THE BIRCH.

Whipping is Still a Custom in the English Schools.

In the house the new boy also finds that certain of the Sixth Form boys are monitors or prefects, chosen by the masters for standing or character, and that in them are vested certain powers that are not to be lightly or unadvisedly ignored. In every school these boys have certain rights in the oversight of the younger ones and also the privilege of enforcing their ideas even by the use of the rod. At Winchester and Rugby the right to whip is of divine right vested in these Sixth Form Boys, and the consequent reverence in which they are held is thereby strengthened. At Eton four of these boys are present when a culprit is "sent to the block," which in the school vernacular means that for some offence the culprit is sent to the room in which the "block" is kept, is there compelled to divest himself of a part of his clothing, and kneel upon the block while the master administers the punishment.

At Harrow no such repellent demands are made, for the offending boy is merely compelled to remove his jacket and the punishment is administered upon his shoulders, and it is whispered, he is allowed to don as many waistcoats as he desires.

It is the well-nigh universal conviction of masters and boys that "coning," "birching," "whopping" is seldom unduly severe, not too frequently used, and never unjustly. The disgrace of the sentence is its chief effect. The four cardinal offences are drinking, smoking, absence from the house, particularly at night, and telling a lie. The public school is not a reform school. A repetition of any one of the four usually means instant expulsion.

To an American the method seems brutal. Whipping in itself is bad enough, but to have a young boy thrashed by an older one, perhaps publicly and with the approval of the masters, is almost beyond his conception—certainly beyond that of an American mother. From "The Great Public Schools of England," by Everett T. Tomlinson, in the May Scribner.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Ould Matt'ew Moran.

"Och! 'tis he that looks natural, laying' there dead,"
Said oul Matt'ew Moran,
"Wid the palms at his feet an' the lights at his head
An' the cross in his han',
Heart an' soul are at rest,
An' it's all for the best,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.

When he'd laid by his coat an' had hung up his hat
An' had shuffled away to a corner an' sat,
Wid his stick twixt his knees an' his han's on the crook,
"Twas himsel,' an' no less, had the "natural look,"
For the folk o' the parish were won't to declare
Ne'er a wake a success unless Matt'ew were there.

"'Tis a sorrowful world," he leaned oer an' said
To the man by his side, wid a shake of his head;
"There's so much in it now that's deceitful an' wrong,
'Tis a blessin' our fri'nd here was took while he's young."
"He was siventy-five lasht July," said the man,
"An' I doubt if ye're more than that, Mister Moran."
Wid a tap o' the end of his stick on the floor,
"Shure a man is as ould as he feels—an' no more!"
Said oul Matt'ew Moran.

"Och! the breed o' men found in these days,
'Tis a crime!
Shure, they're not the strong stuff that was raised in my time.
Who's the nixt wan to go? if ye'll jisht look around,
Ye'll find manny a sickly one here, I'll be bound,
There's no life in thim now like the lads in my day,"
So he sat in his chair an 'jisht muttered away,
While the neighbors came in an' passed out o' the door
In a stiddy procession. Ten minyits or more
Since the ould man had spoken, the man by his side
Found him sittin' asleep, wid his mouth open wide,
Undisturbed in his corner they let him dream on
Till the lasht o' the neighborly mourners was gone,
"Och! the houses these days are jisht murthered wid heat,"
Growled ould Matt'ew Moran.

"There's so much in the world that's deceitful an' wrong,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.
"Tis a blessin', indeed, to be took whin ye're young,
Like a dacint young man.
Well, there's wan gone to rest,
An' it's all for the best,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.
—T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

The Gentle Cynic.

About the one thing a chronic borrower will not take is a hint.

People who search for a gas leak with a candle generally find it.

General Belief and Private Opinion do not belong in the same regiment.

Men who come home late at night have two ways of acting at breakfast in the morning. One is to be very cross, so nobody will dare say anything about it; the other is to be very cheerful so no one will want to spoil his good humor.

There is more power in a pound of chocolates to convince your wife you are a good husband than in buying a ton of coal.

All you have to do to change a bargain into a bunco is to make it.

The reason men don't like a tearful pity is it seems so much like home.

When a girl gets her first proposal she has already told how she had a hundred.

What a woman can never understand is how other women can say the mean things about her that she says about them.

The queer way women can dress their children is nothing like as queer as the way they can name them.

If the baby doesn't learn to walk for several months after it ought to it's because his brain is too big for his legs to carry.

A man would rather go to jail than to a reception if he could get out as quick.

Everything in a love letter to a girl is beautiful sentiment, even to the bad spelling.

Elderly Lady—Little boy, don't you know that cigarettes stunt the growth? Little Boy—Dat's all right, lady. I'm goin' to be a jockey.

NOVEL USE OF LIGHT.

Electric Lamps Employed to Stimulate Animals' Appetities.

Stimulating the appetite is one of the strangest uses to which artificial lighting is put. At the London Zoological Gardens small birds are called to breakfast two hours ahead of their usual time by the turning on of the electric light, and quails are fattened for the London market in underground cellars, which are lighted up many times a day to induce the birds to feed often and abundantly. At the Berlin Zoological Gardens a similar plan is adopted to make certain bears hibernate. For several weeks in fall their dens are brightly illuminated, they have a plentiful supply of their favorite food, and they eat and grow very fat, so that, when winter comes and their dens are barricaded, they quietly go to sleep for two or three months, just as in their native haunts. In spring they awaken, lean, hungry and healthy.

Ancient Guild of Lightermen.

By the passing of the Port of London bill the powers and privileges of one of the city's most ancient guilds—the Watermen and Lightermen's Company—will eother entirely pass away or be curtailed almost out of recognition. The origin of the company is almost lost in the dim past, but its important bearing on all matters relating to the user of the highway of the Thames has been enormous, and its charities have accumulated to such an extent that it possesses its own almhouses and maintains some 500 pensioners. These charities will not be interfered with, but the company's immense authority as the licensing body for all watermen and lightermen on the Thames will come to an end when the Port of London body is formed, except in so far that until further arrangements are made the guild will continue to issue licenses on behalf of the port authority, but will cease to exercise any jurisdiction over the holders of licenses—who number between 5,000 and 6,000—in case of misconduct. The powers of the guild in connection with the registration and measurement of lighters and small boats plying on the river will also pass away, and indeed, except in regard to such duties as may for the time being be delegated to it by the Port of London Authority, this ancient company, with its centuries of power over the Thames, will simply become but a memory and a name.—Glasgow Herald's London letter.

GRAND NEWS FOR OLD FOLKS

What Dodd's Kidney Pills did for Hiram Brown.

Cured His Aches and Pains and Gave Him Restful Slumber—Known as the Old Folks' Friend.

East Mapleton, Cumberland Co., N. S., May 10.—(Special)—Though well past the allotted span of life, Mr. Hiram Brown, of this place, is still one of the grandest sights in life, a hale and hearty old gentleman. And like many another Canadian veteran, he gives Dodd's Kidney Pills the credit for his abundant health.

"I am seventy-two years of age," Mr. Brown said in an interview, "and I want to say that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Gravel and Kidney Trouble. I was troubled with Backache, Headache and Dizziness, Cramps in the Muscles and Stiffness of the Joints. My sleep was broken and at times my limbs would swell.

"But since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, all these troubles have gone. I consider Dodd's Kidney Pills a wonderful medicine.'

The aged man or woman who has healthy Kidneys can afford to laugh at the ills of life. For healthy Kidneys keep the blood pure and ensure good restful sleep. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make healthy Kidneys. That is why they are known as the Old Folks' Best Friend.

Horseshoe Competition.

In a thickly populated district of Burnley the clanging of the anvil late at night caused the policeman on the beat to call at a blacksmith's shop. He found a competition in progress between two smiths as to which could make seventeen pairs of horseshoes in the shortest time. Each man was allowed an assistant as striker.

The contest was for a wager and each contestant had his backers, there being nearly a hundred spectators. It was not until 1 o'clock yesterday morning that the competition was over, the winner having accomplished the feat in two hours and a quarter and his rival in two hours and a half.—From the Westminster Gazette.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

THE FEEBLE-MINDED.

(Toronto Globe.)

Dr. Helen MacMurchy's reports on the condition of the feeble-minded in Ontario must always be read with mixed feelings. The primary one must be that of profound pity for those who come into the world with a confused, defective brain, living in a mental and moral twilight, yet unfortunately not experiencing that kindness and consideration which their stricken condition should naturally excite. It is a disgrace that everywhere they are the butts of the community, the sport of the children, and sometimes, alas, the victims of adult viciousness.

In Arthur's Court.

King Arthur had just instituted the Round Table.

"Fine," they cried; "but can you establish an untaxed table for the poor man?"

Herewith they perceived that chivalry amounted to little.

AN ANGEL.

Thomas Nelson Page, in the smoke-room of the Amerika, criticised trenchantly the work of a popular novelist.

"This man," declared Mr. Page, "has no idea of precision. He doesn't say what he means, he circles about his meaning.

"Why I Recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The Particulars of a Remarkable Cure Told by a Presbyterian Clergyman--The Sufferer Brought Back from Death's Door.

St. Andrew's Manse,
Cardigan, P. E. I., Jan., 1908.

Though I have never been sick myself, and have not had occasion to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I thought you ought to know of the remarkable cure they have wrought in Mr. Olding's case.

During a visit to my home in Merigomish, N. S., some years ago, I was grieved to find our next door neighbor and friend, Michael Olding, very low. "He is not expected to live," my mother informed me, "And you must go over and see him, as he is liable to pass away at any moment." "Not expected to live," that was the opinion not only of the doctor who attended him, but of his wife and family as well. Upon visiting him myself I found abundant evidence to confirm their opinion.

Mr. Olding had for years been afflicted with asthma and bronchitis, but now a complication of diseases was ravishing his system. He had been confined to his bed for months and was reduced to a skeleton. Though evidently glad to see me, he conversed with the greatest difficulty, and seemed to realize that it was the beginning of the end. He was daily growing weaker; his feet were swollen to twice their natural size, and the cold hand of death was upon his brow. "It's no use," he said, feebly, "the doctor's medicine is not helping me and I am going down rapidly." I prayed with him as for a man soon to pass into eternity, and when I took his hand in parting it was the last time I expected to see him in the flesh.

Three years later, while on another visit to my mother's, Michael Olding was seemingly in better health than I had ever seen him, for, as I said, he had always been ailing. In sheer desperation he had asked his wife to get him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They soon began to help him. His appetite and strength began to improve, and to the astonishment of his family and friends he rapidly regained his health. Now, though the burden of well-nigh four score years is upon him, he is able to do a fair day's work, and is in the enjoyment of good health, even the asthma has ceased to trouble him as in former years.

Mr. Olding himself, as well as his neighbors and the writer of this letter, confidently believe that his rescue from the very jaws of death—seemingly so miraculous—is due under the blessing of God to the timely and continuous use of Dr. Willaims' Pink Pills.

REV. EDWIN SMITH, M. A.

Mr. Olding himself writes: "I am glad Rev. Mr. Smith has written you about my wonderful cure, for I confidently believe that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been dead long ago. It would be impossible to exaggerate the desperate condition I was in when I began to use the Pills. No one thought I could get better. I scarcely dared hope myself that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would bring me through, but they did and I have ever since enjoyed good health. Though I am seventy-nine years old people are always remarking on how young I look—and I feel young. I can do a fair day's work and I am better in every way than I had been for years. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I take every opportunity I can to recommend them to friends who are ailing."

Britain's Marine Supremacy.

(N. Y. Journal of Commerce.)

One of the most persistent misrepresentations of the subsidists is that the merchant marine of Great Britain and Germany, the two nations that dominate the commerce of the sea, is sustained by subsidies. It is admitted that on account of the wide extent of the British Empire and the vast navy that it is bound to maintain, the Government of the United Kingdom does contribute to the support of certain lines of mail steamships which have to be fitted at extra expense for auxiliary naval vessels and are liable to be taken by the government for such service. So far as there might be just ground for a similar policy in this country it would not be objected to. But these mail and naval subventions do not apply to more than about 5 per cent. of the British tonnage and in no degree do they account for the success of the commercial marine of the empire. That owes its existence and prosperity to its freedom from trammels which were removed long ago by the abolition of the old navigation laws that sought to confine the British flag to British built vessels. The only subsidy, granted by the German Government is for mail communication to Africa, Australia and the Orient. Only one line accepts that and it has not proved profitable either to the shipping or to German trade with that part of the world. The development of the German merchant marine began with freedom to buy ships or have them built where it would cost least and to get the materials for building them free of tax. The merchant marine of both those nations is free from all restrictions that are not necessary to safety and the proper treatment of crews.

While the shipping of these countries has been growing that of the United States has been languishing because it has no such freedom, but is so hampered with restrictions that it cannot compete on the ocean, where there is no escape from competition.

I cured a horse of the Mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.
Dalhousie.

I cured a horse, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
St. Peter's. C. B. EDW. LINLIEF.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
THOS. W. PAYNE.
Bathurst, N. B.

He Knew by Experience.

A member of the Nebraska Legislature was making a speech on some momentous question, and, in concluding, said:

"In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"

One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and whispered:

'Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary; it was Noah."

"Noah nothing," repeated the speaker; "Noah built the ark."—Buffalo News.

Few Miners Kill Themselves.

Among the miners of Germany there are fewer suicides than any other class of workingmen in that country.

TREE CULTURE IN HOLLAND

Elms on Canal Banks and Lindens French Monarch Guarded.

There is perhaps no other well populated country in the world which has so many well wooded towns as has Holland. Most of the streets and grachts or canals have avenues of trees. Utrecht has two rows of trees on either side of its uqaint canals. Its canal banks are constructed as if in two storeys. The lower storey, almost flush with the water level, is lined with warehouses and vaults, while the upper storey has dwellings and shops. Both levels are planted with trees.

So many avenues of trees make a Dutch town exceedingly pleasant, especially on a hot day. The foliage tempers the glare of the sun and the vistas of green are refreshing to the eye. These abundant growths in thickly populated towns are highly useful as well as ornamental. It is recognized that from a hygienic point of view they are valuable to the citizens.

In Holland these useful services are gratefully recognized and the trees are carefully tended by the municipalities. The cost of this care per capita in the different towns varies somewhat. Last year, for example, Utrecht devoted 21 cents (Dutch) to its trees for each inhabitant and The Hague 28 cents for each of its 259,000 citizens. It takes two and a half Dutch cents to equal an American cent. About ten years ago the annual cost of caring for the trees of The Hague was nineteen cents (Dutch) per capita, but since that time many new trees and shrubs have been planted throughout the city and new parks have been laid out.

It has been found that not every kind of tree will thrive in the streets of a town, for trees have many enemies, both above and below ground. Gas escaping from pipes underground is the worst enemy of trees, because quite small quantities of it are deadly. For this reason special precautions are taken against the leakage of gas in Dutch towns. How electricity escaping underground acts upon trees as yet has not been sufficiently studied to be understood. Trees will not grow in very narrow streets where the houses are high; neither will they thrive if the pavement does not let in moisture and air in sufficient quantities.

The best trees for street planting in Holland are elms and lindens, but the elm is the hardier of the two and will grow where a linden will not. Trees of these kinds reach a great age, like the old elms along the quiet grachts of Edam, one of the 'dead' cities of the Zuyder Zee, which saw the fleets of Van Tromp and De Ruyter in the harbor of Edam—the harbor which appears so tiny to modern eyes that one with difficulty imagines "the terror of the North Sea" anchoring there. Then there are the magnificent lindens of the Malleboan in Utrecht, which appealed to the French monarch, King Louis XIV. Those lindens he commanded his soldiers to spare on peril of their lives.—The Hague correspondence Chicago News.

Mormonism.

"Is it true that many of these Mormons have half a dozen wives each?" asked a visitor to Salt Lake City of a policeman who was stationed near the Temple, says the Saturday Evening Post.

"Sure," said the policeman.

"Well, will you kindly tell me why on earth a man wants to marry half a dozen wives?"

"I dunno," said the policeman, "unles he thinks that mebbe he can get a good one out of the bunch."

MR. GOSLINGTON'S TROUBLES.

He Gives a Sample of the Things That Happen to Him When He Travels.

"I don't know why it is," said Mr. Goslington, "but when I travel I always seem to get the worst of it in some way; of there's anything going that isn't pleasant it comes to me.

"Yesterday I made a little trip to a place about fifty miles from the city. I went to the station early to get a seat by a window. I managed that all right. I got a window seat and just where I wanted, not at the end of the car, but about two-thords back from the front, where I would ride easy and at the same time have something to look at ahead, and of course that all pleased me very much.

"At the first station out there got aboard the car at the forward end seven men, a very assorted lot of men, some tall, some short, some thick, same thin, and among them one man of phenomenal proportions, a giant of a man, with legs sticking out beneath and a head projecting up from top, and then I watched with fearful interest the procession as it started down the car, for I was seized with a mortal terror that the big man would want to sit with me. Really he ought not to, for I sat two-thirds of the way down the car and there were plenty of vacant seats ahead; but you never can tell about a thing till it's settled.

"I watched that procession coming with a great and fearful interest, the big man bringing up the rear, and then with an increasing hopefulness I saw it dwindle as one member after another of it dropped out to take the first seat he came to, until all were seated except the giant, who was left alone still four rows in front of me and with three vacant seats in those four rows to choose from, and then my hope ran high, but he kept a-coming and passed them all until he came to mine, where he halted.

"'Is this seat taken?' he said to me, and what could I say but:

"'No, sir,' and then he sat down, sitting partly on that vacant place in the seat and partly on Oliver J. Goslington.

"So I drew the fat man after all; but things like that happen to me whenever I travel."—N. Y. Sun.

GRATEFUL FOR ECZEMA CURE

Any Sufferer Can Write to Mrs. D McGillivary, of Nanton, Alta., for Full Information.

There are undoubtedly many frauds in the testimonials of medical firms—letters written by friends or even employees of the advertiser. But, on the other hand, in some cases the testimonails are thoroughly genuine, gladly offered by prominent citizens, who are grateful for the cure.

Such a case is that of Mrs. D. McGillivary, of Nanton, Alberta, who cured her two children with D. D. D., and is glad to tell others about it. She wrote on Sept. 3 last:

"Your letter to hand of recent date. I must thank you for so kindly inquiring about my order and also the child. I am glad to say I received the three one dollar bottles of D. D. D. and two cakes of Soap safely, and am delighted with the result of both prescription and Soap. The Soap is all that is required to complete the treatment. The little boy of two years and a half is to all appearance cured of the dreadful Eczema.

"My baby girl at two months broke out with the same rash, and I treated her with D. D. D., and am perfectly satisfied she is cured to our great joy. I feel sure it is a splendid remedy for all skin diseases, and can highly recommend it. I will be glad to recommend it to any one suffering with skin trouble."

If any reader of this paper should write Mrs. McGillivary, we request that a self-addressed stamped envelope be enclosed.

For free sample bottle of D. D. D. Prescription write to the D. D. D. Laboratory, Department D, 23 Jordan street, Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

A Schoolboy on Domestic Economy.

My idea of a good income and how to spend it is to get forty-four shillings a week from every male in the house if he was working, and in spending it I should get a book and put all the provisions I had in the house in it and the cost of them. I should first see that I and our family would get their stomachs full every meal time, so I should buy meat that would last.

Every holiday time we should go for a day or two to a seaside resort. For a family of good eaters it takes a lot of bread, especially if you do not bake, and shop bread takes a lot of butter. But they shoud have it. I would also buy plenty of coal, with good shoes and stockings; also I would buy two beds to sleep on at night.—Letter of Schoolboy in Manchester Guardian.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

The Flea.

He cometh.
Would he would go.
He makes pets miserable.
He even attacks their owners. .. ...
But few people pay much attention to him.
They worry about the force wasted in waterfalls.
But they ignore the enormous strength of the flea's hind legs.
Let those who thrill over University high jumps consider the flea; he jumps 30 times his own height.
So really what chance have we with such an athletic wonder? We can only jealously poison him.

ISSUE NO. 19, 1909

HELP WANTED.

MEN AND WOMEN—TO SELL TITUS stocking darner; fits on any sewing machine; a boon to housekeepers; big profit. A. James Chesher, Port Hope, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL TEAS; house to house; others are clearing twenty dollars weekly. Why not you? Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

SNAPSHOT CAMERA FREE; ANY bright boy or girl can earn a snapshot camera in an hour. Send us your name and address with two references and we will tell you how to get a snapshot camera for an hour's work. Bijou Specialty House, Hamilton Ont.

FOR SALE.

LOTS IN PRINCE RUPERT, THE GRAND Trunk Pacific terminus, will be put on the market in May or June next. Persons intending to invest should write for information and advice to the Prince Rupert Realty-Commercial Co., Limited, 430 Richard street, Vancouver, B. C.

The Hogs Had Plenty of Time.

A Norfolk farmer riding through the Welsh mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

'Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the inquiring farmer.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten 'em on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and fatten them on corn. It saves a lot of time?"

"Ya-as, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer, "but, bless your heart, what's time to a hawg?"—From White's Class Advertising.

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

STEEPLEJACK'S BIGGEST JOB.

Decorating the Nelson Column in London With 40 Tons of Laurel.

"The biggest job I have undertaken," declares an English steeplejack, "has been the decorating and repairing of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, London. Nearly forty tons of laurel were used and the greater portion of this had to be carried aloft and fixed to the column at varying heights up to the top.

"I thought out my plans," he says in the Wide World Magazine, "but eventually decided to lash ladders to the structure by means of ropes passed d'round an 'round it. It was a ticklish, trying job, but it was accomplished without hitch or mishap of any kind.

"Two sets of ladders were used, placed opposite to one another. This was necessary, as the column measures forty feet in circumference—too far to pass a rope around with ease. The most difficult part of the ascent to negotiate was the cornice at the top of the column. This is the heaviest projection for throwback work in England and I had to climb up and over it with my back to the ground, for all the world like a fly on a ceiling.

"I am not ashamed to confess that I breathed more freely when I had rounded the obstruction and was able cautiously to slide myself on to the platform which supports the statue. From below this appears flat, but it is really bevelled with a sharp slope outward.

"I found it too covered with an inch thick layer of greasy soot, so that to walk about on it was exceedingly risky. However, once I got the life-line secured to the statue all was plain sailing.

"I discovered a crack in the hero's arm, which I repaired. When I tell people this they not infrequently ask on the spur of the moment, 'Which arm?' Of course the figure has only one."

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instrutions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

He Knew All About It.

A little boy, who had just this season joined Sunday school, was asked by his mother how he liked it.

"Why!" exclaimed Charlie, disgustedly, "they don't know much. The teacher asked what was the collec', and I was the only one who knew."

"And what did you say, dear?"

"Why, I told them pretty quick that it was a pain in the stomach."—Pink 'Un.

A Born Naturalist.

Little Ethel, who had lived so secluded a life that she never had seen a cat except in pictures, was on a visit to her aunt in one of the suburbs.

On the first morning of her stay the family cat walked into the parlor, looked around, then turned and walked out.

"Why, auntie," said little Ethel, "that cat has two sides, hasn't it?"

Zam-Buk
SURE CURE FOR SKIN INJURIES & DISEASES.

A purely herbal balm; best thing for the tender skins of children, yet powerful enough to heal an adult's chronic sore; highly antiseptic; eases pain and smarting soon as applied—that is Zam-Buk. Remember it is purely herbal—no mineral poisons, no animal fats. Power and purity combined!

All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box.