

WRECK OF THE JULIE PLANTE.

Perhaps the best example of the essentially episodic type of poem in the late Dr. Drummond's writings is "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," a legend of Lac St. Pierre. It is well worth quoting in extenso, though it is one of his best known poems:

"On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of the wood scow 'Julie Plante,'
Got scart and run below,
Foc de win' she blow lak hurri-
cane,
Bime y s e blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre.
Wan arpent from de shore,

De captaine walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck too—
He call de crew from up de hole,
He call de cook also,
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor-eas' west,
De sout' win' she blow too—
Wen Rosie cry 'mon'cher captaine,
mon'cher, what shall I do?'
Den de captaine t'row de big anker
But still de scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hes skef.

De night was darl lak wan black
cat,
De waves run high an' fas'
Wen de captaine tak' de Rosie girl,
an' de her to de mas'
An' he also tak' de life preserv,
An' jump off on de lak.
An' say, 'Good-bye, ma Res'e dear,
I go down for your sake.'

Nex' morning very early,
'Bout hal'p's two—'Iree-four—
de captaine—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak hurri-
cane,
Bimey she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' upon Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

Now, all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go and marry some nice French
girl,
An' levee on wan beeg farm,
De win' can blow lak hurri-
cane,
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drowned on Lac St. Pierre,
So long you stay on shore.'

QUEBEC BOY'S CRAZY ACTION.
He Wanted to Suicide and Laid Down
Across the Car Tracks.

Monroe, Mich., April 9.—Jas. Hickey, aged 18, from near Quebec, was brought to the county jail, having been picked up by a crew of a Detroit, Monroe & Toledo electric car, who found him lying on the track with his head on the rail, one mile north of the city. He is believed to be insane.

This case is of considerable interest here, because of the fact that the motorman was able to stop his car in time to save the boy's life, whereas last week when a little boy was killed, the motorman claimed that he was not able to stop the car quick enough to save him.

Hickey said he had heard of the other boy's death and wanted to die in the same way.

He Must Have Told Her.
"No," said Miss Goodley, "I've never been introduced to Mr. D'Arber. I've been told, though, that he is an exceedingly clever artist."

"My, I'm shocked!" exclaimed Knox. "If you were never introduced, why did you let him speak to you?"—Philadelphia Press.

A Point in His Favor.
"Nuritch is the most stupid ignorant I ever met."
"Think so?"
"Of course. Why, what he doesn't know would fill any number of books."
"Well, it seems to have filled one bankbook."—Houston Post.

Flattering.
"How much postage will this require?" asked the young author. "It is one of my manuscripts."
"Two cents an ounce," answered the postoffice clerk. "That's first class matter."
"Oh, thank you,"—Judge.



"They tell me your husband draws a salary for sleepin'."
"Sure, that's right, Mrs. Clancy. He's a night watchman."—New York World.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

MAN'S BODY AND ITS WONDERS OF MECHANICAL DEVICES.

Many of the inventions of the day are infringements on the clever and ingenious devices registered in Nature's Patent Office.

So fearfully and wonderfully is the human body made that scientists are beginning to realize that many of the inventions of the day are infringements on nature's patent office. A good deal of trouble and worry in the past could have been avoided had inventors made a careful study of the human bodies of ours the useful things they are. The principles of the block and pulley or the tackle could have been discovered ages before had the files of nature's patent office been ransacked, for there are several complete pulleys in the body, notably the one which moves the eyeball inward toward the nose.

Engineers made exhaustive tests and experiments before they discovered that a hollow shaft or rod of iron or steel is about twice as strong as a solid one. Yet nature had patented this device in our bones since the birth of Adam and Eve, and every important bone is practically constructed on this principle. The ball and socket of the hip bones were the forerunners of the modern ball bearings, and it was the first automatic oiling machine used in the world. The value of air pressure and a vacuum was unknown to man until the last century, but every one of us carried the secret in the air tight hip joint which nature had assigned to lessen the muscular effort to hold our legs upright in position.

Engineers have made wonderful progress in developing compound action and circular pumps, but all of the principles contained in them are found in the heart, and this little pumping machine is still without a rival in the mechanical world.

The principles of the safety valve for steam engines are not so new as they seem. Our human bodies carry with them the first automatic safety valves ever designed. There are upward of 2,500,000 of them. We call them by the common name of sweat glands. Each such little gland has a safety valve which lets off heat from the body when it gets beyond a safe temperature. We cannot stand a rise of more than 8 to 10 degrees of temperature and live. If therefore the 2,500,000 safety valves were closed for twenty-four hours, death would supervene.

Adam's apple was the first storage cistern ever built, and it works with automatic regularity through health and sickness. It is a most important organ of the body, although for centuries it was considered a superfluous attachment. It regulates the flow of blood between the heart and the brain. When it ceases to operate, somebody dies of apoplexy or a rush of blood to the brain. When the heart sends up too much blood to the head, the Adam's apple steps in to check the flow and store it up for future emergencies. If the heart is temporarily weakened or put out of good running order, the blood stored in this cistern is given up and sent to the brain. The perfect working of this little device is apparent when we consider how comparatively few die of rush of blood to the brain or from a deficiency of supply.

The eye has a score of small inventions worthy of recording, the ear nearly as many more and the vital organs an equal number. There is the liver with its quarantine station. Let any poisons enter our systems with food and they are immediately held up at this quarantine station and destroyed by a secret process. It is only when poisons enter in large quantities that the station cannot handle them.

But the stomach co-operates with the liver and intercepts some of the poisons. There are small machines there which manufacture minute quantities of hydrochloric acid from the salts eaten. This acid is made in exact proportion to the amount of food consumed and suffices to destroy the microbes which we swallow. But there is even a third quarantine station located in the mouth. Millions of microbes are destroyed in the mouth daily by the juices elaborated there for this very purpose. If it was not for these three quarantine stations working continuously night and day, we should be killed off by microbes within an hour after eating a meal.

In the ear there is a little device which might have been the original of our modern compressed air inventions. The delicate drum of the ear must have an equal pressure from the outside and inside to receive and transmit the sound vibrations. To make this possible the eustachian tube was devised. Its function is to regulate the air pressure inside the ear. Let it fail to work, and one becomes stone deaf.

In the bones of the head there are many little channels hollowed out which are called the semicircular canals. These canals are filled with fluid lymph. For centuries no one could understand their meaning. Some physicians considered them of no use. This tendency to belittle organs in the human body whose functions could not be explained has characterized more than one generation of savants. Now these peculiar semicircular canals are known to be wonderful little devices to assist us in keeping our balance. They act a good deal as the ballast does on a ship, or, more properly speaking, like the fluid in a spirit level. The brain keeps an eye on this spirit level and is made conscious of the body's relative position. The fluid flows back and forth in the canals, and when we get it at a dangerous angle the brain knows it.—New York Tribune.

THE PASSION PLAY.

its Origin, According to the Tradition of Oberammergau.

According to local tradition, the origin of the Oberammergau Passion play was as follows: When in the year 1633 a deadly plague threatened to depopulate the districts of Partenkirchen, Escheloke and Kohlgrub, which are separated from Ammerthal, or the valley of the Ammer, by a rampart of mountains, the Ammerthalers succeeded for a time in protecting themselves against the dread contagion, but one day a native who had been working all summer at Escheloke evaded the quarantine and entered the Ammerthal by a secret path in order to celebrate an annual church festival with his family. Two days afterward he was a corpse, and in less than three weeks the plague had carried off eighty-four of the Ammerthalers.

Despairing of all human succor, the terrified survivors addressed themselves to God and registered a solemn vow that if he heard their prayer and removed the scourge they would represent, every ten years, "for thankful remembrance and edifying contemplation, and by the help of the Almighty, the sufferings of Jesus, the Saviour of the world."

Not a single person died of the plague after the vow was made, though many were affected by it. The first representation of the Passion play in fulfillment of the vow of these simple villagers took place at Oberammergau in the following year, and it has been repeated every ten years without a single omission.

BOOKS IN THE HOME.

The Way Children Should Be Taught to Use Them.

Children should early be taught the proper way to open and hold a book. All heavy books require especial care. When too heavy for the hand, they should rest on a table or a stand.

No one ever should be allowed to lean upon an open book. The books that can be handled without effort should be allowed to rest with their backs in the palm of the hand while one is reading. This, of course, applies to books with fine bindings.

It is taken for granted that every house, as a matter of course, will have at least one Bible and one copy of Shakespeare as indispensable furnishings. Next come an unabridged dictionary and a complete atlas of the world. The next book is a classical dictionary.

Any standard book of prose and poetical quotations comes next in importance in the family library. A book of English synonyms follows in order of desirability.

Popular nature books are delightful, particularly where there are children to enjoy the information about stars and planets and animals.

The children should be taught how to use reference books, to look up meanings, spellings, places, and so on. The habit of looking up whatever needs greater elucidation augurs well for good culture and education. The child that has acquired it requires but little going to school in order to surpass those who have expensive schooling, but no training in the use of reference books.—Exchange.

THE RABBIT FAMILY.

How Molly Cottontail Teaches Bunny the Ways of Life.

Does it ever occur to you that young animals have husbands of things to learn and that the length of their lives depends to a large extent upon how well they learn their lessons? For example, we will take the rabbit. Bunny's first lesson will be in what kinds of food to eat, how to know his enemies and how to play tricks and gain useful knowledge.

Molly Cottontail, the mother rabbit, will impress upon her baby that he must lie low and mingle with the dry leaves and underbrush while he is little and helpless, because the Creator in his goodness has provided a coat the color of his natural surroundings for his special protection. "She will say in rabbit talk: 'Now, Bunny, one thump with my hind feet means freeze (keep quite still), an enemy is approaching; two thumps, slow, means come; two thumps, fast, wonder; three thumps, run for dear life.'"

Bunny is taught how to wobble his nose to keep his sniffer clear, that dewdrops from the bush is the best water to drink and that he should often taste his mother's lips to make sure he is having the same kind of fodder.

GROWING OLD WHILE YET YOUNG

What a number of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case.

There are thousands of females all over our land, broken down in health and dragging out a miserable existence, overburdened with disease peculiar to their sex, apparently growing old while yet young. From early morn till late at night they have been on the go year after year, attending to the household duties. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, smothering and sinking spells, weakness, dizziness, sleeplessness and many other troubles follow. What a woman wants is something to build up the system and for this purpose you cannot equal

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. W. J. Russell, Vasey, Ont., writes: "At one time I suffered greatly from my heart and nerves, and the shortness of breath was so bad I could scarcely do my housework. A friend of mine advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I did and I only took them for a short time before I was better."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt at price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

HAS EYES LIKE OWL.

Daylight Is As Darkness To This Canadian Woodsman.

Because he has eyes like an owl and is unable to see during the day, Jacques Lombard, of the Lake St. John district, Quebec, is compelled to do all his hunting and trapping at night. He is the wonder of all the men in that district and many doubted the story until a fur trader named Jepson, who was never known to tell an untruth, went to see the man with the "night eyes."

As Lombard has never visited a physician, the cause of his affliction is not known, but it is believed to be due to an ultra-sensitive retina. Whatever may be the reason, it is certain that he cannot stand ordinary light, while at night he is able to see well. The extent of his vision may be judged from the fact that he shoots accurately at two hundred yards and can find a pin dropped among leaves when the night is so black that an ordinary man would be forced to grope his way through the forest. The darker it becomes the better is the trapper's vision, moonlight nights being less suited to his work. When light is entirely absent the pupils enlarge so as to seemingly cover the entire iris, while at noon on a bright day the pupils are the size of pin points.

Shortly before Jepson visited the trapper Lombard was forced by circumstances to subject his eyes to strong light, and the lids were greatly inflamed. But this condition disappeared after he had remained in a dark room twenty-four hours. To him the room was light until a lamp was introduced, when, as he expressed it, darkness radiated from the lamp. This explanation brought out the fact that the flash from a rifle appeared to him to be a black streak, momentarily clouding the atmosphere. To his eyes a searchlight would darken all objects touched by its powerful rays, and the letters of an electric sign would spell in black.

The trapper's visual affliction has rather aided than interfered with his work, as most of the animals whose pelts he seeks are nocturnal rangers and he can observe their habits with his own eyes. He has a cabin at the outlet of a small lake, which forms the source of the River Croche, lying due west of Dablon. Here Lombard sleeps during the day, and commences his duties at night. His traps are strung for three miles along the lake and in the forests adjacent to it, and the rounds of them are made while other trappers are asleep.

While Lombard's life has been particularly free from woodland mishaps, he has had some exciting experiences with wild animals, and on several occasions has been slightly wounded. His hurts have never been serious, and his physical health has been almost perfect. His one ailment has been chills and fever, which come when the heavy dews appear in the spring and summer.

The trapper never lacks for meat, for he is able to take sleeping birds

A Bold Step.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits, and made them Remedies of Known Composition.

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the public scrutiny.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness and all curable diseases, wherever located, have printed upon it, in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small card has been placed from numerous standard medical works of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral acids or other poisonous or injurious agents, and that they are made from native medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, overworked, and female ailments, and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their women. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of a few of our most "native" medicinal plants was gained from the Indians. As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

Jepson's story differs from former reports in that the trapper has possessed "night eyes" since birth. Formerly it was understood that Lombard had been partly blinded by the explosion of a pan of gunpowder and that thereafter he was sensitive to light. However this may be, it is true that the trapper's sight is better now than it was ten years ago. He is about forty years old, and is thoroughly contented with his lot. Apparently he has no inclination to have his eyes treated, although he has been told that he might be helped.

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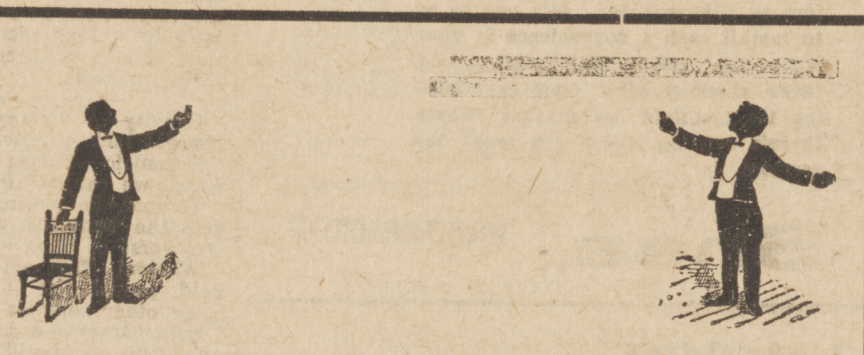
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