

How They Make Bread in Persia.

Persian bread is not baked in a loaf, as we bake it, but in a thin sheet which looks like an immensely large griddle-cake, and the people of that country speak of "a bread" instead of saying "a loaf of bread," as we do.

They do not have stoves, and for an oven they dig a hole in the ground. They make it about six feet deep, smaller at the top than at the bottom, and plaster the inside with a mortar made of clay.

When baking-day comes, they build a fire in this pit or oven, and keep it burning until the sides are hot, and a good bed of clear coals is left on the bottom.

While the oven is being heated the dough is being made; and, when everything is ready, a piece of dough about as large as a big apple is torn off, rolled out thin, and spread on a piece of sheepskin. With a careful swing, the dough is slapped against the hot wall of the oven, and in a moment is as quickly taken off, baked to a nice brown.

Fuel is very scarce in Persia, and it takes a good deal of it to heat one of these ovens. For this reason, two or more women will do their baking at the same time, and, instead of baking every week, or oftener, as we do, they bake but once a month.

After the bread is baked, it is tied in a cotton cloth and hung up, or thrown into a corner, just as happens to be the most convenient. If baked for a shop where bread is sold, it is at once hung on a line stretched in front of the shop, and is left there, exposed to the dust and flies, until it is sold.

The way the bread is used and eaten seems to us even stranger than the way in which it is made. If a Persian entertains his friends at a banquet, they find at each place on the table one of these breads, folded like a napkin. There is nothing else—no knife, fork, or spoon—as we should find; and the bread must take the place of them, and serve as a plate at the same time.

If anything like a stew is served, each guest tears a piece from his bread, and uses it to sop up the liquid with. If he is served with something more solid, and not quite solid enough to be picked up in his fingers, he tears off another piece, and makes it serve as a spoon, after which he eats it; and all this time the bread has been serving as a plate. After everything else has been eaten, each guest eats his plate, and no one has a lot of dishes to wash.

Such bread as we have would not make a very good plate, even if baked in thin sheets; but the Persian bread is very tough. When chewed it becomes sticky. It is very nourishing, and is "the staff of life" in a far greater degree than bread like ours could ever become.—*Eva. R. Gillard, in Junior C. E. World.*

**THE FLOOR OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.**

If the waters of the Pacific could be drained, there would be revealed a vast stretch of territory comprising enormous plateaus, great valleys for which no parallels exist on the land surface—lofty mountains, beside which the Himalayas and the Andes would look like hillocks, and tremendous hollows or basins, only to be compared with those on the face of the moon.

While there are great mountains, and huge basins or "deeps," the plateau areas are by far the most extensive. Relatively speaking, the floor of the Pacific, as now at last revealed on the plateau areas, is level. There are un-

dulations and depressions, but the general area is about the same depth below the surface.

Surroundings develop a mean depth of from 2,500 to 2,700 fathoms. In shallower spots there is a mean depth of from 2,300 to 2,400 fathoms. Deeper spots show from 2,800 to 2,900 fathoms.—*Leslie's Monthly.*

**FORTY DOLLARS WORTH OF TEMPER.**

A story is told in the *Washington Star* of a gentleman whose temper, on one occasion, was expensive, though in the end the experience proved valuable.

He had a negro servant who exasperated him by his stupidity. One day, when he was more stupid than usual, the angry master of the house threw a book at his head. The negro ducked, and the book flew out of the window. "Now go and pick that book up!" ordered the master. The negro started to obey, but a passer-by had saved him the trouble, and he walked off with the book. The scientist thereupon began to wonder what book he had thrown away, and, to his horror, discovered that it was a quaint and rare little volume on mathematics, which he had purchased in London, and paid fifty dollars for it.

But his troubles were not over. The weeks went by, and time, the great healer, had begun to assuage his grief, when strolling into a second-hand book-shop, he perceived, to his great delight, a copy of the book he had lost. He asked the price.

"Well," said the dealer, reflectively, "I guess we can let you have it for forty dollars. It's a pretty rare book, and I dare say I could get seventy-five dollars for it by holding on a while."

The man of science pulled out his wallet, and produced the money, delighted at the opportunity of replacing his lost treasure. When he reached home a card dropped out of the leaves. The card was his own, and further examination showed that he had bought back his own property.

"Forty dollars worth of temper!" Huh! I think I shall mend my ways!" he was overheard to say. His daughter, who tells the story with glee, declares that the negro servant is positively worried over the sunny disposition of his master. He feels that the worthy man must be ill.

**INFLUENCE.**

The owner of the celebrated Wedgewood potteries was not only a man of remarkable mechanical genius, but a devout Christian. A distinguished man—but a dissipated atheist—was taken through the works by Wedgewood, accompanied by a lad, the son of pious parents. Lord C—sought an early opportunity to speak contemptuously of religion. The boy at first looked amazed, then listened with interest, then burst into a loud, jeering laugh. Wedgewood soon found occasion to show his guest the process of making a fine vase; how, with care, the delicate paste was moulded into a shape of rare beauty and fragile texture, how it was painted by skilled artists, and finally passed through the furnace, coming out perfect in form. The nobleman delighted, stretched out his hand for it, but the potter shattered it upon the floor.

"That was unpardonable carelessness," said Lord C—, angrily. "I wished to take that home. Nothing can restore it again." Wedgewood replied, "No; but you forgot, my lord, that the soul of that lad who has just left us had been moulded by parents, friends

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A WELL KNOWN CITIZEN OF EVERTON, ONT., USES

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Would to heaven that the thousands burdened and oppressed with physical agonies, wearied, despondent, sleepless and weak in this month of May, could hear that mysterious whisper, "Man! Woman! Paine's Celery Compound will banish thy disease and give unto thee that perfect health and life which lead to happiness and contentment."

Take courage, afflicted one; though physicians have pronounced you incurable, let us assure you of positive aid and cure. The virtues of Paine's Celery Compound will give you, in as large a measure, the same blessed results that were experienced by Mr. T. Simons, of

Everton, Ont., who gratefully writes as follows:

"I have suffered from nervous, run-down system and heart weakness for a long time. Very often, spells of unconsciousness returned, I would find myself last for an hour each time. When consciousness returned, I would find myself exhausted and quite sick at my stomach. I doctored long without any good results. I then happily commenced with Paine's Celery Compound, and soon became a new man. I am feeling splendid just now and as strong as ever before in my life, thanks to your great medicine. I advise all sick people to use the great compound that did such a grand work for me."

If you are in need of free medical advice, write to Consulting Physician's Department, The Wells & Richardson Company, Montreal, Que. All correspondence is sacredly confidential.

A DOZEN BETTER THINGS.

Tact is better than talent.
Common sense is better than circumstance.

A minute ahead of time is better than a second behind time.

An approving condescension is better than an applauding world.

It is better to tell people of their virtues than of their faults.

It is better to secure the confidence than the advantages of others.

It is better to receive criticism than flattery.

It is better to think of the blessings you have than of those you do not possess.

It is better to be a good failure than to be suspicious of one.

It is better to do with less than you can use than to want more than you need.

It is better to be a good failure than a bad success.

It is better to have faith in mysteries than to believe in doubts.

**UNITED THEY SAT.**

A well-dressed young woman entered a Boston car, the other day, and took a seat next to a man. Presently, she leaned forward and began to tie up her shoe-lacing. It proved rather difficult to do with her gloves on, but after awhile the passengers witnessing the performance, saw the feat accomplished and the lady sit back, calmly gazing out of the windows as if "she were always tying her shoe" in electric cars." At the next stop, the man beside her rose to get off, but lo! there came a struggle, and then horror, mutual and general. The two were fastened, not exactly hand and foot, but shoe and shoe! So diligently had the lady tied the knots that the lacing had to be cut by a ready pocket knife before the embarrassed couple could be separated.

and all good influences for years, making him a vessel fit for the Master's use; that you with your tongue have undone all the work of years. No human hand can bind together again all you have broken." Lord C—unaccustomed to rebukes from social inferior, stared at him in silence, then holding out his hand, said, "You are an honest man; I never thought of the effects of my words."

**SLEEPING CHRISTIANS.**

Statistics show that every fifth boy must be sacrificed to keep up the long line of drunkenness and crime. Parents are slow to realize what that means; for somehow each one seems to fancy that it will be some one else's boy. When we moved to our present charge, we found the parsonage very near to the church. Just across the street is the town hall and engine house, but the church bell is used to sound fire alarms. Only a few days after our arrival, in the middle of the night, the great bell almost above our heads suddenly sounded forth the quick and unmistakable strokes of a fire alarm. At one bound I was in the middle of the floor, instinctively feeling that our own house must be on fire. My wife being only partially aroused and evidently having the same impression, anxiously inquired, "Is it our house?" When I assured her that it was not, she quietly turned over, and went to sleep.

How many good Christian people are thus asleep or but partially aroused to the peril that in the open saloon threatens their neighbor's family and in the end possibly their own.—*J. R. Jacob.*



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