Bovril makes you enjoy life

Can We Live for 200 Years

It is claimed that another epoch-making secret has been wrested from the serum discovered by Dr. Henri Spahlinger, the world-famous Swiss scientist and bacteriologist, whose treatment for the cure of consumption represents the most successful effort yet made to rid mankind of this dread disease.

Scientific and medical men associated with Dr. Spahlinger hope that injections of the serum ferments will in time enable the human span to a term of one hundred and fifty years.

The question of the duration of human life has always been a question of difference among members of the medical profession.

The French scientist, M. Floures, has studied the question very thoroughly. His theory is that the usual length of both human and animal life seems to be cut in five times the period of growth, which he places at about twenty or twenty-one years, thus bringing the average between 100 and 105 years.

However, he states that only at forty does the body absolutely cease to increase in size. After that age any increase is due to the accumulation of fat.

Taking his theory strictly, it would seem that the extreme possibility of life would work out at five times forty, or 200 years.

Haller, a member of many distinguished societies, said, "The utmost limit of human life is within 200 years"; while Professor Hufeland considered it "quite possible to extend human existence to 200 years."

We will now leave theories and examine some notable cases of longevity.

Thomas Parr was born at Winnington, Shropshire, in 1483, and for many years was a farmer at Alderbury, near Shrewsbury. The Earl of Arundel persuaded him to come to London to be presented to Charles I. in 1635. The result, however, was disastrous to Parr, for through the high living and rich wines he was given he died on November 14th, at the age of 152 years.

The King's physician was induced to make a post-mortem of the body for the benefit of the medical profession, and reported that he found the organs "sound enough to warrant his living a good many years longer if he had continued to live in the old style."

One of the most interesting cases on record is that of Henry Jenkins, of Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire, who was born in 1501. He is mentioned as having given evidence in a case at Kettering, when he gave his age as 154. He died at Ellerton-on-Swale on December 8th, 1670, aged 169.

At Newnham, in Gloucestershire, lived Mrs. Keithe. She lived for 133 years, having three daughters, the eldest of whom reached 111, the second 110, and the younger 109 years.

Among Norwegian records we find that Kentigern, otherwise known as St. Mongo, "by extreme abstemiousness in food and drink," reached the age of 185.

At Chauvel Priory, in Worcestershire, there is, or was, engraved on a tombstone the age of 309, but it has been said that the "0" might have been inserted between the 3 and 9 as a prank. This cannot be said regarding the inscription on the tomb of Thomas Damme, of Leighton, whose age, 154 years, was engraved on his tomb in words.

Probably the most extraordinary case is that of Numas de Cugna, of Bengal, mentioned by Maffeus, the Portuguese author. Numas, during his lengthy existence of 370 years, had four new sets of teeth, and his hair changed frequently from black to grey and vice versa.

Childhood Friendships.

I can still see my adored grandfather as he sat at the window with his beautiful white head bent over a book. In his pictures he is very stern, but I remember the sweetness of his rare smiles and the gentle hand laid on my curls when I disrespectfully sat upon Plato or Aristotle and demanded a story.

His tales were more complicated than those invented by mothers or aunts, and so much more varied. There was a serial in which one Tommy boy and I chased bears, climbed mountains, met real fairies and shot elephants in the coolest possible manner. I seldom interrupted—only at a crisis then—but I often clutched him or put in a breathless "And then what did I do?"

Sometimes the stories were about his own boyhood, and my grandmother never mentioned to any one else—and of his loneliness after she went away. My response was always the same. I choked him with a hug and assured him that I loved him better than any one else in the world.

I used to bring him all my small troubles and he always considered them very gravely. After discussing all sides of the question, Plato or Aristotle was pulled from under me and we looked in the book before we decided on a plan. It was usually satisfactory.

He began my mathematics by teaching me the first two theorems of geometry, and we spent a long time cutting out angles and folding them over to see if they were equal. He was delighted when I seemed to understand them.

"She is wonderful," he told my mother. "She hasn't memorized it—she knows."

I was also destined to be a great classical scholar, for I had learned to spell three Greek words. It might be that I would paint, because on one of our walks I had pointed to the sunset.

I often wish now that I could go to him when I am sad. I think he would confer with Plato and Aristotle and tell me what to do.—Elizabeth Parvin Schumann.

A Fine System.

Two American tourists at the entrance to St. Paul's Cathedral were pressed for time.

"You look at the outside," said one, "and I'll look at the inside—then we can get the whole thing over in a few minutes."

There are men who gain nothing from a fortune except the fear of losing it.

Stories of Famous People

Homely Expressions Used by the Prince.

If there were a republic in England to-morrow, the first president to be elected would be the King, the second would be the Prince of Wales, and they would both be elected for life," says Pearson, an English journal. [illegible] of this [illegible] causes of the Prince's [illegible] that he believes in, and [illegible] principles of equality, [illegible] have been easier than [illegible] shirked dangerous [illegible] war. Indeed, he succeeded in [illegible] up to the front only [illegible] evil with the authorities.

[illegible] was tried to keep him [illegible] danger zone, but nothing [illegible] the unassailable logic [illegible] attitude which was [illegible] by himself on one occasion in [illegible] words: "Just because I'm the son of my mother is that any reason why I should be treated differently to any other mother's son?"

It would be easy to multiply instances of his lack of "side," his sense of humor, and there is one incident which paints him to life.

During his military duties at the front he made friends with a junior subaltern in Kitchener's army. After the war he met this friend in the street, shook hands warmly with him and said: "You must come down to Windsor and stay with my people." The friend, not associating at the moment such a homely expression as "my people" with the King and Queen, readily accepted the invitation, and afterwards nearly died with fright when he realized what he had let himself in for.

However, he found out that "my people" could be just as homely and charming as anyone else's people, and from the moment he entered Windsor Castle he became one of a very simple and very delightful family circle.

Sir Gilbert Admires Toronto's Trucks.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the celebrated Canadian novelist who has latterly turned to scenario writing in California, was a member of the Imperial Press Conference which toured Canada about a year ago. During his stay in Toronto Sir Gilbert visited the old Union station here on several occasions with the express purpose of admiring the speed and ease with which the baggage men handled heavy loads of baggage by means of the now familiar foot motor trucks. "They have nothing like these in England," Sir Gilbert observed with enthusiasm. "Aren't they wonderful little inventions? Here is one particular in which you are far ahead of England. Let's stop a few minutes and watch them."

Freshly mixed—
KEEN'S
DSF
MUSTARD
makes dinner tasty
and digestible
H8

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

(Copyright The Musson Book Co.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Dr. Eardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He spends an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socalist meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan he is offered evening tuition in return for occasional services as a coachman. The first evening he discovers the choir girl in Edith Duncan. Under his tutor's careful direction Dave's education thrives apace. He becomes a reporter on The Call. One Sunday he told Edith the story of his life and his compact with Irene.

CHAPTER X.

Whatever the effect of this conversation had been upon Edith she concealed it carefully, and Dave counted it one of the fortunate events of his life. It had sealed to him a new friendship, a confidence to support him in days of stress. He had been working under the spur of his passion for Irene, but now this was to be supplemented by the friendship of Edith. That it was more than friendship on her part did not occur to him at all, but he knew she was interested in him, and he was doubly determined that he would justify her interest and confidence. He threw himself into the columns of The Call with greater vigour than ever.

But just at this time another incident occurred which was to turn the flood of his life into strange channels. Dave had been promoted to the distinction of a private office—a little six-by-six "box stall," as the sports editor described it—but none the less a distinction shared only with the managing editor and Bert Morrison, compiler of the woman's page. Her name was Roberta, but she was masculine to the tips, and everybody called her Bert. The remainder of the staff occupied a big, dingy room, with walls pasted with specimen headings, comic cartoons, and racy pictures, and floor carpeted deeply with exchanges. Dave, however, had established some sort of order in his den, and had installed at his own cost a spring lock to prevent depredations upon his paste pot or sudden raids upon his select file of time copy.

Into this sanctuary one afternoon in October came Conward. It was such an afternoon as to set every office-worker at war with the gods; the glories of the foothill October are known only in the foothill country, and Dave, married though he was to his work, felt the call of the sunshine and the open spaces. This was a time for fallen leaves and brown grass and splashes of color everywhere—nature's autumn colors, bright, glorious, unsubdued. Only Dave knew how his blood leaped to that suggestion. But the world must go on.

Conward's habitual cigarette hung from its accustomed short tooth, and his round, florid face seemed puffier than usual. His aversion to any exercise more vigorous than that offered by a billiard cue was beginning to reflect itself in a premature rotundity of figure. But his soft, insidious voice had not lost the note of friendly confidence which had attracted Dave, perhaps against his better judgment, on the night of their first meeting.

"'Lo, Dave," he said. "Alone?"

"Almost," said Dave, without looking up from his typewriter. Then, turning, he kicked the door shut with his heel and said, "Shoot."

"This strenuous life is spoiling your good manners, Dave, my boy," said Conward, lazily exhaling a thin cloud of smoke. "If work made a man rich you'd die a millionaire. But it isn't work that makes men rich. Ever think of that?"

"If a man does not become rich by work he has no right to become rich at all," Dave retorted.

"What do you mean by that word 'right,' Dave? Define it."

"Haven't time. We go to press at four."

"That's the trouble with fellows like you," Conward continued. "You haven't time. You stick too close to your jobs. You never see the better chances lying all around. Now suppose you let them go to press without you to-day, and you listen to me for a while."

Dave was about to throw him out when a gust of yearning for the open spaces swept over him again. It was true enough. He was giving his whole life to his paper. Promotion was slow, and there was no prospect of a really big position at any time. He remembered Mr. Duncan's remark about newspaper training being the best preparation for something else. With a sudden decision he closed his desk. "Shoot," he said again, but this time with less impatience.

"That's better," said Conward. "Have you ever thought of the future of this town?"

"Well, can't say that I have. I've been busy with its present."

"That's what I supposed. You've been too busy with the details of your little job to give attention to bigger things. Now, let me pass you a few pieces of information—things you must know, but you have never put them together before. What are the natural elements which make a country or city a desirable place to live? I'll tell you. Climate, transportation, good water, variety of landscape, opportunity of independence. Given these conditions, everything else can be added. Now, our climate—of course it is misunderstood in the South and East, but misunderstanding doesn't ruffle it. You and I know what it is. This is a white man's climate. Follow our latitude into Europe if you want to find the seats of power and success. London and Berlin are north of us; Paris very little south."

"Where did you get this stuff?" Dave interjected. "Sounds like the prelude of an address before a boomsters' club."

"I've been thinking, while you've been too busy to think," Conward retorted. "Then there's transportation. This is one of the few centres in America which has a north and south trade equal to its east and west trade. We're on the cross-roads. Every settler who goes into the North—and it is a mighty North—means more north and south trade. The development of the Pacific Coast, the industrialization of Asia, the opening of the Panama Canal—these mean east and west trade. Every railway that taps this country must come to this city, because we have the start, and are too big to be ignored."

"'City' is good," said Dave.

"All right. Scoff as much as you like. Have your joke before it turns on you. There'll be a quarter of a million people here before you're dead, if you play fair with the life-insurance people."

"Go on."

"Then there's the soil—the richest soil in the world. Just dry enough to keep it from leaching. Natural possibilities for irrigation wherever necessary—"

"I'm not sure about it as a garin country," interrupted Dave, with a touch of antagonism.

"That is because you were brought up on a ranch, and are a rancher at heart," Conward shot back. "No rancher is ever sure of any country being a grain country. All he is sure of is that if the farmer comes it is good-bye to the open range. Just as the fur-trader blackguarded the climate to keep the stockman out, so is the stockman blackguarding the climate to keep the farmer out. But they're coming. They can't be stopped. It's only a case of education—of advertising.

"I tell you, Dave, the movement is on now, and before long it'll hit us like a tidal wave. I've been a bit of a gambler all my life, but this is the biggest jack-pot ever was, and I'm going to sit in. How about you?"

"I'd like to think it over. Promotion doesn't come very fast on this job, that's sure."

"Yes, and while you are thinking it over chances are slipping by. Don't think it over—put it over. I tell you, Dave, there are big things in the air. They are beginning to move already. Have you noticed the strangers in town of late? That's the advance guard—"

"Advance guard of a real estate boom?"

"His! That's a bad word. Get away from it. Say 'industrial development.'"

"All right—industrial development. And do we have to have an advance guard of strangers to bring about industrial development?"

"Sure. That's the only way. You never heard of the old-timers in a town booming it—the term goes between us—did you? Never. The old resident is always deader than the town, no matter how dead the town may be. And this business is a science. The right gang can spring it anywhere, and almost any time.

"Let me elaborate. We'll say Alkali Lake is a railway station where lots go begging at a hundred dollars each. In drops a well-dressed stranger—buys ten lots at a hundred and fifty each—and the old-timers are chuckling over sticking him. But in drops another stranger and buys a block of lots at two hundred each. Then the old-timers begin to wonder if they didn't sell too soon. By the time the fourth or fifth stranger has dropped in they are dead sure of it, and they are trying to buy their lots back. All sorts of rumors get started, nobody knows how. New railways are coming, big factories are to be started, minerals have been located, theres' a secret war on between great moneyed interests. The town council meets and changes the name to Silver City—having regard, no doubt, to the alkali in the sleugh water. The old-timers, and all that great, innocent public which is for ever hoping to get something for nothing, are now glad to buy the lots at five hundred to ten thousand dollars each, and by the time they've bought it up the gang moves on. It's the smoothest game in the world, and every community will fall for it at least twice. . . . Well, they're here.

"Of course, it's a little different in this case, because there really is something in the way of natural advantages to support it. It's not all hot air. That'll make the event just so much bigger.

"Now, Dave, I've been dipping in a little already, and it struck me we might work together on this deal. Your paper has considerable weight, and if that weight falls the right way you won't find me stingy. For instance, an item that this property"—he produced a slip with some legal descriptions—"has been sold for ten thousand dollars to eastern investors—very conservative investors from the East, don't forget that—might help to turn another deal that's just hanging. Sorry to keep you so long, but perhaps you can catch the press yet." And, with one of his friendly mannerisms, Conward departed.

Dave sat for some minutes in a quandary. He was discouraged with his salary, or, rather, with the lack of prospect of any increase in his salary. Conward's words had been very unsettling. They pulled in opposite directions. They fired him with a new enthusiasm for his city, and they intimated that a gang of professional land-gamblers was soon to perpetrate an enormous theft, leaving the public holding the sack. Still, there must be a middle course somewhere.

He walked to his little window and looked across the warm prairie. No buildings cut his view from the brown hillsides where the lazy mists of autumn beckoned to be out and free. It was a sleepy cow-town still, and yet, as he now recalled, a new pulse had been throbbing its arteries of late. The proportion of strangers—men in white collars and street shoes—at the hotels was steadily growing. Rents were going up. It was the first low wave—and Conward's ear had caught it. . . .

At any rate, he could use Conward's story about the land sale. That was news—legitimate news. Of course, it might be a faked sale—faked for its news value—but reporters are not paid for being detectives. The rule was to publish the news while it was hot. Nothing is so perishable as news. It must be used at once or discarded altogether. The Evening Call carried a statement of Conward's sale, and on that statement was hung a column story on the growing prosperity of the city, and its assured future owing to its exceptional climate and natural resources, combined with its commanding position on transportation routes, both east and west and north and south. With the industrialization of Asia and the settlement of the great North—and how great is that North—etc., etc.

During the following days Dave had a keener eye than usual for evidences of "industrial development." He found them on every hand. Old properties, long considered unsaleable, were changing owners. Handsomely furnished offices had been opened on principal corners for the sale of city and country property. Hotels were crowded, bar-rooms were jammed. The preponderance of the male population had never been so pronounced, and every incoming train added to it. Money move easily; wages were stiffening; tradesmen were in demand. There was material for many good stories in his investigations. He began writing features on the city's prosperity and prospects. The rival paper did the same, and there was soon started between them a competition of optimism. The great word became "boost." It stood, apparently, for any action or attitude that would increase prices. The virus was now in the veins of the community, pulsing through every street and by-way of the little city. Dave marvelled, and wondered how he had failed to read these signs until Conward had laid their portent bare before him. But as yet it was only his news sense that responded, his delight in the strange and the sensational. He was not yet inoculated with the poison of easy wealth.

(To be continued.)

Sunny Goldenrod.

Tell me, sunny goldenrod,
Growing everywhere,
Did fairies come from fairyland,
And weave the dress you wear?

Did you get from mines of gold
Your bright and sunny hue?
Or did the baby stars, some night,
Fall down and cover you?

Are you clad in bright sunshine,
Caught from summer's day,
To give again in happy smiles
To all who pass your way?

Lovely are you, goldenrod;
I will try lie you,
To fill each day with deeds of gold,
Be loving, kind and true.

Sow the Right Thought Seed—Get the Right Harvest.

If you want to substitute harmony for discord, wisdom for ignorance, truth for error, prosperity for poverty, happiness for unhappiness, you can do it by right thinking. It is all in the mind. In your habitual mental attitude. Whatever comes to you in life is the product of your thinking. The thought is the seed; the harvest must follow the planting of the seed and it must be like the seed. If you plant discord seed you will reap an error harvest; if you plant poverty and unhappiness you will get that kind of a harvest. The thought is always the seed and if you want to get the opposite of these things, you must reverse your thought. If you sow the right taought seed, you will get the right harvest.—O. S. Marden.

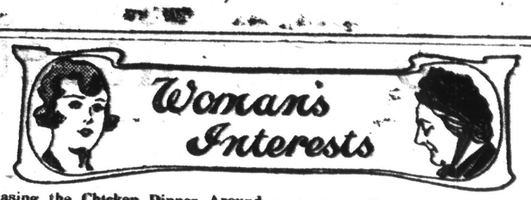
Mounted in front of a tractor, which supplies the power, a four-bladed rotary cutter for clearing land reduces stumps to chips.

New Life
For
RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS
Testimonial:
Dear Sirs,—After suffering from Sciatica for over 15 years and spending money on medicine, baths, electric belts, etc., which did me no good, I was cured by using one bottle of your NEW LIFE REMEDY.
Yours truly,
Wm. Giffax,
Gerard St. East, Toronto
One bottle for One Dollar; Six bottles for Five Dollars. Mailed direct to Customers.
New Life Remedy Company
73 West Adelaide St, Toronto
Canada

The Stagnation of Monotony.

I have always noticed that people who move about the world much, people who travel, who feed their minds upon new, fresh impressions and new experiences, have more vitality than those who remain cloistered at home. They are fresher, their minds are more alert; they are more buoyant physically and mentally, more cheerful, hopeful, more alive, because their minds are better nourished; they are growing, while the others get into a rut and stagnate.

Monotony is fatal to growth. People who live secluded, monotonous lives, become such slaves of habit that after a while they don't want to make any change in their daily routine. They cannot bear to go away from their homes, to leave their own beds, their own firesides, their home comforts. They are rooted in one place; their lives are rutty, their minds become rutty, stale. They are dull and stagnant like a pool of water that has no outlet.—O. S. Marden.



Chasing the Chicken Dinner Around the World.

The popularity of the chicken dinner is not confined to Canada, but appears to be world-wide in its appeal. The excellence of the dinner, according to the best culinary standards, rests on two points, namely, the quality of the bird and the flavorful method of its cookery.

Every country has a choice bird to use on state occasions, but it is the average chicken whose cookery establishes the cooks' and the countries' reputation for chicken dinners. Like the traveler's check, the chicken dinner makes the whole world kin, and many a bad case of home sickness has been swallowed during its consumption in alien surroundings. No doubt Canadian housekeeper both east and west think their style of cooking chicken the best in the world. May be they are one and all right, but the writer refuses to be chicken pecked into an argument, so she will make tracks right out into foreign territory and offer the housekeeper a few recipes that must stand upon their own merit, for the cooks who originated them are too far away to crow for their own rights of supremacy. The soup and "trimmins" that go with them depend upon the convenience and custom of each country wherein the dinners are served.

Japanese Chicken—Select a young, tender chicken and cut it into convenient pieces. Place the chicken in a deep pot with a sliced carrot, parsnip and potato. Just cover the meat with boiling water, to which add three tablespoonfuls of mirren and a quarter cupful of Shoyu sauce. Cover and cook gently until the chicken is tender, skimming occasionally. Lift the chicken onto a hot dish and surround it with boiled rice, thicken a little of the gravy and pour over the chicken.

Chinese Chicken—Bone a young, tender chicken and cut the meat in convenient pieces. Dice the flesh of a small, fresh pineapple or that of a can of sliced fruit. Pare a piece of green ginger root, pound it and soak it in a tablespoonful of rice wine for ten minutes, then squeeze it over the chicken. Heat two tablespoonfuls of sesame oil in a frying pan and put in the chicken, add a cupful of boiling water and cook until the chicken is tender. Thicken the gravy with a dessertspoonful each of cornstarch and sugar dissolved in a little of the pineapple, cover and heat through. Serve with boiled rice. Mushrooms may be sauted and added, with a few blanched and split almonds, if desired.

Mexican Chicken—Boil a young chicken in the usual way until tender, then cut it into four serving pieces. Meantime put a tablespoonful of oil or lard in a frying pan and fry the pulp of six Chile peppers, with the crumbs of half a stale loaf of bread. When done pound smooth. Blanch and roast in the oven a half cupful each of sweet almonds and peeled melon seed, then chop fine. Strain a pint of the chicken broth and stir in these ingredients to thicken it, then turn it over the chicken. Add salt to taste. Serve tortillas with the chicken.

Persian Chicken—Truss and boil a tender chicken in two quarts of water, adding a chopped onion, a bay leaf, six whole peppercorns, a level tablespoonful of salt, a stick of cinnamon and a bunch of sweet herbs. When the meat cooks tender lift it, remove the big bones and cut the meat into pieces. Strain the broth and add to it a cupful of seeded raisins, a lump of butter and the chicken. Cover and cook gently until the rice has taken up all the broth, watching that it does not burn, then serve on a hot dish, with a few blanched almonds and a little rose water sprinkled over the rice.

French Chicken—Clean and split a small roasting chicken and brown it in butter, then put it into a saucepan with a pint of white wine, a half bud of garlic, a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, three cloves, salt and pepper. Simmer one hour, then lift the chicken and thicken the gravy with brown roux. Pour some of the gravy onto a baking platter and sprinkle the surface with grated gruyere cheese, lay over the chicken, cover with the rest of the gravy, then sprinkle generously with more cheese. Put the dish into a medium oven and brown nicely.

Spanish Chicken—Singe, clean and joint a young, tender chicken, barely cover it with water, and cook until tender. Remove the meat to a buttered casserole and cover with an onion, sweet pepper and a small bud of garlic chopped fine, four thinly sliced tomatoes, a quarter cupful of olive oil, a tablespoonful of taragon vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, a half-teaspoonful of powdered sweet herbs and a little pepper. Cover and cook in the oven for forty minutes.

India Chicken—Prepare a plump young chicken and boil until tender. Lift the chicken and remove the large bones and cut into serving pieces. Make a sauce of a sliced onion, a piece of ginger root and a half clove of garlic sliced fine, then fried in three tablespoonfuls of oil; when soft but not brown add a tablespoonful each of curry powder and flour and work in slowly a pint of rich milk. When blended add the cream of a fresh cocoanut and turn into a double boiler. Add the chicken and let reheat, but do not boil. Serve with rice steamed dry and relishes of grated cocoanut, chutney, minced peppers, sliced and broiled bacon, strips of dried fish, pickled shrimp, rolled anchovies and preserved ginger.

Hungarian Chicken—Slice an onion into a small quantity of melted fat and cook to a golden brown, then add a teaspoonful of paprika and then a pint of stock. Cook ten minutes, then put in the chicken, cut into quarters, add salt and pepper and cook a half hour until the chicken is tender. Lift the chicken onto a hot dish, add a cupful of sour cream to the gravy and boil up, then pour over the meat and serve rice as a border around the dish. Sometimes quick dumplings are served with this dish, in which case the rice is omitted.

Real Castles in the Air.

The future people of the world will, quite possibly, live in beautiful cities of perpetual sunshine, floating in the air above the clouds, earth mists, or any other obstacles that to-day stop us from enjoying the golden rays of the sun.

That is the prophecy of Captain Lawson, the American designer of a fleet of large air liners which bears his name.

Ten thousand years hence, he predicts, high life will be sky life, and society will move in vast aerial cities raised and held stationary miles above the earth.

The air that we breathe at the bottom of the ocean of atmosphere which surrounds the earth is not of the best. We would be far better off somewhere near the surface.

Although air pressure at sea level is very great, the ages have built up our frames to enable us to grow accustomed to it; in fact, it would be unwise, harmful, and probably fatal to attempt to transfer man to the highest altitudes all at once.

But in the years to come, when a man will leave his earthly office for his little suburban home four miles away in the sky, he will have grown accustomed to the rarity of the air, and he will find that it has a beneficial influence on his bodily health.

The cities will be held up in space by gases of a greater lifting power than are known to-day. Every large building will have beneath it a large storage tank, in which the gas will be held. The war of the future will then have another great horror, the shelling of the storage tanks, or other attempts to set the gas free and bring city after city falling through thousands of feet to destruction.

Whether the human body will retain its ability to breathe on earth whilst at the same time it can obtain sufficient oxygen from the higher altitudes, it is impossible to predict. Perhaps visitors to earth will have to wear some sort of diving suits.

We shall, in those days to come, be such supersaturated beings that our houses will have to be protected from over-attention from King Sol.

The roofs, or probably one great roof to a whole city, may be in the shape of a dome or domes of a perfectly transparent substance resembling glass, but a great improvement on any glass known to-day.

Waterproof Cloth Produced for Roller Shades.

Should a new cloth be generally adopted for roller curtains, it will not be necessary for the housewife to send the shades out to be cleaned when they become soiled. The new cloth may be cleaned with soap and water, and grease stains removed without damage to the fabric.

I wish I could burn it into the consciousness of every person who wants to make a success of life that he cannot do so while he associates himself with inferiority and harbors a low estimate of himself. Get away from both. Have nothing to do with them. If you are a victim of the inferiority suggestion, deny the suggestion, drive it from your mind as the greatest enemy of your welfare.—O. S. Marden.

Live Stock in Canada.

Statistics furnished by the Dominion Department of Agriculture show that there were over 500,000 more milk cows in Canada in 1921 than in 1920, 400,000 more other cattle, 400,000 fewer sheep, nearly 400,000 more swine, and 6,600,000 more poultry. Average values were much less last year than in the year before, dairy cows being placed at $61 against $80, other cattle at $28 against $47, sheep $6 against $10, swine $14 against $23, and poultry, $1.02 against $1.21.

More Phonetic Spelling.

"Mamma," said a little five-year-old, "will you please tell me how to spell 'funkin'?"

"'Funkin' dear? I don't know of any such word. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I want to write I love my teacher more than funkin tell."

Prize for Originality.

An organization of Belgian scientists will award a prize of about $1,000 next year for the best original work in French or English on the scientific advance of electricity and its technical applications.

Better Done Afterwards.

Teddy—"I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning."

Mamma—"You see how wrong it was, don't you, dear?"

Teddy—"Yes; cause I didn't know till noon that he was going to give a party."

Keep Your Shoes Neat
2 IN 1
Shoe Polishes