

## FIGHT WITH A COBRA.

Another Letter from a Missionary.

In a letter to his sister, Mr. Mackay gives an account of a fight with a cobra in which his coolness and courage without saved his life, and possibly the life of his wife. A few days before, Mackay had another experience with one of those dangerous brutes. His wife came running into his study one day with the news that a cobra was in the bath room. He ran in to find that the snake was making its way through a pipe which led to the ground outside. About six inches of its tail protruded from the pipe. This our missionary promptly transfixed, thus preventing the snake's escape. Leaving this end in charge of his wife, who held on to it firmly, the missionary ran out and discovered the head barely protruding from the other end of the pipe. With a spike fastened to the end of a pole he induced the snake to thrust forth its head, whereupon he transfixed it with his spike. Thus he had the snake secure at both ends, but was not enough exposed to enable him to destroy it. Having no weapon within reach, he took a carpenter's tweezers, seized the reptile by the upper jaw, released the head and tail, draw it out and promptly beat it to death, the household looking on in the meantime in horrified fear.

His encounter with the second snake he thus describes:

"Well, we had another 'time' last Thursday and another cobra. The brute measured four feet six inches plus some waves in his body. One of the servants saw him glide into a nook in the verandah where I have a work bench. He hid under some bits of boards and trash, while she gave the alarm. I was taking a bit of rest at the time, and ran out in my stocking feet, Jean following with my shoes, which I finally took time to put on. We could not get a proper chance at him owing to the loose boards, etc., but I spied about six inches of his body exposed, about as big around as my wrist, so I pinned him down, supposing it must be near his head. It proved to be about three feet from his head, however, and the way that brute hissed and blew and fought was a sight to see. He could not get a proper chance to erect himself, however, so I was safe, and my blood being up, I stuck to him till a native Christian stunned him with a club, and then it was easy to dispatch him. I used to go in there to work a while in the evenings for exercise, and I assure you we feel very grateful we were thus spared for it may have been there ever so long, and about three minutes after a bite from it, is about as long as one might expect to live.

How wonderfully we are kept at times. Surely He looketh narrowly into our ways and careth for us."

Mr. Mackay adds in a postscript the naive remark for our comfort, "I think all the snakes are dead now, as the two were probably a pair.

The letter goes on: "Yesterday a man and his wife broke out in prayer after our church service and we are wondering if another movement is about to begin among us similar to last year. Pray much for us, and may God bless you all."

His wife's comment, however, indicates that her mind is not quite at rest yet in this snake business. She says:

"Jim will tell you about our last cobra visitor. He fought furiously and hissed horribly. I shudder to think of the possible consequence of an encounter between my Hinghlander when his blood is up and one of these dangerous reptiles. But the snake came off second best, and we had another thanksgiving."

It is estimated that nearly 4,000 acres of cedar trees are cut down annually to provide the material for lead pencils.

## HOW A DOG GOT A COOKY.

By A. M. M.

Max is a big black dog who lives at the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. Max has no pedigree worth mentioning nor any personal beauty worth speaking of, but he is a dog and to any one who knows what a large part a dog can play in the economy of life that fact is all-sufficient. Those who know him consider him faithful and intelligent beyond the average dog and that is saying a good deal for him. He understands the use of an elevator as well as any person. When he wants to go up or down stairs he goes to the shaft and says, "Wow." The elevator girl understands and comes. Max walks into the elevator and rides till he comes to the floor where he wants to get off. Then he says "Wow" again and the door is opened and he gets off.

Max knows what pennies are for. They are to take to the baker's and buy cookies and when one is given him he coaxes his friends till he can get some one of them to go with him to invest it. The other day Max broke his record for brilliant achievements by getting himself a cooky without a penny and without any one to go to the baker's with him. He had been lying in his favorite corner in the central office for some time. His mistress thought he was asleep, but he had evidently been thinking, for all of a sudden he started up and with the air of a person who has made up his mind to something, walked to the outside door and asked to have it opened. The hall girl let him out and he marched straight across the street to the bakery. When he got there he walked in, put his front paws up on the counter and said, "Wow." "What will you have?" asked the clerk. "Wow, Wow," answered Max. The clerk, being a wise woman, understood. "Yes," she said, "a cooky. I will get you one." So she took one out of the case, put it in a bag, and gave it to Max. He said another "wow" which the wise clerk knew meant "Thank you," took the bag in his mouth and trotted home to tell his mistress what he had done and to show her what he had got. Then he came around to tell us in the other departments and we were convinced again that one of the smartest and nicest and best dogies in all the land was our glossy-coated, true-eyed Max.

## LAUNCH OUT.

By Alice Mather Dixon.

At thy command we launch, O Lord,  
Our boats into the sea,  
Let down our nets, at thy blest word,  
And leave results to thee.

All night we've toiled, and taken naught;  
We're weary now and worn;  
Thy promise brings the hope we've sought,  
Illuminating the dawn.

We take thee at thy gracious word.  
Reward is blest and sure;  
Thou wilt redeem thy promise, Lord;  
We'll to the end endure.

Then after life's long night is o'er,  
And heaven's dawn begun,  
We'll meet thee on that blessed shore,  
And hear thee say, "Well done."  
—Herald and Presbyter.

## THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

Nature will have her compensations. Our overworked bodies and nerves require recuperation and rest. The longer the delay the greater the price. Before too late try the tonic influence of the Mineral Salt Springs. The "St. Catharines Well," for nervous troubles, rheumatism and allied diseases, appeals to those desiring relief and absolute convalescence. Write to J. Quinlan, District Passenger Agent, Grand Trunk Railway System, Montreal, for illustrated descriptive matter.

## BABY'S BEST FRIEND.

Baby's Own Tablets have saved many a precious little life. There is no other medicine to equal them for stomach and bowel troubles, colds, simple fevers or teething troubles. They are good for children of all ages—from the new born babe to the well grown child. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they do not contain opiates or natural drugs. Mrs. John C. Gildart, Prosser Brook, N. B., says: "I have proved that Baby's Own Tablets are a great help to mothers and are baby's best friend. They act almost like magic and I will always keep them in the house." The tablets are sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## OUR VANISHING FORESTS.

It is a fact which we face with some degree of sadness, even to mourning, that Canada in a few years will be devoid, absolutely devoid of the beautiful pine forests which at one time were its pride. We can calculate the number of years, and the number is not very great, when there will not be another tree of the original forest to be cut upon the limits of the Canadian lumbermen. But trees have grown and trees ought to grow again.

There is an impression, which I have heard expressed on more than one occasion, that it is useless to look for another crop of pine trees; that when you have removed the crop we found here, the growth of many years, the new crop of trees will be spreading, and of no merchantable value.

But I am told that there is a way whereby a new crop of trees can be grown. The growth should be started as soon as the original trees have been removed from the soil.

A few years ago I was discussing this subject with a lumberman of great authority, a man known to some of you, the late John Bertram, a man most eminent in his profession and of the highest capabilities in many directions. He told me that on his limits on Georgian Bay he had a young crop of pine which he had started a few years before. The explanation he gave me was this—and I am glad to give here the information he imparted to me, so as to gain the opinions of those who have experience in these matters—he told me that when the crop of pine was cut off, the new crop to spring up would consist largely of poplar, and the poplars grew faster than the pine or hardwood trees. And he said: "If you take care to plant pine seeds underneath these poplars, the young pine will grow up, shaded by the faster-growing trees. The pines, in their efforts to reach the sunlight, will grow tall and without limbs. After a time, when they overtop the poplars, their life is assured."

If this be the case, it seems to me we have here a method of reproducing our trees and of having for all time a constant supply. It is a natural thought that we shall not live to see this young generation of trees at their full growth; but we must not think alone for ourselves, we must think of the prosperity of Canada in the days when all of us shall be sleeping in our graves.—From article by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in National Geographical magazine.

Lord Reay, who has just completed his 68th year, was known for many years by his Netherlands title of Baron Mackay, descends from Sir Donald Mackay, who fought under Gustavus Adolphus (and afterwards for Charles I.), married five wives, and was created a Peer in 1628. The present baron has been a successful Governor of Bombay, and received a Barony of the United Kingdom in 1881. He acquired through his wife, the widow of a Roxburghshire laird, the beautiful estate of Carlisle, in that county.