

THE SPANS OF LIFE.

"The Days of Our Years Are
Threescore Years and Ten."

GOOD ADVICE FOR EACH DECADE

From Persons Now Go Beyond the Seventieth Milestone of Life-In Ancient Times People Lived to Great Age-It Was Necessary, That the History of the World Be Handed Down by Tradition.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1892, by William Bailey, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Washington, Jan. 26.—From an unusual standpoint Dr. Talmage in this discourse looks at the duties and trials which belong to the different decades of human life; text, Psalms, xc, 10, "The days of our years are three score years and ten." The seventieth milestone of life is here planted as at the end of the journey. A few go beyond it. Multitudes never reach it. The oldest person of modern times expired at 169 years. A Greek of the name of Stravivante lived to 132 years. An Englishman of the name of Thomas Parr lived 152 years. Before the time of Moses people lived 150 years, and if you go far enough back they lived 900 years. Well, that was necessary, because the story of the world must come down by tradition, and it needed long life safety to transmit the news of the past. If the generations had been short lived, the story would so often have changed lips that it might have got all astray. But after Moses began to write it down, and parchment told it from century to century it was not necessary that people live so long in order to authenticate the events of the past. If in our time people lived only twenty-five years, that would not affect history, since it is put in print and is no longer dependent on tradition. Whatever your age, I will to-day directly address you, and I shall speak to the young, the middle-aged, the thirties, the forties, the fifties, the sixties, and to those who are in the seventies and beyond.

First, then, I accost those of you who are in the twenties. You are full of expectation. You are ambitious—that is, if you amount to anything—for some kind of success, commercial or mechanical or professional or literary or agricultural or social or moral. If I find some one in the twenties without any sort of ambition, I feel like saying: "My friend, you have got on the wrong planet. This is not the world for you. You are going to be in the way. Have you made your choice of porpoises? You will never be able to pay for your cradle. Who is going to settle for your board? There is a million about the fact that you were born at all."

But, supposing you have ambition, let me say to all the twenties, expect everything through divine manipulation, but now let me say to you, you have got to make something better. Are you looking for wealth? Well, remember that God controls the money markets, the harvests, the lights, the clouds, the locusts, the sunshine, the storm, the land, the sea, and you will get wealth. Perhaps not that which is stored up in the banks, in safe deposits, in United States securities, in houses and lands, but your clothing and board and shelter, and that is about all you can appropriate anyhow. You cost the Lord a great deal. To feed and clothe and shelter you for a lifetime requires a big sum of money, and if you get nothing more than the absolute necessities you get an enormous amount of supply. Expect as much as you will of any kind of success, if you expect it from the Lord you are safe. Depend on any other resource and you may be badly chagrined, but depend on God and all will be well. It is a good thing to have a life to have a man of large means back you up. It is a great thing to have a moneyed institution stand behind you in your undertaking. But it is a mightier thing to have the God of Heaven and earth your coadjutor, and you may have him. I am so glad that I met you while you are in the twenties. You are laying out your plans, and all your life in the twenties and the next for five hundred million-years of your existence will be affected by those plans. It is about 8 o'clock in the morning of your life, and you are just starting out. Which way are you going to start? Oh, the twenties!

"Twenty" is a great word in the Bible. Joseph was sold for twenty pieces of silver; Solomon gave Hiram twenty cities; the flying roll that Zechariah saw was twenty cubits; when the sailors of the ship on which Paul sailed sounded the Mediterranean sea it was twenty fathoms. What mighty things have been done in the twenties! Romulus founded Rome when he was twenty; Keats finished his at twenty-five; Lafayette was a world renowned soldier at twenty-three; Othello accomplished his chief work at twenty-seven; Bonaparte was victor over Italy at twenty-six; Pitt was prime minister of England at twenty-two; Calvin had completed his immortal "Institutes" by the time he was twenty-six; Grotius was attorney-general at twenty-four. Some of the mightiest things for God and eternity have been done in the twenties. As long as you can put the figure 2 before the other figure that helps describe you, look out for that figure 2. Watch its continuance with as much earnestness as you ever watched anything about that promised you salvation or threatened you demerit. What a critical time—the twenties! While they continue you decide your occupation and the principles by which you will be guided; you make your most abiding friendships; you arrange your home life; you fix your habits. Lord God Almighty, for Jesus Christ's sake, have mercy on all the men and women in the twenties!

Next I accost those in the thirties. You are at an age when you find what a tough thing it is to get recognized and established in your occupation or profession. Ten years ago you thought all that was necessary for success was to put on your shutter the sign of physician or dentist or attorney or broker or agent and you would have plenty of business. How many hours you sat and waited for business, and waited in vain, three persons only know—God, your wife and yourself. In commercial life you have not had the promotion and the increase in salary you anticipated, or the place you expected to occupy in the firm has not been vacated. From thirty to forty is an especially hard time for young doctors, young lawyers, young mechanics, young farmers, young men, young ministers. The struggle of the thirties is for honest and helpful and remunerative recognition. But few old people know how to treat young people without patronizing them on the one hand or snubbing them on the other. Oh, the thirties! Joseph stood before Pharaoh at thirty; David was thirty years old when he began to reign; the height of Solomon's temple was thirty cubits; Christ entered upon his active ministry at thirty years of age; Judas sold him for thirty pieces of silver. Oh, the thirties! What a word suggestive of triumph or disaster!

Your decade is the one that will probably afford the greatest opportunity for victory because there is the greatest necessity for struggle. Read the world's history and know what are the thirties for good or bad. Alexander the Great made Europe tremble with his armies at thirty-five; Cortes conquered Mexico at thirty; Grant fought Shiloh and Donelson when thirty-eight; Raphael died at thirty-seven; Luther was the hero of the reformation at thirty-five; Sir Philip Sidney got through at thirty-two; the greatest deed for God and against him were done within the thirties, and your greatest battles are now and between the time when you cease expressing your age by putting first a figure 2 and the time when you will cease expressing it by putting first a figure 3. As it is the greatest time of the struggle, I address you, in God's name and by God's grace, make it the greatest achievement of your life. My prayer is for all those in the tremendous crisis of the thirties. The fact is that by the way you decide the present decade of your history you decide all the following decades.

Next, I accost the forties. Yours is the decade of discovery. I do not mean the discovery of the outside, but the discovery of yourself. No man knows himself until he is forty. He overestimates or underestimates himself. By that time he has learned what he can do or what he cannot do. He thought he had commercial genius enough to become a millionaire, but now he is satisfied to make a comfortable living. Now, calm yourself. Thank God for the past and deliberately set your compass for another voyage. You have chased enough this decade, you have blown the soap bubbles; you have seen the unsatisfying nature of all earthly things. Open a new chapter with God and the world. This decade of the forties ought to be a time of peace and contentment, of usefulness and in happiness. "Forty" is a great word in the Bible. God's ancient people were forty years in the wilderness; Eli judged Israel forty years; David and Solomon and Jehoshaphat reigned forty years; when Joseph visited his brethren, he was forty years old. Oh, this mountain top of the forties! You have now reached the character you will probably have for all time and all eternity. God, by his grace, sometimes changes a man after the forties, but after that a man never changes himself. Tell me, O man, changes himself who are in the forties your habits of thought and life, and I will tell you what you will forever be. I might make a mistake once in a thousand times, but not more than the proportion. My sermon next accosts the fifties.

How queer it looks when in writing your age you make the first of the two figures a "5." This is a decade which shows what the other decades have been. If a young man has been wild oats and he has lived to this time, he reaps the harvest of it in the fifties, or if by necessity he was compelled to overtool in honest direction, he is called to settle up with exacting nature sometime during the fifties. Many have it so hard in early life that they are octogenarians at fifty. Sciatica and rheumatism and neuralgia and vertigo and insomnia have their playground in the fifties. You have made so many voyages you ought to be a good sailor. So long protected and blessed, you ought to have a soul full of doxology. In Bible times in Canaan every fifty years was by God's command a year of jubilee. The people did not work that year. If property had by misfortune gone out of one's possession, on the fiftieth year it came back to him. If he had fooled it away, it was returned without a farthing to pay. If a man had been enslaved, he was in that year emancipated. A trumpet was sounded, and low and dear and long, and it was the trumpet of jubilee. They shook hands, they laughed, they congratulated. What a time it was, that fiftieth year! And if under the old dispensation it was such a glad time, under our new and such a glorious dispensation let all who have come to the fifties hear the trumpet of jubilee that I now blow.

My sermon next accosts the sixties. The beginning of the decade is more startling than any other. In his chronological journey the man rides

rather smoothly over the figures 2 and 3 and 4 and 5, but the figure 6 gives him a big jolt. He says, "I cannot be that I am sixty. Let me examine the old family record. I guess they made a mistake. They got my name down wrong in the roll of births." But, no, the older brothers or sisters remember the time of his advent, and there is some relative a year older and another relative a year younger, and, sure enough, the fact is established beyond all dispute. Sixty! Now your great danger is the temptation to fold up your faculties and quit. You will feel a tendency to reminiscence. If you do not look out, you will begin almost everything with the words, "When I was a boy." But you ought to make the sixties more memorable for God and the truth than the fifties or the forties or the thirties. You ought to do more during the next ten years than you did in any thirty years of your life because of all the experience you have had. You have committed enough mistakes in life to make you wise above your juniors. Now, under the accumulated light of your past, experimenting, go to work for God as never before. When a man in the sixties folds up his energy and feels he has done enough, it is the devil of indolence to which he is surrendering, and God generally takes him at his word and lets him die right away. His brain, that under the tension of hard work is active, now suddenly shrivels. Men, whether they retire from secular or religious work, generally retire to the grave. No well man has a right to retire. The world was made to work. There remaineth a rest for the people of God, but it is in a sphere beyond the reach of telescopes. The military charge that decided one of the greatest battles of the ages—the battle of Waterloo—was not made until eight o'clock in the evening, but some of you propose to go into camp at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

My subject next accosts those in the seventies and beyond. My word to them is congratulation. You have got nearly if not quite through. You have safely crossed the sea of life, and are about to enter the harbor. There may be some work for you yet on a small or a large scale. Bismarck of Germany vigorous in the eighties. The prime minister of Great Britain at eighty was Lord Salisbury. Haydn composing his oratorio, "The Creation," at seventy years of age. Isocrates doing some of his best work at seventy-four. Christian men and women in all departments of service to God after becoming septuagenarians and octogenarians and nonagenarians prove that there are possibilities of work for the aged, but I think you who are passing the seventies are near being contented. How do you feel about it? You ought to be jubilant, because life is a tremendous struggle, and if you have got through respectfully and usefully you ought to feel like people who have sailed the sea of life and are seated on the rocks watching the sunset at Bar Harbor or Cape May or Lookout Mountain. I am glad to say that most old Christians are cheerful. Daniel Webster visited John Adams a short time before his death and found him in very infirm health. He said to Mr. Adams: "I am glad to see you. I hope you are getting along pretty well." The reply was, "Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can make out, does not intend to make any repairs." Dr. Beman, after passing into the seventies, was asked by Rev. Dr. Spear, "Dr. Beman, how is your health now?" And he replied, "I have now an incurable disease."

"What is that?" asked my friend, and the septuagenarian replied, "Old age." Both of the old men I have mentioned intended their remarks for facetiousness, and old people have a right to be facetious.

What we all need is to take the supernatural into our lives. Do not let us depend on brain and muscle and nerve. We want a mighty supply of the supernatural. We want with us a divine force mightier than the waters and the tempests, and when the Lord took two steps on bestormed Galiilee, putting one foot on the winds and the other on the waves, he proved himself mightier than hurricane and billow. There are so many diseases in the world we want with us a divine Physician capable of combating ailments, and our Lord when on earth showed what he could do with cataplexy and the waters and ophthalmia and dementia. Oh, take this supernatural into all your lives! How to get it? Just as you get anything you want—by application. If you want anything, you apply for it. By prayer apply for the supernatural. Take it into your daily business. Many a man has been able to pay only 50 cents on the dollar who, if he had called on the supernatural, could have paid 100 cents on the dollar. Why do ninety-eight men out of a hundred fail in business? Because there are not more than two men out of a hundred who take God into their worldly affairs. "What the most of you will never reach the eighties or the seventies or the sixties or the fifties or the forties. He who passes into the forties has gone far beyond the average of human life. Amid the uncertainties take God through Jesus Christ as your present and eternal safety. The longest life is only a small fragment of the great eternity. We will all of us soon be there.

Eternity, how near it rolls! Count the vast value of your souls. Beware and count the awful cost. What they have gained whose souls are lost.

Not a Nice Way of Putting It. She—Oh, Dr. Pillsbury, I am so anxious about Mrs. Perkins. She is so young, is she not? Dr. Pillsbury—She was; but I have left off attending her for the present.

She—Oh, that's good! She is out of danger then! Dr. Pillsbury—She is so young, is she not? Dr. Pillsbury—She was; but I have left off attending her for the present.

A SERIES OF SIDELIGHTS

EDITED BY HELEN HALL.

MOTHER.

By Virginia Woodward Cloud.
There came a day when cattle died
And every crop had failed beside,
And not a dollar left to show.
Then father said the place must go,
And all of us, we hated so
To go to Mother.

Behind the barn, there we three stood
And wondered which one of us could
Spare her the most—'tis easily said,
But we just looked and looked in
dread.
At one another.

I spoke: "I'll trust to Brother's tongue."
But Father said, "No, he's too young;
I reckon I—'" He gave a groan:
"To know we've not a stick nor stone
Will just kill Mother!"

"Maybe a mortgage can be raised.
Here all her father's cattle grazed;
She loves each flower and leaf and
bird—
I'll mortgage her I'll say a word
To Mother!"

Upon his hands he bowed his head,
When twice behind us said:
"Mortgage? And always got to pay?
Now, Father, I've a better way!"
And there, between the ricks of hay,
Stood Mother.

"I've been thinking, 'most a year,
We'll sell this place, and somewhere
near
Just rent a cottage small and neat,
And raise enough for us to eat."

Said Mother.
"There's trouble worse than loss of
lands.
We've honest hearts and willing
hands,
And not till earth and roof and door
Can rob of peace, shall I be poor!"
She smiled. "And, 't seems to me,
You all had better come to tea."

Said Mother.
As through the sunset field astray
We three went following after her,
The thrushes they sang everywhere;
Something had banished all our care,
And we felt strong enough to bear
All things—with Mother.

And listen: Once there came a day
When troops returned from far away,
And every one went up to meet
His own, within the village street.
But ere he reached our old milestone
I knew that Father came alone—
And not with Brother.

Then through the twilight, dense and
gray,
All that our choking souls could say
Was—"We'll tell Mother!"

But waiting for us, by the wood,
Pale in the dusk, again she stood.
And then her arms round Father
prest.

John Adams, a short time before his death and found him in very infirm health. He said to Mr. Adams: "I am glad to see you. I hope you are getting along pretty well." The reply was, "Ah, sir, quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by time. It sways and trembles with every wind, and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can make out, does not intend to make any repairs." Dr. Beman, after passing into the seventies, was asked by Rev. Dr. Spear, "Dr. Beman, how is your health now?" And he replied, "I have now an incurable disease."

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Often, when some great deed is cried
Of one, by flood or flame, who died,
Of men who sought and won their
fame,
While all the land rings with some
name
Or other,

I mark me of one warfare long,
Of March's water, bitter, strong,
Of O'er and fire that pierced the
heart,
Of all the dumb, unuttered part,
And say, with eyes grown misty, wet
(Love's vision, that cannot forget),



Miss Lillie Degenkolbe, Treasurer South End Society of Christian Endeavor, 3141 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When life looked brightest to me I sustained a hard fall and internal complications were the result. I was considerably inflamed, did not feel that I could walk, and lost my good spirits. I spent money doctoring without any help, when a relative visited our home. She was so enthusiastic over Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, having used it herself, that nothing would satisfy her until I sent for a bottle. I have thanked her a hundred times for it since, for it brought blessed health to me and cured me within seven weeks.

I now wish to thank you, your medicine is a friend to suffering women."—LILLIE DEGENKOLBE.

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.
When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

A ROYAL ROAD.

Fanfan enters upon a tirade against the methods of modern education. Let us hear what we have to say.

Is it permitted that one who was recently very much "in it" in the matter of teaching should criticize a little the methods which teachers are sometimes compelled to adopt in order that they may catch the ear of the modern youngster? As a child, as a youth, as an adult, if there has been one axiom which has more than another been dinned into the writer's ears it has been the eternally true, though not always convincing, adage, "Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest." That mental process can no more be accomplished for you by another than could the aforesaid physical process. It is the study, not the answer to the problem, that will be of benefit to you. Every effort places you in a position to make a further and more successful venture. Look at a girl who has spent three or four hours, perhaps more, at a difficult task. Was the time wasted? No. See how proudly she takes her place, how confidently she is able to answer the questions put to her. That effort has placed her where she has never stood before. She and the girl who shirked this very lesson will perchance never stand equal again. It is either onward and upward, or backward and downward, for there can no more be a standing still in the student world than there can in the physical world, the commercial world or the world of war. In all you undertake, do it yourself!

Such was the advice of—no, I decline to say how many years ago. But nowadays it would seem that advice, admonition, correct method, and very soon, no doubt, the "rod and pickle" itself, is reserved for the teacher, not the pupil. It is the teacher who must travel the path of digging research, subjective as well as objective discipline, etc. She must, so the gods go, learn to know the peculiarities, the mental and moral deformities, the fads and fancies even of every student who comes under her care, not so much, perhaps, that she may assist development, as that she may cater to each trait and foible, in order that she may so "beat the horse" that the general exclamation upon the ringing of the bell for a change of classes may be, "Why, how quickly the time has passed! Can it be possible that it is eleven?" or some such expression of satisfaction.

The successful teacher, must, it would appear, be a consummate actor as well as teacher, tragic, comic, buffoonish, it matter not, so that she provide for her pupils an adequate amount of the modern essential—amusement.

The class-room is no longer then the field for honest effort on the part of the pupil, an effort assisted and stimulated by intelligent and conscientious explanatory work from the teacher, but a theatre in which the teacher's platform and desk are the stage, the topic for the hour the drama, the teacher the sole performer, while the class, if it takes any more active part

than that of audience, is surely nothing other than the chorus.
The entire plan of study seems to have been reduced to a method which aims not to lay a thorough foundation, at which process if the teacher works hard the pupils work harder, but simply to venerate the pupil's mind in the quickest way possible with facts which will tell in future examinations. How much of this is the fault of parents, and how much the fault of the initial step in modern education, it would be hard to say. Many parents expect far, far too much from the instructors of their children, far too little from the children themselves, and certainly any plan which confounds work and play would not seem to inculcate an introductory idea strong enough to be the material from which to form principles of self-control and duty for after years.

The old system of five o'clock rising meagre rations, cold, ill-ventilated, miserable school-rooms, long, difficult tasks, little assistance or encouragement, and frequent applications of the plant-whiplash, may have been undoubtedly well, but it produced such men as Coleridge, Cowper, Scott, Charles Lamb, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, such women as "George Eliot," Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Florence Nightingale, Julia Ward Howe and uncountable hosts of other great names. The question which remains is will the present "royal road" give us a like company of immortals?

WHAT'S WORN.
A swell-black suit for February is of fine serge in a dull or dead black trimmed with narrow braids. The waist, which is a double-breasted Eton blouse, fastens towards the left with gimp fixtures. The front blouses over a low pointed belt. The back is in silk plaits. These plaits are rolled. The five-gored skirt has a graduated flounce around the feet. This flounce terminates at the back and the entire back from the waist down is in silk plaits. The skirt is a narrow at the belt line and arranged to give the accordion effect.

Crepes de chine is very popular this winter for waists. One particularly swell one is entirely accordion plaited. The sleeves are plaited to the elbow and then are allowed to flare, being held by a narrow cuff. A novel trimming for the material is done out of black velvet and buttoned holes on here, there and everywhere. These dots may be even as large as a quarter, although if as large as the number should be limited. If smaller dots are used they may dot the entire waist, except the yoke. The button hole stitching is in white.

Hats of white tulle with brims of white fur or of a new material called "fuzz," embroidered in gold or pearls are very pretty.

One of the new sleeves has a very small cap at the shoulder. Some of these caps are plain while others are tucked across.

Another style of sleeve has the long full puff to the wrist. Half way between the shoulder and the elbow is a tight band with tucks running across and a rosette on it.

Yet another sleeve has a puff at the elbow, being plain above and below the puff. Bands of velvet are put over the puff in perpendicular lines.

The Nose Indicates Character.
A large nose is always an unfailing sign of a decided character. It belongs to the man of action, quick to see and to seize opportunity. A small nose indicates a passive nature, one less apt to act, although he may feel as deeply. He will have many theories, while the possessor of a large nose will have deeds to show. Persons with small noses are most loving and sympathetic, but their friendship is not the active kind.

A nose with the tip slightly tilted is the sign of the heartless snob. A long nose shows dignity and repose, a short nose pugnacity and a love of gaiety. An arched nose—no projecting at the bridge—shows a projecting mind. A nose that shows an inclination toward serious subjects. A nose turning up slightly indicates eloquence, wit and imagination. If turned up much it shows egotism and love of luxury. A nose that slopes out directly from the forehead, that shows no indenting between the eyes, indicates power. If the nose is indented deeply at the root the subject will be weak and vacillating. A nose that turns down signifies that the possessor is miserly and sarcastic.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Parley Honey.
It is very seldom that we come across honey that is not fit for human consumption, but it is just possible that you may have the experience. Bees gather honey for themselves, not for us, and they naturally study themselves only. It generally happens, fortunately for us, that what suits them is also good for man, but there are exceptions.

The honey that bees gather from parley is likely to make one feel very ill indeed. Probably that honey does not disagree with the collector, or it may occasionally be gathered and placed with the rest by mistake. There is just the chance that it is done for purposes of revenge by one member of the community who considers himself aggrieved and vents his spite on his fellows.

Hemlock honey may be innocuous to the bee, but it is likely to poison man and give him a decidedly bad time if he not kill him.

The plant known as green fly will yield honey with a taste that will make a human being lose all desire for the treasures of the beehive.

An Irishman, an American and a Frenchman stood on a corner waiting for a car. The Irishman said, "He is coming"; the Frenchman said, "She is coming"; the American said, "It is coming." Which was right? The Irishman, because it was a mail car.



Cured of Piles, Saved From Knife.

Mrs. Aaron Medron of Savannah, Ga., writes: "Ever since the birth of my first child, six years ago, I have suffered greatly from piles. I could not bring myself to bear the thought of a surgical operation. Pyramid Pile Cure entirely cured me." For sale by all druggists. "Piles, Causes and Cure" mailed free. Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich.

Queer Loremaking.

In the Canary Islands cured lovers do not seem to have things made easy for them, for etiquette does not allow the fond swain to visit his fiancée in her home, but compels him to do all his love-making from the pavement. The young lady sits at the window to receive his attentions, but, as every one lives in flats in the islands, the distance between the loving pair is often considerable, and they have to resort to all sorts of dodges to prevent their sweet nothings from being overheard, says Home Notes.

A very usual plan is to speak in a low voice against the wall itself, which acts as a sort of telephone between the two. In the streets of Las Palmas or Santa Cruz it is not at all unusual for the devoted lover to be accompanied with a chair on the pavement beneath his fair lady's window, and even officers in uniform may be seen in this way of thinking rather un-litigious position.

A Canadian Product That Canadians Are Proud of.

Malt Breakfast Food

Healthful and Strengthening Is the Popular Breakfast Cereal.

The manufacturers of Malt Breakfast Food have fairly captured our people with their delicious breakfast cereal. Men, women and children after one trial, desire it every morning. No other breakfast food sold by grocers has such a constant and steady demand from the millions of people. Malt Breakfast Food excels all other foods in richness of flavor, satisfying qualities and ease of digestion. These rare virtues have made Malt Breakfast Food popular in tens of thousands. Canadians are proud of this health-giving product, manufactured in their midst, and our physicians are cheerfully endorsing it. No other food manufactured can compare with Malt Breakfast Food for sustaining strength, and for producing bodily and mental vigor and energy. Grocers in all cities and towns sell it.

Lobster a La Newburg.

Lobster a la Newburg—who has not heard of the inimitable flavor that John Chamberlain of Washington gave to this dish? The crack cooks of the land were somehow unable to get the peculiar grace and union that Chamberlain gave it, but here is the secret:

"Take two pounds boiled lobster; pick all the meat out of the claws; cut the meat in medium sized pieces; place it in a deep saucepan with a half pint of Madeira and a good sized piece of fresh butter; season with salt, a little nutmeg; very little cayenne pepper. Then cook the whole with the lid on for six or seven minutes; keep the lid on the pan while cooking. Beat in a bowl a pint of sweet cream and the yolks of two eggs; add to this the lobster; add two finely sliced truffes; pour into a hot tureen and serve very hot."

WE LOOK FOR YOUR TRADE

Serving the public with care, attention, honest goods and low prices, has given us a high position amongst the druggists of Canada. We look for your trade, and will use every endeavor to make you a regular customer. Our supplies of drugs, medicines, toilet preparations, perfumes, brushes, combs, sponges, etc., will interest you.

Paine's Celery Compound.

We are fully prepared to fill your orders for this popular disease banishing medicine. Knowing its powers and virtues, we strongly recommend it as a blood purifier, nerve bracer and flesh builder. Paine's Celery Compound is no new remedy; it has been tested in all parts of Canada by tens of thousands, and has never failed.

Turner & Platt, Druggists, Chatham, Ont.

Every new privilege is accompanied by a new duty.

When the Baby Cries at Night

There is a cause for it. Perhaps it is gas on the stomach, may be cramps or diarrhoea. Don't lose sleep; anticipate such contingencies by always keeping handy a bottle of Peppermint Nervine. Just a few drops in water given inwardly, then rub the little one's stomach with a small quantity of Nervine, and perfect rest is assured for the night for both mother and baby. You may not need Nervine often, but when you do need it you need it badly. Get a 25c bottle to-day.

—Fortify the system against disease by purifying and enriching the blood—in other words, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.