

Things You Ought To Know

Washington's vice district is abolished by law. The marked decrease in the damage by lightning in European cities in the last few years is attributed to the presence of electric wires which divert the bolts. Buffalo's new Michigan Central station may be located in Exchange street. Dr. G. H. Clark, of Waterloo, Ia., advises young men to always marry the oldest daughter of a family. Better trained, he says. Bulgaria's population is about 5,000,000. Montenegro's population is about 500,000. Montenegro's area is 5,603 square miles. Shanghai stonecutters receive 25 cents a day. Canadian Pacific Railway will build a fence on both sides of its tracks from Halifax to Vancouver. The fence will be 7,000 miles long. A species of tree of unlimited growth in Natal, heretofore regarded as worthless commercially, has been found to yield a juice that contains rubber in large quantities. St. Paul produces about 3,000 pianos yearly. Derrick City, Pa., has a well 5,820 feet deep. In 14 years Pennsylvania Railway has paid out \$11,500,000 in pensions to retired employees. Norwegian cod liver oil prices are soaring. German fruit is said to be reaching England via Holland. English sportsmen are betting that war will end by Christmas. Scientists estimate that there are 19,000 species of fish in the world. After making more than 2,000 observations a Swiss scientist has decided that snails have no sense of sight. A physician is the inventor of a hollow cage in which he carries all the medicine bottles he ordinarily needs to have with him.

HELP WANTED. WANTED-EXPERIENCED WEAVERS and apprentices. Wages paid to apprentices while learning. Apply to the Glasgow Mfg. Co., Brantford. FARMS FOR SALE. EXECUTORS' SALE OF STOCK AND GRAIN. Grain Farm, 233 acres; clay, brick house; basement barn, 36 x 40; cement silo, and hog pen; near town, villages, depots, schools, churches, creameries, condensers (Borden's), hydro power, telephone, and rural mail installed. Write for printed description and price. J. J. McNally, R. R. No. 1, Otterville, Ont.

Science Jottings. A paper mill at Maumee, O., reports a saving of \$400 a month as a result of the introduction of electric drive. Not only has this resulted in a great saving of power, but it has been found possible to reduce by two men the regular force of workmen. The fishing industry of the United States is not merely as great as some of the countries of Europe, but no country in the world has had the foresight to stock its inland waters as the United States has done. There are records of eight soundings in the Pacific Ocean where a depth greater than 30,000 feet was indicated. Petticoat government seems to rule in the fish world, for the female predominates in nearly all species. Russia has a total of 137 central electric stations, serving nearly 15,000,000 people. In the entire world there are 3,424 spoken languages and dialects.

GREAT SALE OF ORGANS AND PIANOS. Ye Olde Firme of Heintzman & Co., corner King and John streets, Hamilton, Ont., are offering 50 organs at a great reduction in price. Instruments bearing the names of such well-known makers as Bell, Doherty, Kern, Dominion and Exbridge are being sold as low as \$15 to \$30. Good practice pianos from \$50 to \$100. Write for complete list of prices and terms. Crack of Bullet. That bullets neither whistle, hiss, howl, hum nor whisper, novelists to the contrary notwithstanding, is information given by Edward C. Crossman in Outlook. With one possible exception—when in certain conditions of open country modern military bullets hiss to those standing back of the firing line—nothing is audible except a sharp crash of air closing around the bullet's base when it travels at high speed. At a velocity of 1,500 feet a second or more, the noise is "like nothing so much as a long and very violently cracked blacksnake." Those who stand far enough from the rifle hear the bullet's crack and later the dull, thudding noise of the rifle itself, which has been outspoken. Jack London makes a soldier hit at 600 yard range first hear the sound of the modern rifle and then feel the blow of the bullet. But the bullet would have killed him half a second before the sound from the rifle reached him.

WITHOUT PURE BLOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE. Owing to faulty action of the kidneys and liver, the blood becomes filled with disease germs that imperil health. The first warnings are backache, dizziness, headache and lack of energy. Act quickly if you would avoid the terrible ravages of chronic kidney complaint. Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills to-day; they cure kidney and liver troubles for all time to come. No medicine relieves so promptly, cures so thoroughly. For good blood, clear complexion, healthy appetite, use that grand health-bringing medicine, Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Get a 25c. box to-day. BAD EGGS AND STAGE. Pelting Unpopular Performers is a Very Ancient Custom. The practice of hurling bad eggs at actors who displeased them has been in vogue with audiences ever since there has been a stage and a dramatic production. Chinese, Greeks and Romans ran to this sort of infuriating criticism, and two stories told by a collector of odd things connected with the theatre are worth repeating. A number of New York youths in the fifties threw a number of bad eggs at a pallid and trembling performer. He advanced to the edge of the stage, commanded silence and said: "Noble sirs, deign to throw me but one good one—just one. I care not if it break over me, I snail manage it. I have eaten naught in two days. Pelt me with good eggs, I beseech you." The appeal gained him a basket of good eggs by way of the back stage. A man went to Shakespeare's theatre in the day of the great hard to throw bad eggs at an actor he disliked. Some one jostled him unduly, and he punched the jostler. The jostler whipped him, however, and finally sat him down in the bad eggs, which broke. So the world's egg-thrower was thrown out because of the odor and called a bad egg in the bargain.—New York Sun.

BETTER THAN SPANKING. Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, 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. Hardly Worth Mentioning. As a New Orleans hotel keeper tells the tale of a ninety-year-old negro man who was homeless, penniless, infirm and crippled, crawled into a hay-loft in a strange neighborhood to spend his last hours. The darky who owned the hay-saw a suspicious figure slinking into his stable and came with his shotgun to make the intruder a prisoner. Cautiously entering the stable, he detected a rustling in the hay, and aiming his gun in the direction whence the sound came, yelled out: "I got you! Dog gone you, I got you!" The expiring wanderer raised his head and as he gazed down the gun barrels, replied wilyly: "An' a great git you got!"—Saturday Evening Post.

The "University" of Ham. The town of Ham has perhaps the most notable chateau in France. As ancient as Rheims Cathedral, its enormous walls has held as prisoners Joan of Arc, Conde, the Huguenot leader, and Prince Louis Napoleon after his attempt at Boulogne in 1840 to win over France. Here for six years he was a compulsory student, as he himself put it, in the "University" of Ham until his escape in 1846 disguised as a workman.—London Chronicle.

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The Supreme Test. "So you think Grace Brown is perfect, my son?" "Why, yes, mother." "Have you given her temper the supreme test?" "What's that, mother?" "Calling up a wrong number on the telephone with a cross operator at the other end and somehow trying to break in on the line."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. You will never strain your eyes by looking at the bright side of things.—Youth's Companion.

NIGHTY MAUNA LOA

This Gigantic Volcano is a Worthy Rival to Vesuvius.

The lofty volcanoes of the Hawaiian Islands, rising above the ocean from 5,000 to nearly 14,000 feet, are only the summits of gigantic mountain masses that rise abruptly from the bottom of the Pacific. Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, stands 13,675 feet above sea level, but its slopes descend beneath the sea, as shown by deep sea soundings, with a grade fully equal to if not greater than that of the visible slopes. The same is generally true of the submarine slopes of other islands, and the depths attained by these continuous slopes, within thirty of fifty miles of the shores, vary from 14,000 to 19,000 feet. Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, if their true bases are considered to be at the bottom of the Pacific, are therefore mountains of as great an altitude as Mount Everest, or approximately 30,000 feet. In general the Hawaiian Island group consists of summits of a gigantic submarine mountain chain which projects only its loftier peaks an immense above the water. On the island of Hawaii the volcanic forces are still in operation.

The one continuously active volcanic vent of the island is Kilauea, far down on the eastern flank of Mauna Loa—"the great mountain." No other volcano in the world approaches Mauna Loa in the vastness of its mass or in the magnitude of its eruptive activity. There are many volcanic peaks higher in the air, but most of them are planted upon elevated platforms, where they appear as mere cones of greater or lesser size. It is not yet known at what level the base of Mauna Loa is situated, but it is below the sea, probably far below.

Mauna Kea—"the white mountain"—is also a colossus among volcanoes. Its summit, 13,825 feet, is a trifle higher than that of Mauna Loa, but its slopes are steeper, and its base is therefore much smaller. The magnitude of Mauna Loa is due chiefly to the great area of its base, which is nearly elliptical in shape, with a major diameter of seventy-four miles and a minor diameter of fifty-three miles, measured at sea level.

In the aggregate of its eruptions Mauna Loa is also unrivaled. Some of the volcanoes of Iceland have been known to disgorge at a single outbreak masses of lava fully equal to those of Mauna Loa. But such outbreaks are infrequent in Iceland, and a century has elapsed since any of such magnitude have occurred, though there have been several minor eruptions. The eruptions of Mauna Loa are all of great volume and occur irregularly, at an average interval of about eight years. In view of the total quantity of material it has disgorge during the last century no other volcano is at all comparable to it.—From a Bulletin of the United States Geological Survey.

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, Kings Co., N. B. Sept. 17, 1904.

Literary Controversies. Famous controversies over the authorship of poems include the following: "Laugh and the World Laughs With You," claimed by four or five different authors, is now credited to Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Her chief opponent was John A. Joyce. "Rock Me to Sleep" was claimed by two different authors. John J. Ingalls, the great Kansas statesman and writer, had his authorship of "Opportunity" disputed many times. Walt Whitman and Mary Mapes Dodge had a stirring dispute about a little poem, "The Two Shakerites." The authorship of Shakespeare's plays has been ascribed to Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam), Christopher Marlowe, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other contemporaries.—St. Louis Republic.

Noyon Cathedral. Noyon, in France, held peculiar attractions for Robert Louis Stevenson because of its cathedral, where he heard the "Miserere" sung one summer afternoon. Of the place itself he wrote: "It is but a stack of brown roofs at the best, where, I believe, people live very respectably in a quiet way, but the shadow of the church falls upon it when the sun is low, and the five bells are heard in all quarters telling that the organ has begun. If ever I join the church of Rome I shall stipulate to be bishop of Noyon on the Gelse."—Fall Mall Gazette.

A Pound of Cure. "My son," said the family man, "is anxious to become a pugilist. I'm doing my best to prevent him." "Let him go ahead," said the friend of the family, "and have some one pound him. You'll find a pound of cure worth more than an ounce of prevention."—Philadelphia Record.

GODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. 23 THE P... (Image of a pill bottle)



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UNUSED R. R. TICKETS

A matter of importance to the public and the railways has been settled by the Government. A nice point has been raised as to the possibility of refund of the war tax in case a person should change his or her mind in regard to the contemplated trip by train or boat. If the railways insisted upon the tax in such cases of changed intention, it was altogether likely that the public would set them down as extortioners. Accordingly the railways submitted the 'questions to the Government—what should be done in case unused tickets presented for refund to agent before the train starts; to agent or general office after train departs; the same or some following day; in the case of sleeping car tickets; in the case of parlor-car tickets; in the case of steamship tickets. The answer which the railways received was as follows: There can be no refund of the tax under any circumstances. Once the ticket is sold and the tax collected, it is as though it were in the Dominion coffers and nothing but an act of Parliament can get it out again. It was explained by the Dominion authorities that in order to prevent the confusion that would arise in applying literally the millions of tax stamps that would have been required on railway tickets, and the consequent difficulties that would have ensued owing to delay in affixing and cancellation of stamps, the present method has been adopted, and that as none of the public would have reasonably expected a refund on a stamp that had been affixed and cancelled, if ticket were refunded upon, so also no refund may be expected wherever a tax has been collected, and the ticket used and refunded upon. In other words, the act of purchase of the ticket in accordance with the Tax Act is a completed transaction so far as the collection is concerned, and under no circumstances as the law now stands could it be refunded. To make a refund of the tax possible a special act would have to be passed by parliament.

Unnecessary Alarm

When Frederick the Great, at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, was in possession of Dresden, he went to view the works of art in the royal picture gallery. The gallery director, Reidel, took the king through all the rooms and explained each picture as they went along. Frederick expressed his unreserved admiration for all the pictures, but when he came before a certain painting by Correggio he stopped, viewing it with particular interest. "If you are willing," he said, suddenly, "I should like to have that picture." Reidel gasped, for he expected the king to say that he wished the picture for himself. But the king noticed his anxiety, and striking him on the forehead, said, laughing: "If you are willing I should like to have that picture copied!"—Youth's Companion.

Ruffles

Some are fluffy. And some are flat. They are wide or narrow. They are straight or circular. They are selvage, fringed or bound. They are so-called, battlemented or Van Dycked. They are set on a foundation or each cord often joins them. Though they appear on headgear and parasols they riot on skirts. Of yore their sphere was underwear; now underwear spurns them and they flaunt their graceful fullness on outer garments.

The Lands of Yesterday

If one could only find the way into the land of yesterday! How I would thrust the miles aside, Rush up the quiet lane and then, Just when her roses laughed in pride, Find her among the flowers again. I'd slip in silently and wait Until she saw me by the gate. And then I'd read through a blur of tears Quick pardon for the selfish years. This time, this time, I would not wait For that brief wire that said: Too late. If I could only find the way Into the land of yesterday. I wonder if her roses yet Lift up their heads and laugh with pride, And if her phlox and mignonette Have heart to blossom by their side. I wonder if the dear old lane Still chirps with robins after rain, And if the birds and banded bees Still rob her early cherry trees. I wonder if I went there now How everything would seem, and how But no, not now, there is no way Back to the land of yesterday. —New York Sun.

Heated Bearings

Sometimes when a bearing becomes heated and requires oil it will be found that the oil will not flow down in the oil hole. Either the hole is clogged with dirt or the heat may cause the air to rise and prevent the oil from entering. Where a wire cannot be used effectively the following remedy, although it is not infallible, is almost sure to make the oil reach the bearing. Fill the hole with oil and quickly place the thumb over it to prevent the air from escaping, and if the oil cup does not leak the heated air inside will rise above the oil, and in two or three minutes it will be forced into the bearing, even if it has to pass considerable dirt. When a bearing cannot be reached in this way, and when light oils, such as kerosene, are ineffective, try placing a little money in the oil hole and allow it to remain a few minutes, then use oil.—World's Advance.

His "Junior Partner" Entered

Littleman, was telling the young bachelors at a recent affair uptown just how to manage a wife. "When you young fellows are married, you must take the upper hand at once," he said. "No weakness, no sentiment! Make your wife understand that, though you love her and so forth, she is the junior partner. If necessary resort to the effective methods of our cavemen ancestors—use the heavy hand! Put her nose to the domestic grindstone. Why, when I speak to my wife— Littleman never finished. Why? See headline.—New York Times.

The Only Way

"I done wore our three' foot of a graveyard rabbit in de hopes of good luck comin' my way," said Brother Williams, "an' I dese 'bout come ter de conclusion dat de only way ter git dar is ter go ter work fer yo' livin'."—Atlanta Constitution.

How the farmer may make money

is the essence of many an essay and much good advice. Some farmers coin dollars from the sweat of the onion beds.—Boston Record.

TIRED NERVES. Headaches, sleeplessness and tired, draggy feelings soon disappear when you restore vigor to the exhausted nerves by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

ZEPPELIN NIGHTS

These Zeppelin raids at night must cease. Both Hulsdon and myself find that our digestions are being impaired, and that on the morning after we have that kind of brackish sensation in the mouth which we have never thought for years, and which we never thought to meet again once we had steered down in married life. We are both special constables, and whenever a Zeppelin is seen anywhere near the British coast, the safety of London depends that Hulsdon and I should be sent for by the nearest police station. We do not mind going to the station; we have never before been so familiar with the hospitable and cheery interior of these establishments. Our grievances, in fact, are peculiar, and must be gone into in some detail. Take my own first. I alone have a telephone, although Hulsdon lives in the same block of flats. Consequently it is always I that am aroused. Generally I have been asleep about an hour and my wife not quite so long. She wakes first and seizes the telephone. Hearing the message, special constable emergency call, given with what you might call the fused telephone voice, she is surprised, hurried, a little cross and wakes me painfully. I hustle into clothes. London is a fire—deadly gases are rolling down our street—my friends are withering—where is my tracheon?—can't I get some food?—are a few of the thoughts that stagger through my half-awakened brain, and then I remember to call Hulsdon. Of course it is his wife who wakes first, and he gets a little unpleasant, too, I hope. Then we rush to the station. We pass a real policeman or two on the way. They smile benignly on us. "Haircraft again, sir?" In the station yard are a large number of the armored unfortunates. All appear to have dressed in a hurry and under various emotions. Thus some are protected against the idea of a cold vigil and have overcoats and mufflers; others, swayed by the prevalent notion of poison gases, are apparently relying almost entirely on the respirator—the rest of their costume is sketchy flannels. All are busily consuming rumour. This appears to originate from the special telephone. "Have you heard?" They've got it from Southend—whole place on fire! Zepps now over Hounslow; now over the Crystal Palace; now Victoria station! The Alexandra palace is burnt down. We're just off to Deptford! These are a few of the observations that pass from mouth to mouth, increasing in quantity and importance as fresh arrivals provide fresh ground for impression. Meanwhile, the officers appear very busy, bustling through the crowd of us to their staff-room and managing to look as though they knew everything that we are dying to find out. As a matter of fact, I once caught an honest constable, and he—but no, there are consors about! Well, so far, you may declare that beyond being turned out of bed, Hulsdon and I have little to complain of. We are among the more or less cheerful crowd of men, some of whom we know; the stars shine overhead and we are allowed to smoke. My friends, you have forgotten the caution. Have you ever eaten large hunks of bread and cheese and drunk heavy beer in a snaky room full of real and amateur policemen at 2 a.m.? Have you ever—but no, you've never been in a police station at that time and if you have you wouldn't have been given supper. Not that we are given it, either! But by the time one has exhausted all rumors, there are no orders to be executed, there is no sign of anything hostile, not even a cloud; it is a long time since dinner, the morning is fresh, the world is awake—someone suggests it lightly, you think perhaps it won't hurt the caution to still open, in you go—there's an end o' it. Bread and cheese and beer are fine things, but take a constable's word and avoid them at 2 a.m., particularly if you are going to be in bed before three. And on these occasions, the order to dismiss always comes just as we leave the canteen. I don't know whether the catering department is in league and close communication with Scotland Yard or the Admiralty, but the mutual arrangement seems admirable. Our services are dispensed with as soon as our appetites are appeased. Now I am looking for a philanthropic lady to start a Special Constabulary Destroyed Digestion Fund.—London Express.

What's the use of making a mountain out of a molehill? demanded the prospective tenant. "Well you might see the mountain up in building lots," replied the real estate agent.