

This and That

WHO PEOPLED AMERICA?

In Harper's Magazine for August Charles Hallock discusses the question as to who were the earliest inhabitants of North America, and whence they came. Here are his conclusions:

"The primeval peoples of both North and South America originated from a civilization of high degree which occupied the sub-equatorial belt some 10,000 years ago, while the glacial sheet was still on. Population spread northward as the ice receded. Routes of exodus diverging from the central point of departure are plainly marked by ruins and records. The subsequent settlements in Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and California indicate the successive stages of advance, as well as the persistent struggle to maintain the ancient civilization against reversion and the catastrophes of nature. The varying architecture of the valleys, cliffs and mesas is an intelligible expression of the exigencies which stimulated the builders. The gradual distribution of population over the higher latitudes in after years was supplemented by accretions from Europe and northern Asia centuries before the coming of Columbus. Wars and reprisals were the natural and inevitable results of a mixed and degenerating population with different dialects. The mounds which cover the mid-continental areas, isolated and in groups, tell the story thereof. The Korean immigration of the year 554, historically cited, which led to the founding of the Mexican Empire in 1325, was but an incidental contribution to the growing population of North America. So also were the very much earlier migrations across the Gulf of Mexico."

IDLENESS A CURSE.

A young man, son of an honored deceased minister, killed himself lately in New York. A graduate of Princeton College, he had an income of twelve hundred dollars a year. No bad habits or evil associations were attributed to him, but at twenty-seven he had nothing to do and became melancholy. "Doing nothing is killing me," he said, and it did. Man is built for work as plainly as is a locomotive, and every faculty in him is fitted for action. His energies must find an outlet through service, and then they will keep sweet and leap through him like rich blood through the veins; but being shut up within him his energies will stagnate and breed bitterness and death. That gifted young man would have been useful and happy if he had only hitched his powers to some task and then done with his might what his hand found to do. But doing nothing with twelve hundred dollars a year to do it on killed him.

SUSPICION

Leads to the Real Cause.

The question of coffee disease or Postum health becomes of the greatest importance when we are thrown on our own resources. Many a woman when suddenly left without means of support can make a comfortable living if health remains.

A brave little woman out in Barnes, Kansas, says, "I feel that I owe you a letter for the good Postum Coffee has done me. For years I was a great sufferer with nervousness without ever suspecting the cause. Two years ago I came down with nervous prostration. My work was light but I could not do it, I could not even sew or read.

My sleep was broken and unrefreshing; I suffered intensely and it seemed only a matter of time till I must lose my reason.

My mental distress was as great as my physical, when one day a friend brought me a trial of Postum Coffee and urged me to use it instead of coffee for a few days, saying that Postum had cured her of liver trouble and sick headaches. I replied that I thought I could not give up coffee. I had always used it as a stimulant, however the Postum Food Coffee proved to be pleasing to the taste and I used it and was surprised to see that I was resting and getting better.

My husband bought several packages and insisted on me using it altogether. Gradually, but not the less surely, fully recovered. I never used coffee afterward and when I was left a widow a year later I was able to open a dress-making shop and able to support myself and little girls."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO DO.

When school is out a boy should have the benefit of good, old-fashioned, manual training. There is nothing that will give him such fine muscular development, and nothing that brings to the average boy a greater feeling of pleasure than the sense of having accomplished something. It is a good plan to let a boy saw the wood, split the kindlings, and keep the walks and gardens in repair. Of course, he needs recreation, and a parent should provide for that as conscientiously as for any of his other needs. The chances for the idle boy have changed little since the days of Dr. Watts' times-honored wisdom. If, by your foresight, you keep your boy's hands employed, he will not only be more useful, but immeasurably better and happier.—Guardian.

THE BEST OF LIFE.

With the birth of love, all life seems good,
 Mayhap you will sleep less sound and long,
 Yet the day is filled with the lilt of a song,
 And you walk with a world-wide brotherhood.

Winning a love? Still a better life.
 The pulse beats faster with hopes and fears,
 And the heart looks on to the happy years
 When she shall at last be won—and wife!

But keeping a love! Ah! that is best,
 The doubting, wondering hope is past,
 Deep trust and truth have brought at last
 The perfect life of love and rest.

—Langdon Ballinger, in Good Housekeeping.

A SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION.
 (New York Weekly.)

Professor Searcher—What are supposed to be petrified horse tracks have been found in Missouri.

Old Lady—Oh, they can't be.

Professor Searcher—Just my opinion exactly, madam. The horse and the aluvial deposit in which those imprints were discovered represent widely different eras of zoological and geological history.

Old Lady—Yes, and a petrified horse couldn't walk, you know.

His wife could never understand
 How he could be so great
 When he, in public, took command
 Of thundering debate.

She said 'twas past believing that
 One e'er could be at ease
 Who was so unassuming at
 Receptions and at teas.

—Washington Star.

CROPS IN ONTARIO

The recent heavy rains throughout the province do not appear to have done much damage to the crops with the exception of hay, which was cut and which the continuous wet weather prevented from being cured.

It has, therefore, in most cases, rotted on the ground and seventy-five per cent. of it is estimated more or less damaged. The injury to the grain crop seems to be confined mainly to the soft white wheat which the rains have prevented being harvested and which is sprouting inconsequence.

"THE QUALITY OF MERCY."

It was twilight, overhead a leaden sky arched, unbroken save by a rim of light, just above the horizon, across which a band of pure, bright rose color gave promise of a sunshiny day to follow.

To the shabbily clad old woman standing on the wharf no bright ray illumined the dull grayness of the coming-to-morrows. Unheeding the rosetate bar of light dancing across the ripples to her very feet, Grandma Morse was looking out into a vista of colorless, leaden days, stretching on and on, until the long-hoped-for end should come.

It is hard to find the glimpse of light in the future when one has just been turned out of a home, however poor, with nowhere to go and no friend to whom to appeal. And this was the condition which the lonely old woman was facing at that twilight hour.

A hand touched her shoulder and Grand-

ma Morse found herself face to face with a big, blue-coated policeman. "Hada'n't you better go home now, grandma?" he suggested. "It'll soon be dark, and you won't want to be away down here alone, you know."

"But I haven't any home to go to," poor grandma faltered: "I haven't anywhere in the wide world to go to."

The officer looked perplexed. "I suppose," he said slowly, "that you'll have to go with me to the station house. We'll make it as pleasant for you as we can, grandma, and you'll be better off there than here." And as the last rose tint faded from the western sky the old lady turned and followed the officer.

The matron was very kind and made it as comfortable as she could; but Grandma Morse, who had been arrested on a charge of vagrancy was overcome with shame and misery.

Outside, the clouds were breaking away, and one by one the bright stars twinkled out. The clearest and largest of them all peeped straight into the tiny window and sent a ray of white light over to the cot where the lonely, gray-haired woman lay, struggling with her sorrow.

At last, looking up, the dim eyes perceived the radiance of the cheerful, persevering star, and a gleam of hope pierced her own gloom and cheered the saddened heart. She thought of another cot, humbler than her own, over which a bright star had once rested, and into her consciousness floated like a benediction the words: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end." Comforted and quieted, the old lady sank into a peaceful sleep.

It was morning when she awoke, and the sun was shining brightly. Wondering at her strange surroundings, she arose and slowly dressed herself. Alone, in a station house, with a terrifying prospect of a summons to appear before an unknown judge, the peace of the preceding night still remained with her; and it was with a song in her heart that Grandma Morse entered the court room and took her place before the bar of justice.

The judge, a benevolent looking man, looked keenly over the tops of his gold-bowed glasses as the old lady told her pitiful story in her simple, straightforward way—husband and children all gone before her, poverty, and wretchedness of home. That was all; but there were tears in many eyes when the tale was told.

"Can you take care of children, grandma?" the judge asked suddenly.

"Indeed, I can, sir," was the eager reply, "and love them, too."

"Then," said the judge, slowly, "I have a home for you, with a dollar and a half a week besides. My little people are still mourning the loss of their own grandmother."

There was a flutter of surprise, even among those who knew Judge Rice best; but grandma herself was calm and happy. "Always even unto the end," sang the chorus in her heart and a gentle smile illumined the dear old face as she thanked the kind-hearted judge and quietly resumed her seat.

And so it came to pass that the rose color crept into the twilight of Grandma Morse's gray afternoon, and the promise came true, "At evening time it shall be light."—Young People.

McSwitters—My groom, Ebenezer, and the cook, Florence, are going to be married.

McSwitters—Ah! then it will be the 17th and Flo of the 17th.

Dealer—"Don't your shoes fit, madam?"

Madam—"Oh, yes, they fit me perfectly; but they hurt awfully when I try to walk."

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$300, cured him with \$100 worth of MINARD'S LIND-MRNF, and sold him in four months for \$8500 Profit on Investment, \$5400.

MOISE DEROSCE,
 Hotel Keeper,
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