

✿ This and That ✿

**STRANGE PEOPLE EAT MOTHS.**

In New South Wales, Australia, there is a curious insect an inch and a half long, with a thick, downy body filled with a yellow, oily substance. The natives in the district where this Bugong moth abounds think this moth is a luxurious article of food. About the height of the Australian summer, from November to January these moths assemble in countless thousands on bare granite rocks. The aborigines light fires under the stones and the smoke causes the moths to fall stupefied, when they are collected by bushels. They are then partially roasted, so as to get rid of the wings and down, and are eaten at once or beaten into cakes resembling lumps of dirty fat, which can be preserved for months. Crows also eat the moths, and then the natives kill and eat all the crows they can. In South Africa the Kaffirs eat locusts and grasshoppers, and think them very fine.—Extract from Wallace's "Australasia."

**THE BOOTMAKER IN CHINA.**

Boots are only worn in China by officials, servants, soldiers, and special hob-nailed boots, occasionally in wet weather, by the common people. The universal form of foot covering is a shoe, while coolies and the poorest classes have to content themselves with straw or leather sandals, or go barefoot. Women's shoes are made at home and, except in isolated cases in Shanghai, are never exposed for sale in shops. This remark does not apply to the peculiar form of shoe worn by Manchu women, which is perched on a sort of small stilt. In the north, during the winter months, the ordinary boot or shoe is often wadded or lined with sheepskin, and of late years reproductions of Chinese boots and shoes in India rubber have been imported from the United States and Germany, and found favor with Chinese at the treaty ports.

**THE KISS THAT CAME TOO LATE.**

She showed him with kisses and tears. She told the people how good and kind he was. I thought if she had only given him two of those kisses per quarter for the last ten years, how the tender-hearted old gentleman would have smiled through his tears.

**FOUND RIGHT PATH.**

"In 1890 I began to drink coffee. At that time I was healthy and enjoyed life. At first I noticed no bad effects from the indulgence but in course of time found that various troubles were coming upon me. Palpitation of the heart took unto itself sick and nervous headaches, kidney troubles followed and eventually my stomach became so deranged that even a light meal caused me serious distress.

"Our physician's prescriptions failed to help me and then I dosed myself with patent medicines till I was thoroughly disgusted and hopeless.

"Finally I began to suspect that coffee was the cause of my troubles. I experimented by leaving it off, except for one small cup at breakfast. This helped some but did not altogether relieve my distress. It satisfied me, however, that I was on the right track.

"So I gave up the old kind of coffee altogether and began to use Postum Food Coffee. In ten days I found myself greatly improved, my nerves steady, my head clear, my kidneys working better and better, my heart's action rapidly improving, my appetite improved and the ability to eat a hearty meal without subsequent suffering restored to me. And this condition remains.

"Leaving off coffee and using Postum did this, with no help from drugs, as I abandoned the use of medicines when I began to use the food coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to

Wellville," in each pkg. But now he took it all very coolly. He was dead. Old and poor, she young and rich. She had ten rooms, but no room for him to die in. He made room for her when he had only two, and welcomed her with kisses at life's beginning. He had fed and clothed her for twenty years at home and at college, until she had risen into more refined and cultured society." The "old people were good, but their dress and dialect were too coarse." The last kiss was with a flood of ten years of tenderness. He was buried in a beautiful coffin, and is to have a monument of cold, white marble. "Dear Father."—Wisconsin Postal.

**THE REASON OF SUCCESS.**

If you know of a man making a roaring success  
At a thing you can't try without making a mess—  
Which is said;  
If he does quite a number of things that you can't,  
You must go and explain to your favorite aunt  
That he's mad.

If he works all day long and well into the night,  
And starts again early as soon as its light—  
While you're lazy.  
Excelling you too in the size of his brain  
And using it better as well—why, it's plain  
That he's crazy.

If he sings a song well, from the back of his throat,  
And gets a big puff from a critic of note,  
Whom the tune struck;  
And keeps on improving till managers fight  
To offer him hundreds for one song a night—  
Why, he's moonstruck.

If he paints a great picture or writes a great book,  
Or gets to the summit by hook or by crook  
Of his craft,  
If he fights to a place with the fortunate few  
And shows himself better and smarter than you—  
Why, he's daft.  
—The Grand Magazine.

**SHE KNEW BETTER.**

Miss Helen Gould recently entertained at luncheon, at her residence, a number of little girls from a charitable institution. At the end of the luncheon Miss Gould showed them books, carved Italian furniture, tapestries, and marbles.

"Here," she said, "is a beautiful statue, a statue of Minerva."

"Was she married?" asked a little girl.

"No, my child," said Miss Gould, smiling. "She was the goddess of wisdom."

Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is first cradled, then thrashed and finally becomes the flower of the family.

"I've been very successful in making mechanical figures," said the toy manufacturer. "I only made one that wouldn't work, and even it was a success. You see it was a figure of a tramp."

The following are gleaned from the definitions given by English school children:

The equator is a menagerie lion running round the center of the earth.

The zebra is like a horse, only striped, and used to illustrate the letter Z.

A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box.

**WORKING WOMEN**

Their Hard Struggle Made Easier—Interesting Statements by a Young Lady in Quebec, and One in Beauport, Que.



All women work; some in their homes, some in church, and some in the whirl of society. And in stores, mills and shops tens of thousands are on the never-ceasing treadmill, earning their daily bread.

All are subject to the same physical laws; all suffer alike from the same physical disturbance, and the nature of their duties, in many cases, quickly drifts them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints, ovarian troubles, ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb, leucorrhoea, or perhaps irregularity or suppression of "monthly periods," causing backache, nervousness, irritability and lassitude.

Women who stand on their feet all day are more susceptible to these troubles than others.

They especially require an invigorating, sustaining medicine which will strengthen the female organism and enable them to bear easily the fatigues of the day, to sleep well at night, and to rise refreshed and cheerful.

How distressing to see a woman struggling to earn a livelihood or perform her household duties when her back and head are aching, she is so tired she can hardly drag about or stand up, and every movement causes pain, the origin of which is due to some derangement of the female organism.

Mlle. Alma Robitaille of 78 rue St. Francois, Quebec, Que., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—  
"Overwork and long hours at the office, together with a neglected cold, brought on a  
**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.**

very serious female trouble until finally I was unable to go to work. I then thought of a friend who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when her health was in the same condition that mine was, and straightway sent out for a bottle. I finished that and took two more before I really began to improve, but after that my recovery was very rapid, and I was soon well and able to go back to work again. I certainly think your medicine for sick women worthy of praise, and am indeed glad to endorse it."

Miss Clara Beaubien of Beauport, Quebec, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—  
"For several years I have suffered with Leucorrhoea, which has been a serious drain on my vitality, sapping my strength and causing severe headaches, bearing down pains and a general worn out feeling, until I really had no desire to live. I tried many medicines, but did not get permanent relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In two months I was very much better and stronger, and in four months I was well, no more disagreeable discharge, no more pain. So I have every reason to praise the Vegetable Compound, and I consider it without equal for the ills of women."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the unfailing cure for all these troubles. It strengthens the proper muscles, and displacement with all its horrors will no more crush you.

Backache, dizziness, fainting, bearing down pains, disordered stomach, moodiness, dislike of friends and society—all symptoms of the one cause—will be quickly dispelled, and it will make you strong and well.

You can tell the story of your sufferings to a woman, and receive helpful advice free of cost. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

**Eddy's "SILENT" Parlor Match.**

If held tightly  
Then rubbed lightly  
And struck rightly  
Will BURN BRIGHTLY.

Ask your grocer for a box. TRY THEM.

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St. JOHN, N. B.

**Nothing But Wool**  
We put no old rags, no shoddy, in  
**Hewson Tweeds**  
just good strong sheep's wool.  
You say that's good enough, don't you?  
Get into the way of using our cloths and yarns. You won't be sorry.  
HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited, Amherst, N.S.

**INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION CUP.**

The only sanitary and serviceable one is the pointed top, unbreakable. Does not require tipping back the head. Can be boiled and poured out of washer, and no wiping required.

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