

CHARMED BY A SNAKE

ITS VICTIM BECAME UNCONSCIOUS AT THE FIRST ATTACK.

A Famous Botanist had a Thrilling Experience With a Rattlesnake—His Friend's Presence of Mind Saves his Life—The Reptile had 17 Rattles and was 9 Feet Long.

Prof. Charles Rice the botanist, had a thrilling experience with a monster rattlesnake one day last week, and it was only his coolness and presence of mind that saved him from death. Prof. Rice and Dr. Tynan, the bugologist, were up in the higher altitude of the Sierras in search of rare specimens, and were camped at a place called Moore Creek. They had a small tent with them, which they had pitched near a stream of water that was fed by a spring higher up on the side of the mountain.

Friday evening of last week the professor and his companion, who were completely worn out with their day's tramp in search of rare flowers and bugs, retired to their tent, rolled themselves up in their blankets, and were soon in dreamland. Just as daylight was breaking the professor was awakened from his slumbers by feeling a soft and clammy substance crawling over his face and down into his chest, and on raising his head a little to his horror he discovered it was a monster rattlesnake. The reptile had coiled itself, with its head raised about a foot, and ready at the least movement made to strike.

Cold drops of perspiration oozed from every pore of the Professor's body, while his muscles became as rigid as bars of iron and his eyes became fixed with a stony glare as he gazed at the head of the monster, which was about six or seven inches from his face and swinging from one side to the other with the regularity of a clock pendulum. The suspense was becoming unbearable, but still he knew that the least move that he made meant death in the most horrible form. How long he remained in this terrible position he does not know, but it seemed ages, when suddenly he felt his muscles relax, his vision grow dim, everything around him became dark, and in a few seconds he was oblivious to everything around him. The doctor was quietly sleeping a few feet away, unconscious of the terrible danger of his companion. When he awoke the sun was brightly streaming into the tent, and as he rolled over in his blankets toward his companion his blood seemed to chill in his veins at the sight presented to his view. His companion was stretched at full length upon the ground, with his eyes closed and his face as white as a piece of marble, while coiled upon his breast was a huge rattlesnake, apparently asleep.

He quietly seized a shotgun that was standing near by, and cocking both barrels raised it to his shoulder and was about to fire, when he realized that if he did he would probably injure his companion. Just at this moment his companion moved a little, when the snake gave a rattle and again raised his head. The doctor seeing his chance, fired, and at the report of the gun his companion gave a yell and jumped to his feet, throwing the reptile some three or four feet away from him in its death struggle. The doctor's aim was true, for the reptile's head was blown completely off.

On being measured it was found to be 4 feet 9½ inches in length and had seventeen rattles and a button.—N. Y. Sun.

ECONOMY OF TIME.

How it May be Frittered Away in Useless Aims and Pursuits.

It is very easy to fritter away the best part of our time in little things that are aside from the main business of the day, and a resolute purpose to keep to our proper word is the only way to accomplish anything of value. The plan that was adopted by the boy in the incident told below has no patent on it and is worthy of imitation by other lively boys.

My young friend Charlie, writes an acquaintance, is preparing for a college examination. He lost some months of school and is making up the loss at home. He is a lively, sociable fellow and found it quite hard at first to find time for very much study in the twenty-four hours of a day. His father, who is a clergyman and accustomed to be busy in his study every forenoon, found that Charlie was making but little progress and so watched the boy one day.

Charlie had been out calling till late the night before, so came to breakfast after the rest were through; he went to his room in a listless, hesitating way that promised little for his Greek or Latin; as he sat by the window, looking out on the pleasant lawn, he noticed that the grass was getting high and thought he might as well run the lawn-mower a little while; it would not take much time to cut the little patch in front. After the grass was mown, the mail had come in, and Charles always went for that some time in the forenoon; at the office he found an acquaintance and an hour went by; then the account in the paper of college rowing matches attracted

him and used up the rest of the time till the lunch-bell rang. It was not the custom at Charlie's home to work much in the study afternoons; but the boy thought this day that he had better attempt a little reading in Greek. A caller came, however, before he had completed half a dozen lines, a boy who had been at school till two o'clock and took it for granted that Charlie had also done his day's work. Of course an hour with bat and ball followed; then Charlie remembered an errand that he had to do for his father and that took him so long that he did not try his books again till after the six o'clock dinner. He now determined to study two hours faithfully, when he suddenly recalled the fact that it was prayer-meeting night and his father would expect him to be at the chapel.

When the family returned from the meeting Charlie's father called the boy to his study and showed him a written account of the way in which he used up the day. "You have done nothing wrong, Charlie, in its proper place but you will never accomplish anything without a better lap. Suppose you go to bed now, get up early enough to-morrow for breakfast, and, as you present business is study, go then to your room, lock your door and work at your books, whether you feel like it or not till noon. After lunch if there are little things to attend to give your time to them. But decide how much you ought to study; then study those hours and the amount of time, no matter what calls come. Do not throw away those hours any more than you would cut them out of your life."

Charlie followed his father's advice and will be ready for college when the term opens.

THE POWER BEHIND THE BRICKS.

Behind Every Christian Institution There is a Great Staying Power.

There is a world of suggestiveness in the following bit of conversation reported in the "Missionary Review of the World."

In North India a few Mohammedans were discussing the affairs of a certain Christian school. They declared, "If we had our way, we would come in a body and pull down these buildings, and take them away brick by brick, until not one remained."

A young Hindu, who had happened to hear their remarks, answered promptly. "You might do that; you might tear them down, so that not one brick was left standing upon another. But there is a power behind the bricks that you cannot destroy, however much you may wish to do so."

He was indeed right. Behind the timbers, or bricks, or stones of every Christian school and mission and hospital planted in these distant lands, there is a power that cannot be destroyed, even though the buildings themselves are leveled to the ground; a power that is growing ever stronger, and that some time will unite the world in love to a common God and Saviour.

LIVES IN DANGER.

The Time for Action and Great Care.

Paine's Celery Compound Should Be used This Month.

Our changeable Autumn weather brings fear to the hearts of thousands of rheumatic sufferers who are unable to go to warmer climes. The present month with its wet, cold weather and chilling north east winds will, without doubt, increase the agonies of those who are afflicted with acute, chronic, inflammatory sciatic rheumatism. The uric acid in the system, which the kidneys have not removed, is poisoning the blood, causing stiff and swollen joints, twisted legs, arms, fingers, and contracted cords. When it reaches the heart it generally proves fatal.

Rheumatic sufferers, who remain in agony and peril? There is a sure cure and a new life for all if the proper agency is made use of. The true agency, Paine's Celery Compound, has triumphantly met hundreds of cases far more subtle and dangerous than yours; it will surely meet your troubles. It is for you to determine this day whether you shall be free from suffering and take on a new life, or remain in a condition of helplessness and torture that may drag you to the grave at any time.

Bear in mind that Paine's Celery Compound cures all forms of rheumatism, and does the work so well that the disease never returns. Mrs. M. J. Vince, of Barrie, Ont. Says:

"I am happy to say that I have taken Paine's Celery Compound with great results. I had sciatica so badly that I could not turn in bed or walk without help; and for a period of three weeks was helplessly laid up and suffered pain that at times was unbearable."

"I tried many medicines, but all in vain. I was afterwards recommended to try Paine's Celery Compound. I used six bottles, and am entirely cured and enjoy good health. I take great pleasure in recommending the valuable medicine that cured me."

What She Was Good For.

A dreadful story comes from the North of England, by way of London Answers.

An old Yorkshire collier, well known for his success in the coursing-field, recently surprised his mates by marrying an unprepossessing pauper woman. He had

been reckoned a confirmed hater of the other sex.

"Why has he gone and got spliced, lad, at thy age?" one of his friends asked him. "Oh, that's not much of a tale," answered the old man stolidly. "I agree wi' ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty—if she had been I shouldn't have wed her. But that there dog o' mine, he was simply pinin' for somebody to look after him while I was away at t' pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hissen, so I hit on the idea o' marryin' Betsy. She's not handsome, but she's mighty good company for the dog."

As to Recreation.

When you are seeking recreation, be sure you get what you are after. Recreation! The word itself implies a renewing and refreshing of the whole nature. Enjoyment, pleasant exercise not carried to excess, makes us feel as if we were 'made over new,' as we sometimes say. But with a great many young people the tendency is to go to extremes; to exercise till the physical forces are exhausted, or to choose pleasure which sap the spiritual and mental strength, instead of renewing it. See to it that your summer's 'recreation' is recreation in reality, reviving, not exhausting; giving you new strength and ambition for the work ahead.



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Baby's Own Soap is something more than a cleanser. It is a protection against the annoying and irritating skin troubles so often endured by infants.

It makes babies happy and healthy, and keeps the delicate skin rosy, pink and clean.

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Oak Leaf Soap

Is having a very large sale in this province at present. Dealers who are handling it say that it is the best four cent wrapped soap that has ever been put upon the market. We ourselves think it is one of the best values ever turned out from our factory.

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FOR WHAT REWARD?

Unpleasant Duties are Usually Shirked by Even Sincere People.

It was a suggestive remark, that made by a young girl to her seat-mate in a railway coach one sultry summer day, as she watched the struggles of a weary mother to quiet a crying child: "That woman looks so tired! I'd just as soon hold the baby and let her rest—only it's not at all pretty, and besides it's face is dirty."

While you may be inclined to smile over the absurdity of the speech, there is something sobering in the reflection that many an act, which on its face is sweet and charitable, in reality it is far from unselfish as was this girl's sympathy. If kindness won gratitude as surely as story-tellers would have us think, it every child saved from poverty proved both worthy and talented, philanthropy would become a favorite pastime. But unfortunately this is not the case. Very often the people for whom we sacrifice ourselves, instead of being eternally grateful, seem to look upon such sacrifices as their right, and are indignant if they are withheld. A great many wise words fall on deaf ears. A great many loving acts do not win the reward of a "Thank you." And so some young people are asking disconsolately, "What is the use of trying to help when it does so little good?"

To go back to our girl traveler for a minute. It is easy to see that her sympathy was not genuine. She would have been willing to relieve the tired mother if the child had been a beautiful, well dressed little creature who would have entertained her in a child's charming fashion. A great many people are ready to give largely to worthy causes if they are sure the amount of their subscription will be widely known. There are some who are willing to undergo great personal discomfort for the sake of winning the gratitude of others. But every such motive, however disguised, is selfish in its nature, and deserves no more than it gets.

Are you doing these 'good deeds,' so-called, for the sake of some one's admiration or gratitude or praise? Verily you have your reward, but a poor one. It is only those who sow beside all waters, who give without thought of return, for whom God has reserved a recompense beyond their sweetest dreams, proportioned to His riches in glory.

BELUCOSE MAINE MOOSE.

They are Tackling Locomotives and Things That Move too Fast.

Though large moose are scarce in Maine, the few which survive seem to be doing the best they can to wreck the railroads and destroy all forms of property that are capable of motion. Last August an engine on the Maine Central Railroad, in charge of Frank Brown, was met by a moose just out of Vanceboro, and after a brief but valiant battle the moose succumbed, though the train was delayed nearly an hour before the remains of the conflict could be removed from the track. On Oct. 5th., the same engine, in charge of Engineer Gilbert, met another moose near Forest City and won again after a short conflict. A Maine Central freight engine was derailed by an angry moose near Lincoln last September.

While the Maine Central has a good record as a moose slayer, the Bangor and Aroostook probably has killed more game of this species than any other road in the country. George Garmon's train, which runs on alternate nights between Old Town and Caribou, has killed three moose and two deer and cut off the hindquarters of a two year old bear. George Michaud's train on the same line has captured two moose and one deer. Tom Haggerty's train has killed one moose and one bear, and Charles York's has two moose and one caribou to his credit. There is hardly a train running to the Maine backwoods that does not kill more big game every year than the law allows a man to take.

This year the bull moose seem to have got the suicidal mania in its worst form. Not only do they attack engines, but most of them seem inclined to commit assault and battery upon any object that shows symptoms of life. Jared Sharp of this town owns a windmill. It is on a low frame and earns its keep by sawing wood, churning butter, and thrashing grain. Last week while Mr. Sharp's hired man was grinding an axe by wind power an 800 pound moose came down upon the windmill, breaking off two lams, overturning the grindstone and badly scaring the hired man. After bringing all the machinery to a standstill the moose trotted back to the woods, trailing forty feet of six-inch belting from its antlers.

A Prominent Londoner.

LONDON, ONT.

Chase's Ointment is an invaluable remedy for Itching Piles and in my own case I would pay \$50 per box for it if it could not be otherwise had.

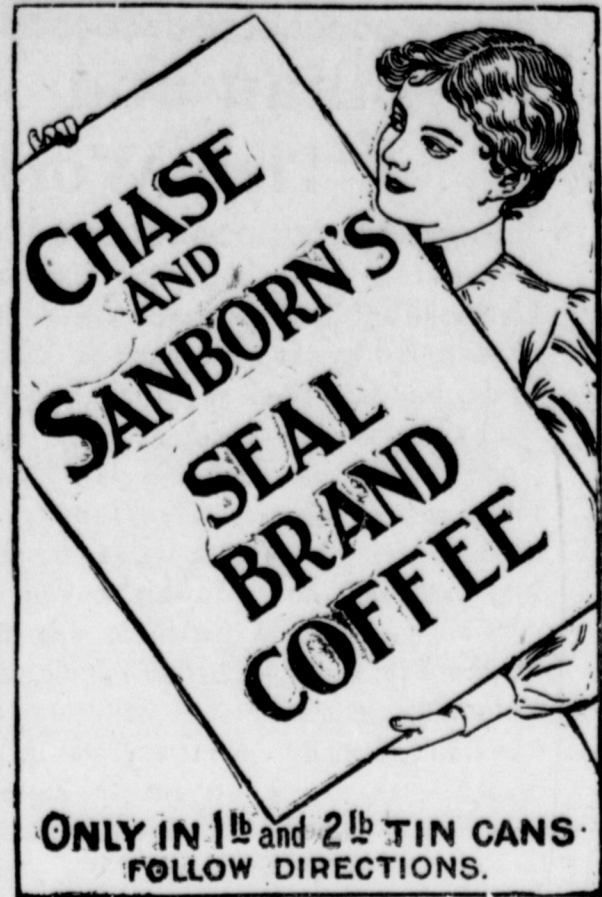
JOHN PEDDICOMB, 160 Sydenham St.

More Than Sufficient.

The manufacturers of a certain bicycle, having sold a machine to a customer in a neighboring town, for the use of his boy, wrote to him several times for a testimonial. He responded at last in this wise:

"It gives me pleasure, gentlemen, to testify that my son, who is riding a bicycle purchased of you a few months ago, says he can get more exercise out of a five-mile ride on that machine than he can out of a twenty-five-mile ride on any other bicycle he ever tried. Yours, etc."

That ended the correspondence.



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