

BIGGEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Of all the giants that have appeared before the public in the last thirty or forty years, none can be compared with the imposing Russian who has recently been on exhibition in Berlin, Germany. This giant, whose name is Feodor Machow, has been exhibited by the Anthropological Society of Berlin, where he has undergone a rigid examination and careful measurements, which have resulted in establishing the truth of his claim of being the largest human being on the face of the earth.

Prof. Felix von Luschan, the famous ethnographical student, who conducted the examination, submitted the following written statement to the head of the institution:

"I have carefully examined and measured, from an anthropological standpoint, Feodor Machow, of Kustjaky, Russia, who is now about twenty-two years of age. He is seven feet nine inches in height, and can therefore be classed with the largest giants that have ever lived. He exceeds in height all the known living giants by at least a head, and is, in many respects, of great scientific interest."

As a matter of fact, all the giants who have been exhibited in Europe up to the present time were from 4.7 to 5.9 inches shorter than Machow. Their height was between six feet ten inches and seven feet five inches, according to documents placed with the Anthropological Society by the late Professor Virchow. The showmen, however, always exaggerated the height in advertisements.

Feodor Machow comes from an old Russian family, whose ancestors are said to have emigrated to Russia from the south, probably from Syria. His parents, as well as his two brothers and one sister, are all of normal size. His grandfather was large, but in no sense a giant. It is said, however, that in earlier generations of the family large specimens occurred. Viewing this case from the standpoint of the theory that mental and physical traits are inherited, it would seem that the theory is strengthened to a certain extent, especially in regard to bodily stature.

The boots worn by Machow, which scarcely reach to his knees, reach an ordinary person almost to the top of the waist, and a twelve-year-old boy could easily find room inside one of them. The ring which adorns the index finger of Machow's right hand is so large that a half-dollar can easily be passed through it. A steel spring mattress of extra size and strength had to be made for him and placed on a strong iron frame. This promising youth eats at each meal at least three pounds of meat and a proportionate quantity of potatoes, vegetables, and bread, with a relishing appetite. It is at the cost of much trouble and still greater expense that the society entertains him.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HYMN SAVED HIS LIFE.

The power of a song is something wonderful at times. This is well illustrated by a story, and a true one, told not long ago: Two Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and, although he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So when the music ceased he turned and asked the man if he had been in the civil war.

The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first.

"Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was very still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

"After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier and was in the woods that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focussed upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out:

"Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing."

I said: "Boys, lower your rifles, we will go home."

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand; "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend. "Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he must fail."

"Well,"
"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.
"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under his direction. He is regular, and where he is master all goes right."—*Exchange.*

GOOD INTENTIONS.

"Our minister did not take any vacation this summer," said Brown, with a smile, as he began a conversation which the *Detroit Free Press* reports:

"Why not?" asked the other man.
"Circumstances over which he had no control forced him to stay at home. He intended to go away and had made his arrangements, when several enthusiastic members of his congregation—my wife was among them, and the others were all women, too—took the matter out of his hands and told his wife confidentially not to pinch and

save for his outing, because the members of the church had hit upon the happy idea of raising a sum especially for his vacation.

"As the minister has a large family, and his wife finds it hard to make both ends meet, she was only too glad to spend the vacation money in other ways.

"Well, the women held several 'affairs,' and managed to get something over \$50 together. Then they decided to make the presentation a gala event, and gave all the members of the church a chance to speed the parson on his way with good wishes.

"It occurred to them that a little music would add to the occasion, and so they engaged some musicians. One member of the committee thought that if there was music, light refreshments would be in order, and she took it upon herself to see that they were provided. A third hit on the plan of having the church decorated for the occasion, and hired a man to do the work.

"Early in the evening when they met to compare notes they discovered that their expenses had not only eaten up the amount they had raised for the minister, but left them a matter of two or three dollars in debt.

"Oh, yes, the evening was a pleasant one to some, but there wasn't any presentation. On the way home I asked my wife who was going to square the debt.

"Why, Joseph," she said, "what a question! The minister, of course. It was all done in his interest."—*Ex.*

THE HARM THAT SLANG DOES.

There is still another serious objection to the use of slang. It tends to limit the vocabulary of him who uses it. Now, a limited vocabulary is almost as inconvenient at times as a limited purse, and it is far more inelegant. If there was practically limitless wealth within the reach of him who was minded to take it, it would argue a certain stupidity in any one who declined to avail himself of the supply. The same assertion holds true with regard to him who is willing to limit his choice of words. There is a limitless wealth of words at our disposal, but the most of us are too stupid to make use of them.

There are about two hundred thousand words in the English language. The average educated person is able in reading to understand perhaps twenty-five thousand words, but the most of us who write and speak limit ourselves to about five hundred or six hundred. Indeed, there is a vast number of fairly intelligent people, or people who pass as fairly intelligent, whose working vocabularies do not comprise more than three or four hundred words each.—*Adeline Knapp.*

LEFT-EYED PEOPLE.

The man who spends half his time trying to classify people said he never saw so many left-eyed passengers in one car.

"What do you mean by left-eyed passengers?" asked his companion.

"People who use their left-eye more than their right," was the reply. "The species is not common, and of course none but a student in ocular science would be able to detect offhand the few whom we do meet. A left-handed person advertises his peculiarity at once; not so the left-eyed man. As a rule it takes an oculist to determine which eye has been used the most, but there are certain peculiarities of the pupil and the lid that may be taken as pretty sure signs by the trained observer.

After Work or Exercise

POND'S EXTRACT

Soothes tired muscles, removes soreness and stiffness and gives the body a feeling of comfort and strength.

Don't take the weak, watery witch hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

"Left-eyed people are made, not born. Most of us have been blessed by nature with eyes of equal visual power, but the attitude we strike when reading or writing causes us to exercise one eye more than the other, and the first thing we know we are right or left-eyed. This is a onesidedness that should always be taken into consideration when buying glasses."—*New York Times.*

A Nervous Headaches.

A very distressing and common malady, doubtless it has its origin in some unbalanced condition of the nervous system. One of the simplest, safest and most efficient remedies is Nerviline. Twenty drops in a little sweetened water gives almost immediate relief, and this treatment should be supplemented by bathing the region of pain with Nerviline. To say its acts quickly fits to express the result. Druggists sell it everywhere.

EDITORIAL LIMITATIONS.

The belief that an editor knows everything is widespread, but one small boy has discovered the limitations of the editorial mind. Here is the anecdote as we got it from a contemporary:

"Father," asked this small son of an editor, "is Jupiter inhabited?"

"I don't know, my son," was the truthful answer.

Presently he was interrupted again.
"Father, is there any sea serpents?"

"I don't know, my son."

The little fellow was manifestly cast down, but presently rallied and again approached the great source of information.

"Father, what does the north pole look like?"

But, alas! again the answer: "I don't know my son."

At last, in desperation, he inquired, with withering emphasis, "Father, how did you get to be an editor?"

WEAVER'S SYRUP

is a reliable preparation for Purifying the Blood and thus cures permanently

**Boils
Erysipelas
Scrofula
Eczema**

which arise from it's derangement.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.,
MONTREAL, PROPRIETORS, NEW YORK.