THAT HUSBAND OF MINE. IS HE REALLY THE BEST KIND OF HUSBAND?

Famous Men on Good Husbands-Dr. Parkhurst, Palmer Cox, George Francis Train. Bill Nye-They Give Their Characters, saying, "There's the Best Kind of Husband,"

"Who make the best husbands?" was the question that the editor of Demorest's Family Magazine asked. And he (or she) didn't ask it of the women, either, because he (or she) knew enough of women to know that they would example the characters of their respective husbands as being those of ideal husbands. So the editors asked the question of the men. But our contemporary evidently overlooked the fact that the men would put in evidence their own characters, or what they consider their own characters, so that its editor might just as well have asked the

women, after all! The answers of various great men are given in the July Demorest's, the first opinion cited being that of Rev. Dr. Park-

"In my opinion," says the worthy husband and minister, "no man can be the best husband until he is the minister of his family. As the home is the first church, so the husband is the first minister: he is the high priest of that home; his wife, the high priestess.

"If religion means an abiding faith in an Almighty power above us, and a true love of God, who is love, together with love in the best sense of all mankind, then I say religion should have its place, a large place, in every home, and the husband should be the one to encourage, by example and sensible teaching, its continued presence there. If he would have the happiest family about him, he will teachnot preach, understand—the doctrines of religion and morality. The father who would have his child, when that child becomes a man, continued in his career in the fullness of Christian faith must bring up that child amid Christian surroundings. As a rule, those men who are must sincere in their religious belief were imbued with the spirit of religion in childhood.

"I cannot bring myself to believe that there is enough of religion in our houses today-not enough, particularly in this great, seething, crowding, rushing city. Amid the rush, the pace that kills, religion is forgotten. The husband and father has no time for it; he can't even find houseroom for it. As only one man here and there will tolerate religion in his office or place of business, where, then, do the great mass of men keep their religion? Some few keep it within the walls of a church, pay a handsome pew-rent for keeping it there, and go take a look at it once every Sunday from eleven to twelve.

"I fear that especially among well-to-do families, in the homes of prosperity, religion is almost entirely neglected; at least the subject is seldom spoken of as an expression of real teeling, except in hushed tones. And yet I do not wish to paint the situation in darker colors than it really is. I do not say all husbands and fathers neglect religion. If there are great numbers of homes in the city in which religion has no place, there are still many households in which the family lives together in the spirit of Christ's teachings; and when such is the case it is usually because the husband and the wife agree in their religion, and agreeing in that, agree in all matters, and are the happier. In these homes husband and wife love God and pray and worship together, just as they work, hope, sorrow, and joy to-

Palmer Cox, the Canadian artist, originator of the famous "Brownies," starts his sermon by saying that "he is a good husband who makes himself his children's playmate." If this and newspaper reports concerning the artist be true, Mr. Cox would make a good husband, were he to be a husband of any kind, which he is not "He is a better husband," continued Mr. Cox, "who makes his wife his confidante, every time,-tells her the truth, the whole truth, always. He is the best husband when he has a wife who works with him shoulder to shoulder, -when, hand locked in hand, husband and wife travel down life's path toward one destination. He is the ideal husband who looks upon marriage as a duet, the merging of two individualities into perfect harmony.

"But I am in no sense an authority on this subject. I am an unmarried man, and yet that very fact, I'm told, is why I am singled out to answer this quesiton. Be it remembered, then, that I speak about husbands simply as an onlooker.

"I have said that a good husband makes himself his children's playmate. I specify this qualification because so few men are good in this respect. Of course, the mother is naturally the children's playmate; for, except in the case of fashionable society women-who, by the way, are often misrepresented, the mothers are with their children constantly. But in the case of the father, especially if he is a business have been a fiction. man, it is different. Anxious to rush to his office early in the morning, he leaves the house before the children come down for breakfast. Rushing home after the day's work, absorbed in his multitudinous affairs, he is either too wearied or too worried to play with the children, or he rushes off to the theatre to enjoy, at a rush, an hour or two of amusement. Home again,

of course the children are in bed. So the little ones, and, for that matter, the big ones, too, whom he really dotes upon, he sees only on Sundays. The children, on their part, when papa enters the room immediately smother their happy laugh and prattle in a whisper.

"But behold the home where the children are accustomed to welcome papa as a great big tellow-playmate. They spring to him joyously, climb upon his knee, ramble round his shoulders and over his head, go to bed in rollicking glee, while papa has drowned dull care in the romp.

"The best husband makes the wife his confidante. Even though one withhold or misrepresent matters to his wife, so she won't worry, it is generally a mistake. It leads to jealousy, suspicion, and cruel disappointment for her, and to error and trouble, and often to crime, for him. Men are most prone to do this in time of financial straits. The wife, quite unaware, spends money as freely as usual, making things all the worse in the end. If a man be not rich his wife must find it out in time; why is the first step to unhappiness. To accept her counsel, place a value upon her intuition, are sure steps toward happiness. To work with her, side by side, is happiness."

George Francis Train answers in numbers. Mr. Train has a style of poetry as thoroughly original as that of John Callahan McCarthy. Mr. Train's verse is thought condensed with a 40-horse power condenser. Here is some of it:

"What kind of men best husbands make?" Is question you should ask the wives With whom "best husbands" pass their lives; I should say those who "give and take."

Diamonds, Worth gowns, horses, carriages. And brown-stone fronts make welcome guest

Love does not count in the marriages Where bank accounts make the husbands best. 'Tis difficult to diagnose

What "best husband" really means. Outside of fashionable clothes, When honeymoon collapses dreams Of love and truth "under the rose." Best husband would appear to me

The one who squarely purse divides; And kinship of affinity Makes husbands happy as the brides. But women oft (so strange their ways) Love best the biggest scamps alive.

The wonder is love can survive When women give way to this cray The latest fad in New York now Is woman suffrage. That will tell,

When women break the heavy spell

Of bondage, e'en all men allow. Bill Nye, the epitome of modesty, is no less modest than Dr. Parkhurst in his views

upon the momentous question. "The best husband?" repeats William. 'Why! the one who is devoted first to his wife and children, second to his work and everything else. There you are. I could preach a sermon on this text, but I'd rather give an example. I've been lecturing for ten years. Once I was just stepping on the stage to greet a big house and be funny, when I got a telegram saying my wife was ill, and my four children, over at New Brighton, Staten Island, were all taken with scarlet fever. I was bound for California. Well! A lecturer must always be joyful, always gay and cheerful to his audience. I never knew how I got over that programme; but in the morning I broke contracts to the extent of \$5000, and took the first swift train for home. That man, in my opinion, was the best sort of husband."

Bicycle Repartee.

A bicycle had collided with a coal peddler's cart and lay a tangled mass of ruins upon the pavement. The various parts of the machine soon began an animated discussion as to what particular part was to blame for the disaster.

"You lost your bearing," grumbled the handle bar to the wheel. "And you are not fit to be pedaled," re-

torted the wheel. "I'm sorry I spoke," was the courteous

You two tire me to death," put in the chain.

"Well the handle bar was trying to saddle the affair onto me," remarked the wheel with a trifle of resentment in its tone. "Be quie,t you rubberneck," chirped in

the handle bar. "Was your headlight?" responded the wheel, viciously.

"It may have been, but there are no wheels in it." ' May I axle little question?" meekly in-

urred the chain. "I'll cog-itate upon the matter," replied the handle bar, and the stillness of the night was broken only by the wind as it

whistled through the pneumatic tube. Historical Inaccuracies.

Alexander the Great did not weep for other worlds to conquer. There is reason to suspect that his army met with a serious reverse in India, a fact that induced him to retrace his steps.

The crew of Le Vengeur, the famous French ship sunk by an English man-ofwar, did not cry Vive la Republique!" They brawled for help, and the English

boats were sent to their assistance. The immense burning glasses with which Archimedes burned the ships of the besiegere of Syracuse at ten miles' dis-

tance were never manufactured. Vinegar will not split rocks. So Hannibal could not thus have made his way through the Alps. Nor will it dissolve pearls. So that the story of Cleopatra drinking pearls melted in vinegar must

Worshippers are not crushed by hundreds under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut. The car has not been taken out of the temple for many years, and such deaths as formerly occured were exceptional or accidental.

> Unrivaled. Of all mean men upon this earth, The champion has been found. 'Tis he who puts the barbed wire fence

BIRDS THAT ARE EXTINCT. The Dodo, the Hermit Bird, the Giant and the Great Auk.

Man has not been a kind ruler, but a cruel tyrant. Ofttimes he has driven from the face of the earth inoffensive creatures that were unable to combine against the oppressor. Birds have suffered, in this way, more than any other division of the animal kingdom. This is especially true of those varieties having heavy bodies or small wings, thus confining them to limited districts on account of their inability in long-continued flight.

The great auk, now believed to have been exterminated, was no stranger to our northern shores in the days of our grandparents. No longer ago than 1830 one was captured near Newfoundland, and two were killed in Iceland in 1844.

This bird was rare at the beginning of this century, but, less than two hundred years ago, they existed in great numbers. One hundred years ago every school and museum in the land might have secured a specimen of the great auk, but even scientists so little realized the danger of extermination that only four specimens of

this bird are in the United States. The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science, Cambridge Museum, Vassar not tell her at once? To deceive one's wite | College and Smithsonian Institute count his stuffed aukship among their choicest curiosities. The eggs are also very rare,

and are valued at about \$1,000 each. When nesting, the temale auk laid only one egg, about five inches long and covered with markings like curious Chinese

The great auk was about thirty inches high, as he stood uprignt, resting on his short legs and tail. He must have been quite a society bird, judging from his dress, which suggests a dress-coat with a broad spread of white shirt-front.

The history of the strange bird called the dodo furnishes the "most remarkable and clearly proved instance of the extinction of an animal by human agency.' Its home was on the island of Mauritius, where, during the fitteen and sixteen centuries, it existed in large numbers. It was not uncommon a century later, although the sailors used to land and kill many of them for food.

When the Dutch settled in Mauritius, the poor bird soon found that there was not room enough on the island for both man and the dodo. Dogs and pigs, that the settlers brought with them, ate up the eggs. while the people destroyed the birds until not one was left.

For two hundred years no living dodo has been seen, but travellers, who saw it, wrote about it and drew its nicture ar thus we know how it looked. The wise men of to-day, after examining the bones, head and beak-specimens preserved until our time-agree that the travellers have given a tair likeness of this singular bird.

The massive body of the dodo weighed about forty pounds, and was evidently not very shapely, as one writer says that he could construct as graceful a bird from the

The head was round. The big, clumsy bill was set off by a ruffle of feathers brought down over the face like a cap. A white ring surrounded each large black eye. The little useless wings seemed to have been worn as decoration only, and this was even truer of the tail, from which arose a tutt of curly feathers of gravish vellow. With the slight exception of a little yellow on the wings and tail, the dodo of Mauritius was gray, but there was a species-now also extinct-tound on the Isle of Bourbon, that was pure white. Ornithologists are now eager to obtain even the bones of the dodo from the swamps of Mauritius.

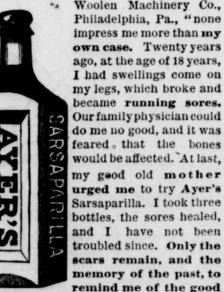
In mid-ocean, on the islands of Bourbon, Rodriguez and Mauritius, magnificent and unusual birds were once found in great numbers. Many of these have not been seen for more then a century, but we learn of them from the writings of travellers, and also from their remains. Among these the hermit and the giant deserve special

The hermit bird could not fly, but ran like the turkey. It was somewhat larger then our bird of Thanksgiving Day, some male birds weighing torty-five pounds. The females were "admirably beautiful,", and there were blondes and brunettes among them.

One writer says: "They walk with such a mingling of pride and gracefulness that one cannot avoid admiring them, so that their good looks often save their lives." But, alas! they were also excellent eating, and there were many who loved them too well, like the husband who, when first married, loved his wife so much he could "eat her up." There was a marked diffierence in the outcome, for, later in his unhappy life, the changeable husband wished that he had eaten his wife up; while now ornitholo-

Only the Scars Remain. "Among the many testimonials which I

see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith * Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my



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ure in telling what good it did for me." For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

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gists most sincerely wish that the hermit bird had not been so completely devoured. These birds were called hermits because they were seldom seen in larger flocks than

the family group of three.

The male and female birds select a clear spot, and, with palm-leaves, build a nest a toot and a half high and as large around as a bushel basket. In this nest a lonely egg was laid, and the parents alternately sat upon it for seven weeks. The young chick was so helpless that it needed to be cared for by the parent birds for several months.

The bird called the giant was a water hen, but the legs were so much like stilts that the head of the bird was fully six feet from the ground. It was very slow in taking wing, hence was easily surprised and killed, in the marshy places where it fed. The slender body, no larger than a goose, was white with the exception of a pink spot under each wing. The bill was more pointed, but otherwise shaped like the bill of a goose. The toes were very long and only partially webbed. But these "giants" of Mauritius were as dwarfs, compared with strange birds that, doubtless, were living in far-off New Zealand when the dodo, hermits and giants were enjoying life in the Marasene Islands.

The natives of New Zealand tell of a gigantic bird that their ancestors used to pursue and destroy, but no white man ever saw these birds. However, we know that the natives have told the truth, for gigantic skeltons have been found so well preserved that the ornithologists hoped to find a living specimen, but thus far they have sought in vain. The natives call these birds moas. The wise men have named them dinornis, meaning terrible bird. There are several varieties, varying in height from five to sixteen feet. Just think of a bird as tall as a giraffe!

In the marvellous tales of the Arabian Nights, the bird called the roc played an important part. What labors Aladdin undertook to secure the egg of a roc to hang from the dome of his enchanted palace! We know all this is fable, but when Alfred Abadie, captain of a merchant vessel, brought eggs from Madagascar that were six times as large as an ostrich's egg, and equal in size to one hundred and forty-eight hen's eggs. the people were almost as much astonished as they would have been had he found a roc's egg.

Explorers have looked in vain for the birds that laid those eggs, each one of which held nearly two gallons. The bones of a huge bird have been found in the marshes of Madagascar, and it is supposed that the eggs were laid by these extinct birds.

Ornithologists have named this recon-Aepy means high and ornis bird, while Maximus means largest or greatest. Now if any one should find the remains of the roc, or any other bird larger than this Maximus, the wise men would be puzzled to know what to name it, as they have used up all their large and terrible names.

skin of a bird drawn over a cubical block of wood. The big clumer They Said She Would Die.

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The Pall Mall Gazette recently asked its readers to name the worst railway in England. And one English kicker answered thus. Sir: The Southeastern Railway is the very worst railway in the world. trimmed by foolish vergins; its tares are excessive; its carriages let in the snow in winter, and are furnaces in summer; its motto is unpunctuality; its principal station is approached through the neck of a bottle. It ruins the temper, destroys the digestion and enables one to realize the horrors of Dante's 'Inferno.' I am sir, your obediently, The Worm Who Turns.

"Oh, dear!" sighed a little girl of this city. "I am so tired of lessons. I know what I'll do when I grow up." "What?" "I'll be a teacher." "But teachers have to study, too." "I know that. But it's so to learn the answers."



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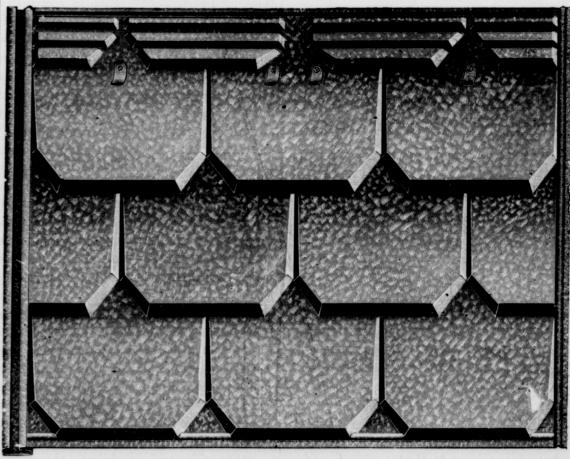
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