

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

I chose him out from all the rest—
My Tom—he had three lovely brothers;
But—well—he seemed to like me best
Of all the girls. Oh, there were others
That wanted him, but, somehow, he,
Right from the first, kept after me.

He was so splendid! Big and kind
And calm, and full of mischief very,
A romp seemed always to his mind,
While I was rather prim than merry.
Yet, when he was my own, I felt
How fond a lover near me dwelt.

Alas! There came a time of change:
He cared no more for home nor quiet.
His moods were reckless, wild and strange;
Night after night he spent in riot,
Returning when the dawnlight came
Quite heedless of reproach or blame.

And so it went, till months were past,
I was too proud to bang or beat him,
Or put his whiskers—yet, at last,
He left me. Now, I sometimes meet him;
He has grown ugly, old and fat—
My handsome Maltese Thomas cat.

Putting Away Woolens and Furs.

All woolen clothes or furs that will not be needed in summer should be put away as early as April. It is during this month that the buffalo beetle and clothes moth begin to lay their eggs. All woolens not in regular wear, therefore, should be shaken out at this season, examined and aired well and put away. The practice of keeping half-worn clothing which is not in use hanging in closets and laid about on shelves is the usual cause of the sudden appearance of moths in the house. If there is nothing to attract these insects in the house they will not come, because there are always more congenial quarters for them, and there always will be so long as careless house keepers leave woolen rags and old clothes about for them to lodge in.

Neither cedar trunks nor closets, camphor, nor any of the many proprietary articles sold is alone of certain efficacy. If the eggs of the moth are laid in the garment, whatever means is taken to render the surroundings of it obnoxious to it they will hatch out, and being born in the atmosphere they will live in it and pursue their destructive courses. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that all goods packed away from moths should be first beaten thoroughly, and then hung in the sunshine and air for at least twelve hours just before they are wrapped up. Almost any of the ordinary devices to keep away moths are then of value. A great many persons use camphor, others prefer some of the various mercantile preparations, which all conduce in the same result to make the atmosphere around the goods uncongenial to moths.

Wrap the goods in newspaper, as the printer's ink assists the camphor, tobacco or other moth preventive in driving off insects. Turn in all the edges and pin them up, enclosing the moth preventive used. If the article to be put away is a skirt or long wrap that might be creased if folded, hang it in a bag of cotton, sprinkling in it the camphor or other moth preventive liberally, and sew up the end of the bag and hang it up by straps at the two upper corners. Closets or chests lined with camphor, if made with close doors, may be depended upon, it is said, to keep out moths without using any wrappings or other moth preventive, but only provided the clothing is properly beaten before it is stored. Furs should be wrapped in newspaper and sealed up in boxes, pasting strips of paper around the edges of the cover. Enclose a little camphor or some moth preventive inside the newspaper wrappings.—New York Tribune.

An ordinary cough or cold may not be thought much of at the time, but neglect may mean in the end a consumptive's grave. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine will not cure Consumption when the lungs are riddled with cavities; but it will stop the cough, will cure Consumption in its early stages, and even in its last stages gives such relief as to be a perfect Godsend to those whose lives are nearing a close.

Spinsters Because Heroines.

"The consciousness of seeing their own charms reflected in a man's eyes is something which appeals to every woman," writes Edward W. Bok of "They Who Never Were Brides" in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

"Nothing else ever makes her so proud and so happy in exactly the same way. But that consciousness is not always for expression; sometimes it is a thing for one's inner self, to be enjoyed at the time and to be lived over in the years to come. No; women do not wilfully turn away from their own happiness. But they do sometimes darken their own lives to make brighter the lives of others who make them close or dependent upon them. Some higher and fundamental duty sometimes calls, loftier motives sometimes quiet the deepest heart-longings, a God-given task sometimes point a woman in the opposite direction of her own instincts. There is such a thing—not known to the young, albeit years bring the knowledge—as a woman turning away from great happiness to insure the great comfort and happiness of others, choosing their comfort as her life-work. Men do it now and then. But women often do it. Memories take the place of realities, and in those memories, sweet and tender many women are living to-day. They have never been brides. But they might have been. At one time in their lives the necessity of choice came to them. Prayerfully and tearfully, and yet resolutely, they made the choice. To-day they are not wives simply because they are heroines. And who will say which is the greater?

Tommy Atkins And The Don.

"There is nothing more significant," writes Richard Harding Davis, apropos of a visit to Gibraltar, than these two rows of sentries; you notice it whenever you cross the neutral ground for a ride in Spain.

"First you see the English sentry rather short and very young, but very clean and rigid, and scowling fiercely over the chin-strap of his big white helmet. His shoulder straps shine with pipeclay, and his boots with blacking and his arms are burnished and oily.

Taken alone he is a little atom, a molecule but he is complete in himself, with his food and lodging on his back, and his arms ready to his hand. He is one of a great system that obtains from India to Nova Scotia, and from Bermuda to Africa and Australia, and he shows that he knows this in the way in which he holds up his chin and kicks out his legs as he tramps back and forward guarding the big rock at his back.

"And facing him half a mile away, you will see a tall handsome man seated on a stone, with the tails of a long coat wrapped warmly around his legs, and with his gun leaning against another rock while he rolls a cigarette, and then, with his hands in his pockets, he gazes through the smoke at the sky above and on the sea on either side, and wonders when he will be paid his peseta a day for fighting and bleeding for his country.

"This helps make you understand how six thousand half-starved Englishmen held Gibraltar four years against the army of Spain."

Death to Worms.

"My little girl 7 years old used to grind her teeth at night and had pain in her stomach. I gave her Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and it acted promptly and with good effect." MRS. JOE DOTY, Port Gilbert, N. S.

The Country to Die For.

Senator Frye, in one of his speeches paid the following tribute to England:—

"This little incident with which you are familiar is a marvellous illustration of the protection which Great Britain gives to her subjects. The king of Abyssinia took a British subject named Campbell about twenty years ago and carried him up to the fortress of Magdala upon the heights of a rocky mountain and put him into a dungeon. It took six months for Great Britain to find this out. Then Great Britain demanded his immediate release. King Theodore refused his release. In less than ten days after his refusal was received, 10,000 English soldiers including 5,000 Sepoys, were on board ships of war and were sailing down the coasts. They disembarked, marched across the ter-

Catarrh Shackles

Broken in 60 Minutes



It's an alarming fact, but statistics bear it out, that at least 50 in every hundred persons in this country are tainted in a lesser or greater degree by that disgusting, offensive and dangerous disease—Catarrh. If symptoms appear, such as cold in the head, dizziness, pains in the forehead, headache, dropping in the throat, offensive breath, loss of taste and smell, the Catarrh shackles may be tightening about you—DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER is the most potent Catarrh cure known to-day—Recommended by eminent nose and throat specialists—gives relief in from 10 to 60 minutes.

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rible country a distance of 700 miles under a burning sun, up to the mountains, up to the very heights, in front of the frowning dungeon, then gave battle, battered down the iron gates in the stone wall, reached down into the dungeon and lifted out of it that one British subject. King Theodore killed himself with his own pistol. Then they carried him down the mountains, across the land, put him on board ships and sped him to his own land in safety. That cost Great Britain \$25,000,000, and made General Napier, Lord Napier of Magdala. That was a great thing for a great country to do—a country that has an eye that can see across the ocean, all across the land, away up to the mountain heights and away down to the darksome dungeon, one subject out of her 380,000,000 of people, and then has an arm strong enough and long enough to stretch across the same ocean, across the same lands from the same mountain heights, down to the same dungeon, and then lift him out and carry him home to his own country and friends. In God's name who would not die for a country that would do that?"

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Kill Not.

The celebrated Russian novelist, Turgeneff tells a touching incident from his own life, which awakened in him sentiments that have colored all his writings.

When Turgeneff was a boy of ten his father took him out bird shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant arose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of a sportsman, he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings the mother reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him in that moment) the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of her mother shielded her nestling.

"Father, father!" he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father. But not to his father's eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son; that was well done your first shot, you will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life I will not take it."

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