

Value of a Book

The value of any book after all, is not in the entertainment it affords for the nonce, though this is something, but in the permanent residuum left in the mind after reading. The times are too much in earnest for abandonment to simple recreation. Were this not so, the limitations of Punch, at which, would answer the same purpose as Punch itself, with which we laugh. The solid residuum we speak of depends upon the amount of thinking which the book has demanded of us. That which the old epitaph affirms of worldly goods holds true here also—what we have we have. The intellect seeks food, and would reject all the pearls in the world for a single grain of corn. Art is only conscious of nature, and nature has always her ulterior views, creating nothing but with an eye to some desired result.—James Russell Lowell.

Food For a Life Time

An English scientist with a passion for statistics computed the amount of food that the average man eats in a lifetime. He asserts that in the process of attaining his three score years and ten he eats about fifty-four tons of solid food and fifty-three tons of liquid. He will have eaten 12,000 eggs, 400 pounds of cheese, about four tons of fish, and, could it have been all baked at once, a loaf of bread equal in size to an ordinary family hotel. But think of the vegetables devoured! The scientist says a train three miles long would be required to bring a life's supply to the average man.

Egyptians Grew Alfalfa

There is nothing new about alfalfa. Alfalfa is as old as the pyramids. It was grown in the time of Rameses, the first Egyptian ruler that history tells us very much about. Caesar and his predecessors were strong believers in alfalfa, and their cavalry horses were fed upon it. Books on agriculture, written in the early days of the Roman empire, tell how to grow alfalfa. Doubtless the world-wide supremacy of Caesar's armies and the Roman empire was due in no small way to the abundant yields of alfalfa grown by the Roman farmers.

VANISHING RACE OF THE NORTH

Eskimos Illustrate Nature's Great Adaptability But They Are Disappearing Rapidly

The Eskimos seem fated to disappear before the diseases of civilization. They are an ancient race and have left evidence of value to geologists in estimating the slow elevation of northern areas in the gradual wrinkling of the earth's crust. Hides or blinds of stone built by the ancient hunters on the shores to watch for seal and other marine animals are in some places high and far inland.

These doomed people reveal nature's wonderful adaptability. They are formed to resist the Arctic frosts. They are short and rotund of form. Their fingers and toes are short and fat. Their noses, too, are small and round, and their entire bodies are protected by abundance of adipose tissue. Wonderful powers of vision essential to the procuring of sustenance, where a seal must be discerned at a great distance, have become a racial characteristic.

These people learned to fashion nature's gifts to their own uses, to make tools, tan skins, build huts, tents, and boats, catch fish, capture the bear, the walrus, and the seal, domesticate and harness the dog, and make fire their servant. They evolved artistic taste in designing their clothing, and developed a religion and a system of morality. They have not even the beginnings of government, for they have no chief, and public opinion is the supreme law. Perhaps this is due to the continuous fight with nature, which has left no time or energy for organizing to fight one another. There is only a remnant of the Arctic type on Canada's northern shores and islands, the total being estimated at 3,447.

ELECTRICITY AND PLANTS

Growth of Vegetation Accelerated by High Frequency Currents

At Mordaine Farm, in the fertile valley of the Miami River, about four

miles south of Dayton, O., experiments were conducted to discover the effect of electricity and artificial illumination on the growth of vegetation. Plots were marked off for exposure to different kinds of electrification. In one plot, a network of wire was stretched about 15 inches above the ground. One of the plots in the farm was illuminated by a large tungsten lamp with a ruby bulb, while still another was illuminated by a mercury vapor lamp. A fourth plot received no artificial stimulation, while still other plots had the electricity applied in various ways. The plots tested were planted with radish and lettuce seed. Electric stimulation was begun thirteen days after the seeds were planted, and three weeks later ten plants each of radish and lettuce were selected and weighed. The plot subjected to the high-frequency current showed a greater increase in yield than any of the others. Ruby light ranged second for radish, while violet light was second for lettuce.

It was found that the edible portion of lettuce grown was 75 per cent. greater in the case of electric stimulation than that grown under natural conditions. The electrification by means of high-frequency currents on a large scale showed that almost all the vegetables grown under the wires were better than those grown under natural conditions. The plants stimulated included radishes, lettuce, beets, cabbage, cucumbers, turnips, musk melons, water melons and parsnips, and the gardener picked the vegetables at least two weeks earlier under the wires than those in the un-electrified portions. Sufficient energy was radiated from the lines to give the birds attempting to alight on the wires a shock that felled them to the ground partially stunned.—Electrical World.

BEQUEATHED BY RED MEN

The Original Inhabitants Have Given us Many Place Names

Long after the Indian himself has disappeared the Indian language will continue to be spoken in our geographical terms. No one can turn to the lake, or river, or stream, to which the original lords of the land have bequeathed a name, without confessing that the Indian has perpetuated himself by a monument more eloquent and more imperishable than could be erected by mere human hands.

In a list of the lakes of the United States, published in 1885, two hundred and eighty-five bear Indian names. In a list of the principal rivers, flowing into the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, but excluding those of the St. Lawrence basin, seven hundred and twenty-four have Indian names. If we added to these the Indian names of the St. Lawrence valley, those attached to the waters of the Great Lakes, the Saskatchewan, and the numerous other great northern and north-western watersheds, and the lakes and streams of the Pacific coast, the list might easily be doubled.

One must bear in mind that these have all not the true pronunciation, but have been disfigured by the early voyageurs and trappers, who by mispronunciation destroyed and rendered them incomprehensible. In spite of the reclamation work of Indianologists who were anxious to preserve the true pronunciation.

Winter Stores in Labrador

The Indians of the barren lands of Labrador rely almost entirely upon the migrating caribou for winter sustenance. When the great herds of reindeer go south in the fall, the Indians lie in waiting for them, killing sufficient meat to keep them from starvation during the months of darkness and desolation. The meat, as killed, is packed into caches—either high in the trees, well out of reach of wolves, or in some natural cave, which is barricaded with rocks and timber. When the last deer have gone south, the barren lands are almost destitute of life, and should anything happen to their stores the Indians are confronted with starvation.

Man as a Chemical Compound

A German professor says that the average man contains fat worth \$2.50, enough iron to make a nail, phosphorus enough for the heads of 2,200 matches, enough magnesium for some respectable fireworks, albumen equal to eggs, sugar and salt. Altogether the average man or woman is worth about \$7.50 at current prices.

UNCOMMON TREES

If one could gather together the products of the different food-producing trees he could get quite a substantial meal.

For instance, in Venezuela is the cow tree, which derives its name from the fact that when the trunk is cut a stream of milk gushes out—milk of thick, creamy consistency, with a salty fragrance. The milk flows best in the early morning and at sunset. At these times the natives come from far and near with bows or pails to get their family supply of milk. It is of such thickness that if left to "set" it very soon becomes cheese.

Another one of nature's dairies is the butter tree. The name is also given to several tropical trees which yield certain oils that can be used for butter. The real butter tree grows in Central Africa. From the kernels of the fruit is obtained rich butter that can be preserved a year or more.

In order to make the meal complete there should be bread to go with the butter, and this is provided by the bread tree, which flourishes in the islands of the Pacific. The tree is of good size, with large lobed leaves and fruit of a roundish form, from four to seven inches in diameter. This fruit when baked resembles bread somewhat, and is eaten by the natives as such.

A boon to the weary wayfarer is the traveler's tree, found in Madagascar. It will grow in the most arid desert, and no matter how dry the weather is a quart of water always flows out when the stalk is punctured. The water is pure, clear and pleasant to the taste. The leaves of the tree are from ten to fifteen feet in length.

In order to provide light for their darkness, the natives of the South Sea Islands make use of the candle tree. Its fruit is heart-shaped and the seeds when boiled make tallow that is excellent for candles. The natives remove the shells, bake and string the kernels and preserve them. Five or six of the kernels are enough to supply a good, clear light.

In Jamaica is found the so-called "life tree." If the leaves are broken from the plant they will continue to grow. Nothing but fire will destroy this tree.

To Brown Mince Pies

Before making mince pies brush over the top with water and sprinkle with caster sugar. The appearance will be much improved and they will be brown and crisp.

The average consumption of rice per head of the population in Japan is five bushels a year.

PRISON MASTERPIECES

Authors Who Produced Their Best Work in Jail

Byron's famous poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," is supposed to be written by Bonivard, the Genevan patriot, whilst he was incarcerated in the Château of Chillon, on the shores of the lake. But the poem was really written at lightning speed whilst Byron was imprisoned by inclement weather for a night and a day in the neighborhood.

Nevertheless, some notable literary achievements have been really written in jail, undoubtedly the most outstanding being two of the world's greatest classics, "The Adventures of Don Quixote" and "The Pilgrim's Progress." If only those two books had belonged to the literature of captivity they would have been sufficient to make that literature distinguished and immortal.

Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, whose life reads like a romance, and whose name is held in reverence by modern reformers, wrote a remarkable poem whilst he was lying in prison on account of his political agitation. This poem bears the remarkable title of "The Purgatory of Suicides," and when it was published it created a very considerable stir in the literary world, for it emanated from the brain of a man who had begun life as a cobbler and had made himself master of the Greek language and literature.

Another remarkable poem written in prison is "The Ballad of Reading Jail," by Oscar Wilde, whose remarkable and most sombre book, "De Profundis," was also written there. These two books are amongst the saddest records in the history of literature. It ought not to be forgotten that

one of the greatest letters ever written was penned in a dungeon in Rome. This is the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Colossians, a piece of literature, wide apart from its sacred character, which is well worth reading.

SCIENCE CAN'T EXPLAIN

How sunlight turns grapes into sugar.

Why the sap of trees is not frozen in winter.

Why it is that many microbes can be boiled and still live.

By what sense a pigeon finds its way home from a great distance.

How the pain of a prick is carried by the nerves from the finger tip to the brain.

How seeds grown in the fall resist the frosts of winter and germinate as soon as spring comes.

How a chicken ten seconds after coming out of its egg knows how to balance itself on its feet, run about, and peck food.

How it is that, if the earth is as old as we have every reason to believe, the radium in it has not yet given off all its energy, but seems to be discharging just as much as it ever gave.

The united debt of the nations of the world is upwards of \$42,000,000,000.

Scratching Post For Hogs

If a hog knew how to tell his wants he would demand a scratching post for himself. A successful hog-grower adopts this plan. Firmly plant a hickory or oak post four inches in diameter in the hog run. Coil a rope around the post as high as a hog stands and staple it on securely. Then thoroughly saturate the rope with crude petroleum and it becomes an ideal scratching post for hogs and pigs. They will rub against it continually and oil is fatal to vermin. Kerosene can be used but it evaporates too readily.

Have the roosts in the poultry-house removable and apply kerosene on the under and upper sides once a week.

After Effects Of Dreaded La Grippe

Overcome by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Throughout Canada la grippe (influenza) prostrates thousands of busy men and women every winter, wrecking their health and leaving behind numerous serious ailments. It is the after effects of la grippe that cause such widespread misery. Here is the reason. La grippe leaves behind it weakened vital powers, a shattered nervous system, impure and impoverished blood, and a low state of health that renders the sufferer extremely liable to rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia and nervous disorders. You can avoid la grippe entirely by keeping the blood rich and pure through the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Or if, because you have not recognized your blood weakness, la grippe fastens its fangs upon you, its disastrous after-effects can be driven out by the same medicine. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills increase and enrich the blood supply, feed the starving nerves, and thus impart new health and new strength to enfeebled men and women. Mr. G. St. Clair, connected with the Sun Life Assurance Co., Halifax, N. S., says:—"I was taken down with a heavy cold and la grippe and was confined to the house for some weeks. I had the best of medical attention, and although the doctor said I was cured I was still far from well, and did not have the vim necessary for a strenuous business life, and did not attend to either office or field work. Talking with a friend he said 'Why not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' I decided to do so, and before I had used a box felt an improvement, and before long the Pills made me feel like a new man. I can't therefore say too much in favor of this valuable medicine, and hope that any who may read this and be in need of medical attention will be persuaded to try this truly wonderful medicine."

You can get these health-renewing Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Not as luxurious as the Palace Sleeper, but they meet the requirements of a superior class of patrons just as well—and at half the cost.

ECONOMY AND COMFORT COMBINED.

W. B. HOWARD, D.P.A., C.P.R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

George Henry Watson

On the 2nd of January there passed away at his home in Upper Woodstock, Carleton Co., George Henry Watson, after an illness of nearly a month with pleuro pneumonia. His sickness came suddenly and without apparent warning, and although he made a gallant struggle he can scarcely be said to have rallied from the virulence of the first attack. His death caused profound sorrow among all who knew him personally as a good neighbour and a good citizen. He was one of those quiet men, none too common, who had a good word for everyone; if any good part could be found meriting a word of approval or defence, George Watson was the man to discover it and speak out. Temperate in speech, tolerant of other men's opinions, he probably did not have an enemy in the whole world.

Mr. Watson was born April 3rd 1848, at Upper Woodstock, and was, at the time of his death, the oldest native citizen of the village. He was a son of Samuel and Mary (Ferguson) Watson. Ever a loyal and patriotic citizen, Mr. Watson, though belonging to no military organization at the time of the threatened fenian raid, promptly walked to town, volunteered his services, and was enrolled in the Woodstock Rifle Company, marched with them in the short while they were on active service, and continued on until a few years ago, as a member of the 67th Regt.

In his younger days he began work for F. P. Sharp in the Woodstock Nurseries, became an expert workman, and one of the men entrusted with responsible positions in that then large business, such as in the direction of

setting out nurseries amounting to upwards of 200,000 of the Sharp trees in and about Albert County, in the seventies. After the discontinuance of the Sharp nurseries he engaged in orcharding and farming, making a specialty of market gardening with very notable success.

He leaves three brothers, James and Matthias, of Upper Woodstock, and Samuel now living in Alberta, two sisters, Mrs. Arnold Burnham and Jennie, unmarried, of Upper Woodstock. He married Eliza Ross, daughter of John and Mary Ross, and besides the widow, is survived by three children, Ross, of Upper Woodstock, a railroad man, Pauline, a trained nurse, residing in Boston, and Mary, wife of Clarence Mallory, of Upper Woodstock.

In the last illness the daughter and another trained nurse, Miss Phillips, of Jacksonville, gave every care. The funeral, which was from the church of England, was a large one. He was buried at the Lower Church. The pallbearers were his nephews, Samuel, Arthur and Jack Watson, and Leonard Burnham. Mr. Watson was a member of the Church of England, and in politics was a staunch conservative.

Austria Had First Postcard

The honor of having been the first country to use the postcard belongs to Austria, where it was introduced in 1869 as the result of the suggestions of Dr. Hermann. Its price was rather less than a cent, and at first its users were allowed to write only 20 words upon it. The card appeared in England exactly one year later to the very day. The first picture postcard was apparently one sent from the model of the Eddystone Lighthouse at the Royal Naval Exhibition in 1891.