

"GREETING TO NORWAY"

Old viking-land rugged, thy north-light is gleaming
Up high from thy snow-mantle gay;
Yet mild comes thy June-sun, like Italy's beaming
On grandeur by night and by day;
Peaks looming, vales blooming, blue fjords, mermaids dreaming
On waves, chanting seamen, their lay.—
Old Norway, thy fairy-tales throng
From nature, from saga and song.
Where Norsemen assemble
Hearts yet thrill and tremble
In love for thee, faithful and strong.
In song, then, plain American song,
We greet the thy mountains among.

Brave landlet, yet evermore viking-like vieing
With continents, foremost and blest,
Thy banner of freedom as proudly is flying
As that of the Queen of the West.—
Dear sod, where our fathers and mothers are lying
In slumbering church-yards at rest.—
Old Norway,—sweet memories throng
From thy nature, saga, and song.
Where Norsemen assemble
Hearts yet thrill and tremble
In love for thee, faithful and strong.
In song, then, free American song,
We greet thee all nations among.
—Knut Martin Teigen.

CAUTIONED

"Have you noticed how the 'thousand' is misspelled on the new \$1,000 certificate?" asks the Minneapolis Journal. "Yes, and every time we handle one of the certificates we look at the word and laugh fit to kill."—The Commoner.

We have repeatedly cautioned the cashier of the Journal to examine with great care all bills he puts in our weekly envelope above the \$500 denomination. — Richmond (Va.) Evening Journal.

JUST AS HE WAS

A Richmond minister not long ago was asked to perform a marriage ceremony by a young negro couple. As he had employed the groom for a year or two, he consented, knowing what prestige would come to the couple by reason of having been married by a white minister. At the appointed time the happy pair arrived, and the ceremony proceeded. "Do you take this man for better or for worse?" the minister asked. For all her shyness, the bride spoke up bravely. "No, sah; ah don't," she said. "Ah'll take him jest like he is. If

A Sign

of poor blood circulation is shortness of breath after walking, going up stairs, sweeping, singing, excitement, anger, fright, etc. Poor blood circulation means a sick heart, and a sick heart is the result of weak and impoverished nerves.

Everyone knows the results of poor blood circulation, but everybody does not know that the quickest and safest treatment is Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure.

If you find these symptoms present you should not neglect them, but at once procure a bottle of

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It will cure, and at a very little expense, compared with doctors' bills. We are so sure of it, that if the first bottle does not benefit, your druggist will return your money. It will do for you what it has done for thousands in like condition.

"For two months I walked on the edge of the tomb from weak heart, poor blood circulation and nervous prostration. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and Nervine gave me back my health."

REV. W. A. ROBINS, Port Elgin, Ont.

he was ter get any better, I's 'fraid he'd die; an' if he was ter get any wuss, ah'd kill him myself."—Harper's Weekly.

HARD TO BELIEVE

Jack had just come home from sea after a long voyage and his granny wanted to hear some of the wonders of the deep.

"Well, granny," said Jack, "the first thing that surprised me was the flying fish."

"Flying fish!" said granny. "You won't gull me with cock-and-bull stories about flying fish. Tell me something true."

"Well, then, we had to cast anchor in a calm crossing the Red Sea, and when we hauled up the anchor it brought up one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels!"

"Ah," said granny, "that's Scripture truth, Jack; but none of your flying fish for me!"—Tid-Bits.

POOR ORPHANS

Two of the young friends of Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford gave the authorities of the university so much trouble that they won the nicknames of Hophni and Phineas.

One day, says T. H. S. Escott in society in the country house, they were lounging about the hall at Cuddesdon palace, singing the Lutheran refrain, "The devil is dead," when the bishop suddenly appeared.

He walked very gently up to them, and in his most caressing manner, placing one hand on each head, said in a consolatory tone:

"Alas, poor orphans!"—Youth's Companion.

POOR WAGES

John B. Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, delivered recently in Bloomington an interesting address on strikes.

Turning to the amusing features of the strike question, Mr. Lennon said:

"I remember a strike of bobbin boys, a just strike, and one that succeeded. These boys conducted their fight well, even brilliantly. Thus, the day they turned out, they posted in the spinning room of their employers' mill a great placard inscribed with the words:

"The wages of sin is death, but the wages of the bobbin boys is worse."—Labor News.

THE TWO CENT RATE

This year Minnesota adopted a two cent passenger rate law and the returns are now beginning to come in. The receipts for passenger business within the state for May and June last exceeded the receipts for the corresponding months of 1906, except as to three of the roads. The average gain was about one-sixth.

Manifestly there was a considerable increase in travel. How much of that can be put down to the credit of the lower rate there is no means of knowing. The state has many more people in 1907 than it had in 1906 and there would have been more travel under any circumstances.

The gain in earnings has been given, but no figures have been produced yet to show what the interstate passenger service cost the roads this year as compared with last. There certainly has been some advance in the cost of labor and supplies, but it is a question whether it has been sufficient to offset the increase in gross receipts.

The three months' test of the two cent rate in Missouri will end at the close of next month. It will be possible then to form an accurate idea of the effect of the rate on the rail-

roads of that state. If, as there is much reason to believe, it shall appear that the rate is not unjust and unreasonable it will be impossible

for roads in more densely populated states, such as Illinois and Indiana, to question the reasonableness of the two cent rate.—Chicago Tribune.

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