

Obispo Rubber Plantation Co.

(9,000 Acres Tuxtepec, Oaxaca, Mexico.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the stock of this Company are payable 20% annually, to meet costs of development. The work is under contract, careful and specific in detail, and subject to regular inspection and report. Earnings from the property during development period are paid out to investors annually, *pro rata*, as against amounts to their credit. These earnings amounted to 7% in 1901 and 10% in 1902, and will doubtless be not less than 10% for 1903.

The details of this proposition will be of interest to every one in position to invest either a large or small amount for a specified time, with the assurance of a certain earning each year, and a very large return annually as soon as the property is fully developed, which will be in seven years. The earnings during the interval will be approximately 10% per annum, as shown by the returns made to shareholders during the past two years.

Cultivated rubber is not new, save in that for the first time it has been undertaken on a commercial scale in its natural Mexican habitat, under skilled, experienced and honest management, with proper labor and transportation facilities and financial support. Investments under these conditions are reasonably safe and permanent, and the profits enormous as compared with those from any domestic undertaking already developed.

The minimum subscription is \$60 annually.

Literature, information, views of scientists and commercial experts, inspectors' reports, opinions of shareholders, etc., will be sent to anyone upon request.

Mitchell, Schiller & Barnes, 52 Broadway, New York.

JOHN A. BARNES, TREASURER.
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52 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Please send me without obligation, complete particulars regarding the Obispo Rubber Plantation investment, book of photographic views, reports, etc.

Name

Residence

AN ACCIDENT.

Sitting back of me in a train the other day were a mother and her promising boy. The conductor had punched the mother's ticket; and, as a ticket had not been provided for the lad, the conductor, looking at the boy, politely said, "Is you boy under five, madam?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply. The conductor moved on, and then I heard the youngster say, "Why, mamma, I am past six."

Instantly, with frowning face and a countenance blazing with wrath, the mother said, "Don't you ever contradict me again. I know what I am saying. If the conductor had heard you say that, he would have made me pay half-fare for you. Don't ever say again on the train that you are past six. If you do, I'll whip you when we get home."

The boy was still thoughtful for a moment. Then I heard him say, "But, mamma, I am past six." A slap followed; the child cried; the mother looked like a tempest; and I fairly boiled with indignation.

It is just an accident on a railroad train, yet possibly one that will be more harmful to a boy morally than ordinary railroad accident might have been to him physically. One such experience in a boy's life may mar his whole career. Then think of the mother's personal sins. She lied to the conductor; she lied to her own boy; she cheated the railroad; she abused her child. And all that to save one dollar and twenty-five cents, the price of a half-fare ticket from New York to Philadelphia. May God pity the boy and forgive the mother. — *J. Willis Baer.*

Christian life, embodying truth in concrete form, is the thing which counts. The qualities that Christian life shall embody are, therefore, all-important. Christians must be thoroughly religious — but a genuine and human part of this world: In being human we must not be humanly weak, but we must be human though spiritual.

THE LITTLE LOAF.

In the time of the famine a rich man permitted the poorest children of the city to come to his house, and said to them: "There stands a crate full of bread. Each of you may take a loaf from it, and you may come every day until God sends better times."

The children at once surrounded the basket, striving and quarreling over the bread, because each desired to obtain the finest and they finally went off without a word of thanks.

Only Franziska, a clean but poorly clad little girl, remained standing at a distance, and then the smallest of the loaves left in the basket, kissed her hand gratefully to the man and went quietly home.

On the next day the children were equally ill-mannered and Franziska this time had a loaf which was scarcely half as large as the others; but when she reached home and her mother broke the bread, there fell out quite a number of new silver pieces. The mother was frightened and said: "Take the money

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back at once, for it certainly got into the bread by accident."

Franziska did as she was bid, but the benevolent man said to her: "No, no: it was not an accident. I had the silver baked in the smallest loaf in order to reward thee, thou good child. Ever remain as peace-loving and satisfied."

He would rather have a smaller loaf than quarrel about a greater will always bring a blessing to the home, even though no gold is baked in the bread. — *Reformed Messenger.*

ROOM FOR ANXIETY.

They were newly married, and were spending their honeymoon at a seaside resort.

At the expiration of a week they sent a letter to the old home, in which it was written that "the weather was lovely, and that they often indulged in a few in the mornings."

Next day, on returning to lunch after an hour's boating, they found a telegram waiting, which said:

"You say you have had a row? How do you pronounce last word? — *Your Anxious Father.*"

If you can not be righteous without wearing frowns like the "fretful porcupine," you are not maintaining a winsome life. The ugliness of theological rancour has been a most unlovely spectacle before the world. A true balance of character will have a broad and generous disposition in a life which sturdily adheres to truth. — *Rev. Pearse Pinch.*

Make the best of what you possess; enjoy it; be happy today; don't put it off until next year.

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which arise from it's derangement.

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