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WELL PLEASED WITH WESTERN CANADA.

Mr. George E. Hunt is a Maidstone

Good Croys, Splendid Climate and Well-Enforced Laws.

farmer, who writes a Canadian Government agent as follows: It was the first week in November, 1907, when we arrived here. There was very little snow or cold weather until after the bolidays, then the snow and cold increased, but to no great extent. I think the coldest I heard of was 30 degrees below zero, but that degree of cold would not be felt here any more than 10 degrees below zero would be back bome in Michigan, owing to the beautiful, dry atmosphere of this country. There came a good thaw every month that settled the snow, the fields soon became bare and on the 12th of April I commenced ploughing. The snow was then all gone and summer at hand. This last season was something more than an average year around here with fine crops gathered from a large acreage. In parts the crops were less than average, but generally speaking they were above it. The price of wheat was quite good. Some fine yields sold at \$1.10 per bushel, while some were marketed at much less, but hardly any went below about 60 cents a bushel.

Cats started on the market at 35 cents a bushel, barley about 50 cents and flax from 90 cents to \$1 a bushel. As this was my first year in this country, it was a hard year for my horses owing to their being Eastern horses and not used to the Western climate, but they will soon get climatized

The soil on my farm is a black loam about one foot in thickness. Below that we find about six feet of clay and below that again gravel and sand, with an abundance of excellent water. This or two." was the condition of the ground as I found it when I dug a well. I can say that the water is as sweet and as free from alkall and impurities as I ever

My opinion is that the man who comes here with a little means can do cattle after locating a homestead adjoining or near some hilly part of the country where it will not be taken up as soon as there is plenty of grass and hay to be found in the hilly country and small lakes and sloughs will afford sufficient water for any amount of cattie. The bluffs with a few bay or straw sheds will make sufficient shelter for them. There is no need to worry about the market for cattle, as there as already a great call for stock of all kinds to satisfy the continued demands of the large packing house at Edmonton, established by Swift & Co.

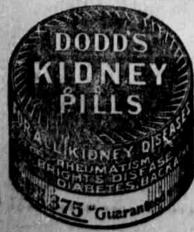
The dairy business should by means be forgotten. It is one of the paying enterprises of this great West. The price of butter seldom goes below 25 cents and reaches as high as 40 cenis a pound. Also the new creamories that are fast being erected along the lines of railroad are ralling on the farmers for their cream.

These creameries are greatly welcomed in all communities, because selling cream is better than making butter. even at an average price of 25 cents a pound. For a new country the railroad transportation facilities are good; not yet, of course, what they are in older countries, but the new lines are swiftly gaining as the country gets more settled and supplies them with produce to ship. It is hard to say too much in favor of this country. All one needs is a little money with grit and ambition, I have seen homesteads that were filed on a little over three years ago that the owners have refused \$3,000 for. There is much more that can be said in favor of Western Canada, but I think my letter has been long enough.

Acting under the authority of the prefect of police, the French Automobile Club inaugurated in Paris an extraordinary corps of bleycle potleemen, who wear a uniform resembling that of the ordinary bicycle squad and carry three small flags, meaning, respectively, "Smoke," "Too fast" and "Smell," Each of these signals is destined to warn automobilists who are unconsciously in-

fringing the municipal regulations. At present the squad devotes its entire attention to the Champs Elysees, but if the service is found to be effective, the number will be increased so as to include all the principal thoroughfares. The entire expense of the new auxiliaries will be borne by the automobile club.

Merle's face.



Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XVIII - (Continued.) Missie had pienty of good sense, and he no longer stiffed it; her conscience old her that she would never have sinped so grievously against her father if Eva had not undermined her principles by her flattery and playful words of advice to be ndependent and assert herself.

A veil had fallen from her eyes; she to longer saw Eva's conduct in the same light, and as she grew better, and liva ought opportunities to be with her, the stillusion became more complete. Missie ound herself wondering over her own inatuation. Had Eva always been so loud n her manners, so unfilial in her behavior to her mother, so unkind to Anna? Missie at first grew critical and then reproachful. Strange to say, Eva accepted her rebukes very meckly—evidently her affection for Missie was sincere in its way, for she took some pains to please her, and even tried to break herself of her faults. But for her unfucky engagement with Captain Harper there was every probability that dissie might have influenced her for good; but her approaching marriage soon drove all salutary reflection away.

As Missie's violent infatuation for her friend cooled, she turned more and more o Alison for sympathy; and here at least she did not find herself disappointed-Alion returned her affection warmly.

Missie was a little exacting as an invalid, for she was still separated from her father, and, alas! there was still cause to be anxious for him.

Dr. Greenwood never told Alison what e had feared: but after a few days, when he and another doctor had consulted together over the case, he told her and Roger that there was certainly some degree of mischief in connection with the spine; it would be many months-perhaps a year or two-before he could rise from his couch.

"We certainly hope for his complete recovery in the future," he continued, reesuringly, as Alison turned pale and Roger looked unhappy. "Another luch and he would never have moved his limbs again; but now things are not so bad. Mr. Merle will have his books, and they will go far a console him in his enforced inaction."

Dr. Greenwood was right in his conecture; Mr. Merle took the tidings very quietly.

"I told you your broad shoulders were made for something," he said, looking at his son with a smile. He and Alison had come to bid him good-night.

The nurse had not been dismissed, though it was already arranged that Roger should take her place in his father's dressing room. "I shall have to leave the mill in your

hands. Greenwood gives me no hope of being fit for business for the next year "I will do everything I can, father,

returned Roger, sorrowfully; "but I fee awfully cut up about it all." "There is no need for that, my boy,"

eturned Mr. Merle. "I should not wonder if you do better at business than I, Roger. Perhaps this will be less a trial of course, that it is a trial; but still, with my books and children I shall try to be content.' "We shall do everything in our

ease your mind," returned Roger, bravely. But he said no more, and shortly afterward left the room, leaving his

ther and Alison together. "Roger feels this dreadfully," she said. inxious that her father should not mis-

inderstand his son's lack of words. "Yes, my dear, I know he does," urned Mr. Merle, with a sigh. fortunate to have such a son. To think, se added, with emotion, "that I could ever have been so blind as to believe that rillain's innuendos against him-and now he whole business is in his hands.'

"You can trust him fully, papa," "Yes, better than I can trust myself. Alison; that boy is true as steel, and will not fail me. I wish I had found out before. I remember your auni Diana once saying to me that 'if I studed my children as well as I did my sooks I should be rewarded for my pains. By the bye, Alison, what does your aunt my to all this unlucky accident?"

"We have not heard from her," reurned Alison, in a low voice. wrote the very next day after the accilent, and I wrote the next day; but we

tave had no reply." "That is very unlike Diana," observed Mr. Merle, in a surprised tone. "Roger says that she can not have reeived our letters, papa; you see she is n Switzerland, uad perhaps she has leviated from the proposed route—that is just her way; if she takes a fancy to a place she will stay there for a day or two, and then she does not get her letters

for days. If we do not hear from her soon. Roger thinks I had better write to Mr. Moore. It does seem so strange"her eyes filling with tears-"that Aunt Di should not know how unhappy we have been."

"I believe you are fretting after her, Alison-you are quite thin and fragile But Alison denied this with a great

deal of unnecessary energy. She was only a little tired; but now Mabel was getting better she would be able to have a walk sometimes. "But you must not talk any more,

papa," she finished; "you are looking rather exhausted. Nurse Meyrick will be here directly; may I read to you a little until she comes?"

Mr. Merle shook his head sadly. "My dear, I should like it of all things, but you know Dr. Greenwood has forbidden any kind of study for the next few weeks, and I never cared much for works of fiction, except Sir Walter Scott." "I meant a chapter or two out of the Bible before you went to sleep," returned Alison, blushing with timidity. A sudden shadow passed over Mr.

"I did not understand you, my dear, he said, with a little effort. "Well, child, do as you like-that sort of reading can not hurt one.'

Alison felt the permission was accorded rather ungraciously, but still she dared not refuse to avail herself of it. She brought the Bible-Aunt Diana's giftand sat down quietly by her father's side. The voice trembled a little as she read. but she did not know how sweet it sounded in her father's ear. Once when she looked up she found his eyes fixed on her

face, and stopped involuntarily. "Shall I leave off, papa?" "Yes, that will do for to-night; you may read to me to-morrow. You are so like your mother, Alison; she was fond tone. "Now, we have the whole thing in of her Bible, too. You are a good girl, and take after her."

be for you, pape, to lie there missing

is a lifelong loss. I think I never knew any one so good-not even Diana could compare with her. Do you know you reminded me so much of her that day when you wanted me to go to church. Child, your reproachful eyes quite haunted me. Ah, well! if ever I get well-' He paused with a sigh. "You will come with us then, papa,"

she said, softly. "I hope so, Alison, but I fear it will he a long time before I have the chance. When a man has looked death in the face, as I have, who might have been burried into eternity without a moment's preparation, he thinks a little more seriously about things. I hope I am grateful for being spared-I think I am. You shall come and read to me every night if you

like, my dear; it is a grand book, the Bible. Alison's heart was too full to answer him, but as Nurse Meyrick came into

and kissed his forehead.

"Good-night, dear papa; I hope you will sleep well." "Good-night," he answered, cheerfully,

"and give my love to Missie." Alison felt strangely happy as she left her father's room; it seemed to her as though they were coming closer to each There had been a look in her father's eyes and a caressing tone in his voice that told her that she was becoming very dear to him. She said to herself in her young gladness that Providence had accepted her sacrifice-her father's heart was no longer closed to her, and Mabel was beginning to love her. "Ask and it shall be given to you," was abundantly realized in her case-so true it is that love begets love, that the Divine seed ren hearts, will still yield some thirty-

fold, some sixty-fold, some hundred-fold. Alison's tranquil rest that night was only a preparation for a most trying day. Missie had left her bed for the couch that afternoon. When Alison had placed her comfortably, she had gone downstairs for a few minutes to speak to Anna, leaving Miss Leigh in charge. Anna detained her longer than usual-she had so much to say on the subject of Eva's approaching marriage, and while Alison was still talking and listening. Miss Leigh hurried down stairs with a very pale face.

"I wish you would come," she said, in much agitation; "Mabel is so very hysterical I can do nothing with her. Perhaps I have been incautious, but she questioned me so closely as to what the physicians said about her father that I could not avoid telling her."

"Oh, dear, what a pity. I meant to have told her myself when she was better," observed Alison, somewhat reproachfully.

Miss Leigh's tact was often at fault, and she had chosen an unlucky moment for breaking the news to Missie-just when she was weary with the fatigue of dressing.

Alison found her in a sad state sobbing bitterly, with her head hidden in the pillows-and for a long time she refused to allow Alison to raise her into more comfortable position. To her relief, Roger entered the room and asked immediately, in his downright manner, what was the matter, and why Missie was making herself ill.

This brought on a fresh burst. "Oh, Roger! what shall I do? Poor

"It is poor Mabel, I think," observed Ifttle figure in his arms and brought the wet face into view. "I declare, child, you are a perfect Niobe. Allie, what are we to do with her?" "He will not get up for months-per

haps for years—and it is all my fault!" cried Missie, passionately. "Perhaps so, my dear, but do you sup pose all these showers of tears will do

father any good?" "I must cry-I ought to cry when am so unhappy," returned Missie, impatiently, and trying to free herself

"No, my dear, no," was Roger's quiet answer; "you have given us all so much trouble that you ought to spare us any noisy repentance; the best thing you can do for us all is to get as well and happy as you can, and help to nurse father.

CHAPTER XIX.

Missie left off crying and stared at He told Alison afterward that Roger. those half-drowned blue eyes made him feel quite bad-but then Roger was such a soft-hearted fellow.

"You do not understand," she said a last, very slowly.

"My dear little sister," he said, tak ing her hand, "I do understand, and so does Alison, and we are both agreed on this point. Repentance is apt to be tronblesome if it be carried beyond due bounds and, in fact, it can degenerate into elashness and you are really very self-

"Oh, Roger!" exclaimed Alison, a little shocked at this plain speaking. But Roger knew what he was about; he was determined, as he said quaintly, "to seal

up the fountain of Missie's tears." "Is he not unkind?" returned poo-Missie, piteously. "He calls me selfish, just because I am so sorry about papa." "We are all sorry, Mabel," returned her brother, seriously, "though we do not go about the house wetting the floors with our tears, like mediaval sinners. 1

declare it makes one quite damp to comnear you-it is really bad for your health, my dear." "Now you are laughing at me," she

replied, pettishly. "True, and that is the unkindest cut

of all, is it not? But I am not laughing when I talk about your selfishness you see you are just going against the wise old proverb, 'Never cry over spilled milk.' The mischief is done, my dear but every one in the house has forgiven you for being the cause of it, and now you must forgive yourself." "Oh, I can not," she said, "I shall b

miserable until papa is well." "There speaks selfishness," he return ed, quickly. "My dear Mabel, why think about yourself at all? why not think how tired Alison looks, and how you may spare her? I am sure a cheerful word from you would do her no end of good."

Missie seemed struck by his words She looked at her sister rather scrutiniz ingly. Certainly Alison did look pale and there were dark rings round be eyes. Roger saw his advantage, and

"You have no idea how people in house act and react on each otherdepressing person is like a perpetual fog I think I shall coin that speech as a proverb. You know I am a bit of a philosopher-Roger the sage-that sounds

Missie's lips curved into a smile; a little dimple came into view. "Come, that's about the real article-

a little more, and we shall have a rain working order. You have done wrong and been sorry for it-good!"-with an of the ceiling fell on him."

"Poor dear mamma. How hard it must | impressive pause; "now you are going to do better, and not think about yoursel at all, but how you are to make us all "Ah!" he said, averting his face, "It happier. Good again. Thirdly and lastly, you are to turn over a new leaf and cultivate cheerfulness and that sort of

> thing. "I will try," sighed Missie, raising her face to be kissed, "but it will be dreadfully hard."

> "Most things are hard," was the philo sophical reply; "but we shall never do much good in the world by sitting in the dust and casting ashes on ourselves-that sort of thing doesn't seem to belong to the present dispensation."

> 'No, it is 'Let the dead bury their dead,' now," observed Alison, in a moved "Now, Roger, you may leave Misde to me; she is tired out, and I am going to read her to sleep."
> "But I am not sleepy," replied Missie

reluctant to let Roger go, but it showed her new submission to Alison that she made no further protest-only as Alison rend, Missie lay quiet, with a softened look in her eyes. Yes, she would try the room at that moment she leaned over | and bear it; they should not be any longer troubled.

"Thank you, dear," she said presently, as she noticed how Alison's voice flagged: "the book is very pretty, but I want you to leave off now and take a turn in the garden. Do please, Alison, it is such a lovely evening, and it will do you so much good. Popple can come to me, she is a good girl and does not tire me." "Are you sure, Mabel dear, that you

can spare me?" asked Alison, anxiously. "Quite sure," was Missie's answer, and then Alison consented to leave her. She was conscious that her strength was failing her a little; the cose confinement and anxiety for the last fortnight were trying to her constitution; broken rest at night often followed the long day's work. She that love begets love, that the Divine seed of charity sown broadcast, even over barto Mr. Moore, questioning him about Miss Carrington's movements, but had received no answer from the confidential servant who acted as the blind man's amanuensis, and, in spite of her efforts to be cheerful, she was feeling dull and deserted,

(To be continued.)

DESPONDENT HOG A SUICIDE. Without Mud Wasn't Worth

Living, So He Died. "I see that a melancholy mule committed suicide over in Kansas City. Kan., the other day," said the old customer, as related by the Kansas City Journal. "They seem to think that's wonderful, but I've seen things that beat jumping over an embankment in a fit of despondency."

"When I was a kid on a farm out in Northern Kansas we had a pig which the hired man's wife raised from the time it was big enough to squeal. She kept it in the yard, which was fenced in, and never allowed Jerry, as she called him, to get muddy. She had an idea that it was merely habit, not an inborn trait, that made pigs wallow tu the mud.

"But her dope was wrong. As soon as Jerry got big enough to have ideas | the present Congress. of his own he wanted mud. When it would rain he would try as hard as he could to break through the fence or jump over so as to get out in the mudand at first he couldn't find any mud agriculture and manufacturing. spots in his inclosure.

If he dug down in the ground he would find dirt, and one morning we found pump and had a mud hole. We couldn't ten hours a day for an entire year. imagine how he got the water, but watched him the next night ,and found that with almost human intelligence he completed for Pittsburg. The sedimen pumped the water himself into a bucket tation basins have a capacity of 120. that was kept standing near and then 000,000 gallons, and the filtered water ipped over the bucket. The pump was arranged so if there was no bucket under the spout the water would run into

a drain. "How did he pump it? Pushed the handle up with his nose and down with his front feet. We stopped that by putting him in a clean pen with a floor in it. But Jerry had had one mud bath and he longed for more. He would moan most piteously at night, and we wanted to let him out with the other pigs, but the hired man's wife threatened to quit if we did. She thought as much of Jerry as she did of her children, and she couldn't bear the thought of having him dirty, enjoying himself with the other pigs.

"Jerry began to grow thin. He for merly had a cheerful look in his eye, but now there was no longer the healthful. Joyous glitter when I came around with his food. He actually began to

get pale and he wouldn't eat much. "He deliberately planned suicide. Life without mind wasn't worth living. First we caught him trying to cut his throat with his front feet. We cut his toe nails and made them harmless. Then he tried to drown himself by sticking his head in a pall of water, but through force of habit he drapk up

all the water before he was drowned. "That gave him an idea, and he tried to drink himself to death, but we never gave him enough water at one time. And still the hired man's wife couldn't bear to let him out with the common herd. Hoglike, he never thought of starving himself to death, although worry cut down his appetite consider-

"Finally he accomplished the desired end. We found him lifeless in his spotless pen one morning. We called the family doctor-the hired man's wife would not stand for a veterinarian. He examined Jerry and found that he had died from lack of respiration. Jerry had held his breath until he suffocated." And the old enstomer wiped tear from his left eye and sadly thought of the pig who couldn't live without mud.

A Sympathetic Strain.

"Do you think you are benefited by your solourn at the seashore?" "No," answered Mr. Sirius Barker Our hotel was at one of those sandy stretches where people tired themselves out in week-end holidays. When you looked at the place you felt sorry for the people and when you looked at the people you felt sorry for the place."-Washington Star.

"Yes," drawled Amber Pete, "that pert speaker from up the State got up and said he wanted the floor." "And did he get the floor?" queried

the interviewer. "No, but he got two chairs and part TUMULT IN THE SEA.

Terrific Force of a Marine Upheaval Off Cape Horn. A sailing ship rounding Cape Horn was caught in a dead calm, something almost unprecedented in that stormy latitude. The sky was filmed with a light haze, and the sea was flat and lead colored. About 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day the ship began to shake violently, the masts Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the whipped and bent like fish poles, and everything movable above and below came down with a clatter. It was like striking a rock, only the shock was less pronounced at first, but increased in violence during the thirty seconds it lasted. The sea heaved in oily

and it continued to be agitated after

the tremors ceased.

Half an hour later fish by the thous ands began to rise to the surface until it was covered with them. Fortyseven whales were counted, many cowfish fully eight feet across, sharks without number and scals by the hundreds. They were e-idently stunned Round every windward stake, or tree with the force of some terrific marine upheaval, and when struck with a pole by one of the sailors showed only faint signs of life. In twenty minutes after the first fish arose to the surface they began to drop out of sight like pieces of lend. Whether they were stunned and, on recovering, immediate ly dived beneath the waves in a panic. or whether they died from the shock and, instead of floating as dead fish do, were drawn under by some submarine whirlpool, were scientific questions too deep for the skipper, but half a dozen of the smaller fish hauled aboard by the cook for dinner were Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished quite dead when examined. The calm continued twenty-four hours longer before the ocean resumed its usual aspect and a wind from the southeast permitted the ship to continue its course. -New York Press.

The Japanese government is waging a successful war on rats by paying for every dead one brought in, and giving each rat slayer a ticket to a lottery with valuable prizes.

Mrs. Nellie C. Upham was the only woman delegate at the recent American mining congress which met at Pittsburg. She is the owner of a paying mine, which she manages herself, The women of Wisconsin have deciared their intention of getting every man and woman in the State who is 21 or over to sign the petition for woman suffrage which is to be presented to

A permanent national exposition at Madrid, for the promotion of which au organization has been formed in Spain. will have for one of its chief objects dy road. The yard was well sodded, the stimulation of scientific methods in

On the basis of a bushel of corn pro-"Finally, though, he discovered that ducing 2.5 gallons of alcohol, it has crop in the United States was sufficient that he had dug up the sod near the to furnish 20,000,000 horsepower for

> The largest single infiltration in the world is said to be the one recently reservoir room for 50,000,000 gallons.

> A new stop watch has been brought cut for use of physicians and nurses in counting pulse beats. The pressure of a button starts it and another pressure stops it and marks the time when a given number of beats have been count-

> Louisiana is estimated to waste 75,-000,000 cubic feet of natural gas daily. more than one-twentieth of that consumed in the United States, and the Secretary of the Interior has withdrawn from entry 6,500 acres of natural gas fields.

To avoid the troubles besetting compasses on steel ships, the metal of which deflects the needle, a German inventor has devised a needleless one, in the form of a gyroscope, the axis of bent-his special aptitude. He is prewhich always adjusts itself parallel to judiced at the very outset. the earth's axis.

British automobile exports amount to a value of \$22,500,000 a year. Factories are full of orders as a result of the recent automobile show at the Olympia in London. About 80 per cent of the orders are for closed cars, usually of the landaulet type.

The new woman in China, instead of following the example of her English and American sisters in railing against the tyranny of men has revolted against her relations-in-law. One of the women's clubs in Shanghai proclaims as its object "rebellion against mothers-in law."

Names for New Inventions.

Every new invention excites the word makers. A few years ago the adoption of the electric chair in place of the called forth the Ill formed "electrocute" made his discovery, dozens of attempts were made to construct a word from Greek roots to express the process and the result; but popular common sense tentative "X-ray" is all that has a vigorous survival.

And now Marconi's device for tele graphing without wires is greatly exerready overloaded vocabulary, "Floography." "undigraphy," "teleradiography," and other still worse compounds are suggested. The fact is overlooked that "telegraphy" does not signify the use of wires, and is therefore applicable to the wireless system; so that the simple "wireless telegraphy" is exactly

Encouraging Dream.

To dream that some one bears you malice foretells a pleasant prospect in your worldly affairs; and that you will soon be advanced to some important station.

Old Favorites

The Snow Storm. Announced by all the trumpets of the

fields. Seems nowhere to alight: the whited at-Hides hill and woods, the river, and the heaven, And vells the farmhouse at the garden's

The sled and traveler stopped, the courfer's feet swells with a strange, hoarse murmur. Delayed, all friends shut out, the house

mates sit Around the radiant firelace, inclosed In a tumultuous rivacy of storm.

end.

see the north wind's masonry. Out of an unseen quarry evermore Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer Curves his white bastions with rojected roof

or door. Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild

So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he For number or proportion. Mockingly On coop or kennel he hangs Parlan wreaths: A swanlike form invests the hidden

thorn : Fills us the farmer's lane from wall to wall. Mauger the farmer's signs; and at the

A tapering turret overtops the work. And when his hours are numbered, and the world Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,

Art To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone. Built in an age, the mad wind's night

The frolic architecture of the snow. -Ralph Walso Emerson. We Lay Us Down to Sleep. We lay us down to sleep, And leave to God the rest: Whether to wake and weep

work,

Or wake no more be best, Why vex our souls with care? The grave is cool and low-Have we found life so fair That we should dread to go?

And left them sweet and red: The rose the wild bee sips Blooms on when he is dead Some faithful friends we've found, But they who love us best,

We've kissed love's sweet, red lips,

Will laugh on with the rest. No task have we begun But other hands can take; No work beneath the sun

For which we need to wake

When we are under ground,

Then hold us fast, sweet Death If so it seemeth best To Him who gave us breath That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep; Our weary eyes we close: Whether to wake and weep - Louise Chandler Moulton.

DON'T RIDICULE YOUR BOY.

Let Him Follow the Useful Tendency Nature May Have Implanted. Many a boy has gone to bed in tears because his father criticised or denounced his effort at playing the violin; made fun of a simple little composition or story which he wrote; discouraged his attempt to make some little mechanical device, or threw a wet blanket on his dreams, laughing at his prediction of what he would do in the future.

A man who has recently come into great prominence in his profession says that when, tremblingly, he teld his vousness. Doctors finally said there father what he wanted to be, he was told that a padded cell was the only place for a boy with such crazy ideas, and that he was forced for years to do Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. that which God had forbidden in every fiber of his being, and against which every drop of blood in him protested

The father who has made up his mind that his son must continue his business and keep his estate intact, is not in a position to decide on the boy's

The reason why there are so many medlocre men and women in the world, and so many failures, is because the never found their right places.

Everywhere we seen men and women. apable of much better things, who were discouraged and diverted from their natural bent when young. Their own families did not take stock in them; they haughed at their young amofficers, and strangled their aspirations either by harsh treatment, or, what is even worse, ridicule; and their teachers did not understand them.

You cannot read the sealed message which God has wrapped up in your boy or girl, and you should regard it as sacred. You should respect the dreams of future greatness of your son, be cause the Creator may have intended him for a grand and far-reaching misgallows for the killing of criminals sion. You cannot tell what is going on in his mind; you cannot tell what posand "electrocution." After Roentgen sibilities are locked in his brain. He may be perfectly conscious at this moment that he was intended for a much higher place in the world than you are occupying yourself, and to denounce discarded them all, and Roentgen's own him, to scoff at his dreams, to laugh at his predictions for the future may be a source of great humiliation to you some day. It may also work incalculable injury to your boy. A thousand cising those who would add to an al- times better strike him with your hand than blast his hopes by ridicule or by a cruel, chilling, cutting word .-Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.

> Pygmies of East Africa. The thick forest along the banks of the Semliki, in eastern Africa. densely inhabited by pygmies. They are cannibals, and when pressed for food exchange their children for those of other families. They refuse to est

members of their own families. Uncle Jerry.

"Too often." said Uncle Jerry Poebies, "when that there thing they call We have noticed that when a farmer opportunity comes along, by jocks, it's only an opportunity to steal some travels, he carries less baggage than e

PROPERTY ONE OF THE OLDEST MEN IN AMERICA.

Says: "Peruna Has Been My Stand-



Isaac Brock, 120 Years of Age. Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms: "Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found to be the best, if not the only relia-ble remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, CA TARRH and diarrhea,

"Peruna has been my stand-by for many years, and I attribute my good health and my extreme age to this remedy. It exactly meets all my requirements.

"I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people."
Isaac Brock.

Where It Came From. Pandora had opened the box. Instantly the troubles came trooping

For a few moments she watched them in silence. Then, with a hasty exclamation, she

made a grab at a dozen or so of them, but they eluded her. "Foiled!" she muttered, deeply chagrined. "I didn't intend to let that bunch get away!" And she close? the box, with

hope still inside of it. All the troubles had escaped. This is why, dear children, we have the comic valentine nutsance, the elevated loop problem, the Merry Widow waltz, Bubbly creek, the cannibal and missionary joke, corns and bunions, the end seat hog, the toothache, the stockyards odor, the grip, the mosquito, the fountain pen, and the tobacco war, with no hope of relief .- Chicago Tribune.

Tipping Evil in Mexico.

The tip question has become such a nuisance in Mexico city that some time ago the government of the federal district announced that cabmen, cargadors, mecapaleros, etc., who accepted tips, would be discharged. Unfortunately the public prefers to tip all these people rather than to hear themselves called by the far from sweet names that such people apply to nontipping persons.

Secenity. "Your latest speech has made the greatest hit of any in your career." said the flatterer. "I suppose you re-

gard it as your masterplece?" "Not necessarily," answered the orator. "The fact you recite merely indicates an improvement in public tasta." -Washington Star.

WISHED FOR DEATH.

Sufferings From Kidney Troubles Were So Acute. Mrs. Josephine Jeffery, 24th and Washington Sts., Marion, Ind., says:



weakness and exhaustion, then a terrible steady pain over the kidneys and an extreme nerwas no hope for me, but I began using

Doan's Kidney Pills and gradually retovered my health." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box.

Railway whistles inflict torture on so many people that the efforts abroad to check the plague have won approval from the people. Austria has introduced a system of dumb signaling to start and stop the trains. Relgion is trying compressed air whistles instead of steam, and

Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind. KEMP'S BALSAM cures

coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages. It does not contain alcohol, opium, morphine, or any other narcotic, poisonous or harmful drug.

RATS AND MICE EXTERMINATED BY DANYSZ VIRUS

So I distant per acre inhabited area; I is 6 take even field. Sold in glass takes, fall direction of take loc; I takes \$1.75, or \$1.56 per do

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argest growers of onion and vegetable seds in the world. Big catalog free; or seeds in the world. Bec catalog free: or, arad (60 in stamps and receive catalog and too kernels each of chions, carrots, celery, radishes 1500 each lettuce, rutabaga, turnips, 100 parsley, too tomatoes, 100 miles, 1500 charming flower seeds, in all 10,000 kernels, easily worth 51,00 of any man's money. Or, send 200 and we will add one pag, of Estilest Peep U Day Sweet Corn. BALZER SEED CO., Box CN La Crosse, Wie