

This and That

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.
BY LOUISE CONNOLLY.

Bossy in the barnyard has a little calf;
When it tries to stagger round, all the
cattle laugh.
Bossy's very proud of it, licks it gently
over,
Mooring songs of shady trees, brooks, and
budding clover.
"Don't you wander off, my dear, stay by
me and rest;
For your Mamma Bossy
Knows best."

Biddy in the henhouse had a nest of eggs;
Now they're little balls of down on tiny
yellow legs.
Biddy clucks to them a song of spiders,
worms, and slugs;
Scratches up the earth for them and finds
them tender bugs;
Spreads her wings and folds them in
around her speckled vest.—
"For your Mamma Biddy
Knows best."

Tabby in the woodshed has some little
kits;
When old Towser ventures in, lifts her
back and spits;
Washes up their fuzzy coats and keeps
them clean and nice;
Furrs to them a wondrous tale of frogs
and birds and mice,
Don't you dare to venture yet far from
mother's breast,
"For your Mamma Tabby
Knows best."

Dinah in the kitchen has a little boy;
Dinah's very fond of him, full of pride
and joy;
Sets him on the kitchen floor behind the
ironing board;
Sings to him of Zion and the glory of the
Lord;
Shakes him when he runs away—"You
set still, you pes'
Po' yo' Mamma Dinah
Knows best."

Mother in the parlor has a baby fair—
Rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes, and tum-
bled yellow hair;
Clothes it in the costliest of ribbon and of
lace;
Glories in its beauty and its dainty baby
grace;
Sings it that same lullaby, "Rest, my
baby, rest;
The safest place for any babe is on its
mother's breast,
For the Mother always
Knows best."
—Kindergarten Review.

LITTLE FOLKS IN WINTER QUARTERS.

Under the firs in the feary woods,
Where the chipmunk goes to sleep,—
Where bunny counts his winter's goods,
And the ground-pines noiseless creep,—
The little black ant in his cubby nest
Is snug and tight and warm;
He fears not the gale that comes from the
west,
Nor the howl of the woodland storm.
For all is well where the frugal are,
Where the store is safe and sound,
And they mind not the stare of the chill
night star
In their cubby nests under the ground.
—H. S. Keller, in S. S. Times.

BUILT A MONUMENT.
The Best Sort in the World.

"A monument built by and from Postum," is the way Mr. J. G. Casey of Ayers, Ill., describes himself. He says, "For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion, and was a physical wreck.
The different kinds of medicines I tried did not cure me, but finally some one told me I must leave off coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee. I was fortunate in having the new coffee made strictly according to directions, so that, from the start, I liked it. It has a rich flavor and I made the change from coffee to Postum without any trouble.
Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to get well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I have been restored to strength and health. Can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body. Everyone who meets me comments on my getting so fat and rosy.
I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change, it was leaving off coffee and using Postum."

THE DOG AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Dr. Moffat, the celebrated South African missionary, tells a humorous story of a shepherd lad who had been converted by reading the New Testament. He had been very wayward, but the teachings of Jesus had made him quite a new boy. One day he came to Dr. Moffat in much distress, telling him that their big watch-dog had got hold of the Book and had torn a page out of it. Dr. Moffat comforted him by saying it was no matter, for he could get another Testament.

But the boy was not at all comforted. "Think of the dog," he said. Dr. Moffat laughed, and said, "If your dog can crunch an ox bone, he is not going to be hurt by a bit of paper." Dr. Moffat supposed that the boy thought that the paper would hurt the dog's teeth, but that was not it. "Oh, Papa Moffat," he cried, "I was once a bad boy. If I had an enemy I hated him, and everything in me wanted to kill him. Then I got the New Testament in my heart, and began to love everybody and forgive all my enemies, and now the dog, the great big hunting dog, has got the blessed Book in him, and will begin to love the lions and the tigers, and let them help themselves to the sheep and the oxen."

What a beautiful tribute this African boy, out of the simplicity of his heart, paid to the power of the Bible!—At Home and Abroad.

MODESTY OF BRAVE MEN.

The really brave man's story about his own deeds is always modest. Not infrequently he is unable to give an account of them which is satisfactory to his hearers. The reporters who "interviewed" soldiers wounded on San Juan Hill had a hard time in getting "stories" from them. One such soldier said: "There isn't a thing to tell. I only went up there with a lot of others and got shot. I didn't even have sense enough to know it when I was shot."

Not long ago a French chronicler encountered in a little village in the south of France a gardener, who wore, pinned on his clean Sunday blouse, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Naturally, the newspaper man desired to know how he got it. The gardener, who, like many of his trade, seemed to be a silent man, was averse to meeting an old and wearisome demand, but finally he began:

"Oh, I don't know how I did get it! I was at Bezelles with the rest of the battery. All the officers were killed; then down went all the non-commissioned officers. Bang! bang! bang! By and by all the soldiers were down but me. I had fired the last shot, and naturally was doing what I could to stand off the Bavarians.
"Well, a general came, and says he, 'Where's your officers?'
"All down," says I.
"Where's your general?" says he.
"All down but me," says I.
"And you've been fighting here all alone?" says he.
"I couldn't let 'em come and get the guns, could I?" I says; and then he up and put this ribbon on me, probably because there was nobody else there to put it on."
—Youth's Companion.

THE MEANING OF "CANADA."

In the early years after the discovery of America by Columbus the quest of the daring European navigators was still to find the passage to India by sailing westward. It is said that on April 20, 1634, Jacques Cartier sailed from St. Malo, Brittany, with two ships and sixty-one men for Labrador, skirted Newfoundland, named Chaleur Bay, crossed the eastern end of Anticosti, and then headed for France again. The next year Cartier returned with three ships, thought he saw in the St. Lawrence the wished-for passage to India, and was only undeceived by the freshness of the water on reaching the mouth of the Saguenay. Then was revealed the majestic size of the continent, for, with the exception of the Amazon and the Orinoco, no American river gives one such a sense of power and grandeur. As the Frenchmen inquired the names of the Indian villages along the banks they were answered "Canada," a Mohawk word, meaning village, but which was applied by the Frenchmen to the country.

HEAD NOISES.

Those Distressing, Crackling, Hissing Sounds.

Of the chronic ailments which distress humanity, none is perhaps less understood than those distressing head and ear sounds, none receive less sympathy. Very often such people are misunderstood by their friends, who tell them that there is nothing wrong with them, that they only imagine that they are unwell and that if they would brace up they would be all right.

This is very wrong. It only makes the poor sufferer worse. Instead of this they should receive the utmost consideration and all gentleness, kindness and sympathy. Because such troubles as these are located very close to the brain, they affect the nervous system and quite frequently result in the case ending up in the insane asylum. The wonder is that many more do not go distracted. Some have met with so much disappointment in their efforts to find relief, that they are in despair of ever being cured. On such as these I have very frequently performed most remarkable cures.

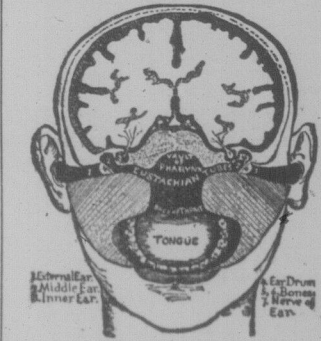
partially closing up these tubes. This prevents the free passage of air and destroys vibration.

Head Noises sooner or later invariably lead to complete or partial deafness.

- Do your ears feel full?
- Do your ears itch or burn?
- Is your hearing getting dull?
- Is there a dull ringing sound?
- Do the noises make you nervous?
- Do you sometimes have head ache?
- If so, what part of the head?
- Do you have buzzing sounds heard?
- Are there ringing in the ears?
- Is there a throbbing in the ears?
- Are there crackling sounds heard?
- Does your head feel dull and heavy?
- Are there sounds like steam escaping?
- Do the noises sound like an explosion?
- Do noises in your ears keep you awake?
- Are the noises like the hum of insects?
- Do you have a heavy feeling over the ears?
- Do the noises interfere with your hearing?
- Are the noises worse some days than others?
- When you blow your nose, do your ears crack?
- Does taking a fresh cold increase the noises?
- Do you think your hearing is becoming affected?
- Are the noises worse in the day time or at night?
- Do the noises resemble the sound of water falling?

If you are troubled with some of the above symptoms, mark them on this piece of paper, cut it out and mail to me, also write any other information you may wish to give me about your case; as soon as I receive your letter I will study it over carefully. This no trouble to me. I will then make a diagnosis, giving my opinion of your case, and if it be suitable for my treatment, will tell you just how much this course of treatment will cost. This I always make as reasonable as possible, leaving you perfectly free to think the matter over carefully, and then take treatment from me or not, just as you consider best. Only a small effort on your part is required to relieve your mind of a world of anxiety. My advice is free for the asking.

Perhaps I may be able to do you good and relieve you of much suffering, and the more suffering I can alleviate, the happier I can make my fellow human beings, the fuller will be my reward in the Great Hereafter.



So many of my old patients used to write me after I had cured their Catarrh that their head and ear sounds had left them, that the ringing, buzzing, crackling, hissing and other noises had all gone, I came to the conclusion that these sounds were produced by Catarrh going up from the nose into the tubes of the ear. The success of my treatment has proved this to be conclusive, because when one's Catarrh is cured, these sounds are gone, never to return again.

I have proved conclusively that in a vast majority of cases these NOISES are caused by Catarrh. You may not have the slightest idea that you are a victim in this disease. The usual symptoms of discharge from the nose and throat, may not be present. But the germs have entered the inner passages of the ear causing inflammation there, and

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