

NOT THE SAME

How the World Looks to Short-Sighted Persons.

The common opinion regards short-sight as an ailment which merely prevents due recognition of distant objects. It is not realized that much more is involved than this. Our limited range of vision gives us not only a circumscribed but also a different view of our surroundings. Thus, in admiring Nature, I, the myopic, behold a landscape other than that which spreads before you. Vegetation, for instance, is blurred, and soft like an impressionist picture, the color spreading occasionally as if a child had handled the brush. You see spaces between the clearly-defined leaves of the tree and the light shining through the spaces. I see merely a soft mass with no spaces, the leaves all blotting into one another. The same holds good with other respects of Nature—it is a world without detail or outline, thus giving even solid buildings a cloudy and unsubstantial look.

Not only the inanimate, but the animate world presents itself in strange forms of the myopic. Humanity, for instance, is often revealed in somewhat inhuman guise. Thus, so far as ocular demonstration goes, the world to the short-sighted is peopled by men and women as faceless, sometimes even as headless, as the horsemen of legendary fame. Indoors myopic persons get quite accustomed to talking with persons who have neither eyes nor nose; out of doors the phenomenon is more striking, because oftener repeated. At quite a short distance the face melts into the atmosphere and becomes either a cloud or, like H. G. Wells' invisible man, a nothing. I see the hat and the figure, sometimes the hand; I see the walking stick—if the hand is ungloved this stick waving miraculously a little way from the sleeve edge for the hand, like the face, has vanished.—Constance Clyde, in the September Strand Magazine.

THE ONLY WAY TO GOOD HEALTH

Is to Keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure by Using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The only way for every girl and woman to be well and at her best is to keep her blood rich and red and pure. Impure, weak blood is the cause of the wretched feeling of languor and faintness, pains in the back and sides, headaches and all those other indescribable sufferings which make the lives of so many growing girls and women a daily torture. There is only one sure way to be well, and that is through the tonic treatment supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills actually make the new, rich blood which growing girls and women need to make them well and keep them well. Thousands of mothers and their daughters have found an effective cure for anemia, general weakness, indigestion, palpitation, nervous disorders, skin troubles and other ailments in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. J. C. Moore, Brenton, N. B., says: "Last spring and summer my daughter's health gave out. She had no energy, was very pale and nervous, and had no appetite. As the usual remedies given in such cases did not help her, we became much alarmed, and we took the advice of a neighbor began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We could continue an improvement, and she gained in weight and vigor; her color returned and her whole system seemed to be built up again. She is now the picture of health and joins in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Fly on Mr. Gladstone's Nose.

I remember once, says Harry Furniss, in the Strand Magazine, when I was giving a lecture on "Portraiture, Past and Present," and illustrating the portraits on medals with the aid of a lantern, I came to some near the bottom of the screen. "Here," said I, "we have the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, 1300 A. D." At that moment, the Mayor and Mayoress of the town, who, for effect, I suppose, had come in a quarter of an hour late to the seats reserved for them in the centre of the hall, walked past the rays of the lantern, and were, of course, shown on the screen, and, as can be supposed, caused an effect that had not been anticipated. On another occasion a fly was an offender whilst I was giving a lecture, with the aid of a lantern. I was showing some portraits of Mr. Gladstone in my entertainment, "The Humors of Parliament." I was telling my audience, as I pointed to the pictures on the screen, that one moment he looks like this, and at another he looks like that, when there was a great burst of laughter. I proceeded to speak about Gladstone's flashing eye and noble brow, and by the time I mentioned something about his aquiline nose my audience seemed in hysterics. Thinking that by some mischance the wrong picture was being thrown on the screen, I turned round, and was at first horrified to see a gigantic fly apparently walking about on the nose of the Grand Old Man. It appears that the fly had got into the lantern, had been caught between and was being magnified a hundredfold on the screen.

UNPREJUDICED.

Mike McGinnis was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial. "Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?" "No, sir," replied Mike. "Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?" "Not in this case, your honor," Mike replied.

A coming-out party—the convict—has confirmed her arrival.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

meets you half-way—does all your work in half the time and at half the cost of other soaps.



"THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER."

In days of yore, from Briton's shore, Wolfe, the dauntless hero came, And planted firm Britannia's flag, On Canada's fair domain. Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, And joined in love together, The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined The Maple Leaf forever!

Chorus. The Maple Leaf, or emblem dear, God save our King and heaven bless The Maple Leaf forever!

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane, Our brave fathers, side by side, For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear, And those dear rights which they maintained.

We swear to yield them never! Our watchword ever more shall be, The Maple Leaf forever!

Our fair Dominion now extends From Cape Race to Nootka Sound; May peace forever be our lot, And plentiful store abound; And may those ties of love be ours Which discord cannot sever, And flourish green o'er Freedom's home, The Maple Leaf forever!

On merry England's far-famed land, May kind heaven's blessing smile, God bless old Scotland evermore, And Ireland's Emerald Isle! Then swell the song both loud and loud, Till rocks and forests quiver, God bless our King and heaven bless The Maple Leaf forever!

Walk Tells Man's Character.

(By Searles Patterson.)

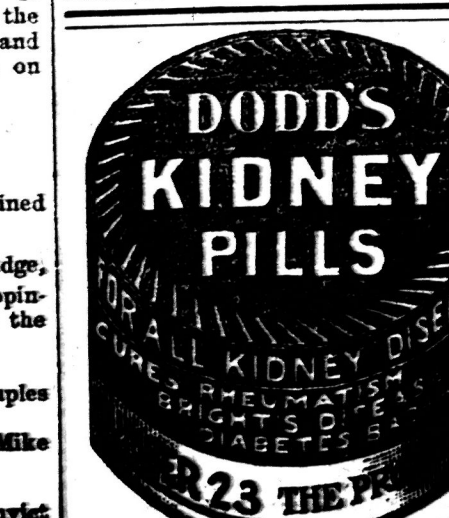
The way a man or woman walks means more to a close observer than the walker would admit. A good reader of character will pick the man of purpose from the crowd on the street every time. Some may move slowly and others with a rapid stride, but the way they do it is what counts. The swing and bearing give an impression of just what a man does when at work. Some day the young man who bears himself well will walk right into the position he desires. He often leaves his country town with an awkward, shuffling gait and returns like the soldier with the manly walk of enterprise. The walk and bearing of success have come with his rise in life. The town is proud of him and that quick, wide-awake alertness lends a bright example to the community.

There is the man who walks slowly, but with a sureness of step which tells that he looks every door behind him which ought to be locked. Here are two men who set a swift pace to their places of work. One is the business manager of a big magazine and the other a soda fountain dispenser, but they both excel in their line. And each appreciates the other for a good magazine and a good drink.

County of a Thousand Keys.

Monroe county is the most unique county in the State, if not in the United States. The larger portion of the county is made up of a group of islands or, as they are called, keys, both on the east and west coasts. The only part of Monroe county on the mainland is the Cape Sable country, the extreme south end of the United States on the mainland. The larger portion of this land is what is known as the Everglades, and but a limited number of acres are now under cultivation. What effect the proposed drainage of the Everglades will have in Monroe county is not known, but it is doubtful if any large areas will be drained because of the flatness of the country and being so near sea level. In the vicinity of Cape Sable there are large bodies of rich alluvial land and a considerable quantity has been under cultivation for several years past.

All kinds of tropical and semi-tropical fruit trees grow luxuriantly on the keys and bear full crops of fruit each year. Every key is surrounded with water and the great portion of them have clean white sand beaches with bluffs varying in height above high water mark. All of these building sites are in full view of either the ocean, gulf or bays.—From the Jacksonville Times-Union.



NO GOLDEN SPIKES IN THIS

Yet It Was a Record Breaking Piece of Railroaded All the Same.

Just forty years had elapsed on May 10 since the rails of the Union Pacific moving westward met the rails of the Central Pacific moving eastward at Promontory Point near Ogden, Utah, and the first transcontinental railway was completed.

When Thomas Durant of the Union Pacific, and Gov. Leland Stanford, of California, drove the last spikes in the first continent girdling line on May 10, 1869, the whole country, says Leslie's Weekly, was metaphorically looking on.

Things were very different forty years later when, without any golden spike, without the presence of any of the principal officers of the company, the last rail on the Pacific Coast extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway, now known as the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Railway, was laid at a point two miles east of Missoula, Mont., just before the 5 o'clock whistle blew on March 31 last.

There was no celebration of any kind, and the only speech was the remark of the contractor to the foreman, "Bill, that's a good job." The length of the extension just completed from the Missouri River to Seattle and Tacoma is a little over 1,400 miles and brings the total mileage of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway up to 9,000 miles. The completion of the new line was turned April 15, 1906. No Pacific Coast line of any railway and no line of equal length crossing three mountain ranges has ever been constructed within the short period of three years.

During this period 60,000,000 cubic yards of material have been excavated, 260,000 yards of tunnel driven, twenty miles of bridges erected, and 200,000 tons of eighty-five pound rails laid at a total cost of \$85,000,000. The ballast of the new transcontinental line will be completed about June 1, 1909, and regular freight and local passenger service will be established thereafter. The new line as far west as the city of Butte, Mont., has been in regular operation since September, 1908.

WHY NOT SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE?

A cook informed her Boston mistress that she was apt to be married. The mistress was genuinely sorry, says Judge, as the woman was a good cook and steady. Time passed, however, without further word of leaving, though the happy-man-to-be was a frequent caller in the kitchen. The other day the mistress was moved by curiosity to ask: "When are you to be married, Nora?" "Indeed, an it's niver at all, I'll be thinkin', mum," was the sad reply. "Really? What is the trouble?" "This, mum. I won't marry Mike when he's drunk, an' when he's sober he won't marry me!"

Lifebuoy Soap is delightfully refreshing for bath or toilet in hot weather. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Hoping for much in others is helping them to it.

Every shadow in life is evidence of a sun somewhere.

Lifting little loads helps a lot more than describing big ones.

The only powers that know enjoyment are those that find employment.

The only way to move a mountain tomorrow is to take a pickaxe to-day.

Your faith is not measured by your appreciation of the faults of others.

Good intentions in sowing tares will not make them come up as wheat.

Big words in the meeting do not make up for short weight in the market.

The home is never brightened by the rogeat hues on the end of a nose.

The straightest road to heaven is that one on which you can do most good.

The more man you put into religion the more religion you will give men.

Too many think they are saints because it makes them sad to see a child happy.

He who does not preach with what he is will never prosecute with what he says.

The dead saints are the only good ones according to the canon of negative virtues.

No man who ever knows anything about heaven except as he tries to make some one happy.

Some have a hard time picking out a ear to heaven because the lower berths seem all to be taken.

There is no such possibility as finding righteousness for yourself while ignoring the rights of others.

You can usually tell where a man's scruples will break out when he carries his conscience in his pocket.

Henry F. Cope.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Swedish Peat Bogs.

According to the latest statistics, the total peat bogs of Sweden should be capable of producing 10,000 millions of tons of air-dried peat, suitable for fuel. This quantity as compared with the present import of coal, would be sufficient for a period of 1,500 years. More exact examinations of the geological character of the peat bogs will soon be started by the Swedish Geological Society.

BAD NEWS FOR OUR DOCTORS.

"And now that you are through college you are going to do—" "I shall study medicine."

"Rather crowded profession already, isn't it?" "Can't help that. I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances, that's all."—Boston Transcript.

FALSE ALARM.

"Mamma, young Prof. McGoozie proposed last night—" "Merely, child! What on earth has he got to live on?" "I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, mamma. He proposed that we start in and read President Eliot's five feet of books."

"Think of the glories of ancient Rome."

A Bowel Medicine

Prevents Constipation, Appendsicitis, Keeps Complexion Clear, Assures Sound Health.

Two Remarkable Cases Described by Mr. Hugh Cameron of Folger Station, Ont., Proving the Efficacy of DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS.

"I am now quite an old man," writes Mr. Cameron, "it being sixty-six years since I left my native town in Scotland. In that time I have witnessed much sickness and suffering. One case I recall occurred with a neighbor who I heard was about ready to die with appendicitis. I went to see him and found he had been ordered to the hospital weeks ago for an operation. But he put it off and I found him in bed suffering agony—four days had elapsed since his bowels moved. Having used Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly for 25 years I knew they would help him and I gave him three pills. In two days he was around, and I know that ever since."

This man has enjoyed excellent health and simply because he used Dr. Hamilton's Pills three times a week. No case of constipation can positively go uncorrected if treated with Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"In my own family we use practically no other medicine but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. To keep the digestion good, to regulate the bowels and maintain healthy action of the liver and kidneys no remedy I ever heard of is so dependable and so certain to do good as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. For the father who lives as I do, far from a doctor and drug store, the knowledge of the power and wide usefulness of Dr. Hamilton's Pills for all family ills is very valuable. I have administered them for nearly every complaint for which they are recommended, and in each case this honest medicine cured. Signed, Hugh Cameron, Folger Station, P.O. Ont.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills are an old and proven cure for all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels—good for children, good for old folks—just what everyone in poor health requires, 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Company, Kingston, Ont.

The Greedy Post Office.

Some idea of the quantity of material used by the postal service may be gained, says the National Magazine, when it is stated that during last year the division furnished 925,000,000 yards of twine, 3,260,000 pens, 283,000 penholders, 650,000 pencils and 2,000,000 blank cards. To wrap the bundles 5,400,000 sheets of wrapping paper were used. Blank forms are furnished for the millions. Of the form "Application for Domestic Money Order" which is seen in the lobby of every post office, there were 161,770,000 used last year, and during the same period 69,034 rubber stamps were manufactured and supplied to post offices.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Dear Sirs,—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it made a complete cure, and it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.

Belleisle Station, King's Co., N. B., Sept. 17, 1904.

Everybody Lucky.

(Spare Moments.)

An old farmer of the county of Durham called at a roadside public house where he was well known. The landlady asked him to buy a ticket for a lottery they had on there.

"Well," he said, "I have nought in my pocket, or I might."

"Oh, that's a treat, John," she says; "take the ticket, and pay for it any time."

Some time later John called again, and the landlady asked him if he knew who had won the lottery.

"No," he said. "Who won?" "Well, I hardly dared tell you, but our Sam won. Wasn't he lucky?"

"Aye, she was lucky," said John. "And who was second, then?"

"I durst hardly tell you. Who would you think now?" she said.

"I couldn't say," said John. "Well, it was our Sally. Wasn't she lucky?"

"Aye, she was lucky," said John. "And who was third?" he asked.

"Well," she said, "you would never guess, and I might as well tell. It was third. Wasn't I lucky?"

"You were," he said. "Did I ever pay you for that ticket, Missus?"

"No, John, you didn't," she said, frowning upon him.

"Well," said John, "isn't I lucky."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A Napoleonic Library.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle once told an amusing story of an illiterate millionaire who gave a wholesale dealer an order for a copy of every book in all languages treating of an aspect of Napoleon's career. He thought it would fill a case in his library.

He was somewhat taken aback, however, when in a few weeks he received a message from the dealer that he had got 40,000 volumes, and was awaiting instructions as to whether he should send them on as an installment or wait for a complete set.—M. A. P.

She Wasn't Sure.

A famous baseball player has a young sister, who is intensely proud of him, although not very familiar with the national game. Mentioning his name one day to a visitor, the latter asked her what position her brother played.

"Why," she stammered, "I'm not sure, but I think he's a batter."—Lip-pincott's.

CHURCH FROM OLD BOAT.

Home for Sailors on the Pacific Coast—How It Was Fitted Up.

It would be difficult to find a greater oddity in church architecture than the Seamen's Bethel, on Rattlesnake Island, close to the port of San Pedro, off the coast of California. It is the decayed and weather beaten hulk of an old ship that used to ply the salt seas. Becoming unworthy, it was beached, made fast with cables and transformed into a church.

The Seamen's Bethel is a mission church maintained for the benefit of the sailors that come into San Pedro harbor and of the fishermen of Rattlesnake Island. All the machinery and sea-going fixtures have been removed from the old hulk and the rooms and staterooms have been opened into the engine room have been combined into the assembly hall.

The after deck has been boarded in and transformed into a reading room. Tables and chairs, with many books, magazines and newspapers, give the place a homelike appearance, and here the sailors of the Seven Seas, with human derelicts from many lands, congregate in the afternoons and evenings to find out what is going on in the great world.

Really the Seamen's Bethel is a sort of institutional church. The after part of the hulk has been fitted up as a gymnasium. Here also is a bowling alley, and in another corner are bathtubs and a water heater. Another part of the hulk is fitted up with bunks, where the sailor who finds himself "broken" between voyages is made welcome to spend the night—as many nights as he pleases.—From the Kansas City Star.

How Sparrows Came to New Zealand.

The Register publishes the following paragraph quoted from its issue of June 23rd, 1899: "It appears from the New Zealand papers that the country at particular seasons is invaded by armies of caterpillars, which clean off the grain crops as completely as if mowed by a scythe. With a view of counteracting this plague a novel importation has been made. Mr. Brodie has shipped 300 sparrows on board the Swordfish, carefully selected from the best hedgerows in England. The food alone, he informs us, put on board for them cost £18. This sparrow question has been a long standing joke in Auckland, but the necessity to farmers of small birds to keep the crops as completely as if mowed by a scythe. Mr. Brodie has already acclimatized the pheasant, which is abundant in the north."—Adelaide Register.

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes.

Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You will like Murine. It soothes, cures, and keeps the eyes cool and clear. Write for Eye Book. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

The Cook's Fault.

One of the most annoying things about swans is that they live to an extremely great age, and that it is impossible for the ordinary observer to guess what their years may be. President Grover Cleveland once had an amusing experience with some swans, according to a writer in the American Magazine. He had been in the south, shooting, and brought home a number of wild swans, one of which he sent to some other associates.

"All the boys," said Mr. Cleveland, "thanked me politely for having remembered them, but none of them seemed to have much to say about how they enjoyed the birds."

"Carlisle, I found, had his cooked on a night when he was dining out. Another, when I asked him, said he hoped I wouldn't mind, but he had sent his home to his old mother. Thurber didn't mention his bird at all for two days. Finally I asked him about it."

"Thurber, did you get that swan all right?"

"Yes, sir, oh, yes, I got the swan all right, thank you, and he bent over his desk and seemed very busy."

"Fine bird," I said.

"Yes, sir, fine bird," and he went on working.

"Enjoy eating him, Thurber?"

"He waited a minute, and then he said, 'Well, sir, I guess they didn't cook him right at my house. They only cooked him two days, and he went on working without cracking a smile.'"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

KEEP THEM AT HOME.

(Goldwin Smith.)

We are much obliged to the English journal which proposes to get rid of all the pauper infants by sending them here. The remark might sound rather malthusian; otherwise we might say that the best way of getting rid of pauper infants would be to abstain from bringing them into the world. A man surely has no right to bring into the world beings whom he cannot support and thrust them on the community. Malthus may have been rough in the expression of his views, though the blame for this rests, it is believed, mainly on his disciples, but it is difficult to deny that he is right.

GETTING BACK.

"Captain, what time does this boat start?"

"It starts, madam, when I give the word."

"Then I've always had the wrong idea. I thought it started when the engineer pulled a lever or did something. Thank you ever so much."

ISSUE NO. 37, 1905

AGENTS WANTED.

CANVASSERS WANTED—BEST SAMPLES OF THE BEST GOODS AND BEST TERMS. All Agents Wanted. London, Ont.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO PLAIN AND LIGHT SEWING at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; clean, neat, and fast. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

Bridges in the Way.

The development of the traffic of the Allegheny River is said to be seriously interfered with by the character of the bridges spanning the stream. It appears that the several bridges between Pittsburgh and Allegheny have different clearances above water and most of them are too low for the full development of navigation, now that the regulation of the Allegheny River has reached an advanced stage. An effort is now being made to have the Government take some action with the object of remedying the conditions, and the attention of the Secretary of War has been called to the matter with the hope of securing some relief. The situation is somewhat complicated by reason of the fact that all the structures are owned by private corporations.

A Most Delicious Pickle

can be made by dropping the contents of a package of Parke's Pickle Mixture

in a gallon of vinegar, boil for fifteen minutes and pour over the pickles. This mixture keeps the pickles solid and nice the year round and imparts a most delicious flavor to the pickles. Sold at 25c, by grocers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 30c.

PARKE & PARKE

HAMILTON DRUGGISTS CANADA

He Answered It.

A party of young men were camping, and to avert annoying questions they made it a rule that the one who asked a question that he could not answer himself had to do the cooking.

One evening, while sitting round the fire, one of the boys asked, "Why is it that a ground-squirrel never leaves any dirt at the mouth of its burrow?"

They all guessed and missed. So he was asked to answer himself.

"Why," he said, "because they always begin to dig at the other end of the hole."

"But," one asked, "how does he get to the other end of the hole?"

"Well," was the reply, "that's your question."

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Sumners, Box W. S. Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

DEFINITION OF A DIOCESE.

When the Right Rev. Ethelbert Talbot, Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, was in London not long ago his fame as the "cowboy bishop" brought thousands of young boys and girls to hear him speak wherever he went. In one of his talks to the youngsters, he held them spell-bound by telling them of his diocese in Wyoming, which was more thickly populated in the old days with bears and Indians than with Christians.

When he was finished with his description, he asked the children if anyone knew what a diocese was. One boy promptly raised his hand.

"What is it, my lad?"

"A diocese, my lord, is a body of land with a bishop on top and the clergy underneath," was the answer.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

A FRENCH CRITICISM.

Sir Charles Wyndham, at a dinner, discussed the leanness of actresses.

"It is odd," said he, "but the thinner an actress is the greater she is likely to become. To be thin, somehow, is to be artistic. Look at Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore and divine Sara."

Sir Charles laughed.

"Once, at a reception that Mme. Sara Bernhardt gave in Paris," he said, "she led us all up to admire a new portrait of herself. It was a beautiful work. Very thin—she hardly weighed five stone in those days—the actress in a gold-colored gown, posed sinuously, a huge white dog beside her."

"A French critic started us all, as we were grouped about the picture by exclaiming with a loud, rude laugh: 'Ah! A dog and a bone!'"

Doctor—It isn't wise to go to sleep on an empty stomach. Patient—I don't. I always sleep on my back.

THE BEST WOODEN PAIL

Can't Help But Lose Its Hoops and Fall to Pieces. You Want Something Better Don't You? Then Ask for Pails and Tubs Made of

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

Eddy's Matches

Each One a Solid, Hardwood, Lasting Match Without a Hoop or Seam. Just as Good as

Photo-diagram under the microscope

Photo-diagram under the microscope