

DEATH.

Where most the bounded and the boundless good.
A wail that earth's deep anguish knew.
Faint in the falling shadows, dimly stood
And prayed the gates to let him enter through.

A thin, white hand, scarce visible, with night
Turned the vast hinges, and he walked alone
From man the mote to God the infinite,
Comrade of truth and heir of the unknown.
—Frederic L. Miller in Century.

AN ASTONISHED INDIAN.

Signals by the Helio-stat Fairly Over-whelmed Geronimo.

At one interview with Geronimo, says General Miles, I tried to explain to him the uselessness of contending against the white race. I told him that we had the use of steam, and the telegraph and helio-stat, both superior to any of their methods of communication. I then had the helio-stat set up and said to Geronimo:

"We can watch your movements and send messages over the tops of these mountains in a small part of a day, over a distance which it would take a man on a swift pony 20 days to travel."

He was both curious and incredulous. "How is that?" he asked.

I asked the operator to open communication with the nearest station 5 miles away. He turned his instrument upon that point and flashed a signal of attention. As quick as thought the sunlight was flashed back again. Then Geronimo confessed that he had observed these flashes on the mountain and had believed them to be the manifestation of spirits.

"From here to that point," said I, "is a distance of nearly a day's march. From that point we can communicate all over this country. I can send a message to Fort Bowie, 65 miles away, or to Fort Apache, nearly 800 miles from here, and get an answer before the sun goes down in the west."

"If you can talk with Fort Bowie," he said at once, "do this. I want my brother there as a guarantee of my good faith. Now tell me if my brother is all right."

I gave the order to the operator.

"Now," I said to Geronimo, "you will have to wait for that inquiry, with the reply, will have to be repeated six times."

In a short time the answer came back that Geronimo's brother was there, was well and waiting for him to come.

This struck the savage with awe. He said something to one of his warriors, whereupon the latter quietly turned on his heel, mounted his pony and rode rapidly back in the direction of the mountains whence Geronimo had come. I asked the interpreter, standing near by, what Geronimo had said.

"He told him to go and tell Natchez," was the answer, "that there was a power here that he could not understand. He told him to come in and come quick."

The helio-stat had performed its last and best work. In a few hours Natchez came riding down from the mountains, with his band of warriors and their families, and so surrendered a tribe that has never been matched since the days of Robin Hood.

How the Grizzly Bear Feared.

A man who stood in front of the bear pit at the menagerie in Central park was greatly interested in observing just how the big grizzly bear took the peanuts that one of the visitors was handing to him. The bear stood up at an angle of about 45 degrees, hind feet on the floor of the pit, one fore foot resting on the stone ledge in which the bars of the cage were included, the other extended through the bars to take the peanuts. He did not clutch them under his claws and then turn the claws inward upon the ball of his foot, but he reached out through the bars and spread his claws apart sideways, as one might spread the fingers of his hand apart. The visitor would place a peanut between two of the claws, and then the bear would close the claws together, as one would close the fingers of his outstretched hand. He would hold the peanut between two claws in the same manner that a man sometimes holds a cigar between two fingers. Holding it thus, the bear would carry the peanut to his mouth; then, thrusting his paw between the bars again, he would open his claw out sideways as before, waiting for another.

"I suppose it must be an acquired taste," said a solemn-faced wanderer, referring to the bear's apparent fondness for peanuts. "I don't know," said another man. "I'm not so sure but what there are some places where grizzlies live that peanuts grow."

"That may be," said the solemn-faced man, "but I'm sure there's no place where they grow baked."—New York Sun.

Exciting Kansas.

William Allen White tells a story of a Kansas man who left the state, but soon returned to it because he missed the excitement. "Why, man," said White, "what do you mean? What excitement can there be in living where there isn't a piece of vegetation higher than a sunflower and where human beings are as few as summer showers?" "Well, you see, it's like this," he replied. "You put in a crop, and from the moment the seed's in the ground until the last day of harvest it's a gamble whether or not you get a full crop; or, barely enough to feed a mule. The sustained excitement amounts to what you would get out of a four months' poker game in which you had almost everything—Oh, there's plenty of excitement about it, and I've become so accustomed to that feature of it that I'm lost without it." This farmer was a Greek letter fraternity man, and, ludicrous as it may seem, he unquestionably spoke with the utmost seriousness.—New York Tribune.

Economy in Old Gloves.

Never throw old kid gloves away. They are nice to use, for they save the hands in many ways. For example, in gardening and dusting, and, indeed, if one moistens the hands with glycerin or cold cream and draw on a pair of easy old gloves for an hour the hand is made astonishingly white, smooth, soft and flexible. Another use for old gloves is to cut the backs for pen-wipers and to keep the fingers for stalls for cut fingers or burns or any accident to the hands.—New York World.

Its Name.

"My friend," said the traveler with the skullop, putting his head out of the car window as the train stopped at a desolate looking village, "what is the name of this dried up, God-forsaken place?" "That's near enough," responded the dejected citizen, who was leaning against the little red shanty that served as the railway station. "Let it go at that." Chicago Tribune.

The house fly of Europe is said to be of an entirely different species from the same affliction of America.

An acre of ordinary English measure is equal to four-tenths of a hectare.

Many thousands of uncollected letters have reached the manufacturer's of Scott's Emulsion from those cured through its use, of Consumption and Scrofulous diseases! None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physi-

DROPPED DEAD!

Suddenly Stricken down by Heart Disease.

"A sad and sudden death occurred to a well-known citizen on one of the leading streets this morning."

Nearly every large city paper contains an account of the death of the number of deaths from heart failure is very large, but it is only when they occur in some public and sensational manner that general attention is drawn to them.

Palpitation and fluttering of the heart are common complaints. With the heart itself there is nothing radically wrong. But the system is disorganized, the kidneys and liver are out of order, and the stomach is not in condition to do its work properly. Between them all, they throw too much responsibility on the heart, and the latter is unable to stand the strain.

A box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at a cost of 25 cents will regulate the system, purify the blood and make a new person of every sickly man, woman or child.

Dr. Chase's Liver-Kidney Pills may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers, Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. One pill a dose, one cent a dose.

Dr. Chase's Limesed and Turpentine is the largest bottle on the market, only 25 cents.

MY NEIGHBOR TOLD ME

About Hood's Sarsaparilla and advised me to try it—This is the kind of advertising which gives Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world. Friend tells friend that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures; that it gives strength, health, vitality and vigor, and whole neighborhoods use it as a family medicine.

HOOD'S PILLS ACT easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headaches.

LOCK THE DOOR

Before the horse is stolen. Purify, enrich and vitalize your blood and build up your physical system before disease attacks you and serious sickness comes. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong and vigorous and will expel from your blood all impurities and germs of disease. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

HOOD'S PILLS are the favorite family cathartic. Easy to take, gentle, mild. 25 cents.

Seventy million people know Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, strengthens the system and gives good health.

THE PEOPLE ARE CONVINCED

When they read the testimonials of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are written by honest men and women, and are plain, straightforward statements of fact. The people have confidence in Hood's Sarsaparilla because they know it actually and permanently cures, even when other medicines fail.

HOOD'S PILLS are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

FAST LINE TO NEW YORK.

The Lehigh Valley R. R., in connection with the Grand Trunk Ry., have the fast through train service between Toronto, Hamilton, London, and principal points in Ontario, to New York City. Only line running Pullman buffet sleeping cars. Two hours ahead of all other lines.

Passengers for Europe via this line are landed in New York at Denbros or Cortlandt streets, in close proximity to all European steamship docks. Don't fail to ask for tickets and sleeping car accommodations via Lehigh Valley route, at all Grand Trunk City and station offices.

A PUNY AND FRETFUL BABY.

This is now quite unnecessary. I like many others, you may have your baby laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

EARACHE CURED.

Dear Sirs,—I was troubled with earache for a long time, and could get no ease until I tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil. I can truthfully say that it has made a complete cure.

MISS MARTHA M. RECTOR, Central Economy, N. S.

WILL OPERATE ON BELIEVERS

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MAKING THE TORTILLA

The Process of Producing Mexico's Main Article of Food.

Edward Page Gurney, writing on "Broad-making in Mexico and Zuni," in The Woman's Home Companion, thus describes the making of Mexican tortilla: "The tortilla is typical of old Mexico and is encountered wherever the influence of the cactus republic has reached. It was found as the main article of food among the ancient Aztecs at the time of the Spanish conquest, more than 2½ centuries ago, and the little hand ground and palm fashioned corn cake has well held its own down through the ages, being today as popular and in as general use as ever."

"Shelled corn intended for this use is first soaked overnight in lime-water until the outer husk of the kernels is loose enough to be removed by being rolled between the hands and is then ready for grinding. This is done by the Mexican women of the lower class, who often work in the doorways of their homes, bending over the historic stone hand mill, called in Mexico a metate. The mill is simply a rough slab of stone supported by four stony legs and is made of volcanic tuff, the coarse grain of which is best adapted for the grinding of the corn, beans, chile, seeds, cheese or whatever it may be desired to finely pulverize. The stone hand mill is an indispensable item in the culinary outfit of the tropical home. The accompanying hand piece, looking like a rude rolling pin, is also of stone and is bristly-worked up and down the inside of the stone, suitable for the woman as she bends to her work with a steady swing of body, shoulders and arms."

"It is claimed that the flour for the tortilla can be perfectly milled only by their ancient methods, and when one sees the result of the grinding he is ready to admit that possibly they are right."

"As the moist windrows of the meal roll off the grinding board, it is caught in a basin, and is then all ready for being formed into cakes for baking. When ready to bake, a woman takes a small lump of the heavy mixture and lays it in the palm of her hand. Then, with the other palm she rolls it into a ball and begins to quickly pat it into the required thinness, dolly spreading the fingers to allow it to enlarge its size, and changing it from hand to hand until it is only an eighth of an inch in thickness, and generally about six inches in diameter, although sometimes as large as a dinner plate."

"The plastic cakes are tossed, one after another, as completed, upon the stove, called a brasero, and as fast as delicately browned and turned they are placed in a steaming heap and enveloped in a cloth to keep them warm, from which arises a most tempting odor."

A Jump in Luck.

Boely is a man that never had to work for a living, but he's always busy pursuing some fad, pushing some line of study or indulging in some hobby. The other night, when friends were helping him fill his library with books, he told this one:

"Twenty years ago I read of two rich young Englishmen who had become bankrupt in order to study the species. It caught my fancy and I undertook the same experiment. A thousand interesting incidents might be recalled, but there was one that changed the whole current of my life."

"One evening about dusk I pounded at the back door of a house and was answered by a stately, noble looking woman, who recognized me as a guest, with I felt as though turning to stone at seeing her. You know the mental vacuum that visits a man in time of deep embarrassment? I stuttered and stammered and groped about in a fruitless effort to explain, while she was a look of mingled pity and disdain. She was wondering if her refusing me two years before had been a mistake, or if I had been inwardly cursing the earth for not yawning just long enough to swallow me. At last I rallied sufficiently to make her understand. We ate a meal together, though the hired girl turned up her nose and refused point blank to wait on 'deh a lookin' critter.'"

"The face of my hostess faded because I was not the wreck she had thought me. I caught her on the rebound and was accepted, long hair, unshaven face, disreputable clothing and all. She secretly admitted that she must have been mistaken in thinking I had no aim in life. I had envisaged she had never suspected in me. Now you know why she often calls me her dear old tramp."—Detroit Free Press.

Shaving a Lady.

A story is going the rounds concerning "Tom the barber," whose dexterity with the razor is a household word in Bombay. A lady just arrived from England drove to the hotel in Bombay which had been recommended her and was given a spacious bedroom, which she was told had just been vacated by a lady officer who had gone up country. She was very tired and very sleepy, and after dinner she retired at once to rest, with an instruction that she was not to be disturbed in the morning.

Imagine her surprise when, shortly after sunrise, she awoke to find half her face covered with lather and a ferocious native barber, razor in hand, proceeding to her throat. She shrieked aloud, and Tom the barber, for it was he, fled.

When the alarm sounded, it transpired that before her departure the lady officer had parted officer at a certain time every morning, asleep or awake, and that he was unaware of the fact that the bedroom had changed hands. Tom makes it his boast that he can shave a man without arousing him from slumber.—Scottish Nights.

Ex-Barmides.

According to a renowned restaurant owner, there are many ex-barmides high in the ranks of society. One wears with honor the coronet of a duchess; there are a score or more in the peerage.

An artist whose pictures are sought for by connoisseurs and drive mild and titter in Greenwich. A singer, upon whose liquid notes intruded audiences linger, in her younger days served the students of Oxford in the hall of the Miter.

A distinguished London actress once helped the thirsty patrons of the Alhambra to their choice, and thousands of virtuous wives and faithful mothers give testimony to the fact that even the lady may be a stepping stone to the domestic hearth. Indeed it is the barmide who has some advantage of selection.—Strand Magazine.

Needless Wear.

Many people wear themselves out needlessly; their conscience is a tyrant. An exaggerated sense of duty leads a person to anxious, needless activity, to be constantly doing something, over-punctual, never tiring a second of time, to scorn rest. Such are in unconscious nerve tension. They say they have no time to rest, they have so much to do, not thinking they are rapidly unfitting themselves for probably what would have been their best and greatest work in after years.—New York Ledger.

Every day's experience tends more and more to confirm me in the opinion that the temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform.—Richard Cobden.

Before thou reprehend another, take heed that thou art not culpable in what thou dost about. He that cleanses with blotting fingers makes a greater blur.—Quarles.

LIKE A TIDAL WAVE

Heart Disease and Nerve Trouble Sweep the Country—The Papers Are Full of the Tidings.

Probably at no period in the world's history have heart and nerve troubles been as prevalent as they are to-day. Fortunately for this epidemic is given a remedy. Here is what Mrs. F. Kniveton of Adelaide street, Chatham, N. S., desires to say regarding her experience.

Says Mrs. Kniveton, "I think Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a splendid remedy, as they helped me wonderfully. I have had trouble with my heart and nerves for five years, causing shortness of breath, violent palpitation, nervousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and other serious troubles."

Six weeks ago I went to the Central Drug store here and got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Their effects have been splendid, restoring my heart to its former healthy action, and removing the dread of death, which formerly was often present. My nerves have been strengthened, I now get restful sleep, and relish my food as well as ever. In fact, they have made me well and strong, and I cannot be too thankful to this remarkable remedy."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills may be obtained from any druggist, or will be mailed on receipt of price by T. J. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont. The price of these pills is 60c. per box, or three boxes for \$1.50.

GRAND TRUNK

GOING EAST	GOING WEST
2:25 a.m. Via Lake Express	6:50 a.m.
5:15 a.m. Via Lake Express	8:45 a.m.
8:15 a.m. Via Lake Express	11:45 a.m.
11:15 a.m. Via Lake Express	2:45 p.m.
2:45 p.m. Via Lake Express	5:45 p.m.
5:45 p.m. Via Lake Express	8:45 p.m.
8:45 p.m. Via Lake Express	11:45 p.m.
11:45 p.m. Via Lake Express	2:45 a.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

GOING EAST	GOING WEST
2:25 a.m. Via Lake Express	6:50 a.m.
5:15 a.m. Via Lake Express	8:45 a.m.
8:15 a.m. Via Lake Express	11:45 a.m.
11:15 a.m. Via Lake Express	2:45 p.m.
2:45 p.m. Via Lake Express	5:45 p.m.
5:45 p.m. Via Lake Express	8:45 p.m.
8:45 p.m. Via Lake Express	11:45 p.m.
11:45 p.m. Via Lake Express	2:45 a.m.

SERIES & HURON

GOING EAST	GOING WEST
2:25 a.m. Via Lake Express	6:50 a.m.
5:15 a.m. Via Lake Express	8:45 a.m.
8:15 a.m. Via Lake Express	11:45 a.m.
11:15 a.m. Via Lake Express	2:45 p.m.
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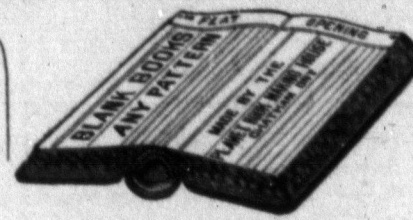
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