SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Sunday School Lesson III., July 18th, 1920.

David Spares Saul's Life.
1 Samuel 26:1-23; 26:7-17, 21.

Commentary.—I. Saul's renewed pursuit of David (vs. 1-4). David with his six hundred followers took refuge in the wild and mountainous region between Hebron and the Dead Sea. The Ziphites, who were inhabitants of that territory, informed Saul where David was, telling him that he was in the hill Hachilan. Once before this the Ziphites had given Saul similar information and he went out to seek him, but word came to him that the Philistines were invading the land, so he left off in pursuing after David. This time, however, Saul went with his army of three thousand picked men to Hachilan to find David with his six hundred supporters. Saul made his camp and expected to take David in a short time. David was active and alert. He was not the kind of man to be taken unawares.

II. Saul in David's power (vs. 5.12). 5, 6. David decied to go to Saul's camp by night to survey the situation, that he might know fully the place and power of the enemy. Upon his calling for some one to go with him, Abishai, a nephew of his, volunteered. Saul occupied the most secure place in the camp, surrounded by all his men. 7. came to the people by night—David and Abishai, coming by night to Saul's camp, would be likely to find the people asleep. spear stuck in the ground at his bolster—It was customary for a soldier in camp to place his spear thus, that he might be ready for action. 8. God hath delivered—On a previous occasion Abishai was glad that the ray had come when his master would be free from the murderous hatred of Saul, and sought the privilege of smiting the king. I will not smite him the second time—For he thought one stroke with the spear would be enough.

9. destroy him not—David was not seeking to take Saul's life, but was seeking to preserve his own. against the Lord's anointed—Even though Saul had been wicked and still had murder in his heart, David recognized the fact that he had been anointed king by Samuel at the Lord's command, and he was still king. As long as the Lord should permit Saul to live, David would consider himself guilty if he should in any way cause him harm. 10. as the Lord liveth—A reverent appeal to God in confirmation of his faith in what he was saying. the Lord shall smite him—David knew that he was to become king. He knew also God's displeasure with Saul. Hence his confidence that the Lord would in his own way cause the removal of Saul. descend into battle, and perish—This took place a few years later (1 Sam. 31:1-3). 11. take thou now the spear—The purpose in taking the spear and the cruse of water appears a little later. 12. a deep sleep from the Lord.—A similar form of expression is used with reference to Adam's sleeping when a rib was taken from his side for the formation of Eve. No guards were on duty in Saul's camp. All were asleep. It seems strange that an army in the field, when important interests were at stake, should rest so carelessly as to place no sentinels for the protection of the camp. Abner, Saul's captain, was an able man, but he did not have a proper conception of David's bravery and alertness.

III. David's plea (ve. 13-20). 13. To the other side — Across the valley. Probably David returned to the top of the hill from which he had descended in making his way to Saul's camp. A great space being between them—On the former occasion when David spared Saul, he spoke with him face to face, but this time he withdrew to a considerable distance, not trusting Saul as much as he did before. 14. David cried to....Abner—In the stillness of the night in that country the human voice can be distinctly heard for a long distance from one hilltop to another. 15. Who is like to thee in Israel—Abner was acknowledged to be a powerful man. David reminded him of his neglect to guard the king. 16. Now see where the king's spear is—David took this way to show Abner that he had been in the very centre of Saul's camp and had taken the spear and the cruse of water, and he had not been guarding the king faithfully. 17. Saul knew David's voice—Saul recognized David's voice as it rang out clear in the stillness of the night, and that voice must have startled him. My son David—Saul addressed David thus as being one of his subjects or he might have spoken in this way since David had become his son-in-law, but Saul had taken his wife from him (1 Sam. 25: 44). My lord, O king—David addressed Saul in most respectful terms. 13-20. He was not slow in assuring the king that he had done nothing amiss. He had in no way injured Saul. He gave Saul to understand that he thought his course was altogether unworthy of a king.

IX. Saul's Confession (vs. 21-25). 21. I have sinned—David's forbearance toward Saul seemed again to awaken in him for the time being a sense of his sin and folly and brought from him this humble confession. Compare 1 Sam. 24:16-19. I will no more do thee harm—Once more Saul attempted to assure David that he would cause him no further distress. Because my life was precious in thine eyes (R. V.)—David's mercy had a wholesome effect upon the king. He realized the largeness of David's heart and his own littleness. He appreciated the preservation of his life through David's forbearance. 22-25. David assured Saul that he would not put forth his hand against the Lord's anointed, and expressed his confidence in the Lord's protection. Saul expressed great interest in David and prophesied that he would do great things. After this David went on his way and Saul returned home. David did not have enough confidence in Saul's fixedness of purpose to trust himself in his hands. David and Saul parted never to meet again.

Questions—Where did David go to escape Saul? How did David feel toward Saul? Who told Saul where David was? How many men did David have with him and who were they? How large an army had Saul? Describe David's visit to Saul's camp. How did Saul feel when he learned what David had done? What did Saul say to David? Why did not David remain with Saul?

PRACTICAL SURVEY

Topic—Treatment of wrong-doers.

I.—Saul's persecution.

II.—David's forbearance.

I. Saul's persecution. The self-torment of a wicked man is more distressing than any outward affliction of the righteous can possibly be. From the beginning Saul had the worst of it. Forsaken of God and haunted by his own consciousness of utter and disastrous failure and possessed with a consuming spirit of jealousy, he became the victim of the most cruel tortures. All his peace was destroyed. No surer sentence was ever written than, "The way of the transgressor is hard." Better the oppressed than the oppressor. David, the deliverer of Israel, was hated and pursued by the man who should have loved and honored him most. Adding to Saul's discomfort was the conscious fruitlessness of all his measures for David's destruction. "Mighty as Saul was, he could not hit David." His murderous javelin shivered itself against the wall, and the "hand of the Philistines" failed to reach the object of his antipathy. There are divinely-established limits to the power and progress of evil and of evil men. Saul should have been instructed by his successive failures. Often there seemed but "an inch of space between David and destruction," but that narrow limit was impassable. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity," is no heathen proberb. It belongs to the very philosophy of the divine government. With only a mountain slope between the pursuer and the pursued came the message to Saul, "Haste thee, and come, for the Philistines have invaded the land."

II. David's forbearance. In the history forbearance proved mightier than weapons of war. True character reveals itself in restraints rather than in accomplishments. The victory of David over the spirit of revenge infinitely surpassed his courageous conquest of Goliath. Twice he might have slain his enemy and twice he spared his life. In the cave and in the camp he was wholly in his power, a seemingly lawful prey. The remembrance of his own interests and injuries would have moved him to strike, but a higher impulse bade him forbear. The secret of David's marvelous self-control is disclosed in the whispered conversation at Saul's pillow. Alishai, with a selfish and superficial view said, "Thine enemy." David, with a view as profound as true, said, "The Lord's anointed." We are not to measure men by their relation to ourselves. There may be broader aspects, though they may be our enemies. The history discloses that even deep and sincere emotions may produce but transient moral effects. For a moment Saul saw himself in a true light and acknowledgeed his folly and sin. We must credit him with sincerity, but he failed of true repentance. We left him reconciled; we find him again in arms. David proved that it is better to trust his interests to the working out of divine laws than to care for them with narrow solicitude (1 Sam. 26:19). Forbearance does not imply a want of caution. David knew the king better than the king knew himself. The apostolic injunction is, "Avenge not yourselves." Even punishment is to be remedial rather than revengeful. "Overcome evil with good." "Forbearing one another in love."

W. H. C.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer, in most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets relieve these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child will prevent their coming on. The Tablets are guaranteed by a government analyst to be absolutely harmless even to the newborn babe. They are especially good in summer because they regulate the bowels and keep the stomach sweet and pure. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Fine for Company.

I had given a friend a recipe for a pudding. One day I was at her house with several others and at dinner the pudding was served. The woman next to me remarked how nice it was and I said, "Yes, and it is so cheap." Every one at the table smiled.—Exchange.

Nothing as Good for Asthma. Asthma remedies come and go but every year the sales of the original Dr. J. D. Kellogg Asthma Remedy grow greater and greater. No further evidence could be asked of its remarkable merit. It relieves. It is always of the same unvarying quality which the sufferer from asthma learns to know. Do not suffer another attack but get this splendid remedy to-day.

Mad Musicians.

Among professional men actors supply the greatest proportion of lunatics. Then come, in order, musicians, civil servants, clergymen, writers and editors, and many men. The wonder is that editors do not figure much higher in the list.

Advantage of Wings.

Another good thing about the flying an angel does is that he never has to light upon the top of a house and bawl for somebody to help him down.—Dallas News.

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Rheumatism Left Him As If By Magic!

Had Suffered Over 50 Years!

Now 83 Years, Yet A Big Surprise to Friends

Regains Strength Goes out Fishing, Back to Business, Laughs at "URIC ACID"

How the "Inner Mysteries" Reveals Startling Facts Overlooked By Doctors and Scientists For Centuries

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago" writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures', and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live!

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of this paper wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply sent a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 555-I Street, Hallowell Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

Mint Hints.

Mint is so fresh and nice now we should take advantage of it, and use plenty, not only with the spring lamb, but in various other ways.

English folks use more than the Americans, and it affords a pleasant flavor to food.

Try some of the small leaves cut up in salads, especially potato salad, for Sunday when the appetite needs tempting.

Boil a sprig of mint with onions, asparagus, peas, beans and new potatoes in particular. Just one leaf to a bunch of strawberry rhubarb entirely changes the flavor. Try some experiments, for variety in cooking is truly "the epic of life."

Painting On Brass.

Unless care is taken to have the surface absolutely clean, considerable difficulty is encountered in attempting to paint over polished brass. To insure a satisfactory job the brass should first be scoured with a mixture of salt and vinegar to remove all grease, after which the surface should be washed with hot soap suds and dried dry with a clean rag. Thereafter the paint may be applied without risk of its running while wet or chipping off after it has dried.

An Oil That is Famous.—Though Canada was not the birthplace of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, it is the home of that famous compound. From here its good name was spread to Central and South American, the West Indies, Australia and New Zealand. That is far afield enough to attest its excellence, for in all these countries it is on sale and in demand.

Burmese Marriages.

A curious idea among the Burmese is that people born on the same day of the week must not marry. Hence each girl carries a record of her birthday in her name, each day having a letter belonging to it, and all children are called by a name that begins with that letter.

An Always Ready Pill.—To those of regular habit medicine is of little concern, but the great majority of men are not of regular habit. The worry and cares of business prevent it, and out of the irregularity of life comes dyspepsia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles as a protest. The run-down system demands a corrective and there is none better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple in their composition and can be taken by the most delicately constituted.

AN EASY JOB.

(Spare Moments.)

Lady (to new servant): "You quite understand, Bridget, that I shall only be 'at home' every Wednesday from three to five?"

Bridget: "Yis, mum. (To herself): Bridget me swate soul, if iver a woman had a hivenly stitivation, sure it's yerself has not in wid the business only at home for two hours ivery wake, phwat a roarin' toime Oi can 'ave av it!"

The Slayer of Rasputin

(By Lieut. Negley Farson, R. A. F.)

Three cities figure in this story: Petrograd, Cairo and London; and one man, a royal Russian, the young Grand Duke ,who, with Prince Yousupof, rid Russia and the world of one of its greatest blackguards—Rasputin! For that act alone he deserves the good will of every thinking man, Russian or otherwise.

When I first saw him it was in the winter of 1915, in Petrograd, when he was a Darling of the Gods. Always immensely popular, his military presence and youth made him the idol of the Russians when the great war plunged the country into that hysteria of patriotism that caused the wearer of each and every sword to be looked upon as a hero. One heard a shrill whistle on the Nevskie and turned to see a huge green Renault car come dashing past, a slim, pale faced officer at the wheel, and the traffic bolting good naturedly in all directions. At tea in the Astoria, or at the Ballet, always the same impeccably dressed, smart officer; brown eyes, an imperious nose, and an air of being of peace with himself and the world in general. People said: "There goes the next Tzar of Russia. The little Tzarivitch is too sick to come to the throne—but Dmitri—ah!' what a Tzar he will be!"

HAD FORCE OF CHARACTER.

One day, when I was sitting in the Hotel Astoria with some flying officers, he came in and I was perfunctorily introduced to him. He inquired, politely, in excellent English, how I liked Petrograd, made a few commonplace remarks to the other officers passed on, leaving me with the impression of there being rather a forceful personality behind that debonnaire manner of his. It would be impossible to explain how I acquired this decided view of his character in the few minutes conversation that I had with him, but somehow I sensed it very strongly; just as you will take a strong liking or hatred for a person the very first time you lay eyes on him.

That night, in conversation with another foreigner, I voiced the opinion that Dmitri had a lot in him.

But the man replied: 'Why doesn't he go to the front then? Aren't there enough boudoir officers around Petrograd without his becoming one?"

I found it impossible to refute this argument and said no more, but in my heart of hearts I felt that I was right in my surmise.

Then, in Sweden, two years later I read of the death of Rasputin and how Dmitri and Yousupof had killed him. I was overjoyed and all the Russians in Stockholm were in a frenzy of pleasure. "There!" one of them said to me enthusiastically, "word of God, there is a man!"

I came back to Petrograd; Dmitri and Yousupof had been banished to the Caucasus; and the revolution arose and swept everything before it. Then came the debacle that ended in the Bolsheviks usurping the power and the consequent downpour of crowned heads. In the shamble I was unable to ascertain the fate of these two sportsmen; whether in the far off Caucasus they too had met their fate or they had escaped the general massacre.

RUSSIAN DUKE IN EGYPT

Joining the Royal Flying Corps I proceeded to Egypt, where one sunny day in summer I became too defiant of gravity and discovered that Newton was right; I had a bad crash. Weeks later, in November, 1918, to be exact, I sat with my crutches under a big cottonwood tree at the Gerrin Sporting Club, on an island in the Nile off Cairo, drinking tea. At the table next to mine was an English nobleman and his lady and a very much beribboned captain of a British cavalry regiment. In a casual manner I ran my eye over his decorations and noticed to my surprise that they were nearly all Russian orders; the George, the Vladimer, Stanislas, St. Anne. I looked up and saw a pale, wan face tanned a light yellow, brown eyes with heavy rings under them, and an imperious nose.

I nudged the officer sitting with me. "Do you know who that officer is?" I asked him.

"You mean the one with the Dicky Bird decorations?" he inquired.

"That's the Russian Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch!" I said, with impressive manner.

"Humph!" was this reply. "Sickly-looking devil!"

I felt hurt over this apathetic attitude toward my pet hero, so I withdrew into my shell and gave myself up to the thoughts of how the mighty had fallen. I thought how, in Petrograd, the entrance of Dimitri would have brought every officer present to his feet with a sharp salute, and now he was just one of us; a cavalry captain, whom others regarded humorously, because of his varied decorations they couldn't understand. I sat there trying to analyze his thoughts—they must be bitter, I felt.

He looked up and caught me staring at him; instinctively I bowed and he smiled back engagingly. My friend grinned. "Pal of yours?"

"No!" said I. "But, confound it all, that man's been through the mill Two years ago, in Russia, he was as powerful as any king, and now he has lost everything. I'm glad to see him carrying on with us—he's game!"

His Lordship's party rose to go and as he passed Dimitri bowed good-bye to me. This seemed to irritate my companion. "I don't like Russians," he snapped. "They're all right to meet socially, pleasant and interesting enough, but they let us down in this war!"

"Nonsense!" basing my answer on the knowledge of how the radical elements that had made the Brest-Litovsk peace had betrayed all the loyal Russians long beforehand. "That man going out there has done moreh imsc'f t help our cause along than you or I, or any fifty of us about here!"

"How?" he inquired, skeptically.

"Well, in the first place, he killed Rasputin, and——"

"Good Lord!" he said, excitedly.

LEADS GREEK FORCES.

Gen. Papaskevopoulos, who is leading the Greek forces against the Turkish Nationalists.

"Why didn't you say that before?" He gazed admiringly at the departing figure. "He must be 'top hole.' You know that must have taken a bit of nerve; to go in and kill that rascally Rasputin—with all his pull at court!"

REVIEWING AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA.

The next time I saw him was in London, in the spring of 1919, at the Ritz Hotel. I went over and said, "How do you do?" in Russian. He jumped up and overwhelmed me with a flow of Russian that left me gasping. I laughed, and said in English: "Thanks for the compliment,, but I don't understand it half that well, And I must apologize for coming over and speaking to you, because I see you don't remember me. I have met you only once—back in Petrograd."

"Oh, yes I do," he said, politely. He was too sensitive of the other fellow's feelings to admit forgetfulness. I could see him ransacking his memory to place me.

"Then in Cairo, last fall, I saw you there. You did not look very well."

"No," he said, quietly. "I had just come from Mesopotamia—it was hot there."

Hot, so it was; hot as the gates of hell; but I did not tell him that it was not heat that I saw in his face at Cairo—it was memory! The face of a man whose eyes are forever looking backward.

about Russia. "Things are in a terrible state there now," I said.

"Yes," he said sadly; "my heart is dead!"

I was surprised at this frank show of emotion. In Paris or New York it would not have sounded so strange; but here in England, where one is taught from childhood to stifle all outward display of one's real feelings, it came as a distinct shock.

"My relations, friends . . . all are killed . . . !"

"But," I said consolingly, "you did one wonderful thing for which the whole world admires you."

"What's that?"

"Rasputin!"

"Ah," he smiled, "that saved my life. Protopopoff told Yousupof and me that we were to proceed to the Caucasus in exile and I was there when the revolution broke out. From there I came out and joined the English and well, here I am."

"Some friends of mine bought that big Renault of yours," I told him.

Instantly he was all animation. "Bozhe moi! Wasn't that car a beauty? I designed the body myself; it was all aluminium, one piece hammered and . . . ." He launched out into a description of the car and its performances; Russia, the past and everything else forgotten.

A portly colonel, with a bibulous nose, hove in view and some other officers came and surrounded him. They all looked at the clock and nodded mysteriously towards the petite bar. We repaired thither, where we 'had one' . . . and then another. "Zdarove!" he said, raising his glass. "Zdarove!" I replied, raising mine in salute. We smiled and the other officers growled. "Say, what is all this?"

Before leaving I reached in my borberry and pulling out my last hundred Russian cigarettes, made for me by Smith on Piccadilly, gave them to the Duke. "You will like them," I said. "They're almost like the old ones!"

Next day I walked into Smith's to place another order. "I say!" he said angrily. "Don't send in any more Russians to order these cigarettes, you know I don't make money on them. Those tubes are too damned hard to get!"

"What did he look like?" I asked.

"Oh, a tall, slim fellow, with a bushel of decorations."

"Smith," I said, "when that man orders your cigarettes . . . you make 'em!"

"Why?" he asked peevishly.

"Well," I replied, "you wouldn't understad, but in the United States he is what is known as a 'regular guy' . . . a white man!

Miller's Worm Powders are sweet and palpatable to children, who show no hesistancy in taking them. They will certainly bring all worm troubles to an end. They are a strengthening and stimulating medicine, correcting the disorders of digestion that the worms cause and imparting a health tone to the system most beneficial to development.

An Old-Fashioned Cottage Garden

(London Advertiser).

"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of the birds for mirth—
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

Of all gardens perhaps the old-fashioned cottage garden is the most interesting and at the present time the rarest. Though not intentionally, it carries out most perfectly the freedom and beauty of the bloom of the summer woods, but its real purpose is to produce a tangle of loveliness entirely free from measured plots and straightly marked paths. It revels in the charm of old-fashioned flowers and in arrangement undesigned. Tall plants and lowly, brilliant-hued blooms and delicately-tinted flowers grow luxuriantly side by side in irregular little clumps, and following each its own loved way. One could imagine a dreamer had scattered varied seeds idly in days long gone with never a memory of what had been sown or where the seed had fallen. Communing together in the June sunshine are sweet-scented pinks, sweet william, lowly bleeding-heart, clambering purple lupin, fluttering bachelor's buttons, gaudy lilies, iris almost past blooming, brilliant marigolds, budding larkspur and hollyhocks, lack-like dropwort, jolly little Johnnie-jumpups, swaying Canterbury bells and gorgeous blooms of peonies, and "flaming poppies their soft petals strew, then stand and shiver all their bravery gone."

There is a story of sweet sentiment about a certain old-fashioned garden in South London. Nearly every bloom and shrub finding its own particular place therein has been brought with loving care from a garden still older and very much loved. Not one beautiful memory of the other old garden has been overlooked in the new, and thus do the flowers and shrubs we have planted and caressed live on after we have passed them with regret to those who will love them in the days to come.

Near to this garden of old memories is a bit of clover meadow and in a small cultivated field a little tangle of tall grass attracts one's attention. Investigation reveals a plover brooding on her ground nest, which is but a lump of earth, beside which she nestles. Hearing approach, she stands and screams protest, flutters in pretended broken-wing fashion away a few feet to return to her three bits of nestlings and one unhatched egg. Her beautiful gold-tinged wings and deeper gold back are all ruffled feathers. Her snow-white throat with its narrow black bars swells with indignation as she watches, with great golden-eyed alarm, the process of taking her picture. While the horses and plow went up and down near her little ground home she stayed bravely by her chosen nestling place, and so small and defiant were she and her mate, the horses were afraid to go even around the carefully preserved spot. The screaming protests of possession were entirely justified by three successive years' occupancy.

Not far from the plover's nest over in the strawberry patch is a sandpiper's nest, which careful searching proved to be unoccupied. Stealthy lifting of the canopy of green leaves revealed a neat nest in which lay three speckled eggs, shadowed by clustering red berries and wind-stirred leaves. So trustful is the sandpiper of this particular little nest, the strawberries may be picked by careful fingers while she watches with alert interest but apparent fearlessness.

Just a continuation of the joys of the cottage garden were the visits to the two nests on a June day of rare beauty, and the confidence of the birds a part of the reward of those who give nature her way in the planting of sweet old-fashioned flowers.

Soothes Irritable Threat Quickly Cures Bronchitis

No Drugs to Take. No Sickening Stomach Medicine to Use

Just Breathe "Catarrhozone"

Count ten—a bad cold is relieved by Catarrhozone—wait one minute and you will feel its soothing influence on a sore irritated throat. No failure with "Catarrhozone"—it cures because you can breathe a healing vapor to the very spot that needs help.

The big thing to remember about Catarrhozone is this—you just breathe a healing piney vapor that is full of the purest balsams, that is rich in the greatest healing agents known to science.

This wonderful vapor dispels all soreness, kills all germs, gives nature a chance to complete a real cure.

Colds and throat troubles can't last if the pure healing vapor of Catarrhozone is breathed. Catarrh will disappear, bronchial attacks will cease, coughs and winter ills will become a thing of the past. Complete outfit lasts two months, price $1.00; smaller size, 50c; sample size, 25c, all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston Ont., Canada.

Mending Knives and Forks.

To mend a knife or steel fork which has come out of the handle, fill the hole with finely powdered resin and hold the rough end of the knife or fork in the fire until it becomes hot. Insert it in the powdered resin and hold it straight until firmly fixed.

A DIFFERENCE.

(Stray Stories.)

"What did Columbus prove by standing an egg on end?"

"That eggs in his day were cheap enough to be handled carelessly."

Corn cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.