reckon when night no more, or more may vigil keep,
And love's brief noon is but a dream forgot-Back to the Past, its sad and variant ways, Be Thou the warder of my yesterdays.

late,
Where waywardness had blundered,
love been blind,
If there be one that lieth clear and
straight—
Unseen, perchance, forgot, Thou
mayest find,
Even in that perverse, perplexing maze,
The white thread shining 'mid my yesterdays. terdays.

So oft hath love's torch wavered, love's feet failed,
Were the vain reckoning mine 'twere 'but to weep;
And through Time's deep and labyrinthian ways
Crown Thou some moment in my yesterdays!

—Harper's Bazar. -Harper's Bazar.

De Profundis

To a Beautiful Voice Out of the deeps, O voice, out of the

