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GOD ALWAYS NEAR

It is true, we cannot always feel God's presence. But we can always know that it is there, always think of it, so long as thought endures, always rest upon it forever and forever; and the reason why this promise is given is that we may hold fast to this truth. There may be a moment in the very depth of sorrow and anguish when the presence is hidden from us. But this is not because God is absent. It is because we are stunned, unconscious. It is like passing through a surgical operation. The time comes for the ordeal, the anaesthetic is ready, you are about to become unconscious. You stretch out your hand to your friend: "Don't leave me, don't forsake me." The last thing that you feel is the clasp of that hand, the last thing you see is the face of that friend. Then a moment of darkness, a blank—and the first thing you feel is the hand; the first thing you see is the face of love again. So the angel of God's face stands by us, bends above us, and we may know that he will be there even when all else fails. Our friends die, our possessions take wings and fly away, our honors fade, our strength fails, but beside every moldering ruin and every open grave, in the fading light of every sunset, in the gathering gloom of every twilight, amid the mists that shroud the great oceans beyond the verge of mortal life, there is one sweet, mighty voice that says: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. In all thy affliction I will be with thee, and the angel of my grace shall save thee."—Home Journal and News.

FUNNY PUNISHMENTS

Naval officers do not always mete out to the men the punishments laid down in the King's regulations. They frequently adopt punishments of their own invention, which prove most effective in preventing the recurrence of offenses. These punishments are often of a very curious and even ludicrous nature, says London "Tit-Bits."

Spitting upon the deck of a man-of-war is strictly prohibited. As soon as the bugler has sounded the "Stand Easy," spittoons are placed at intervals along the deck for the use of the sailors and woe betide the tar who ignores the presence of these tubs and expectorates about the spotless deck. On many vessels a wide belt is kept, and this the man who departs from the regulations is compelled to wear upon his person, and is thus subjected to the ridicule of his shipmates. He is given an opportunity of retrieving his character, however. He is permitted to walk the deck with the other men, and should he spot a sailor committing a like offence he at once presents him with the hated belt, and the new victim has to undergo a similar ordeal.

Some officers adopt more drastic measures. If Jack is detected expectorating anywhere but in the receptacles provided, a "spit-kit" is strapped to his chest, and any man who cares to do so may make use of this curious walking receptacle. As may be supposed, this humiliating punishment effectively presents the men from violating the regulations.

Were a civilian given two large wooden buckets, one empty and the other full of water, and told to bale the liquid from the full tub into the empty vessel with a small spoon, he would consider the order to be that of a madman or a revival of ancient fairy lore. Yet this punishment has on several occasions been meted out to refractory "sea dogs." Nothing is more amusing than to see a weather-beaten sailor carefully baling out spoonful after spoonful of water, and as carefully depositing the fluid in a large bucket at his side.

A punishment frequently employed is that of setting the defaulter to walk slowly backward and forward along the deck, nursing in his arms a 6-inch projectile (weighing a little over 100 pounds). After a quarter of an hour or so of this beneficial exercise the unhappy victim is glad to drop the load and rub his aching limbs. At the same time he probably makes a mental resolve never to repeat the offence for

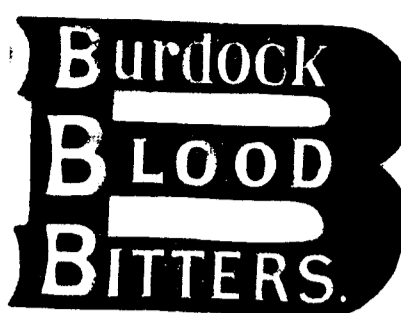
HOW MOSAICS ARE MADE

They first make an oil painting of exactly the same size as the proposed picture. Next they make a brass or iron mould of the same size, fill it up with a sheet of heavy pasteboard, on which they draw in pencil the likeness to be reproduced. Upon this hollowed surface mastic or cementing paste is gradually spread as the progress of the work requires it. Into this paste are stuck the smalti or small cubes of colored stone which compose the picture. Their harmonious combination must represent in lines and color, the corresponding part of the oil painting. When this is done to the satisfaction of the artist, he next goes to work in the same manner, on an adjoining space, and so on until the entire oil painting is reproduced by means of colored stones or smalti. These smalti are vitrified but opaque partaking of the nature of stone and glass, and are composed of a variety of minerals and other materials, colored for the most part with different metallic oxides. One mosaic artist assured the writer that they had 2,800 shades of color to select from. These smalti are manufactured in Rome in the form of long slender rods, like wires of different degrees of thickness, and are cut into pieces of requisite size, from the smallest pin points to an inch. When the mastic has sufficiently indurated, the work is susceptible of a polish like crystal. Mosaics are often so well made that it is hard to distinguish them from oil paintings. Not a few persons have admired the oil paintings of St. Peter's church in Rome. But there is not a single oil painting in St. Peter's; they are all mosaic reproductions of the world's masterpieces of religious art.—Exchange.

GREAT ROADS OF ANTIQUITY

Perhaps the earliest road on record is that mentioned by Herodotus as having been constructed by Cheops, the Egyptian king, in order that stones might be dragged along it for his pyramid. In the opinion of the Greek traveller, the work of making the road was as great as that of building the pyramid, for it took ten years to construct, and it was composed of polished stones with figures carved on them, but this does not compare in magnitude with the highways constructed by the Peruvians, while mediaeval Europe was still in a state of semibarbarous disorganization. The two principal roads in Peru ran from Quito in the north to Cuzco, the capital, the one along the sandy and level strip of coast, the other along the plateau of the Andes, a region of unparalleled engineering difficulty. The length of the second has been estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000 miles. It crossed sierras buried in snow, bridged ravines, with walls of solid masonry, mounted and descended precipices by staircases hewn in the solid rock and ran in interminable galleries along the sides of intractable mountains. Where rivers had to be crossed bridges were made with ropes of stout, pliant osier twisted to the thickness of a man's body and stretched over the stream, sometimes for a distance of 200 feet. These cables swung side by side, and fastened with planks so as to form a footway, were drawn through holes in enormous buttresses of stone specially constructed on each bank and were secured firmly at each end to heavy beams of tember. A railing of similar osier material gave the passenger confidence as he crossed the oscillating bridge that sank dangerously in the middle and mounted rapidly at the sides. The great highway was twenty feet wide and was built with flags of freestone covered with bituminous cement. It was measured out by posts set up at every league. Caravansaries and magazines were stationed at convenient distances for the Peruvian soldiers on their military expeditions, and a regular postal service had been organized by which highly trained runners, relieved every five miles, could convey messages a distance of 200 miles in the 24 hours. The roads were kept in beautiful order, the inhabitants of a district being responsible for that portion of the highway which traversed their land. At the same time it should be remembered that there was no wheel traffic to cut up the level surface of the hard pavement. There is considerable irony in the fact that it was not till the Spaniards forcibly introduced their so-called civilization into Peru that the famous roads began to fall into disrepair.

There are people who observe the rules of honor as one observes the stars from a great distance.



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THE "PET" OF THE REGIMENT.

The 2nd Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry recently celebrated the twenty-first birthday of "Jimmy Durham," a Soudanese who plays a clarinet in the band and has had a romantic career. During the Soudan campaign of 1885 a body of Dervishes fled, leaving a naked child on the banks of the Nile. It was picked up by Lieutenant Delisle, now the adjutant, and ever since he has been the pet of the regiment. When three years old he could prattle in Arabic and English, ride the horses bareback to water, and give a song and dance on the barrack-room table. He was allowed to accompany the troops to India, and in 1899 special sanction was given by Lord Roberts for him to join the regiment.—Exchange.

When again you enter God's sacred temple, let this one thought engage your attention. In reverent posture, with eyes riveted on the tabernacle, feel that you are in the presence of Omnipotence. The same Jesus who opened the eyes of the blind man, "Receive thy sight, thy faith hath made thee whole," who called Lazarus from the tomb, "Come thou forth," who commanded the winds and seas, commanded the winds and seas, "Peace, be still, and there came a great calm," who changed the heart of Peter by a glance; who rose triumphant over the grave; who now judges the human race, singly is present on the Altar. Silent adoration is the most fitting expression of our homage in the presence of such Power. As you leave Him ask Him to change your hearts: "O, God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

The Term "Greenhorn"

The term "greenhorn" originated in this way: The pioneers of the west were much given to hunting deer. It was a fact known to early settlers that when the horn of a fawn began to grow there was a ring of green hair around the spot. It was considered a disgraceful thing for a hunter to kill a fawn, a cruel act, and the killing time was regulated by the growth of the horn. There was a sort of unwritten law that no one should bill a male fawn before its horn could be seen. A person who was so unthoughtful as to kill a deer under the proper age was called a "greenhorn." He was so named because the young horn of the deer and the hair around it were still green. The use of the appellation gradually spread until it was applied to all raw or inexperienced youths or persons easily imposed upon.—Home Journal and News.

Foiled Again

"Madam, you have a daughter. Does she sing popular songs?"
"No, she—"
"Does she play on the piano?"
"No, she—"
"Does she paint in water or oil colors?"
"No, she—"
"Does she recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night?'"
"No, she—"
"She is the modern young girl for whom I have been searching with no accomplishments. Present me to her, Madam."
"But, my dear Sir, you won't let me speak. She is only six months old."—Baltimore American.

The secret of a happy life does not lie in the means and opportunities of indulging our weaknesses, but in knowing how to be content with what is reasonable, that time and strength may remain for the cultivation of our noble nature.

THE DESERT MIRAGE

An Explanation of This Peculiar Freak of Nature

One of nature's true wonders—one upon which much has been written, but which is not yet understood when its varied phenomena are considered—is the desert mirage. Travellers in the arid regions of the western and southwestern United States tell wondrous tales concerning the spectral pictures which the desert mirage has presented for their inspection. Cool sheets of water and waving trees and grassy swards appear where all is known to be parched earth and burning sands. Occasionally a mountain range will appear on what is known to be a boundless stretch of level plain, or a herd of deer, cattle or other animals will be seen apparently contentedly grazing on the glassy surface of the atmosphere. Cities are occasionally seen hundreds of miles from civilization, and phantom ships have been known to loom up against the sky and appear as real vessels to persons who lived so far away from the waters that they had never taken the trouble to visit the seacoast and who had never seen a real ship.

The explanation of the mirage, as usually given, is as follows:

The sand, being intensely hot, causes the layers of air which rest upon it to become greatly rarefied, and under certain circumstances this layer is quite distinct from the denser stratum a few inches or feet above it—just as if it were a sheet of water upon which oil rested. It is this rarefied stratum of air which acts as a reflector and pictures to the eye those curious inverted images.

AMUSEMENT

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays. The wind whistles. The thunder rolls. The snow flies. The waves leap. The fields smile; even the buds shoot and the rivers run.

"A woman went marketing in Fan-euil hall," said a Boston minister. "She stopped before a stall where were displayed fowl so aged as to seem almost unsalable. 'What do you sell those for?' inquired the woman, wondering if the proprietor would dare call them chickens. 'We usually sell them for profits, marm,' was the curt response. 'Oh,' said the woman, 'I thought they were patriarchs.'"

Policeman (to tramp)—I want your name and address.

Tramp (sarcastically)—Oh, yer do, do yer? Well, me name is John Smith, an' me address is Number one, the open air. If yer call on me don't trouble to knock, but just walk in.

"The people I lived with before, ma'am," said the new cook, "was very plain."

"Well," asked her new employer, "are we not plain here?"

"Yes, ma'am, but in a different way. The others was plain in their way of living, not in their looks, ma'am."

"A man always gets on easier by taking his wife's advice."

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "When things turn out badly, there isn't so much said."

Teacher—Tommy, when was Rome built?

Tommy—In the night.
Teacher—How came you to make such a mistake?

Tommy—You said yesterday Rome wasn't built in a day.

MAKING A JOB OF IT

The firemen continued their exertions until after 2 o'clock, by which hour all the damage that could be done was at an end.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Probably nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When in the early morning the day's affairs press on one's attention beforehand, and there comes the wonder how in the world everything is to be accomplished, when every interruption is received impatiently, and the clock is watched in distress as its moments flit past, then the mind tires the body. We are wrong to drive ourselves with whip and spur this way. Each of us is promised strength for the day, and we must not wear ourselves out by crowding two day's tasks into one. If only we can keep cool and calm, not allowing ourselves to be flustered, we shall be less wearied when they have reached the eventide.