RAISING THE DEAD

The Wonderful Feat Accomplished By Electricity.

Then, one day in December, 1908, Paris found itself enjoying all the thrills of a great "story"—a wondrous tale that the flock of American newspaper correspondents there have never told to this day; a woman, dead and given up by the doctors in attendance, had been brought back to life.

The woman was only one of the many characters of her kind in the underworld—a morphine eater—and she had been admitted to the Ste. Anne Asylum, Dr. Magnan's service. For two years she had indulged each day in two grains of the drug. When admitted to the hospital she was deprived of this dose. Waiting to be examined by Dr. Magnan, she had a sudden attack of syncope. Various means were used to revive her and she regained consciousness. In a few minutes she fell into a second attack. Her respiration became slow, shallow, appearing at rare intervals—perhaps four or five per minute. The pulse was almost imperceptible and her face was blue—almost blue-black—from asphyxia. Assistant physicians began to practice artificial respiration and rhythmic traction of the tongue. Almost any reader has witnessed the application of these methods in drowning cases at some summer beach. At the end of twenty minutes every method had proved unavailing. The last visible spark of animation had fled. The patient was quite black in the face, to use the doctors' own expression.

"Dead!" they said. Twenty minutes had elapsed after death before Dr. Robinovitch's electrical coil was brought in and the electrodes placed in their proper position for resuscitation; the cathode in the dorsal region, the anode in the lumbar.

Imagine for a minute what this scene represented. Not one of the spectators expected a favorable result, though all were deeply engrossed in a situation surcharged with dramatics. Then the rhythmic excitations were begun and practiced for thirty seconds. Because the patient looked so thoroughly asphyxiated, judging from the color of the face, the operator shortened the period of the opening of the circuit. The change that took place was like the breaking up of storm clouds on a summer afternoon to make way for the full radiance of the sun. As the excitations were repeated the dark blue of the features changed to pale blue, then to an almost natural color. There was a quick, sharp sob and the woman's eyes popped open.

"Oh! I feel so cold in the back!" she cried, with a shiver. It was the wet pad of cotton in the electrodes at her back.—From "Bringing the Dead to Life," in January Technical World Magazine.

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

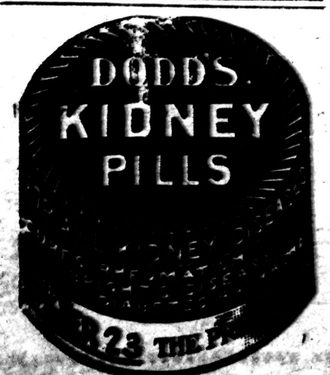
The best medicine in the world for little ones is the medicine that will promptly cure all their little ills and at the same time can be given the very youngest baby with absolute safety. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. They never fail to cure the ills of childhood and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that they do not contain one particle of injurious drug. Concerning them, Mrs. John Robertson, Streetsville, Ont., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation, with the very best results. They are indeed a valuable medicine for the little ones." The Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW TO REMAIN YOUNG.

The Day of Old Men was hurried to its close by the unnatural breaking of the Day of Young Men, and now that the day of young men cruelly forced is ended, now that most of our "Young Napoleons of Finance" have been shipped to their St. Helena, and most of our "Young Captains of Industry" are once more working for a living, there has dawned the day of the Middle-Aged. We shall protest against it. The census will show some of us declaring that we are no older than we were a decade ago; but we all know in our hearts that these last ten years have aged our bodies a full score.

Is this fatality of middle age inevitable? I, for one, agree with the morning star of patent medicine advertising: "There is hope." The bones may harden and the muscles soften; the hair may whiten sooner; but the conditions that affect these mere habiliments need in no wise harm the spirit that those habiliments enfold. Better than in any time preceding, in this time of the railway and the telegraph of newspapers and magazines a legion, of libraries of Andrew Carnegie, may we keep the mind young. Emerson, declaring that "the surest poison is time," was a slave to the tradition that the worth-while pleasures of youth passed away when youth passed. In his better moments no man saw more clearly that what was worth while might be retained. But what may be retained is of the mind only. Few things are more grotesque or pitiable than the man who clings too desperately to the youth of his body.

It is, then, the youth of the mind that we can regain with dignity and may temper with experience. Apollo is never old, and all the may have in them enough of Apollo to be worth saving. It is in the art of that salvage that there lies the secret of remaining young.—Reginald Wright Kauffman in January Smart Set.



A PHOTOGRAPHER'S LUCK.

Resulting in a Picture of a Famous Attempt at Assassination.

One of the most remarkable photographs ever obtained was that of the actual exploding of the bomb which was thrown at the King and Queen of Spain on the occasion of their wedding.

It was secured by an operator for one of the largest firms of press photographers, and according to the Strand proved a veritable gold mine, appearing in close on 3,000 publications.

The photograph was secured more or less by a piece of good luck. The operator was on a stand with his camera in the place allotted to him by the police, waiting for the procession to appear. The camera was placed facing down the street up which the procession was to come.

From the moment it came in sight until the royal carriage was within about thirty yards of him the operator secured three pictures. He then readjusted the camera so as to get a good picture of the King and Queen in their carriage, which was about ten yards from him.

At the instant that the operator pressed the ball and exposed a plate a dark object was hurled at the royal carriage from a balcony window, and then followed instantly a blinding flash and a noise like a thunderclap. The operator was hurled half stunned to the ground, his camera following him. When he was able to stand he saw a terrible scene below him. The large crowd was stampeding in all directions.

Any one luckless enough to fall in that storm of rushing humanity was instantly trampled to death and several did fall. Some thirty people in all were killed on that occasion, of whom at least half were simply crushed or trampled to death in the panic that followed on the explosion. It is very remarkable that all the plates in the operator's camera were broken with the exception of the last one he had exposed, which depicted the actual scene at the moment of the explosion.

THE LITTLE TOY-DOG.

My little toydog is covered with dust,
Like the dog in the dear Poet's song.
My little steel-cars are covered with rust,
They've lain in the garret so long:
The marbles are there, and the soldiers of tin,
Lie hid in the old oaken chest,
And there is the drum, and the trumpets whose din
I loved in the ages at rest.

Each rare little toy, as it comes to my hand—
My hand that is withered with years,
Brings back to my spirit the beautiful land
Now veiled in the midst of my tears.
The beautiful land of the Long, Long Ago,
The scenes of the playtime of yore,
When deep in my soul with its radiant glow
Since the sunlight of days now no more.

The little toy-dog! Stop, stranger, and hark!
What cherished remembrance it brings!
By Daddy—dear Daddy—ah, how he could bark!
What laughter that memory brings!
It echoes, re-echoes, it sounds in my heart,
That bark, and those yelpings of glee,
When Daddy came home from his toil on the mart,
And played with my doggie and me!

The little steel cars! Yes, they ran, I recall,
With rumble and racket and roar,
From Daddy's big desk, thence out through the hall,
All over the library floor,
And he was the conductor, brakeman and crew
And passengers dusty and mad,
And I was the engineer hurrying through
To the glorious City of Dad!

The trumpet and drum! Now how silent their cry,
Whose music, once thrillingly sweet
When I and my Daddy went noisily by,
Lent vim to our scurrying feet!
The soldiers of tin—I was Colonel, and he
Came limping along at the rear,
And carried the Flag of the Army of Me
And led all the people in cheer!

Ah, little toy-dog! Ah, little steel-car!
I've treasures of mind and of soul,
But 'mid all my prizes, too many by far
To reckon the sum of their whole,
Not one of them all would I take for the joy
That now through my memory comes
Of days that are past, when each little toy,
And I and my Daddy, were chums!
—John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

WHAT THE POET BROUGHT.

He came and went that day so quietly
I scarce knew he had come ere he was gone.
But, turning saw that he had left upon
My hearth a casket with a golden key;
And in the box that he had brought to me
I found a crimson sunset and a dawn,
A cloud, a rainbow and a grassy lawn,
A cloth of noonbeams and a honey bee,
A rose, a ribbon and a lock of hair,
A woman's picture and a signet ring,
A silver stream within a woodland wild,
A dewdrop on a lily frail and fair,
The music of a bluebird in the spring—
And best of all, the laughter of a child.
—James William Callahan, January Smart Set.

DIDN'T LIVE UP TO HIS FAME.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Fat Lady—What has become of the strong man?

Living Skeleton—He chucked up his job and went into politics.

Fat Lady—How did he make out?

Living Skeleton—He couldn't carry his own division.

ATMOSPHERIC DISPLACEMENT.

Mrs. Embon—I have been told that Mrs. Largun and I look a great deal alike. I've never seen her, but they say she's my double.

Bachelor Brother—If she's your double, Miranda, she's the biggest woman on earth.

AS A STARTER.

The Millionaire—Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to remove my appendix?

"Not absolutely; but it is safer to begin with some simple operation like that."

DISTEMPER

Dog Doctor Sent Free. Cures Distemper, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Pneumonia, Mange, Worms, Indigestion, Loss of Flesh, Fevers, Lameness, Kidney Disease, Skin Eruptions, Mysterious Deaths, Coughing Horses, Heaves, Distemper, Cures and Prevents Distemper, Strengthens the Weak and Low Spirited Animals, Gives Smooth Shining Coats, Increases Flesh, Clears the Blood and Glands, Cures Lameness from Shoulder Lameness, Cures Distemper in Dogs, Cures Mange, Cures Scratches, Cures Worms, Cures Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Expels Poisons, Cures Kidney Disease, Cures Coughing Horses, Cures Heaves, Is a Sure Relief and Cure for Pneumonia, Sent Free to any address, Consultation Free. Book "Distemper, Causes and Cures."

DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U.S.A.

THE LIMIT.

Difficulty of Carving a Bird With Only Two Legs.

Pat McCarthy gave a dinner, to which he invited three or four of his neighbors. Pat had allowed his wife to cook only one chicken, relates an exchange. When dinner was served Pat took possession of the carving knife, and, in a most hospitable tone, said to Mrs. Dugan:

"What part of the fowl will yez have?"

"A leg, if you please," was the answer.

"An' what part will yez have? Would yez like some of the white?" Pat inquired of Mrs. O'Hooligan.

"An' a leg will do me," she answered. As each aswered the part of the fowl she desired was given her.

"What part will yez have, Moike Walsh?" Pat blandly inquired of his neighbor.

"Oi belave Oi will take a leg, too," said Mike, in his most modest way, wishing to follow in the footsteps of the rest of the company.

"Gegorra," said Pat to Mickey, "what does yez think Oi'm carving—a spider?"

PILES CURED at HOME by New Absorption Method

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with reference from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

GLASS FOR SISTINE CHAPEL.

The Prince Regent Leopold of Bavaria recently offered to the Pope, on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee, the glass for a dozen windows in the Sistine Chapel. The old glass was of no antiquity, dating from the middle of the nineteenth century, and nothing could be said in its favor. It was opaque, obscured the light, and contrasted disagreeably with the surroundings. The new glass has been designed by Professor Seitz and M. Steinmann, the latter being the historian of the chapel. They have followed the windows of the time of Michael Angelo above the door of entry. The design is very simple, and the color subdued; a vertical column divides each piece of glass, of a yellow hue, and there seems to be a corresponding border. Two of the windows are decorated; one bears the arms of the Pope, and the other those of the Prince Regent.—From the London Globe.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Touch at Stage Door.

"Beg pardon, pards, got a "bone" to stake
A trooper of the road?
Same old tale, ghost was fake,
And the angel faded—blowed:
Some of the boys are walking yet,
Trunks nailed, yes, the ladies' too!
The treasurer hiked with the bum soubrette
When the mythical angel flew!

"Excuse me, lady! Your Pa knew me—
In the Burg, where we both were born.
I'm down and out, would you loan me a V
To a family friend forlorn?
'Tisn't whisk, but coffee you smell.
Ah, thanks! Gee, only a dime!
Say, Will—looked like a cinch, that swell!
Just a couple of beers this time.
"Can I see you a minute?—alone you know—
The lady'll excuse, I'm sure.
All right, I'll wait for you—after the show,
I'll be there at the old stage door.

Thanks! didn't thin you'd remember, Bo!
But I see you've the same good heart!
Oh, the favors that I did you, long ago?
Well, I may get another start!

"Please take my card to his dressing room!
Number three? I can find it—hello!
I knew you were 'fixed' so I thought I'd come.
With my little tale of woe.
I ain't had a job since my wife went away,
And I've got a note from my daughter.
She thought you might stake me to join her play.
No?—I'll wire her—thanks for that quarter!"

"Pardon, friend! may I touch—no, not
On a matter—what I wish to say
Is we knew each other sometime ago,
And how much I enjoyed your play.
Then came a surprise, a shock! a stroke:
I haven't recovered yet—
You loaned me twenty when I was broke
And I just want to pay an old debt."

IT!

(Chicago Tribune.)

"O, mamma, look!" said Tommy. "Baby grabbed a piece of raw bacon, and is trying to swallow it."

"Save it!" hastily exclaimed the father of the family. "I—er—meant the baby, of course. Maria," he added a moment later, "Why are you looking at me in that horrified way?"

A thread too finely spun will easily break.—French.

MEANING OF THE GREEN BOUGH

It is Placed on New Houses That Bad Spirits May Roost in It.

The custom of placing a green bough on the roof of a newly built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French Canadians, who brought it with them from Brittany.

The custom originated from the superstition prevalent centures ago that every tree is inhabited by a spirit. Consequently it was believed that every time a tree was felled another spirit was dispossessed, and this was supposed to cause some bitterness on his part against society.

Rather than risk having these homeless and disgruntled spirits vent their ill feeling upon the houses under construction or upon the builders, says Van Norden's Magazine, a branch was planted on the highest part of the house for their occupancy. They were then supposed to be mollified, and it they remained so until the roof was put on any evil design contemplated would prove harmless, for the spell would be broken.

WORMS FOUND ON THE SNOW.

An experience of 50 years having taught him that circumstantiality is the natural bulwark of a reputation for temperance, Abram C. Shelley of Winsted, Conn., an ardent rum hater, thought instantly of his son-in-law on finding hundreds of grub worms lying in the snow as he fared home from the bedside of an ailing friend.

Arriving home he called his household about him and placed the worms in a dish near the stove. The worms showed signs of life at once.

"You're not trying to tell us they crawled up through five inches of snow?" coldly asked the son-in-law, his eyes like steel points.

"I'm not," replied the older man; "doubtless they were picked up in the south by a vagrant wind and came down on Winsted with a snowstorm."

And the son-in-law, at a look from his wife, nodded and said he was convinced.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,

J. B. LIVESQUE.

St. Joseph P. O., 18th Aug., 1900.

AGINCOURT.

Agincourt, from which Henry V. made his triumphal entry into London, is our English way of spelling Azincourt, just at Blenheim is a similar corruption of Blindheim. In about two and a half hours Henry's little army slew 10,000 Frenchmen, nearly twice as many as we ourselves lost outright in battle during our Boer war, lasting over two and a half years—and yet we talk complacently of our "modern arms of precision!" A monument at Agincourt marks the cemetery of the slain. Few battlefields have changed their appearance so little. The field may be reached within a railway hour from Boulogne, but few tourists go to the scene of the most wonderful feat of arms achieved by our race.—London Chronicle.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

OFFICIAL OATH IN SIAM.

If any form of oath is calculated to impress one, that which is prescribed to the State officials of Siam is likely so to do. Each official has to say: "May the blood flow from my veins, may crocodiles devour me, may I be condemned to carry water to the flames of hell in vessels without bottoms. After death may I enter into the body of a slave. May I suffer the harshest treatments during all time in years as numerous as the sands of all the seas. May I be reborn deaf, dumb and blind and afflicted with dire maladies. May I also be thrown into Narok—the lower regions—and tortured by Prea Yam, if I break mya oath."—London Globe.

TOWER OF PISA TO-DAY.

According to the findings of a Royal Commission appointed to investigate the present condition of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, it seems that, instead of being supported on a massive foundation, the tower rests on a ring-shaped masonry base, with an inner diameter of 24 feet 3 1-2 inches, exactly the same as the inside diameter of the tower. The tower is about 177 feet high, and in 1829 is said to have been 14 feet 5 inches out of plumb; since that time its inclination has been increased by an additional 0.0055 foot per foot of its height. In 1834 an earthquake caused a deflection of about 5 inches.

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

ARE THE MOST MODERN AND PERFECT

A SURE LIGHT, THE FIRST STRIKE

They make no noise or spatter—a quiet, steady flame. The match for the smoker, the office and the home.

All good dealers keep them and Eddy's Woodenware, Fibreware, Pails and Washboards.

THE E. B. EDDY Co., Limited,

HULL, CANADA

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

"War Even to the Knife."—Palafox.

In Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" is quoted this famous expression by Palafox in the line, "War, war is still the cry—'war even to the knife.'" These famous words were originally used as the reply of Palafox, the Governor of Saragossa, when summoned to surrender by the French, who besieged his city in 1808.

Saragossa, or sometimes spelled Zaragoza, was the chief city of an inland province of Spain of the same name, and one of the three into which Aragon is now divided. Little is heard of the city today, but it figured quite prominently in the earlier centuries, and the most recent events in its history are those which took place during the Napoleonic invasion. In 1808 the citizens arose against the French, and under the command of Palafox defended the town for two months.

The memory of this siege is kept alive through the valiant part played by Augustina, the "Maid of Saragossa." She was a vivandiere in the Spanish army. Once, during this siege, she snatched the fuse from a falling cannoneer and fired the gun at the enemy, gaining by this act, the name of "La Artillera." She was made sub-lieutenant in the Spanish army, and presented with many decorations. It was of Augustina that Byron sings praises in the lines from "Childe Harold" quoted above.

The full name of the Spanish general was Jose de Palafox y Melzis. He was the Duke of Saragossa, born 1780, and died on Feb. 16, 1974. He was captain-general of Aragon, and in spite of his noble defence of the city it was finally captured by the French after a hard fought contest.

PISO'S

THE BEST MEDICINE

For COUGHS & COLDS

HOW A SPOIL A BROOM.

Here You Find Set Forth Also How to Use It to the Best Advantage.

"It makes me sad," said a broom maker, "to see the way people use brooms. The life of a broom could be twice prolonged by proper usage, and used properly it would be vastly easier to use.

"You've seen people sweeping ahead of them, pushing stuff with a broom? Why, the best broom that ever was made, of the best and most perfectly seasoned broomcorn stock that ever was put into a broom, couldn't stand such treatment as that.

"With such handling splints will break off. The splints remaining, jagged and uneven, bear unevenly on the surface. You never can sweep clean with it after that.

"Then you know the majority of sweepers always sweep with the same side of the broom to the front, and in this way they soon get the broom lopsided, so that they can't use it any other way. There couldn't be a worse way.

"Used in this manner the points of the splints get bent all one way and then they meet together at their ends. They don't bite, they don't take hold of dust as they are meant to do, they don't sweep clean, and when a broom has come to this condition the sweeper is less careful of it, for then it is not so good a broom. Such a broom the sweeper feels that he may push ahead of him, and when he does this with it the broom is finally and irretrievably ruined.

"Of course the correct way to use a broom is with the handle, in its initial position, held vertically, so that all the splints in the face of the broom will take hold at the same time and evenly. In sweeping the broom should be swung back and forth from a point back of the sweeper to a point at an equal distance in front. That is the proper way to use a broom, and then every day the sweeper should turn the broom around, so as to sweep with a different side daily. Used in this manner and turned daily the broom wears down evenly.

"I have seen—a delight to the professional eye and a comfort to everybody who likes to see any implement used to the best advantage, thoughtfully and considerately—I have seen brooms that had been so used that had worn down almost to the binding threads, but that still bit beautifully. I am perfectly well aware that brooms carelessly used, as commonly they are, wear out faster, with a corresponding benefit to broom manufacture; but still I do really hate to see anybody misuse a broom."

VALUE OF THE SNOW BLANKET.

All northern farmers know the value of a good covering of snow upon the ground in winter, but until recently nobody appears to have measured the heat-storing properties of the blanket furnished by nature to protect buried seeds when the January frosts are gripping the air. Monsieur Hielstroem supplies the lacking information as the result of experiments made by him in northern Europe. He finds that a dense coating of snow only one centimetre in thickness is 30 times as effective as a sheet of iron in preventing the escape of heat, and more than 50 times as effective as a sheet of copper. Even a covering made of a mixture of clay and sand is only one-seventh as effective as snow in retaining heat.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

SOME REPARTEE.

"What is going on?" said a bore, stopping Douglas Jerrold on the street.

"I am," and the speaker suited the action to the word.

Akin to this was the answer of John Wesley to the blustering swaggerer who pushed him on the patch with the insulting remark, "I never make way for a fool."

"I always do," said Wesley, quietly stepping aside and then placidly pursuing his way.

A similar anecdote is told of Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, who, while walking in St. James' Park, was accosted by an effusive stranger who grasped his hand and said, 'Hello, Lord Kitchener. I bet you don't know me.'"

The general gazed at him unmoved. "You win," he remarked laconically, and walked on.

True friends have no solitary joy or sorrow.—Channing.

ISSUE NO. 52 1910

AGENTS WANTED.

STEADY TEA ROUTE TO-DAY. Write postal for circulars, or 10c. for samples and terms. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

Agents Wanted

Two new lines. Apply, Sellery, 23 Albert street, Ottawa.

FARMS FOR SALE.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD. Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. Use result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

CERTIFIED AUDITORS, Accountants, Etc.

Special rates on all outside audits. Apply for terms, dates, etc.

RALPH G. HUNTER & COMPANY, 5 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

HANGED THE CLEVER FORGER.

Of curious petitions against the death penalty being enforced, one recalls the eighteenth century case of William Ryland, who was sentenced for forging a bill for £7,184 on the East India House. The forgery was a work of art. No less than thirty signatures were imitated, and at the trial not one of the victims could swear that the signature was not his own. However with the help of the paper manufacturers, Ryland's guilt was brought home. Then came the petition of his friends. So clever a man ought never to be hanged, they pleaded; his craftsmanship should save him. It gained him a respite; he was allowed to finish a fine engraving he had begun, but nothing more. Though the engraver was a favorite of George III, that King quite failed to see how a forgery by a clever forger was a favorite of George III, that was a clever forgery.—From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Cattle Have Grown Twice as Big as Two Hundred Years Ago.

It is a long cry from the four-footed horse of prehistoric times to the draught teams and roadsters of to-day, but now and again the development in breed and species even in comparatively short spaces of time, whether of horses or of cattle, is attested by records of more recent date. An investigator into the history of the breeding of cattle says:

"In 1770 Dr. Davenant, an English writer of political economy, estimated the average weight of dressed cattle did not exceed 370 pounds. In 1868 Mr. Culleck stated that 'at present the average of cattle on the hoof is estimated at about 700 pounds.'

Besides, the cattle of 200 years ago, hardly half the size what many prime steers of to-day would have looked; and even our grandfathers would be moved to wondering what a modern stock if the process of [illegible] and improvement had not been as gradual as to pass unnoticed.

But while the farmer has been steadily improving his stock, he also has found time to take big strides in the development and improvement of his farm machinery. The automobile and the aeroplane have been sensational and spectacular developments in other lines of mechanical invention, but it is by no means certain they will ever prove of the same essential benefit to mankind as those machines which, directly or indirectly, enable the farmer to till more land more easily and to gather in and market more food stuffs more quickly for the universal need.

The farmer must bear in mind, however, that these modern machines, with all their delicate improvements, demand and deserve the best of treatment, and the first essential in caring for a machine is proper lubrication. The quality of oil used making a tremendous difference in the work and wear you get from your mowing and raking machines, your reapers, harvesters and threshing machines.

Experience has shown that a heavy oil is best for farm machinery, where grease cups are not used; the bearings usually are a trifle loose, whether by design or from wear, and a light oil soon runs off. The Queen City Oil Company Limited, of Toronto, has been conducting elaborate experiments, extending over several years, with a view to furnishing an oil that will exactly meet the requirements of the farmers in this direction.

Granite Harvester Oil is the name that has been given to this product, and important advantages are claimed for it, such as great durability, close clinging to loose boxes and worn bearings, and the "take-up" of play in a manner that greatly reduces friction and does away with rattlings and jarring almost entirely. Special care has been taken to see no injurious acids enter into its composition, and it is not affected by extremes of temperature, either of summer or winter.

HOW CLOUDS ARE COLOURED.

The color of a cloud depends on the manner in which the sunlight falls upon it and the position of the observer. It will be noticed that high clouds are always white or light in color, and this is because the light by which they are seen is reflected from the under surface by the numberless drops of moisture which go to form the cloud.

Heavy rain clouds, on the other hand, are found much nearer the earth, and so the light falls on them more directly from above, giving a silver lining to the cloud, though the under surface appears black, owing to the complete reflection and absorption of the light by the upper layers. Seen from above by an observer in a balloon the blackest rain clouds appear of the most dazzling brilliant white.—Dundee Advertiser.

ANOTHER MATTER.

(Baltimore American.)

"I tell you, my dear boy, I stand on my rights. I believe a man should be master in his own house."

"Of course, that's all right. But what I want to know is if you are allowed to smoke in the parlor?"